

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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Doubt Not.

BY J. M. KNOWLTON.

When the day of life is dreary
And when gloom thy course enshrouds—
When thy steps are faint and wavy,
And thy spirit dark with clouds,
Steadfast still in thy well-doing,
Let thy soul forget the past—
Steadfast still, the right pursuing,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

Striving still, and onward pressing,
Seek not future years to know,
But preserve the wished-for blessing,
It shall come, though it be slow,
Never tiring—upward gazing—
Let thy fears aside be cast,
And thy trials tempting, braving—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

Keep not thou thy soul regretting,
Seek the good—open evil's thrall,
Though thy foes thy paths besetting,
Thou shalt triumph o'er them all,
Though each year but bring thee sadness,
And thy youth be fleeting fast,
There'll be time enough for gladness—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

His fond eye is watching o'er thee—
His strong arm shall be thy guard—
Daily's path is straight before thee,
It shall lead to thy reward,
But thy life's faith made stronger,
Mould the future by the past—
Hope thou on a little longer,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

MISCELLANEOUS.

May Lillie, OR LOVE AND LEARNING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

It was a most provoking thing that young Harry Warren should have fallen in love with pretty May Lillie—simply a village school-master whom know body knew—and she the only daughter of the richest and proudest man in the whole county of Erie, whom every body knew! It was not only provoking, but it was also very unfortunate for the poor fellow, as he might as well have aspired to wed young bright evening star, as to lead to the altar the daughter of Diogenes Lillie, Esq. Ex. M. C.

See the maliciousness of Fate! If May had been but the child of some poor widow or parson—or had Harry claimed descent from some lordly aristocrat, the course of true love might not have run so crooked. Leander swam the Hellespont to reach his love, breasting bravely the surging billows, which parting before him, bore him exultingly to the feet of Hero—but how shall Harry force the adamantine chains with which Mammon bars the way to happiness! Assist him ye gods of hapless lovers.

My hero was the son of a farmer, more rich in children than in acres, and who could only afford them in schooling, value received for a few bushels of wheat, rye, or potatoes.

Young Harry had no taste for agriculture. The plough furrowed his handsome countenance, and the harrow harrowed his soul. Neither did he fancy mechanics—he turned from the anvil, the carpenter's bench, the awl, and the scissors with equal repugnance. Books, books alone were his passion. For these all else were neglected, the cattle strayed loose in the fields, the pigs crept through the garden, the wheat remained unshooked, and the grass uncut, while Harry under a tree lost himself amid the tattered leaves of an old book, which every breath of wind threatened to sweep far from him. This was a sore trial to his father, but after fruitlessly exhausting all his arguments to dissuade his son from the folly of 'learning,' he finally gave it up, and left Harry unmolested to follow his bent. The clergyman of the village admiring the perseverance of the young farmer boy, and wishing to encourage such laudable zeal, kindly volunteered to assist him in his studies, and with unwearied toil by night and by day, Harry Warren was finally prepared to enter college.

At the age of twenty-one he graduated honorably, and left the college walls, his head well stored with knowledge—a light heart—a lighter purse, and a strong will to persevere in the path he had marked out for himself, a path which, after many crooked windings, was, as his sanguine imagination assured him, to lead him eventually on the high road to fame.

To put a little money in his pocket, and at the same time gain some leisure for study, he offered himself as a candidate for the school in the beautiful village of G—some fifty miles distant from his native town. He was accepted, and entered upon the duties of his new office with hope and energy. And then—the

very first thing he did was to fall in love! foolish fellow—instead of teaching the young idea how to shoot—he suffered himself to be shot—through the sparkling roguish eyes of little May Lillie did Cupid aim his dart—twang—he was gone!

Diogenes Lillie, Esq., professed to be a very learned man, an immensely learned man, and his library accordingly occupied one whole wing of his large and costly mansion. No one far or near could boast of so many square feet of knowledge. He patronized the arts and sciences, and hinted at many wonderful inventions at work in his brain, which were in time to burst forth and astonish the world. He also courted the muses, and was convinced that should he once plume his flight to Parnassus, there would be an immense fluttering among all soaring poets, whom he should distance at once by his bold and flashing imagery.

Could the eyes of poor old Dominic Sampson have rested upon the countless volumes which 'like Alps on Alps' arose to the lofty ceiling, would not his meagre, bony jaws have ushered in—'pro-digios!' for there was one compartment devoted to theology, and space for all the 'ologies'—then there were divisions for astronomy, for botany, for history, for travels—there was the poet's corner, and the niche of romance. There were books in French, and German, and Spanish, and Russian, and Italian, and a mass of them in the dead languages. I cannot vouch that one poor head could carry 'all this, that the brain of the great Diogenes contained as many chambers as his library divisions—but it was a very pleasant thing for him to gaze up and down, down and up, upon their costly gold-lettered backs! Then there were also busts and statues, and globes, and blow-pipes, and barometers, and thermometers scattered around, and here in this hall of inspiration, devoted to the 'sisters three and such branches of learning,' did Mr. Lillie spend the most of his invaluable time.

Now great wisdom is said to bestow upon its possessor a contempt for wealth proportionate, which, by the way, may be the reason why so many learned writers and men of genius have died in a garret. If so—there was no fear that the last breath of Diogenes Lillie, Esq., would be drawn in a attic, for he lost nought of his gold in the depths of his wisdom, but so skillfully managed his financial concerns, that though apparently paying little heed to business, as he sat there ensconced amid his books and papers, the ball was kept constantly rolling and constantly accumulating.

Yet what militated most against the love of Harry Warren, he had resolved from the time when pretty May slipped her leading-strings, that she should be the wife of some great man wielding authority; and pray what virtue was there in the petty birch twig, or the twelve inch ruler, which were the only symbols of authority the young school-master wielded!

'However, there is no need of my troubling myself upon that head yet!' would Mr. Little year after year say to himself—'May is but a child—it will be time enough years hence to pick out a husband for her.'

'Pick out a husband! just as if the bright eyes of May were not capable of selecting for themselves—or that the eyes of sixty could see for those of sixteen. But there is in reality no need of Mr. Lillie's troubling himself, for the deed is done, and the little gipsy May engaged in as pretty flirtation, as ever spread the rosy light of love around the hearths of youth.'

Let me exculpate my unfortunate hero from all attempts to win the affections of his beautiful pupil. On the contrary, it seems a mystery that his oddities and awkwardness should have any other emotions than pity in the heart of May—for he was so terribly ungraceful in her presence—why if he merely spoke to her his voice was so low and tremulous, that she had really to approach her little head quite near to catch a word he said—and as for his scholarship, you would have thought him a dunce, so many egregious blunders did he commit in hearing her recitations—and he could no more guide her little hand in making those pretty and delicate strokes which marked her copy book, than he could fly to the moon. You would have been amazed that such a fine, handsome young fellow, could have made such a booby of himself!

However, never were scholars blessed with so indulgent a master; and his popularity rose in proportion, while as your lovers are for the most part but little given to the 'flesh-pots of Egypt,' he was pronounced by all economical housewives upon whose hospitality he was semi-monthly thrown, to have the most accommodating taste and could dine from beef and cabbage, pork and parsnips, peas por-

ridge, or mush and milk, with equal relish. I am sorry to say, that at first May joined in the laugh with her mischievous schoolmates, at the oddities of the master, and contrived many little tricks to vex him.—Yet if she raised her eyes a moment from her book, she was sure to encounter those of Harry fixed upon her, with an expression so mournful, yet so tender, as bathed her cheeks with blushes and her eyes with tears of contrition. Her frolics therefore soon yielded to a more pensive mood.—She could not tell why, but the thoughtless mirth of her companions vexed and annoyed her—she no longer joined in those idle pranks, which had for their object the ridicule of the master, but gave way to sudden fits of musing and abstraction. When she heard his footstep approaching, her heart beat audibly, and in her class she no longer raised her saucy eyes to misconstrue her lesson, but scarcely lifted their drooping lids, as she answered in faint tones the questions put to her.

In short, Love had conquered the merriest and most mischievous maiden that ever laughed at his wiles! One day in early spring, ere the snow-drop of the crocus, had dared to lift their pretty heads above the snowy mantle in which old winter had so long kept them snug and warm, May played in her bosom a bright and beautiful rose-bud. It was the first her little conservatory had yielded, and as she that morning for the first time discovered it peeping through the rich green leaves, she thought she had never seen any thing so fresh and beautiful.—Carefully plucking it from the luxuriant branch, she bore off the fragrant trophy to exhibit to her young companions.

Well to be sure it was only a rose-bud—but as Harry desisted it sitting so proudly upon its pure and lovely throne, something whispered with that rose his fate was linked—was it thornless, or should he wounded and complaining henceforth bid adieu to happiness! May caught the glance of the master, and blushed and trembled just as if she perfectly comprehended what was passing through his mind, and as suddenly the little rose-bud was invested with new and tenfold value. She would have had it next her heart from the careless gaze of her young associates, for she felt that it had now become a sacred thing which their touch would profane.

Suddenly, May bent her head over her desk, and shook long raven curls over her cheek, as she heard a well known step behind her, and felt that the large eloquent eyes of the master were fixed upon her.—But for the throbbing of her own little heart, she could hear the rapid pulsation of his, while his breath almost stirred the beautiful ringlet which rested upon her bosom. Rapidly her little hand now moved over the slate, glancing at the right and left, tracing figures upon figure, as though its mistress had not a thought, but was occupied in deciphering the rules of Coleman. It was a most puzzling sum—never had she attempted one so difficult—in vain she erased—in vain began again. Of course it was all wrong, and so Harry, as in duty bound, took the pencil and sat down by her side to extricate her difficulties—as a schoolmaster you know, there was no other way.

But, dear me—instead of looking upon the slate, his eyes never fell a bit lower than that little rose-bud—a pretty teacher, to be sure!

'Ahem—that is a beautiful rose, Miss May!'

'Yes, sir.'

'You—you are fond of flowers, I see.'

'Yes, sir.'

'They are a favorite study of mine—are you much versed in the language of flowers my—ahem—Miss May?'

'They always speak to me of God's love and goodness,' replied May, as demurely as if she had been answering her minister.

'True, dear Miss May,' said Harry.—'They are, indeed, as the poet says—'the smiles of angels' blessing and cheering us in our earthly pilgrimage—but aside from this heavenly mission, the poet has also bestowed upon them another language:—

'In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares,
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bow-ers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.'

Is it so—do you believe this, May?'

May made no answer, but bent her head still lower over the book before her, and the little rose-bud trembled as though moved by some breath of summer.

'The—the rose, May,' continued Harry, 'seems to have ever been a favorite and expressive flower of this mystic garland:—

'The rose is the sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn.'

There was a pause.

'May—May, will you give me the rose?'

The next moment the little bud was in the hand of the transported Harry, accompanied with a look of such innocent confiding love, as made his heart dance with rapture.

Was there ever in after life a moment of such pure and exquisite happiness as then filled the hearts of the lovers!

But the rose-bud, the poor rose-bud, bitterly did it rue the change from its lovely resting place to the great hand of the school-master—besides coming very near being crushed to pieces between that and the dainty little fingers of May as she placed it therein!

Well, it must have been a puzzling sum indeed to keep the master so long at May Lillie's desk! and taking advantage of his inattention, the mischievous scholars carried on a pretty little by play of their own—there was a tittering in corners, and whispering behind door covers—and soft, soft tiptoeing from one seat to another, and little paper pellets flying like hail-stones from side to side. Ah, dear, happy children—there is no danger—you might knock the master's head off, and he would never know it!

'Young ladies—children—I give you a holyday,' quoth Harry, rapping his desk with the dread fercule, insignia of his power.

'A holyday—huzza—huzza—a holyday!' shouted the girls and boys, rushing from the school-room.

But the older girls looked slyly at each other, and then at the blushing May.

'Look—look!' exclaimed a half-dozen in a breath. 'The master is walking home with May Lillie!'

Diogenes Lillie, Esq., sat in his study. Around him were gathered all those powerful incentives necessary to call forth that great mastery genius which lay hid somewhere in his brain—somewhere—from whence, though many times coaxed and flattered, it had as yet resolutely refused to stir.

Upon the table before him, bearing at each corner respectively a bust of Plato, of Shakspeare, of Homer, and of Milton, were pamphlets, reviews, folios, quartos and duodecimos, thickly strewn—but what was more to the purpose, there was drawn up close to the elbow of Mr. Lillie, a quire of hot pressed letter paper, with edges of gold—a silver standish, bearing the golden pen engraved in a feather of pearl, and the cerulean ink with which genius should indite the virgin sage, whenever said genius should deign to issue from its dark hiding place.

The lips of Diogenes were closely pressed together—his eyes upturned with a frenzied glare to the ceiling, and deep indentations, like the rind of a musk-melon, corrugated his brow.

Reader—he was conceiving.

'I will write. Yes, I will write a poem—I will astonish the world—my talents shall no longer remain under a bushel, but shall go forth like the sword of Gideon to hew down all minor poets! Upon what theme shall I first spend my genius—let me consider,' (drawing the paper still nearer and dipping the golden pen into the flowing ink.) 'gold—the Age of Gold—the Golden Age—yes, 'The Golden Age' it shall be. My sublimity shall throw Milton into the shade,' (with a look at the blind bard)—'my glowing pictures of rural life shall startle the lovers of Homer,' (a bow to the god)—'my wit shall cut with the keen sarcasm of Shakspeare,' (looking glorious Will full in the face) 'while the tout-ensemble shall form such a completeness of wisdom as might honor even the head of a Plato!' (a triumphant look at the old philosopher.)

And thus encouraged, the gold pen capered, and flashed, and flourished from side to side like a mad thing—pointing notes of admiration here, dotting and scratching there, and then diving deep into the sea of ink, plumed its pearly pinion for new and higher flights.

For three weeks did the poet bury himself in his library with dead and living authors.

And every morning he kissed his pretty May—lower as she tied on her little bonnet.

'There, there—go along child; be a good girl and obey the master.'

And then she came to bid him good night.

'There, there; go to bed, child, and don't forget your lessons.'

Not she, bless her! Why she never forgot a single lesson the school-master taught her—she had every word by heart!

At length the Golden Age was ready to burst like a blazing star upon this dull coppery world, and was the most sublime thing, in the opinion of its author, that was ever written—and who, pray, could be a better judge?

Now Mr. Lillie having some conception of the ignorance of the critics, having once (although it is a great secret,) sent a huge

MSS. to the Harpers, which was pronounced 'stiff'—it might have been very good stuff notwithstanding—resolved that ere he essayed the publishers, he would give his unique poem in all its unfledged beauty to his native village. It was a capital idea. It should be delivered before the Lyceum to an astonished audience.—He could then have some faint idea perhaps of the applause which awaited its appearance in 12mo., calf and gilt.

[Concluded next Week.]

Husband Catching.

Of a certain divine an anecdote is told, which Hook used to say exceeded any specimen of cool assurance that he ever exhibited. A young clerical friend of his, staying at his house, happened to be sitting up one night reading, after the family, as he supposed, had retired to rest. The door opened, and his excellent host re-appeared in his dressing-gown and slippers.

'My dear boy,' said the latter, seating himself, and looking pathetically at his guest, 'I have a few words to say—don't look alarmed—they will prove agreeable enough to you, rely upon it. The fact Mrs. — and myself have for some time observed the attention you pay to Betsy. We can make every allowance, knowing your excellent principles as we do, for the diffidence which has hitherto tied your tongue, but it has been carried far enough. In a worldly point of view, Betsy, of course, might do better, yet we have all the highest esteem for your character and disposition—but then our daughter—she is dear to us—and where her happiness is at stake all minor considerations must give way. We have, therefore, after due deliberation—I must own not altogether without hesitation—made up our minds to the match. What must be, must be; you are a worthy fellow, and therefore, in a word, you have our free and cordial consent. Only make our child happy and we ask no more.'

The astonished divine, half petrified, laid down his book.

'My dear sir,' he began to murmur, 'there is some dreadful mistake. I really never thought, that is, never intended—'

'No! no! I know you did not. Your modesty, indeed, is one of those traits which has made you so deservedly a favorite with us all. But my dear boy, a parent's eyes are chary. Anxiety sharpens them. We saw well enough what you thought so well concealed. Betsy, too, is just the girl to be so won. Well! well! say no more about it, it's all over now.—God bless you both! Only make her a good husband—here she is. I told Mrs. — to bring her down again; for the sooner young folks are put out of suspense the better. Settle the matter as soon as you like; we will leave you together.'

Thus saying, the considerate parent bestowed a most affectionate kiss upon his daughter, who was at this juncture led into the room by her mother, both en dishabille, shook his future son-in-law cordially by the hand, and with a 'There, there, go along, Mrs. —,' turned his wife out of the room, and left the lovers to their tete a tete.

What was to be done? Common humanity, to say nothing of politeness, demanded nothing less than a proposal; and it was tendered accordingly, and we need scarcely add, very graciously received.—*Memoirs of Hook.*

High Tribute to the Sisters of Charity.

A correspondent of the Washington Republic, writing from St. Louis, acknowledges himself a Protestant, and says:

'I have been remiss in duty in not before paying a tribute of praise and gratitude to a body of christian and benevolent females, but for whose heroic conduct our list of mortality would have been swelled to a far greater length than even its fearful appearance now presents. I allude to the 'Sisters of Charity' of the city of St. Louis. In every sense of the word they have proven themselves to be the good Samaritans of this community. When panic and alarm had driven the relatives of the departed, in some of our most respectable protestant families, to seek safety in flight from the presence of the dead, and none could be found to pay the last offices to such as slept in death, and to robe the body for the grave, these dauntless, self-sacrificing, religiously-devoted females, have never been appealed to in vain, but have frequently gone and performed that which none others were willing to undertake. When public city hospitals were established in every Ward in the city, where the most loathsome objects of this loathsome disease, were huddled together in large numbers, and to take care of whom neither money nor entreaties could secure attendants—these 'Sisters of Charity,' with heroic firmness, again threw themselves into the breach, and voluntarily tendered

their services to the public authorities as nurses. Here, in these charnel houses of the living, for week in and week out, they have stood as faithful sentinels, facing the arch enemy, Death, with a composure and fearlessness that nothing but an unbounded reliance in the overshadowing care of a crucified Redeemer could impart, and contesting inch by inch the combat between that enemy and its victims, with whom they were constantly surrounded. And when they have found that nature must yield to the king of terrors, and that the curtain of death was rapidly drawing around the sufferer, upon bended knees they could be seen reclining over infected lips, and entreating the expiring patient to look with the eye of faith upon the image of their expiring Saviour. In the dens of vice, and in the humble habitations of the most destitute amongst us, and that are ever found in the outskirts and by-places of all large cities, these messengers of mercy, philanthropy and charity, can be seen moving by day and by night, ministering to the sick, comforting the afflicted, and gathering together helpless orphan innocency, that places of refuge might be secured them in some of the different asylums of our city. When I see such disinterested benevolence as this—at a time too, when fear has rent asunder the ties of affection and consanguinity, when many of our clergy, with their families, have sought in flight that protection which they so pathetically preach, in time of health, can only be found of God, and where almost every one acts upon the selfish and unchristian principle, of 'every man take care of himself'—I feel as if public acknowledgment should be made, which such praiseworthy and benevolent conduct deserves.

The Gold Mines of the Great Salt Lakes—The Crops.

A letter from a Mormon at the Salt Lake to his friends in Ohio, says:

'There is an extensive gold mine here, from which a great many of my neighbors are engaged in digging gold. Those who work the mines make from thirty to seven hundred and fifty dollars per day each. If a man wants gold, all he has to do is to go and dig it. In fact, money is as plenty here as pine slabs used to be at Schroon, Vt. We have gold dust, gold and silver coin, and a paper currency for our own convenience, paper being better to handle than gold dust.

Pure salt abound to any extent. I can shovel up a wagon load of salt here as soon as you can a load of sand on your lake shores. There are some springs that are very useful. Within four miles of the city there is a hot spring, the water of which is sufficiently hot to scald a hog in. There is another spring within one mile of the city, the water of which is about blood warm, there we bathe for health; also, an oil spring, a soda spring, and an alkali spring, near the Lake, at which place it requires but a few minutes to load a wagon with as good saleratus as ever we used, in fact we use no other.

There is not much timber in this country. Game is very plenty, such as buffaloes, antelopes, deer, bear, &c. Fowls and fishes of all kinds in abundance.

Cattle can live here the whole year without either hay or corn, and be fat enough for beef at any time. There has been one crop raised in the valley, and there is now a large crop of wheat in the ground. There is a canal being constructed here for the purpose of watering our fields, as there is very little or no rain in the summer season.

A Regular 'Stick.'

C. was a cue 'Down Easter'—a real live Yankee—always ready for a joke, and hard to beat. He was one day in a country bar-room 'down South,' where several persons were assembled when one of them said:

'Mr. C., if you go out and stick your penknife in anything, when you come back I'll tell you what it's sticking in.'

'You can't dew no such a thing,' responded C.

'I'll bet you ten dollars on it,' said the other.

'Wall, I rather guess I'll take that 'ere bet; here capturing, (turning to the landlord) hold the stakes, and I'll e'en just make half a saw-horse in less than no time.'

The parties deposited an X a piece and C. went on his mission, but in a short time returned, saying—

'Wall, nabor, what is it sticking in?'

'In the handle,' replied the Southerner, as he reached out his hand for the stakes.

'Guess not; jest wait a while,' said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of his knife, minus the blade. 'I kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driv clean up in an old stump aside yer road out thar.'

Jonathan of course won the wager, and the Southerner sloped to parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.—*Yankee Blade.*