

# 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, AUGUST 9, 1849.

VOL. 5.—NO. 44.

**I Love Not Now.**  
Take from me all thou once did give—  
Thy smiles and tears—thy sighs—that vow—  
Nor longer in my bosom live;  
I loved thee once—I love not now;  
'Tis better, in this wretched hour,  
To fling from memory every trace—  
Each shadow of thy broken power,  
And all memorials fond erase!

Happily, in after times, the wrong  
Thy fickle speech hath done to me  
May strike thy soul, as, burns along,  
Thy gaily sailed o'er life's sea—  
And then, amidst the wreck of love,  
That will thy sinking hope surround,  
Some long-forgotten thought may move  
Thy fluttering heart with grief profound!  
*(Dublin University Magazine.)*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE ADOPTED SON; OR, CHARITY'S REWARD.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

#### CHAPTER I.

One cold, windy, dreary day, in the month of November, 1843, a tall, dark individual might have been observed passing to and fro, in a mysterious manner, in one of the most retired streets in the city of Boston. His finely made form and handsome features were disguised by the folds of a spacious cloak and scarf, which he had assumed for the double purpose of concealment and defence against the cold. Several times had the strange individual walked up and down the street, like one abstracted. But, although he seemed to have no object in view, a keen observer would have remarked at once that he was deeply interested in some object he saw, or wished to see, in a cottage over the way; for, his dark piercing eye was turned in that direction continually.

At last, as the stranger was approaching the house of one of his rounds, a lad of about twelve summers—pale, and poorly clad, came out of the door, and ran lightly down the steps into the street. The stranger paused—but as the boy ran on before him, he followed, quickening his pace, and was soon led by the unconscious youth into a more busy quarter of the town.

The two kept on at a rapid pace, the stranger gradually nearing the boy, until the latter suddenly turned into a large, crowded building, composed of offices devoted to the use of lawyers, brokers and other business men. The lad mounted a broad flight of stairs, and entered a side door, which he had scarcely closed, when the stranger entered and followed him in. There was but one man in the office, and he sat at the desk with a newspaper in his hand. He looked up as the two entered, and after glancing at the stranger, who coolly took a seat near the stove, motioned the boy to approach him.

The lad was embarrassed, and seemed afraid to speak. With his cold, numb fingers, he played with the buttons of his coat, while his eye turned alternately from the stranger to the man at the desk. The latter was a middle-aged man, with a cold, hard, calculating look, such as chills the heart unaccustomed to the selfishness of the world.

"Well, William," said he, turning to the boy, with the mockery of a smile—it was so cold and heartless—well, William, has your father sent me the money for the rent, as he promised my clerk, when he called on him the other day?—Speak out, William.

"He sent me," said the boy, after some hesitation, "to tell you that he could not possibly raise the money for you to-day; but that he hopes to be able to get it for you to-morrow."

The man at the desk scowled darkly. "Tell your father," said he, in tones of harshness, "that I can put up with this treatment no longer. I have been put off now day after day with promises and protestations, until I am tired of the same eternal lingo. However, I will let things remain until Saturday, when, if the rent is not paid, I shall be under the necessity of adopting measures that would be unpleasant both to him and me."

"But father is very sick," began the lad, his eyes glistening with tears.

He would have said more, but sobs choked his utterance, and he hurried from the office into the street.

I said the man at the desk scowled darkly; but when the boy was gone, and his eye fell upon the stranger seated at the fire, at the sight of the dignified bearing of the latter, and his rich but simple dress, his worldly heart was pleased, and his brow brightened with a smile.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, approaching the door; "I perceive I have entered the wrong place. But will you tell me whether or not that lad is the son of Mr. Jonathan Harding?"

"Aye; that's his father's name," replied the other, politely.

"What a reverse of fortune that man must have met with!" pursued the stranger, with a sigh. "If I remember aright, he was once one of the richest and most influential merchants in Boston."

"True," replied the man at the desk; "but he has lost all his property by mismanagement. I knew him five years ago, when he was in the height of his prosperity. His failure was quite unexpected, and very unfortunate; for, by some strange mismanagement on his part, his creditors got everything, and left him poor. Of late he has been sick, and he has even been brought so low as to be unable to pay the rent of one of my cheapest houses."

"Low, indeed!" sighed the stranger; "but his family?"

"That is fortunately small. He has but two children—a girl of twenty or upwards, and the boy you saw here. The girl, I am told, supports the family by teaching; for she has rare accomplishments."

"And no suitors?"

"No accepted ones. Many of the first class, however, young men of fortune and family, have offered themselves. But it seems she prefers a life of labor and poverty to a good match."

"Indeed!"

"Strange, you may think; but there is reason for her foolish conduct. You see she is young and romantic, like other silly girls at her age, and prides herself on scorning wealth. The truth is, she is living for a young man who, if he is like other young men, thinks no more about her now than if he had never seen her?"

"Who is he?"

"I will tell you. Many years ago, Mr. Harding, who is a kind hearted man enough, picked up a little orphan boy in the streets, and took him home, and warmed and fed, and clothed him, as if he had been his own son. And so the boy grew up like one of the family, until he was eighteen. At that time—this was five or six years ago—Harding's daughter, Julia, was about fifteen, and a very pretty girl, I assure you."

Well, things turned out as might have been expected. The youth was warm-hearted and full of spirit, and the girl was a delicious bewitching creature, and altogether too rich for him to withstand. In short, the poor orphan and the rich heiress loved each other, and became engaged before the old man knew anything about the matter. He found it out, however, and of course took measures to break off the unequal connection, by putting the boy in the way of making his fortune abroad, that the two might forget each other. The thing must have had the desired effect on one side, for the boy has never been heard from since—but, on the other hand, Julia seems to cherish the hope that he will return some day, rich, and as loving as ever. She's foolish there; for the boy has seen something of the world by this time, and lost some of the romance by which youths are infected now a days. If he should come back, it isn't probable he would think of marrying the daughter of a poor broken down merchant."

"Thus the worldling run on, talking from the coldness of a heart that was a stranger to all the kinder feelings of man's nature, and flattering himself that he was speaking the sentiments of a philosopher and a man."

The stranger heard him out, then making inquiries concerning the amount of rent due from Mr. Harding, abruptly took the sum from his purse, laid it upon the desk, and requested, or rather ordered the other to make out a receipt which he could forward to the merchant.

The worldly man looked at the stranger in surprise, but seeing how stern and forbidding he appeared, simply asked his name, made out the required paper, and passed it to the stranger. The latter placed it in his pocket-book, turned his back haughtily upon the astonished landlord, and hurried from the office.

#### CHAPTER II.

When the boy, whom the worldly man dismissed so harshly from his presence, had reached the street, he brushed away the tears that gushed so freely from his heart, and hastened back to carry the message to his father. Having reached home, he hesitated before entering, fearing in the goodness of his young and untried heart, the effect his errand might have upon his invalid parent; but at length, summoning his resolution, he passed quickly in, and stood, pale and shivering in the presence of his father.

He was in a small, but neat and comfortable apartment, scantily furnished, yet not without some manifestations of taste. Near the fire sat an elderly man in a chair, his eyes closed as if in sleep. He was paler than even the boy himself, and his emaciated limbs and sunken cheeks showed the unmistakable traces of disease and care.

This was the father of the boy. His mother sat near—a patient, care-worn

woman, in humble but neat attire, who occasionally raised her eyes from her work to her husband's face, as if her joy and sorrow were centered in him. At Mrs. Harding's side sat her daughter, Julia, of whom the reader already knows something through the conversation of the worldly man with the stranger in his office. Although the landlord's account has been colored by his own views of the world, it has been in the main correct. Possessed of rare intelligence, a fair form, and such a countenance as rivets our gaze as if by some magic influence, she was in every respect a lovely and lovable woman.

I said the old man's eyes were closed as if in sleep; but the moment the boy's light footstep was heard upon the threshold, he turned his head quickly, and cast a hurried, enquiring glance at his son.

"William!"

"The boy stepped forward and stood before his father."

"What did Mr. Maxwell say?"

In a few words the boy delivered his message, softening as well as he might the harshness of its import. His parents and sister listened eagerly, their countenances changed as if in disappointment and despair.

"Saturday," said the old man, musingly, when the boy had ended. "Saturday—and to-day is Tuesday."

"Thursday, father," said Julia.

"Thursday! Is it possible? How time rolls by, unconsciously to the invalid! Thursday!—Heaven help us! We cannot raise the money this week."

"But will Mr. Maxwell carry his threat into execution?" asked Julia.

"He is a hard man!" murmured Mr. Harding.

"Do not mention his name!" said the old man, somewhat impatiently. "His son! What can we expect from him? True, he professed, and still professes, to have an attachment for Julia; but when he offered his hand, she refused him."

"Do not speak so bitterly, father," interrupted Julia. "You know I could never love Henry Maxwell, and that I would scorn to marry him for his riches."

"You are right," murmured the old man, more kindly—"quite right. I would not have you wed him against your will, to save us from the lowest stage of poverty. No—no! Let fate do its worst!"

The old man paused, for there was a ringing at the outer door, and William hastened to admit the visitor. Henry Maxwell entered—a young man possessing all the selfishness of his father, but less of his calculating coldness. When Mr. Harding saw him approach, feeble as he was, he stretched forth his emaciated hand, and with a flashing eye told him of the message sent by his relentless father.

The young man made no attempt to excuse his parent, but protested he had known nothing of the affair of the rent until half an hour before, when he happened into his father's office directly after William had left it.

And he hastened, he said, with much apparent feeling, to put the old man's mind at rest; assuring him that no demands should be made on him for rent due heretofore.

"This is generous!" exclaimed the old man, grasping his hand feebly. "You are not like your father—I am glad of it. You have, then, paid the rent yourself—trusting to my ability to repay you at some future time?"

Mr. Harding said more; but Henry seemed not to hear him; for, without making any reply, he turned to speak with Julia. Half an hour after, the young man left, having made a more favorable impression on the mind of the man than he had ever done before.

About the same time, the postman rang and dropped a letter, for Julia, who hastened to her room, and read it eagerly. Twice she glanced her eye over its contents, which produced a confusion in her brain, I will not attempt to describe; then she wept; she laughed; then she wept and laughed together, as if the epistle had been a strange mixture of good evil & intelligence, that inspired her with alternate joy and sorrow.

Poor Julia was very nervous during the succeeding half hour, and could neither work, nor talk nor think. Her mind was on the contents of that mysterious letter, which she read and re-read half a dozen times before the half hour expired. Then hastily but stealthily she attired herself to encounter the roughness of the weather; and with a beating heart stole from her father's house.

We will now follow her; but simply state that on her return, she appeared more gay than she had been for months. Her parents saw the change; and questioned her; but she answered them evasively. What could have happened to produce the alteration, that she should hesitate to unfold at once to them?

Days passed, and the Harding family were provided for unexpectedly and strangely. Julia would go out and make purchases of such articles as most her father needed, and have them sent to the door, that she might enjoy her parents' and her friends' smiles. The news of these things were filled with gratitude to Julia, and their love for her increased, if that were possible, when they saw how she denied herself to comfort them.

By what means was Julia enabled to make the purchases she did? How got she so much money? When asked these questions by her friends, she would reply that she was paid more for the lessons she gave on the piano than she was before—that her French pupils were increasing; and that the funds she procured in various ways, when put together, amounted to no desirable sum. But still there was a mystery, which, if she understood it herself she did not choose to clear up for their satisfaction.

One day, after Henry Maxwell had been at the house, where he exerted himself not a little to please Julia and her parents, Mr. Harding, who was slowly recovering from his sickness, asked his daughter why she was so prejudiced against the young man, and inquired if there was any other that she preferred.

"You forget," said Julia, timidly, "that Theodore Allston pleased me more than any other."

"The old man sighed."

"Theodore Allston!" he murmured—the lad brought up—after snatching him from a pit of degradation, into which he had been thrust—for he was too young to choose or struggle against fortune—the boy who grew up under my roof, and repaid me for my cares and kindness by aspiring to win your hand."

"But he was worthy," interrupted Julia.

"Well, there was nothing bad about him, I confess. Perhaps I treated him too harshly, in banishing him from my house; but in doing so, I gave him an excellent opportunity of making his fortune abroad, which I hope he has profited by, for I really had a preference for the boy. But what was I going to say—"

"Well?"

"You loved him, and I doubt not that he loved you. Yet it is foolish in you to cherish his image as you do, as if he remembered you the same. It is not at all probable that he has any affection left for his old companion, nor do I believe he would think of renewing his engagement with you, should he ever see you again. You must reflect that we are poor now."

And would that make any difference with him?" asked Julia, fixing her large, dark eyes with an expression of mournful reproach upon her father's face.

The old man sighed again, but answered not. Throwing his head back upon a pillow, Julia arranged for his comfort, he closed his outward eyes, looking with those within—the spiritual sight—back upon the past, all shadowed as it was by sorrows and vain regrets, and forward to the future, which appeared more dark to him than either the past or the present.

More than a week had passed, dating from the opening of our story, and still Julia continued to supply the family with comforts, which seemed procured through the influence of a mysterious providence, for none could divine how the girl became possessed of the means to make the purchases she did.

"I am convinced, then," said the old man to her, that you procure money from some source which you keep concealed from us. Answer me now plainly: Do you get all your money by teaching?"

"No," replied Julia, blushing and smiling as she blushed, "I do not."

"How then, is it obtained? Speak; for I can endure this mystery no longer."

"But I am not at liberty to tell you now, father. Wait, patiently, and I assure that all shall be explained to your entire satisfaction.—I hope by four o'clock to-morrow. Wait till then."

The old man regarded her with an expression of perplexity and wonder, but did not urge her more.

#### CHAPTER III.

At the hour appointed on the following day, the little family of Mr. Harding were gathered together at their humble abode. Julia was there, ready to explain the mystery, and her parents and little William were anxiously waiting for the moment to arrive when their curiosity was to be gratified.

"You are expecting some one, Julia," said the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"You will soon learn. I can only tell you that it is one to whom we all owe much—"

Julia, very much agitated, hastened to admit the visitor. But little William was at the door before her, and to the surprise of her parents, he returned almost immediately, accompanied by Henry Maxwell!

Feeble as Mr. Harding was, he sprang to his feet, and grasped Henry's hand warmly.

"It is you, then!" he cried with emotion—"it is you that have been a friend to us in our misfortunes. As soon as you knew of our extremity, you nobly came to our assistance—paid our rent—"

"Do not mention it," interrupted Henry, with an air of modesty.

"You do not deny it," pursued Mr. Harding. "No, you admit it. And you have since done more for us than I could have expected from a son!"

Henry Maxwell was bowing and stammering, scarcely audacious enough to admit all the old man said, and unwilling to deceive him, when he was startled by a soft voice beside him.

"Father!"

They all looked up—Mr. Harding, his wife, little William, and the rejected suitor, Henry Maxwell.

Julia stood before them; her features surpassingly lovely, covered as they were with blushes, smiles and tears; and in her trembling hand she held the hand of a tall, dark, manly stranger, who cast a serene yet anxious look about him as he entered.

Has not the reader recognized the young man introduced at the opening of our story? It was, the same!

"Father," repeated Julia, "this is the man to whose generosity you are indebted!—This is he who first paid your rent, unknown even to me, and afterwards, having sought an interview with me, provided me with the means to supply us with the necessities and comforts of life. Do you not know him, father? It is Theodore Allston!"

The old man looked at him for a moment, while the tears ran down his cheeks, but uttered not a word, until Theodore and Julia asked his benediction.

"Theodore!—Julia!—my children!" he sobbed and drew them together to his bosom.

When the excess of emotion had subsided, and the young and happy pair had received the mother's blessing, Henry Maxwell, beginning to feel exceedingly uneasy, slunk from the house, never to enter the presence of Julia or her family again.

Then was there a scene of a nature it seldom falls to the lot of man to witness; such as never fails to improve the heart by the holy influence it sheds around; such as brings a tear of sympathetic joy. Strang contrast! There was a smile on every lip and a tear in every eye.

For Theodore, the noble, the spirited, the generous and true—Theodore had returned! Not with all the riches of the Indies in his possession; but with a competency procured as much through industry and probity as the favors of fortune, and with the same true heart and noble soul which long before had won the love of Julia.

When we hear of two such hearts as Theodore's and Julia's—hearts that have stood the test of absence; that have been tried by the world and changed not; that have loved each other notwithstanding the opposition of friends and the allurements of newer objects; and that have at length, after years of separation, returned to each other with all the purity and freshness of earlier age; when we hear of two such hearts, I say, we need not be told that there is truth, and depth, and endurance to their affection, never to be destroyed.

More of the Old Beggar Woman.

The Cincinnati Commercial gives the following additional particulars respecting the old beggar woman, who died in that city some days since. The account of her death appeared in our paper of Monday.

"Officer J. LINK gave us yesterday some more singular facts connected with the old beggar woman, ELIZABETH MORELOCK, whose death we mentioned yesterday.—She died in the night, and in the evening a lighted candle was placed upon a stand beside the bed, her idiotic daughter, the hunchback, being the only attendant—though, for part of the time, the physician was present. The old woman opened her eyes, and perceiving the burning candle, ordered it to be blown out, saying that she could not afford to pay for it."

"When first taken sick, she ordered the chest which was, after her death, found to contain money, to be placed beside her bed, and she kept it within reach of her arms during the whole of her sickness; and when the death struggle came on, she was told that she must die, she flung herself upon the chest, and clawed at it, in her wild avaricious phrenzy, until she tore the very nails from her fingers, and thus, embracing the ill-gotten treasure, her spirit took its flight—where?"

"One fact we overlooked in our notice yesterday. An old stove in the room was found, after her death, to contain a considerable amount of silver and copper coin, carefully stowed away. The money and effects have been placed in the hands of an executor appointed by the Court."

"Mr. LINK informs us that in 1840, when small change was so scarce, this woman made a handsome speculation by selling five hundred dollars' worth at one time to a single individual! This money was accumulated by beggary by herself and her idiotic daughter. The latter was generally flogged, upon her return home at night, when she did not make a good day's work of it, and was always whipped before she was sent out in the morning! The cries of the poor creature, while under the lash of her avaricious mother, have frequently excited the indignation of the neighborhood. The poor idiot herself was yesterday under an attack from cholera, and is probably numbered with the dead!"

"Thus closes the struggles of a career of misery that has its soothing balm in the incitement penury and a grasping avarice that in life was a monomania, and in death stands but as a monument of vain folly! What is left of all that for which they struggled will be scattered no one knows where, but not a jot of it will soften the pillows upon which they take their eternal sleep. It will not even buy a tear drop to moisten the sprouting grass blade upon their graves—for living to themselves, aloof from society, and knowing no friends and no friends knowing them, they depart only with the sigh that pity awakens—that pity which sorrows that humanity can fall so low!"

#### An Honorable Man.

We take the following sketch of an honorable man from *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*:

Although a man cannot be an honorable man without being an honest man, yet he may be strictly honest without being honorable. Honesty refers to pecuniary affairs—honor refers to principles and feelings. He may pay his debts punctually, he may defraud no man, and yet he may act dishonorably. He acts dishonorably when he gives his correspondents a worse opinion of his rivals in trade than he knows they deserve. He acts dishonorably when he sells his commodities at less than their real value, in order to get away his neighbor's customers. He acts dishonorably when he purchases at higher than the market price, in order that he may raise the market upon another buyer.—He acts dishonorably when he draws accommodation bills, and passes them to his banker for discount, as if they arose out of real transactions. He acts dishonorably in every case wherein his external conduct is at variance with his real opinion.—He acts dishonorably, if, when carrying on a prosperous trade, he does not a low his servants and assistants, through whose exertions he obtains his success, to share his property. In all these cases, there may be no intentional fraud. It may not be dishonest, but it may be dishonorable conduct.

#### Superiority of Women.

According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, the grow older, and never grow bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions, (on the contrary they will run after lions,) and according to Gunter they can talk a few.