

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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SELECT TALES.

FROM SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

I WILL NEVER MARRY A MECHANIC.

BY LILLE LILBERNE.

Oh, how within my inmost heart
Springs up a music strain,
As strangers strangely sweep the strings,
And Hope its heaven to it brings,
With pleasure and with pain.

Oh, how I've loved that one, whose word
Hath every pulse of my being stirred;
On whose form and face I may never gaze,
But whose life is link'd with my own heart-lyne.

'I will never marry a mechanic?' was said with some emphasis, by Ally Emerson.

'So I have often heard you say, sis; and I have as often known you to do the things you say you never will.'

'Well, Edgar, perhaps I do; but one thing is certain—I shall never marry a mechanic.'

'But why, Alla, have you such an antipathy to that class of people?'

'Oh, because they always seem so coarse, vulgar, ignorant and awkward; with large hands and homely faces, and thick shoes, and blue coats, and—I do not know what all.'

Edgar Emerson laughed. 'You are greatly mistaken, my precise and aristocratic sister, if this is really your opinion, which I much question. You entirely underrate mechanics. It is not necessary that they should be ignorant or awkward or odd; nor does it follow that they lack the marks of a perfect gentleman in appearance, or taste and refinement in dress.'

'The earliest years of some of our first and finest men were spent in sweat and toil; and those of other countries, too, have risen from the artisan's bench, have laid aside theawl and the lapstone for the pen and the pencil. Linnaeus, the founder of Botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden. And David Parens, the elder, a celebrated professor of Theology at Heidelberg, Germany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Hans Sachs, one of the most famous of the early poets, was the son of a tailor, and was himself a weaver. Joseph Pendrell was a profound and scientific scholar, had an excellent library, and pursued through life the trade of a shoemaker. Benedict Badonin, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, was a shoemaker; so was Holcroft, the author of many works, and Gifford, the founder, and for some years the editor of the London Quarterly Review, one of the most profound scholars and elegant writers of the age; and many, very many more distinguished names I might call up from the Past, to convince you that these sentiments of yours are but idle prejudices and weak conclusions; nothing more.'

'I don't care—I cannot help it. Mechanics cannot have that refinement of manner, that delicacy of feeling, that might of mind, that loftiness of intellect, that peerless perfection of character, that proud poetry of genius that professional men have. Their minds, constantly dwelling on coarser things, learn to associate them with every tie and thought, to assimilate with all life's likenesses. They would prize the auger, and chisel, and plane, and shovel, and file and hoe, and rake, far above the poet's page, or the minstrel's music, or an elegant shawl, a dashing bonnet, a first rate fashion plate, or a choice and elaborate piece of statuary.'

'You have rather a confused idea of tools,' Edgar answered, with a smile. 'But no more so than you have of the manners and merits of those that use them.'

'Well, I do not wish to be instructed in the magic mysteries of the mechanic's mechanism, as I shall never marry one, Alla returned, with a look of proud resolve and unquestionable determination.

'And yet the lowly mechanic might be the President of the United States, in time, was the arch reply.

'And I should wait until he had arrived at that honor, before I married him, I think.'

'I hope,' Edgar said somewhat seriously, 'that my over-refined sister will never unite her destiny with one she does not love, merely because he possesses rank and wealth and station. Rather would I see her laid in the grave, than to have her thus compromise her dignity and delicacy, and perjure her soul.'

'And Alla tried to smile as she responded—

'Never fear for me: never fear that, my all-wise brother. I shall never wed the one I do not love, and esteem, and honor; and—I would not marry a mechanic if I did.'

'And thus you would wilfully bare your haughty heart to suffering and the world's suffrage, with only pride to heal it and hide it—ay, sis.'

'It is not pride, brother, believe me. It is not pride! and the sister spoke earnestly. 'It is not because I feel elevated above them, that I thus decline associating

with them. But it is something I cannot explain—something I have always felt—that they could never feel as I do, think as I do, or take an interest in the things I delight in, or understand me.'

'This is indeed a most wonderful confession and concession for you to make,' answered Edgar, in a rallying tone. 'I have some hopes of you yet. Let you be assured by experience, that there are as polished gentlemen among mechanics as among other classes, and your unfounded prejudices will all vanish. And I know of no one that would more effectually dispel them, than a friend of mine a cabinet maker. You have heard me speak of Clinton Courland?'

'O yes, often; but I never heard you reveal aught of his history.'

'No, Alla, because you never evinced any interest in it. And though he has, even of late, himself labored with his own workmen, opulent and independent as he is; yet I fancy you could not ever designate him from the proud patrician.'

'You give me very little credit for my powers of discrimination and my judgment,' the maiden replied, with a curl of her pretty lip, and added:—'But I could look on his browned brow, and large black hands, and—'

'Clinton Courland's forehead is as fair, and his hands as white, and almost as small as yours, sis; and all his manner and person is in keeping. He might look for a higher alliance than the fastidious and fashionable sister of Edgar Emerson.'

'And I am perfectly willing he should,' was the half-contemptuous response—and yet despite her seeming indifference, she betrayed more interest than she was aware of. 'But were he the possessor of millions, and should lay that, and heart, and hand, at my feet, I would reject all.'

'Even, Alla, if you loved him—if he were dearer to you than life, would you let these false prejudices wind around your happiness their palsy pall of death?—Nay, sis, you would not.'

'And, as I never intend to fall in love with your gentlemanly mechanic, we will waste no more words upon the subject; unless, indeed, she resumed with an ironical smile, 'you have promised my hand to him.'

'Give yourself no uneasiness on that point, Alla; I rather think it will never be sought. He is at present waiting on a Miss Morton, the daughter of a millionaire merchant of his native city.'

'What a fool! ejaculated Alla, ere she was aware the words had passed his lips. 'Which do you mean, sis, the lady or the gentleman?' was the quiet question.

'I will not tell you, Edgar, you know well enough to which I allude.'

'Well, if you mean Mr. Courland, he moves in the first society in New York. His talents, his energy and elegance, have placed him there, without any regard to opulence or occupation.'

Alla was thoughtful, and Edgar continued—'Yet he perhaps owes some of this to his lofty cousin, Lawrence Courland, the gentleman and the scholar whose influence is felt in every throb of the city.'

'Was it not Lawrence and Clinton Courland you expected to visit you last winter, which the ill-health of one of them prevented?' And Alla's anxiety was apparent. She was thinking of Lawrence.

'The same; and I expect to meet with them this summer at the Southern Springs, whither I shall escort you and your cousin; and then I will see whether you can tell which is the mechanic, and which is the gentleman.'

'I do not think that would be at all difficult. I could tell them in an instant. I know I could.'

'We will see,'—and the young man smiled.—'And though without describing their persons very minutely, I will give you a little insight into their history; that is, if cousin Catharine will permit,' and he glanced, as he spoke, at a pale lovely girl, who, reclining upon the cushions of a rich sofa, held a book in her hand, and gazing on its pages, listened to the preceding conversation. Rising from her seat, she sat down by Edgar and his sister in the flower-perfumed recess, and said—

'I am sure I should like to hear of them; for I already feel quite an interest—in the mechanic especially. I suppose I shall not be allowed even a glance at his brilliant cousin, when the all-attracting Alla Emerson is by; and if I did, it would not be returned.' And a gay glad smile lit up each face. Edgar replied:—

'Now, my opinion is, that neither of you will tell which is Mr. Courland, and which is Clinton; and very likely I shall find you, Catharine, bestowing your sweetest smiles on Lawrence, and Alla trying all her wiles and wickeries to win the attentions of the—mechanic.'

'Tell me of it, if you do,' was the sister's half-petulant rejoinder. 'But how provoking you are—I really thought you were going to tell us their Biography.'

'So I was. I had almost forgotten.

Yet I fear I shall be too faithful a delineator, and you will easily detect the characters so different—and yet alike, as regards honor, and honesty, and elegance, and refinement, and every virtue, and every excellence of moral and social life.

'Lawrence is—well, no matter; I will begin with both. The parents of neither of the cousins are living. Those of Clinton died when he was very young. They were poor, and left him destitute.—The father of Lawrence took him immediately into his own family, and of the age of his cousin, he shared equally his studies, his advantages. The parents of Lawrence too, died, and he acted the part of a faithful guardian to his poor young relative, who was left the choice of a profession when his collegiate studies were completed. And he apprenticed himself to a cabinet maker.'

'Years, years have passed since then, and he is now respected, and beloved, and admired by all who know him. His business is very extensive; and he is worth many—I do not know how many thousands of dollars; but he has enough for all the luxuries and elegancies of life. He is now some part thirty, unmarried, and—for aught I know—unengaged. He is a fine scholar, and spends much of his leisure time in his study.'

'And Lawrence—about a year after the death of his parents, he buried an only sister, a sweet child of eleven summers. She was sick many months; and O! how with all of a mother's kind care he watched over her: how he loved her! And when she died, it seemed as if his heart was broken. O how alone he felt! The blow was heavy; it prostrated him on a bed of sickness long, long; and when he had recovered sufficiently, he went to Europe, and spent several years in travel. This gave the finishing touch to his manners, his acquisitions and his well cultivated talents. There is not that person in America that is more elegant in appearance, refined in taste, delicate in feeling, correct in sentiment, and proudly polished. He is much with his books; and he has written much; and his compositions betray the fire, the fever, and the fervor of his feelings.'

'And one word about their personal appearance. The one cousin has rich brown hair, arranged with symmetrical carelessness; a fair complexion, with handsome hazel eyes, full of beauty and expression; and with lips well cut, with smiles of gladness and sunlight ever linked with the bright blood there. His movements are unexceptionable, his manners pleasing, nay, fascinating, and in his whole demeanor there is an air of negligent dignity and easy fashion. And now for the other. Alla interrupted him.

'The one you have been describing is Lawrence, I know; so you need go no further, as I do not much care about the mechanic.'

'But I do,' Catharine Emerson said, with some gaiety; 'so, if you please, cousin Edgar, I will listen to what you have got to advance.'

'But—broke in Alla, in a half satisfied, half-doubting tone—it was Lawrence Courland you were speaking of, was it not, brother?'

Edgar smiled, and returned—'I shall not tell you any thing about it; and as you say you can decide at first sight, I will wait until you are introduced. You will not probably have to repeat the question then.'

'But I do wish you would tell now, Edgar,' the maiden answered, coaxingly; 'but portray the other, than I know I can determine.'

'The young man looked grave as he replied—

'It seems to me you are uncommonly interested in the strangers, fair sis; but make no mercenary calculations, I pray you, or you may be disappointed. You do not for one moment suppose the rich, the gifted, the independent, the nice, precise Lawrence Courland would ever seek the daughter of the merchant whose whole capital is not a twentieth part of what he possesses? And yet we, by the many, are presumed rich, wealthy. And as for Clinton—he would look higher. But I forget—you would not marry a mechanic for love or money.'

'No, never! But what a long rigmarole, Edgar! I shall never aspire to the hand of the elegant gentleman in question. Nor have I any mercenary manoeuvres whatever to practice upon the said magnanimous millionaire. So now for a sketch of that other.'

'Well then, that other Mr. Courland is tall and slightly formed; has dark hair, and large, black eyes that—but no, I will not attempt to describe them: they will tell their own strange truths. His complexion is pale, and though of nearly the same age as his cousin, there is a look of care and thoughtfulness upon his countenance that makes him seem somewhat older. He is

rather reserved in his manners and retiring in his habits, and dresses with the most faultless taste.'

'I was right—I know I am right,' Alla answered, as he concluded. 'This is Clinton—say, is it not, Edgar?'

The brother smiled, and the other resumed. 'How unpardonably provoking you are, Ed!—Why can't you say yes when I have guessed right?'

'There is no need of it, sister mine, as you are so very confident.' And the sagest philosopher could not have studied out the puzzling expression that lit up his handsome lip.

'But what is your opinion, cousin Kate?' he asked, turning to the fair girl addressed. 'I have not formed any yet, but will wait until I see the two gentlemen in question.'

'You will soon have that opportunity. We shall be at the White Springs in less than a month.'

Art thou too cold and proud to love?
Methinks it is not so,
For the flash of feeling on thy brow,
Like light, will come and go.

'Now tell me, dear Catharine, why you have never married?' Alla inquired as her brother left the apartment. 'You have had so many opportunities, and you are now—'

'An old maid, almost—perhaps quite,' Catharine interrupted her by saying. 'An old maid!—Yes, I am twenty-seven years old—too old to be married now, you know.' And the shade of sadness, of melancholy, passed away that at first gathered on her fine features.

'No, indeed, dear cousin, I do not think so. I am only eighteen, and yet you look younger than I do. And I heard a lady say the other day—Miss Cameron could not possibly be twenty.'

'You are jesting, Alla; yet it matters not with me whether I look young or old, providing I but do my duty here on earth, and—live for others, not for myself.'

'But you have not yet answered my question, coz. The world says you are too cold and proud to love, and, cousin Catharine, I have sometimes thought, when I have seen you among the multitude that it might be true—that it was even so.'

Catharine's cheek reddened, and an expression of distress quivered on her colored lip, and she pressed it for a moment in writhing agony, and then she bade a smile there, and replied—

'The world I can forgive for this opinion of me, but you, Alla, you know me so well; it cannot be that you deem me either the one or the other. And yet, and yet—I am cold and proud.'

'Forgive me, my cousin; and, Catharine, how often have I watched you amid the crowd, when the light, the brilliancy, the music, the excitement seemed to have no effect upon him whatever; and you would turn coldly and carelessly away from the homage that would have been paid you, nor even raise your eyes to those that were waiting an opportunity to address you; and, as if you knew their intention, a slight expression of scorn would rise to your proud lip, and you would pass from their presence.'

'O, I am but too sensible of all this—it may be weakness,' Catharine said, thoughtfully. 'And yet it is not a want of feeling, it is not haughtiness, it is not pride; and yet it is that Pride that disdains to intrude, that scorns to solicit attentions even by a look. You know, Alla, that I am timid, diffident and reserved. I cannot help it. I never seek the notice—I never seek the acquaintance of any one, and often avoid speaking to those I know feel themselves elevated above me. This is a strange weakness, you will say; but then I know I am not like any body else. And this, all this is put down as coldness, as pride, as want of feeling! O my God! none have known, no one can know how keenly sensitive my feelings are. How often, O! how often have I wished they were coarse and cold as are the world's—I could better battle with it.'

'I believe you, Catharine,' was replied, with a slight sigh, and Alla added more gaily.—'But you have not yet answered my first question—why you have never married.'

Again a shadow flitted over the pale brow of the maiden; but it was gone, and she returned—

'I think, cousin, that you would hardly make the inquiry did you but once reflect that, were there no other obstacle in the way, my Duty hath forbidden it. I am the youngest child by several years; this you know, and that my sisters are married and have gone to the West. My parents were infirm; they needed my care, they needed my company, they needed my attentions, they needed my love and affection, and could I leave them alone? No, though I had met with one dearer to me than life, I would not have abandoned them while I was so necessary to their comfort,

their happiness. And O! how thankful I am I never did; that I could be with them, watch over them in their last moments, and know, feel that I had administered to their every wish and want!'

'And now,' said Alla, looking up and smiling through her tears, 'and now I do not see as you can have any excuse; and yet I suppose you will yet have such strange and romantic notions about Pride, and Honor, and Duty, and every thing else.'

'And I suppose you guess right. There are barriers deep and high and strong, that widen and strengthen with every year.—You think I am alluding to my age, and that is a sufficient obstacle to my being sought. But that is not all. With the thought and experience I have attained I should shrink from entering into that state where there are so many high and immutable responsibilities, so many incumbent duties, so much depending on the wife; and if she fail, the happiness of a household is destroyed. O, how forcibly do I feel my own inefficiency—my own weakness! how incompetent for such a task—how inadequate for every trial, and to perform every part expected, every obligation, every duty! What a wreck the many, all unformed and inexperienced as they are, make of their own felicity and of the happiness of those connected with them. The happiness of those that should be dearer than self. Domestic happiness is composed of an innumerable number of the finest and fairest music wires. Touch one with an impetuous movement, press upon it too harshly, bear upon it too heavily, and but jarring and discordant strains are emitted. And it must be a skillful and practised hand, a careful and watchful connoisseur, that can bear upon the right ones with professional adroitness, correctly and artistically. I should so fear for myself—that my quivering—that my faint and failing fingers would surely make discords that would fall all harshly on my husband's heart.'

'Even if that husband were a mechanic,' Alla said, to hide her saddened feelings.

'A mechanic's happiness is just as dear to him as Prince Albert's, or the President's, though the requirements of the former would be much less—was advanced in return.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

The "Oldest Inhabitant."

That gentleman (or lady, as the case may be), must be venerable for his age, and worthy of all confidence for his veracity. There has been no time since the confusion of tongues on the plain of Shinar, in which this remarkable personage has not declared that the last cold day was the coldest, the last warm day the hottest, the last hailstones that fell the biggest, the last lightning the sharpest, the last thunder the most terrific, and so on, "world without end"—that he had ever seen, heard of, or conceived. He coolly affirms, *note*, that provisions are dearer than they were ever known to be before—a fact for which he accounts from another fact, namely, that there are more dogs about now-a-days, especially mad dogs, than were ever permitted to live in any one age since the days of his renowned ancestor, who flourished about a century anterior to the exodus of the children of Israel. I am myself ready to testify on oath, *if necessary*, that this old gentleman has declared, every year for nearly fifty years—nay, sometimes twice or thrice in a year—that the money market was never before so tight as at the present moment; and he prophesies that money will never be any easier, till the legislature repeals the usury laws.

A MINT FOR CALIFORNIA.—The Massachusetts and California company, start from Northampton, Mass., for their destination soon overland, with all the fixings for establishing a private mint at San Francisco, with the approbation of the government. They have in Wm. H. Hayden, a graduate of Yale College, an assayer well qualified to discharge his duties, and machinery capable of coining \$10,000 a day. It is their intention to purchase gold dust at the current prices, and transform it into coin for circulation.

An American Statesman.

The true American statesman is patriotic. He loves his country—his whole country. He is jealous of her honor, and proud of her fame. In the hour of her prosperity he rejoices; in the hour of her peril, he flies to her rescue. He loves the glorious Union, and seeks to strengthen its bonds. He frowns upon every attempt, in whatever quarter originating, to breath jealousies and discord among the members of our national family. He knows no east nor west, nor north nor south, only as being parts of one grand, united, inseparable whole. Such men have lived in this country. Such now sleep in this country's bosom. Washington, Franklin,

Jefferson, Jay, William Wirt, Roger Sherman, Patrick Henry! These and their compeers, were the very soul of this nation—the great heart, whose every beat sent its streams of patriotic life-blood through every vein and artery of the republic. The debt we owe them can never be repaid. They have directed their country to glory, and their countrymen to hope. They have been our teachers to instruct—our counselors to guide—our guardians to defend. And their bright example and holy precepts still constitute the "cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night," to guide the millions of this favored land to usefulness, to knowledge and to truth.—Dr. Jordan.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Raise Good Potatoes.

My object in writing, at this time, is to give you my method of growing potatoes free from the rot. I have practised it two seasons with entire success, and have now six hundred bushels of fine Mercer potatoes in my cellar and all free from the disease.

My method is, to plow the ground late in the fall or early in the spring, harrow it smoothly before planting time, then haul out fifteen tons rotted manure, spread it broadcast, then take two horses and plow, and back up two full furrows, the furrows just meeting in the backing; leave a strip one foot wide, and back up two more; and so continue till you have completed the lot. Then turn about and split these double furrows open with a single furrow, then commence dropping your potatoes (pieces of cut potatoes, containing at least four eyes) in furrow six inches apart.—

After the lot is dropped, take your horses and plow, and throw two good furrows, (one row of the team to a row,) just meeting on the top, dress off the top, clearing the row of stones, clods, &c.; then sow broadcast five bushels common salt over the ground immediately after planting; cultivate well till the plants are in blossom, and you will have a good crop.

Value of Root Crops.

For the last three years I have turned my attention to raising parsnips, ruta bagas, and the sugar beet, as a field crop.—The parsnip should be planted as early in April as the ground will admit. It has no enemy that will seriously injure it, yields well, (500 bushels per acre,) and for winter hogs, is worth twice as much as the ruta бага or sugar beet.

The ruta бага, with me, has become an uncertain crop on account of the depredations of the turnip flea. The sugar beet is a productive root and will pay well for persons engaged in the production of winter milk, but under other circumstances, I doubt the economy of entering largely into its cultivation. If fattening cattle or hogs be the object, Indian corn will afford more feed from a given quantity of ground, provided it is as richly manured.

Evergreens for Sheep.

Evergreens are not only excellent food for sheep, which may often be used to considerable extent as a matter of economy, but they are very wholesome as a green food when sheep are kept long on dry fodder. Sometimes evergreens may be used as a matter of necessity, when hay is scarce, and save animals from great suffering and starvation, which occasionally occur from unusually long and cold winters. Colds and other diseases in sheep have been cured by the use of evergreens.

Pines of different kinds are among the best evergreens for sheep; hemlock is also excellent; spruce and fir, if not equally good, are very useful. Sheep are fond of browse of almost every description. They bear with difficulty a long confinement to dry fodder, and they should be relieved by the use of roots, evergreens, or browse; all of which they eat with great eagerness.

Good Maxims.

Keep your temper.
Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.
Never be in a hurry.
Rather set than follow example.
Rise early and be an economist of time.
Practice strict temperance.
Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.
Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak.
Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
In all your transactions remember the final account.