

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, OCTOBER 25, 1849.

VOL. 6.—NO. 3.

When Fortune Beams.
When Fortune beams around you,
When hearts with pleasure leap;
And hopes and joys surround you—
Forget not those who weep!
When friendship's smile invites you
To bless and to be blest;
When every charm delights you—
O think of the distress'd!

When golden gales betide you,
As if by heaven decreed,
And plenty stands beside you—
Forget not those who need!
When pleasures cup seems endless,
Oh, prove it without end;
By being to the friendless
In every hour a friend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Little Feet; OR, THE AMATEUR SHOEMAKER.

BY NETTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

'Won't you take away your admiring gaze from my pretty feet, Clifford, dear? I don't go to sleep for fear you will carry them off, and I shall awake footless!'

The speaker was a roguish and elegant young girl, nestling down into the rosy pillows of a lounge. As she spoke she drew up her delicate feet beneath the rustling folds of her dress.

'Your little feet, indeed!' was the reply of the young gentleman, taking up one of his sisters beautiful brown tresses from the pillow where it floated. 'My little sis, I fear you are spoiled—such complacent vanity is amusing.'

'Then let the responsible thought be yours that you spoiled me, dear; how should I know my feet were so fairy-like, if you had not told me so ten times a day. Are you not always quoting Mrs. Osgood's:—
"Her foot is like a fairy's foot,
So dainty and so fleet!"

'Well, I know it, but I can't help it, for they certainly are the prettiest I ever saw. And I am sure,' he continued, his dark eyes growing more thoughtful than the occasion seemed to warrant, 'if I have spoiled you, you have returned the compliment with interest, else I should have been married before now. Twenty-eight, and never been engaged to a woman yet, for the very reason that in looking at my little sis's feet so much, my ideas of the beauty of such articles have grown so perfect that I have never met any other lady who pleased me.'

'I should be ashamed of you, Clifford, if I thought you spoke in earnest. You forget, do you, a lady's grace, beauty, goodness and intellect because her shoes are a trifle larger than your sister Grace's?'

'Don't reprove me sis, for I philosophize upon the matter; I want a woman with heart, and soul, and intellect—to love and be sensible; but if her head was full of thought and her heart full of affection, how can they be properly balanced? how, I ask, can they be spiritualized unless the feet that uphold them are fashioned in the perfectness of lightness and grace?'

'You had better enlarge upon your wonderful theory, and give the world the benefit of your scientific and philosophic arguments in three quarto volumes!' said Grace with meek gravity, raising her half-shut lashes till the mirthful flash of her large eyes met the half-comical, half-serious look of her bachelor brother. 'It is so provoking! when I have absolutely the most charming friend in the world, whom I had selected for you, and expected you to be grateful and delighted—but, alas! her feet are positively large. Continuing your theory, though, I should suppose that it was necessary they should be large to support the immense amount of sensibility, goodness and grace of her soul.'

'What is her name?'

'Madeline Mellen. She lives in Philadelphia. She has spiritual eyes.'

'Hush, hush, I do not care about her eyes—I shall not go to see her—you need not pout, sis; you had no right to be so beautiful yourself, and make me so particular.'

'I shall say nothing more to you this afternoon, sir Bachelor,' murmured the young girl indignantly.

Wherever she nestled her flushed cheek closer to the pillow, tossed back a curl that had crept over to silence her lips, and shut her eyes determinedly, notwithstanding the slight quiver of the light lashes.

Clifford Wells smiled upon his sweet pet, and rising from the easy chair, paced slowly to and fro through the luxurious parlor. As his thoughts quickened so did his pace, till at length so absorbed was he in his new ideas, that he ran over an ottoman, and when startled by the sound, Grace opened her sleepy, snowy eyelids, her elegant and dignified brother was kissing a rose in the tufted carpet, evidently a

little astonished himself at the gallant feat.

'Has some charming shoe been pressing that flower?' asked the mischief, with a laugh so merry that it made Clifford blush at his own expense as he rose to his feet.

'Now, to punish you for laughing, I shall not tell you what I was thinking of when I stumbled over that ottoman,' said he. 'Only just this—in the evening train of cars I shall leave for Philadelphia, and you will not see me again very soon.'

'Why, Clifford, I shall be so lonely.'

'Perhaps, then, you will not tease me so much when I do return. We will see whether there is another foot in the world like my dear pet's. Good bye, dear.'

'Good-bye! Perhaps you are going to see Madeline Mellen,' said Grace, gaily, for she thought her brother was only teasing her.

'Oh! Madeline Mellen!' was the impatient reply,—but I am really going now, sis. You shall hear from me in a day or two, and kissing her beautiful forehead, the fanciful bachelor hurried away on the project, the thought of which had caused him one stumble, and the realization of which might cause him another.

CHAPTER II.

In a shoe store, in a fashionable street in the city of Brotherly-Love, a clerk was leaning upon the counter, heedless of the lady-customers that thronged the establishment. Many proud eyes looked with surprise at the refined and aristocratic air of the handsome clerk. But his earnest glance was bent upon a lady who was passing on the opposite side of the street. There was an exceeding grace in her manner, as she glided quietly along, and as the gazer regarded her with intense interest, she crossed the way a few paces below, and in a moment entered the store.

'Have you fine French gaiters?' she inquired in a sweet voice, blushing unaccountably at the earnest gaze of his dark eyes—unaccountably, for why should one accustomed to admiration, blush at the regard of a clerk.

The young man glanced at her hand—it was exquisitely small, and handed a pair of number ones.

The shoes were small enough, but her foot was rather peculiarly shaped, and they would not fit nicely. 'Did they make shoes at this establishment?'

'If she would have a pair of gaiters made, he would take the measure—and seating her in a furnished recess, she disengaged her foot from its dainty slipper; and the young clerk kneeling with tape in hand, took its delicate dimensions.'

Oh, yes! the handsome shoemaker, with the dark, peculiar eyes, and thoughtful, elegant air, in deferential manner, was kneeling before the young girl to 'take the measure of her foot!' But as, interested and surprised by his faultless demeanor and earnest, intellectual face, the beautiful girl regarded him with wonder, he had much rather have whispered to her the burning secret of his heart while bending thus lowly before her. In the attitude of adoration, yet he dare not adore! It was not the exquisite grace of that tiny foot—no! no! he had remarked the sweet blush upon her cheek, and the deep, pure, spiritual light in her large grey eyes; and the mere shoemaker, as if he had been a man of the world, and had moved all his life in society, studying its mind and motives, understood the gifted and fair girl, and would have laid his heart at her feet—the little feet that looked too sacred for him to touch. That would have been ridiculous, would it not? For the soulless admiration of exquisite, the formal affection of grave men, the deep love of gifted poets had been offered her—and would not the words in which the young clerk might form his feelings, have sounded strange to her aristocratic ear? Oh! the very height of first love! madness that would have been! So the shoemaker thought nothing, except to tell her that the shoes would be finished the next day; but he thought all the more; and if I should say that the radiant young girl went out of the shoe-store with the most perfect image of manly perfectness impressed indelibly upon her heart, this would be quite a French story, would it not? But I do not say so, neither tempt you to draw the inference!

Busily the young shoemaker fashioned the tiny gaiters that were to be called for on the morrow. Though the proprietor of the establishment thought him more appropriately occupied in the show rooms, yet he would make every inch of those precious shoes. With every stitch he sewed in a burning thought, and if the soul of the maker could have any influence on the wearer, the dreamy young maiden with the pensive eyes would have only visions of love, and poetry, and beauty, while those haunted shoes bound her slight feet.

CHAPTER III.

'I don't feel very much flattered by your reception, Madeline, mine,' said Grace Wells, the evening after her arrival on a visit to the pensive eyed friend she had selected for her runaway brother; 'here Clifford must start away and leave me to indulge some wild caprice, and now that I have come to you to be consoled for his absence, and perchance to find him, half this evening you have been sitting with your eyes fixed on the floor, utterly regardless of your poor deserted visitor.'

'Why, Grace have I?' said the young girl with a blush, drawing a low seat to the feet of her friend and leaning her beautiful head on her lap as she looked up in her face.

Grace's little white hand looked charming as she laid it amid those ebony masses of hair, sweeping over the pure forehead and heaving upon the young, poetical Madeline. That proud, particular brother would have had the heart-ache sadly, if he could have guessed how doringly those young girls were sitting there, and he so far away. And if he had looked upon the bright spiritual face of his sister's friend—that face so eloquent—with its exceeding pureness and sweet smile—the peerless forehead and the large, beaming pensive eyes that seemed to ask for tenderness and trust, the faintly-tinted, softly-dimpled cheek—the rich, proud, tender lip, and, over all, the ineffable expression of the soul—perhaps he would have forgotten what Grace told him about the foot, at least he would have been more surprised than you yet know a reason for.

Grace, too, looked very beautiful, with her placidly pleasant face, that was gentle and faultless and a little mirthful—her slight, elegant form, and her white arm lying carressingly amid Madeline's dark tresses. She was a year or two older than the fair girl at her feet, though she was not quite twenty.

'Will you tell me what made you so thoughtful, if I will not complain of your neglect?' she asked with a slight smile.

'Oh! I am sure you would laugh at me, Grace, I was thinking of—a shoemaker that I saw to-day.'

Grace did, indeed, laugh merrily.

'Really, my fair poetess, can your glowing imagination conjure up no more romantic ideal than a shoemaker. You, my little fastidious one, who shrunk away from stony dignitaries and curl your red lip at dandies, and shudder at fortune seekers—you, who talk about cultivated soul, refinement blended with intellect, about the stature of a perfect man—have you descended to love at first sight—and shoe-making? You must have a vivid fancy, my bright dreamer!'

'You are not in earnest, Grace; you are trying to fret me—just as if I loved this shoemaker because I thought of him. I was wondering how one evidently so elegantly, exceedingly refined, so handsome and so intelligent, should have been in such a station. It caused me to reflect that perhaps there were those worthy of more than indifference and scorn out of this aristocratic circle, where I see so much to despise. Grace, dear, don't you think there is?'

'Probably he was wealthy once,' was the reply, 'and has met his change of position with a good grace. That is certainly a great virtue. And I think it would be as great a virtue in you to win him away from his present situation, and place him here in this splendid home, which is so much better suited to his taste—besides you know you are lonely with only grandma and aunt Effie for companions.'

'Oh! I shall get angry with you Grace, if you do not stop teasing me,' said the sweet girl, blushing crimson. 'But I do think it is sad for him to be there among such companions as clerks.'

'Alas, my foolish brother,' sighed Grace to herself, 'you and Madeline are certainly lost to each other. I never will try to bring about another match. How does he look?' she added aloud; and then continued to herself, 'I wish I had not told him that story about her foot; but I wanted him to love her for her beautiful soul.'

'I am sure I cannot tell,' said Madeline, 'I only know that he was singularly handsome and had such eyes as I never saw before—they were deep and changeable—not blue, nor hazel, not black—they were too eloquent to have a color.'

'Indeed!' was all Grace said as she fell into a musing mood immediately. A thought had occurred to her that awakened an interest in the young clerk as deep as her friend could have wished. 'I shall go with you and see this prodigy to-morrow' she said at length, and, perhaps, we will have a romantic yet, such as we have sometimes dreamed of.'

The next day the two young ladies called at the shoe store. Grace entered, she pulled her veil down over her face. The clerk was there, and the gaiters were finished. A dainty delicate pair were they, and fitted those little feet to a nicety.

As Madeline took out her purse to pay

for the shoes, she asked her companion in a low voice in Italian—

'Is he not beautiful?'

Grace pretended not to hear, so as to make no reply; but a flash of mischief lighted up the face of the clerk, so bright and irresistible that the color on the speaker's cheek grew rosy—and that color grew rosier still when he replied in the same language, with a slight bow—

'Thanks, dear lady.'

Smiling at her own blunder, and quite confused, the young girl turned away, and, followed by her friend, crossed the sidewalk and was in the street; too much absorbed in her wonder and embarrassment, of hearing the terrified voice of Grace calling her back, of whom she was a few spaces in advance.

A span of frightened horses with a carriage attached were rushing directly towards her. They were but a few leaps from the beautiful girl, when she heard the cries of many and the crushing of the vehicle. Turning her head she beheld them leaping and rushing so near—it seemed as if she was already beneath the feet of the terrified animals. She could not fly, but stood suddenly still with her hands clasped. Deaf, blind, and motionless with sudden terror, she heard nothing till a low, earnest voice uttered fervently—

'Thank God!'

Opening her eyes she met those deep ones of the stranger, and fainting in the strong arms which had grasped her from destruction.

At this moment the carriage of the Mellens came up, and stopped, as the ladies had directed the coachman to call for them there. The clerk lifted the insensible girl in, and also Grace, and then by invitation, entered himself, and the coachman drove towards home.

So absorbed was he in his lovely charge that they had nearly arrived there before the stranger noticed who was in the carriage.

'I will not betray you,' he heard a low voice say, and for the first time remembered that he had seen his companion before.

'Why, Grace Wells, how came you here? I did not—'

'Hush!' she interrupted him, putting her small hand over his lips, 'I will keep your secret, just then the long lashes of the swooning girl unclosed.

The motion of the carriage had revived her, and though she was very weak from fright yet she was able to sit up with the assistance of her friend Grace, and to thank her preserver with eloquent lips, and yet more eloquent eyes.

When they were at length arrived, and the clerk had assisted Madeline to the door she looked pleading at Grace, who smiled encouragingly, and then asked her preserver to come in.

'Not now,' he said, 'till you are rested, you must feel very weary Miss—' here he paused.

'Mellen,' murmured Madeline, and as she spoke the name, Grace glanced with a look of triumph at the stranger.

'I will call, Miss Mellen, when you have recovered from the fatigue, and bring with me the shoes which you lost in your terror,' said the clerk with a smile, and retired.

He did come that evening. The ladies were by chance alone. Never was an evening passed so happily between strangers before. Beside the intelligence, beauty and refinement of all—something would speak out in the glowing cheeks and timid eyes of the young Madeline, and in the eloquent face of her preserver, that told a great deal more than their lips told.

'If he is a shoemaker, he is a true, noble man,' murmured the sweet maiden as she nestled to sleep on the bosom of Grace.

'Oh! yes!' was the sleepy reply of that young girl.

And perhaps this story will be kind of French after all.

CHAPTER IV.

Twilight was stealing into the back parlor of the Mellen mansion. The fair friends sat in an open window, watching the crimson tints melt away from the edge of the distant forest.

'This is a sweet evening to love and be loved,' said Grace pensively, looping the silk curtain still further back as the darkness came up from the distance and drew near.

While she spoke the door-bell rang, and a voice was heard in the hall that made Madeline blush and start.

'Good night for the present,' said Grace gaily, hurrying from the room by one door, just as the visitor came in at the other.

'Come back, dear Grace,' cried the young girl, but Grace did not come back, for she knew that the call was not in earnest.

The visitor came and sat down in the window where Grace had sat. He did not speak, not even to say good evening;

but looked into the drooping face of Madeline with his earnest eyes. Her heart throbbed tremulously beneath his glance, and while her own was concealed by those dark lashes she murmured in a low voice with an effort to subdue her embarrassment—

'Who is there that will not be happy such a glorious night as this?'

'There is one that is not happy,' was the earnest reply. 'Oh! to love—to love with the whole soul a being like thee Madeline—so pure, so rare, and spiritual, and beautiful—to thrill beneath your smile—to listen to your words—to look upon your loveliness—to drink from the waters of your fresh spirit—yet be kept by fate, by circumstances, by poverty, from pleading for your love—Oh! Madeline.'

'Who thinks of gold where the heart is' was the almost whispered reply of the young girl, while her lashes sunk still closer in her cheek.

'You do not—cannot love me, Madeline!'

The eloquent eyes of the maiden were raised till the intenseness of their full, loving light burned down into the heart of the lover.

'My Madeline! may I believe those eyes?'

'The young girl dare not reply. 'If I may believe them, dearest—if you do love me, let me kiss but once that young forehead, my Madeline.'

The fair brow was bent to the touch of his quivering lips—a bright tear fell upon his bosom as he folded her there. What was fate or fortune to the communing spirits who sat there—the kindred spirits—the delicate high-bred heiress and the shoemaker who fashioned the shoes upon her dainty feet.

Sweetly and tenderly their voices murmured together, making rare music, the music of the heart. It was, indeed as Grace had said, an evening to love and be loved.

'But will your friends, aunt Effie, your guardian consent to your marrying one so lowly as I?' asked the lover as the evening wore away.

'Alas! I fear not; they do not appreciate you as I do.'

'And if they will not—then?' he asked earnestly.

'I will share your portion, my dear one, even if I should bind shoes by your side; was the reply of the enthusiastic young creature, as her loving eyes raised upon his.

'Bless you Madeline, bless you for your truth and love, I am not worthy of you. I have a sister, a mother and a home in another city. There I can bear you, and if there is splendor there is comfort, kindness and overflowing love.'

'Then with you I would be happy.'

That night Grace was sleeping softly when Madeline stole to their chamber, but the happy yet trembling girl awakened her and sitting amid the curtains on the bed-side, she told with eloquent cheeks and hurried words the events of the evening.

'Is it not right that I should wed him, when he is so gifted and so good, even if my selfish aunt does object?' she inquired eagerly.

'I think you should by all means,' was the energetic reply of the young confident—which advice being disinterested, was of course entitled to respect.

The next day or so Grace went home.

CHAPTER V.

Grace had been at home but a few weeks when one morning she said coaxingly to her mother—

'Mamma, may I give a party?'

'Do you wish to very much dear?' asked the parent kindly.

'Yes, mamma, very much.'

'Then you can my love, certainly.'

'Oh! thank you, mamma, and Grace kissed her mother's cheek.'

The night of the party came—the rooms were magnificent—the visitors brilliant, and Grace beautiful as a star. She seemed unusually happy and a little more excited than her wont; she was usually so quietly and self-possessed in society—she was as restless and as brilliant as a caged bird, and glanced so much at the half-doors, that her mother at length remarked it, and coming up, inquired who she was expecting that made her so uneasy. Just as she was about to reply she heard a voice in the hall that caused her to leave the question unreplyed to, and ran away quite undignified.

A traveling carriage stood before the illuminated mansion.

'We are at home, dearest one—at home now,' said the young husband as he lifted Madeline from the carriage.

'What do you mean?—I am bewildered,' murmured the bride, as he lifted her in his arms and bore her into the hall, where crying and laughing, and happy Grace stood to welcome her brother's bride.

'This is my sister, Madeline, Grace welcome your friend, I have come home now to be a good boy, I shall not make any more shoes this year; I am resolved. But where is mother?'

'Wait a moment, Clifford, dear, don't you see how agitated Madeline is?—she must come to my room and rest a moment and change her dress, while I take the responsibility of telling mamma.'

Madeline did pout a little and declared she would go back to aunt Effie—but Grace kissed away the little frowns and smoothed the brides hair; and the gentle mother came in and folded her to her heart so much kinder than her cross aunt, that she concluded to stay.

'Was not the parties in raptures with the beautiful young bride?'

'I believe I did make that match, after all,' said Grace to herself, though with what reason no one knew.

Mrs. Clifford Wells always kept a pair of half worn gaiters put carefully away in her cabinet of curiosities.

And when Grace was scolded for the falsehood she told about the feet of her friend, she always said she meant they were 'positively' large, comparatively to what they were when she was a baby, though to be sure they were superlatively small for a full grown woman.

M'Cracken's Experience.

'Tell us about the fight Jo.'

'Why you see, boys, it was one of the tightest places I was ever in—Jack, give us a light, will you? I never seed prectactly as many men around one poor fellow afore; an' I wouldn't cared much then if it had been in a place whar I knowed the ropes; but I never had see Louisville afore that; but some how, I thought ef I was to get into a fight, I'd show some of them chaps that M'Cracken could put in some right tall licks. So I tazes off my homespun, rolls up my sleeves, when all at once suthin' struck me.'

'Who was it?'

'Who? I'd noticed a tall fellow on the outside of the crowd, pick up a rock but it wasn't him, for he threw it down again—another fellow, a Major something, he'd an eternal big hickory stick in his fist, and—'

'Was it the Major?'

'No, I don't believe it was, as he walked away before the skarmage commenced; and I didn't see him any more; besides he didn't look like a man whar would maltreat a stranger; but as was saying suthin' struck me.'

'Wharabout did it hit you Jo?'

'On the head. As I was saying, I had just got myself peeced, and had sort o' singled out a pop eyed looking feller jest afore me, and was thinkin' to myself your my mut, sure, when suthin' struck me.'

'Did it knock you down?'

'Hold on fellers, don't be in such a squimion—no, it didn't knock me down; but—'

'Sort o' staggered you?'

'No—can't say it did much, but as I was sayin' the pop-eyed feller looked as ef he thought he was about to catch the fullest cowhoppin' he'd ever seed in his born days; and I'd jest doubled up these petarter grabbers calculatin' to plant one on 'em on the tip of his nose, and knock both his eyes back inter their natural position, when as I said before suthin' struck me.'

'Was it the pop-eyed feller?'

'No Sir-ree! I knew from his build I was a quicker motioned man than he was and I had jest sort o' sot my upper lip stiff, and drawn in a long breath, when suthin' struck me.'

'Well what was it?'

'Why an idear, that I'd better be makin' tracks from them diggins fast; if you'd only been about that that mornin' you'd seed old M'Cracken a makin' the fastest time fur two miles and a leetle better, as ever was made in Jefferson! Whoop! and ef you've got any more of that bald face, pour it out.'

A Prescription.—Some years since, as old Doctor G. was returning to his residence in Worcester, from a fire which had broken out in a neighboring farmer's barn, he was accosted, rather unceremoniously, by a cockney of the first water, and withal, a journeyman tailor, thus:

'Doctab, how far have the good citizens of Worcester succeeded in extinguishing the luminary that is consuming the poor yeoman's barn?'

With an expression that struck terror to the soul of the dandy the Doctor replied:—
'Young man you had better take a dose of physic!'

'No fewer than twenty thousand Austrian soldiers are said to have perished in Hungary from sickness and fever alone.'