

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1850.

VOL. 6.—NO. 32.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' National Magazine. TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CITY BELLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

SCENE FIRST.

"Isn't she a glorious creature?" said my young friend Merwyn, glancing as he spoke towards a beautiful girl named Florine Malcolm, the daughter of a merchant reputed to be rich. "We were at a party, and the object of remark sat or rather reclined near us on a sofa, with a graceful abandon, or rather indolence, in her whole air and attitude that indicated one born and raised in idleness and luxury."

"She is a fine looking girl, certainly," I replied.

"Fine looking!" said my enthusiastic young friend, in surprise half inclined to be offended at the coldness with which I expressed myself. "Fine looking, indeed! She's a perfect Hebe; a very impersonation of youth and beauty."

"No one can deny that she is a very lovely and beautiful girl," said I, to this, "But she lacks animation."

"What you speak of as a fault, I consider her greatest charm. I never met any one so free from all vulgar hurry and excitement. An exquisite ease distinguishes all her actions, and she reminds you, in nearly every thing, of those courtly ladies who give such a charm to foreign aristocratic society. Certainly, I have not met, in this country, with any one who has so perfectly the air of a high-bred lady as Florine Malcolm."

To understand this perfectly, the reader must be told that Merwyn had recently returned from a tour through Europe, whither he had been permitted to go by a wealthy father, and where he had discovered, like most of our young men who venture abroad that in our form of social intercourse, and in all that give fashionable society its true excellence and attractiveness, we are sadly deficient. Foreign manners, habits, and dress were brought home and retained by the young man, who as a natural consequence, became a favorite among the ladies, and was thus encouraged in his silly imitations of things anti-American, and therefore in America ridiculous. In the eyes of sober-minded, sensible people, who did not know him well enough to see that there was a more substantial ground work in his character than all this would lead a casual observer infer, Merwyn was viewed as a mere fop, whose brains had grown out upon his upper lip in the shape of a moustache.

Such a man was my friend Henry Merwyn. I knew his better qualities and esteemed them; at the same time that I saw his weakness, and bore with them for the sake of the good that was in him. He had been raised in a sickly atmosphere, and his mind had taken an unhealthy tone; but he was honorable, and rigidly just in all his actions towards others.

As for the young lady he so warmly admired—Miss Florine Malcolm—I only know her as we know those into whose society we are but occasionally thrown. She was a fine, showy girl, with a face of more than ordinary beauty; but to one of my tastes, uninteresting for the very reason that she proved so charming to Merwyn. This genteel languor, this elegant indolence, this distinguishing repose, never much suited my fancy; I like to see the soul flow into the bodily organism, and thrill its every nerve and sentiment. I like to see the eye turn, the lips quiver, and the whole face glow with animating thought. This makes beauty tenfold more beautiful, and gives to even plainness a charm.

"By a high-bred lady," I replied to Merwyn's particular praise of Miss Malcolm. "You mean, I presume, a woman who is entirely artificial."

"No," he quickly answered, "you put a construction on my words that I do not acknowledge to be fair. By a high-bred lady, I mean one that possesses that peculiar ease and grace, that exquisite repose and that charming elegance of manner that comes from a refined taste and long association with those who move in the highest rank in society. In fact, it is hard to find in words all that goes to make up a well bred lady; but, when you meet her, you know her at a glance."

"And you say Miss Malcolm comes nearer to the high bred courtly lady, than any woman it has been your fortune to meet on this side of the Atlantic?"

"She does. In Paris or London she would find herself at home in the first circles of fashion. Now just look at Miss Watson, who sits near her, bolt upright, as stiff as a post; and then observe how gracefully Florine reclines on those cushions like a very queen. There you have the exact difference between a mere vulgar girl and a true lady."

The was a difference between the two individuals that referred to—a very marked difference. Miss Watson looked like a girl of thought and action, while the other reposed languidly between the cushions of a sofa, the very picture of indolence.

"I see nothing vulgar about Miss Watson," said I. "And I know that there is nothing vulgar about her. She is a true lady, in every sense of the word."

Merwyn half vexed me by his dissenting silence.

Just then he observed that Miss Malcolm looked pale. Going over quickly to where she was, he inquired if she were not well, and learned that some particular perfume used by a lady who sat near was so unpleasant as to make her feel faint. He immediately proposed that she should go into an adjoining room where there were fewer persons, and get a place near one of the windows, offering his arm at the same time. She arose, and I saw her pass out slowly. She was in fact in the very prime and vigor of young life; yet surrounded as she was by every luxury and elegance she had grown inactive, and felt even a small effort as burdensome. Trifling causes affected her; and she imagined a physical inability to do a thousand things which might have been done with scarcely an effort.

The very sympathy and concern manifested by Merwyn who was the lover of Florine, made her feel that she was really indisposed; and she languidly reclined on the sofa to which he had conducted her, with the air of an invalid. Finding that she did not grow any better, Merwyn, in a little while proposed that she should go home and had a carriage ordered. Wandering into the apartment to which they had gone, I saw him bringing her shawl, without which she could not pass into the dressing room for fear of cold, and saw her meet the attention with a half averted face, and a want of effort, that made me feel as if I would like to have roused her by means of the wires from an electric battery.

"A beautiful couple they will make," said I to myself, as Florine arose and went out, leaving heavily on the arm of the young man, "to pass through the storms, and over the rough places of this troublesome world. A summer breeze will be too rough for that young creature, and the odor of violets too stimulating for her nerves."

A few months subsequent to this they were married, and not long afterward I removed from the city and did not see them again for some years. But learned in the meantime, with sincere regret, that a great "commercial crisis" through which the country passed, both of the families of this young couple had been reduced to comparative poverty. A sigh for the human summer flowers I have mentioned was the simple response to the news. A couple of years afterward I met them again.

SCENE SECOND.

During a journey through the western part of Ohio, I had occasion to stop for a few days in the little town of R—. On the day after my arrival, a man whose face struck me as being familiar, passed the door of the tavern in which I was standing. A sort of a doubtful recognition took place on both sides, but neither of us being certain as to the other's identity, we did not speak and the man passed on. I looked after him as he moved down the street, wandering in my mind who he could be, when I saw him stop, and after appearing to hesitate about something, turn round and walk back toward the hotel. He was a young man plainly dressed, and looked as if he were a clerk in a store, or, it might be, a small store-keeper himself. As he came back I fixed my eyes upon his face trying to make out who it was who bore such familiar features.

"My old friend Merwyn!" I exclaimed as he passed in front of where I stood. He called my name in return, and then we grasped each other's hands eagerly.

"The last man in the world I expected to meet."

"And, certainly, I as little expected to meet you," was returned. "This is indeed a pleasure. When did you arrive, and how long do you intend to stay in R—?"

"I came here yesterday, and hope to resume my journey to-morrow."

"Not so soon?" Merwyn said, still tightly holding my hand. "You must stay longer."

"I am doubtful as to that," I returned. "But is this your place of sojourn in the world?"

"Yes, for the present, seeing that I can't find a better."

"There was a manly cheerfulness in the way this was said, which I could not have believed it possible for the young man to feel, under the great change of circumstances that had taken place."

"And your lady?" I felt some hesitation even while I asked this question.

"Very well thank you!" was cheerfully replied. "We live a mile or two from town and you must go out and spend a night with us before you leave. Florine will be delighted to see you."

"It would be quite as pleasant for me to meet her," I could not answer; yet even while I spoke I felt that our meeting must remind the wife of my friend so strongly of the past, as to make it any thing but pleasant.

"How long have you lived here?"

"About two years."

"It is almost the last place in which I expected to meet you. What are you doing?"

"Merchandizing in a small way. I had no profession, when kind fortune knocked us all in the head, and so I had to turn my hand to the first thing that offered, which happened to be a clerkship in a store, at three hundred and sixty dollars a year. This was barely enough to keep body and soul together; yet I was thankful for so much, and tried to keep down a murmuring spirit. At the end of a year, having given every satisfaction to my employer, he said to me one day—"you have shown far more business capacity than I thought you possessed, and I think you are the very man I want to go out west with a stock of goods. Can you command any capital?" "Not a dollar, I fear," was my reply. "I am sorry for that," said he, "for I want a man who is able to take an interest in the business. Don't you think you could raise a couple of thousand dollars in cash?" I shook my head doubtfully. We had a good deal more conversation on the subject.

"When I went home, I mentioned to my wife that Mr. I—, my employer, had said, and talked much about the proposition. I expressed a great deal of regret at not being able to furnish capital, as the offer I had received was plainly an advantageous one, and would give me a fair start in the world. "Would you be willing to go off to the west?" I asked of Florine, while we talked over the subject. "Wherever you think it best to go, I will go cheerfully," was her brave answer. "Thus far she had borne our change of fortune with a kind of heroism that more than anything else helped to sustain me. We were living with my family, and had one child. My father of whose misfortunes you are aware, had obtained the office of President in an Insurance company, with a salary of two thousand a year, and he enabled him still to keep his family around him, and though luxuries had to be given up his income afforded every comfort. We had a room with them, and though my income was small, we had all that health and peace of mind required."

"On the day after the conversation with my wife about the West, she met me on coming home to dinner with so happy, yet meaning smile on her face, that I could not help inquiring what it meant. As I sat down by her side, she drew from her pocket a small roll of bank bills, and handing them to me, said—"there is the capital you want." I took the money, and unrolling it in mute surprise, counted out the sum of two thousand dollars!

"Where did this come from?" I inquired. She glanced across the room, and my eyes followed the direction her's had taken. I missed something. I was her piano! "Explain yourself, Florine," I said. "That is easily done," she replied as she looked tenderly in my face. "I have sold my piano and watch, my diamond pin, bracelet and ring, and every article of jewelry and bijouterie in my possession, but this," holding up the wedding ring, "and there you have the money." I cannot tell you how much I was affected by this. But, no matter. I used the two thousand dollars in the way proposed, and here I am. Come walk down to my store with me, and let us chat a little about old times there."

I went, as invited, and found Merwyn with a small but well selected stock of goods in his store, and all the evidence of a thriving business around him.

"You must go home with me this afternoon," said he as I arose to leave him, after having had an agreeable talk for an hour. "I live, as I told you a short distance in the country; so you will stay all night, and come in with me in the morning. The stage leaves here at five o'clock, and passes within a short distance of my house. Florine will be delighted to see you."

I consented, well pleased with this arrangement, and at five o'clock was seated in the stage by the side of my old friend, who bore as little resemblance to one of your curled, perfumed and moustached exquisites—what he had once been—as could be imagined. His appearance was plain, substantial and business-like.

Half an hour's ride brought us to our stopping place.

"I live off to the right here," said Mer-

wyn, as we left the stage, "beyond that piece of wood. Ten minutes' walk will bring us to my door. We prefer the country for several reasons, the principal one of which is economy. Our cottage, with six acres of ground, costs us only fifty dollars a year, and we have the whole of the land worked on shares by a neighbor, thus more than clearing our rent. Then we have plenty of fruit and milk for ourselves and children, and fresh air and health into the bargain."

"But don't Mrs. Merwyn find it very lonesome out here?" I inquired.

"Oh, no. We have two children, and they, with a very clever young woman who lives with us more as a friend than a domestic, although we pay her wages, give Florine plenty of society through the day, and I come in by night-fall, and sometimes earlier, to make the evenings all she could wish. At least I have Florine's own declaration for this." The last sentence was uttered with a smile.

As we walked along, the means of my meeting with Mrs. Merwyn, turned my thoughts back to other times. A beautiful girl was before me, languidly reclining upon a sofa overcome by the extract of some sweet herbs, the perfume of which had fallen unharmoniously upon the sense. A hot-house plant, how was it possible that she could bear the cold, bracing atmosphere of such a life as that she was now living. When last I saw her, she was but a tender summer flower, on whom the warm sun shone daily, and into whose bosom the night dews came softly with refreshing coolness.

Silently I walked along with my mind full of such thoughts, when an opening in the woods through which we were passing gave me a glimpse of a woman's figure, standing on the second rail of a fence, and apparently on the look out for some one.

The intervening trees quickly hid her again from my view. In a minute or so afterwards we emerged from the trees but a short distance from the woman I had seen, who was looking in another direction from that in which we were coming. We were close upon her before she observed us. Then the voice of Merwyn, who called "Florine!" startled her and she turned upon us her beautiful young face, glowing with health, surprise and pleasure. I paused in as to what to say. Was that the indolent, languid city belle who could scarcely sit erect even with the aid of cushions, now standing firm and straight on a fence rail, and looking more lovingly and gracefully than she had ever seemed in my eyes?

She recognized me in a moment, and, springing from the rail came bounding toward me, full to overflowing of life and spirits. Grasping my hand, she expressed the warmest pleasure at seeing an old face, and asked me a dozen of questions before I could answer one.

I found them occupying a neat little bird's nest of a cottage, in which were two as sweet little children as I have ever seen. While I sat and talked with Merwyn, holding one child upon my knee and the other Florine busied herself in getting the supper. Her only domestic was away. Ever and anon I caught a glimpse of her as she passed in and out of the adjoining room where she had spread the table. A very long time did not elapse before I sat down with my old friends to a meal that I enjoyed as well as any I have ever eaten. The warm white biscuits were baked by Florine sweet butter she had herself churned, so she said and the cake and preserves were her own.

"I am surprised at all this," said I after a while. "How is it possible for you to be cheerful and happy under such a change? How was it possible for you to come so efficiently into a mode of life, the very antipodes of the one to which you were born, and in which you were educated?"

"Misfortune," replied Merwyn, "brings out whatever is efficient in our characters. This has been particularly the case with us. We had both led artificial lives, and had false views of almost everything, a blow, the golden palace in which we had lived was dashed to pieces. We were then thrown out into the world with nothing to depend upon but our own dull senses, which were, at first, you may well believe, exceedingly small. The suddenness with which our fashionable friends turned from us, and the entire exclusion from fashionable society that followed, opened our eyes to the utter worthlessness of much that we had looked upon as of primary consideration. The necessity of our circumstances turned our thoughts at the same time, to things of real moment, the true importance of which grew daily more a parent. Thus we were prepared for the steps that had not been taken, and which I am glad to say we are able to take cheerfully. We now lead a true and useful life, and I am

sure Florine will join me in saying, that it is a happier life than ever we led before.

"Yes with all my heart," replied the young wife. "I have good health, good spirits, and a clear conscience; and, with out these no one can be happy."

"Still," remarked Merwyn, "we look to growing better off in the world, and hope, one day, to be surrounded by at least a portion of the elegance and luxury of early times. But until that day comes, we will enjoy the good things of life that fall to our lot; and should it never come, we will have lost nothing by vain anticipations."

When I parted with my old friends on the next day, I felt that their life was beyond comparison, more blessed than it would have been had not misfortune visited them and wished, from my heart, that all who had met with similar reverses would imitate their good example. Still I wondered at the change I had seen; and, at times, could hardly realize its truth.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

FIFTY TO DAY! Fifty; little chance now of my having a wife and a house full of "little responsibilities," as Fanny Wright calls them. Heigho! I'm getting to be—no, not a "middle-aged gentleman," for I've been that, any time the last ten years; no, I'm a gentleman declining in years, and may advertise for a house-keeper without giving a handle to scandal to make free with my character. Twenty-five years ago, and I should have affronted the man who foretold this; that I should be sitting this day in an arm-chair, newspaper in hand, breakfast before me, foot on a cushion, and only one cup and two eggs on the table. Newspapers are stupid things; I'd much rather chat over my morning meal. Why the deuce am I not married! Nobody makes tea fit to drink now; and the toast never comes up to me hot. What capital tea Lucy Smith used to make. Poor Lucy! I wonder what made me think of her? People said Lucy and I would certainly make a match, and so we should, I suspect, if it hadn't been for that cursed cousin of hers. I'm sure she would have married me if I had asked her; but kept putting off and putting it off day after day, and he-cut me out and he-banged to him. I was a young gentleman then, and thought I could marry whenever I liked. They went away to the west and got rich; he's a member of Congress, and she has grown fat, and rides about in her carriage, with two or three grown up daughters; pretty girls, too, as I'm told, but they'll never be like their mother. I've a ribbon of hers, that she used to wear round her slender waist, and I bribed her little brother to steal it for me, with the loan of my fowling piece; and sometimes, when it rains, and I feel sentimental, I take it out of my writing desk, and look at it awhile. I think I'll throw it in the fire—but I don't, though, and the rest is yet in the secret drawer with my mother's picture, and the last lock of my own hair. They make capital wigs now, by the way; nobody seems to suspect that my curls are not the natural crop. Lucy used to say that my hair was beautiful and I'm almost certain she cut off a lock once, when I was asleep on the sofa. I wonder whether she's lost any of her splendid teeth; mine have stood it out pretty well, but they're going. Paruly said hers would last a long time, and he ought to know. I must go to him and get him to make me a couple of new ones. What shall I do with myself to-day? I've given up business and made money enough to last me my time. I've no one to leave it to when I'm gone. Where's the use of going on adding dollar to dollar, and acre to acre; unless one has children to set up! Nine husbands and nine wives created since yesterday morning. I dare say they'll all have young sprouts—say four apiece on the average; that's thirty-six little mouths to be suited with bread and butter, and seventy-two little feet to buy shoes for, and two hundred and eighty eight little fingers to wash and keep clean! No fool of a job that for the nine papas and mammas! I was always remarkably fond of children.

There is a new married couple moved into the house over the way, on purpose to plague me, I do believe; they seem to be very fond of each other, and dreadfully nappy. There's a gig comes to the door every afternoon, and she smiles at him so carefully, and she smiles at him so brightly as they drive off, that I'm almost tempted to wish they might break their necks before they come back. That's a nice looking girl that has come to stay with them during the honeymoon; she's the bride's sister or something, I dare say; the prettiest foot and the most roguish eyes I've ever seen—except Lucy Smith's. I wonder if she's engaged to be married; don't see any very suspicious young men come to the door, and— But what the deuce is it to me whether she is or

not? I'm an old bachelor, and must go down to the grave without having anybody to cry for me. I should like enough to see the girl nearer; it's easy enough to get introduced into the house, and though I'm too old to marry, there's no reason, that I know of, why an old fellow like me should not do the polite thing to a new one in the neighborhood. I've a new coat coming home, that my strict says will make me look fifteen years younger—rather impertinent by the way. And I'm not so amazingly old, after all. When I sat down to breakfast, I felt rather bluish, and thought myself quite a Methuselah. Posh no such things; I can walk as briskly as ever—almost—I can ride, sing, dance, no, I'd better leave out the dancing; but what of that? I'm a good looking middle aged man, tired of living alone, and long me but I'll make one more try for the ring, if I die for it. There's a pretty girl over the way, and I'll send over a basket of grapes with my compliments.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER NIAGARA

England.

The organization of the Parliamentary Select Committee for the reduction of official salaries, met with the warm approbation of the Reformers. The names of Colcland and Bright appear in the list.

The subject of the Agricultural districts has been again before the House of Lords but without leading to any new results.

The present abuses of the University system are about to be enquired into by a Royal Commission.

Lord John Russell has refused to extend the commission to Ireland.

Sir Robert Peel is said to have waited on the Queen and immediately after on the Duke of Wellington. The Times however, attaches no particular importance to the event; but the Herald and other London papers say it is rumored that Lord John Russell will be raised to the Upper House and thus make way for Sir James Graham in the Cabinet. Also that Lord Palmerston will be succeeded in the Foreign Secretaryship by Lord Clarendon, and that Charles Wood will shortly vacate the office of Chancellor.

Advices from Australia state the Government had put Smith O'Brian under petty restraints for his refusing to adopt a ticket of leave. The matter has been brought before Parliament, and an inquiry is to be instituted.

The new steamer "Asia," of the Cornard line, arrived at Liverpool from Clyde on Friday. She is said to have made it in 141 miles per four. She will sail for Boston on the 18th inst.

The Court of the Queen's Bench unanimously refused to grant the Bishop of Exeter the rule of praying against the decision of the Ecclesiastical Court in the Graham case.

Immigration is less general than heretofore.

The crops throughout the United Kingdom promise well.

France.

The Government Bill for giving the transportation law a retrospective effect, has been defeated in the Assembly by a large majority. The presumed object of the Government was to obtain authority whereby Barbier, Blanque, Raspail and other "dangerous characters" might be sent out of the country. The defeat of the measure caused the Minister of the Interior to throw up his portfolio, with reproaches upon the Assembly for refusing to support him in what he called his arduous and thankless attempts to maintain public order. He was subsequently prevailed upon to retain his office.

In reference to the approaching election for Paris, a correspondent of the London Chronicle says:—"The only subjects of interest to the people of France at the present moment are decidedly in favor of Eugene Sue. The city appears to be five-sixths on the Democratic candidates. The Moderates appear to be very sanguine in the belief that Le Clerc will be elected by a large majority."

As the election approaches, business on the Bourse declines.

On Monday and Tuesday the opposition journals and all the news vendors' stalls were destroyed, and the newsmen arrested by the Police. On Wednesday copies of the proscribed journals were read aloud on Boulevards, to great bodies of the people, in defiance of the Police.

Six companies of the National Guard have been suspended for electing a Socialist Captain.

A Te Deum was performed on the 20th for the Pope's return to Rome, to which Court M. Raymond has been appointed Plenipotentiary.