



A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

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S. SIEGFRIED, Junr., Assistant Editor.

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ORIGINAL.

The following letter was handed to us for publication, if we think proper, under the impression that it will be interesting at least to the relatives and friends of the writer, who reside in this county. We take pleasure in laying it before our readers:—

Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind.
STAUNTON, Feb. 4, 1852.

Dear Friend—With pleasure I take this first opportunity of dropping you a line to inform you that I am in good health as usual. I hope you are also well. I am sorry for not having written to you for so long a time. I have remembered that I promised to write to you.

There are twenty-seven deaf male mutes, and thirty-three deaf female mutes, and about thirty-six blind pupils, in this noble Institution.

When you first came to Mr. Covell's School-room, I knew you not, but soon perceived that you were Dr. J. H. McLane. We are all well, but one of the deaf mute little girls was very sick about two weeks and very weak, but she is now getting well and walks about in the rooms of his building. She will be able to go to school soon. There are some persons sickly in town and in the neighborhood of Staunton.

In 1847, while I was ignorant, I was called by Rev. Mr. Tyler to come to the Institution in order to be taught to write and to read. Ever since—four years and one month, Rev. Joseph D. Tyler had been so benevolent and always gave anything to the deaf mute pupils, whenever anything was wanted, during which time I was much pleased with him, who was very kind to them all. My teacher, Mr. John C. Covell explains to his class the lessons of catechism every Friday afternoon, that they may study the lesson on Sunday. But two Fridays ago, Rev. Mr. Tyler was asked by Mr. Covell if he would like to explain a lesson, as his wife was sick and needed his attention. Rev. Mr. Tyler did so, and told the pupils of some religious things. He then went home and took a chill at night, and in the morning he was dangerously ill. Last Sunday, when he awoke at daylight, he told one of his friends to open the window-curtain, and found that it was calm and pleasant. He called his wife and five children to come to him, and said to them "I will never see another Sabbath morning." His prediction was fulfilled. He died on Thursday morning, the 29th January. His wife and children are much afflicted at the death of Mr. Tyler. He was buried in the grave-yard on Saturday morning following. I suppose his remains will be carried to the North to be buried. All the deaf and dumb pupils mourn for him, but will never see him again in the world. He was a great friend of the deaf and dumb. All the deaf and dumb and blind pupils, the Directors of the Va. Deaf and Dumb Institution, and some speaking persons, followed the corpse to the tomb. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." While Rev. Mr. Tyler was confined to his bed by *bilious pneumonia*, at night of the 25th ult. he asked Mr. Covell if he would read to him a chapter of the Bible, which he wished to hear. He read Psalm 11.

The hand of visitors of this edition appointed Dr. Merrill Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution. It is very cold and windy, and there was nine inches of snow lying on the

of January; it stayed twenty-six days with great cold. Now it is all gone. It is a little cool, but pleasant weather, and it has been clear a few days.
Respectfully, your friend,
BARTON BEAN.

COMMUNICATED.

A TRUE SKETCH.

A YOUNG MAN, in all the bloom and freshness of budding manhood, is about leaving his home—the home of his childhood from whence all his earliest recollections spring, and around whose fire-side so many hallowed associations cluster.

"He is leaving the home of his childhood's birth;
He is bidding farewell to his father's hearth;
His home is henceforth to be in a stranger land. If he is sick and tender another will watch over his pillow, administering to his every want as only a mother can do; if his spirit is sad and his heart desolate, where will he find one who can so readily sympathize with him in these feelings as a sister. When in trouble either bodily or mental to whom can he go with so sure an expectation of relief as to a fond father? But the last farewell must be spoken, so with an oppressed heart he speaks the parting word, and receives the last embrace of a fond mother, and then takes his place in the stage which is to convey him to his destined home. How mingled are the emotions which now crowd upon his mind! Hope, ever bright, buoy him up with a prospect of much success,—and then a feeling of loneliness steals over his soul; but with a masterly spirit he strives to conquer it by picturing to himself vivid dreams of happiness, which are, alas! never to be realized. He arrives at the place which he is henceforth to call home. His fine, open, intelligent features, noble bearing and warm heart, soon win the attention and esteem of all. Though difficulties often surround his path, and sadness perchance weighs down his spirits, yet through all he maintains his way, ever repeating to himself as a watchword to urge him forward "onward, right onward."

But such undisturbed peace and pleasure is not long his happy lot.—Just when every prospect of future success seemed bright, and every cloud seemingly dispersed from his sky,—suddenly every hope is blighted, and his cup of happiness which hitherto seemed full, is dashed to the ground in a few short weeks. The death of a much loved friend fills his soul with anguish and bitterness; but so successful are his endeavors to hide his grief that those who daily associate with him think him only low spirited. After an absence of two long years from his father's roof, he anticipates, with pleasurable emotions, the delight he will experience in returning to his childhood's home. Already is the time set for his departure, but he is taken sick. All that can be done for the loved one is done—no mother or sister is there to administer to his wants, or in his hours of despondency and gloom to cheer him by their sweet converse—but strangers comparatively—true they are kind ones—watch over his pillow. He grows worse, and then, though all means are used to prevent, if possible, the sad event, death comes and laying its icy hand on that form once full of life and health, leaves its deep impress there. O that it had been his to say "O death, where is thy sting!" But such was not the case.

The hour, so much dreaded, at last comes, when he is to be committed to the dark narrow chamber prepared for all. Many attend him to his last long home, and slowly and sadly they lay him down, and in those beautiful, touching words, say, "Farewell brother, kindred and strangers are mourners to day."
The last sad offices have been performed. They leave him alone in that solemn place where he has so often sat musing in sadness and desolation. No more will he mingle in the busy throng. No more will words of quietness and intelligence flow from his lips, nor joy and pleasure sparkle in those features now forever settled in death. The place that has known him will know him no more. His friends will remember his kindness and goodness long, and though deprived of his society, still will his memory dwell in their hearts. Peace be to his memory.
Reader, this is no fancy sketch, but is full of truth. O, that all who understand its meaning who are acquainted with the incidents here related, may learn a lesson of the frailty of human life, and in so doing, prepare for that solemn event which all must meet sooner or later. Truly, in the midst of life are we in death! P. N. M.

A man whose mind is trained to find happiness in doing good, almost always has the means of happiness at command.

COMMUNICATED.
Laurel Point, Monongalia Co. Va.,
February, 1852.

Mr. SIEGFRIED:
It is truly astonishing to behold how completely the habit of unnecessary drinking pervades the various classes of our community. In one way or another it is their morning and evening devotion—their noonday and midnight sacrifice. From the highest grade to the lowest, from the drawing room to the kitchen, from the gentleman to the laborer, down descends the universal custom—from those who sit long at the wine that has been rocked upon the ocean, ripened beneath an Indian sky, down to those who solace themselves with the fiery liquor that has cursed no other shore than our own, down, till it reaches the miserable abode where the father and mother will have rum, though the children cry for bread—down to the bottom, even to the prison-house, the forlorn inmate of which hails him his best friend who is cunning enough to convey to him undisturbed the all-consoling, the all-corroding poison. Young men express the warmth of their mutual regard by daily and nightly libations at some fashionable hotel! How absurd and destructive to health, morals and reputation is this custom! and how necessary to adopt every means that will save young men and all others from the ruin of intemperance!

May God bless the temperance cause and all engaged in it! May they spread their banners from nation to nation until the world is purified and saved! "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God"—implying that a proper condition of the body induces a holy state of the mind, whilst an inflamed or impure body kindles the animal passions.

"Blessings on them, how they lighten
All the petty ills of life!
How their beaming faces brighten
Pathways fraught with care and strife.
Heaven bless them! angels singing
Songs of sweetness by the way;
Melody no richer bringing
Than those children's roundelay!
O! what music in their voices!
Thrilling hearts so weak and warm,
That the saddest now rejoice,
Truly seeming newly born!"
H. G. B.

COMMUNICATED.
Laurel Point, Monongalia Co. Va.,
February, 1852.

Mr. Editor.—There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than the perusal of an old newspaper. Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more palpable and forcible than the most elaborate discourse. As the eye runs down its diminutive columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and by-gone paragraphs, the question forces itself on the mind, where are the busy multitudes whose names appear on these pages? Where is the puffing auctioneer, the pushing tradesman, the bustling merchant, and the calculating lawyer, who each occupies a space in this chronicle of departed time? Alas! their names are now only to be read on the sculptured marble which covers their ashes—they have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more to be seen. From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we who now enjoy our little span of existence in this chequered scene shall have gone down into the dust, and shall furnish the same moral to our children that our forefathers do to us. The sun will then shine as bright, the flowers will bloom as fair, the face of nature be as pleasing as ever, while we are reposing in our narrow cell, heedless of every thing that once charmed and delighted us.
H. G. B.

POWER OF THE PRESS.—The following statement, showing the number of presses and persons employed in the four largest book publishing concerns in New York city, affords some idea of the great moral power that here moulds the public mind:
The Harpers 20 presses, 400 hands
The Tract House, 13 " 275 "
Bible House, 10 " 200 "
Meth. Concern, 8 " 200 "
51 1175

The number of presses includes only power presses. But few, however, of any other variety are in use. Of the hands, about 430 are females, the majority of them young girls.
The Appletons keep 18 presses running a good part of the time.—New York Mirror.

A TEA SWINDLE.—A box of tea, recently purchased at auction in New York, was opened at Louisville a few days ago, and found to be filled with rice-hulls and particles of burnt clay. The box, from every appearance, it is stated, had not been opened since it left China, and the fraud was doubtless committed by the Celestials.

Miscellaneous.

From Gleason's Pictorial.
THE RUNAWAY MATCH.
BY FRED HUNTER.

A great many years since, when bright eyed and fair-haired lasses were not so plenty in New England as they now are, there dwelt in the town of P—, a pretty village, distant then some five and twenty miles from 'Market Town,' a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden, who had a peculiarly ugly and cross-grained but wealthy old father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child; and report said truly that she would be the only legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full ten thousand dollars; at that period, a very handsome fortune, to be sure.

The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous; but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway with him or her.

In the meantime, Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret! Who would have supposed for one moment that such a fellow would dare to look upon beauty and comparative refinement? His name was Walker, or, as he was generally called, "Joe"—Joe Walker; and he was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with the management of his place for two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer and a right good manager, was this plain, unassuming, but good looking Joe Walker. He was young too, only twenty-three; and he actually fell in love with the beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his old employer's only daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was, that Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly, and frankly; and promised to wed him at the favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them, which excited his envy and suspicions. Very soon afterwards, Joe learned the old man's mind, indirectly, in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem; and so he set his wits at once to work.

By agreement, an apparently settled coldness and distance was observed by the lovers towards each other for five or six months; and the father saw (as he believed) with satisfaction, that his previous suspicions and fears had been all premature. Then, by agreement also between them, Joe absented himself from the house at evening; and night after night for three full months longer did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bed time. This was unusual, and old Danforth determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant; but, after a faithful attachment between them for several months, the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young girl's hand.

This was capital. Just what old Danforth most desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would help Joe to get married and thus stop all further suspicious or trouble at home. So he said:
"Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?"
"Yes—yes," said she. "That is, other folks say so. I'm not much of a judge myself."
"And you like her?"
"Yes, sir—yes."
"Then, marry her," said old Danforth.

"But I can't—the father objects!"
"Pooh!" continued Danforth, "let him do so; what need you care? Run away with her!"
"Elope?"
"Yes! Off with you at once! If the gal will join—all right. Marry her, bring her here; you shall have

the little cottage in the lane; I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased, and the old man may like it or not, as he will!"
"But—"
"But no buts, Joe. Do as I bid you; go about it at once; and—"
"You will stand by me?"
"Yes, to the last. I know you, Joe. You are a good fellow, a good workman, and will make anybody a good son, or husband."
"The old fellow will be so mad, though."
"Who cares, I say? Go on quickly, but quietly."
"To-morrow night, then," said Joe.
"Yes," said Danforth.
"I'll hire Colver's horse—"
"No you shan't."
"No?"
"I say no. Take my horse—the best one, young Morgan; he'll take you off in fine style, in the new phaeton."
"Exactly."
"And as soon as you're spliced, come right back here, and a jolly time we'll have of it, at the old house."
"Her father will kill me!"
"Bah! He's an old fool, whoever he is; he don't know your good qualities as well as I do. Don't be afraid; faint heart, you know never won a fair woman."
"The old man will be astounded."
"Never mind, go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife, at any rate."
"I'll do it," said Joe.
"You shall, said Danforth; and they parted in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark, on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, decked in a nice new black suit, and really looking very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helped to harness young 'Morgan' to his new phaeton; and leading the spunky animal himself into the road, away went happy Joe Walker in search of his bride.

A few rods distant from the house, he found her, as per previous arrangement; and repairing to the next village, the parson very quickly made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took his bride, and soon dashed back to the town of P—, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him, and who received him with open arms.

"Is it done?" cried the old man.
"Yes, yes!" answered Joe.
"Bring her in, bring her in," continued the old fellow, in high glee; "never mind compliments; no matter about the dark entry; here, here, Joe, to the right, in the best parlor; we'll have a time now, sure!" and the anxious farmer rushed away for lights, returning almost immediately.

"Here's the certificate, sir," said Joe.
"Yes, yes—"
"And this is my wife," he added, as he passed up to his beautiful bride, the bewitching and lovely Minnie Danforth!

"WHAT!" roared the old fellow;—"what did you say, Joe—you villain, you scamp, you out-dacious cheat, you—you—you—"
"It is truth, sir; we are lawfully married. You advised me to this course, you assisted me, you planned the whole affair, you lent me your horse, you thought me, last evening, worthy of any man's child, you encouraged me, you promised to stand by me, you offered me the cottage at the foot of the lane, you—"
"I didn't! I deny it. You can't prove it; you're a—a—a—"
"Calmly now," continued Joe.—And the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge the union.

The father relented at last. It was a job of his own manufacture, and he saw how useless it would be, finally, to attempt to destroy it.
He gave in reluctantly; and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.

The marriage proved a joyful one; and the original assertion of old Danforth proved truthful in every respect. The cunning lover was a good son and a faithful husband and lived many

years to enjoy the happiness which followed upon his runaway match; while the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement, for he saw how completely he had overshot his mark!

THE KOSSUTH MANIA.

The excitement on this subject has vanished in the State of Maryland with the disappearance of M. Kossuth; nor do we suppose that a single Hungarian bond, prepared by the New York committee to replenish the treasury of Hungary, could be sold in Maryland, excepting as a curiosity. Financiers will look to better security than these bonds afford; and we think it likely that the sum which may be raised by the sale of them will not do much more than pay the expenses of their issue.
—Baltimore Clipper.

The executive committee appointed in Philadelphia some time ago to obtain "material aid to Hungary" was, on Saturday, at an adjourned meeting in Independence Hall, virtually dissolved, in consequence of the little interest manifested in the matter, and the greater claims upon the means of the citizens for the relief of the suffering poor of the city, resulting from the late severe cold weather. The subscriptions raised by the committee to hold daily sessions at Independence Hall were "few and far between," amounting in all to less than one thousand dollars. It was stated that, with the exception of the contributions of members of the committee, only one dollar had been received during the last three days' sittings in the hall. Other propositions were also abandoned, having been found utterly futile, owing to the apathy of the public mind on the subject.—Sun.

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.—A writer in the Westminster Review, who lived for several years on the western coast, gives an interesting description of the interior of that country. He says a state of civilization exists among some of the tribes such as has not been suspected hitherto by those who have judged only from such accounts as have been given of the tribes with which travellers have come in contact. They cannot be regarded as savages, having organized townships, fixed habitations, with regular defences about their cities, engaging in agriculture, and the manufacture of cotton cloths for clothing, which they ornament with handsome dyes of native production, and exhibit handicraft in their conversion of iron and precious metals into articles of use and ornament. The merchants entrust their goods to the care of native traders, in various parts of the country, stored in huts, without protection, yet preserved in entire safety; acts of robbery being very rare. Native traders are held in high respect, especially if wealthy, and in some cases whole tribes engage in the business of itinerant traders, no impediment being offered to them even among nations where a state of war exists.

Suppression of the Liquor Trade.

The advocates of a total suppression of the liquor trade by legislative enactments, are busy in all parts of the country. The working of the Maine Anti-Liquor law has given to the friends of Temperance new hope, and they are determined to press the question of a penal restriction home to a decision. Monster petitions have already been handed in, or are now receiving signatures, in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and many other States. Petitions as numerous signed have never, we believe, been presented to any legislative bodies in this country. The horrible crimes, the pauperism, the wretchedness, the myriads of evil, flowing from this present open sale of intoxicating liquors, calls in a voice that no man who loves his country can listen to heedlessly, for legal interference. Bad men ought not to be permitted to destroy, for gain, the souls and bodies of their fellows.
Arthur's Home Gazette.

Marriage of Jenny Lind.

A Telegraphic dispatch from Boston, dated on Thursday, says:
"Jenny Lind was this morning married to Otto Goldschmidt, pianist, of Hamburg, at the residence of S. W. Ward, Esq., her banker in this city.—She was married after the Episcopal service, by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, in the presence of the Ex-Governor Everett; N. J. Bouditch, her legal advisor; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ward, and the Swedish Consul. Mr. Goldschmidt had performed with her at several of her recent concerts. They will reside for the present at Northampton, Massachusetts."

There are two difficulties in life; men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure.

Religion is said to be the true basis of man's conduct, but oftener is it made the pedestal of his pride.

A Case of Starvation in Cincinnati.

The Cincinnati Gazette has the following painful narrative.
Night before last, about nine o'clock, as J. H. Singer, a shoe dealer on Fifth street was passing along Water street near Vine, his attention was attracted to a little girl; not over eight years of age who had just then issued from an old desolate looking frame house, crying piteously. The forlorn appearance of the child, together with the real anguish which seemed to weigh upon her so heavily induced Mr. S. to approach and inquire the cause of her tears. She started with evident fear at the sound of his voice, but in a moment perceiving he was a stranger, he bought him to give her four cents to buy a loaf of bread. "O! pray do, sir!" said the poor child; mother is sick, and "hungry!" and again her tears fell. "Where is your mother inquired Mr. S., who felt the full force of this appeal. "Here, here! come I will show you!" cried the child. Mr. S., did as desired, and after traversing a filthy passage and descending a broken stairway, looked upon one of the most harrowing scenes of human misery such as would have softened with pity the hardest heart.

The apartment was a part of a dark, damp cellar, without a spark of fire, and bare of the most trifling article conducive to comfort—not a chair, table, or indeed anything save an old trunk and mattress, lying in the middle of the floor, could be seen to denote the abode of any living being. On the mattress, however lay the form of a woman, about 25 years of age, reduced almost to a skeleton. At first sight Mr. S. thought her dead, but on observing her more closely he discovered she was still alive, though unable to move hand or foot.—Directing the girl to remain where she was a few minutes he went out and purchased a small bottle of cordial and some little articles of food, with which he immediately returned to the wretched habitation. Mixing a portion of the cordial with water, he applied it to the unfortunate woman's lips, but for some moments without effect. At length however, she opened her eyes, and with evidently painful effort, faintly articulated the word "bread." Mr. S. gave it to her in very small pieces dipped in the cordial. Soon, under this kind treatment, she began to regain a little strength, and finally, in about three hours after the little girl's affecting supplication for her parent, she was able to converse and move her limbs.

She was a widow, and for two years had supported herself and only offspring—her daughter—by making shirts. During the late cold weather she was unable to obtain work. Misfortunes crowded upon her—she fell sick, and was turned out the streets by her landlord. She wandered about the streets until night, and at last entered the miserable shelter where she was found. She managed partly to appease the cravings of hunger for some time, but at length she gave up in despair, and for three days and nights did not eat a morsel of food. The attention of the city authorities has been directed to this case, and we understand the starving woman and her child are now properly provided for.

CONVERSION OF THE AGED.—

In a sermon to young men, Dr. Bidel said, "I have now been nearly twenty years in the ministry of the gospel, and I here publicly state to you that I do not believe I could enumerate three persons over fifty years of age whom I ever heard ask the solemn and eternally momentous question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Another distinguished and still living divine of our country has said, 'I will not say that nous are converted in old age, but they are few and far between, like the scattered grapes on the outermost branches after the vintage is gathered! Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

EDITORIAL TRIALS.—The editor of the American Mechanic has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Hearton unto his wallings—"Owing to the fact that our paper maker disappointed us, the mails failed and deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedlar stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus, while the editor was at home teaching babies; our paper is unavoidably delayed beyond its proper time of publication."
The House of Representatives of Ohio, on the 5th instant, refused to pay the expenses of M. Kossuth while on his visit to that State. A resolution directing an appropriation for this purpose was laid on the table in that body, by a vote of 15 yeas to 20 nays.

The Athens (Ga.) Herald says that the gold fever has played havoc with the male population in upper Georgia, this winter, and understands that in Talpa county there are scarcely enough men left to take care of the women and children.