Mountain Sentinel.

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

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TERMS.

The *"MOUNTAIN SENTINEL"* is published every Thursday morning, at *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months *Two Dollars* will be charged.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued *until all arrearages are paid.* A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

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☞ All letters and communications to insure attention must be *post paid.* *A. J. RHEY.*

PLEASURES OF SCHOOL-TEACHING.

How sweet it is to watch the mind's unfolding!
To train the young thought and the guileless word;
To see where plastic characters are moulding—
("Can't I go out?" "My lesson isn't heard!")
Half-formed ideas through the young mind flitting—
("Shan't George be still, ma'am?" "Joseph keeps a-spitting!")

There is a throng of glad young faces round me,
Bright with the freshness of life's early spring;
And books, and slates, and maps on all sides bound me,
("Shan't them girls stop? they're playing with a string!")
And eager looks, and minds intent on study—
("Jim pushed me down, and got my boots all muddy!")

No shade of earthly sorrow e'er has clouded
Their brief, bright lives so innocent and fair—
("Please, ma'am, make John move down—my seat is crowded!")
No grief nor sadness—("Sammy pulled my hair!")
Existence is to them all sunny weather—
("Bill's been a pinchin!" "No, I haven't, neither!")

A precious charge to me has been entrusted,
The guidance of each young, immortal mind—
("Can't write with this steel pen! it's got all rusted!")
To nourish gentle thoughts and feelings kind,
To lead them in the path which Heaven pleases—
("My spelling book has got all tore to pieces!")

O, for more strength, more gentleness of spirit!
More wisdom in the better way to guide—
("I've got my lesson now? O, please to hear it!")
More patience to endure when "ills betide!"
("Jim Taylor's give my arm a *dreadfyl* twist!")
O, such confusion! school may be——dismissed.

KEZIAH JONES' APPLE BEE.

BY NOADIAH BUCKTHORN, M. D.

PART I.

It was a mild day in the latter part of November—a day which properly belonged to Indian Summer; for some reason it was not forth-coming at that season; it claimed and received a place just as autumn was about to hand over her books to the "ruler of the inverted year."

"Mr. Gulic," said Mrs. Jones, standing in the kitchen doorway, and looking towards the hired man who was taking up the last cabbage in the garden, "Mr. Gulic," said Mrs. Jones, elevating her voice so that it might overcome the obstacle presented by eight rods of intervening space, "I want you to do an errand for me this morning; I want you to go to Mr. Hall's for me."

Mr. Gulic gave intimation by a nod that he comprehended the nature of her wants, and proceeded to finish his work, saying—

"I knew something out of the common line was wanting as soon as I heard the Mister. It is Ben, at other times; I have no objection to going over to Hall's—none whatever, especially since Becky is at home." He accordingly went to Mrs. Jones and received his instructions.

This said Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gulic was a tall, heavy built Yankee, about twenty years old, who had made good use of his eyes as well as his teeth during the greater part of that period. He worked by the year for Mr. Jones. He was the adviser, and, to a great extent, director of his employer, who had not the enterprise, self-reliance, and talent for command which characterize most of those whose republican liberties with King's English mark them as belonging to New England.

Mr. Gulic did not move his feet rapidly—on the principle that large bodies move slowly—but he moved them a good distance at each step, and, consequently, he was ere long at Mr. Hall's door. The door was open to receive the rays of the morning sun. On the threshold lay a dog, dreaming with his eyes half open or half shut, as the reader may prefer; opposite the door, in a Windsor arm-chair tilted against the wall, sat Mr. Hall, a stout, oak-faced, gray-headed man, reading his newspaper, which he held out before him at arm's length, his spectacles being about twenty years too young for him. Mr. Gulic paused for a moment, and cast a contemplative look at the dog—perhaps he was comparing his condition with that of a hired man—then applied the knuckle of his middle finger to the door post, producing a sound somewhat louder than that produced by the carpet hammer of the housewife, at the blow subsequent to that bestowed upon her left thumb instead of the nail head.

"Walk in," said Mr. Hall, very skillfully combining a growl with an articulate sound.

"Which way?" asked Ben.

"Which way you will," said the old man, still not taking his eye from the paper.

Ben walked in, and having waited in vain for an invitation to be seated, he concluded to take a seat without an invitation. The chair which he selected as the instrument for carrying his conclusion into effect gave way under the pressure of the "too solid flesh," and the law of gravitation, operating with democratic impartiality, drew him towards the centre of the earth, till the strong maple floor arrested his progress. The crash and the catastrophe did not divert the old man's attention from his paper. Ben amused himself by putting the parts of the demolished chair in place, or, to use his own expression, "by setting the trap for somebody else." He had ample time for this; also for tracing the journey of a wasp on the wall, before Mr. Hall folded his paper, raised his spectacles on his forehead, and uttered, in a slight interrogative tone, the words—

"Folks well?"

"They was well when I come here; I should think it is likely that they are sick by this time."

A slight movement about the corners of Mr. Hall's mouth showed that a smile was hovering in the vicinity. It came as near lighting on his lips as he usually permitted one to come.

"Miss Jones sent me to borrow some things for the apple bee."

"What is an apple bee?"

"It is somewhere about half way between a honey bee and a bumble bee."

Mr. Hall was accustomed to affect great ignorance of all things pertaining to youthful sports and merry makings; veritable tradition, however, related that he was famous in his young days for exploits in that line; hence Mr. Gulic thought he gave him "such an answer as he deserved." Probably he thought so himself; for another smile signals, but did not fairly leave in sight.

"I s'spose I can have the things?" said Ben.

"What things?"

"All your empty tin pans."

"They've got milk in them."

"I should like to see one of your empty tin pans with milk in it. It would be about as curious as your way of welcoming a neighbor."

"Who is going to be there?"

"Everybody and some others, and I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Hall were to be there; can give me the pans, or they'll have a coroner's jury together on my account."

Mr. Hall went to the stairs leading to the cellar, and said, "Mamma, you're wanted."

"I can't leave the kettle; who wants me?"

"Miss Jones wants to borrow your tin pans."

"She can have them."

"Where are they?"

"I know where they are," said Ben; "they stand leaning against the south side of the house like a line of opposition suns." So saying, he proceeded at once to the locality, and gathered up the shining utensils. He was moving towards home, when a slight hem from behind a sheet hung on a clothes line caused him to stop. Behind said sheet stood Miss Rebecca Sabina Hall, usually called Becky. She appeared to be busy with the clothes pins, which, however, did not need any attention. That she was standing there for the express purpose of exchanging words with him, will appear perfectly evident when we proceed with the narrative.

"Did you wash all these clothes?" said Ben, pointing to the array of shirts, sheets, and various articles mentionable and unmentionable which hung on the lines extending from tree to tree, and from post to post, and from fence to fence.

"I did," was the calm reply of the capable female.

"They are done first rate—come over early won't you?"

"Who are coming?"

"Everybody."

"Did Miss Ogden say she would come?"

"Yes."

"Are Mr. Green's folks coming?"

"They are gone away you know."

"O, yes, so they are. I don't like to go where there are so many."

"The more the merrier. All the young folks will be there; Foster is going to shut up store and come."

"It is no matter whether he comes or not. I suppose I must come or give offence."

"Don't forget to come early."

He then went his way, saying to himself, "You will be there enough to go, now that you know that the white fingered merchant is to be there—he is not a merchant; nothing but a clerk. If I do work out by the year, I'll have more money at the end of the year than he will have. Take him, if you want him. I ask no favors of you."

Now Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gulic was a man of truth and veracity in all his statements more to others; his statements made to himself, especially when they related to Becky, could not be depended upon; in fact, they were often the very reverse of truth; they were so in the present case. He did ask most earnestly an favor of her affections, and a life interest in her person. How it was that he could speak the truth so conscientiously to others, and he so egregiously to himself, we shall not attempt to explain. It is our business as historians, to furnish the facts for the philosophers to work up into systems.

We will now give some account of preparations strictly appertaining to the home department.

Mrs. Jones was in favor of having the Bee in the kitchen, and brought forward many weighty arguments in support of her position. But the result proves that there is no arguing against facts. The fact was that Miss Ellen Ogden—who had spent several months in an incorporated city, and had thus become the arbiteress of gentility in the village—had, at the last dwelling at her house, not only occupied the "front room," but actually fastened the door leading from the front room into the kitchen. It was not opened even to admit the bearer of sundries for the refreshment of the visitors. He was, therefore, obliged to go round to the front door.

On his way there, bearing a large waiter heavy laden with crockery, glass, cake, and sweetmeats, he walked into an external cellar way, making a descent of about six feet in a single step. There was a crash of crockery, and a loud utterance of some very unnecessary and inharmonious expletives, and a still louder peal of laughter from old Mr. Ogden, who sat in the kitchen chimney corner. The old gentleman was no friend to genteel innovations.

Miss Ellen Ogden's example was, therefore, conclusive against having the young folks in the kitchen. They must occupy the "front room." The room must therefore, be prepared; and as the evening would doubtless be cool, it was necessary to have a fire lighted there.

The fire was lighted about the middle of the afternoon, but the smoke manifested a very un accommodating, and in fact a quite rebellious spirit. Instead of ascending the chimney, it pursued an opposite course. It most irreverently took possession of all parts of the room, and rolled itself up in folds near the ceiling, as if to get out of Keziah's reach.

Some very combustible materials were then procured, and a blaze was produced in the hope that it would prove more tractable. Alas! it caught the spirit and followed the example of the smoke, and with increased energy and insolence. Its first act was to fly into Keziah's face as she was kneeling on the hearth, kindly fanning it into existence. It then reached its tongue almost to the middle of the room, and then curled it over the mantle piece, to the great peril of a curiously-wrought paper basket, the visible proof of Keziah's attendance at a select school. It then seemed smitten with a sudden impulse to examine the chimney, whereupon the chimney took fire, to the infinite terror of Mrs. Jones, who was sure the house would be burnt, with all things animate thereunto pertaining. To make sure of saving something, she seized a heavy iron kettle filled with water, and carried it so far from the house that it would not be likely to be set on fire by the falling sparks.

As soon as the chimney was fairly on fire, both the flame and the smoke seemed to think all the fun lay in that direction. They accordingly went up the chimney as steadily as if they had never gone anywhere else. The smoke in the room, receiving no reinforcement, stole quietly out of the open door, and disappeared as quickly as possible.

The room was then put in order; a table was placed in the centre, and all the chairs in the house, except one for Mr. Jones, was ranged close to each other around the walls of the room.

By "early candle light" about twenty girls were assembled. They were all talkative as it may be supposed twenty girls in a room, without their mothers or men would be. "Why don't the gentlemen come?" was asked mentally by more than one. At length footsteps were heard approaching. The girls who happened to be standing took their seats. All the chairs on the side of the room were in a moment filled with maidens as demure, for the time being, as the most precise could desire. Suddenly there was a loud stamping on the door-steps, a very energetic mode of divesting one's boots of snow or dust, preparatory to an entrance. The stamping and the faint knock which succeeded, were followed within by a most profound silence, which was broken only by the respirations of one whose ideal beauty of form was manifestly either the hour-glass or the wasp. Keziah opened the door, and the young gentlemen found themselves in full view of an unbroken line of silent beauty, in the face of which they were expected to advance. They faltered—each pressed his neighbor to go forward. No little confusion was apparent.

Among other truths then and there illustrated, was the important one that geometry cannot claim a monopoly of angels. After some delay an entrance was effected. The chairs opposite the girls were secured. The door was left open. No one seemed disposed to risk the loss of his post by rising to close it. Some of the ladies wore short sleeves, that is, had bare arms—the monumental alabaster smoothness of which was seriously affected by the ingress of the cold evening air. A daring fellow at length arose and closed the door.

Along the lines thus formed there was a silence as deep and almost as impressive as that which sometimes precedes a battle. After a while there were some whisperings on the part of the girls, and a suppressed giggle; but the young men preserved a profound silence and a most praiseworthy gravity. The seats seemed somewhat harder than those to which they had been accustomed; and it was pretty plain that most of them wished they had left their hands at home.

A rap, as with a walking stick, was heard at the door.

"That's Mr. Foster," whispered one.

Miss Becky blushed at the sound either of the knock or the name. Keziah opened the door, and Mr. Benjamin F. Gulic stood before her, dressed in his best. He walked in with as much dignity as if he had come from California instead of the chamber over the kitchen. He sat down and for a moment imitated the gravity of his peers. He then turned to the most solemn one present, and asked him what was the state of the moonshine. No answer was given; but the question greatly lightened the pressure of the constraint under which all present labored. Conversation began; at first indeed, in whispers, but soon several spoke out loud.

"I was under the impression," said Mr. G., "that this was to be an Apple Bee, but I don't see the apples."

"Bring them on," said one of the boldest; let us have something to do."

Ben and Keziah then brought a corn basket full of apples, which were placed on the table. A tin pan was given to each damsel. The young men then distributed the apples, and the work of paring began. As there was no pans for the gentlemen, it was necessary for each one to sit beside a lady and drop his parings into the pan, which holds a place of greater or less security upon her lap. A better contrivance for *tete-a-tete* was never devised.

PART II.

Mr. Benjamin Gulic had managed to secure a seat by the side of Miss Rebecca Sabina Hall, and was paring with great skill and rapidity, letting the parings fall into the pan which was in or rather on the fair one's lap. That of course rendered it necessary that he should sit very near her.

"When are Mr. Foster's folks coming home?" asked Becky.

"Can't say," was Benjamin's laconic reply.

"Do they trade a good deal at their store?" asked Becky.

"Can't say."

"I should think it would not do to shut up the store."

Mr. Benjamin Gulic did not see fit to intimate whether he did or did not agree with her in opinion. He saw that her mind was running on Mr Foster, the popular clerk; that she was speculating on the probabilities of him coming to the Bee.

"How thick you pare your apples!" exclaimed Becky. "Keziah, Mr. Gulic is paring your apples all away!"

Keziah was too much occupied with her partner to heed the remark.

"Get somebody to pare with you who can suit you better," said Ben in a low voice. He then rose and left the room, under a pretence of procuring a fresh supply of apples. He walked forth and took a survey of the stars, though not usually given to astronomical observations. "That girl," said he to himself confidentially, "that girl," we do not quote his words accurately, for we wish to make them a little more complimentary to the lady than they really were—"wants to know very bad why that soft-handed and soft-headed clerk isn't here. Well, she may have him, and see if tape and molasses will keep her in as good case as the northern farm would."

The northern farm was expected to come into Mr. Benjamin F. Gulic's possession in the spring. Like a sensible man he was desirous of finding some one whom it might be made over to with him "jointly."

"I'll let her alone," said Benjamin to himself; and fearing lest his ear should fail to catch the remark, he repeated it several times with great distinctness. Having thus finished his communications to himself, he seized a basket of apples and returned to the scene of operations. In placing it on the table, which we have already said was in the centre of the room, the table was overthrown. This caused the overthrow of several girls with tin pans full of apples in their laps. Tables, pans, girls and apples were thus mingled in sweet confusion on the floor, while shrieks of affected terror and shouts of unaffected laughter filled the house and brought Mr. Jones to the door of the apartment. A grim smile was upon his lips as he surveyed the scene, and profound silence followed his appearance.

Ben picked up the table, the young men picked up the girls, and the girls picked up the pans, and the girls and young men together picked up the apples, during which operation many heads were accidentally brought in contact, and what was very remarkable, it was invariably a male and female head that came in contact. It must have been something in the combs.

A more definite and satisfactory account of the cause of the overthrow of the table can be given. During Mr. Gulic's absence, Mr. Foster entered and seated himself in the chair left vacant by the side of Miss Becky. The sight of him in that place had no tendency to compose Mr. Gulic's nerves, nor to increase both the gravity of the apples and of his countenance. Accordingly, when the basket was set on the table, it overturned it.

When order was restored paring was resumed. Mr. Foster retained his seat by Miss Becky and, with a silver knife, daintily proceeded in the work; he was evidently afraid of soiling his hands. Benjamin took his place by the side of a very quiet girl who was not pleased with the exchange of seats and of partners. He did not sit so near to Miss Mills as he did to Miss Becky. He pared slowly, silently and *thickly*.

But, however great may have been his loss, it was counterbalanced by Miss Becky's gain. She was manifestly delighted with the exchange. She talked and laughed very loudly, though her parent's ideas of gentility led him to speak in a tone little elevated above a whisper. This was both pleasant and painful to Miss Betty. It was pleasant as indicative of confidential communications; painful, as it made his complimentary remarks inaudible to the company. She was driven to the necessity of asking him, in a tone adapted to set ears a listening. "What did you say?" and again to repeat some of his remarks with a large exclamation point after them. By this means she managed to convey to Ben and to others "what was going on between them."

Ben at length determined, as a means of self-defence, or of retaliation, to appear to enjoy his position. As a preliminary, he brought his chair nearer to that of Miss Mills, and leaned over further, so that his parings might fall nearer the centre of the pan. He put forth his best skill in paring, and made a few general observations which were replied to in a very sweet tone of voice. Ere long they found themselves talking sense, as he afterwards said—a fact that evidently throws the date of our history somewhat into the past. He began to feel better satisfied with the exchange he had made, and was stimulated to carry on two somewhat distinct trains of thought—the one necessary to the conversation with Miss Mills, the other relating to a comparison of her qualities, personal, mental, and social, with those of Miss Becky. The latter led himself occasionally to make irrelevant replies to Miss Mills' remarks.

By ten o'clock, so busily had both male and female fingers been employed, the apples were finished and set aside, the table restored to its usual place, and it was proposed to proceed to play—not cards, city-reader, but several exceedingly exciting and innocent games which you know nothing about. Several were proposed, but they were all objected to by Miss Sophia Stebbens, who had been one quarter at a boarding school, for which (extras included) her father had paid $25,50, as not sufficiently intellectual. This threw quite a shade over the prospect; for the Yankee, as is well known, is a logical animal, and it is more than suspected that the intedectual and the logical are nearly allied. If a thing is not intellectual, it is not logical, and if it is not logical it is not to be done. The Yankee prefers the logical to everything—except money.

Miss Sophia was asked to name a play. She remarked in reply, that her taste was no rule for others—she was peculiar. Miss Benson (the mistress of the boarding school) thought her remarkably peculiar. She must confess she should prefer some literary conversation to anything else.

"So should I," said Mr. Gulic, gravely. If I knew where to find it, I would go and get a basket full."

This remark made Miss Sophia's face very red, and all the rest of the company very good natured. It was followed by an explosion of laughter, in which the intellectual young lady became more and more interested. Finally it was voted *nem. con.* to have a game of hide-and seek. The hiding and the hunting was in couples. Miss Becky and Mr. Foster were together, and so were Miss Mills and Mr. Gulic. Mr. Gulic had two things to attend to. One was to secure a good hiding place for himself and partner, and the other to observe that of Miss Becky and Mr. Foster. The latter took possession of a small pantry, which was known in Mr. Jones' establishment by the name of pie-pantry. They remained in it for some time—until, overhearing the expressed purpose of the seekers to search it, they stole out, and entered silently an apartment which had already been examined. Mr. Gulic, shrewdly suspecting that they would return to the pie pantry, entered it, and placed in the only chair it contained, a pumpkin pie, which was not in an ordinary tin, but in an earthen vessel which formed the section of a sphere. The depth of the pumpkin pie was an inch and a half in the centre, from which point it shoaled gradually to the circumference. As Gulic had foreseen, Becky and her companion re-entered the pantry. A shriek was soon heard which caused Ben to seize a candle, and rush to see what was the matter, or, rather, to speak with strict accuracy, to let others see. The demolished pie, and Miss Becky's soiled dress, revealed the cause of the outcry. For a moment there was a contest between a feeling of sympathy for the poor girl's discomfiture, and a sense of the ludicrous; the latter prevailed, though, to their credit it must be spoken, sundry of the girls were taken with sudden fits of coughing, and others were seized with an insatiable desire for water, which led them to go in search for it in divers very improbable places. Miss Becky at once set out for home; she was attended by Mr. Foster—a partial for her mishap.

An animated discussion of the question.—'How came the pie in the chair?' took place.—Mr. Gulic took no part in it. Some one suggested that it was placed there when taken from the oven, and its weight was in the way of elevating it to the shelf. As no better explanation was offered, it was accepted, just as the larger portion of our historical facts are.

After this interlude, the game of hide-and-seek was renewed with increased vigor. Miss Stebbens, with a magnanimity becoming a superior mind, condescended to engage in it heartily. In the course of this second game, Mr. Gulic and Miss Mills concealed themselves in the clothes-press. If the reader is a Yankee, he knows what that term means; and if he is not, here is a proof positive that he knows less than a Yankee. Ben and his partner concealed themselves in a clothes press, and of course, were in total darkness, and in very close contact. Ben felt a great fluttering, and was on the point of asking what it was, when he found that it was the poor girl's heart. It occurred to him that it was very doubtful whether Becky had any heart to flutter. Many thoughts rushed through his brain while he was in that press, pressed close to the side of Mary Mills. She was slimmer and handsomer than Becky; had a softer voice and a milder eye; she did not pretend to live without work! everybody said she was not proud; and yet she was always as neat as a pink. What a fool he had been that he had not thought of her before! How graceful she looked when he brought those early apples to her sick mother! How good she looked when she watched day and night by Mrs. Allcott's sick child.

"All found but Ben and Mary," said a loud voice; "where are they?" Ben drew a little nearer to Mary, whose heart fluttered still worse. She made a slight effort to move a little from him, but as she was firmly planted against the wall, which did not give way, the effort was not successful.

'I won't hurt you,' whispered Ben; 'you are the last being in the world I would hurt."

Whether Mary lacked confidence in his veracity, I cannot say, but she made another effort to get further away from him, which resulted (as such womanly efforts often do) in a closer contact.

"They are in the clothes press," said the voice above alluded to. "They are not up stairs, and they are not down in the cellar, nor in the long room nor pantry, nor anywhere else, and so they must be here."

It was at length suggested to the seeker, who remained at the door of the press, that he should examine the premises in question, and thus test the truth of his reasonings, which suggestion he was proceeding to act upon. As he was entering, Miss Mills made an effort to pass out, and as Ben made an effort to detain her till they were fairly discovered, there was a struggle, during which Mary's cheek came very near Ben's face. In considering the matter at a subsequent period, when he was cool, and consequently his judgment unbiassed, he remarked to himself, confidentially of course. "It is reasonable to suppose that, under the circumstances of the case, I must have kissed her—indeed I have very little doubt about it—in fact, I remember it distinctly.'

There is always some considerable excitement connected with the breaking up of a party like the one under consideration. There is always some embarrassment among the rustic gentlemen when bonnet and shawl time comes. He who can walk up boldly to a lady, and proffer his services to see her home, is regarded with envy. Now Miss Mary Mills as I have said, was always behind somebody, and, of course, she would not be one of the first to receive an offer of attendance home. It happened, on this occasion, that she was the last one accessible, and that Ben was left to go with her. It was with more than ordinary embarrassment that he offered her his arm, and though she accepted it, she kept at a very respectful distance from him as they walked along towards her mother's dwelling. Ben felt that he had a great deal that he wanted to say to her, but did not know what to begin with. He thought of saying "the moch is most down;" but as they were walking towards the west, it was to be presumed that she was already as well convinced of that fact as she would be after his most solemn assertion. He thought of many other things, but in every case some valid objection presented itself, so that, though they had half a mile to walk, they reached the door stone before a word was spoken.—Ben began to grow desperate, and at length succeeded in asking, in by no means a musical tone, 'Shall you be at home to-morrow evening?"

"No, I am going away to-morrow," said she, in a voice so sweet and plaintive that a mist gathered over Ben's eyes.

"Where to?" said he, too much interested in the manner of his phase.

"To Western New York."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Till next spring."

"What for?"

"To teach school. My mother's health is too feeble to work as she does. I am offered as much as we can both make by our needles here. She is to board this winter, and not take in any work but take care of her health."

"Don't go."

"I must."

"You must not—I—I—." There is no telling what Ben might have said, if the door had not opened, and Mrs. Mills had not appeared.

"Good night," said Ben; and he went home to pass a sleepless night.

The next morning he went early to Mrs. Mills under pretence of purchasing her corn.

"Why did you not tell me sooner that you were going?" said he to Mary.

"I told you as soon as it came natural for me to do so. I did not suppose you felt any particular interest in my movements."

"But I do, and I can't bear to have you go," and a tear broke out of bounds and ran across his cheek.

"The stage has come," said Mrs. Mills.

"Good-bye, mother," giving her a fervent embrace, Good-bye, Mr. Gulic, extending her hand.

Ben walked by her side to the stage, saying on the way, "Take care of yourself, and don't feel uneasy about your mother. I will take good care of her as if she were my own mother.'—Mary gave him a look of thanks, which he afterwards said, he got framed and hung up in his memory. Perhaps he made her write to her daughter a little more frequently than was perfectly convenient; but the accounts of his fidelity to his promise, which the letters contained, prepared Mary on her return in the spring, to consent to his having a legal right to call Mrs. Mills mother—a right which he assumed in advance. Early in April they jointly took possession of the Northern Farm.

The Empress of Fashion and of France.

The lady, indeed, cannot, with much propriety, be styled the Empress of France, because her lord, the Emperor, does his own governing and keeps his own secrets. "The ordinary days at the Tuileries," wrote a correspondent lately, "when there is no reception, pass off monotonously enough. The Empress works embroidery, or needlework, part of the evening. About ten o'clock, Bonapart plays at *vingt et un* with the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and after a few *tours de banquier* retires with the Empress. He continues to display the warmest proofs of attachment to his bride. All that she asks she obtains, except in matters of public policy; there he is impregnable. You know that she met with a first repulse with regard to the property of the Orleans family. Lately she returned to the charge, entreating the recall of the exiled generals. Bonaparte shook his head, and begged her not to repeat such applications." But though her power as empress of France is extremely limited, she rules the Empire of fashion with undisputed sway. In compliment to her, the Spanish styles of dress and decoration have been made the fashion of Paris, and will, of course, soon become the gage everywhere. In our Declaration of Independence no fashion clause was inserted, and therefore, our republican belles and dames will probably yield ready obedience to the decrees of the new Empress, or to speak more correctly, the decrees of her Majesty's milliner. We observe in the shop windows of Broadway, a variety of likenesses of the Empress, some representing her on horseback, some in the ball-room, and others are simple portraits. These likenesses may resemble *her*; but not two of them resemble one another. The prettiest one we have seen, and therefore, we suppose, the best likeness, shows a figure *petite*, an oval countenance, very pleasing, but not expressive; an air more meditative than dashing, and the general effect quiet, simple and refined. The artist has placed her on a black horse, with a supernatural quantity of mane, and the surrounding scenery is that of crags and mountains, in the midst of which the *Imperadora de los Francesses* is riding unattended. We shall watch the progress of the Spanish taste here with some interest.

The Romance of Real Life---A Double Tragedy

We recently gave an account of the death by suicide of Prince Camerata, a relative of Louis Napoleon's. All sorts of stories have recently been circulated upon the subject. Among them one that he was in love with the Countess de Montijo, and that on her marriage with Louis Napoleon he gave way to despair, and committed the fatal act. Another, that he was betrothed to a charming young actress, and that family reasons prevented their marriage, and hence his suicide. It will be seen by the following, which we copy from the Liverpool Albion, which came to hand by the Niagara, that she too has plunged rashly and recklessly into the mysteries of eternity.

"Amongst the list of artistes announced by Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Copeland to appear at the Theatre Royal in the projected French performances, our readers may have observed the name of Mdlle Marthe, a beautiful and charming actress from the Gymnase Theatre, in Paris, where she was a great favorite. This young lady, it appears, committed suicide in Paris last week, under very distressing circumstances. She was much attached to the Prince Camerata, a relative of the Emperor's, who put an end to his existence early in the present month; and fearing she would be troubled by his friends and relatives in consequence of some valuable presents he had given to her, she suffocated herself with charcoal. These two events have shed a deep gloom over Paris, and caused universal regret. Mr. Mitchell has, in consequence been forced to visit Paris again, to engage some one else to play the roles assigned to the unfortunate actress."