American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, Editor.

DENTON MARYLAND.

FLORENCE HOWARD;

OR,

THE SLIGHTED ONE.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

It was a summer's eve. The fair Queen of Night was high in the heavens, and shed her unclouded lustre upon the earth. The day had been sultry, but toward night a light breeze had sprung up, and by its refreshing coolness, added to the calmness of nature, made this a most delicious evening. At the open window of an humble dwelling sat a young girl. She sat not quietly, but ever and anon arose, and leaned forth from the window, as if she longed for more of the zephyr's breath than could be had within. Then she would gaze far up into the evening sky, and once or twice her lips moved as if in prayer. Was she only gazing with admiration on the moon's pale beauty, and apostrophizing it? Oh, no! something of far greater moment occupied her thoughts at that time. She had entered the room but a short time before, and flung herself into a seat with the air of one deeply moved. And she was truly so!

Florence Howard was the daughter of poor, but intelligent and highly respectable parents. They had once been opulent, but had experienced a sudden reverse of fortune, and never again become possessed of more than a meagre sufficiency for their daily wants. Florence possessed a kind and generous disposition, and a strength of intellect far beyond her years. But she was sensitive in the extreme, and through fear of scorn or ridicule, she dared not, frequently, to express her opinions, and therefore many of her acquaintances knew not her intellectual worth.

On this night she had experienced both scorn and ridicule. She had been visiting two young ladies of her acquaintance, whom she had long loved dearly and valued highly, though, as it afterward appeared, this love and esteem was not mutual.—They were members of a highly intellectual family, and their conversation and society formed some of the greatest pleasures of which Florence could partake. Of this she was now debarred.

As she had entered their residence that evening, she had overheard, unintentionally, a dialogue between the two sisters in relation to herself. They ridiculed her dress, and shyness of manner and address, regardless of the fact that Florence dressed as well as her scanty means would admit, and that her shyness arose, not from natural ungracefulness of manners, but from extreme sensitiveness of spirit, which caused her to shrink from public notice. This sensitiveness should have been respected, as the mark of a noble spirit, too refined for mere conventional usages.

The sisters said they thought her beneath them, and wished she would not visit them so frequently, or, indeed, at all. Florence waited for no more; she rushed from the house, and but a few moments elapsed ere she gained her own chamber. Her emotions were indescribable; she shed no tears, but she felt as if the future would have no pang like this. To love, and to be slighted, and that not from her sinning, but because she was poor, and unused to a conspicuous part in fashionable society, was too much for her to bear.

An hour passed on with noiseless but rapid flight; still she sat there, a variety of ideas tumultuously thronging her mind. At last she arose from the window, then knelt, and fervently prayed for guidance, to Him who always has "an eye to pity, and an arm to save." Oh, how sweet to the grieved spirit is the privilege of prayer! It is the Christian's solace, and whatever else he loses, he is still wealthy if he continues to enjoy communion with his God and Savior, through the medium of humble, child-like, earnest, confidential prayer.

From her season of supplication, Florence arose calm and tranquil. The flush of angry emotion which had deepened on her cheek had passed away. She had taken her resolution. "The time may yet come," thought she, "when they may be as glad to own me their equal, as they are now willing to slight me."

Advancing to a small closet in the room, she took from thence writing materials, and a lamp, having lighted which, she quietly seated herself at her little table, and with a truly Christian spirit wrote the following lines:

"Yes, I'll forgive, tho' in that hour,
My heart against you rose;
I will forgive, for Christ forgave
His worst, his direst foes.

"He, too, by mortals was despised
Because of poor estate;
Why should my lot aught better be
Than His, the truly Great?

"By those was He rejected, too,
Whose souls he came to save;
Then why not I be scorned by those
To whom my love I gave?

"But yet I'll press, in Jesus' strength,
To gain a lofty prize,
Possessing which, I may to fame's
Exalted station rise."

* * * * * * * * *

Several years passed away. Florence was now separated entirely from the society of the two sisters. One had married, and both had left the town in which Florence resided. She had never resumed her former intimacy, and they thought she had "found company in her own sphere that was more congenial," as they expressed their view of the matter. But it was not so. Florence had been laboriously preparing her mind for usefulness and fame. She met these young ladies (if they deserve the name of ladies) but seldom, because her employments precluded the possibility of so doing, and she avoided them also, because she feared her constrained course of conduct would betray to them the cause of her estrangement. But she controlled her emotions, and endeavored to obey her Divine Master in his injunction, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to those that hate you, and pray for those that despitefully use you and persecute you," that she was able to treat them with calm and kind politeness. Soon after their removal from the town, however, she wrote to them, as a circumstance occurred which she thought would peculiarly please them, could they learn of it, and she herself was acquainted with every minutia of the affair. This was done in kindness, and in a spirit of forgiveness, though she could not quite forget the past.

Their reply to her properly written epistle was in such terms as her sensitive spirit could not brook. She had gained moral courage with her years; and although this second slight from them was also painful, she bore it no longer in silence, but indignantly replied to the letter, relating the circumstance of her overhearing their conversation in reference to herself, and proudly disclaiming all acquaintance and correspondence with them, thenceforth and forever.

For a brief season this spirit of indignation held sway in her young bosom, and then the milder emotions of the Christian took their wonted place; and although she did not feel it her duty to recall her letter, she exercised toward them once more a spirit of forgiveness. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord;" and Florence felt willing to overlook those faults and insults, seeking to manifest a right spirit when speaking of them; and as for her revenge, to

"Leave it all in His high hand
Who does hearts and streams command."

* * * * * * * * *

Again it was evening, and a large assembly had met at the house of the celebrated embassador, Mr. Clinton. The brilliant lamps of the saloon shed their lustre on few who were not distinguished in the literary world. Wit and genius; talents the rarest; intellect the deepest, were met in this mansion, whose mistress shone far above them all. She was "the observed of all observers," the "gem of the purest water." Hers was the throne around which genius rallied. The laurel wreath of fame had long been hers, and the name of the gifted lady was spread far and wide, and destined to immortality. Yet on these glittering heights she did not falter, for the omnipotent arm of Him whom she ever acknowleded as her Divine Master, and whose precepts she endeavered to obey, sustained her. The splendid talents and lofty intellect with which her God had gifted her, were ever used to extend Immanuel's kingdom, and her wreath of fame was received only as a garland to cast at her Redeemer's feet.

When the company was almost entirely assembled, she entered, leaning on the arm of her noble and equally pious husband.—The guests began immediately to gather around her. It was to them an intellectual feast, if they might but listen to her conversation; and many a soul went forth from her presence better and purer for the good seed which her words had either sown or assisted to germinate. What a mighty responsibility rests upon those to whom God has given such a measure of intellectual and moral influence!

Of the lady's personal appearance it is unnecessary to speak, since the casket is of less importance than the jewel within; but had her most intimate friends been called upon to sing her praises, they might have done so in the words of the poet:

"If ever angels walked this weary earth
In human likeness, thou wert one of them."

A few months after Mrs. Clinton's entrance, a lady advanced toward her, accompanied by two young ladies, who were strangers to the rest of the company. She respectfully accosted Mrs. Clinton, and was about to introduce her companions, when the lady of the mansion gracefully advanced, and cordially reached forth her hand to welcome them, as if they had been her old acquaintances.

And so they were, for Mrs. Clinton was none other than the former Florence Howard, and the strangers were the two sisters who had so cruelly slighted her in the days of their early acquaintance. The sisters had heard of Florence's fame as Mrs. Clinton, and had desired earnestly to make the acquaintance of one so gifted and popular. For this cause, the lady whom they accompanied, and who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Clinton, had taken them to Clinton Park without invitation.

And now what were their emotions?—They stood abashed before her whom they had once scorned. Little did they imagine, when they esteemed her lightly, because poor and unfashionable, that she would ever be so far above them in the scale of refined and intellectual society.—Florence was now surrounded by opulence, the beloved wife of a highly intellectual gentleman, and the center of the literary society of the times. How bitterly they rued their former scorn!

But it was far from being Mrs. Clinton's intention to allow them to stand oppressed with shame, the "gazing-stock of the multitude," who wondered at their sudden appearance of humiliation. No! Florence was a true-hearted Christian.

"Oh, she was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her;
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her."

She conversed with the sisters kindly, and showed by her manner that she had truly forgiven them; and when the night waned, the stars grew pale, and the company retired to their homes, Florence detained them, and assured them of her friendship. They wept bitter tears of shame at the thought of their ingratitude, as Mrs. Clinton told them, in burning words of the love she once bore to them, and of the pangs they caused her. But she bade them be of good cheer "I have forgiven all your faults," said she; "and perhaps I should never have arrived at my present distinction if I had not allowed the thought of triumph over those who slighted me to urge me onward in the early stages of my literary career. So, perhaps, I ought rather to thank you, and truly I forgive you. God has overruled it all for my good."

And henceforth they were friends, and the sisters were enabled to subdue their fault, that of valuing their acquaintances according to their wealth and distinction.

Dear reader, the moral of my tale is this: Scorn none—slight none—ridicule none; for, besides the sufficient reason that such a course is wrong in the sight of God, it may be that in after life you will stand with "shame and confusion of face" before the slighted one!

A Sad Period.

It is vain to cling to the youth which is past, be our unbelief of the fact ever so stubborn. Rather should it be gracefully resigned for the cheerful acceptance of the duties which mature life is sure to bring. Why, for example, should a single woman of forty cling to the dress and manners of a girl, instead of owning to herself and others that she has fully reached middle age? Countless advertisements show but too plainly how many have a horror of growing old, and snatch credulously at every device for hiding the unwelcome fact. Success in such arts means a walking deception, and where there is falsehood on the surface, there is not much hope of truth beneath; failure means an absured anomoly—bright hair does not harmonize with a faded cheek, or *rouge* with a furrowed brow. Beside, lovely as in the bloom of youth, it is hardly missed when the beauty of expression beams forth in its stead. In mourning over, and magnifying, what is past, there is always danger of neglecting, if not losing, the treasures which remain. Yet, in middle age often only the brighter aspects of youth are recalled. "My good days are done," we can imagine one musing in melancholly womanhood; "how different it was at twenty; sheltered by the tenderest love, free from care and anxiety, and happy in what I had, and what was more languid, restful, feeling, which gave assurance of having enjoyed myself to the utmost. Around me were intimate friends, with whom I could exchange thoughts and feelings, unchecked by doubt or reserve; health of body made it a joy to live and breathe, while an elastic spirit sprang freshly from every trouble; and then the enchantress Hope, how sweetly she whispered! But how, many sorrows have chastened body and mind.—Reaction has come to be a thing of dread—most usurious payment for every excitement. The dear old home is broken up.—Of early friends some are dead, others are distant or occupied, so that we rarely communicate, and fewer still remain unchanged. Many times have I been deceived and disappointed in others, and, bitter still, have been deceived and disappointed in myself. I have to bear my burden alone, and hide my griefs, lest I tease some careless ear, or hinder some busy hand."

The Confederate Treasures.

A writer in the Atlanta *Constitution* tells a curious story concerning the fate of the money in the hands of Davis and the high officials of the Confederacy after they left Richmond. The fugitives halted in Georgia, near the Savanah River, and it was resolved to make an equal division of the amount in the treasury, something over $100,000 in gold and silver, which gave to each officer and man $28.25. But there had also been carried off from Richmond $400,000 of funds belonging to the Virginia Bank, and this was an immense temptation to the defeated and desperate soldiers. It was in charge of some bank officials, and was stored for a few days at Washington, Wilkes county, in Georgia.—After the country had become somewhat quiet, the officials started to return North with the money. Some of the ex-Confederates who were idling around the neighborhood heard of the wealth and laid their plans to capture it. About a dozen of them, dressed in Federal uniforms, rode up to the small guard accompanying the treasurer, and demanded its surrender in the name of the United States Government, claiming to be acting under orders from General Stoneman. It was handed over to them and they made off with it. But one of the party was tempted to display some of the money in a town near by, and as the fact of the robbery had become known, the possessor of such a rare thing as gold or silver at that time was immediately suspected of being in the transaction. When arrested, he confessed and disclosed the names of the whole party. The greater part of the money was recovered, but two or three of the men could never be found, and were supposed to have gotten off successfully with their share of the plunder.

How to Make Oil-Lamps Safe.

The following communication to the *Tribune* ought to be fully published everywhere.

"There are a great many accidents happening every day from use of kerosene. I will tell you a method by which they can be to a great extent prevented, and I hope you will publish it for the benefit of poor people, who are obliged to buy cheap oils. If the body of the lamp is filled with cotton, such as jewelers use to lay their articles in, after it is stuffed lightly, it will still receive one half the quantity of oil which it would hold if the cotton was not put in. If any accident happens, the oil cannot spill or overflow about, but is, as it were "sopped up" in the cotton, which burns like a faggot, but all in one place.

"The other night, as the gas was execrable as it generally is, I lighted a large glass kerosene lamp, which had a glass globe five inches in diameter, holding over a pint of oil. This I filled with cotton, and found I could pour in nearly a pint of oil before it came too wet. As I opened a window, a cold gust of air came in, and striking against the hot surface of the glass—at least I supposed so—the globe suddenly cracked and fell apart and a mass of flame about as big as your head jumped out upon the floor and flamed out about a yard. I immediately covered it with the slop bucket as an extinguisher, and, with the help of the water-pitcher and some wet towels, had it out in five minutes with no damage done. If the lamp had not had cotton in it, I should not be writing to you now, unless you can receive communications from the other world."

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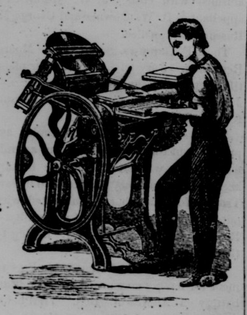

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