

# Mountain Sentinel.

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

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## SELECT TALE.

From Scott's Weekly Paper.  
I WILL NEVER MARRY A MECHANIC.

BY LILLE LILBERNE.

Ye that have felt the power of thought,  
The fever of the mind,  
With spirit delicately wrought—  
With fear and feeling 'twined—  
Art ever alive to every throes,  
To burning bliss, and 'wilderling wo.

Catherine Cameron was alone in her chamber. There were tears in the beautiful eyes that lay bowed on the cold hands. The conversation of the last hour had called up thoughts and feelings and memories not soon forgotten. She had gone back far into the mocking Past. She was thinking of the time when she, a child of ten, accompanied her parents to the very place where she now resided—her uncle Emerson's.

She had stolen away from her mother's side and gone upon deck to find her father. She did not see him, but still remained watching the wild waves, the flushing foam and the blue restless waters. All had left the spot, she thought she stood alone, but close by her side leaned a youth pale and sick. His dress was a plain but costly mourning, and his features told that it hid from a view a smitten heart. And there she still stood, with brow and neck uncovered, save by the long ungathered ringlets with which the quivering breeze was sporting, and her small white hands clasping and playing with a small cut glass cologne bottle round which she had tied some blue ribbons, and knew not with what eager intensity the pale young stranger was regarding her. She heard a deep sigh, and turning quickly around beheld the delicate youth staggering to a seat, which he reached and fell fainting upon it.

With childish eagerness she flew to his side, and pouring the contents of the fluted phial on her handkerchief, bathed his cold brow and hollow temples. And as she pushed back the rich clusters of dark hair, and met his large and strangely fascinating eye, melting with melancholy, and touched with tenderness, she almost shrank from the singular beauty of the being her drops were fast restoring.

In a low, sweet tone, and with a quivering lip, he thanked her for her opportune attentions, and bent his aching brow upon her bared arm. The ice had fled, for the brain was burning with a wild fever fire. And the hot tears, like drops of flame rolled down and fell upon the folds of her dress, and hers too, the while, were flashing quickly and heavily among them.— Moments passed. She had forgotten all but the suffering and afflicted youth.

'My child, how came you here; and what is the matter?' Mr. Cameron had just discovered his daughter.

Catherine started. The stranger sprang to his feet, and attempted to apologize, but he fell upon the arm of Mr. Cameron, and his voice was lost, and pressed his white hand upon his heart as if the pain was there.

Several gentlemen came up; all seemed deferentially attentive, and offered to conduct him below. With a sweet smile he thanked them, and said he should be compelled to accept the offered kindness as he felt faint and sick, but trusted he would soon be better.

And Catherine still stood there, one hand in her father's, and gazing on the sick stranger with anxious curiosity. He turned one more glance to her as he was moving away. Oh how softened and saddened! And the pale blood struggled to his temple. Catherine bent her eyes on the rich fancy bottle she still held in her hand. A few drops were left of the perfumed contents. She started forward, weeping with pitying earnestness, while the large tears lay upon the long lashes.

'Take this, please take this, sir—the cologne will help you.'

'God bless you, child!' were the faltering words, as he took the simple offering, and grasped for a moment the fair fingers that presented it. 'God bless you.'

Catherine still stood gazing at him. Mr. Cameron led his daughter below, and she heard him say a few hours afterwards, when they were landing, that the stranger was on his way to a foreign port, and that he was now in a high fever.

'Often, oh how often, had Catherine Cameron thought of this, but never to mortal being had she told it. And now, it all came up as an event of yesterday. She was a child. She stood by the sick youth's side, and bathed his brow. She started. Perhaps that brow was cold in the grave, or lay bleaching beneath the Atlantic's waters. She felt again upon her arm the hot and flame-like breath; she felt the flashing, fearful fire of his veins; she felt that last burning pressure upon her hand and upon her heart. The past and the present were all struggling there, and the future. And the world called her cold and unfeeling. Little did it know her—

She was not perhaps beautiful, and attracted little notice, little attention; you gaze upon her face when in repose, and you would not care for a second look. But speak to her. Let her lift her deep bewildering eye to yours; watch the blush upon her cheek, the flush upon her lip, and the charm-like, changeful expression of every feature, and you would behold in Catharine Cameron a strange spirit—stirring, spiritual loveliness, with the hues of heaven upon her brow, and its luring light in her eye. Most keenly she felt the world's coldness and neglect, but all too proud to heed it. Her sufferings were all in her own high heart; none knew of them, nor would they, though it broke with its many miseries. She would have scorned attentions, the sympathy, she would have spurned the heart that was not freely offered. Woman's heart is a proud, and gentle and delicate thing. Crush it not.

Cold and calm can the seeming be,  
Though the brain be all on fire,  
Proud and passionless, and free;  
Though the heart be a haunted lyre;  
Whose every string is a struggling thought,  
A link of light in Heaven wrought.

The Springs were crowded with visitors. Lawrence and Clinton Courtland were not there when our little party arrived. Days passed and they came.— Their arrival created quite a sensation, or that of the famed Lawrence did; the many had heard of him, and were prepared to pay him every attention, and to win his favor and boast of his friendship. He came in his own princely carriage, and his mechanic cousin with him. The aristocracy sought the gentleman at a glance, and were prepared to pay him due homage; while Clinton stood by dejected and neglected.

Edgar found an opportunity to introduce them to his sister and cousin, and in such a manner as left them in doubt as to which was the scholar and which the mechanic. Not not in doubt, Alla knew instantly which was the hero of her dreams; and the gay, easy, nonchalant, polished gentleman with the brown hair, and hazel eyes, and white brow was Lawrence Courtland. She knew it was, and yet asked her brother when alone with him and Catherine, if it was not. Edgar smiled provokingly, and said:—'That if she had not penetration enough to detect the gentleman from the mechanic, he should not inform her.' Alla was vexed at his perverseness, but she was not to be moved, and the more she said the more unmercifully he rallied her for her woman's curiosity.

All, like her, knew instinctively which was the one to whom devout deference should be paid, and all crowded to get a view of him. This, apparently seemed no new thing to him, for it did not move him in the least, and the homage and adulation bestowed, he took as a matter of course, but with the most graceful courtesy and winning politeness.

'There, Edgar, I was right,' Alla uttered with a triumphant expression. 'I knew I could tell, and have,' and here the young man turned away his head, perhaps to conceal his vexation—perhaps to hide a smile, and said—

'But I did not say you were mistaken, did I sis?'

'No, not exactly. But then you gave me credit for very little sagacity, I fancy.'

'For quite as much as I do now,' was the indifferent rejoinder.

'And yet you were not willing to acknowledge it though. But see, brother I am not a fool yet.'

'O, I hope not,' was the dry reply, 'only at times, not quite as wise as you think yourself.'

'Perhaps not; but I have come off conqueror here, so I do not care.'

'What, you have not made a conquest of Lawrence's heart already,' Edgar replied with much surprise.

'No! how annoying, how provoking you are—you know very well what I mean.'

'Yes, and I know very well that Lawrence Courtland will never have such a fantastic thing as my sister is. He would fear that his mechanic cousin would not be received beneath his roof with friendly warmth,' and Edgar said this with more severity than he was wont to assume, and left the room.

Alla bit her lip at the last remark, and spoke with ill concealed bitterness.—

'Edgar need not trouble himself, as I shall never look so high as the one cousin, or so low as the other.'

Catherine had not spoken during the colloquy, but sat looking out of the window, with her aching head upon her hand, and with what busy memories at her burning, breaking heart.

The pale, melancholly, neglected mechanic interested her more than words can tell. They had met before, but he knew it not—she did not wish him to. The secret was all her own. His image had

been shined in her deep heart for years. And in a gay memory was busy there.

Lawrence Courtland was a favorite, both with managing mammas and marriageable daughters. The mothers displayed their wealth—the daughters their faces and graces. The gentleman too, sought his society, though they envied him the homage he seemed so wholly careless of. No walk, or ride, or ball could be complete without him. He was the star, the lion, the life of every circle. He dressed expensively, yet negligently. But at his rich cravat was half untied, or half turned round; or his costly coat dusty, or his fine linen handkerchief soiled, or his gloves torn, or his redundant curls disarranged; what mattered it—was he not a gentleman, a scholar—the Fashion; and Fashion has a right to be audacious. And there were not a few awkward attempts at imitation. And no one lady seemed to captivate his attention. He was polite and gracious to all. He would ride with one, walk with another, talk with a third, waltz with a fourth, sing with a fifth, and promenade with a sixth, and so with the rest.

And Alla Emerson, she fearfully felt his fascination, sometimes he paid her the most exclusive attentions, and then he seemed cold and distant, and forgetful, until his neglect saddened the young heart that had begun to love. Alas! for Alla Emerson. Why should she think of him. But then—Edgar was his friend. O Hope, why would ye mock trusting!

O, Hope, be still thy whisperings,  
Mock not the breaking heart,  
Send not thine angel clothed in light,  
To act a Judas' part.

Betray not with that kindling kiss,  
And thrill the soul with fearful bliss,  
And leave it thus all bruised and bare,  
To a future fraught with dark despair.

And what of the mechanic. He passed on amid the crowd unknown and unnoticed, and uncared for. And not yet wholly. Edgar was often by his side, Lawrence, too seemed anxious to serve him. But he sought not the society or the attentions of any one. He might be all too proud for that.

Yet he dressed with the most fastidious elegance, and his every movement was of polished grace, his every word was music. And the only lady to which he paid any attention, was Catharine Cameron, and she perhaps was the only one that would have received it so cordially. Perhaps she pitied him—so neglected; perhaps she found his society interesting. Perhaps there was a hidden, holy fascination that heart to heart can only offer. Perchance in his tall and symmetrical form she saw only its even grace. May be that in Clinton Courtland, she discovered an intelligent, refined, learned and lovely acquaintance. It might be that there were garnered the mighty might of mind, the glorious gems and gems of genius. He sought the companionship of none, and yet there were times when he evidently wished to enter into conversation with the fair sister of his friend Edgar, but the desire seemed not reciprocated, for Alla, though she treated him with civility, was cold, and distant, and haughty—more than she was really aware of.

And Lawrence had without a seeming single effort, won her proud heart; and would she have loved him the less were he a mechanic? She felt with pain that he was far above her, and that many ladies at the Springs were her superiors in birth, wealth and attainments. And yet she counted over every attention she had received from him, and compared them with those he had lavished on others. The balance was in her favor; and yet he was sometimes so cold and neglectful. Would he ever—did he really feel an interest in her! no! he was only a gay gallant, dispensing his words and his smiles, and his flatteries to the many.

Beneath the coldest seeming,  
May thro' a heart of flame;  
Beneath the eye's proud gleaming,  
Are feelings naught can tame.

Beneath the lips bright beaming,  
Is wo without a name,  
And with the spirit's dreaming,  
Are sufferings right, and fame.

'I would never marry a mechanic.' This was said by Alla Emerson to a dozen or two of the most fastidious fashionables at the Springs; and ere the words were wholly spoken, Edgar and Lawrence Courtland entered the splendid apartment. They were conversing in a low tone, and a smile was on the lip of each; and as the oft repeated remark fell upon the brother's ear, the glad smile turned to a mischievous expression, but that on the lip of Courtland faded wholly away; but assuming an animated manner he said,

'And why not marry a mechanic, Miss Emerson?' Alla was a little confused. She thought of his own attachment to his

cousin, and feared he might be hurt or displeased; yet she answered,

'Oh, because—because—I don't know. Because—'

'Let me answer for you, Sis,' said Edgar, archly. 'It is only a foolish, idle prejudice of hers that a mechanic cannot be a gentleman, refined, social and intelligent.' Lawrence forced a smile, and rejoined,

'But is not my cousin all this?' But Alla was not to be argued out of her whim and she returned laughing,

'Well I do not know—I have not heard him speak since he was here, and, therefore, Mr. Courtland, you will excuse, I think, my not passing judgment on him.' Lawrence bit his lip and only added,

'True, I know he's rather reserved, but a nobler, loftier heart never throbbed on earth.'

Many a beautiful belle tossed her head disdainfully, and said something disparagingly of the working classes, and many an avocart brother, and aristocratic mother climbed in, in chorus, and Courtland would playfully and eloquently ward off every objectionable observation; and even the timid Catharine put in a word almost unconsciously.

'I would rather be the sister of the honest daily laborer, than the jewelled, and pimpered, and flattered relative of the pride proud parasite of Fashion, or the bidde of a power-loving, power-dispensing Prince.'

A sarcastic smile was on many a fair lip, and the pale speaker saw it and felt it. Leaving her seat, she sat down by the open window that overlooked a spacious piazza. And there, on a low bench, not two feet from the casement, sat Clinton Courtland, with a half-closed volume in one hand and his flushed temple leaning on the other, and evidently listening with careless interest. Not purposely had he placed himself there, and perhaps he did not deem it a duty to withdraw. Lawrence and Edgar had left him there when they came in, but he preferred remaining alone with his thoughts; alone with his book.

The slight noise that Caroline made in changing her seat caused him to lift his eyes. They met her gentle, kind commiserating glance fixed earnestly, tenderly upon him. A deeper flush passed over his white brow, and with a faint smile and graceful bow, he arose and walked away. Catharine had met the charm of those dark and beautiful eyes, and she thought that tears were there, mingling with the proud, rich light in their deep depths.

It was almost the evening hour. The spacious apartments were well nigh deserted, and still Catharine Cameron sat by that same window, evidently watching the glorious golden sunset. A tall, slight form darkened the hushed recess, and Clinton Courtland seated himself beside her.

'You are sad to-night, Miss Cameron,' he remarked in a melancholy tone.

'Am I?' she asked, striving to rally her scattered thoughts, and then added, 'and yet, methinks, it is an hour in which we should not indulge in sorrowful reflections but should rather be thankful, be grateful to the Giver of every gift for the beautiful world around us, and for all life's blessings.'

'That world in which there is no coldness, deceit, hypocrisy and envy,' Courtland responded, with some bitterness.

Catharine sighed. She knew he was thinking of that day's conversation; and after a few moments' pause Clinton again spoke.

'Do you think it possible, Miss Cameron, that the prejudices of your cousin could be overcome? Are they owing to an incorrect education, or obstinacy?'

Catharine grew pale. A sudden pain pierced her heart. And did he love Alla? And yet she replied with desperate calmness,

'I do not know; yet I think they might be eradicated. Alla is a lovely girl. None need fear to trust their happiness in her hands. Hers is no common mind. And—and perhaps—you—you—'

'I understand you, Miss Cameron,' Clinton answered, smiling, and fixing his deep eye on her bent brow, 'but you misunderstand me. I shall never be a candidate for the heart and hand of Miss Emerson, deserving though she be, and were I assured of success. Edgar is my friend, and I respect the sister—nothing more. But I do not feel interest enough there to lead me to combat her false prepossessions. I do not presume so high.—And yet, lady, have I not one champion 'mong all this gay and giddy crowd?'

Catharine blushed as she recollected the remark that had, hours before, escaped her lips, and changed the subject.

Why fear if he is there,  
Though danger cometh near?  
What do I care for the curious stare,  
And the scornful air  
The worlding may chance to wear?  
I would heed it not, if in his heart  
I felt assured I had a part.

Lawrence Courtland's splendid horses and carriage were at the springs, and they were often in requisition. The noonday sun shone upon a brilliant party Lawrence had invited to ride to a cave some miles from the Hotel. The ground was rough and uneven, and precipices were on either side. But the sky had darkened, and a fearful flash of lightning lay twinkling in their path, and the heavy, reverberating thunder startled the spirited steeds. A second, a third, and they became frightened, unmanageable, and despite the driver's every effort, they were trying to wheel about in a narrow pass, lined with yawning gulfs and frightful ledges, and they were on the very verge.

Clinton was the first to see the danger, and flinging open the door, said with nervous agitation,

'Do not attempt to follow me, any of you; the least confusion will only frighten the animals more; and springing from the vehicle, he stood by the side of the foaming chargers, and caught one of the leaders by the bit. The horse, impatient and fiery, and frightened, wrenched the rein from his grasp, and tossing his head high in the air, made a furious effort to turn and retrace his steps, while not three feet from the carriage wheels lay a dark and fearful declivity. A scream of anguish was heard from the ladies—from all save Catharine; even the bright brow of Lawrence was overcast, as he watched the fearless conduct of his cousin. A sudden pain caused Clinton for a moment to lay his hand on his side, as he called the maddened steeds by name and tried to soothe them. It was a familiar name and they stopped; their fears were calmed, and while every limb of the lofty animals quivered with the o'er-mastering consciousness of safety, they bent their stately heads to the shoulder of that dauntless mechanic. He lifted his arm and buried it in the dark mane of one of the panting steeds, and an arrowy pang shot through his wrist. It was almost powerless.

The driver had dismounted, and Lawrence had joined them; and grasping the hand of his cousin, said in a low voice, 'You have saved us all!'

Clinton's pale lip faded as he withdrew his hand, and the pain in his arm deepened; and to avoid a repetition of thanks from others that now stood by them, said, turning to the servant of Lawrence,

'As the horses are so fearful and furious, I will drive round to the Hotel, if you will permit,' he added, addressing the rich owner with a faint smile; and he gathered up the fallen reins.

'As you please,' Lawrence replied. 'You will do it much better than I will. I am too careless an animal to drive a horse.' And the party were again seated in the carriage.

Clinton raised his foot to the step, and quickly withdrawing it wound his handkerchief hastily round his wrist.

'What is the matter?' Lawrence asked, with some anxiety. 'Your arm is swollen—you have dislocated it.'

'I think not,' was the reply. 'My wrist may be slightly sprained. It is not wholly useless.'

'And yet you cannot drive.' And the flushed lip of the gay gallant was clouded.

'I will attempt it, however,' the other returned, as he leaped lightly into the driver's seat.

'James, you may sit inside,' and Lawrence addressed his servant. 'I shall mount the box with my cousin.'

'To the great disappointment of many a fair lady within,' Clinton whispered, as his companion sat down beside him. Courtland smiled; and said carelessly,

'Even vanity might have suggested this.' 'For me, think you, for me?' the cousin asked somewhat bitterly.

'Yes, if—but no matter now. Your wrist pains you; I will relieve you any time.'

'Not much. I believe the horses know me almost as well as they do their master.'

'I do not think you need complain of any disobedience on their part; and he bent his head in thought,

My heart, my heart is with the Past,  
My thoughts, my thoughts are here,  
O how this thrilling, truthful tale  
Hath called up hope and fear.

A physician had examined the arm of Courtland, and pronounced it only a sprain, and applied such remedies as would serve to relieve the pain. He had taken a seat in the crowded saloon, and was poring over a paper. The storm had cleared away, and the laugh, the song, and the jest went round, but he heeded it not. Lawrence approached and stood close by his side, and as he bent his eye on the paper, spake,

'What have you found there so intensely interesting? One of Dr. Warren's terrible tales? No as I live, 'tis 'Dombey and Son.' Why, I thought you deemed Dickens dull and prosy, despite his redeeming passages.'

As the mechanic lifted his eyes, they met the sweet, sympathizing glance of Catharine. There were tears there—there were tears in his, too; and ere he had time to reply to his cousin, he resumed.

'But how is your wrist now? Is the pain intense?' Clinton laid aside his paper.

'No, it is almost well,' was uttered in a subdued tone, and rising, passed his arm through that of his companion, and they left the room together. Catharine changed her seat, and took up the paper Courtland had been perusing. And there was Dickens' beautiful and touching description of Florence in the sick chamber of her brother, little Paul. And this had called up sad feelings and painful remembrances, for more than once had she seen his blanched lip quiver while he was reading. Perhaps he had thus hovered near the death bed of some loved one.

Oh, ask me not to the fetal dome,  
I dare not, cannot go,  
Where music, merriment and mirth  
Are mocking hearts of wo.

In the evening there was a brilliant ball. Catharine did not wish to attend, and had retired to her chamber. Thither Edgar sought her, and so strenuously insisted upon her joining the dancers, that to gratify him she consented. She was ready, and he had called for her.

Arrayed in a robe of faultless fineness, whose silvered satin folds floated around her; fairy form like softened sunlight; and like a lovely ministering angel, indeed, she looked as she threaded the lighted and deserted corridors, leaning on the arm of her cousin. They both staid. A groan fell upon their ears. It came from a chamber they were passing. Edgar looked at the trembling being by his side.

'This—is this Courtland's room,' he said pushing open the door with her hand still resting in his. A shudder passed through the frame of each, for there, on the bed, lay Clinton Courtland, apparently lifeless. Edgar sprang to his side, and gazed with agony on the faded features of his friend.

'He breathes,' he said. 'Thank heaven, he breathes! Stay here, Catharine, while I go for a physician.'

She needed not to be told again. There lay the unconscious form of him she loved. Half fainting she bent over him. She took his passive hand in hers—it was cold as death. She pushed back the tangled hair from his damp brow, and pressed her quivering lips upon it, and murmured in lowest whisperings his name there. A faint flush flashed to the cold forehead. Was it illusion? Was he recovering? He was conscious, though he had not the power to move—scarcely to breathe. And O! what sweet, deep dreams rushed to his tried heart. It must be a dream—it was too heaven-like to last.

Catharine turned to the table for some restorative. There—there stood that choice richly chased Cologne bottle, with the faded blue ribbons still around it, tied as they were—then.

'And does he still cherish this,' she thought 'this token—this relic' as she poured its contents upon her embroidered handkerchief, and bathed his death-white brow with a quivering hand.

'There was one long, deep respiration, and the white lips of the sick man were crimsoned with blood. With the perfumed linen her fair fingers held, she wiped it away; but the warm life-tide still flowed there. She knew he had ruptured a blood vessel, and it was all owing to that day's exertions.

'Good heavens! what if he should die ere Edgar returned or the physician arrived!'

One low, wild wail of agony, and she lifted his faint head upon her bared arm, while the white flowers that lay among careless curls had fallen, wilted and stained in the lingering life-current that oozed from the half-hushed heart of that prostrate one, at her feet and among the light white folds of her dazzling dress, and her hot tears mingled with the fevered blood she tried to staunch!

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN evangelical old lady, hearing her son slip out an oath on Sunday, exclaimed, 'My dear, what are you about? What do you think of the law and the prophets?' 'What do I think of them?' said he, 'why I think the law pockets the profits most infernally!'

'Did you present your account to the defendant?' inquired a lawyer of his client. 'I did your honor.' 'And what did he say?' 'He told me to go to the devil.'— 'And what did you do then?' 'Why, then I came to you.'

An exchange, in a puff of a mercantile firm, says, that they are determined to sell their goods, if they have to give them away.