

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1850.

VOL. 7.—NO. 5.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Marrying for Money.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"Hang it all, Frank, how dull you are! I asked you to accompany me to-day, in hopes that you would help me to drive off a legion of blue devils that have been pursuing me like my shadow for a week or more, but instead of doing so, your reverential step and wo begone image would give a fellow the horrors with Mirth standing at his elbow. Come, man, what has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing, I assure you; I was never in better spirits. Perhaps I was yielding somewhat to the dreamy influence that this soft South wind produces, as it steals so lazily over the prairie grass and sweetly scented flowers; but let me repeat your question, 'what has gone wrong with you?'"

"Oh, everything! I get no business, and I am too proud to go back to my father, with the tale of my defeat, as he assured me I should one day do. 'The West is no place for lawyers yet,' he one day said to me, and I now believe him; for I have been here a year now, and have not made enough to cover my expenses; but I am determined to make a raise in some manner, and the only visible one that offers is by marrying."

"Oh, that will be no hard matter for you," replied his companion, in a slightly perceptible sarcastic tone; "Uncle Jasper will of course receive with joy a professional man like yourself into his family."

"Uncle Jasper! uncle dev—! I should make a great spec, Frank, marrying Louisa Fosworth for money, truly. Why, what has that old curmudgeon, her father, got but a few sections of wild land?—and those he will keep as long as he lives, and he will live long enough to preach my funeral sermon, I will warrant you, if you care for a lease of his life. Marry Louisa Fosworth for riches!—ha! ha! ha! a good joke, upon my soul. But what led you to fancy such a thing, Frank?"

"The very obvious reason that you have paid more attention to her than any other young lady in our village since you came among us."

"That may all be, and yet I have not paid her much either; but really I never thought of her as a wife; though, to tell the truth, I think her one of the most amiable, intelligent, and beautiful girls that I ever met, and had she the wealth of another in your village, a few hours at most would find me at her feet, humbly suing for her hand—and that other is Sarah Munson."

"Allow me to congratulate you on your hopes, but unless I am mistaken, there will be a breach of promise case before you get through with it, for a more complete coquette I verily believe there does not exist."

"Very likely, but the sex are all more or less given to it, and five thousand dollars in her own right is something of an excuse for a Western belle to play the coquette; such a needy scamp as I am ought not to complain of it, at any rate, and I will not; so good bye to sweet Louisa Fosworth, and 'love in a cottage.' Heigho! I wish that I could afford to marry her; she will make some fellow a 'charming little wife,' as the ladies say; don't you think so, Frank?"

His listener replied affirmatively, and in a livelier tone than he had before used in speaking to his companion, and which he managed to keep up without any apparent exertion throughout the day—a day of fowling on one of the beautiful prairies in one of our Western States.

Nor was it any wonder, for Frank Willard Louisa Fosworth had been the pole star to the sea worn mariner—guiding him on through poverty and sickness, and the many other heart storms which mark the life of a western emigrant. Failing in business in one of the eastern cities, he had removed with his mother to one of the Western States, and, perhaps unadvisedly, tried his hand at farming. His means enabled him to purchase an eight acre lot, and upon this he commenced operations; but he progressed but slowly, for the very good reason that he had attempted a kind of business of which he knew nothing. His cattle were lost by straying away from him on the broad prairies in summer, and his grain was injured by being improperly kept in winter, and had it not been for the advice of his mother, an energetic and persevering woman, he would have abandoned his farm, returned to the city, and applied for the place of clerk in some of the mercantile houses; but she persuaded him to persevere, and the next year everything prospered with him. But alas! when winter came, the Angel of Death was hovering over his dwelling, and as the spring flowers sprang from the gladsome earth, they shrank away from the newly soded grave of his beloved

mother. It was a heavy blow to the isolated young man, and he grieved as an only and affectionate son could grieve, over the loss of a mother. Mrs. Willard had made many friends, but no warmer ones than the family of Mr. Fosworth, the minister of the little village near which they resided, and whose family consisted of a wife and her young boy, and Louisa, a daughter by a former wife.

No pains had been spared by any of the family to the invalid, but in no one was the disinterestedness of friendship more apparent than in the gentle and hitherto shrinking Louisa, then scarce sixteen years of age. If watchers failed, it mattered not if her last night had been spent by the sick couch, she would again take her sleepless stations, and this, too, at an age when nature calls so loudly for her accustomed rest. If Frank Willard had before admired the graceful vivacity of the beautiful girl, was it any wonder that that admiration should have ripened into a warm passion, as he thus suddenly discovered the priceless wealth of her loving heart? And yet there was something so pure and childlike in her entire character, that, fondly as he loved her, he felt that it would be a seeming sacrilege to breathe in her ears the words of passion, until more mature age should call forth the glowing emotions of her woman's heart.

A year passed away, and he was gratified by receiving a letter from an old classmate, containing the intelligence of a proposed visit, and if he liked the location, of establishing himself in the practice of the law in his immediate vicinity. It was a pleasing prospect for Frank, for Turner Williams had been the favorite friend of his boyhood, and a boon companion in his latter years. That he had some defects of character he was well aware, but who has not?—and he looked forward with joyous anticipation to his arrival. He came at the specified time, was pleased with everything he saw, and the citizens were soon enlightened as to his intentions by a showy sign, with the words, "Turner Williams, Attorney and Counsellor at Law," gilded upon it. "From an Eastern city, and college educated," was an immediate passport into the best society the little village afforded, and he soon found himself a favored guest in every family where he chose to visit.

Frank Willard observed with pleasure the success of his friend in gaining the seeming good will of the people among whom he intended to reside, until he came into the family of Mr. Fosworth, or "Uncle Jasper," as he was usually designated among his friends; but here even friendship faltered, as he saw the warm welcome of the parents, and with a lover's jealous eye watched the blushing blushes of the now more than ever beautiful daughter.

"It is my destiny," he muttered one evening, after he had returned to his boarding house from a visit with Williams at the parsonage, "and has ever been thus; the cup of happiness will be held out to me, and as I reach forth my hand to grasp it, it will be suddenly dashed aside! Fool that I was, to suppose love like mine could be requited."

And must I look calmly on, and see her given to another, and that other one whom I myself introduced to her?" These and similar thoughts were constantly intruding themselves upon the mind of Frank, up to the time of the conversation which commences my story, and in which he discovered the heartlessness of his "world-warped" friend.

A short time only was allowed to elapse, ere he visited the home of Louisa as in former days, and an early period was chosen to declare to its object the passion he had so secretly cherished, and with a strangely throbbing heart he listened for an answer. It came, and the reader need only know that it was favorable, and that the ingenious and blushing girl acknowledged that she had shed many bitter tears over her recent seeming coldness. The consent of the father was not withheld, "but," he added, "do you, who know my meagre resources, expect to take my daughter portionless?"

"As far as mere wealth is concerned, yes; but instead of regarding it as a misfortune, I look upon it in this case as a blessing."

"How so?" asked the other with surprise. "Do you wish to be understood that Louisa would be less acceptable to you with a certain portion of this world's goods?"

"Perhaps not, under certain circumstances, but—but—"

"Well, but what?"

"I fear I do wrong in repeating it, but if Louisa Fosworth had possessed wealth equal to her virtues, and beauty, I should have found a powerful rival in one whom I have long found it vain to contend against, at least where elegance alone is concerned."

"Indeed! Ah, you need not speak the name, circumstances lead me to guess it.

And so the young lawyer would have sought my treasure, had he known its nominal value," he continued, but rather as if speaking to himself than to the young man at his side; and then turning to Frank and taking his hand, he said in a trembling voice:—"I yield her to you, Frank Willard, as I would the dearest thing I possess on earth. She resembles her sainted mother, but oh, for your sake and mine, make her not an idol, as I did that mother, lest like her she be snatched away to show us the sin of idolatry."

"Thank you, thank you," he replied, returning the pressure of the hand that held his own, and then departed leaving the kind old man to his solitude, for he well knew that he would be alone.

And who that mourns the loved and lost does not feel that such periods exerts softening influence upon the affections? As imagination brings up the seeming forms of the loved ones, now hidden forever from our sight, the heart clings more closely to our living loves, and we cherish them with tenfold care, less the had of the spoiler be laid on them, and our pathway be entirely desolate.

A few days passed, and wedding invitations were issued, not from our humble friends, but the reputed heiress, Miss Munson. It was a splendid affair for the little Western village, although but few guests were invited and those only such as the bride deemed the first in the place.

A few days after the wedding, as Frank was walking the street, he chanced, upon turning a corner, to come unexpectedly on his friend, who upon seeing him exclaimed:

"And so my sly fox, you are the one that is to carry off the dove from the parson's dove cot, are you? Well, I hope it will turn out a better match than mine; if not, you will hang yourself, I am sure, in less than a week from your wedding day."

"I apprehend no dissatisfaction on my part, at least."

"No, nor did I, but you are not marrying an heiress. But hear, step into my office, and I will show you how rascally I have been treated. You thought my wife held six thousand dollars in her own right did you?"

"I did."

"Well sir, she has just one hundred and fifty, and no more."

"What?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars was the portion of the 'rich heiress.' I sees that when the father died, he left six thousand dollars, and a widow and eight children to share it. The widow's third was consumed before her death, and Sarah had used three hundred and fifty of her five hundred since she came of age, and left me to fall into the trap which had been set to catch a rich husband. And when I reproached her with the deception, she denied having used any, saying that neither she nor her aunt with whom she resided, had ever stated that she had such property—if rumor had given it to her she was not to blame, and that if I married her for her money it served me right. And now Frank, you see what a predicament I am in; instead of having but myself to support by my precious profession I have got an extravagant wife in the bargain.—What would you do if you were in my place?"

"What would I do? Why go to work like a man, and if your profession will not support you, buy or rent some land and turn farmer; a farm is safe capital, at least I have found it so, and then you will have plenty of time to attend to all the suits you may have."

"That is easier said than done; had I such a wife as Louisa Fosworth would make I might think of it, but I might as well think of teaching a peacock to knit stockings as my lady wife, with her lofty notions, the duties of a farmer's wife—provided farming was a kind of business I understood myself."

Much more of the same kind of argument was used on both sides, and they parted with the expressed determination of Williams to try his luck in California, if Dame Fortune did not bestir herself in his favor before long.

A few days after, Mr. Fosworth, at the close of Divine service, announced the fact that a marriage ceremony would be performed at his house on the following Wednesday, and cordially invited all of his congregation to be present. "My house was donated by your kindness," he said, "and a seemly welcome should breathe to all who deign to visit it."

And they came—if not all, enough, so that every room was crowded. It is a very common thing to cultivate the loucest on our large prairies, for their use as well as beauty, and a beautiful grove of them flourished on a spot of ground a few rods from the house, and here, beneath the trees, in the shade of the sheltering pines, the solemn vows were spoken, and the gentle Louisa returned to her father's house

with a wife. The plain but bountiful fare passed freely among the guests; if the still haughty Mrs. Williams did draw herself up, as some plainly dressed farmer's wife or daughter brushed past her rustling silk, no one heeded it, unless to smile at her folly; for it was now generally known that the flimsy title of 'heiress,' which had so long supported her arrogance, was but a borrowed garment, and she now stood forth simply as 'Mrs. Williams, the feeble lawyer's wife.' It was a happy day for all, or nearly all, and a strange rumor that began to float among the guests, and in which the words 'ten thousand dollars' were distinctly heard, added not a little to the interest of the occasion; and finally, before they dispersed, nearly every one was made acquainted with the following facts:

Mr. Fosworth's first wife was the daughter of a merchant in the city of New York who died previous to his daughter's marriage to the young Divine, leaving his property to his son and daughter, his only children. After the death of Mrs. Fosworth, this brother was killed by being thrown from his horse, and as he was unmarried and there was no will, the property descended, of course, to the child of his departed sister. As this occurred after Mr. Fosworth's removal to the West, he determined to keep it secret from all, even his unassuming child, lest upon her it would exert a hurtful tendency, and he well knew that it would be a temptation to some needy fortune hunter, and thus prove a curse instead of a blessing; but it was now ready for her with its accumulated interest.

It is needless to repeat the anathemas that Turner Williams bestowed upon himself, Frank Willard, Parson Fosworth, and the world in general, when he became assured of the fact, for with as large a share of self-esteem as usually belongs to one of his stamp, he firmly believed that he had but to have asked to have obtained the hand of his (to use his own terms) "milk and water friend." But he foamed and fretted in vain. There was no help for it, and as soon as he could scrape money enough together, he left his unlovable wife, and if alive, must now be in California, as it is several months since he started.

Frank Willard and his amiable wife are in the possession of that calm content that well balanced minds ever enjoy, while the "minister's family" continues the even tenor of its way, the kind old man hardly feeling, so close in their companionship, that his choice plant blooms on another's hearth.

Mark Ye Girls!

It is high time that some body told you a little plain truth. You have been watched for a long time—a certain class of you—and it is plain enough you are laying plans to cheat somebody. You intend to sell chaff for wheat; and there is danger that some of the foolish "gudgeons" will be sadly taken in.

It may not be your fault that you belong to the "one idea party"—that the single idea in getting a husband is the only one which engrosses much of your time or attention. But it is your fault that you pursue this in the wrong direction. Your venerable mother, of Eden memory, was called a "help" for man, and you are looking for a man to help you; to help you to live in the half idle, half silly way which you have commenced. Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws bound with a string of flats and quavers sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace frame are well enough in their places; and so are ribbons and frills and tinsels—but you can't make a dinner of the former nor a bed blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blanket are necessary to domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities as well as its fancies but you make it all a matter of decoration remembering the tassels and curtains, forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense and of course of good prospects to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen. You may cap him or trap him to catch him, but how much better? better to make it an object to catch you! Render yourselves worth catching and you will need no shrewd mothers or managing brothers to help you to find a market.

One of our exchanges makes mention of a 'Jenny Lind Tea Kettle,' which being filled with water and placed on the fire commences to sing in a few minutes.

Water is very nourishing. All you have to do is to put it in a pot over the fire, drop in a beef bone, rice, a few potatoes, and a little salt. Among hungry people, this is called the water cure.

A VERITABLE DRAMA.

[We chanced while at Constantinople, to be well acquainted with the lady whose career has terminated in the tragedy described below. The incidents are copied in the Courier des Etats Unis of this city, from the Semaphore, a journal of Marseilles, which usually gives the news of the Orient on its first arrival at that port. The event, that paper states, had made a powerful sensation at Constantinople.—Home Journal.]

(TRANSLATION.)

A young Greek, girl of extraordinary beauty, was married, some years since, to an English physician, Dr. Millingen, who had taken up his residence in the capital of the East. After the birth of several children, the husband having discovered an intimacy between his wife and Fethi-Pacha, the nephew of the sultan, procured a divorce. Soon after the divorced beauty made a conquest of Mehemet-Pacha, pacha of Belgrade, who married her on condition of her embracing the Mahomedan religion.

Although very much in love, Mehemet did not seem, after a while, to be completely happy. One day, at last, he reproached his wife that she had borne him no child. Discovering thus the cause of his sadness, she determined to retain her empire over him by a deception. A few weeks after, she pretended to a prospect of maternity, and, in process of time, presented him with a noble boy—bought or stolen for her by a faithful slave who was devoted to her interests. The village which was the birth-place, gave splendid fetes in honor of the event, the child was named Belgrade-Bey, and the delighted pasha had not the slightest doubt that the infant was his own.

Soon after this, Mehemet was recalled from his government of a province, and sent to London (where he now is) as the Turkish ambassador to that court. But, before his departure, he expressed the wish to have another son, a brother to the beloved and beautiful Prince Belgrade, and his wife declared significantly, at parting, that there was little doubt but his wish would be gratified. Leaving her to fulfil her time at Constantinople, the envoy took his leave, and the child was duly born, the news sent to England, and the name given to the second prince was Unud-Bey.

A few days after his birth, Unud-Bey fell dangerously ill, and, by order of the physician, he was sent with his nurse to Pera, a rural village on the Bosphorus where foreigners reside, and where the air is healthier than in the city. The infant soon returned in perfect health, in charge of the same faithful nurse who had alone assisted at the two births; but there was one person in the household who refused to recognize the healthy child as the same one that was sent away. This was an old eunuch, who had brought up the pasha from boyhood, and who was the confidential master of his dependents. In the presence of the other servants, he said to his mistress: "Madam, if that is Unud-Bey, he has miraculously changed while breathing the air of the infidels at Pera!" The mother said not a word, but, giving the eunuch a look of fierce hatred, she seized her child and left the apartment.

But suspicion had taken possession of the mind of the old slave, who had discovered the history of his mistress and was well aware of the illegitimacy of Belgrade-Bey. The excessive affection of Mehemet for that child had long prevented him, hitherto, from disclosing the secret. This apparent repetition of the deceit, however, made him resolve to clear his breast. He betook himself to Pera, collected with care and sagacity, circumstance after circumstance, and established indisputable evidence that the veritable Unud-Bey died of his disorder, and that another child, bought of poor parents, was substituted in his place. Returning to his mistress; he took the changeling in his arms and boldly addressed her: "Madam, send back this child, I beg of you, to Mossud, the fisherman! I know all!" The pretended mother, at this, became lividly pale, and left him with the single exclamation, "It is well!"

Just before the hour of mid-day prayer, the mistress enquired for the eunuch.—As steward of the household and his master's favorite, he had sumptuous apartments of his own, and a bath to himself. She was answered that he was, that moment, in the bath. Her resolution was at once taken. The old man was attended by two servants while performing his daily ablutions, and these she found in the anti-room and ordered imperiously away.—She was alone with him. "You wished to know everything?" she abruptly said.—"Yes, and I know everything," he replied. "To whom have you spoken of it?" "To no one yet—but I shall write to my master!" "For how much will you keep the secret?" "I will not keep it—I will write

immediately!" "Here, then, is a seal for your letter!" And, with these words, she threw a cord suddenly around the neck of the old man, as he lay in his bath, and sprang back to strangle him. Weak and terrified, he could offer but feeble resistance, and soon lost consciousness. One of the dismissed slaves had stealthily returned, and found her struggling at the cord, and exclaiming with the rage of fury: "You would know all! know more, then! Write now, to your master! write now, old fool!"

At these vociferations and the choking of the victim, the slave fled, spreading the alarm with cries of terror. Some of the servants rushed into the streets, with the dreadful news, and others hurried to the bath-room, where the old eunuch, dragged from his bath, had fallen senseless on the marble floor. Deliberately unloosing the cord, the mistress calmly and silently walked through the terrified crowd, and gained her own apartments.

The eunuch had been a kind old man to the other servants, and their distress at the frightful scene before them was unbounded. Every possible effort was made to restore him, but in vain. He rallied for a few moments, summoned strength enough to reveal the circumstances given above, and died with the words on his lips.

All the vast city of Constantinople was aroused with electric rapidity by the news. Crowds rushed to the place, and, spite of the high rank of the guilty woman, the cad ordered her to prison. A courier was despatched to London with the intelligence, and she will remain imprisoned, and the affair uninvestigated farther, till his return. The criminal, to all questions addressed to her, proudly asserts her right to the life of a slave, and makes no other attempt at palliation.—Semaphore de Marseilles.

The Fugitive Slave Excitement in Boston.—The Times gives a graphic account of the turbulent proceeding in Boston in reference to the prosecution of the owners of the slave Crafts, for kidnapping:—The bail required of the prisoners was \$10,000 each, which was promptly furnished by Patrick Riley and Hamilton Willis, Esqrs.

The crowd were evidently waiting for the egress the parties, who, it was by some expected, would be mobbed on coming out. Indeed, if we are to judge from certain expressions made by both whites and blacks, they were resolved that the Southerners should not leave the place quietly. A barrel of tar and some few feathers were even spoken of. In fact, there seemed some little ground for apprehension that some hot-headed fanatics might cause our city to be disgraced by a riot. In a short time a splendid carriage with a span of "whites" drove in front of the door, and Mr. Hughes, assisted by the Deputy-Sheriff, with much difficulty got through the crowd at the door into his carriage, but not without losing his hat and getting somewhat hustled about.

The crowd now formed a pretty solid body around the carriage, climbing upon it, caning it from side to side, tearing open the doors fast as they were shut by drivers, and it seemed as if they were determined that it should not go away, but to drag out the Southerner. But the driver jumped upon the box, seized the reins, raised his whip to its extreme height brought it down with a right smart whack and away went the vehicle with both doors dangling open, and the Southerner sitting with an air of collectedness within. Some of the mob had a smart grip on the spokes and fellows of the wheels to keep them from revolving, but it was no go, some two or three of the individuals giving ludicrous feats of "ground and lofty tumbling." The team took its course up Court street, at good speed, a large portion of the crowd following after, howling and vociferating threats.

Those who remained behind now put themselves on the *qui vive* for the second gentleman, Mr. Knight, but he eluded the observation of most of them by issuing from the side passage on Court street, stepped into a cab, calmly took his seat, and got away without much trouble—probably from the fact that the more riotous portion of the mob were off on the other coast.

The two Southerners left word behind that they should see on the Common at 8 o'clock this afternoon, where any of the citizens of Boston who might desire to see them, could then have that privilege.

Time is Money.—So says an old adage. In that case, if the clerk of the weather has anything to do with it we would most respectfully suggest that he gives us a little less change.

Wild pigeons are abundant at St. Louis.