

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.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"Sweet thou yon lonely cottage in the grove,
With little garden neatly planned before;
Its roof deep shaded by the elms above?
Go lift the willing latch—the scene explore—
Sweet peace, and love and joy thou there shalt find."

For there Religion dwells; whose sacred lore
Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,
And pours a heavenly ray on every humble mind."
HUNTINGDON.

The long winter evening was drawing to a close—the books and work had been put by—the "big ha bible" reverently deposited in its accustomed place at the close of family worship, and the cheerful circle that surrounded the fireside of farmer Lee, after an affectionate good night, had retired to their respective apartments. The farmer himself rose from his chair, and carefully covering up the glowing coals which sent a fitful light through the now darkened room, was about to retire, when a sudden rush of emotions seemed to overpower him, and throwing himself on the wooden settle which occupied one corner of the huge chimney, he covered his face with his hands, and wept aloud. "Father," said a soft voice at his side—"dear father, you are not well. What can I do for you?" "How is this, Grace?" he answered almost sternly—"I thought you were all gone, why are you still up at this late hour?"

"Because I could not go to rest while I know that you are suffering. Father," she continued, "I have watched you and mother all day, and I know you have some sorrow of heart which you are hiding from us, while it is sinking you to the earth. May I not know what it is, that if I cannot assist, I may at least have the privilege of bearing it with you?"

While she spoke, Grace Lee had seated herself on a low bench at her father's feet, and clasping her hands upon his knee, looked up in his face with an expression of earnest entreaty that might have moved a heart of stone. But farmer Lee's heart was made of no such material. It was full of the milk of human kindness; besides, he dearly loved the sweet girl whose blue eyes were gazing so tenderly into his, and had sometimes been tempted to feel a little proud of his "wild flower," as the good minister once called her. He cleared his throat, therefore, and fondly passing his hand and bony hand over her shining hair, said mildly, "you are a good girl, Grace, and a comfort to your parents, but this is a matter beyond your ability to manage, and trouble will come soon enough without meeting it half way."

"Oh, do not say so, dear father—I am almost eighteen, and you must not look upon me any longer as a child to be petted and cared for, but a woman, who is both able and willing to take her share of the burdens it may please God to lay upon you. Tell me what it is that afflicts you, and do not fear that it will make me unhappy; I can bear anything but to see you miserable, while I am ignorant of the cause."

"Child, you know not what you ask—are you prepared to hear that your father is a beggar—that we must leave the old homestead—where you were all born, and where we have been so happy?" a choking sensation prevented farmer Lee from proceeding, and Grace slowly repeated, as if mechanically—"Leave the old homestead, and for what? Why must we go?"

"You were a child," her father answered, "and do not remember your uncle Barker. He was in trouble, and I tried to help him out, but in some way, before the business was ended, I was obliged to mortgage my farm for a small sum which could be raised in no other way. The interest has been regularly paid until within the last four years, and I have always hoped to get together enough to pay the principal, but somehow or other, instead of this, I have got behind hand, and now the man who holds the mortgage threatens to foreclose, unless the interest, which amounts to more than two hundred dollars, is raised immediately, and this is impossible, as even you must know."

"But your brother—uncle Thomas," said Grace, eagerly, "he has money enough, will he not help you in such a case as this?" "Perhaps he might, but he would want better security than I can give him; and, moreover, if I cannot now pay the money on the bond, what reason is there to suppose that I could raise it any better next year to repay your uncle? No, no, Grace, there is no help for it, and we must bear it as well as we can, but the hardest part of all, is the thought of poor Philip, who is doing so well in his college studies.—Poor fellow, I can do nothing more for him now, and he must come back and try what he can do for the rest of you, by keeping school, or in some other way."

During her father's brief narration, Grace had remained gazing at him, every faculty absorbed in deep and painful interest, but as he ceased to speak, she started up, and with sparkling eye and glowing cheek, exclaimed, "Never shall Philip be called home on such an errand while I live to prevent it. I am young and strong, and can find a way of helping you all, little as you may believe it. Nay, hear me," she said, as she saw that her father's face expressed strong incredulity—"it was only yesterday that Sarah Carter, who has just returned from Lowell, told me what high wages some of the girls earn, who are not older than I, and which of them do you think would have a dearer object to work for than I, with the old homestead, and dear Philip before me?"

A tear had been slowly gathering in farmer Lee's eye while his daughter spoke, and it fell on her neck as he kissed her, and replied to her fervent appeal—"you are too young, Grace, to know how impossible it is for you to do all that your love for me dictates—but I thank you for the will, and I shall never forget it."

"But you surely will not refuse to let me go, dear father. I have been for some time thinking about the factories, and now I am so certain that I could help you, and Philip too—it would be cruel to deny me. Mother, will you not plead for me," asked the ardent girl. "You know not how my heart is set upon this thing."

Mrs. Lee had been apparently intent on some household duty during the conversation between her husband and child, but thus addressed, she took a step toward Grace, and only replied by inquiring in a low voice, "And what do you think Lewis Dayton will say to such a plan, Grace?"

"Poor Grace! The blood rushed over cheeks, neck and brow at this question, and a convulsive movement of the lip told that a chord had been touched to which every heart-string vibrated—but it was only for a moment, and then she said rapturously, "If Lewis Dayton cares anything about me, he will like me the better for doing my duty as a daughter—and if his love cannot stand this test, it is better to know it now than hereafter."

"Grace is right, wife"—said the farmer more cheerfully—"no man deserves our girl who thinks the less of her for any kind of honest labor, and though I have little confidence in her plan of helping her old father, I am willing she should go and try her fortune since she wishes it."

"Now bless you for that word, dear father. I am certain of success if I only have your approval, and that of my mother, whatever others may think or say."

It was with great difficulty that Grace obtained a promise from her father to wait six months before anything was said to Philip about leaving college, but he yielded at last, and through her agency, an arrangement was made with uncle Thomas, by which the interest was paid up, and the troublesome creditor quieted for the present. Farmer Lee was certain that it was all nonsense, and that he was only getting more deeply into trouble by this resolve, but it was hard to deny anything to the favorite child, who had never seemed so dear to him as now, when she was so soon to leave them.

The pleasant farm on Beech Hill had been in the Lee family for two generations, and they were respected and beloved by all the inhabitants of the little town of Meredith, in which it was situated. The news flew swiftly that Grace Lee was about to leave home, to go into a factory, and in that quiet community it occasioned quite an excitement. It was not, a few years since, as common for the daughters of respectable farmers to enter the mills for a season, as it now is, and Grace Lee, though a hardy mountain maiden, had been so much the household pet, that few imagined how much quiet energy lay concealed beneath her gentle and lady-like demeanor.

"I always knew that pride must have a fall," said Miss Priscilla Jones, whose envy of our sweet Grace had been nourished until it became an absorbing passion—and who had hastened to the store of young Mr. Dayton to tell him the news. "Grace Lee has held her head so high that people thought she was the only girl in Meredith. I wonder what she will say now, don't you?"

The young merchant only smiled, and said he presumed the whole affair was a mistake, but it was nothing to him certainly, what any young lady thought proper to do. But though he affected great indifference on the subject, he was far from feeling it, for he admired the wild flower of Beech Hill more than he would have chosen to confess, and his attentions had been so marked, that neither Grace nor her parents could misunderstand them. But to marry a factory girl—this, his foolish pride whispered, was not to be thought of, so he hastened to the house of farmer Lee, to hear the report contradicted by the lips he loved best. It cannot be denied,

that the heart of the young girl fluttered so wildly at his entrance, that she could hardly speak to bid him welcome, nor that a strange thrill of pain convulsed it, as he spoke of his surprise at hearing the rumor of her intended departure. But it was with a calm brow and a firm tone that she assured him he had heard only truth, and that she was indeed to leave home for Lowell, perhaps to be absent for some years. There was no mistaking the expression of her lover's face as she said this—it gave the death blow to all the hopes she had unconsciously cherished, and taught her that henceforth, Lewis Dayton must be to her as a stranger.—After an ineffectual attempt to induce her to relinquish the idea, and a few common place remarks about other things, he took his departure, leaving Grace in a tumult of contending emotions, among which, gratitude that she had so soon learned the loveliness of his professions, became predominant. "Better now than later," she said to herself, while the tears of wounded feeling gushed from her eyes—"I might in time have loved him so well, that the discovery of his character would have almost broken my heart. I have now only to think of my duty to my parents, and dear, dear Philip."

Philip Lee was two years older than Grace, and though an invalid from childhood, was a young man of uncommon strength of mind, and loveliness of character. From his inability to labor on the farm, it was early decided, that if possible, he should have an education, and it was the first wish of his heart to become qualified for the gospel ministry. By great exertions and self-denial on his own part, he had succeeded with the little aid his father could bestow, in fitting himself to enter college one year in advance, and the whole family were looking forward with eager anticipation, to the time when they should listen to his voice from the sacred desk. To Grace, particularly, who idolized her brother, this hope had become a part of her own existence, and she felt that no sacrifice was too great, no labor too severe, to ensure its accomplishment. But Philip possessed a portion of her own independence, and she must conceal her plans and wishes from him, or he would have refused to profit by her generous affection.

The day of parting at length came, and accompanied by her father, Grace Lee left the beloved home of her childhood, to enter on the new and untried scenes that awaited her. All was at first strange and unpromising, and with a heart-sickness never before felt, she sought the solitude of her own apartment, that she might weep without restraint. But she was young and hopeful, and the morning brought happier thoughts and renewed courage, for was she not there to help those who were dearer to her than life itself—and would not this alone make everything tolerable and even pleasant?

It certainly was so, for the light of love shone on every object around her, gilding with its own radiant hues the monotonous labor in which she was engaged—and making even the ceaseless hum of machinery sweeter music to her ear than the warbling of the songsters in her own native groves. It was important for her to secure high wages, and she did so, but not even for this would she neglect the cultivation of her mind, in the few leisure hours she might call her own. Her little room was a sacred spot, where order and neatness presided, and carefully tended flowers—well-chosen books, and a good collection of music, spoke the taste and refinement of its occupant. Without in the least neglecting her daily duties, she was enabled, by a judicious improvement of time, in attending lectures, and following a course of reading, to acquire an amount of useful knowledge, far exceeding that of many a young lady who has spent years at a fashionable boarding school. Her manners, too, though perfectly simple and unaffected, were graceful and dignified, and no one could look on her sweet face, through which heart and mind were ever speaking, without a feeling of deep interest and involuntary admiration.

Four years had now passed away since Grace Lee became an inhabitant of Lowell—and in that time, the mortgage on the "home farm" had been paid off by her, and her father now sat in his accustomed nook, with the glad consciousness that the inheritance which had descended to him, would go down to his children unincumbered by a single debt. Besides this, Philip had been compelled, by her sisterly affection, to accept of her assistance in his course of study, and was now, thanks to her generosity, a licensed minister, looked up to by all who knew him, as a young man of more than ordinary promise. Once a year she visited, for a few short days, the dear spot where her affections were garnered, and it always seemed to the household, as if the sun

shone less brightly than usual, when they missed the light of her smile and the music of her voice from their midst. But now the farmer and his wife were growing old, and could no longer spare her, and on the next Sabbath, her brother was to preach for the first time in the old church of Meredith, so Grace Lee bade farewell to the spot endeared to her by many recollections, and at the close of a bright summer day, found herself once more amid her earliest and dearest friends, under the paternal roof from which she had been so long an exile. It was a happy circle that surrounded the family altar that night, and as the young clergyman, in a deep, rich voice, that trembled with emotion, thanked God for the way in which he had led them, and above all, for the safe return of her whom he had made the messenger of mercy to her father's house, Grace felt that such a moment more than repaid her for all the sacrifices she had made.

"Grace," said a younger brother to her, a few days after her return—"Mr. Dayton doesn't dare to look you in the face, though I saw him stealing a glance, when he thought no one was observing him.—Poor man—his wife is anything but a treasure, if report speaks truth, and if he did not sell her to make money, he would have to shut up his store. How glad I am, that you did not have him—but are you really going to be an old maid?"

Before the quick blush that crimsoned the cheek of our heroine, at this simple question, had subsided, Philip exclaimed with a smile—"I must not divulge the secrets of the confessional, but if common fame speaks truly, a certain manufacturer, whose wealth is his best recommendation, is about to visit Beech Hill on a special errand. Our dear Grace has performed her part so admirably in his mill, that he wishes to try her services as a housekeeper—is it not so, Grace?"

"Never mind," said the fond father, who saw her embarrassment, "what common fame says. Hear the voice of experience, while I say, that the woman, who as a daughter and sister, has like our own Grace, been dutiful, affectionate, and self-sacrificing, will certainly, whatever her station in life may be, make a virtuous and excellent wife."—*Lady's Wreath.*

The Climate of California.

DROWNED, MELTED AND BAKED.—A California correspondent of the Kenosia Telegraph, who formerly resided in Wisconsin, says:

"If there be no other spot on God's green earth where a man could live but California, I would advise him to build an ark and take to the water. Of all the miserable climates that ever froze an Esquimaux, or crisped the hair of a negro, this takes the palm. From the first of November to the last of March, there is nothing but rain and mud, and mud and rain in endless variety and ceaseless succession; and from March to November, there is nothing but dust and sun, and shine, and dust and blow; and if a green thing can be found to eat in any patch of ground, (there is not a decent garden in all California, from the snow top of Sierra Nevada to the sands of the Pacific,) it has been coaxed out of the earth by some one (who was lunatic enough to have a decent home) standing over it with an umbrella all day, emptying water upon it at night, that has been brought seven miles from the river. This country is no more fit for a family to live in than the crater of Etna is for an ice house. No schools, no churches, no morals, no christianity, and no God, but the Trinity of whores, whisky and gold. We get nothing to eat but what comes round the Horn. Everything has been twice melted or baked at the equator and once frozen at the poles. Our very necessities are the miseries of life. Could you know when we are frying our lean, rusty, and stinking pork, and the wind is as barren as the highway; no stream flows in summer along the channel of Kedron; and that pool is dry where the tempting beauty of Bathsheba bathing provoked the guilt of the enamored King. Within the town the streets, though paved, are as difficult to travel as the road outside, lined with low, mean houses; now and then a heap of filth, perhaps a carcass unburied, half rotten and half eaten; here a horde of hedious dogs, there a knot of savage Arabs, crowds of ragged pilgrims, some beggarly looking citizens, some forlorn Jews in greasy robes and wide rimmed hats, some Turkish soldiers with pipes and swords, some women hermetically veiled, without even visible eyes. Amidst such objects, and a sight unexpected as unpleasant, one unconsciously uses the prophetic word—can this be the city whose comeliness was a proverb; that men called the perfection of beauty and the joy of the earth; was it here that God thought fit to put

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Ledger.

Letter from Jerusalem.

FROM JAMES B. EVERHART, ESQ.

Jerusalem May 10, 1850.

Glad as a bird I left the prison walls of the Lazaretto and Gaza, the ancient city of Sampson's heroic feats, whose gates he carried to the mountains, and where he bowed between the pillars, crushing the Philistine lords and ladies in his last revenge; and then near Askalon, whose ruins strew the shore, and by the sites of other places that have left no wrecks behind; by Ashdod, where "Dagon fell flat and shamed his worshippers," and Gath, the city of Goliath and Eltron, "now rooted up," whose smitten people sent away the ark of God, when the undriven knee went lowing along the highway to Bechemesh, rejoicing the hearts of the reapers in the valley. Our way had thus passed two days over a plain so level, so wide and cheerful, that we slackened our pace to feast upon the scene. It was the season of flowers and the time of singing birds and the voice of the turtle and the carol of the lark were filling with sweet music this voluptuous vale of Sharon. The day seemed like an hour, and the road like a garden path—old olives here and there white with vernal bloom, and crimson blossoms shone like leaves of fire amidst the luxuriant branches of the pomegranate trees; and there were roses, bright as stars upon the ground, pink worthy the strains of the sacred bard, and lilies such as the delighted eye of Christ remembered when he uttered the parable of Providence.

We went on through field of grain and tracts of land, which men were ploughing for Indian corn, with an instrument like a banded stick, drawn by heifers, such as perhaps the earliest fathers of mankind employed, and we reached Ramla, beautiful among the palms, the Arimathæa of Joseph, who buried Jesus; thence through a gap and along a sequestered valley, up a declivity, by the village of the repentant thief, frowning like a fortress, and on a road, if it can be called a road, which is the dry bed of a winter torrent, filled with stones of every size and figure, wildly hurled together, like broken walls or fallen rocks, deep and slippery, winding and narrow, up and down, no turf, desolate and hot, every step difficult, and every turn perilous, the horse plunging, crawling, sometimes on the mountain top, sometimes in a mountain gorge—here a village; then vale of Jeremia; by a Roman ruin and over which he smote the giant, and up another rugged ascent, and soon, with its embattled walls, he held the sacred city.

How solitary she seemed to sit upon the desolate mountain "shorn of her charms." Her environs "burned up like a wilderness." The neighboring heights no longer crowned with groves, nor the declivities gay with gardens; the fruitful vineyards, the pleasant trees, the green pastures, and the still waters have disappeared. The soil that was rich in grain and flowers, that flowed with milk and honey, that was the pride of Jew and praise of Gentile, has given place to naked rocks, and a sterility almost universal reigns around. A few olives still give their name to that memorable hill where the saviour wept over the unrepenting city, and that spot called Gethsemane sacred to his agony and sorrow, when he prayed for the hour and the cup to pass. Some little culture is on Zion where David had his palace, where is now his tomb and in that valley of the son of Hinnon, the scene of infamous worship paid to Moloch. On the Mount of Scandal stands a strange tree, almost alone, which tradition calls the gallows of Judas, the betrayer.

Some delicious verdure and cheerful pomegranates flourish at the base of Ophel, watered by blest Silva's brook; nothing grows upon the field of blood, it is as barren as the highway; no stream flows in summer along the channel of Kedron; and that pool is dry where the tempting beauty of Bathsheba bathing provoked the guilt of the enamored King. Within the town the streets, though paved, are as difficult to travel as the road outside, lined with low, mean houses; now and then a heap of filth, perhaps a carcass unburied, half rotten and half eaten; here a horde of hedious dogs, there a knot of savage Arabs, crowds of ragged pilgrims, some beggarly looking citizens, some forlorn Jews in greasy robes and wide rimmed hats, some Turkish soldiers with pipes and swords, some women hermetically veiled, without even visible eyes. Amidst such objects, and a sight unexpected as unpleasant, one unconsciously uses the prophetic word—can this be the city whose comeliness was a proverb; that men called the perfection of beauty and the joy of the earth; was it here that God thought fit to put

his name, whether David brought the Ark with songs of music; where Solomon sat upon his ivory throne, a city where people were a peculiar treasure, but who forgot the cause that cherished them—that saved them—that gave them food and habitation—they forgot the miracles of Egypt, of the wilderness, of Canaan—the dried waters, the falling manna, the gushing rock, the defeated foes, the abundant possessions. They followed after stage idolaters, heathen abominations, and "off forsook,"

"Their living strength, and unfrequented left His righteous altars, bowing lowly down To vestal gods."

Sacrificing on the eminent places, in the valleys and under the green oaks, to license, homicide and hate, they stoned the Prophet sent to warn them of error and of danger, of sin and retribution—and filling full the cup of their transgression, they crucified Him who brought them a new covenant, who taught them a new commandment, who would have gathered them under His wings. The day of visitation came. The city was encompassed round about with trenches—she was cast down—one stone was not left upon another—unparalleled affliction befel her—her land was wasted and neglected—her inhabitants were scattered and slain she was trodden upon and spoiled of the Gentiles.

Behold, to-day, Moslem sentinels are at the gates—a Moslem mosque stands over the foundations of her temple, and her sons are strangers within her walls—she has been forsaken, but not forgotten—bereaved, but not forever. Is it not written—her wandering children shall return—they shall come from the four corners of the earth, from beyond the seas, from the distant isles, from all the countries whither they have been driven, with arts knowledge and gold—planting a new nation on the heights of Zion, comforting her waste places, and causing peace to dwell again within her borders and prosperity within her palaces.

JAS. B. EVERHART.

The Root of Evil.

Dow, Jr., in the Sunday Mercury, thus discourses on the importance of money:

"My hearers—this is not only a great but a curious and mysterious world we live in and pay rent for. All discord is harmony; all evil is good; all despotism is liberty; and all wrong is right—for as Alexander Pope says; 'Whatever is, is right, except a left boot, and wanting to borrow money.' You may want sense, and the world won't blame you for it. It would gladly furnish you with the article, had it any to spare, but, unluckily, it has hardly enough for home consumption. However, if you lack sense, you are well enough off, after all; for then if you commit a *foir pavé*, as the French say, you are let go with the complaint, 'Poor fool! he doesn't know any better!' The truth is a great deal of brains is a vast deal of botheration." An empty skull is bound to shine in company; because the proprietor of it hasn't enough to know that there is a possibility of his making a nincompoop of himself, and therefore he dashes ahead, hit or miss and generally succeeds beyond the bounds of all expectation. Let a man be minus brains, and plus brass, and he is sure to pass through the world as though he were greased from ear to ankle; but rig for him up a complete machinery of thought, and it is as much as he can do to tend it! He goes to his grave ruffled and tumbled—curses life for its cares, and moseys into eternity pack-saddled with mental misery. Oh! for the happiness of a fool!"

VERY EXPLICIT.—A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman, exclaimed: "Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might your name be?" "Vy, my name is Honance Hollenbein-graensteinburgh."

"Cape Cod! If that ain't as long as a pumpkin vine! Well, I hain't no time to lose, I'm on a speculation. Tell me the way to Harrisburg."

"To Harrisburg? Well, you see dat boat pon der hill! pointing in the direction."

"Oh, yes, I see it."

"Well, den, you must not take dat boat. You see dat boat by der coal bank?"

"Yes."

"Well, dat is not der boat, too; but you must go right by der barn dere, and ven you see von roat crooks slust so, (bending his elbow and describing it at the same time,) and ven you kit dere keep along until you kits fuder. Well den, you will turn der potatoe batch round der bridge over der river up stream, ant der hill up, ant directly you see my brodder Fritz's parr, shinkled mit straw, dais der house vere mine brodder lived. He'll tell you so petter as I can, and you go little bit fuder you see two roats—you must take hote of dem."

The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.