

# 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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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LILLIE LEFORD.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

Her laugh is like the fairy's laugh,  
So musical and sweet,  
Her foot is like fairy's foot,  
So dainty and so fleet,  
Her smile is like sunshine,  
Her hand is dimpled snow,  
Her lip is very rosybud,  
In sweetness and in glow.

[MRS. OSGOOD.]

"Hush! Did you hear that burst of laughter? Let us peep in this rose wreathed window, and see from whose merry heart came those gushings and musical tones. She must be beautiful!"

"Who, Leslie?"

"Why, the one who created that laugh—some fair, innocent young creature, with a spirit like sparkling waters, and a face all dimples and brightness."

"Ah, brother! in love with a laugh! I shall tell Miss Merrill; she never condescends even to smile."

"Please forget Miss Merrill, till I catch a nearer glimpse of the light from which just glided past the window. Come, come! whispered he, a moment afterward, as he carefully parted the twining roses from the shadowed casement, 'saw you ever a being so beautiful?'"

"She is indeed, very, very lovely," answered Ada Herwood, as she obeyed her brother, and peeping through the window.

A young girl, of sixteen summers, with a profusion of shining brown curls, a form of exquisite gracefulness, and face of soft and yet brilliant loveliness, was leaning carelessly against the high back of an antique arm chair. One bare and beautiful arm was thrown over the richly carved and polished ebony frame work, and one tiny foot was unconsciously beating a merry tune on a protruding rocker. She was alone, and appeared to be lost in pleasant thoughts, for a mischievous smile stole gradually out from the deepening dimples of her ermine cheek, and played around her bright and half parted lips, whilst the dreamy light of her soft eyes, grew eloquent with sparkling merriment. At length, she started from her reverie, and throwing herself among the cushions of the high arm chair, again burst forth in a thrilling, musical irrepressible peal of laughter, which rung through the little parlor, more sweet than the warble of woodland birds, or the gush of a merry rivulet. She ceased not till the glittering tears stood like gems on the long silken lashes, beneath which her violet eyes shone out like shadowed waters; and when those gay and girlish tones no longer gushed out upon the ears of the listeners, she bounded from her seat, and crossing the apartment to an open piano, ran her fingers lightly over the keys, singing—

It is wicked I know, to laugh at him so—  
But he asked me to marry him—dear!  
Why! he fifty, at least, and so oddly dressed,  
And his queue and his coat are so queer!  
It's distressing height!—to have to say no—  
To a quite old gentleman, too!  
I never could see, how he came to love me;  
I thought he'd forgot how to woo—to woo—  
I thought he'd forgot how to woo.

"Some sober old bachelor has been proposing, and that is what makes her so merry. I hope she does not treat the young ones so," and Leslie Herwood sighed.

Ada was about rallying her brother on the sudden gravity of his handsome face, which the soft moonlight made provokingly visible to her quick eyes; but at that moment the giddy creature within came gliding towards the window, still merrily carolling in a peculiarly sweet but unmelodious voice, her improvisations song, and the two were compelled to make a hasty retreat.

"Well Leslie, have you concluded to make this quiet, beautiful village our summer residence?" asked Ada, as they continued their walk through the pleasant and tree shaded street.

"Provided you promise to procure me an acquaintance with that bewitching young creature of the silvery laugh. I do so love to hear a free, wild, musical, unrestrained burst of laughter."

"No doubt of it, Lel," replied Ada, with her bright eyes sparkling mischievously. "But I am delighted that you think of remaining, for our friends, and the Harveys, wish us to very much, and have made arrangements for a little party. You will have an opportunity of making the hearts of the pretty village girls thrill, when presented to the dark proud eyes, shining ringlets and faultless moustache of the princely Leslie Herwood. But take care that you do not get served like the quiet old gentleman, by the lovely girl we peeped in at."

"Don't rattle on at such an eloquent rate if you are released from the bondage of a formal city. No danger of my—"

But the sentence remains even yet unfinished, for at that moment they met their friends, who took them home with them, to discuss the subject of the party.

The next evening came, and with it a gay and smiling throng of village lads and lasses, gathered within the neat and tasteful parlors of the Harveys. Many a bright eyed and dimpled cheeked maiden, with an eye more brilliant and a cheek more dimpling and rosy, was presented to the stately and elegant Mr. Herwood, but his restless glance found not the face it sought, and the music tones of the beautiful unknown met not his ear. At length the buzz of many greetings and welcomings, and words of admiration, reached him from the adjoining apartments, and in a moment the one he had so impatiently awaited, glided into the room, smiling and blushing and saying gay things in reply to the flattery addressed to her. She did not for a moment observe Leslie, and he had full leisure to gratify his wonder and admiration at her exceeding grace and loveliness. A dress of snowy muslin fell in drooping folds around her form, which was of the most exquisite roundness and symmetry. Her beautiful arms gleamed whitely beneath a fall of shadowy lace, looped up with white roses, and her dimpling shoulders seemed laughing at the tresses which kissed them. A wreath of lilies seemed to confine her redundant brown curls, but they were not used to restraint, and had stolen in graceful confusion upon her slender neck and waist. Notwithstanding her laughing gaiety, there was an expression of spiritual purity upon her white brow, and ever and anon a soft shadow in her deep violet eyes. She was just making some careless remark to the remark of a gay gallant, when her eye caught the earnest and admiring gaze of the proud stranger. The drooping fringes swept down quickly over her crimson cheek, and then those large eloquent eyes were raised to his with a timid, inquiring look. "That blush and glance—how should he understand them? The thrill of a long silent chord in his heart answered him. Advancing with a bright smile, he held out his hand.

"Lillie Lelford! It is possible!"

"Quite possible, Mr. Howard; none other than little Lillie, whom you gallantly rescued from a home amid the mermaids, on the borders of the Atlantic."

"Ah! I suppose you would have been very glad to have reigned queen of the revels in coral palaces; but I prophesied that to reign the fair sovereign of one warm heart would better graffy your taste. Was I right?" and he drew her hand through his arm and led out upon the vine-trimmed and star-lighted portico.

After that evening, the shadow of Lillie Lelford's eye grew deeper and dreamier, and the laugh seldom came from her quiet lip; and when it did, its tones were so low and sweet, and half sad, it was like the tinkling of silver bells rung at a fairy's funeral. Then there was such a soft, subdued light slumbering all over her beautiful features; and it even seemed as if the rich golden brown curls fell over her shoulders in less wild and careless rotundity than was her wont. Lillie was no longer a child—her young heart had thrilled to the music of words of love, and its strings now vibrated to the touch of deep, holy, inexpressible feeling, till even her fair foot pressed the earth with a more thoughtful step.

The summer fled by, and Leslie Herwood and his sister Ada were compelled to return to their city home.

"Do not weep, Lillie," he said, as he bade farewell to his betrothed, "the months will soon flee by, and by Christmas you must be ready to return with me to my home as my bride. Ada wishes to write to you and you must answer her letters. Do not weep—we shall soon be happy," and the sorrowing girl was left to wait patiently for the time when she should see him again.

Through once more among the life and gaiety of the city, for a time Leslie scarcely thought of any one but his distant love; but by-and-by her sensitive heart was pained by receiving shorter and colder and less frequent letters. Christmas came, and the lonely girl sat in her chamber with a throbbing brow and a bosom tortured to agony. No word—no lover!

Where was Leslie Herwood? At the feet of his old love, Clara Merrill. Strange that he could forget the young, pure and bewitchingly beautiful Lillie, for that cold, disdainful, but brilliant creature, with her scornful eyes and smileless lips. Oh! it was such a change, and men love variety! So while one heart was silently breaking, another was feeding its fountain of vanity from the love-vows offered by the proud, the envied, the handsome Leslie Herwood. Clara Merrill did not love him, but she was a belle, and it flattered self to secure

in chains the one, so many less fortunate ladies were sighing for.

The winter was nearly spent when a new star appeared amid the galaxy of fashion and beauty. Great was the commotion among the upper ten thousand; and at the opera, the ball, the private circle everywhere was ringing the name of the beauty and the heiress, Miss Manly. Leslie Herwood procured a presentation to her—what was it caused his heart to thrill when her eyes met his, and made him forget even Clara Merrill? She was beautiful; could that be the charm? He gazed and gazed upon her queenly and graceful form, her classically formed head, with its heavy braids of rich brown hair folded around it; her exquisitely sculptured features; her gleaming brow and large proud eyes; her clear pale cheek and lovely lip—he listened eagerly to every tone of her low, musical voice, till he was convinced that it was one of his boyhood's dreams, grown to perfection and gifted with life and breath. Clara Merrill's power was over.

Days and weeks passed by and he was ever lingering by the side of Miss Manly. There was something mysterious and incomprehensible about her which he could not account for. She ever treated him with the same unvarying coldness; she was ever proud and dignified; and yet he dared to love—to worship her, madly and devotedly. She was so peerless; so unequalled! and yet every tone and look thrilled his heart like the forgotten music of old. She was very intimate with Ada, who often threw out mysterious hints which he could not understand. One day he found them in Ada's boudoir. There was a soft light in the eye and a warm glow on the cheek of Miss Manly which was indescribably beautiful. On some light pretence, Ada left them alone. Leslie was embarrassed, and asked her to sing. She hesitated, colored, and began:

A young heart is pining—forsaken—alone:  
The gladness has fled from a once merry tone;  
An eye has grown dim, and a cheek has grown pale;

She was loved, was forgotten—and—  
She attempted to finish, but her voice trembled, and she burst into tears. Leslie's heart beat faster, and he felt it was the moment to decide his destiny. In agony of mingled hope and fear, he poured forth a wild and hurried confession of his love. He dared not look in her face, but he implored her to pity him, to speak and end his suspense. A low sob was the only reply. He raised his eyes to her face: tears were standing on her downcast lashes, and her cheek was burning crimson. "They told he was accepted, and he caught her small soft hand in a delirium of delight, and pressed it to his lips. It was withdrawn, and her large dark eyes were lifted half proudly, half mournfully, to his, and her tones were low but firm, as she said—

"Perhaps, under other circumstances, Mr. Herwood, I might be induced to accept the hand you have so generously offered me. But I have a young friend surely you remember her, Lillie Lelford; and for her happiness and your own, I must remind you of your duty. Think not that I could ever consider you blameless or worthy of love with the knowledge embittering my existence, that an innocent young being was sinking into the grave because her affections had been gained and thrown away by one whom I called my husband. Dream not, then, that I shall ever listen to vows which I have reason to believe false or unending; but if I have any influence over your feelings, prove it by returning to her you have so heartlessly forsaken."

She arose and left him to the burning thoughts of shame and guilt and despair which agitated his bosom. A thousand conflicting emotions troubled his heart, as he tossed that night on his restless couch; and when he came with heavy eyes and aching head to the breakfast table, Ada informed him that Miss Manly had left the city that morning.

For a week he roved restlessly about the city, plunging into every kind of amusement, and striving to forget his late refusal by renewing his attentions to Miss Merrill, but that lady was no longer even interesting—the name, "Lillie Lelford" was forever ringing in his memory. So one pleasant spring morning Ada was surprised and delighted at the proposition of her brother, to return for a short time, to the residence of their friends, the Harveys. They were soon borne, by car and carriage, back to the little village where they had spent the preceding summer so delightfully. As they passed again through its quiet streets, a "thousand olden memories" gushed over the heart-strings of Leslie, and a strange fear filled his pulses as he passed by the silent cottage of Lillie. What if she had forgotten him—what if she were dead?

Scarcely were the greetings of friends over, when Leslie begged Ada to call on

Lillie, and tell her of his arrival, his repentance, and plead with her to receive him favorably. Ada consented to his wishes and half an hour afterwards he followed her. How his heart thrilled as he stood again on the vine wreathed piazza, and looked into the little hall. A white muslin sun bonnet lay on the carpet, which he knew to be Lillie's. He approached the parlor door and raised his hand to knock, but his heart failed him. The voice of Ada reassured him, and he tapped lightly on the polished oak panel. The door was opened and he stood in the room. A fair form was before him, and as his eye rested on that face, he gazed in mute bewilderment.

"Miss Lillie Manly Lelford," said the gay voice of Ada. Leslie comprehended all. Lillie held out her hand and her smiles and tears told him he was forgiven. "Strange that I never recognized you," he said, as they sat together on the sofa, where they had so often sat before.

"Time and sorrow and entire change in dress and manner, made the difference. But I should have been too proud to have won you back in that manner, had it not been through the persuasion of dear, good, kind Ada."

It was May-day, and the bells of the little village rang merrily. The snowy muslin curtains, in a certain parlor, were looped back by wreaths of pale roses, and the fragrant breeze, as it stole into the apartment, fluttered the white robes of the bride. Orange flowers were twined among her twining curls, and a pale rosebud nestled on her bosom. The shadow had passed away from her clear soft eye, and her dewy lip quivered with unutterable feeling, while a smile beamed ever and anon for a moment on her soft cheek, and then fled back among its dimples as if afraid to appear. She was very, very beautiful, and the deep proud eyes of the bridegroom rested on her blushing face with a look of holy tenderness, too deep for words. And Ada, who had brought all this about, was wild and merry as a bird, as she kissed her sister's cheek and called her Mrs. Herwood.

## Self Respect.

Every one has some sort of opinion more or less distinct, of all persons with whom he is acquainted. This opinion may embrace intellect, disposition, virtues, vices, personal appearance, deportment, condition in life. So also every one has some opinion of himself on the same, and on many other subjects best known to himself, he seems to do it as though he were another person. He uses the eyes of others. He turns aside, as it were, by the way, to see himself pass by. The judgment which one forms of himself is often much more unsound than that which he forms of others. The eye cannot see itself; so neither can one see himself. He must use a mirror. There are many of these; history, books daily example, his own experience, every person he comes in contact with, are mirrors. If he sees himself in these, and thereby corrects his own errors and follies, and gives himself reasonable and just credit for his attainments, he may come at length to be entitled to entertain a respect for himself. There is a certain best thing to be done, and a certain best manner of doing it, in all possible circumstances in which one may find himself. Nothing is entitled to be considered best which does not conform to natural law, the law of God, the positive law of the land, the conventional laws of society (so far as they are founded on reason and good sense), and to the decencies of life. To that best thing, and to that best manner, no one, perhaps, ever perfectly attains; but it cannot be doubted that there is such a standard. He who comes the nearest to it is he who is entitled to entertain a respect for himself.

## A Newspaper in a Family.

One of the greatest advantages of a Newspaper in a family of children, is a constant stimulus, which the facts and statements it contains give, to the acquisition of historical, scientific, and geographical knowledge. Who, then, that is a father, will be so penurious, not to say unnatural, to refuse the tender objects of his affection and responsibility, such an important aid to their advancement.

In Missouri, the Germans are manufacturing a wine almost equal to champagne. Many vineyards are in successful operation near Jefferson City.

A coffin-maker having apartments to let posted his bills announcing the same, upon the coffins in the window, "Lodgings for a single gentleman."

The man who has nothing to boast of but illustrious ancestors, is like a potato vine—the only thing belonging to him, worth anything is under ground.

## The Giant of the West.

A late number of the Dublin Nation makes this impressive reference to the future greatness of the young republic:

"In the East there is arising a colossal centaur, called 'Russian empire.' With a civilized head and front, it has the thews and sinews of a savage barbaric body. There one man's brain moves 70,000,000. There all the traditions of the people are of aggression and conquest in the West. There but two ranks are distinguishable—serf and soldiers. There the map of the future includes Constantinople and Vienna as outposts of St. Petersburg."

"In the West an opposing and still more wonderful American empire, is emerging.—We, islanders, have no conception of the extraordinary events which, amid the silence of the earth, are daily adding to the power and pride of the gigantic nation.—Within three years territories more extensive than these three kingdoms, France, and Italy, put together have been quietly, and in a most 'matter-of-course' fashion, annexed to the Union."

In seventy years, seventeen new sovereignties, the smallest of them larger than Great Britain, have peacefully united themselves to the federation. No standing army was raised, no national debt sunk, no great exertion made, but there they are. And this late mail brings us news of the organization of three more great states about to be joined to the thirty—Minnesota, in the northwest; Deseret, in the southwest, and California, on the shore of the Pacific.—These three states will cover an area of earth equal to one-half of the European continent.

"Nor is this a mere addition of dominion on the map. It is not piling barren Pelion upon uncultivated Ossa. It is an actual conquest of new strength and new resources.—Already Minnesota has its capital—St. Paul—which has its churches, schools, journals, parties, interests and speculations. The Mormon founders of Deseret are doing what the Puritans did in Massachusetts two centuries ago—taking care to possess themselves of the best lands and waters in their new state. Instead of becoming a lawless horde of adventurers, the settlers in California are founding cities, electing delegates, magistrates, sheriffs, and congressmen, as methodically and intently as if they still trod the beaten paths of life on the Atlantic shore of the continent."

"And with this increase of territory there is a commensurate increase of industry in the older States. By recent statistics we perceive that manufactures are rapidly increasing in what were 'the southern states'—most in the Carolinas and Georgia. The cotton mill is now built beside the cotton field—a formidable sign for Liverpool shippers and Manchester Mill-owners. In the northern and eastern states every torrent trained to work Sampson-like 'in the mill.'"

"The census of 1850, about to be taken in the United States, will show a growth of numbers, territory, and industry, entirely unexampled in human history. Let 'the great powers' of the old World look to it—let the statesmen of France, Germany, and Russia, read the census carefully, though it should startle them. Let despotism count every man of those millions as a mortal enemy, and every acre of that vast Commonwealth as the inheritance of mankind most gauged to the cause of freedom."

"Let England's ministers, too, read and ponder well on this, and ask themselves whether, with such a sea and land rival arising against England, they can afford by legalizing famine, to force one half of our race to flee for a home and law into our arms and service of that rival already so formidable."

"But let Ireland take it to heart above all."

Let her learn that the growth of nations has not ceased. Fertile energy and the will that will not bend, still build up states whether in the wide pampass of the New World, or the studded and straightened regions of the Old. America is as grand a field for human enterprise as when the ships of Columbus first neared the shores of Guanahani; Ireland is not only still the land of promise to the Irish race, but a land rich in hope, inexhaustible in the prizes for devotion and genius, if the Irish people rise to their fortune.

"There is a great demand," says a Yankee pedlar, "for a species of plaster, which will enable gentlemen to stick to their business."

Cassius M. Clay objects to the proposed new Constitution for Kentucky, on account of some grammatical blunders in it. The Bible is liable to the same objections.

Two daily German papers are now published in Milwaukee, making free daily papers for a city not yet 14 years old.

## Great Letter from Senator Dickinson.

The subjoined letter from Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Senator from New York, sent in reply to an invitation to attend the Democratic mass meeting at Tamany Hall is a production of uncommon vigor and eloquence. The writer fearlessly expresses the true constitutional doctrine and explains the duty of the Democratic party in the present crisis. Let those Democrats who are invited to unite in the Free Soil movement, carefully read this overwhelming letter, so full of manly and patriotic truth. It is worthy of the high character of the distinguished writer:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1850.

Gentlemen:—I am honored with yours of the 11th inst., inviting me to attend and address a meeting of the Democratic Republican electors of the city of New York to be held at Tamany Hall, on Saturday evening next, for the purpose of taking counsel upon the present crisis, and adopting such measure as may tend to preserve to them and their posterity the blessings of our great and glorious Union. I will not withhold from you the gratification I have experienced since learning that the sterling democracy of that great city were about to take measures so eminently worthy of the proudest State in the confederacy, and so imperatively demanded by the temper of the times, and should most gladly unite with them in this their high and holy effort, to restore fraternal relations between an estranged brotherhood; but imperative public duties will deny me that pleasure.

I have long contemplated with gloomy solicitude, the ferocious demon of sectionalism, which like the unclean spirit of old has been walking up and down our land. But I aver, in the fear of God, that I have never known a moment when the patient forbearance of the wise, the charity of the christian and the firmness of the patriot, were more urgently demanded than now, by every consideration that should elevate and influence civilized men.

The States of this Union were declared by the instrument which signalized their emancipation from the British crown, to be "free and independent;" and without abating or merging their complete sovereignty, they agreed by a solemnly executed and well-fined compact, to unite together, for certain great and common purposes, upon terms of perfect equality. All had inherited from a common ancestry the institution of slavery; a portion has since abolished it of their own volition, in their own time and manner, without officious external promptings, and others retain it still, and even were they so disposed, could not suddenly cast it off, without violating the best instincts of humanity, and doing irreparable injustice both to themselves and us. While, in regard to the subject of domestic slavery, we may with propriety indulge as a sentiment the feeling common to all free States, we should remember that the southern States continue an institution which they did not create—an institution which we knew they held and proposed to continue, when we joined hands under a common compact—an institution that we, comparatively speaking, have but recently abolished, and that, too, more by the operation of our soil, climate, and productions, than by reason of our superior morality or benevolence.

It is now theirs, and not ours. If its influences are pernicious and demoralizing, it degrades them, not us, in the scale of social and political being. If it is sinful, we may console ourselves with the reflection that it will be laid at their (and not our) door in the last great day of accounts.

In the mysterious dispensations of Divine Providence, we all see and know, notwithstanding the metaphysical subtleties of the speculating ethnologist, that the negro race was constituted so dissimilar to our own, in its moral and physical organization, that both the senses would revolt at an attempt to associate them together upon terms of social equality. They cannot, in our midst, be elevated to our condition; and any attempt to achieve this triumph over the laws of Heaven, must terminate in degrading us below theirs.—We have heard much and often, of the dignity of free labor, and doubtless most from those who care least about the subject. But be it remembered, that it is not mere slave labor that is degrading to the sense of the white man, but negro labor, whether in freedom or in bondage; for no white laborer will consent to toil side by side with the blacks, either north or south, upon terms of equality. Let him, therefore, who does not intend to invite amongst us, the emancipated and fugitive negroes of the south, so that the vicious may fill our prisons, and the decrepit overrun our almshouses, and the residue compete with their families, permit the slave States to conduct their domestic affairs in their own way, and upon their own responsibility.

Though I by no means hold the act upon the sectional