

Mountain Gentleman.

"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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The Mind, the Heart, and Soul.
The Human Mind, that lofty thing,
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits a scepter king,
And breathes his judgment tone.
Oh! who with silent step shall tread
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing, the Human Mind!

The Human Heart, that restless thing,
The tempter, and the tried,
The joyous, yet the suffering,
The source of pain and pride,
The gorgeous—throughed—the desolate—
The seat of Love, and fair of Hate—
Self-strung—self-defiled,
Yet do we less than as thou art,
Thou restless thing, the Human Heart!

The Human Soul, that startling thing!
Mysterious, yet sublime,
The Angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the scuff of time,
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth enthralled, the glory crowned,
The smitten in its prime,
From Heaven in tears, to earth it stole,
That startling thing, the Human Soul!

And this is man! O ask of him
The erring, but forgiven—
While o'er his vision dreads and dim
The wrecks of time are driven,
If pride or passion in their power,
Can stem the tide, or turn the hour,
Or stand in place of Heaven?
He bends the brow—he bends the knee—
Creator! Father! none but thou!

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Lillie, OR LOVE AND LEARNING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

(CONCLUDED.)

One evening he despatched a hasty note to our young school-master, and requested to see him immediately upon business of a private nature.

Heaven how poor Harry trembled as he perused this terrible summons! All was discovered then—Mr. Lillie knew of his presumptuous love, and had sent to banish him forever from the presence of May. And then our little heroine—into what an agony of doubt and apprehension was she thrown, as she read the billet which Harry contrived to slip into her hand.

At the hour appointed, with an unsteady hand, Harry knocked at the door of Mr. Lillie's library. The great Diogenes himself appeared at the threshold—and imagine the surprise of our hero to be greeted with:

"Come in, come in, my dear sir—I am most happy to see you," (shaking him warmly by the hand.) "Sit down, Mr. Warren," (motioning to a seat at the table of the gods.) "It has long been my wish to know you better than my very limited time would allow—my pursuits, (glancing complacently around him) are a great bar to social intercourse. The muses, Mr. Warren, the muses I find are very jealous ladies—do you cultivate their acquaintance? No! Ah, I am surprised, for I assure you I have formed a very high opinion of your talents."

Harry bowed, and said something about honor, &c., &c.

"My daughter, Mr. Warren," (ah! now it is coming! thought Harry) "my daughter, I am inclined to believe, has made great proficiency under your instruction—you have my thanks for initiating her into some of the more abstruse sciences which she never before attended to."

Did Harry dream, or was the wrath of Mr. Lillie veiled under the most cutting irony! He could only bow, and smile a ghastly smile.

"And speaking of the muses, my dear young sir," continued Mr. Lillie, "I have just been amusing myself with a trifle—a mere flight of fancy—if you have a few moments leisure now, I will read you a few passages."

Of course our hero considered himself favored—and accordingly with true bombastic style Mr. Lillie read several stanzas from the closely written pages of his poem. Never had Harry listened to such trash—he could hardly credit his senses that any one should be so inflated with vanity as to deem it even passable!

"Ah, it strikes you I see," said Mr. Lillie. "I knew it would. Yes, I see it hits your vein exactly—this convinces me our tastes are congenial."

Again Harry bowed—not daring to trust his voice, he was forced to nod his head continually like a Chinese mandarin in a toy-shop.

"Mr. Warren," proceeded the author, wheeling his chair round and regarding our hero with great benignity, "I have imbibed a great regard for you, and mean to

make your fortune—to smooth your path to eminence. Yes, I like you, and am convinced there is no one more worthy than yourself to receive—"

Harry started—his face radiant with hope, he bent eagerly forward to catch the rest of the sentence.

"But, by the way, my young friend, this conversation must be strictly confidential."

"Certainly, my dear sir!" exclaimed Harry, almost breathless.

"Yes, Mr. Warren, there is something about you which pleases me, and therefore I am about to confer upon you a most precious gift—to bestow upon you my—ah, can't you guess what it is?" smiling archly.

"O, my dear sir," said Harry, seizing his hand, "if I might dare to hope!"

"Yes, Mr. Warren, I am about to give my poem!"

"Your poem!"

"Your poem!"

"Your poem!"

"Yes, my poem—that is, the reputation of the thing."

Harry started up, and paced the room as if pursued by all the furies.

"Ah, I thought I should surprise you," cried Mr. Lillie. "Come, sit down again. I said I would make your fortune, and I will. Now this poem, Mr. Warren, you shall have the honor of delivering before the Lyceum as your own—think of that—as your own production."

Peer Harry was struck against. "But, my dear sir," he exclaimed, "I can never consent to such a gross imposition!"

"I honor you the more for your delicacy, young man," replied the poet; "but banish it—there is no need of it between friends, we perfectly understand each other you know—you shall deliver this poem." ("The Lord deliver me!" mentally prayed Harry.) "Listeners will applaud—eyes will be solicited—your fame will reach the city—Morris and Willis will rank you among their favorite young poets—"

"But, Mr. Lillie, why not deliver this poem yourself—why not wear your own laurels?" interrupted Harry.

"Ahem—Mr. Warren, I am averse to popularity—notoriety of any kind I detest—I prefer to quaff stealthily the fount of Helicon, and tread with felt footsteps the Parnassian hill—stop, that's a new idea, I'll note it. So long as I have the mental satisfaction of knowing the poem is mine, what matters it whether you or I have the reputation! Say no more—you accept my proposition of course."

"Not a word, my dear sir—I will take care that your are invited to deliver the next Lyceum lecture—two weeks hence remember. That gives you ample time to study the poem and conceive my meaning—Come here every evening—you shall have my assistance. I will not detain you any longer—good night. You will find May somewhere—in the drawing-room most probably; she will be glad to see you, for I dare say she is puzzling her little head about something which you can explain. Good night."

This latter clause sufficed to check all further opposition from Harry, for the moment at least, and with rapid steps he now sought the drawing room.

"Dear Harry!" cried May, springing towards him as he entered, and looking up in his face as if to read there the stern mandate which was to separate them forever.

"Dearest May, do not tremble thus," replied Harry, leading her to a seat, "believe me you have no cause."

"Ah—does he then approve of our love?" exclaimed May; her sweet young face illuminated with hope.

"Your father has been kind, my dear girl, and that he does not even suspect our love I am convinced, or he would have been less so. His kindness, however, if it may be called so, (and then the lip of Harry curled doubtingly) has placed me in a most awkward predicament. Listen, dear May, and help me if you can."

He then as briefly as possible related the conversation he had just had with her father, and the strange proposition he had made him. No wonder he felt the merry laugh with which the little maiden closed his rueful conversation.

"Confess now, Harry, you deem papa's poem most execrable stuff!" she said, looking him archly in the face.

"Dear May, you know I—"

"Confess, confess, Harry—no equivocation!" cried May, shaking her little finger.

"Well, May, I will be honest then—you know, dear one, I would not for worlds wound your feelings, but really I must confess I never listened to more senseless jargon!"

"That's excellent—the more absurd the better," said May laughing; "and you will deliver it, Harry."

"May!" exclaimed her lover reproachfully, "you cannot ask me to make myself ridiculous!"

"Hem—do you love me, Harry?"

"Can you doubt it, dearest May?"

"Then if you love me, as Hamlet says, speak the speech, I pray you." No doubt it will be hissed—so much the better—you will be laughed at—better still—"

"May, May!" cried her lover, turning away from her, "if you loved me you would not say this!"

"Ah—not if it gains papa's consent to our union!"

"That indeed—but, dearest May, to become a laughing stock—to have the fingers of derision pointed at one—to feel the lash of the critic, and—"

"To call little may your own!" added the coaxing gipsy.

Who could resist such an appeal from such a pair of rosy lips! or unrelenting behold the mute eloquence of those beautiful eyes! Not Harry; no, nor any other young lover I am sure.

From that evening, dear reader, only imagine my unlucky hero imprisoned hour after hour with the learned author, declaiming that—*infernal poem*, (I quote Harry's own words.) Do you not pity him?

But then—the stolen half hour below, assisting little May in her lessons—do you not envy him?

In the mean time Mr. Lillie had not been idle. He had forwarded letters to some of the most influential men of the neighboring towns, inviting them to attend the next Lyceum, where as he informed them, a young author, a poet, was to make his debut before their intelligent community. In confidence he assured them they would be astonished at the depth and power of his genius. He had himself looked over the poem, and although he would not wish to forestall say, that he had never read such a production!

The eventful evening arrived, and from every turnpike and cross-road people came flocking in to listen to the young author—some because of the favor of Mr. Lillie, others to compliment their favorite—the schoolmaster.

Escorted by the great and learned Diogenes Lillie, Esq., and a few of the leading members, Harry was conducted to the hall, and seated within the enclosure of the platform.

To depict his feelings would be impossible—he knew he was about to make himself ridiculous, and was tempted more than once to turn his back and quit the scene of his approaching disgrace. Notwithstanding the tempting reward he had in view, the alternative was a hard one—but his eye turned to a distant corner of the hall where the sweet face of May smiled upon him, and her fair hand waved encouragement. He wavered no longer.

Resolving to meet his fate like a hero, Harry now arose, and after a few preliminaries introduced—"The Golden Age."

The two first stanzas elicited a general smile from the audience—influenza became universal, to judge from the coughing and *hem-ming*. Between the fifth and sixth, many persons left the house, and as Harry with the energy of despair drew near the close of the first canto, the hissing and hooting of the boys outside and in the building was almost deafening, while one of the committee arose and advised the orator to sit down!

With all the self-satisfaction of a martyr his eye suddenly fell upon the author, whom he detected at a glance to be the most active in the war of ridicule which was waging against him. Rage for the moment overcame his discretion. Hurling the manuscript upon the floor, he sprang from the desk, made one leap down the steps, and rushed upon his deceitful patron!

"Do you dare to laugh at me!" he exclaimed, pale with anger, "do you dare to utter a word, you—you who are yourself the—"

A little hand was on his arm, and a soft voice whispered:

"Harry, dear Harry, come away."—And obeying the gentle mandate, our hero suffered himself to be led from the scene of his mortification.

"Poor fellow!" cried Mr. Lillie, recovering from the alarm of Harry's onset, "poor fellow, he is almost beside himself I see—well, it is pitiful trash after all, and I fear I gave him too much encouragement, my friendship got the better of judgment—yet his delivery is the worst—why, I am not sure, gentlemen, but his ranting and mouthing would render Shakespeare ridiculous. The poem reads well—depend upon it, gentlemen, there is genius after all where that poem came from."

When Mr. Lillie reached home he found Harry awaiting him, storming and raving to and fro in the library like a madman. Rushing upon the great Diogenes he seized him by the collar.

"Your conduct is unbearable!" he exclaimed. "You shall do me justice—by heaven you shall! I am not to be treated in this way! After palming off your wretched stuff upon me, do you think I

am going to submit to your ridicule! No sir, either go forward and acknowledge yourself openly as the author, or I will post you at every corner!"

"Be calm, pray be calm—we'll settle it all in a moment," said Mr. Lillie, pale and trembling—"I am really sorry that your first essay should have been so unsuccessful."

"My first essay!" interrupted Harry, indignantly. "I am not to be trifled with—no sir—I will expose you at once—it is you who shall bear the ridicule, not me!" and Harry rushed to the door.

"Stop—stop—my dear young friend," cried Mr. Lillie, catching his arm—listen a moment; for heaven's sake don't expose me, it will be my ruin. I will give you anything you ask if you will only spare me—you shall have money—"

"Money! Can money repair the disgrace you have heaped upon me—talk of money to a man who feels his future hopes blasted!" exclaimed Harry; scornfully. "Sir, there is but one way to save your reputation."

"And what is that, dear sir?" eagerly demanded the author.

"Give me the hand of your daughter," he replied, firmly.

"My daughter, Mr. Warren—why you astonish me!"—and Mr. Lillie paused and pondered, bit his lips and rubbed his eyebrows. "Why bless my soul, Mr. Warren, May is but a child!"

"No matter," was the answer, "will you or will you not accept my proposition?"

"Will not five hundred dollars, Mr. Warren?"

"No—nor five hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, Mr. Warren, only don't expose me; I pledge me your word of honor that my secret shall be inviolate, and May is yours."

Harry calmed down wonderfully quick considering he had been in such a passion, and very obligingly made all the pledges to his father-in-law that was to be required.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Warren, which I must leave to your generosity," said Mr. Lillie. "May is my only, and a motherless child—if this arrangement should be repugnant to her feelings, I trust you will not press your claim—we may, perhaps, find some other way to adjust this little difficulty. I will call May down, and we may as well know at once what her feelings are."

Harry coughed, and walked to the window to conceal a smile, feeling at the same time more respect for Mr. Lillie for this last clause in favor of his child, than he thought him capable of inspiring.

One glance at the happy countenance of her lover informed May the day was theirs.

And so she immediately took a great many airs upon herself—pouted her pretty lips, and protested she thought it really absurd the idea of marrying a man who had made himself so ridiculous—she doted on poets, that she was willing to allow—but not such a concealed fellow as wrote that poem—she knew.

Harry meanwhile whistled "Rory O'More," and walked the room with an air as much as to say, "It is perfectly indifferent to me, Miss, which ever way you decide."

"But, foolish child," whispered her father, "the poem is mine!"

"Yours, dear papa—oh, that alters the case—then you wrote that sup—"

"Hush—hush, May. The public are fools, and cannot appreciate true genius—the poem is a good poem."

"I think it has point, papa."

"Yes, and if those stupid ignoramuses had not made such an outcry, they would have seen that it terminates most felicitously."

"True, papa—one certainly could not wish for a happier termination."

"But you see, May, I have particular reasons that I do not wish to be known as the author—and this poor young man feeling much chafed by the treatment he has received, and which is perfectly natural you know—"

"Certainly, papa—the schoolmaster is very sensitive. Mercy, if you only knew—"

"Well, no matter now—and feeling as I said greatly incensed, he threatens to expose me: You can save me, May—your hand will make all secure."

"Very well, dear papa—Mr. Warren has always been kind to me at school, and I like him very well—I do, papa, and so to oblige you I will do as you wish," said the arch maiden.

Taking her hand, her father now led her up to Harry, and placed it within that of the enraptured lover. And May, dropping a little courtesy, very gravely assured him that she would endeavor to make as obedient a wife as she had been a pupil.

Madam Rumor is a prying gossip. How she found out the secret was never known—but away she went gadding from house to house, whispering that the schoolmaster

had obtained his charming wife by fathering the literary bantling of the learned Mr. Lillie!

Denominational Statistics.

The Methodists in the United States, including the Church North and South, and those denominated Protestant, number in their body, one million one hundred and seventy-eight thousand six hundred and twenty-six members. The Protestant portion number but eighty-three thousand of this large aggregate. The number of Methodist churches is not reported in the tables from which these statistics are compiled. The number of ministers in the Episcopal portion of this body is five thousand and eighty. The Baptists, including the Regular Anti-Mission, Free Will, and others, have eleven thousand two hundred and sixty-six churches, six thousand five hundred and ninety-eight ministers, eight hundred and thirteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-one members. The Presbyterians, Old School and New, have one thousand and twenty-seven churches, three thousand two hundred and sixty-four ministers, and three hundred and twenty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-three members. The Congregationalists have one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six churches, one thousand nine hundred and twelve ministers, and one hundred and ninety-three thousand and ninety-three members. The Episcopalians have one thousand one hundred and ninety-two churches, one thousand four hundred and four ministers, and sixty-seven thousand five hundred and fifty members. The Lutherans have one thousand four hundred and twenty-five churches, five hundred and ninety-nine ministers, and one hundred and forty-nine thousand six hundred and twenty-five members. The Associate Reformed, Cumberland and other Presbyterians, together with Reformed Dutch and German Reformed Churches, have two thousand and fifty two churches, two thousand and ninety-one ministers, and two hundred and forty-one thousand seven hundred and forty members. The Roman Catholics have nine hundred and seven churches, nine hundred and seventeen ministers, and one million one hundred and ninety-nine thousand seven hundred members. The Unitarians have two hundred and forty-four churches. The number of ministers and members are not reported, but the number of churches is doubtless as large as the number of churches, if not larger. If the churches contain, on an average, as many as the Orthodox Congregational churches, the aggregate number would be twenty-seven thousand five hundred and thirty-two. The number of churches of these several denominations, exclusive of Methodists, which are not reported, is twenty-one thousand nine hundred and eighty-one. Allowing the Methodists ten thousand churches, the whole number would be about thirty-three thousand. The whole number of ministers in these denominations is twenty-two thousand eight hundred and eight; and the whole number of members of churches four millions one hundred and ninety-seven thousand one hundred and forty-one. Supposing the population of the United States to be twenty millions, it would give one professor of religion to every five of the population—not including the children, one to three and a fraction.—How many of these professors of religion are not possessors we may not presume to say, but undoubtedly the Omnipotent One would make a very material reduction. The Baptists have the largest number of churches and ministers. The Catholics have the largest number of members. The Methodists have the largest number among the Protestant denominations. The Old School Presbyterians have seven hundred and twenty-five more churches than the New School, one hundred and sixty-two more ministers, and twenty-three thousand nine hundred and fifty-three more members. The Old School and New School Presbyterians together, have two thousand one hundred and sixty more churches than the Congregationalists, one thousand six hundred and fifty-two more ministers, and one hundred and forty-one thousand three hundred and sixty more members.—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

Dow's Satire.

The eccentric Dow, Jr., in allusion to the exclusion of many would-be church-goers from the sanctuary, by reason of the enormously high pew rent in our fashionable churches, characteristically remarks: "There is a high duty upon the fashionable waters of diving grace; and you have to pay a penny a piece for a nibble at the bread of life. To go to church in any kind of a tolerable style costs a heap a year; and I know very well the reason why a majority of you go to Beelzebub, is because you can't afford to go to Heaven at the present exorbitant prices!"

A Romantic "Beauty" at Saratoga.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following rich, rare, and interesting account of a beautiful female adventurer, who assumed the garb of the sterner sex at Saratoga:

A most singular and exciting instance of female eccentricity and daring recklessness has just transpired here, to the equal amusement and amazement of all. Some ten days since there arrived in the Southern train, and took lodgings at Union Hall, a youth apparently about 18 or 20 years old, of singular beauty, with raven locks, a sparkling black eye, a complexion in which the lily and rose seemed vividly striving for the supremacy, a voice of silvery tone and mellow richness, and an ease, maturity and brilliancy of manner altogether unusual in a male so young, and which attracted the attention and excited universal admiration. In short he appeared to be one of those specimens of boyhood, upon which nature sometimes so lavishly bestows her gifts, and which are as rare as they are pleasing and attractive, combining all the delicacy richness of female beauty, with a precociousness of mind and manner equally marked and unusual. With a bold yet by no means rude familiarity, he soon made the acquaintance of mothers and misses, who seemed like captives with the young charmer, and courted his attentions with jealous rivalry; the former confiding in his youth as a protection to their daughters, and the latter subdued and enraptured by the beauty of his person and the elegance of his address. In the Ball room, with his fashionable dress coat buttoned to the chin; his metrical limbs, his contracted waist, his round, full chest, his delicate hands and tiny feet, as he moved with exquisite elasticity and grace through the dance, all eyes and many hearts were fastened with lavish intensity. After this roving for a week amid the most extravagant attentions of the mammas, and the less extravagant affections of their captivated daughters, the young "Uriah Baden," as he booked himself, suddenly disappeared.

From a fear of detection, or some other cause, he retired to the neighboring village of Ballston, and entered the National Law School there as a pupil, under the pretence that his parents would be on a day or two with the bulk of his baggage. Struck with his appearance, and the ease and eloquence of his conversational powers, the President, J. M. Fowler, Esq., assigned him at once a performance in off-hand speaking, which, with the trial and argument of causes, form a prominent part in the Institution. In this, his speaking capacities were put to a test too severe for a matter mere amusement; and dressing an exposé which the presence of the hundred young gentlemen connected with the school might effect, and certainly would render most embarrassing and fearful, he again took French leave, returned to this place, and stopped at one of the minor hotels, where he spent the night before last in silent seclusion, as if reflecting on the error of his ways.

During his former visit, he had coquetted with the fair ones, and made three or four solemn professions of love, which had awakened a delicious hope in many unsuspecting hearts. Hence the news of his return led to many eager but unsuccessful inquiries for his whereabouts.—Yesterday morning there arrived here a fine looking, middle aged gentleman and his lady, in a state of anxious excitement, having traced their errand daughter at length to the theatre of her comic-tragic adventures; and being directed to her hiding place, they sought her rooms, tore of her male disguise, and last evening, left for their home in New Jersey, with as sweet and beautiful a looking daughter as ever graced the proper habiliments of her sex, with nothing to distinguish her from them but her exquisite personal charms and her shortened locks, which, to complete the illusion, she had cropped and subjected to the hand of the barber. As to the cause of this strange adventure of the young girl, the sad, unapproachable silence of the parents forbid inquiry, and the affair ended as it began—a mystery.

This is emphatically the age of brevity. Every thing must be brief to be popular. Short speeches, short sermons, short trips, short stories, short editorials, short credits; short everything is the order of the day. The prosy old fellows, who had to control with slow and measured tread and phrase, and caution in thought, speech and action, have been compelled to the wall, and quick spoken, fiery, nervous, accomplish-it-instantly-or-die-young-gentlemen, have taken their places. It is a rare thing now-a-days to hear a long courtship—the time has gone by for seven and ten year matches—a month, and sometimes less, is all that is required now. The great desire appears to be to economise time which is money.