

Mountain

Gentle.

"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 Rebuke.

Oh! speak to me no more—no more—
Nor cast your eyes away;
For what you think is to adore,
I feel is to betray.
Your words—your vows in vain would hide
The truth which I divine,
If wedding me would hurt your pride,
Then wooing me hurts mine.
Oh! ne'er commit so great a fault,
Nor wrong the vows you've made;
For what you say is to exalt—
I feel is to degrade!—
To make me yours while life endures,
Must be at God's own shrine;
If such a bride should hurt your pride,
Then such a love hurts mine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine.

The Curtain Lifted.

Or Professions—Practical and Theoretical.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

Concluded.

CHAPTER IV.

Love Passages.

The summer passed, and in the bright month of September, came Hubert Fairlie to pass a few weeks beneath the glad roof of his parents, whose only and beloved child he was.

Their warm welcome given, the first visit of Hubert was to Naomi. They met as such young and ardent friends meet after an absence of months, and Naomi soon confided to him her regret that her parents would not allow her to cultivate the friendship of Grace Norton, whom she extolled in such warm and earnest language, that Hubert found his curiosity greatly excited to behold one calling forth such high eulogium from the gentle Naomi.

An evening walk was accordingly planned which would lead them near the cottage, hoping by that means to obtain a glimpse of his fair inmate. Fortune favored them. As they came within view of the cottage, a sweet voice was heard chanting the evening Hymn of the Virgin and Hubert and Naomi paused to listen to as heavenly sounds as ever floated on the calm twilight air. Then as the song concluded, Grace herself still sweeping her fluted fingers over the strings to a lively waltz, sprang out from the little arbor, and with her hair floating around her like stray sunbeams, her beautiful blue eyes lifted upward, her white arms embracing the guitar, and her graceful figure swaying to the gay measure like a bird upon the treecrop, tripped over the greensward.

Among other amusements which the deacon held in great abhorrence was dancing, and Naomi had been taught to look upon all such exhibitions as vain and sinful. Yet never, I may venture to say did any pair of little feet so long to be set at liberty as did Naomi's—pat—pat patting the gravel walk where they stood, urging their young mistress to bound through the gate and trip it with those over little feet twinkling so fleetly to the merry music.

The cheeks of Grace rivalled the hue of June roses, as she suddenly encountered the gaze of a stranger; but seeing Naomi, she hastened to greet her, and thereby hide her embarrassment. Naomi introduced her companion, and then Grace invited them to walk into the garden, and look at her fine show of autumn flowers. Minutes flew imperceptibly, and ere they were aware, Hubert and Naomi found themselves seated in the tasteful parlor of the cottage listening to another sweet song from the lips of Grace.

As this is not precisely a love tale, I may as well admit at once that Hubert became deeply enamored of the bewitching Grace, and from that evening was a frequent and not unwelcome visitor—a fact which was soon discovered by the deacon for noting that Hubert came not so often as was his wont to the farm, he set about to find out what could have so suddenly turned the footsteps of the young man from his door.

Alas, for his hopes of a son-in-law in Hubert! He found those footsteps very closely on the track of a dainty pair of slippers as ever graced the foot of Cinderella.

Nothing could exceed his disappointment, save the pity he felt for his minister whose son he considered rushing blindly into the snares of the Evil One. Nay so far did he carry his pity as to warn Fairlie of the dereliction of Hubert. But when the worthy man reproved his uncharitableness and acknowledged that he could hope for no greater earthly happiness for his son, than to see him the husband of so charming and amiable a girl as Grace Norton, the deacon was perfectly thunderstruck! It was dreadful—what would the world come to? In short, almost believing in the

apostacy of the minister himself, the deacon went home groaning in spirit, as much perhaps, for the frustration of his schemes, as for the 'falling off,' as he termed it, of the reverend clergyman!

The swift term of vacation expired, and Hubert returned to college. His collegiate course would end with the next term, and then it was his wish to commence the study of law. Mr. Fairlie was, perhaps, somewhat disappointed that his son did not adopt his own sacred profession; but he was a man of too much sense to force the decision of Hubert or thwart his wishes. He hoped to see him a good man whatever might be his calling; and if ever youth gave promise to make glad the heart of a parent, that youth was Hubert Fairlie.

The intercourse between Grace and Naomi from this time almost wholly ceased, much to the regret of both. Yet such were the orders of the deacon whose good will towards the widow and her daughter was by no means strengthened by the events of the last four weeks.

CHAPTER V.

The Practical and Theoretical Christian.
'Why what have you done with Nelly to-day?' asked Mrs. Humphreys of her washerwoman, who came every Monday morning, regularly attended by a little ragged, half starved girl of four years old whose province it was to pick up the clothespins, drive the hens of the bleach, and keep the kittens from scalding their frisky tails—received for her reward a thin slice of bread and butter, or maybe, if all things went right, and no thundersqualls brewed, or sudden hurricanes swept over the close-fold a piece of gingerbread or a cookie.

'What, I say, have you done with little Nelly?'
'O, ma'am, she has gone to school—only think of it, my poor Nelly has gone to school! It does seem,' continued Mrs. White, resting her arms on the tub, and holding suspended by her two hands a well patched shirt of the deacon's, 'it does seem as if the Lord had sent that Mrs. Norton here, to be a blessing to the poor.'

'Humph!' ejaculated Mrs. Humphreys, spitefully rattling the dishes.

'Only think,' continued Mrs. White, 'she has given up one whole room in her house to Miss Grace, who has been round and got all the children that can't go to school because their parents are too poor to send them, and just teaches them for nothing! God bless her I say!' exclaimed the washerwoman, strenuously, her tears mingling with the soap-suds into which she now plunged her two arms so vigorously as to dash the creaming foam to the ceiling.

Mrs. Humphreys was at once surprised and angry. She could not conceive why a lady like Mrs. Norton should do such a thing as keep a ragged school, and that too without pay or profit. She had forgotten the words of our blessed Lord, *Who shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me; or inasmuch as ye have done it unto me.* Charity alone, she urged on her selfish nature, could not have influenced Mrs. Norton to put herself to so much trouble for a troop of noisy, dirty half clothed children. No, there must be some deeper motive—some seditious object, perhaps, to be gained; and impressed with this idea, she said tartly.

'I think it is a pretty piece of presumption in Mrs. Norton to come here and set herself up in this way, telling us as it were of her duty. She is a stranger and what business is it of hers, I should like to know, whether the children go to school or not!'

'O, Mrs. Humphreys, indeed I think the spirit of the Lord guides her!' said Mrs. White. 'Miss Grace came and asked me so humbly like, if I would let her teach my Nelly, and then kissed the little fatherless child so, so—that—that—O, I could have worshipped her! and fresh tears streamed down the cheeks of the washerwoman.'

'Worship a fiddle stick!' exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys out of all patience, 'I know what she wants—an artful creature; yes, she wants to make Nelly to go to her meeting.'

Poor Mrs. White could not help smiling at the idea of attempting to form the religious creed of a child scarce four years old.

'Well, if she will only make her as good as she is, I don't care!' she answered, 'for the Bible says, "By their fruit shall ye know them!"'

Mrs. Humphreys was more shocked at this. She whispered it to Mrs. Smith, who whispered it to Mrs. Jones, who told Mrs. Brown, who told all the society, that the Nortons were wicked, designing people come to the village to stir up schism in the church! Yet all sensible persons, applauded the good deed of the widow, and cheerfully aided her efforts. The little

school prospered even more than she had dared to hope; the children were cheerful and happy, and those whose parents could not afford them decent clothing, were generously supplied by Mrs. Norton—and many a happy heart blessed the hour which brought her among them.

As the thunder which suddenly rends the heavens when not a cloud on the blue expanse has heralded the coming storm, was the calamity which now as suddenly burst over the head of Mrs. Norton.

She retired at night to her peaceful slumbers, supposing herself the mistress of thousands. With the early dawn there came letters to the cottage, telling her that all her worldly possessions were swept from her. The man to whose care her fortune was entrusted, had basely defrauded her of every cent, and now a bankrupt had fled to a foreign land.

The stroke was severe one. She must have been divine to have resisted the first shock which the tidings caused her. But that over, like a brave and noble spirit she rose to meet it. Her treasures were not all of earth—in heaven her hopes were garnered; and although henceforth her path in life might be in rougher spots, and through darker scenes than it had yet traversed, to that heaven she trusted to arrive at last.

It happened, unfortunately, that the half-yearly rent of the cottage was due that very week, and Mrs. Norton thus suddenly deprived of her expected funds, had no means to meet it. Where should she raise two hundred dollars! Her courage, however rose with her trials. A little time to look into her affairs—a little time to form her plans for the future, and she doubted not she should be able to liquidate the debt. Unused to asking for favors, she yet courageously went to Mr. Humphreys, and stating candidly her inability to meet the rent, requested a few weeks indulgence.

The deacon was not caught napping.—Evil news always travel with seven-league boots—and long ere Mrs. Norton knocked at the door of the farm house, it was known throughout the village that her fortune was gone.

Now the deacon, good man that he was, was 'given to his idols,' and Mammon was one. Moreover he owed the widow a grudge, as we already know, and the old leaven of sin was at work beneath the crust of piety.

He was accordingly well prepared to receive her. And sorry, very sorry was the worthy deacon, but he had just then a most pressing necessity for the rent—he really must have it, if not in cash, perhaps Mrs. Norton might have some plate to dispose of; he would be happy to oblige her in that way, for the Lord forbid that he should deal hard with any one—but the amount must be paid when due. Wait he could not—and if the rent was not forthcoming on the day stipulated in the contract—why—why—he was very sorry—but he should be obliged to take other measures, that was all!

Mrs. Norton soiled not her lips by making any reply to this Christian Shylock—on expostulation or entreaty—but coldly bowing, she took her leave.

As soon as she reached home she sent for a silver smith, brought out her valuable tea set—doubly so from having been the marriage gift of her father, requested its appraisal, and then duly attested as to its weight and purity, it was forwarded to the clutches of the deacon.

Mrs. Norton met with a great deal of sympathy in her misfortunes. During the few months she had resided among them, the villagers had learned to love and respect her. Even the poor came from their humble homes, and with looks of sympathy and outstretched hands tendered their offerings—their hard earned wages to the kind lady who had taught their little ones; they would work for her—they would do anything to serve her. With a sweet smile Mrs. Norton put back their grateful gifts, and thanked them in gentle tones for their love—to her a far more acceptable boon than gold could buy.

Again Silver-Fall cottage fell back on the hands of its owner.

Dismissing her attendants, Mrs. Norton took a smaller and cheaper house. Her choice and beautiful furniture she sold, only retaining sufficient to render her now humble residence comfortable. The avails of the sale amounted to several hundred dollars—enough at any rate, she deemed, for present necessities, while she trusted in the meantime to find some means of subsistence by which she and Grace might support themselves.

And Grace, too—sweet Grace—sang like a sky lark, and made her little white hands wonderfully busy in household matters. Hubert Fairie was yet absent, though his long and frequent letters brought joy to the heart of his beloved.

And had Naomi forgotten her friend in this season of trial? Not so, forbidden as we have seen from the society of Grace,

all she could do was to sympathize deeply in spirit, happy when a chance opportunity brought them together; and those meetings, although rare, only served to strengthen the friendship which united these two lovely girls.

CHAPTER VI.

The Pestilence. The Curtain Wholly Lifted.

It was now the middle of October. 'Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape lay as if new created, in all the freshness of childhood.'

All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play—the crowing of cocks in the farm-yard, Whirr of wings in the dowry air and the cooing of pigeons, All were subdued and low as the murmur of love.'

When suddenly the Angel of death folded his dark wings, and sat brooding over the peaceful, pleasant village of Grassmere.

A terrible and malignant fever swept through the town, spreading from house to house, like the fire which consumes dry grass and the bright fresh flowers of the prairie. Old and young, husband, wife and child, were alike brought low. There were not left in all the village those able to attend upon the sick. From the churches solemnly tolled the funeral bells, as one by one, youth and age, blooming childhood and lovely infancy, were borne to the grave-yard—no longer solitary—for the foot of the mourner pressed heavily over its grass grown paths.

Still the contagion raged, until the selfishness of poor human nature triumphed over the promptings of kindness and charity. People grew jealous of each other; neighbor shunned neighbor;

'Silence reigned in the streets—
Rose no smoke from the roofs—gleamed no light from the windows.'

Save the dim, midnight lamp which from almost every house betokened the plague within.

None had shut themselves up closer from fear of infection than Deacon Humphreys. His gates grew rusty, and the grass sprang up in paths about his dwelling. And yet the Destroyer found him out, and like a bound lion scenting its prey, sprang upon the household with terrible violence.

First the pure and gentle Naomi sank beneath the stroke, and ere the setting of the same day's sun, Mrs. Humphreys herself was brought nigh the grave.

Like one demented, pale with agony and terror, the deacon rushed forth into the deserted streets to seek for aid. His dear ones—his wife and child were perhaps dying; where, where should he look for relief—where, where find some kind hand to administer to their necessities.

At every house he learned a tale of woe equal to his own. Some wept while they told of dear ones now languishing upon the bed of pain, or bade him look upon the marble brow of their dead. Others grown callous, and worn out with sorrow and fatigue, refused all aid, while some, through excess of fear, hurriedly closed their doors against him.

Thus he reached the end of the village, and then the small, neat cottage of Mrs. Norton met his view, nestling down amid the overshadowing branches of two venerable elms. From the day he had almost thrust her from his gate, with cold looks and unflinching extortion, Mrs. Norton and the deacon had not met, and now the time had come when he was about to ask from her a favor upon which perhaps his whole earthly happiness might rest—a favor from her, whom in his strength and her dependence he had scorned. Would she grant it? He hesitated—would she not rather, rejoicing in her power now, revenge the slights he felt he had so often and so undeservedly cast upon her. But he remembered the sweet, calm look which beamed from her eyes, and his courage grew with the thought.

Putting away the luxuriant creeper which wound itself from the still green turf to the roof of the cottage, hanging in graceful festoons, and tinged with the brilliant dyes of autumn, seemed like wreaths of magnificent flowers thus suspended, the deacon knocked hesitatingly at the door.

It opened, and Mrs. Norton stood before him, pale with watching—for like an angel of mercy had she passed from house to house, since the first breaking out of the scourge. In faltering accents he told his errand; and O, how like a dagger did it pierce his heart, when with a countenance beaming with pity and kindness, and speaking words of comfort, the widow put on her bonnet and followed his fleet footsteps to his stricken home.

All night, like a ministering angel, did she pass from one sick couch to the other, tenderly soothing the ravings of fever, moistening their parched lips with cool, refreshing drinks, fanning their fevered

brows and smoothing the couch mad uneasy by their restless motions.

Unable to bear the scene, the deacon betook him in his hour of sorrow to his closet, where all through the dreary watches of night he prayed this cup of affliction might pass from him. His heart was subdued. He saw that like the proud Pharisee he had exalted himself, thanking God he was not as other men.

At early dawn came Grace also to inquire after her suffering Naomi, and finding her so very ill, earnestly besought her mother that she might be allowed to share the task of nursing her. Mrs. Norton had no fears for herself, yet when she looked at her beautiful child, she trembled; but her eyes fell upon the bed where poor Naomi lay mourning in all the delirium of high fever, and her heart reproached her for her momentary selfishness. Removing the bonnet of Grace, she tenderly kissed her pure brow, and then kneeling down, with folded hands she prayed, 'Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done! Take her in thy holy keeping, and do with her as thou see'st best!'

From that Grace left not the bedside of her friend.

On the third day Mrs. Humphreys died. Her last sigh was breathed on the bosom of the woman whom she had taught her daughter to shun.

For many days it seemed as if death would claim another victim; yet God mercifully spared Naomi to her bereaved father; very slowly she recovered, but neither Mrs. Norton nor Grace left until she was able to quit her bed.

With the death of Mrs. Humphreys, the pestilence staid its ravages, while, as a winding sheet, the snows of winter now enshrouded the fresh-turned clods in the late busy grave-yard.

The eyes of Deacon Humphreys were opened. He became an altered man. He saw how mistaken had been his views, and that it is not the profession of any sect or creed which makes the true Christian, and that if all are alike sincere in love to God, all may be alike received.

I have said this was no love tale, therefore by merely stating that in the course of a twelvemonth Hubert Fairie and Grace were united, I close my simple story.

From the London Punch, Sept. 22.

In For It—How to get out of it.

Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant, and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance.

But the gentleman had no place to put it in.

Nobody would take it off his hands. He couldn't afford to feed it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was too humane to let it starve. He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity—and an elephant.

France has one her elephants at Rome. She has brought back the Pope.

She is at her wits' end what to do with him.

She can't abet the Pope and the Cardinals, because she interfered in the cause of Liberty.

She can't abet the Republicans, because she interfered in the cause of the Pope and the Cardinals.

She can't act with Austria, because Austria is absolute.

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful.

She can't continue her army in Rome, because it is not treated with respect.

She can't withdraw her army from Rome because that it be to stultify herself.

She can't go forward, because she insisted on the Roman people going backward.

She can't go backward, because the French people insist on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong, because public opinion forces her to the right.

She can't choose the right, because her own dishonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma, and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the points on which she is impaled, like a cock-chaffer in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the lighter and more whirling species of political entomology.

Poor France—will nobody take her precious bargain off her hands? Rome is her bottle-imp. She bought it dear enough; but can't get rid of it at any price.

Before the presidential election, Gen. Taylor constantly affirmed that he would not be the President of a party. Since the election more people have concluded that they will not be the party of such a President.

A Hog Case.

Rather an amusing hog case was told us by a legal gentleman recently, which for the benefit of our readers, we make public, without mentioning the names of the parties. On the confines of the town live two small farmers, each, among other things, engaged in the rearing of hogs. One is an honest German, the other an Englishman. Not long ago the German missed from his pen several hogs with peculiar marks and spots, which he thought he could recognize any where; and, after a diligent search, they, or what was supposed to be them, were discovered by the German's son (Hans) in the pen of his neighbor, the Englishman. Claim was immediately made by the one for their restoration; but was stoutly refused by the other, who maintained that he had raised them from infant piggery to their then condition. A suit for their recovery was the result; lawyers were engaged, and the case came before a magistrate for his decision.

Hosts of witnesses were examined on each side. On the part of the German, it was proved that his hogs were of the same color and spots; that an old dog, with but one tooth, had bitten one of them in the ear, and the mark was shown, &c. The Englishman proved by an equal array of testimony, the littering of the pigs, the careful bringing of them up to hogdom; the cutting of the dog-bitten hog's ear with a knife with a broken blade, &c. It was a most doubtful case. The two women who claimed before Solomon the mother-ship of the child were not more positive in their assertions than were the litigants as to the ownership of the hogs in question. The testimony was so nicely balanced that the justice was bothered how to decide. The lawyers on each side made the most earnest declamation, as to the rights of their clients. At last, the German's lawyer (who was but a young disciple of Blackstone, and this was his first case) was seized with a lucky thought. He desired the son of the German to be recalled. Hans stepped forth. He was asked if he was not in the habit of calling the hogs, and did they not answer his call. He answered 'Yes.' 'And now, Hans,' said the lawyer, 'did you call them in English or German?' 'Me calls dem in Deitch,' replied Hans. Resort was immediately called to the Englishman's hog-yard. Hans called the hogs 'in Deitch,' and lo! those which the German claimed were the only ones which came forth at Hans' German call. The effect was irresistible. Judgment was immediately rendered for the German, and the hogs ordered to be restored to him. Whether any further legal steps are to be taken in the matter we have not learned.—*Wash. Republic.*

American Eagle.

When the question of the emblems and devices for our national arms was before the old Congress, a member from the south warmly opposed the eagle, as a monarchial bird. The king of birds could not be a suitable representation of a country whose institutions were founded in hostility to kings. The late Judge Thatcher, then a representative from Massachusetts, in reply, proposed a goose, which he said was a most humble and republican bird, and would in other respects prove advantageous, inasmuch as the gosling would be convenient to put on the ten cent pieces, &c. The laughter which followed at the expense of the Southerner was more than he could bear. He constructed this good humored irony into an insult, and sent a challenge. The bearer delivered it to Mr. Thatcher, who read and returned it to him, observing that he would not accept it.—'What, will you be branded as a coward?' Yes, sir, if he please; I always was a coward, and he knew it, or he never would have challenged me. The joke was too good to be resisted even by the angry party. It occasioned infinite mirth in the Congressional circles, and the former cordial and gentlemanly intercourse between the parties was restored in a manner highly satisfactory.

Curious Case of Insanity.

There is a man in Cincinnati, who is quite sane in every point but one; he fancies he can understand the hog language and insists that he has even heard them concocting plans to seize the city. He has repeatedly called at the Mayor's office and surprised him by the earnest and serious manner in which he made the communication, as he had known the singular being to have once been a worthy and respectable citizen. This man owned property near these hog pens, and his business being of a public nature, it suffered in consequence of its vicinity to an offensive nuisance. Inquiry and subsequent facts proved that the annoyance so worked upon his weak mind as to entirely derange his reason.