

Mountain

Gentle.

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

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POETRY.

LIFE.

I marked you barque, as o'er the deep
She swiftly glided on;
And saw her dash with quicken'd leap,
The spray around her flung;
She seem'd as fair as Hope could be,
And danced in triumph o'er the sea!

I saw her hence, a shapeless thing
She tossed on ocean, to and fro,
As o'er her prow Hope could not fling
One smile to light her painful woe;
She seem'd so frail that might could save
Her beauty from a watery grave!

'Tis thus with man—he presses o'er
The surface of life's mimic sea;
And, restless, seeks some fancied shore,
There to be blest, there to be free;
But storms and clouds his hopes o'ercast,
And bliss is swallowed in the blast!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE WAGER, OR, THE TWO WEDDING RINGS.

CHAPTER I.

"Love you, Charley?—no, not a bit!—
What should you put such a ridiculous idea
into your head? Why you are a mere boy!"

"I am not, Ellen, I assure you. I have
not a boyish feeling about me; and, for my
appearance, I am sure I do not look like
a boy in the least. Have I, indeed, cultivated
this moustache with so much pains
for nothing? Am I not nearly twenty-one?
and, above all, do I not love you devotedly?"

The roguish little Ellen made no answer,
but, began to sing—

"A little boy went out to shoot one day,
And carried his arrows and bow;
For guns they are dangerous things for play
In the hands of children you know."

"Nonsense, Elly."

"A little bird sat on a tree,
And whistled and said, 'you can't shoot me!'"

"And neither can you, Mr. Charley,"
said Ellen, laughing.

"I don't know about that," said Charley,
saucily. "I think little maiden, that you
are more than half in love with me already,
and I will see if I cannot make you
quite so."

"Just here how the song goes on," said
Ellen.

"Only wait," said the boy, "till I get close
enough,
And see if I don't shoot you through."
"Don't think," said the bird, "I'm not up to
snuff."

To sit and be shot at by you!"

Charles laughed in spite of himself, but
returned to the charge.

"But tell me seriously, Elly, why you
don't love me, and I will remove heaven
and earth to be more agreeable to you—
Tell me what you wish for a lover."

"Well, Charles, in the first place, my
lover must be a handsome man, six feet
feet high at least, (you want full an inch
of the standard,) then he must have a great
bushy beard, (excuse me dear Charley,
but your little moustache is rather a mis-
erable substitute) then he must waltz di-
vinely, sing enchantingly, and love me as
well or better than you do."

"Pshaw!" said Charles, impatiently, "If
you had such a lover, you would not like
the grizzly bear one half so well as you
do me. I would bet you your wedding
ring, that if such an one as you describe
were to appear, which is not very likely,
you would, after all, tell me that you
would take me in preference."

"Tell you so, indeed!" said Ellen, in-
dignantly, "that will I never do, and I wil-
lingly accept your wager."

"Very well, Elly, I see you have some
yague, romantic dream of some corsair
of a lover, and for the present, I stand by
a poor chap, but you know I am to set
out on my travels to-morrow, and—

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
I'll leave her for a year or two,
And she'll nae be so saucy yet.

Pardon me Elly, you are fond of old
songs—good bye!" So saying the gay
and handsome young man left the apart-
ment.

The next day Charles came to take
leave of Ellen, previous to going to South
America, where he expected to sojourn
for two or three years. They were both
sadder than on the day before, and Ellen's
eyes looked very much as though she

had been having a 'good cry' before he
came.

"Well, Elly," said Charles, after awhile
with an effort to be gay, "do you still per-
sist what you said yesterday? don't you
love me one bit?"

"Not much," said Ellen faintly.
"And do you still want that whisker-
and-o' yours to come and woo and win
you?"

"Not much," said Ellen again, "that is
to say—"

"Pshaw, Ellen! I see very plainly
how the matter stands with you," said
Charles. "You are in love with me, I tell
you!"

"Indeed I am not, sir," said Ellen, in-
dignantly.

"Indeed I am not, sir," said Charles,
"cover head and ears in love—but you
don't know it; and I suppose I must wait
patiently till you find it out and tell me
so."

"That will never be," said Ellen.
"I have not forgotten our bet, Elly; and
when you reject your 'ideal,' and tell me
you love me I shall expect you to present
me with our wedding ring; but, should
you marry your blue beard, I will present
you with yours."

"Very well, sir," said Ellen, "I may
meet with 'ideal' sooner than you think,
though I am but a lassie yet;" and tossed
her roguish little head scornfully.

"Well, well, Elly, don't be angry; re-
member only this, that you have one plain
honest hearted lover, who will never for-
get you—and Elly dear, let me advise you
to beware of those fancy lover, Pirates
Bandits and Spaniards are to be particu-
larly guarded against, being as all young
ladies know, exceedingly dangerous."

CHAPTER II.

Three years passed quickly away.—
Ellen had 'come out' and had gained, by
her sweetness and vivacity, several sincere
admirers; but still the hero, the 'ideal' had
not yet appeared. Charles was still re-
tained abroad, and was not expected back
for another year at least. Could he have
seen the joy with which his letters were
received by Ellen, and known that the last
was always kept in her bosom and read
again, he might have felt pretty well as-
sured of the state of her heart; as it was,
he became at times rather despondent.—
But, unfortunately, about this time a per-
sonage who bid fair to relieve Ellen's ro-
mantic dreams appeared in society. He was
a Spaniard and a count; he was also
handsome and accomplished—and all the
girls were in love with him. Ellen heard
of nothing but the count for some time be-
fore she met with him.

She saw him at last at a party—one of
her young friends pointed him out to her.
As she looked towards him, she saw a tall
noble looking man, very dark, very hand-
some, and better still, there was the mag-
nificent beard. Soon afterwards, the count
was introduced to her, and after a little
conversation, during which the count
seemed much agitated, he told her that she
so strongly resembled a very dear friend
he once had, that he could not look at her
without emotion. The suppression of deep
feeling on his part was so evident, that El-
len's warm sympathies were excited at
once. She became interested in him, more
especially as she found that his conversa-
tional and intellectual powers quite equal-
led his sensibility. Her own talents were
called forth by his, and she could not but
feel that she was appearing to great advan-
tage to the pensive stranger. But soon,
sooner than she expected or quite wished,
he left her and returned no more. Surely
thought Ellen, he will ask me to dance;
but no—he returned no more that evening.
Ellen went home a little discontented and
vexed. She met him again—but he merely
bowed and went on. A few nights af-
terwards, they met once more at a friends
house. Towards the end of the evening,
after Ellen had seen him admired and flattered
by half the ladies in the room, she
was rather surprised when he came and
took a quiet seat beside her. They soon
fell into a very pleasant conversation.—
The count had been in South America.—
She ventured timidly to ask if he knew
Charles Summers?

"Yes, I have met with him in Valpara-
iso several times—a fine fellow, and a
great pet with the ladies."

Ellen blushed.

"Is he a particular friend of yours?"
asked the count.

"Yes—no," Ellen said, "not a very
great, not a very particular friend;" and
growing very much embarrassed, as she
thought she saw a smile on the count's
face, she added hurriedly, and blushing
deeply, "only a slight acquaintance."

The count seemed well pleased with
her answer. He remained beside her
some time longer, and afterwards asked
her to dance. She could not, of course,
be conscious of the eclat of being the
partner of the handsomest man in the
room—he whose smiles all were seeking

but, though pleased and flattered, no mean
feeling of triumph over her many rivals
entered Ellen's gentle breast.

On the following day the count called,
and afterwards they met constantly, and
always, as by mutual impulse, they
seemed to seek each other's society. The
count grew more and more devoted. Ellen
was most frequently his partner in the fas-
cinating waltz, and he waltzed superbly.

He invited her to ride, and I confess
those rides were dangerous things. The
count rode even better than he waltzed,
and looked so noble on his proud steed.
As they passed slowly through those
beautiful, fresh, heart-warming country
scenes and through those long, quiet, shad-
dy lanes, I will confess the time was peri-
cious. Once in particular, when Ellen's
horse was restive, and the count was
obliged to soothe and encourage the fright-
ened girl, I will admit that her heart was
in great danger. But if the count's heart
was in equal peril, he did not show it—he
was always calm and imperturbable. Ellen
could not decide what his feelings were,
but she was almost sure he did not love
her. Sometimes, indeed, she thought it
quite possible he might; if she only knew,
she would know how to act.

CHAPTER III.

One evening after about two months ac-
quaintance with the count, Ellen gave a
party. While at her toilet, it must be
confessed she consulted her mirror with
more than usual care. She could scarcely
make her dark hair smooth enough; and
she, who generally thought but little of
dress, now wavered and debated for half
an hour before she could decide between
her white crape dress and her pink silk.
The white was at last chosen; and, with
a white wreath around her graceful head,
she certainly looked very lovely.

The evening advanced, but the count did
not appear. Ellen's color rose and
faded every time the door opened and
closed; but he did not come until she had
almost given him up. Ellen spoke to him
almost coldly as he greeted; but very soon
she felt her displeasure fading away under
the charm of his conversational powers.
His manner was so kind, so deferential,
so gentle to her, that her heart softened to
him almost tenderly.

He was called upon to sing, and as
Ellen heard his rich voice so full of feel-
ing, and listened to the impassioned words
of his song, she felt a strange, wild joy in
heart. As he ceased singing, his eye
sought hers, as though he sung for her
alone. She replied by a glance from eyes
full of tears. The count was soon again
by her side, and he contrived, after a
time to lead her through the parlor con-
servatory into the garden. The night was
soft and warm. They both walked along
in rather awkward silence. At length the
count in a suppressed voice, said—

"Dear Miss Ellen, permit me to say to
you one word, and to ask you one ques-
tion."

Ellen wished to speak, but she could
not utter a single word. The count went
on—

"I would—I must tell you briefly, but
truly, that I love you, and ask if you can
—if you do—love me in return?"

Ellen was so agitated that she could
scarcely support herself. The count per-
ceiving this, hastily threw his arm around
her, as if to support her; then as quickly
withdrew it, and, rather embarrassed, of-
fered his arm. Ellen struggled for calm-
ness, but she was greatly agitated. She
pressed her hands to her bosom and felt
Charles' last letter. She grew more and
more undecided. She knew not what to
do or what to think. After a violent
mental conflict, she said—

"You will think it very strange, but I
cannot answer your question; I feel that I
do not know my own mind; I cannot de-
cide what I ought to do." She paused;
and trembled exceedingly from nervous
excitement.

"Do not be agitated," said the count
kindly, almost tenderly, "much as I suffer
while my fate is undecided, you shall not
be hurried in making your decision; take
what time you wish to know your own
mind; permit me only to ask when I can
know your determination."

Ellen hastily named the next day; and,
escaping from him ran to her own room
to endeavor to compose herself before
again appearing amongst her guests.
When she returned to the parlor, the
count was not there. Oh, how inexpre-
sibly dull and tiresome the time seemed
till the company departed!

Ellen passed a sleepless night; but when
the count was announced on the following
day, she went down to see him with a
calm and decided air; but when he came
forward to meet her, with his fine eyes
full of love and anxiety, she felt her heart
sink, and she said quickly, in order not to
give herself time to relent—

"It gives me more pain than I can ex-
press to feel that I am disappointing so

noble a heart as yours; but, I confess to
you—and I hope you will pardon me for
not sooner knowing my own mind—I feel
now that another, unknown even to my-
self, had my heart before I ever knew
you."

The count grew pale. Ellen went on,
in a faltering voice—

"Believe me, dear friend, when I tell
you that I have never known any one
whom I regard so highly as yourself, save
you—and I am sure that had I never
known Charles Summers, I should love
you."

"Charles Summers!" cried the count in
a joyful tone; "ah, Elly, dear Elly, you
are then my own forever," and he clasped
her to his arms.

"Dear Charles," said Ellen, after she
had recovered from her surprise, "how
blind I was not to have known you sooner
though you have so greatly changed. But
tell me—why all this disguise and myste-
ry?"

"It was the great change which had
taken place in my appearance," said
Charles, which induced me to play this
masquerade. I remember your old wish
for a hero lover, and I determined to see
if I could win you in that guise. You
see I have now most of the desired re-
quisites—a tall figure, a tolerably handsome
face, and, best of all the large beard."

"I see, my friend, you have lost none
of your conceit in your travels," said
Ellen.

"And could you, Elly, after all, find it
in your heart to give up this fine fellow
and your countess-ship for your old lover
Charles? Ah, dearest, sweetest little Elly,
you have lost your bet, for have you not
told me to my face that you love me?"

"Not before you told me so, count tho'
you were," said Ellen.

"But I claim my wedding ring—the
forfeit," said Charles.

"And I mine," said Ellen, quickly—she
was going to add, "for I shall marry my
'ideal,'" but she stopped and blushed.

Matters were soon arranged between
the lovers, and, friends consenting, they
were in due time married, as all such
worthy and faithful lovers deserve to be.
One peculiarity only marked the cere-
mony. After the ring had been placed on
the finger of the bride, she herself placed
one in return on that of the bridegroom.
Thus happily terminated "The Wager."

How the Spy was Detected.

The Washington correspondent of the
Charleston News, says, an ingenious me-
chanic of Washington has invented a kind
of telegraphic hollow bullet, consisting of
two parts, screwed together. In this bullet
a despatch of several lines written on thin
paper can be compressed and then fired
from a musket to a considerable distance.

In time of war this contrivance might be
made very useful in conveying intelligence
into a besieged fortress or city. The screw
bullet, however, he adds, is no new thing,
as the following account will prove:

In the year 1776 when Gov. George
Clinton resided in Albany, there came a
stranger to his house one cold winter morn-
ing, soon after the family had breakfasted.
He was welcomed by the household, and
hospitably entertained. A breakfast was
ordered, and the Governor with his wife
and daughter, who were sitting before the
fire employed in knitting, entered into a
conversation with him about the affairs of
the country, which naturally led to the
inquiry what was his occupation. The
emotion and hesitation with which the
stranger replied aroused the suspicions of
the keen-sighted Clinton. He communi-
cated his suspicions to his wife and daugh-
ter, who closely watched every word and
action. Unconscious of this, but finding
that he had fallen in among enemies, the
stranger was seen to take something from
his pocket and swallow it. Madam Clin-
ton, with the ready tact of the women of
those troubled times, ordered hot coffee to
be prepared, and added to it a strong dose
of tartar emetic. The stranger delighted
with the smoking beverage, partook freely
of it, and Madam Clinton soon had the sat-
isfaction of seeing it produce the desired
effect. True to Scripture 'out of his own
mouth was he condemned.' A silver bullet
appeared, which upon examination was
unscrewed, and found to contain an impor-
tant despatch to Burgoyne. Thespy was
tried, convicted and executed, and the bul-
let is still preserved in the family.

A droll anecdote is told of the Ne-
apoliense ambassador, now in London.—
At Mr. Lumley's grand fete, he asked to
be introduced to Carlotta Grisi, with
whose dancing he had been enchanted, at
the Opera House. The lady was presen-
ted, and the Prince made some remark,
which, on being translated, was found to
be that "He did not know her with her
clothes on."

Curiosity Rewarded.

The other day, a friend of ours, who,
though rather smart, in the popular ac-
ception of the term, is decidedly vain in
his personal appearance, was standing
at the steps of the St. Charles Hotel, in-
tently watching the motions of two elean-
tantly dressed ladies, who at the moment
were passing up the street. After watch-
ing them for some time until they disap-
peared in the distance, he turned round
and addressed an acquaintance standing
near, asking him if he knew the hand-
some ladies who had just attracted the
attention of the number of admiring gen-
tlemen who were then (it was dinner
hour) congregated in that vicinity.—
"Know them? of course I do," replied the
person addressed.

"What are their names?"

"They are the Misses——and by
the way very fine girls they are, and for-
tunes too."

"Can't you introduce a friend?" asked
the first speaker.

"Well," said the other, "I don't know
that I mightn't, particularly as I have
heard them speak of you. They said
you were a remarkably good looking fel-
low."

"Really now! did they? I declare you
quite flatter my vanity," said our friend,
straightening himself a little, giving his
shirt collar a little more altitude, and then
twisting his delicate moustache with
glowed finger. "Did they say anything
more?"

"Oh! yes, they said a good deal, but I
don't think I can tell you the rest; it would
be a violation of confidence, you know,
and I am sure they would never forgive
me if they should find out that I had
betrayed them. Such things should be kept
sacred, you know."

This excuse did not by any means sat-
isfy our friend. In fact as always the
case when he himself was in question,
his curiosity was aroused, he was anxious
to know what the ladies had said about
him; he couldn't rest till he found out; he
coaxed, he persuaded, he solicited, but
all in vain, the obstinate disturber of his
peace would not give any satisfaction.—
At last after exerting every expedient to
extract the desired information, our friend
invited his companion to take a drink,
then a second, then a third, and finally
the gong sounded for dinner and found his
curiosity ungratified. Seizing his obsti-
nate tormentor by the arm, the inquisitive
individual said, "Come, Tom, let's go to
dinner, and we'll discuss that matter over
some fine champagne."

"With all my heart. I never refused a
good offer, and as I know the quality of
Mudge & Wilson's champagne, I don't
think I can let this opportunity slip."

Up stairs they accordingly went, and
seated at the dinner table the cross ques-
tion was put in operation with redoubled
vigor. Claret and burgundy, and cham-
pagne were ordered; the most delicate
dishes were placed before the possessor
of the precious information. But all the
temptations failed. He would not tell.—
He would not sacrifice his honor by dis-
closing a private conversation; besides,
it might have a bad effect, and in short
it was altogether impossible. Our friend,
however was not to be discomfited in this
way; he continued his attentions and his
persecutions till the cloth was removed,
till the dessert was placed on the table
and demolished, and till at last he and
his companion were the only persons re-
maining. Finally the latter arose, saun-
tered to the door, and stepped out on the
capacious portico, where, tooth-pick in
hand, he took a seat in order that he might
quietly enjoy the remembrance of his fine
dinner. Our friend, though, was not
disposed to let the matter drop; he drew
up a chair, deliberately sat down and ex-
pressed his fixed determination not to
stir till he should find out what those
ladies had said about him.

"Well," said the other, "if you are re-
solved, I might as well tell you; though I
couldn't have done so before, for fear of
spoiling your appetite. Those ladies said
that you were a fine looking fellow, and I
had to agree with them in that—"

"Well well; what then? You told me
that before?"

"Well, in the next place they said it was
a pity you were good looking, for you
were the greatest simpton they ever
knew."

On hearing this reply our friend rose
from his seat bowed politely, remembered
that he had an appointment at precisely
that hour, and retired precipitately. He
was not seen about St. Charles before din-
ner for some time afterwards. The rea-
son we leave the reader to judge.—N.
O. Pic.

The Labors of Congress.—Congress
has been in session eight months, and it
has passed two bills, one to give the frank-
ing privilege to Mrs. Taylor, and the
other the same privilege to Mrs. Polk.

Singular Vegetable Phenomenon.

The following account of a singular,
and perhaps important Vegetable phenom-
enon, is taken from the Knoxville (Tenn.)
Register:

"About this time last year the cane up-
on several islands in the rivers of East
Tennessee, was discovered to be produ-
cing small grain, which very much re-
sembled rye, both as to size and shape. It
grew in heads and was covered with chaff
like that of wheat. The production was
then considered remarkable, and so uni-
versal that not even the 'oldest inhabitant'
had ever seen anything of the kind. The
conjectures respecting the cause of the
appearance of this unusual grain were
very numerous—many persons (and some
of them skilled in botanic learning) sup-
posed that the cane had by some means,
been inoculated with wheat.

This year we are told that the cane
throughout East Tennessee is bearing in
almost incredible quantities, the same
grain. At some places it would not be
difficult to collect as much as twenty-five
or thirty bushels per acre. Some persons
owning cane lands have already gathered
large quantities of the grain, which they
find makes a flour equal in appearance to
that of wheat, and equally as palatable
when cooked in the form of cakes, &c.—
Hogs and fowls eat the grain as it falls
from the cane, with the same greediness
that they devour any other small
grain. Another remarkable feature about
the matter is that so soon as the grain be-
gins to mature the cane begins to die, and
the indications now are that all the cane
in East Tennessee, will die out this sea-
son."

Beauty of Jewesses.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on re-
turning from his Eastern travels, was
asked if he could assign a reason why
the women of the Jewish race were so
much handsomer than the men, when he
gave the following one:—Jewesses, he
said, have escaped the curse which al-
ighted upon their fathers, husbands,
and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen
among the crowd of priests and rabble
who insulted the Son of God, scourged
him, crowned him with thorns, and sub-
jected him to infamy and the agony of
the cross. The women of Judaea believed
in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed
him under affliction. A woman of
Bethany poured on his head precious
ointment, which she kept in a vase of
alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet
with perfumed oil, and wiped them with
her hair. Christ, on his part, extended
mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from
the dead the son of the widow of Nain,
and Martin's brother Lazarus. He cured
Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman
touched the hem of his garment. To the
Samaritan woman he was spring of liv-
ing water, and a compassionate judge to
the woman in adultery. The daughters
of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy
woman accompanied him to Calvary,
brought him balm and spices; and weep-
ing, sought him in the sepulchre. "Wo-
man, why weepest thou?" His first ap-
pearance after the resurrection was to
Mary Magdalene. He said to her, "Mary!"
At the sound of his voice, Mary Mag-
dalene's eyes were opened, and she an-
swered, "Master." The reflection of some
beautiful ray must have rested on the
brow of the Jewesses."

Original Anecdote.—A member of our
legislature, from one of the interior
towns, from the cares of business at home,
grew thin and poor in the Calvin Edson
sense of the word. At his arrival at the
metropolis, the good fare of a Boston
Landlord, and the relaxation from busines
(every body knows that it is no great af-
fair to say yes or nay in the House of
Representatives,) caused him to grow
fleshy and corpulent to such a degree as
almost to excite the surprise of his brother
Legislators. Surprise turned to
laughter is the most exciting of all laugh-
ter; and it was so in this case, when some
incurable wag wrote with chalk upon
the back of the member's over coat: "Bal-
ter at the expense of the State." This
brief explanation of his sudden roundness
of countenance and figure, the Honorable
member in question unconsciously carried
with him nearly a whole day—much to
the amusement of his brethren—"at
the expense of the State."—Lowell Jour-
nal.

A young lady thus writes anonym-
ously, in the columns of an Irish paper:
"For my part, I confess that the desire of
my heart, and my constant prayer is, that
I may be blessed with a good and affec-
tionate husband, and that I may be a good
and affectionate wife and mother. Should
I be denied this, I hope for grace to resign
myself, but I fear it will be a hard trial
for me."