

Mountain

Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GENTLE WARNING.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

'Do not accept the offer, Florence,' said her friend Carlotti.

A shade of disappointment went over the face of the fair girl, who had just communicated the pleasing fact that she had received an offer of marriage.

'You cannot be happy as the wife of Herman Leland,' added Carlotti.

'How little do you know this heart,' returned the fond girl.

'It is because I know it so well that I say what I do. If your love be poured out for Herman Leland, Florence, it will be as water on the desert sand.'

'Why do you affirm this, Carlotti?'

'A woman can truly love only the moral virtue of her husband.'

'I don't clearly understand you.'

'It is only genuine goodness of heart that conjoins in marriage.'

'Well?'

Just so far as selfish and evil affections find a place in the mind of either the husband or wife, will be the ratio of unhappiness in the marriage state. If there be any truth in morals, or in the doctrine of affluities, be assured that this is so. It is neither intellectual attainments, nor personal attractions, that make happiness in marriage. Far, very far from it. All depends upon the quality of affections.—If these be good, happiness will come as a natural consequence; but if they be evil misery will inevitably follow so close a union.

'Then you affirm that Mr. Leland is an evil-minded man.'

'Neither of us know him well enough to say this positively, Florence. Judging from what little I have seen, I should call him a selfish man; and no selfish man can be a good man; for selfishness is the basis of all evil.'

'I am afraid you are prejudiced against him, Carlotti.'

'If I have had any prejudices in the matter, Florence, they have been in his favor. Well educated, refined in his manners, and variously accomplished, he creates, on nearly all minds, a favorable impression. But the closer I draw near to him, the less satisfied did I feel with my first judgment. On at least two occasions, I have heard him speak lightly of religion.'

'Of mere cant and sectarianism, perhaps.'

'No; he once spoke lightly of a mother for making it a point to require all her children to repeat their prayers before going to bed. On another occasion he alluded to one of the sacraments of the church in a way that produced an inward shudder. From that time, I have looked at him with eyes from which the scales have been removed; and the more I seek to penetrate beneath the surface of his character, the more do I see that repels me. Florence, dear, let me urge you as one who tenderly loves you, and earnestly desires to see you happy, to weigh the matter well ere you assent to his proposal.'

'I'm afraid, Carlotti,' said Florence, in reply to this, 'that you have let small causes influence your feelings towards Mr. Leland. We all speak lightly at times, even on subjects regarded as sacred; not because we despise them, but from casual thoughtlessness. It was, no doubt, so with Mr. Leland on the occasions to which you refer.'

'We are rarely mistaken, Florence,' replied Carlotti, 'as to the real sentiment involved in the words used by those with whom we converse. Words are the expressions of thought, and these the form of affections. What a man really feels in reference to any subject, will generally appear in the tones of his voice, no matter whether he speak lightly or seriously.—Depend upon it, this is so. It was the manner in which Leland spoke that satisfied me as to his real feelings, more than the language he used. Judging him in this way, I am well convinced that, in his heart, he despises religion; and no man who does this, can possibly make a right-minded woman happy.'

'What answer can I make?' said she, with a sigh. 'He urges an early response to his suit.'

'Duty to yourself, demands a time for consideration. Marriage is a thing of too vital moment to be decided upon hurriedly. Say to him, in reply, that his offer is unexpected, and that you cannot give an immediate answer, but will do so at the earliest possible moment.'

'So cold a response may offend him?'

'If it does, then he will exhibit a weakness of character unfitting him to become the husband of a sensible woman. If he be really attracted by your good qualities, he will esteem you the more for this act of prudence. He will understand that you set a high regard upon the marriage relation, and not mean to enter into it unless

you know well the person to whom you commit your happiness in this world, and in all probability, the next.'

'A coldly calculating spirit, Carlotti that nicely weighs and balances the merits and defects of one beloved, is, in my view, hardly consonant with true happiness in marriage. All have defects of character. All are born with evil inclinations of one kind or another. Love seeks only for good in the object of affection. Affluities of this kind are all most spontaneous in their birth. We love more from impulse than from any clear appreciation of character—perceiving good qualities by a kind of instinct, rather than searching for them.'

'A doctrine, Florence,' said Carlotti, 'that has produced untold misery in the married life. As I said at first, it is only the moral virtue of her husband that a woman can love—it is only this, as a uniting principle, that can make two married partners one. The qualities of all minds express themselves in words and actions, and by a close observance to these latter, we may determine the nature of the former. We cannot perceive them with sufficient clearness to arrive at a sound judgment; the only safe method is to determine the character of the tree by its fruits. Take sufficient time to arrive at a knowledge of Mr. Leland's character by observation, and then you can accept or reject him under the fullest assurance that you are acting wisely.'

'Perhaps you are right,' murmured Florence. 'I will weigh carefully what you have said.'

And she did so. Much to the disappointment of Mr. Leland, he received a reply from Florence, asking a short time for reflection.

When Florence next met the young man there was, as a natural consequence, some slight embarrassment on both sides. On separating, Florence experienced a certain unfavorable impression towards him; although she could not trace it to anything he had said or done. At their next meeting Leland's reserve had disappeared; and he exhibited a better flow of spirits. He was more off his guard than usual, and said a good many things that rather surprised Florence.

Impatient of delay, Leland again pressed his suit; but Florence was farther than ever from being ready to give an answer.—Her request to be allowed further time for consideration wounded his pride; and acting under its influence, he determined to have revenge on her by suing for the hand of another maiden, and bearing her to the altar while she was hesitating over the offer he had made. With this purpose in view, he penned a kind and polite note, approving her deliberation, and desiring her to take the fullest time for reflection. 'Marriage,' said he, in this note, 'is too serious a matter to be decided upon hastily. It is a life union and the parties who make it should be well satisfied that there exists a mutual fitness for each other.'

Two days after Florence received this note, before seeing her friend Carlotti.—She then called upon her in order to have further conversation on the subject of the proposal she had received. The tenor of this note had produced a favorable change in her feelings, and she felt strongly disposed to make a speedy termination of the debate in her mind, by accepting her attractive suitor.

'Are you not well?' was her first remark on seeing Carlotti; for her friend looked pale and troubled.

'Not very well, dear,' replied Carlotti, making an effort to assume a cheerful aspect.

The mind of Florence was too intent on the one interesting subject that occupied it, to linger long on any other theme. But a short time elapsed before she said, with a warmer glow of cheeks:

'I believe I have made up my mind, Carlotti.'

'About what?'

'The offer of Mr. Leland.'

'Well, what is your decision?' Carlotti held her breath for an answer.

'I will accept him.'

Without replying, Carlotti arose, and going to a drawer, took therefrom a letter addressed to herself, and handing it to Florence, said—

'Read that.'

There was something ominous in the manner of Carlotti, which caused Florence to become agitated. Her hands trembled as she unfolded the letter. It bore the date of the day previous, and read thus:—

'MY DEAR CARLOTTI: From the first moment I saw you, I felt that you were the one destined to make me happy or miserable. Your image has been present to me, sleeping or waking, ever since. I can turn in no way that it is not before me. The oftener I have met you, the more have I been charmed by the gentleness, the sweetness, the purity and excellence of your character. With you to walk

through life by my side, I feel that my feet would tread a flowery way; but if heaven have not this blessing in store for me, I shall be, of all men, most miserable. My heart is too full to write more. And have I not said enough? Love speaks in brief but eloquent language. Dear young lady, let me hear from you speedily. I shall be wretched until I know your decision. Heaven give my suit a favorable issue!

'Yours, devotedly,

HERMAN LELAND.'

A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of Florence as the letter dropped from her hands, and she leaned back against her friend to prevent falling to the floor. But, in a little while, she recovered herself.

'And this to you?' said she, with a quivering lip, as she gazed earnestly into the face of her friend.

'Yes, Florence, that to me.'

'Can I trust my own senses? Is there not some illusion? Let me look at it again.'

And Florence stooped for the letter, and fixed her eyes upon it once more.—The language was plain, and the handwriting she knew too well.

'False-hearted!' she murmured, in a low and mournful voice, covering her face and sobbing.

'Yes, Florence,' said her friend, 'he is false-hearted. How thankful am I that you have escaped! Evidently, in revenge for your prudent deliberation, he has sought an alliance with another. Had that other one accepted his heartless proposal, he would have met your favorable answer to his suit with insult.'

For a long time, Florence wept on the bosom of her friend. Then her feelings grew calmer, and her mind became clear.

'What an escape!' fell from her lips, as she raised her head and turned her still pale face towards Carlotti. 'Thanks, my wisest friend, for your timely, yet gentle warning. Your eyes saw deeper than mine.'

'Yes—yes, you have made an escape!' said Carlotti. 'With such a man, your life could only have been wretched.'

'Have you answered his letter?' asked Florence.

'Not yet. But, if you are inclined to do so, we will, on the same sheet of paper, and under the same envelope, each decline the honor of an alliance. Such a rebuke he deserves, and we ought to give it.'

And such a rebuke they gave.

A few months after, and Leland led to the altar a young lady reputed to be an heiress.

A year afterwards, just on the eve of Florence's marriage to a gentleman in every way worthy to take her happiness in his keeping, she sat alone with her fast friend Carlotti. They were conversing of the bright future.

'And for all this joy for me, Carlotti,' said Florence, leaning towards her friend and laying her hand affectionately on her cheek, 'I am indebted to you.'

'To me? How to me, dear?' asked Carlotti.

'You saved me from an alliance with Leland. Oh, into what an abyss of wretchedness would I have fallen! I heard to day that, after abusing poor Agnes in Charleston, where they removed, he finally abandoned her. Can it be true?'

'It is, I believe, too true. Agnes came back to her friends last week, bringing with her a babe. I have not seen her; but those who have, tell me that her story of suffering makes the heart ache. She looks ten years older.'

'Ah me!' sighed Florence. 'Marriage—how much it involves! Even now, as I stand at its threshold, with so much that looks bright in the future, I tremble. Of Edward's excellent character and goodness of heart, all bear testimony. He is everything I could wish; but will I make him happy?'

'For all you could wish,' said Carlotti, seriously. 'None are perfection here, and you must not expect this. You will find, in your husband's character, faults; anticipate this; but let the anticipation prepare you to bear with, rather than be hurt when they appear; and do not seek too soon to correct them. It is said, by a certain deeply seeing writer on spiritual themes, that when the angels come to try one, they explore his mind only to find the good therein, that they may excite it to activity. Be, then, your husband's angel; explore his mind for the good it contains, and seek to develop and strengthen it. Looking intently at what is good in him, you will not be likely to see faults looming up and assuming a magnitude beyond their real dimensions. But when faults appear, as they assuredly will, compare them with your own, and, as you would have him exercise forbearance towards you, do you exercise forbearance towards him. Be wise in your love, my

friend. Wisdom and love are married partners. If you separate them, neither is a safe guide. But if you keep them united, like a rower who pulls both oars, you will glide swiftly forward in a smooth sea.'

Florence bent her head as she listened, and every word of her friend made its impression. Long after they were remembered and acted upon, and they saved her from hours of pain. Florence is a happy wife; but how near did she come to making shipwreck of her love-freighted heart! There are times when, in thinking of it, she trembles.

Family Nomenclature.

An English work with the above title, has been issued by Mark Anthony Lower, which contains curious information. We give an extract below.

Of *sur* names, Du Cange says, they were at first written, not in a direct line after the Christian name, but *above it, between the lines*, and hence they were called in Latin, *supranomina*, in Italian *supranome*, and in French *sur-noms*—over names. Those who contend for the non-identity of the two words, assert that, although every *sur*-name is a *sur*-name every *sur*-name is not a *sur*-name—a question which I shall not tarry to discuss.

The Highlanders of Scotland employed the *sur* name with Mac and hence our Macdonalds, and Maccarlys—meaning respectively, the son of Donald and of Arthur. The Irish had the practice (probably derived from the patriarchal ages) of prefixing Oy or O, signifying *grandson*—as O'Hara O'Neale; a form still retained in many Hibernia surnames.

It is related in the Encyclopædia Perthensis, that an antiquated Scottish dame used to make it matter of boasting, that she had trod the world's stage long enough to possess *one hundred eyes*.

Many of the Irish also use Mac. According to the following distich, the titles Mac and O' are not merely what the logicians call accidents, but altogether essential to the very being and substance of an Irishman:

Per Mac atque O, tu verus cognoscis Hibernos
His deobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.

Which has been translated:

'By Mac and O'
You'll always know
True Irishmen, they say
For if they lack
Both O' and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.'

The old Norwimens prefixed to their names the word 'Fitz,' a corruption of *Filius*, and that derived from the Latin *Filius*, as Fitz-Hamon, Fitz-Gilbert.—The peasantry of Russia, who are some centuries behind the same class in other countries, affix the termination of 'Witz,' (which seems to have some affinity to the Norman *Fitz*) to their names; thus, Peter Paulowitz, for Peter, the son of Paul.—The Poles employ *Sky* in the same sense, as James *Petrowsky*, James the son of Peter.

Until a comparatively recent period, no surnominal adjunct was used in Wales, beyond *ap*, or *son*, as David-*ap*-Howell, Evan-*ap*-Rhys, Griffith-*ap*-Roger, John-*ap*-Richard, now very naturally corrupted into *Powell*, *Price*, *Prodder*, and *Pritchard*. It was not unusual even but a century back to hear of such combinations as Evan *ap* Griffith *ap* David *ap* Jenkin, and so on the seventh or eighth generation, so that an individual carried his pedigree in his name. The following curious description of a Welshman occurs 15 Henry 8: 'Morgane Phillip alias dicto Morgane Phillip alias dicto Morgane vap-David vap-Phillip.'

The church of Llangollen, in Wales, is said to be dedicated to S. Collen *ap* Gwymawg *ap* Clyndawg *ap* Courda *ap* Caradoc-Freichfas *ap* Llynw-Merin *ap* Einion-Yrth *ap* Cunedda-Wledig, a name that casts that of the Dutchman, *Inkveevankodsorspavcknskndrachdern*, into the shade.

To burlesque this ridiculous species of nomenclature, some seventeenth-century wag described *cheese* as being—

'Adam's own cousin-german by his birth,
Ap Curds-Milk-*ap*-Grass-*ap*-Earth.'

An Englishman riding one dark night among the mountains, heard a cry of distress proceeding apparently from a man who had fallen into a ravine near the highway, and on listening more attentively, heard the words, 'Help master, help,' in a voice truly Cambrian. 'Help! what—Who are you?' inquired the traveller. 'Jenkin *ap* Griffith *ap* Robin *ap* William *ap* Rees *ap* Evan, was the response. 'Lazy fellows, that ye be,' rejoined the Englishman, setting spurs to his horse, 'to lie rolling in that hole, half a dozen of ye, why, in the name of common sense, don't ye help one another out?'

A good man can never be miserable nor a wicked man happy.

Marriage Etiquette.

Sailing across the vast southern ocean, we find the most serious compact into which the human race enters, regarded as a most important affair. In Ceylon a whole family goes in a body to ask a woman in marriage—the more numerous the family the greater the title he has for her. If such a custom prevailed in America, the "Smiths" would be the most arbitrary and successful wooers in the land. But happily, such is not the case. In Ceylon marriages are contracted by the right thumbs of the man and woman being put together, the priest throwing a little water over them, and pronouncing the words used for the occasion. As soon as the consent of the parties is obtained, a magician is consulted to fix the day and hour; and at this hour the two families meet at the house of the young woman, where a feast is prepared. The magician consults his book, and holds a clepsydra, or water-clock in his hand; the instant the lucky moment arrives, the married couple are covered with a piece of cloth; their right hands are joined, filtered water is then thrown over them, a cup containing cocoa-milk is passed several times over their heads, and thus the ceremony ends.

The ceremonies among the Hotontots are very peculiar. When matters are adjusted among the old people, the young couple are shut up in a room by themselves, where they pass the night in a struggle for superiority. If the parties agree, the marriage is completed by a ceremony not less singular. Men and women squat on the ground in different circles—the bridegroom in one and the bride in the other; the *suri*, or master of the religious ceremonies, then streams through a tube perfumed oil on to the husband, who rubs it eagerly into the furrows of the face with which he is covered. The bride has the same treatment.

In Kamschacka, a young man, after making proposals, enters into the service of his intended father-in-law; and if he prove agreeable he is admitted to the trial of the touch. The young woman is swaddled up in leather thongs, and is put under the guard of some old women, the suitor watches every opportunity of a slackened vigilance to salute her. The girl must resist, in appearance, at least, and therefore cries out to summon her guards, who fall with fury upon the lover—tear his hair, scratch his face, and act in violent opposition. The attempts of the lover are sometimes unsuccessful for months, but the moment the touch is achieved, the bride testifies her satisfaction by pronouncing "Ni, ni," with a soft and loving voice. This ceremony was also usual in Lithuania.

Selections for a Newspaper.

Most people think the selections of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not unfrequently is it the case, that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the easiest part of his labor.

Every subscriber thinks the paper is printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped; it is good for nothing. Some people look over the death and marriages and actually complain of the editor if but a few people in the vicinity have been so unfortunate as to die, or so fortunate as to get married the previous week.

An editor should have such things in his paper whether they occur or not.—Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many different tastes he has to consult. One wants tales and poetry; another abhors all that. The politician wants nothing but politics! One wants something smart, another something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so, between them all, you see, the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred these things do not occur. They never reflect that what does not please them, may please the next man; but they insist that if the paper does not suit them it is good for nothing.—*Pt. Patriot.*

Two ways to tell a Story.

We hope there are readers who have had practical evidences that a little kindness, however homopathic the dose may be, goes five times as far towards making those around you happy, as cargoes of sour answers or surly rebukes. There are two very distinct ways of telling the same story. Some men will make hosts of friends, while others will find it impossible to discover one. Bluntness and frankness may do very well at times, but as a general thing it is prudent to study effects as well as causes. Jones may say to Smith:

'Smith, are you going to pay that note to-day?'

'No I shan't: don't suit me, and I shan't do it!'

'Then by thunder I'll see if you don't!' says enraged Jones. A lawyer gets a case a squabble follows, and—they both pay dearly for a lesson in civility. How different Brown would fix it.

'Smith what is the state of your finances this morning, do you feel as though you could let me have that fifty dollars to-day?'

'Well, no I can't,' says Smith, 'I'm very short; can't you wait on me a few days, it would be an accommodation?'

'Well,' says Brown, 'let it stand; do something for me as soon as you can, will you, Smith?'

'Certainly I will.' They part—friends and brothers.

'Go away with that noise!' says some bully-headed fellow to the poor itinerant organist and his monkey. The poor fellow goes away, mortified and soured against his species; how different the good heart, the peace maker does it.

'My man, your music is pleasant, but it disturbs us now; there are a few pennies, play for some others further on your way.'

'The organist goes along smiling at the man who has ordered him off. There is five times the force in kind words and generosity, than there is in morose sulks and arbitrary measures. We cannot live long or happy among our species, without the aid of kindness and generosity. It is not necessary to knock a man down to convince him he is in error, or hold a knife at his breast to assure him his life is in your power. Politeness and civility are rare jewels; they render two-fold good, blessing him that giveth and him that receiveth. It is quite astonishing, when we calculate the entire safety and splendid percentage it yields—that so few invest in that capitol stock—good humor and kindness.

The Newspaper Press.

The following is from a speech, delivered by Rev. James Aspinwall, on Education:

'Nor, while speaking of the schoolmasters, in whose hands the printing press is such a powerful agent of public instruction at the present time, must we forget newspapers. Whether we regard them as the guide or echo of popular opinion—and in one sort they partake of both characters—we are lost in amazement and admiration at the quantity and quality of mind, and that of the highest order, now to be found in the columns of the daily, weekly, and provincial press. From being a mere chronicle of passing events, a dry register of dates and facts, the newspaper has grown into one of the leading schoolmasters of the day. Its articles amuse us with their wit, and instruct us with their wisdom. They exhibit the brilliancy of the classical scholar, and the close reasoning of the logician. It is an encyclopædia in itself. It reviews all books and treats of all sciences. It is familiar with all geography, and at home with all history. It is (Edipus, to read the riddles which every political sphinx may set before it. It dives into cabinet secrets and anticipates the purposes of statesmen. It has the hundred eyes of the ever wakeful argus, the hundred hands and fifty heads of Briareus. And, as omnipresent as omniscient, as ubiquitous as versatile, it is here, there, and everywhere, from Indus to the Po, from China to Peru, compassing the world with its correspondents, and, with its expresses and electric telegraph, racing against time to communicate the intelligence of mankind in every region of the earth. The ancients counted up seven wonders of the world. If they had possessed a newspaper press they would have had an eighth more marvellous and of more worth than all the rest together.'

The steam sloop Hecate was to have left Portsmouth, England, on Saturday, the 3d instant, direct for New York, with Sir Henry Bulwer on board, as minister plenipotentiary to the United States. The only son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was to sail with his uncle as unpaid *attache*. The Hecate will probably arrive at New York some time this week.