

Yellow Mountain Gentime.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS

From the Metropolitan.

THE STUDENT'S BRIDE.

"A year ago—a year ago—how will I make you confess," said Blanche; "can you remember a year ago?"
"Perfectly," replied the student.
"This very night!"
"This very night. I remember it more perfectly because it was my birthday."
"What were you doing? What were you saying? What were you thinking?"
"Doing nothing. Saying nothing."
"Thinking?"
"Yes I was thinking. Nothing, dear Blanche, could be more unlike my last birthday than my present. For a moment I had gone back to that joyless existence when your voice recalled me to my present happiness. I was alone in my solitary dwelling—alone in my quiet chamber. You do not know what it is to have a home which you enter without welcome, and leave without regret. The charities of life warmed not for me. My chamber looks into a burial ground. The very grass fades on the mortal part of the immortal. Nay do not shudder."
"I have never seen death," said Blanche.
"And to me the dying and the dead are as familiar and daily things," said the Student. "Yet since I know you, I confess that I cannot approach them with the same calm and undisturbed spirit that I want to carry."
"Do not mention them," exclaimed she; "they are but shadows over our happiness."
"Picture me there in my dismal chamber. My lamp burning—my books around me. Dust accumulating over my manuscript, and my manuscripts accumulating too, for he who does not speak his thoughts most writes them. I was always more lonely in the summer than in the winter, because my fire is in some sense a companion, not for its comfort, but for its inappreciable origin, its mysterious existence, and its mighty power. Well, dearest, there sat I until well nigh overcome by a sense of oppression, of suffocation, by the torment of a parched tongue, and heated brain. Oh, Blanche! believe me that I rejoice to see that smooth trowel untruffled and uncrinkled by the toil of thought."
"Nay," said Blanche, "is not that so doubtful a compliment that I am almost bounden to let you see it ruffled by a frown?"
"Indeed no. Men arrive at right conclusions through a long train of wearying argument—woman, by an instantaneous and just conviction. And, indeed, dear Blanche, the toil of the slave beneath the torrid zone, with the lash at his back, is as nothing to the stretch of mental labor through the whole of that last birthday had I been taxing this poor intellect to the uttermost. I had scarcely tasted food, not exchanged word with any human being, when the clock of the cathedral warned me of the solemn and witching hour of night."
"And then you went to your pillow to dream?"
"I did not."
"Then whither?"
"Do not ask me."
"I must know," she answered with pretty waywardness.
"Ask me some other question."
"Yes, but first answer this. On your allegiance."
"I went to my dissecting room," he said gravely and sadly.
Blanche hastily snatched away the hand that he was holding, and with an exclamation of horror turned away.
"I knew," he said, "that I should shock and offend you; but now, dear Blanche, exercise your reason. Throughout the day I had been pursuing a laborious investigation, and went to illustrate and prove the truth of its results. Believe me that I could not lightly invade the sanctity of the dead, or approach it with an irreverent hand. It was because I felt the inveteracy of death, that I strove to grapple with its strong holds—because I saw the tears of the orphan and the wife, that I have labored through many days, and had made it my companion through many nights—for so I hoped to repel in one of its boldest forms of approach. And now will you think that my touch will pollute your hand?"
"Seemingly Blanche did not think so, for she suffered him to retain it."
"And the result?" asked she.
"The result," answered he. "Oh! the result was, that I became acquainted with you, and all other results were swallowed up in that."
"Shall I thank or chide you for that compliment?"
"Do not ask me. To a certain extent I ceased to think when I began to feel."—The intellect and passions can never reunite. The one must triumph at the

expense of the other. Man might be wholly intellectual were it not for woman, but she makes chains of our passions to bind us down to earth."
"Another doubtful compliment."
"I wanted but a week of the student's next birthday—that next birthday was to be his wedding-day. Blanche had deferred it until then. Women have a better tact at compliment than men after all."
"They were standing at an open window a little withdrawn from the festive group which were assembling taking no share in the pastime of the hour, and occasionally silent even to each other. There is a deep quietness in happiness which belongs not to joy."
"You are silent," said Blanche.
"Only because I feel the utter emptiness of words."
"Fill them with your thoughts."
"They may convey thoughts, but not feelings."
"They have done for Eve and all her descendants," said Blanche, with a smile.
"Shall I infer," said he, "that women feel less than men—that your feelings are less intense than mine?"
"Because I am too happy both in the present and future to be sad, and you are not so."
"Sad dear Blanche!"
"Ay, you cannot deny it. And indeed when you are in these silent moods, and I look on you, and your eye sees me not, and I watch the gatherings of thought upon your brow, and the gradual gloom that overshadows your countenance I say to myself that you were never made for the happiness of this fair world."
"You make me sad in reality, because I have the fullest trust that your happiness is implicated in mine."
"Indeed I was not selfish enough to remember that."
"And I was selfish to have forgot it even for this little snatch of time. Perhaps it may be my own individual fault; and yet is it not a law of our common nature to always be anticipating the future than enjoying the present? Come, dear Blanche, we will forget the future, (is it not curious to forget what has never been?) and be happy in the present."
"I will not be happy now," said Blanche.
"And why not?"
"Because you are leaving me for a week."
"To return for ever."
The Student had returned—all things had gone prosperously with him. He had made the final arrangements for his expected bride—his relations had concurred in his views—every thing was hopeful and happy.
Never to the Student's eye had the sun shone so brightly, nor the earth looked so gaily, nor the world appeared to be arrayed so invitingly, as on the last day of his return. Never had he felt such a buoyancy of spirit as when he entered the house where Blanche resided.
But suddenly a chill came over him.—What and why was all this? The house was darkened, the domestics moved stealthily and spoke not above their breaths, a dreary stillness, a mysterious awe hung heavily over all. The Student staggered, gasped for breath, asked why these things were so, and was told that—Blanche was dead!
They led him to her chamber, and he saw her again—saw her wan, white, motionless, wrapt in the ceremonies of the grave—he saw the coffin and the shroud—he was among the company of mourners, and heard the most awful of earthly sounds the rattling of the little handbell of mean earth on the last tenement of the earthly frame!
It was night when the Student entered his lonely chamber. The soil of dust was over his morning garments, but the quiet, self-collected men betrayed neither haste nor agitation; yet, notwithstanding this external placidity, there was an expression in the depths of his eye and the compression of his lips that chilled the heart of his solitary domestic, who, after long watching and an enforced silence, would gladly have heard the sound of any human voice. But words of comfort and offers of service seemed alike intrusions on the Student. "My lamp, and leave me," in deep sepulchral tones of the master's voice, sent the man in sadness to his bed.
The Student was alone—ALONE in the true sense and meaning of the word—and that is not when we are solitary in our dwellings, but when the world holds not an object of whom our thoughts can make a companion. It was the saddest and deepest hour of night, yet that hour so mournful and solitary to him, elsewhere rang with the carousals of protracted revelry. His mind glanced for a moment over the wretched meeting—the board crowned with plenty—the wine flowing—the charm of cheerful voices—and the

ringing of merry laughter; but what were these to him, except to force on him the contrast between the festive apartment and his own dark chamber—between hearts overflowing with gladness in all its varied caprices of jest and joy, and the deep despairing hopelessness of his own soul!
"It is over!" said the Student, "this dream of earthly happiness, this delusion of human passions—and it is well that it should be so, for is not happiness another name for selfishness? Witness myself—have I not been loving, doating?—and gradually has all creation narrowed round me, until the great purposes of existence were lost or nearly so—until the world, to my blind perception, held but my treasure and myself! Ay, this is the happiness of the world—the pleasure of the passions—given to all men—the crowd, the herd—they love and are loved. It is the happiness of the earth, earthly. The passions chain us down to this lower world, but, as the links loosen, the intellect connects us with loftier spheres."
"And yet I loved her! loved her as a miser does his gold, as a spendthrift his pleasure—ay, even as the pious love their God! Science seems a soulless drudgery while I listened to her voice, its gravest speculations, its noblest discoveries, were dull and stale to one cheerful world, to one glance of her laughing eye. One snatch of wild melody from her lip, one echo of her light footstep, was enough to win me from that noble philosophy which mounts the skies, and marks the broad line of demarcation between the sensual and the sage."
"I will be calm, however; are not the faculties of the mind of higher lineage than the passions of the heart, and shall they be slaves to its wild throbbings?"
The Student laid his watch before him—melancholy thing whereby we measure life—he laid it before him in the dim light of the lamp, his eye fixed upon its movements, and his hand pressed upon his own heart.
If the ravings of despair are sublime, surely fortitude is true nobleness. There stood the Student, calm in his utter hopelessness, the dim light reflected on his features, with his eye fixed on the silent moment of time, the noble outline of his figure and the intellectual cast of his head partly revealed. Who can tell, in the five minutes that ensued, what thoughts passed through the chambers of his mind—by what discipline the body was brought into subjection to the mental monarchy.
"I am calm," said the Student, "calm enough to count the pulse of dying infancy. I am not yet beyond the pale of my own subjection. The tumults of the body belong solely to the tyranny of the passions, and I who have nothing to hope, can have little to fear."
"And now to my task."
The Student took the dim lamp, and passed from the dark and gloomy chamber into one still more dark and gloomy.—Reader, follow not if death affrights thee, for it was the chamber of death.
The Student had surrendered all human passions, had immolated all human feelings—a stern pleasure took their place—he was diving into the deepest mysteries of God's creation—the mysteries of the human frame—that frame so fearfully and wonderfully made.
Ay, thou my body, part and parcel of myself, poor, and weak, and vain, and impotent, I am dizzy when I think of what thou art; and those powers of thine which are inhabiting within thee wonder at the strange partnership! "When shall I know even as I am know?"
Beautifully does light approximate with joy and happiness, and truly is darkness the sign and symbol of woe. How undeciphering is the instinct of the child, who trembles to be alone in the gloom of the night—night, the season for evil spirits, for sadness, for sighing, for sorrow! The Student entered the deep melancholy gloom of that lowly chamber with a noiseless step—the presence of death a greater majesty than that of living kings, though it be but in a peasant's dust, for the impress of the Maker's image lies legibly engraven there. The Student entered calm, composed, subdued, with the most perfect and the clearest possession of all his faculties—but we—oh! we shudder to think that there lay a fair young girl, in the elements of the grave, and that the Student stood with the long, sharp-pointed instrument of glittering steel, exempt from all human sympathies, all human passions, and aspiring to explore those mysteries which occupied the mind of Deity in the creation, with a lofty pleasure that seemed superior to all the happiness of the world's gladness.
But stay!—what means this emotion of the human sympathies, this softening of the heart, which passes over the features of the stern anatomist, as he stands with the glittering steel suspended over the form of that young girl? Does he think

of the isolated sanctity of death? does he think of the sacrilegious touch of the despoiler of the grave of the sister, the mother, the wife? does compunction and the touch of human sympathies press round his heart? No. He thinks of the dear one he had just consigned to the grave—just such a fair hand had Blanche placed within his own when last they parted? the rigor of his mind was gone, the shining blade fell from his hand and shivered into fragments, a mist gathered before his eyes—the strong man shook like the veriest infant.
But now—is it the weakness of his vision, or is it the fiction of his distempered brain?—did the white hand move?—did the faintest echo of a sigh break upon his ear?—did some low breeze undulate those vestments of the grave?—or was it—could it be the veriest, faintest breath of mortal life?
A moment and all the noble energies of the Student's mind returned. He lifted the covering from the face, raised the drooping form, drew round her his own dark mantle to hide the dismal cere-clothes, and then, with long and patient care, and with more than the mother's trembling tenderness over the couch of her dying infant, sought to win back the trembling, the fluttering, the uncertain pulses of life. Who can tell the anguish of that hour, when, but for the brief breathing times of hope, despair must have paralyzed his exertions. But at length—oh joy!—the blue eyes slowly opened, and, as they rested on him, the pale lips relaxed into a faint smile, and Blanche lived!
Rise of Senator Rusk.
Mr. Rusk, the subject of the following sketch has just been re-elected to the U. S. Senate for six years from the 4th of March next, by the strong vote of 55 to 5. The tragedy of Nacogdoches, and the romantic incidents which led to the Texan war of Independence, find their parallel only in the Roman history of Lucretia and the elder Brutus. Juan Costa was a person of great influence and bravery in the wild forests; but he fell under the displeasure of Santa Anna, and his minion Pedras, commander of Nacogdoches was sent to arrest him. He arrested the father at his supper table attended by his only daughter—a young girl of surprising beauty and intelligence. He loaded him with chains, and cast him into prison, notwithstanding her tears and entreaties. Finally he proposed to free the father if the daughter would consent to sacrifice her innocence and her honor. She rejected the infamous proposition with a blow in the face when the armed ruffian swore he would execute his will on them both.
With dark eyes, tearless, glassy, fixed as those of a corpse, yet flashing a double portion of luminous fire, she mounted a horse and hurried wildly around the country. She halted at every house, no matter whether American or Mexican, and rehearsed in tones of thrilling horror, her father's wrongs, and her own. All timid modesty, all weakness had vanished from her tongue, utterly consumed by her scorching thirst for vengeance. She painted in passion's fiery language, and with awful minuteness, the facts of the damning deed, she bared her bosom and showed the livid marks of the ravisher's fingers among the mazes of those azure veins along the surface of that expense of snow, now so polluted & so led, but before pure as the gleam of an eagle's wings.
And wherever the beautiful maid wandered, a deafening yell of wrath and indignation rose up against the tyrant. The people of both races and all classes flew to arms, appointing a general rendezvous for the 25th of June at the residence of the absent and now imprisoned Juan Costa.
It was there debated by the people as to the mode of attack, and who should be their leader, but nothing being agreed on, the whole assemblage had fair to break up in confusion, when a tall and powerfully built stranger, who had just entered Texas from the States, came forward and addressed the multitude as follows:
"I am a stranger, but I am also a man; and I owe my life, soul, body, health, happiness—all—all! to a woman—my mother! And if I turn a deaf ear to the prayers of an innocent woman asking my aid against a villain, may both my mother and my God curse me! I go for one, and—should you all stay behind—alone to fight Col. Pedras, and his armed ravishers of your wives and daughters!"
The speech was received with three tremendous cheers, and a shout, that seemed to shake the solid earth, uttered the first peal of the revolution. "We will go. Death to the tyrants! Freedom for Texas and the giant our leader!"
And then, for the first time, was heard in the land of the wild oak, a name destined to become an echo to the pulsation of all hearts—the name of Thomas J. Rusk.

The next day he led his raw troops to the attack of Nacogdoches, and stormed every position against immense odds, after an assault of four hours, the carnage being dreadful on both sides; and fortunately, among the slain was the dead body of the atrocious Ferdinand Pedras.
Such was the debut of Rusk in Texas; and from that day his popularity has steadily increased, without even a transitory eclipse, or so much as a cloud to dim its splendor. In vain, for three years did Gen. Cos demand his arrest. Mexico had not soldiers enough to take him, and in 1846 he assisted to chase the last of those out of the country. Afterwards he amassed a fortune at the Texan bar, and was chosen one of the first Senators of the new State—a place which he may hold for life if he will have it.
Rusk is the only public man in Texas that has never fought a duel, and for this singular reason, so honorable to himself—he never had a personal enemy in the world. To conclude, he is a Titan in physical force, with the loving soul of a happy child. He is not distinguished by eloquence of speech, but his laugh is sometimes divine—the clearing ring of his heart sound to the very centre.
Invasion of Cuba.
For some weeks past we have seen constantly in our exchanges, lots of paragraphs speculating upon the probability of another invasion of Cuba by the "Patriots," and the opinion seems to preponderate that there is another expedition on foot. The idea is, that there are already enlisted, or enrolled, some six or seven thousand expeditionaries who are soon to embark for the purpose of making another attempt on the Queen of the Antilles—that funds to a very large amount have been provided, and that vessels will soon be purchased, and the experiment again made. Some of the accounts associate General Quiroga's name with the enterprise, as the leader and commander-in-chief. Some say that Lopez will again command, & some that General Avezanza will be associated with him, either as first or as second or as a coequal and co-ordinate.
At first we did not believe much of all this; but seeing it reiterated so constantly in such positive terms, we begin to think that there may be some truth in it, not believing, however, in the large force said to be ready for action, or in the large amount of money said to be provided, or in Gen. Quiroga's being the commander of the expedition, though he would be worth a dozen of Lopez. With him the project might possibly succeed; with Lopez it never will.
What we suppose may be true is—that there may be another expedition organized, and that a good many persons may have enrolled themselves, and that they are waiting for a favorable conjuncture to attempt an embarkation—again from New Orleans, probably. But this is mere conjecture. It will be impossible, though, for six or seven thousand men to embark for Cuba, or even six or seven hundred, or two hundred, without its being known to everybody, for the reason that it is just impracticable for that number of men to leave the country in a steamer or other vessel, under such circumstances, without being observed.
The present plan is said to be, to make, first, a descent on Hayti, upon Faustin the First—turn him adrift, or otherwise dispose of him—in which we would not greatly object—seize his empire and partition it out among the conquistadores; and having done all this as a mere pastime and preparatory movement, with augmented means and with an augmented force, they will turn their victorious arms towards Cuba, the conquest of which is not regarded for a moment as problematical, Hayti being first revolutionized and appropriated, and all her resources made available for the crowning achievement.
The New York Cronica believes all these reports, and a good deal more, and seems rather to wish that the attempt on Cuba should at once be made, that once for all, the Patriots might receive such a drubbing from Her Majesty Queen Isabella's loyal forces in the island, as would cure them forever of all expeditionary and revolution-making propensities—that is, cure all that escaped being shot or hanged which, in the opinion of the Cronica would be but few.
The London Punch is of opinion, too, that another expedition will be undertaken against Cuba—for which opinion he assigns rather a whimsical, though an ingenious reason, which we give, that every one may judge for himself of its force: It is, that the Patriots left Cuba with more expedition than they went to it.
We had hoped, and do still hope, that this project of revolutionizing Cuba, whether the Cubans wish it or not, has been abandoned. It cannot be effected with the force that will be employed; and

if it could, ought not to be whilst this country is at peace with Spain. If attempted, there will be another failure; but the failure is up, the worst that will ensue. We do not see how another unsuccessful attempt can be made without producing a war between Spain and the U. S. and between the latter and England, which must be followed by most deplorable, if not disastrous, consequences.
Let us be patient. Cuba, in our opinion, will belong, in less than twenty years, to the United States, by fair and honorable purchase; for averse as Spain is now to selling that pearl of the Gulf, she will not be so when it comes to be a valuable dependency, as will be the case when the slave trade is suppressed, and when she has to maintain constantly a force of twenty-five or thirty thousand troops to keep down the inhabitants, as she must.
P. S. After the foregoing was in type, we met with Gen. Avezanza's case, in which he disavows all participation in the contemplated invasion of Cuba, if contemplated it is.
Celestials.
In no country in the world, has a person so good an opportunity of forming a correct opinion of the relative merits, as citizens, of the various kindreds and people of the earth, as in California. Here are found representatives of all nations—mingling together in the common pursuit of business—putting off old habits and customs, and adopting new ones—showing a willing obedience to laws of which they have no conception from early education, or wantonly bidding defiance to their mandates through ignorance or careless opposition. An individual of a widely different race—a distinct religion, a government of laws that we should consider a perfect burlesque upon civil institutions, who comes among us, quietly and cheerfully performing all the duties of a law-abiding citizen, whenever those duties are made known to him, gives evidence of an inherent sense of right and duty, that cannot fail to impress favorably any one with whom he comes in contact.
Such are the representatives of the Chinese nation now in California, and we hesitate not to say, that in all those qualities which go to make up the good citizen they are second to no foreigners in our midst. Many of them are in the mines. The tax upon foreign miners operates as a generous upon them as others. Yet they have never refused to pay when called upon, nor even blustered about the matter. If they happened not to have the money at the moment, a day was named, and the money was forthcoming. These facts we have from collectors themselves. All honor then, say we, to the sable sons of the "flowery land," and in the words of their own complimentary proverb, "may they live a thousand years, and never eat dirt."
—Pacific News.
The Home of Taste.
How easy to be neat! to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy is it to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not in the monies, the carpets, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be a more solid shield, security of the same old substance; it transforms a wretched into a graceful home, dignified by taste, comfortable to the noble and brighter life, anyone who is in such a state of contentment; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outstriking the oriental in brilliancy and glory.
Worth Telling Again.—When Nicholas Biddle—famously called Nick Biddle—was connected with U. S. Bank, there was an old negro named Harry, who used to loaf around the premises. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the drake:
"Well, what is your name, my old friend?"
"Harry, sir; ole Harry, sir," said the other, touching his sleepy hat.
"Old Harry!" said Biddle, "why that is the name that they give the devil, is it not?"
"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry and sometimes ole Nick."
What "Until All Arrears are Paid," Means.—A subscriber, to whom the publishers had sent a weekly paper on credit, was at last dropped from the list, all measures of collection having failed. Afterward the agent was encountered by the delinquent's wife, who wrathfully insisted that "she knew what newspaper law was—that she did—the printer was bound to send the paper until all arrears were paid!"