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NOTES.

Some weeks ago a ballad, written by the great English poet, Tennyson, and dedicated to Brother Johnson, appeared in many of the English and several American Journals. The following response, among others of a similar character, has been furnished the New York Evening Post:

BALLAD TO BROTHER JOHN.

Ho Brother John, my heart of oak,
You proffered hand I clasp,
With one as strong in battle stroke,
As true in friendship's grasp;
And trust me, John as proud of you,
And our Old England home,
As e'er we sought us out a new,
This side the ocean's foam.

No Brother John, we'll ne'er forget—
Though sometimes we are foes—
That in lov'd Albion's bosom yet,
Our fathers' bones repose;
That side by side, for freedom, right,
They stood, those noble ones,
And won in many a stubborn fight,
The boon for us, their sons.

They made us heirs of freedom, John,
We've guarded well the pledge,
In Senate strife, and oft upon
Grim battle's bloody edge.
And still their trust with heart as bold,
We'll shield from tyrant powers:
Your flag St. George's crimson fold—
The starry banner ours.

And, happily should the haughty foe
Invade our parent shore,
Together, John, our blood might flow,
As it was wont of yore.
Those brother banners side by side,
Again perchance would wave
O'er warriors rallying in their pride,
Their Fatherland to save.

We ran away, I own it true,
And would you know the cause?
'Twas not because we hated you,
Your country or your laws:
But had some notions of our own,
That didn't square with yours,
About religion and the throne,
Your bishops, peers and curses.

We thought, as hot young bloods will do,
Our home had grown too small
For both, and so we left you
The "old ancestral hall."
The battles that age had marr'd,
The ivy mantled spires—
We knew, with lusty strokes you'd guard
The ashes of our sires.

And so, with freedom in our hearts,
The Bible in our hand,
And bold in strength that heaven imparts,
We sought another land;
Transplanted to a wider shore,
A second Britain rose,
Alike in language, laws, and lore,
And heart to meet her foes.

And then on sea against our will,
A tax you sought to lay,
Which we—end that was British still—
Determined not to pay;
From words at last it came to blows,
As other strifes have done,
You found us not unworthy foes,
And own'd us—twenty-one.

O could you see our happy land,
Our forests and our plains;
Our thousand leagues of ocean strand,
Our silver-lined main;
Our homes where industry and love,
With plenty, nestling dwell,
While freedom's banner floats above,
Each mountain and each dell.

As proud of us, I'm sure you'd be,
And all that we have done,
As we to trace our pedigree,
To sons of Albion,
With brother bosoms warm and true,
Then, Martin, won't you come?
And Yankee cheer shall welcome you,
Then, Martin, won't you come?

We love our proud ancestral land,
Her thousand years of fame,
Her statesmen, sages, hero-band,
As part of ours we claim;
Yes, ours, dear John, their blood is ours,
It flows thro' in our veins,
Nor bends stoop to the heavenly powers—
And own no coward stains.

The swan of Aon's sweetest sons,
And Milton's, bard sublime,
Our hills and dales their strains prolong—
Those whistled of all time;
No prouder names, no nobler lore,
The lists of fame disclose,
And may their tongue be never more
The language of our foes.

To us, dear John, the powers above,
Have freedom, virtue given,
And bade us in one bond of love,
Unite this earth for Heaven.
Then hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Let strife and envy cease,
And false ambition never part,
The sacred bond of peace.

A thousand ties connect us yet,
Religion, language, laws—
Proud memories we can ne'er forget,
And freedom's common cause;
While daily, thy unwearied might,
Unconquerable stem,
Strong bonds of mutual trust unite
Across the "ocean stream."

Of yore from one pure fount you know,
Two streams of glory ran,
That, re-united, yet may flow,
As they at first began;
Broad sweeping down the vale of time,
Mid peace and plenty glide,
While mortals from the source sublime,
Drink freedom's holiest tide. J. F. C.

MISCELLANY.

THE LOST GLOVE.

CHAPTER I.

A little girl was sitting in the September sunshine that fell in checkered gleams across the old wooden steps in front of a decayed and tottering building in one of the by-ways of the Empire City. The sunlight seemed like a pleasant visitor, as it crept from her little naked feet and ragged dress up over her dimpled arms and shoulders, and nestled amid the shining curls, hanging in disheveled profusion around her sweet and childish face. But as it grew more inquisitive, and stole under her drooping lids, to discover the color of her downcast eyes, it betrayed two bright, sparkling, but sorrowful-looking tears, just creeping down to the edge of those silken lashes.

Just at this moment, a young man who was passing by, stopped short in his hasty walk, to gaze for a moment on the sunshine, the tears, and the beautiful little creature before him. He was a poet and a painter; and struck by the exquisite grace and beauty of her face and attitude, perfect in their unconscious and unstudied loveliness, he sought to impress the image upon his memory.

"What a glorious picture I have stumbled on," said he: "I must have that picture—tears, sunshine, and all. It will win me fame." The little maiden threw up the lashes glittering with moisture, and perceiving a stranger, with an artless but sad smile, held out her hand, and said:

"Please, sir, just a sixpence for my mother." The stranger looked at the little, pleading hand, and forgot the beautiful face. It was just such a hand as he had dreamed of, had sought for, but had never before found. Even though belonging to a child, its tiny proportions were most exquisitely developed—rounded, delicate, dimpled, tapering, perfect! In the rapture of an artist's joy, the young man caught the beautiful little hand in his and pressed it to his lips. The child looked surprised and frightened, but she said, meekly:

"Only a sixpence, sir," in her childish, musical voice.

"Certainly, certainly," replied the artist, for the first time comprehending what she said, and emptying a handful of dimes in her lap.

"Thank you," said she, her large blue eyes darkening with a flash of delight; "you are very kind, sir."

"I should like to paint your portrait, pretty one; and I will give you as much more money, if, when I come for you to-morrow, you will go home with me, and let me take your likeness."

"What is that?" asked the wondering child.

"Oh, I will show you, to-morrow—something very pretty."

"Well, I will go, sir, if mamma will let me." The artist, all enthusiasm at his precious discovery, stepped gladly down the street, and the little girl bounded away in the opposite direction, to buy a loaf of bread for her sick mother.

"See here, Mr. Baker," said she, joyfully springing into a little bakery where a hard-featured man stood behind the counter,—"I may have the bread now, for mother—mayn't I?" and she held out her little hand, grasping tight the shining pieces of silver.

"Eh! where did you get that, little girl? Of course, you can have the bread, when you can pay for it."

"Given to me, sir."

"Humph! on account of your bright eyes, I suppose. Catch me giving bread, or money, either, to folks, because they are pretty; and laying out a loaf of bread, he took one of her dimes in exchange.

"Oh!" exclaimed the child, her eyes falling on a few oranges ranged in the window, "I'll take an orange, too—it will please mother so."

Another dime was taken; and with the loaf of bread and the orange, she flew back to her comfortable and destitute home.

"See here mother, what I've brought you," she exclaimed gaily, bounding into the wretched apartment; but she stopped short, and letting fall her treasures, sprang to the bedside, where pale and motionless, a woman lay dying, alone and unattended.

A month afterwards he sailed for glorious Italy.

CHAPTER II.

Eight years after this occurrence, on a pleasant evening of October, soon after sunset, a gentleman was promenading through Broadway. Just in advance of him, tripping gracefully over the pave, was a young girl of light and elegant form, in a tasteful but rather plain dress, and close cottage hat. He was admiring her graceful and gliding step, when he suddenly paused. She had dropped one of her gloves. He picked it up. It was a dainty little creation of white kid, just the least bit in the world soiled by contact with the pavement.

"Exquisite!" muttered he, hurrying after the fair loser, with the commendable intention of returning it, and perhaps, making the acquaintance of a lady who wore such a glove.

But he was a moment too late; for just as he was overtaking her, she turned suddenly and mounted the steps of an elegant dwelling. Balancing her pretty feet on the edge of the marble door-sill, she stood for half a moment with her hand on the polished knob. The hand was unglazed, white as snow, and beautiful as it could be. She opened the door without ringing the bell, and disappeared in the hall. Of course, she resided there.

The gentleman placed the little glove in his pocket, took down the number of the residence, and walked away.

It was twilight when he reached his lodgings; and going immediately to his room, he threw himself into an arm-chair by the window, and sank into a reverie; from which he was awakened by the presence of a visitor, whose unceremonious entrance put to flight a whole cloud of angels in white kid gloves, and little mortal hands without them.

"Why, I say, Ernest, how do you do?" "Is it possible? I beg your pardon, my old friend Hal—how are you?" exclaimed the dreamer, springing from his chair, and shaking his friend most sensibly by the hand. "Why, how you have changed; eight years have improved you vastly, I must confess."

"I can return the compliment with interest," replied Hal, gazing admiringly upon his friend's elegant form and strikingly handsome and intellectual countenance. "European polish has done much, even for you. But how have you fared? how succeeded? have you realized half your young dreams of glory? has the artist been as successful as the poet? for we have occasionally been favored here with some of your luxurious fancies, done up admirably in beautiful verse."

"I fear you flatter me, Hal; but with regard to my painting, I have been almost as successful as I could wish—that is, for one who pursues it merely for his own amusement."

"Quite an accomplished amateur, eh?"

The two friends sat down to converse upon old times, and the happy present, and the promising future.

Ernest Dunmore had indeed not spent eight years in travel in cultivating his fine taste and intellectual gifts, without returning to his country an exceedingly refined and fascinating man.

"By the way, Hal," said he, suddenly interrupting his friend in a glowing description of his anticipations of the future, "can you tell me what young lady resides at No. — Broadway?"

"Why, Isidore Allen, our city belle. Have you seen her? She is a beautiful creature—bewitches all of us. And that just reminds me that I came with a pressing invitation from the Bentleys for you to attend a grand party there to-night. Miss Allen will of course be there."

"Then I shall, certainly," was the animated reply.

"Why, Ernest, you must have seen this paragon of beauty. In love, so soon, after resting all the bright eyes and bewildering smiles of foreign perfection for eight years?"

"Indeed, you are mistaken. I am not certain that I have seen this belle of yours—at least, I have never seen her face."

"Well, you shall see her to-night. The ladies have heard of your arrival, and are on tip-toe to behold the wonderful Mr. Dunmore, the poet, the painter, and the millionaire."

"How very flattering!" returned Ernest, smiling a quiet but perfectly satisfied smile, as he turned to the mirror to arrange his toilet for the evening. What gentleman possessing grace, accomplishments, intellect, and the advantages of personal beauty and great fortune, would not be a little inclined toward a pleasant feeling of vanity? None, certainly—at least, not Mr. Ernest Dunmore.

agreeable conquest; she had quite a passion for paintings. Ernest would have a room prepared for the exhibition of his works by the window by the day after to-morrow, and he would be happy to wait on her there, and hear her opinion: no doubt her criticisms would be of value. And they separated, mutually pleased. Poor little glove! what will be its fate?

CHAPTER III.

Isidore Allen was slowly promenading thro' the exhibition-room, leaning on the arm of Ernest Dunmore. He was more than ever enchanted by her grace, her fine taste, and her loveliness. She was very enthusiastic, and her observations showed correct judgment and cultivated taste. Ernest sighed as he stole a glance at her hand—it certainly was not as perfect one—and thought of the glove so carefully laid on his dressing-table.

"This," said Ernest, as he threw aside the cloth, which hung over a painting, "I consider my master piece."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" said Isidore, and the tears sprang uncalled into her dark soft eyes, at the extreme loveliness of the picture. Ernest perceived them, and thought them the dearest tribute that could be paid to his powers as an artist.

It was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, and the old wooden steps. There was the childish, graceful attitude, the little, pleading hand, extended so prettily, the dancing curls of gold, and the tearful fringes thrown up from her large, mournful, beautiful eyes, and over all the rich, warm glowing light, slumbering softly over the brightly sorrowful picture.

"Precisely!" exclaimed Isidore, after regarding it an instant; "it is the very likeness of Stella May, my pretty little dressing-maid. One would think it copied from her, just as she looked eight years ago, when mamma brought her home as my companion and assistant."

"Indeed," said Ernest, while a flash of surprise and delight beamed over his face, "will you not tell me something of your Stella May?"

"With pleasure; for I look at her always in connection with some romance or another; she is so peculiar, such a strange being. I was only a child myself, when one day, mamma was visiting several poor people, to whom she frequently afforded assistance, when she noticed a little girl sitting in the doorway of an old building, weeping bitterly. She spoke to her kindly, but the little girl only raised her head a moment, and then sobbed more wildly than ever. My mother—my dear mother—they have buried my mother," was all she could make her say. Touched by her grief, and anxious to know if she was left friendless, mamma entered the house, which she found entirely deserted.

What little vestige of furniture had remained, had been seized by the neighbors in payment for various little articles which they had sometimes given the woman before she died. The mother had been buried in the poor officers, and the child was left unprotected, homeless and destitute. Mamma took the little sufferer into her carriage and brought her home. For days she refused all consolation, weeping all day and sighing all night, as if her young heart had broken with its grief. But we were all very kind to her, and gradually, she became more contented; and when at length, she smiled, or warbled to herself notes of music that she had heard, child as I was, I loved her for her beauty and sweetness. We knew there must be some unusual circumstance connected with her, for she had a ring, engraved on the inside with her name—Stella May; and then she was so naturally lady-like and refined, so tasteful and intelligent, it seemed as if the very spirit of grace breathed and lived in everything she said or did. Mamma congratulated herself on having found such a treasure of a companion for her daughter; and as for me, Stella was my dependence—for she assisted me in all the tasks imposed upon my youthful patience by a dried and withered specimen of a governess. Though three years the youngest, she was more ready than I in every branch of study, which mamma allowed her to pursue, merely to gratify me. Music of course was not included. But for this she had such a passion, and seemed so utterly wrapped up in it, that I really felt grieved not to have her share in my lessons. She never said anything about it, but the tears would start to her eyes when I left her for the practice room; so, at length I persuaded mamma to let her take lessons too. And such a musical talent as she has is really wonderful!—she performs the most divinely on the harp of any one I ever heard! Then she has such an exquisite taste in dress! I do not pretend to exercise the least judgment with regard to the arrangement of my wardrobe—she so far exceeds me in all matters. Then she is so sensitive, so proud, yet so grateful for kindness! Really she is quite a wonder of a dressing-maid! I do believe if she were to be brought out—despite the advantages of fortune—she would throw me quite into the shade!"

"That would be quite impossible, Miss Allen. But do you never introduce this fair wonder to your friends?"

"Ah, I see!" said the lady, laughing. "You would like to get a glimpse at her rare beauty! Very well!—as you are an artist, and she looks so very much like this painting of yours, I will humor you, if possible. But she has too much native delicacy to ever yield to my solicitations to appear in the parlor; so I shall have to bring her here. Mr. Hazleton will call for us to-morrow," she said, as that gentleman approached.

"Certainly; I shall only feel too much honored." And the three continued on their way round the room.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day, as the snowy fingers of Stella May were wreathing the dark hair of her mistress into shining braids, Isidore said:—"Would you not like to visit the exhibition-room of our new artist this afternoon, Stella?"

"Oh, yes, very much," replied the young girl, "but—"

"Nay, Stella, you must go, just to oblige me. There is a picture there that I admire very much, and I know you would love to see it."

"Indeed, I cannot tell you how much I love everything beautiful—my harp, my flowers, and my own beautiful mistress," said the young maiden, in a trembling and slightly mournful voice; "but such things make me sad and unhappy, when I know I ought to be grateful and contented. But I will go if you wish me."

How wildly the heart of Ernest Dunmore throbbed and palpitated when his eyes met those of Stella May. The brightest dream, the loveliest fancy, the sweetest vision of his poet's soul, looked on him through those eyes—the one embodiment of all his heart had longed for, and not found—lived, breathed before him! The pure, girlish, spiritual brow—the deep, dreamy, shadowy eyes—the sweet mouth, beautiful in its expression of subdued repose—the eloquent color, coming and going in her cheek, just as the thoughts came and went in her soul. There was a proud reserve mingled with the ineffable grace of her manner, that no princess could surpass. Ernest almost forgot to notice her hand, till she raised it to smooth back a tumbant curl that had stolen from the confinement of her straw hat. It was his hand he had looked for eight years! She wore but one glove—where was its mate? Ernest smiled, and his heart gave a bound against the little white treasure that had again found its way to his vest pocket. And he had once held that beautiful hand in his—had pressed it to his lips; would he ever clasp it again? For Ernest Dunmore was a proud millionaire, and Stella May was a dressing-maid! They paused first before the lovely picture of sunset—an Italian scene. Stella gazed at it with a flushed cheek and brightening eye.

"Do you love Italy?—Would you like to visit it, Miss May?"

"I have dreamed of it often," replied the young girl, raising her soft eyes innocently to her companion's face.

There was something peculiar in his earnest gaze, and the silken lashes drooped slowly toward the deepening color in her cheek. Isidore Allen observed the manner of both, and when Stella raised her eyes, she curled her full lip very slightly, but it called the crimson to that gentle brow, and a flash of pride to those deep beautiful eyes. Isidore was sorry in a moment—she was usually so kind and considerate; but Ernest had excited her ambition, and she was jealous—of her dressing-maid. But she knew Mr. Dunmore to be proud and fastidious, and the next moment she smiled at her own vain fears.

"And now for the picture I told you of, Stella," said Isidore, as the four paused in front of the veiled painting.

"Only a sixpence, please sir, to buy bread for my mother," repeated Ernest, keeping his eyes fixed on the maiden's face, as he drew aside the curtain.

Stella gazed at it a moment, and then up into the face of the artist, with a look of wondering inquiry. Their eyes met, and Stella burst into tears. Perhaps it was the memory of her cruel reminding of what she had been—that so affected her.

The artist was embarrassed. It was a delicate subject to make apologies for; and his friend Hal and Miss Allen both looked surprised, but he rallied, and said frankly—"Forgive me, Miss May, if I have wounded your feelings. It was unintentional; and, indeed, I am very happy to meet again the little girl who, you see, I have never forgotten."

"Then, this is a portrait of our Stella, is it?" said Isidore, caressing the young girl, to remove her injured feelings.

"Let me return, Miss Allen: I do not feel well," said she, in a low tone; and they retired.

That evening there was no company in the parlor, and Stella came down, at Isidore's request, to play for her.

"Oh, that Mr. Dunmore could picture her thus lovely upon the canvass," thought Isidore as she watched her beautiful companion, who was leaning over the harp, lost in her own sweet melody. Her rounded arm gleamed out from its falling sleeve, like moulded snow, as the small fingers of that lovely hand swept over the quivering strings; like the shadow of a fluttering rose-leaf on a lily, the soft color hovered on her cheek; and her bright, spiritual eyes were cast upward with a dreamy, clear, forgetful look, as her bright lips trembled with the rich gust of music thrilling up from a soul full of beauty and melody.

The two maidens were both so absorbed that they did not bear the ring of the door-bell, nor notice the gentleman who stood, hat in hand, just inside the parlor. It was Mr. Dunmore. He too, was charmed into silence, and stood mute and motionless till the last quiver of the harp died away, and Isidore, perceiving him, exclaimed, laughingly—

"Spell-bound, Mr. Dunmore?"

Stella started and blushed crimson, and rising hastily, would have retreated from the apartment, but Ernest detained her by begging for another song. She recovered her self-possession immediately, and complied gracefully with his request.

The evening passed by delightfully. Ernest was a man of rare accomplishments and inexhaustible resources of amusement and information. It was the first time Stella had ever met with such a person; books and her own high thoughts had been her only companions. It was no wonder, then, that listening eagerly to every accent of his fine voice, and drinking in the enthusiasm of his soul lit eyes, she forgot herself, her circumstances, all the sadness of her life.

But she was doomed to a quick waking from her dream; Isidore saw it all, and displeasure flashed from her eyes as she perceived that she was rivaled by the sweet loveliness of the young orphan.

Isidore saw she had made a mis-step, had forgotten her position as a lady, and for the first time in her life felt humbled. She strove to be gay and brilliant, but she failed, and in a few moments her visitor left.

Who can tell the deep misery in the desolate orphan's heart, as she threw herself on her couch and strove to hush its wild throbbing? A cloud had ever cast its dim shadow on the happiness of that young heart, and now the cloud had burst in a wild storm of anguish that threatened to annihilate every flower of hope she had ever cherished. Sensitive to an extreme, proud and delicate, to be thus repulsed and scorned before him, and by the only one who had ever appreciated her since they bore her mother away to the pauper's burial-place. Long after midnight she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning Stella was ill. But she said nothing, though her head ached intensely, and her face burnt with fever. Isidore's heart reproached her with cruelty; but she knew that an apology would only deepen the wound, so she told her kindly that she might keep her room if she was not well. Solitude was grateful to the orphan's heart.

CHAPTER V.

Three weeks passed away, and Ernest Dunmore had called but once on the belle. Hopeless of ever winning his regard, she had renewed her flirtation with Hal Hazleton, for whom, perhaps, after all, she had the most affection, if he was not quite so distinguished.

The Allens were all out to a brilliant bridal party. Stella had gone down to the deserted parlors, and seating herself by the splendid centre-table, buried her face in her hands. Half an hour passed by, and she still sat motionless, but by and by the words struck upon from her aching heart, broken and almost incoherently—

"And this is fate—my fate—while Isidore is so happy—cherished, loved, worshipped, even by him. Oh! I am so utterly wretched—so very unhappy!"

"Would to be loved, cherished, worshipped, make you happy, dear Stella!" said a rich, manly voice, in tones of thrilling tenderness, as an arm stole round her waist and lifted her to her feet.

"Ernest!" murmured the frightened girl, hiding her beautiful young face in his bosom.

"Stella! vision of my dreams! radiant spirit-love of mine! beautiful embodiment of all the poet or the painter ever yearned for! I am thine—all thine!"

There was a hush through the lofty apartment, broken at last, by a low sob, coming up from a heart too full of happiness.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a beautiful June morning, bright with sunlight and heavy with perfume, when occasionally the air floated over a dewy garden in the midst of the close populous city. There was a wedding at the church that morning, and it was crowded with the elite, drawn thither out of curiosity to get a glimpse of the bride of Ernest Dunmore, the millionaire. It was rumored he had chosen Miss Allen's dressing-maid to be a partner of his wealth and accomplishments. There were many smiles, some sneers, and still more wondering remarks. But they were all hushed when the bridal party entered and walked up the aisle. A suppressed murmur of admiration was all the sound, and every eye was riveted to the rare loveliness of the bride's young face. There was no bashfulness, no awkwardness to ridicule—only a beautiful timidity, as softening and as graceful as the veil that floated round her, as she stood by the side of her betrothed before the altar. Isidore Allen and Hal Hazleton were their attendants.

The priest, in his clerical robes, stood up and commenced the ceremony, when they suddenly thought—who should give the bride away?—At this important moment, a noble-looking man still in the prime of life, stepped forward and gave away—his daughter! It was no time for explanation, and the ceremony proceeded.

Stella May was the wife of Ernest Dunmore. The bride and groom immediately changed places with their attendants, and the whole fashionable world stared in mute surprise as the good man pronounced Isidore Allen and Harry Hazleton man and wife.

"My daughter! God bless you my beautiful child! and may you be happy with your young hearts choice!" and the stranger folded Stella in his arms and kissed her white brow fondly.

Something told Stella it was indeed her father, and with an uncontrollable impulse, she wound her fair arms around his neck and pressed her warm lips to his cheek.

"Stella!" said Ernest, in surprise, "perhaps after all, this is a mistake!"

"Let this be the proof!" said the stranger, taking a gold locket from his bosom, containing two miniatures—one, evidently a likeness of himself, the other the very counterpart of the bride.

"Your mother looked just as you do now, when I married her," said Mr. May, regarding his bright daughter with eyes dim with tears. "But we parted in bitterness, and were both proud; and when I repented and went to search for her, she had gone none knew whither. I have at last learned her mournful fate; but I am happier than I have been for many years, to day, my daughter. Heaven bless those who have been kind to you," and he looked gratefully at Isidore, who whispered to her husband:—"I always knew Stella May would have a romance."

"And so we must go south, first, and remain amid the orange flowers and myrtle, and your father's romantic home, must we?" said Ernest Dunmore, as he handed his bride into the carriage, "and go to Italy afterwards?"

"If he wishes it, Ernest." But really, in the confusion I have dropped some of my gloves.

"Oh! never mind, dear," said Ernest, taking a little white glove out of his pocket and handing it to his wife with a pleasant countenance, "this will amuse you, and the glove I lost last fall, and the bride with a look of wonder.

"Alas!" said Ernest—Home-Journeys.