

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.

From the London Court Journal. VIRTUE REWARDED. A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

A light knock at the door interrupted the conversation. Anna cast a look of inquietude at her mother, for since the loss of their fortune no visit had broken their solitude.

"Go and open it," said the lady. With a smile she obeyed, and the opened door gave entrance to a man, whom she immediately recognized as the stranger who had assisted the poor old sufferer.

The countenance of Mademoiselle Reval at once assumed a grave and severe expression. Her mother perceived the change but before she could make an inquiry into the cause, the stranger advanced and saluting her with respect, said: "Madame, you are, I presume, the mother of this young lady?"

Madame Reval made a sign of assent, and pointed out a chair to the stranger. He took it, and continued: "chance this morning brought Mademoiselle and myself together in affording assistance to an unhappy—"

"Oh! mother," interrupted the young girl, whose neck and face was covered with blushes at this allusion to the morning's adventure, "I have not had time to tell you about it. Do you remember the poor old man who generally took up his station at the door of our hotel formerly? He always wore a green banage over his eyes, to conceal his face from the passers-by, held a small basket of matches in his hand."

"Yes," interrupted Madame Reval in her turn, "I remember him well; your father always dropped some money into the basket when returning from the Bourse. You always used to call him your poor old man; and you, as little as you were, delighted in giving him every thing you could scrape together."

"Well, since our departure from the hotel, we have asked each a hundred times what could have become of him."

"Yes," said Madame Reval, with evident interest.

"Well mother, I found him to-day, at last, but in such a wretched state that I was really shocked."

Stretching on the snow, dying, absolutely of cold and hunger; and, without the kind assistance of this gentleman, he must have perished where he lay."

"Say rather without yours," said the young man earnestly. "I could do nothing for I had lost my purse. To you, and you alone, is he indebted for life. But," continued he in a different tone, seeing the color again mounting to Anna's face, "it is not for the purpose of disclosing to this lady the secret of your good actions that I have followed you here, it is to request you to take the trouble of buying a bed and some other little necessities for this poor child of misfortune. Here are a hundred francs, that you will have the kindness to employ for this purpose. I pray you to believe that if I was not a stranger in Paris, and on the point of quitting it this very evening I would not take this liberty with persons to whom I am unknown. I trust that you will excuse my request."

"There is no necessity to offer an apology," said Madame Reval; "on the contrary, we ought to thank you for having selected us to complete a benevolent action."

"Now Madame," said the young man in a hesitating and timid manner, "it remains for me to enquire the name of my young sister in this work of kindness."

"Mademoiselle Anna Reval."

A cry of astonishment broke from the stranger. "The daughter of Mr. Reval, of Bordeaux, who lost his fortune by trusting in a friend, and died of grief?"

"Alas! you have but too truly stated the case. How does it happen that you are acquainted with these facts?"

"I am Jules Barsac," said the young man, in a voice scarcely audible.

Anna grew pale, and went and placed herself near her mother's seat. A mournful silence succeeded for a short time, and it was Jules who broke it.

"Ah! Madame," said he suddenly rising, "I perceive that I yesterday sent you my renunciation of a life of happiness."

"This letter," he repeated, as he slightly touched it with the finger of his right hand, with a look of disgust—"permit me to destroy it, and to forget that it was ever written."

Looking from one lady to the other, and seeing no sign of opposition, he tore it down the middle, and threw the portions into the fire. He watched them until the flames had seized on every part; and then, as if content that it was wholly and irretrievably destroyed, he approached Madame Reval, and bent his knee before her, as she regarded alternately with the utmost satisfaction, her daughter and him

whom she would have chosen for her son-in-law, if the choice had been in her power. "Or if the memory of this unhappy letter can not altogether pass away, and if part of it must remain in remembrance, think only of the words which say, 'If your daughter and myself had been acquainted.' We are acquainted, and know each other already as if we had never been apart. I just now called Mademoiselle by the name of sister; let me call her by another name, not less kind, but more sacred, that of wife. I have no fortune to offer, but I feel animated by double courage and hope. For her—for you, Madame, who will never quit us—I will work with energy and determination, and I feel that I shall succeed in my efforts. Oh Madame, deign to answer me! But you weep—you give me your hand—you consent to my request?"

"And you, Anna, what do you say?" asked Madame Reval, as she held out the other to her daughter.

"Have I ever any other will than yours, dear mother?" and she pressed the hand to her lips.

"You consent then Mademoiselle?" said Jules; "then you will allow me to present you this ring as a mark of our engagement."

He handed her a little ring set round with turquoises.

"It's Anna's ring!" said Madame Reval with surprise.

"Yes mother," said Anna, quite confused; "I was obliged to sell it to replace the money I had received for my embroidery."

"It was in purchasing it that I discovered your address, although you entered in the jeweller's book only the name of Anna. It is to this ring I owe the happiness of again beholding you." He took as he spoke, the unresisting hand of the young girl, and placed on her finger the pledge of their union.

The same evening, in order to fulfil the benevolent intentions of Mr. Barsac, who was obliged to leave town for Bordeaux, Anna returned to the old man's lodgings. He was no longer to be found; he had disappeared without pointing out his new abode.

A month after in the humble lodgings of Madame Reval, a few were assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract before the notary who soon made his appearance; he was followed by an elderly man, richly attired. As the latter was not introduced, no person took much notice of him, for each was too much occupied with the ceremony for which they had come together. Madame Reval was still an invalid, and had her daughter seated near her. The notary placed his portfolio on the table, and took from it a contract of marriage, which he proceeded to read aloud. After having specified the little property of the bridegroom, he went on to detail the fortune of the lady: "Madame Reval makes over to her daughter the sum of £1,000 per year."

"You are making a mistake, Monsieur," interrupted Madame Reval; "formerly I did intend—"

The notary, without paying any attention to the interruption, continued—"£1,000 a year, arising from money in the public funds, for which here are the securities."

Saying this he displayed the coupons on the table, and Madame Reval; the daughter, and Jules Barsac, all made a movement as if about to speak, when the aged stranger arose and made a sign for them to remain silent. Surprised at this interference they awaited with interest the result of this strange scene.

"What!" said the old man, with a broken voice, and addressing Anna, "what Mademoiselle, do you not remember your poor old man?"

While she was looking earnestly at him trying to read in his venerable countenance the marks of misery and suffering, he continued:

"You have, then, forgotten ten years of daily kindness? You have forgotten the third of January, with the opportunity—the fire, the wine, and the wing of a fowl wrapped up in a piece of a newspaper?—All forgotten? Well that very piece of newspaper is the cause of my misery being at an end. In an advertisement which I bore, I read the intelligence that a French gentleman, named Francois de Chazel, had been for years seeking in vain for his brother, Jacques de Chazel, ruined, like him, in the revolution; and that by his will, he had ordered an advertisement to be inserted every week for 3 years that the brother might come forward and claim his ample fortune. That Jacques de Chazel stands now before you, it is I."

"Without delay I set out for London, and only returned yesterday. Your notary," continued he speaking to Madame Reval, "is mine; from him I heard of the intended marriage of your daughter. To

that angel I owe my life, with a part of that fortune which, without her, never would have reached my hands."

"But, Monsieur," said Madame Reval, with emotion, "perhaps you have a family?"

"Yes, Madame," replied he, bowing low as he spoke, "if you will admit me into yours."

"Ah, you have made part of our family for such a long time!" said Anna, pressing in her hands those of M. de Chazel, then with a gesture full of naive grace pointing to her intended husband, she added in a low voice, "It is he who took you up. Do you recollect him? Ah! you say that to me you owe your life; if you only knew how much I am indebted to you—if you only knew it! But we will separate no more, and I shall have time to tell you all about it."

Jules came forward to present the pen to his bride, and they both signed the marriage contract. Formed under such auspices, who can doubt that it was a happy one?"

The Last Hours of a Single Gentleman.

This morning April 1, at half past 11 precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pickney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at John's party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pickney was there, and the first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, then handing the things at supper in the most devoted manner.—From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pickney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year; but there is reason to believe that but for reasons of pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young ladies were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus to become accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten, he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after ten, his younger brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied "not yet." The question was then put to him how he thought he would sleep; to which his answer was, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog, which were supplied him. His brother who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would have anything more that night. He said "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take leave, when the devoted one considerably advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at quarter of a minute to seven, the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called according to his desire rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin, appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time than usual to his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white waist coat and nankeen trousers, with neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the corolla of his bosom. In front of the scarf was inscribed a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.—Having descended the stair case with a quick step he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends were awaiting him. He shook hands cordially with all present; and on being asked how he slept, he answered, very well, and to the father's demand as to the state of his mind he said "He felt happy."

One of the party having hereupon suggested, that it would be as well to take some thing before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed with some emphasis "decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate the whole of a French roll, a large round toast, two sausages, and three new laid eggs, which he washed down with two great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of a person present at the appetite, he declared that he had never felt it heartier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes to eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired if he could do

anything for him; when he said he should like a glass of ale. Having drunk this he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles which he would soon no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and he charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with solemnity to the landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said, "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his friends followed in others.

Arrived at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some seconds took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side, but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pickney endeavored to preserve a decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth & eye brows proclaimed his inward agitation.

The ill-starred bachelor having submitted to have a large white bow, pinned to his button hole, now walked side by side with Miss Gale, with a firm step to the altar. He surveyed the imposing preparations with calmness and gazed unmoved, on the clergyman, who, assisted by the clerk, was waiting behind the railings.

All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the proscribed melancholy formalities gone through the usual question was put, "wilt thou have this woman for thy wife?" To which the rash youth replied in a distinct voice, "I will." He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymeneal nozze was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into—matrimony.

The Prince of Magicians.

It is related of Signor Blitz, that wishing one day, while in Pennsylvania, to procure a draft on New York, for a certain amount, he stepped into one of the country banks in that State, and made known his wishes to the proper officer, who, by-the-way, was a stiff staid old Quaker. Being informed that he could be accommodated, he was asked—

"In whose name shall I draw the draft?"

"In my own, Signor Blitz," was the answer.

"Art thou the wonderful man who is performing all these mysterious things?" asked the Quaker.

"The same," answered the Signor.

"And now, friend, will thee show me one of thy tricks?" interrogated the Quaker.

"With pleasure," answered the magician, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the officer and requested him to mark it so that he would be able to distinguish it. This the Quaker did.

"And now," said the Signor, taking a glove from his pocket and placing it over the quarter, which he had laid upon the counter, "are you sure that the quarter is under the glove?"

"Quite sure," answered the Quaker, gently lifting the glove, and beholding the quarter snugly ensconced under it.

"Sure, quite sure of it!" asked the Signor.

"Yes, friend, I see it with mine own eyes," answered the other.

"Lift the glove," said the magician.

The Quaker did so, and to his consternation the quarter was gone.

"Friend," said the Quaker, wilt thou do that once more?"

Again the Signor placed the quarter in the same position, and motioning the Signor to stand back, the Quaker placed his eyes down upon a level with the counter, and then making a sudden dive at the glove, he lifted it and the quarter was gone.

"Jonathan," said the Quaker, drawing a long breath, "place that money—" referring to the amount received for the draft—"away in the safe, and lock it up, and put the key in thy pocket."

"Well," said the Signor, who is always fond of a joke, "now I will give you a proposition. If I can, standing where I am, draw that money into my pocket, I am to keep it; if I cannot, I will surrender the draft, and both draft and money is yours."

"Go thy way, friend, thou shouldst not do such things," said the Quaker, politely bowing the Signor to the door.

Why is an oration delivered from the deck of a ship like a necklake? Because it is a deck-oration.

Why is the letter A like a honey-suckle? Because a B follows it.

Teaching a Deacon.

A gentleman of this State, who resides in the town of Ellmore, Mequango county, is, as he describes himself, very *onsartin* in politics, and besides that, is the most *onsartin* practical joker we have heard of, of late. Here is one of his jokes:

The gentleman was in his store on Sunday morning, preparing for the duties of the day, when the deacon entered. An unfortunate pack of cards was lying on the counter, and the deacon, as in duty bound, remonstrated with our joker on this villainous practice. The latter admitted that it was at least an idle waste of time, and taking the cards in his hand, moralized on the subject as well and warmly as the deacon. At the same time he allowed a few cards to fall here and there on the counter, they lying very much in the shape of tricks, and looking as if the two had really been "taking a hand."

At this juncture, another member of the church came in (the post office was in the store,) and all at once the joker, placing his finger on a couple of cards on the corner, exclaimed—

"Now, deacon, I tell you this won't do. The queen always takes Jack, and its mine ten the nine, and so down, and if you don't attend, you will never learn the game. That Jack is a good card, but my queen takes it, counts me one point, besides one on count for game."

"Why, neighbor," exclaimed the horrified deacon, "what do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say," was the reply—"the queen takes the Jack, and its mine ten the nine, and so down, and if you don't attend, you will never learn the game."

"Why, neighbor," exclaimed the horrified deacon, "what do you mean by that?"

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