

NORTHERN DEMOCRAT

POETRY.

SLEIGHING SONG.

Ain—'Some love to roam.'"

How swift we go Through the sparkling snow, In the moonbeam's silver glance, And our glad song swells, While the jingling bells Keep time with our proud steeds' prance!

MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE UGLY EFFIE!

Or the neglected and the not-beauty.

BY MRS. LEE HENTS.

(Concluded.)

Mr. Alston had not been dead more than a year—so that Dudley had never seen Effie in her chrysalis state. They had passed together their last vacation and now again met, free from all scholastic restraints, with spirits buoyant as young singing-birds, converting the still home of the widower into a bright scene of youthful exercise and hilarity.

ing concerts. Clara, as a beauty, and a brilliant performer, was always invited. This evening, the lady told Clara to look her prettiest, as a young lady was to be present—a stranger, just arrived in town—who was said to have most remarkable and fascinating accomplishments. Clara's vain and eager eye ran over the crowd in search of one who would have the hardihood to rival her. She had scarcely assured herself that there were none but familiar faces around her, when the lady of the house approached and begged permission to introduce her to Miss Horton, the young lady whose coming she had announced.

to the invitation; and seated in a curtained embrasure, which admitted the fresh breeze, she soon found that she was with a companion to whom she was not ashamed to communicate her most glowing thoughts, for she received the same with usury.

herself: for I know she loves him, and it will be such a triumph. Monopolized as Effie was, with Delamere filling a pensive shadow at her side, it was difficult for Dudley Alston to claim any portion of her attention.

of her childhood, it is too late to sing that song; you are ten times more vain of me than I am of myself. If I am vain, you taught me to be so; if I am passionate, you set me the example.

Effie's quick blood rushed burningly to her cheeks. As the associate of my youthful pleasures—as my fellow-student and fellow-traveller, he must naturally seem very near to me, she answered, with assumed composure.