



A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

Morgantown, (Va.) Saturday, July 10, 1852.

VOLUME III.—NUMBER 139.
PATRONS PAY ALL POSTAGE.

S. SIEGFRIED, Editor and Proprietor.
S. SIEGFRIED, Jun., Assistant Editor.

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THE MONONGALIA MIRROR IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE FOLLOWING TERMS:—
\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE;
\$2.00 AFTER SIX MONTHS HAVE EXPIRED;
\$2.50 IF NEVER PAID, WITHOUT CORRECTION.
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POETRY.

From the American Messenger.
The New School House.
Father of Wisdom, bless the dome
That liberal hands have made
So beautiful, for those who seek
Instruction's fostering aid;
And grant them here such wealth to gain
From learning's priceless lore,
As glides the mind, tho' glittering gold
Fleets, to return no more.
In groups they come: the earnest boy,
Fast by his sister's side;
And uttering, with wondering joy,
The nursery's youngest pride:
From hall and out they freely come.
A glad and studious band,
The hope of many a parent's heart,
The jewels of our land.

Father of Mercies, bless the band
That here, in youthful bloom,
Shall lamb-like by their teachers stand,
When we are in our tomb;
And may they, thro' thy Spirit's aid,
That holy knowledge prize
Which wins the soul a glorious home
Who this frail body dies.

From the American Messenger.

RESIGNATION.
BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.
Stricken, smitten and afflicted,
Saviour, to thy cross I cling;
Thou hast a every bow directed,
Thou alone canst healing bring.

Try me till no dross remaineth,
And whate'er the trial be,
While thy gentle arm sustaineth,
Closer will I cling to thee.

Cheerfully the stern rod kissing,
I'll hush each murmuring cry;
Every doubt and fear dismissing,
Passive in thine arms will lie.

And when thro' deep seas of sorrow,
I have gained the heavenly shore,
Bliss from every wave 'll borrow,
And for each will love thee more.
PROVIDENCE, 1852.

Humorous.

A Bachelor's Woes.
What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house and his rueful plaid, on a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow, when the earth is covered with a foot of snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread, he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. He draws up his toes all encased in yarn hose, and he buries his nose 'neath the chilly bed clothes, that his nose and his toes, still encased in yarn hose, may not chance to get froze. Then he puffs and blows, and he swears that he knows no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes, and with ah's! and with oh's! and with limbo so disposed, that neither his toes or his nose may be froze, to his slumber in silence the bachelor groans. In the morn when the cock crows, and he sun has just rose, from beneath the bed clothes pops the bachelor's nose, and as you may suppose when he hears how the wind blows, and sees the windows all froze, why back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's nose, for full well he knows if from the bed he rose, to put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze. The above we suppose is the experience of those who scorn the repose which the married man knows.

A Quack Expedient.
A quack doctor once called to see a sick child. He looked at the patient, felt his pulse, shook his head, hemmed, and took a seat; rose again, hummed, shook his noddle ominously, felt the patient's pulse, and cast his eyes upon the patient.
"What ails my child?" asked the father.
"I don't know," replied the quack.
"Can you do nothing for him?" asked the anxious sire.
"Nothing," was the response; "but I'd the distiller of roots and yarbs, give some medicine with me that'll throw him into fits, and then I can bleed him, for I am a perfect tiger on

SELECT TALE.

From Peterson's Magazine for March.

"I KNOW IT."
BY E. W. DEWEES.

AT SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE, I was more of a man than I have ever been since. I wore a long coat and boots, (to which the appearance of spurs was generally added) a mustache was quite visible on my upper lip, and a consciousness of ripe maturity never left my mind. I was studying for the legal profession, but at the time of which I write, was spending my summer vacation at my father's house in the country.

Though so manly, (almost soldier-like as I fancied) in my appearance, my inner man was by no means so stern as my outer man. I loved my mother with childish tenderness, and sooner than pain her pious heart, I unobtrusively accompanied her every Sunday to the village church, to listen to long sermons of which I could not hear a word, for the tremulous accents of the very aged minister, who conducted the services, were so faint as to be inaudible where we sat! Though incited by love and duty to subject myself to this weekly penance, (well deserved by my weekly sins) my conscience yet did not prevent me from whiling away the time by such amusement as lay at hand—that, namely, of observing and speculating on the countenances of my neighbors, an occasion of which I was extremely fond.

The physiognomy which interested me more than all others, was that of a young girl who sat not far from us, and who was accompanied by an aged lady, probably her grandmother—the object of her ever watchful care. This girl's face, from first eliciting my careless admiration, gradually absorbed my whole attention. It was very beautiful, but apart from that, it possessed the greatest possible interest for me. Never had I seen a countenance which denoted so much sensibility to me; each emotion of her mind was plainly written upon it, by its quick, delicate changes; nothing was wanted but the key of a corresponding degree of sensibility in the beholder, to read her mind as that fair one's face—I thought how sad would be the lot of so sensitive a being, should fate unite her to one who would not know how to read aright what was so delicately written—to whom the varying expression of that sweet countenance would be but a blank—who should be able to see in it only its coarser part—beauty of feature. There was no end to the reveries into which those swift-coming blushes led me.

Sometimes, by chance, the fair object of my busy fancies would catch my eye, or, without looking at me, seem to know or feel that I was gazing at her, and I wickedly delighted in noting the blush which deepened on her cheek till I withdrew my eyes.

One Sunday, I happened, in coming out of church, to be close to my lovely neighbor—immediately behind her—my hand actually touched her unconscious garments. I felt an irresistible desire to force her in some way to notice me—to speak to her—to occasion one of those charming blushes—anything; I knew not what. In short I stooped forward, and with an insufferable insolence, which I blush now to remember, I whispered in her ear, "You are very pretty!"

Never was I more surprised than when she, who had been so demurely and so demurely, turned round, and looked at me with a look of such intense indignation, that I felt my face grow as red as a beetroot. I could not stem or control the blush which, strong as a mighty wind, had seized me. The evening I sat by the piano, the Grace sang to me. The cousin not there, and dear Grace's vagrant color and glistening eyes suggested sweet hope to my vanity. I felt I saw love in those bright dowy and on those soft music breathing

ance was meanwhile considerably altered. I still wore my moustache, it is true, but my coat-tails were not, or did not seem quite so long, and I had left off my spurs. My mother and I were early seated in our pew, and I impatiently waited for the arrival of my early enigma. I tried to prepare myself for disappointment. "I have been thinking and dreaming about an ideal," (said I to myself,) "doubtless when the young lady herself appears all my fine imaginings will vanish; there can be no doubt my fancy has been playing tricks with me, investing a mere country maiden with transcendent graces and charms." While I was reasoning thus with myself the young lady appeared leading her old relative with tender care.

Worshipping an "ideal," indeed! my most charming remembrance did not begin to do justice to the beautiful reality. A soul full of tenderness and sensibility seemed to have found a fitting home in a person and face of perfect loveliness and grace.

She blushed when, looking round, she chanced to see me, and again the play of expression on her features which had so interested me formerly, charmed me.

The more I studied her face the more I seemed to see into the pure depths of her soul. I could have staked my life on her noble purity of thought and deed.

As we returned home, I described my fair neighbor and asked my mother who she was.

"Her name," my mother said, "is Grace Denny; and she is the loveliest, the most superior young woman I have ever, in my whole life, met with. It is too soon to think of such things yet," she continued smiling, "but some years hence it would make me happy to see my dear son married to just such a woman."

"Not quite so fast, mother," said I, laughing—a good deal to hide a little boyish embarrassment which I was most anxious to conceal. I found that Grace had become a constant visitor at my mother's, and I did not fail to improve the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with her. She was indeed a gifted creature, endowed with all "nature's best." She sang, she danced, she conversed with an indescribable grace peculiar to herself. Though generally thoughtful and earnest in her demeanor, she had a vein of quiet humor, and her strokes of playful drollery charmed all the more from being unexpected. But more alluring to me than all her gifts and accomplishments was the shrinking sensibility depicted on every feature of her sweet face. I soon found myself deeply—painfully interested in her. I say painfully, for Grace received my assiduous attentions with a perfect coolness and unconcern which gave great uneasiness. Sometimes I thought she remembered my early impertinence, and was disposed to punish it. But there was a rival, a cousin of Grace's, who always stood in my way, and from whom Grace received, as a matter of course, numberless little attentions which I dared not even offer. I hated this man; I was insufferably jealous; but Grace seemed either perfectly unconscious, or perfectly indifferent to the by-play of animosity which was carried on between us.

Grace, sweet, noble Grace, with her childlike simplicity and sensitive woman's heart; who could resist her? I could not; my whole soul was her's. In vain had I struggled; in vain had I called upon my vanity, (of which I plenty to invoke) to save me from mortification of loving without return. I could not stem or control the blush which, strong as a mighty wind, had seized me. The evening I sat by the piano, the Grace sang to me. The cousin not there, and dear Grace's vagrant color and glistening eyes suggested sweet hope to my vanity. I felt I saw love in those bright dowy and on those soft music breathing

was the last evening of my vacation, and surely I read a gentle farewell thought in Grace's face; I was

beside myself at the idea—I was as if in a blissful dream—a sweet delirium—a rapture of love. As Grace rose to leave the piano I caught her hand, and unable longer to repress the one thought that filled my heart, I exclaimed fervently:
"Grace; dear Grace, with all my soul I love you!"

She lifted her large, soft eyes, and said slowly, while a mischievous smile stole over her face—
"I know it."

She was gone before I had time to prevent it, or to recover from my surprise. The next day I returned to college, expecting to complete my studies in another year. A year! how long a time to be absent from the beloved being who was to me, whether she returned my love or not, the nucleus round which my thoughts would revolve. I need not say how often her strange and unsatisfactory answer tormented me. I perceived in her repetition of the same words, her remembrance of the time she had used them before; and this then was the just punishment for my insolence. I tortured myself by bringing the whole scene again and again to memory; my passionate declaration of love, and her provoking reply, "I know it."

"The deuce you do," thought I, sometimes. "I would I had possessed the wit to have left you a little more uncertain."

I often wondered that I was able to study at this time, for Grace, beautiful graceful Grace, was never absent from my thoughts; she had become the dream of my life, the object of all of my love sonnets, which had till now been scattered on various rival beauties. I did study, however, and studied hard, and at the end of the term passed examination with high honor; much to my dear mother's pride and joy.

I determined to be wiser when I saw Grace again; to discover beyond a doubt if I were indeed beloved, before I committed myself as I had done by foolish speeches.

In order to satisfy myself on this point, and perhaps also to gratify a little pique, when I returned home I did not go immediately to see Grace as my feelings dictated, but waited till, at my mother's summons, she spent an evening with us. Even then, tho' my heart was full of tenderness for her, I affected coolness; I had made up my mind to play a part, and suffer as I might, I would act it out. There was a young lady staying with my mother at this time who dearly loved to flirt. I was quite ready to contribute to her amusement. I devoted myself to her the whole evening, and felt the sweetest pain I ever experienced when I saw, by Grace's dear, changing, sensitive face, that she was deeply pained and wounded.

When this foolery had been carried to its height, I perceived Grace suddenly rise, and step through the open window out on the piazza. In a few minutes I followed her; she had retired to a little distance from the window, and stood with her head leaning against the railing, weeping. Stealing softly behind her, I passed my arm around her, and whispered—
"Ah, dearest Grace—do not deny it, you love me."

There was a little pause; then laughing, half crying, Grace turned aside her head, and said—
"Alas! I know it."

A very general impression prevails that marking an advertisement in a newspaper, sent by mail, subjects the package to postage; but an official letter from the Post-office Department shows that this opinion is erroneous; it says: "An article or advertisement in a newspaper may be marked with a pen or pencil, without subjecting the sheet to letter postage, if it is done for the sole purpose of readily attracting the attention of the person to whom the paper may be sent. If the mark should be so made as to convey any other information, the paper would then be charged with letter rates."

MORE BANKS.

Twelve banks have been organized in the State of Illinois, under the free banking law, showing an aggregate capital of \$2,700,000. But three of the number have yet gone into operation.

Religious & Moral.

Parental Watchfulness Blessed.

Messrs. Editors—I was forcibly reminded of the following Christian experience, from reading the first article in the Christian Review of January last. During a revival, a few years ago, a faithful, praying mother sent for her daughter, who was at a boarding school, to return home, so that she might be under its influence. The young lady reluctantly obeyed, but declared she had no conviction of sin, though she supposed she was a sinner. After a few days she became a little interested in the meetings, and concluded she would attend the inquiry meeting. While the pastor was praying for each of the inquirers, the convictions of the young lady became almost overpowering.—She with difficulty arose from her knees. In deep bitterness of spirit she asked:
"Dearsir, do you think the Lord will forgive me? I see, Oh! I feel that my awful sin is not believing on Jesus. I fear I am doomed, I AM LOST."
"Then you feel convicted?"
She sobbed "Oh yes! Convicted for not believing on the Lord Jesus; it is an awful sin."
"Did you not know that the Lord Jesus promised to send the Spirit to convince the world of sin, because they believe not on him? Does unbelief in Christ distress you more than all other sins?"
"It does, sir, it does. Will he, can he forgive me? What can I do?"
"Jesus Christ can forgive you; but whether he will or not, I dare not say. He has promised to forgive the penitent; those who hate sin, and loathe the very disposition to sin."
"I know, sir, I hate sin, but ah, how shall I remove the disposition to sin? I seem to breathe it out and in. I feel that it the disposition to reject Christ and disobey God is not removed out of my soul, it will do but little good to pardon me.—I have been desiring to be saved, to be pardoned, to escape with all this within me. I am all wrong; my heart is all sin; I know I ought to seek deliverance from my wicked disposition; my other desires are all selfishness. Oh God! what shall I do to remove this love to sin? Can Jesus forgive and cleanse me too?"
"He can and will if you seek these favors with all your heart."
"Do pray that I may for my heart is in chains."
We knelt again in prayer; it was an impressive occasion, and though it took place years ago, it is almost as fresh in my mind now as then. We arose, and she asked the third time, "Will, Jesus, my offended Saviour forgive me?"
"He has said, and he never violates his word, 'whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Do you believe him?"
Sighing deeply, she replied, "if he does forgive me, I can't I never can forgive myself!"
I need not add, she was soon among the happiest around her.

This article appears, in some points, to lead to the conclusion that there is a depravity back of all sin; an original sin, deeper than any present act of a free moral agent, and though I believe all "sin is a transgression of the law," and it is as much out of the power of Omnipotence to create a transgression of the law, and make that transgression mine, as it is for God to be more or less than infinite; yet I would have those who differ from me to have the benefit of the above experience.

Watchman and Reflector.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, North.
From the Pastoral Letter presented at the recent meeting of the General Conference, we learn that the increase of members, during the four preceding years was 990,246. The last year the increase was 32,000.
There are in the Sabbath schools, connected with this branch of the church, 90,561 officers and teachers, and 473,000 scholars. Increase during four years, 32,000 officers and teachers, and 152,000 scholars.
The increase in the missionary funds, this year, is \$60,000. The aggregate amount for 1852, is expected to reach \$200,000.

From the Messenger and Recorder.

"THE GREAT RED DRAGON!"

No. 2.

Mr. Editor:—We hear of "Popes" and "Jesuits," and "Tyrants" of many kinds, but the old Dragon Alcohol, I'm afraid, after all is doing us more damage than all these put together. Especially is he damaging the Church of God. In how many places is all religious influence palsied by this powerful vice, and in how many others has this "strong man armed" bound the church hand and foot, by putting his chains on those within the fold.

Means of grace are expended in profusion, but there is no adequate return, because in some form or other the devices of Satan hold the people in his embraces; and in no form does he succeed better than when he goes forth as the "Great Red Dragon," attended with his satellites, the retailer, wholesaler, and drinkers, with barrels, and demijohns, and jugs and bottles, in fearful array, dealing death and destruction around. Why is this?—Because so many are willing to stand by without making an effort to stay the tide of ruin!

They believe it body and soul destroying. They believe no good citizen should abstain. They believe no real Christian will do it. They declare they are opposed to it.

But what of all this if they never speak aloud, or act out these principles? What of all this if they keep silence and wink at impiety, which they profess to condemn? What of this if they will do nothing to better the condition of those who are daily widowed and orphaned by the accursed thing?

Ah! me, humanity might groan day and night,—weep oceans of tears,—endure ten thousand agonies, suffer untold impositions, and yet such would "sleep on and take their rest."

We want other men, made of other stuff than this. Such are waiting for others to do the work, to bear "the burden and heat of the day," and then when every obstacle to success is removed, and the full tide of victory is flowing Zion-ward, they will launch their barques upon the tide, and be *Lord High Admirals of the voyage.*

Now is the time for every one who cares a jot for the good cause, in church or state, to buckle on the armor and go forth to the battle. The Temperance reform as we have said is to our shame and disgrace, far behind the age in Western Virginia, and we should make haste to place her as one of the glorious constellation of stars that shines in the temperance firmament of our country.

As men, but especially as ministers and Christians, is this demanded of us. Let us, then—
Invite all our ministers to preach and lecture on the subject.
Let us circulate temperance tracts and documents everywhere in our midst.

Let us as churches "purge out the old leaven" of Alcohol among us, and become a new lump.

Let us resolutely stand by the advocates of reform and hold up their hands by our influence and prayers, until victory crowns our efforts.

This done, "The wilderness and solitary place will bud and blossom as the rose."

A Volunteer for the service.

BREVITIES.

There is always to be found in the "Pen and Scissors Department" of the Boston Bee a number of rich and racy paragraphs. Our Boston friend admirably illustrates the old saying "Brevity is the soul of wit." For example:

The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five minutes. Some School masters can do it in less than two.

To keep dry, always wear an oilcloth dress, carry a good umbrella, and practice rum drinking. The first two articles are only essential in protecting the outside from superabundant moisture, but the latter keeps the inside dry as a stove pipe.—We never knew a drinker but he was eternally dry. He goes to bed dry, gets up dry, and keeps himself dry throughout the whole day.

Keep Away.

From spiritual knockers, jugglers and necromancers, keep away. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.

It is dangerous business, Saul found it so with the witch of Endor. No one is safe to tamper with sin and Satan. Many in gratifying a vain curiosity have been led away, and ruined forever! God has given us waymarks, a sure word of prophecy, unto which we do well to take heed, till the day star dawn in our hearts.

If any shall say to you Lo here is Christ, or there, believe it not; for there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold I have told you before. Reader will you take heed? Will you keep away from these abominations? Let thine eye look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee, turn not to the right hand or to the left—will you? Do you desire to know the secret of the whole business of spiritual knockings, witchcraft, lying wonders and devil worship? Turn to the second chapter of 2 Thes., beginning at the ninth verse, read the whole chapter.—*Golden Rule.*

Very Well Wife.

Very well, rebuke your husband if need be: rebuke him; but gently, affectionately, in a right spirit; let him see that you do it for his good. Wife, never go to your better half in a cold, heartless, querulous, fretful or faultfinding disposition, never. This will do no good, but much harm, ten to one he repels you and matters and things are worse, ten fold. Nothing so surely alienates as this continual dropping in a rainy day; no prudent woman will do it. A foolish son is the calamity of his father and the contentions of a wife are a continual dropping.

We have known some of the most abandoned husbands reclaimed, entirely, made to sit at the feet of Jesus in their right minds, by the kindness, the affections, the soul subduing, melting, influence, of an angel wife, whose heart was richly imbued with divine. O wife, what knowest thou, whether thou shalt save thy husband? Or how knowest thou O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife? How can two walk together except they be agreed?

BARON STEUDEN.—At a review at Morristown, a Lieutenant Gibbons, a brave and good officer, was arrested on the spot, and ordered in the rear, for a fault which appeared another had committed. At a proper moment the commander of the regiment came forward and informed the Baron of Mr. Gibbons' innocence and worth, and of his acute feelings under this unmerited disgrace. "Desire Lieutenant Gibbons," said the Baron "to come in front of the troops." "Sir," said he to him, "the fault which was committed by throwing the line into confusion, might in the presence of an enemy, have been fatal, and I arrested you. Your colonel has informed me that you are in this instance blameless. I ask your pardon—return to your command; I would not do injustice to any one much less to one whose character is so respectable." All this was said with his hat off, and the rain pouring on his reverend head. Was there an officer who saw this unmoved with feelings of respect and affection? Not one, who had the feelings of a soldier.

Extraordinary Fowls.

We examined a few days since a coop of some eight or ten fowls, embracing both sexes and different breeds. They were, we learned, the "Shanghai and Melay," just imported by Major James P. Corbin, of Caroline. There were two roosters that really surpassed any animals of the kind we ever saw. They were about the size of a well grown turkey, and about the noblest specimen of that beautiful fowl we have seen. The hens were proportionately large, not quite so imposing of course, as their mates; but much more than ordinarily good looking. They are said to be the most prolific egg producers in the world, giving sometimes two or three eggs per day.—*Fredricksburg News.*

A pair of these extraordinary fowls may be seen in this place by calling on John H. Cassin, Esq. They are fine specimens, and we hope our poultry raising friends will take a look at them.—*Hardy Whig.*

Why are mirrors silent? Because they are always reflecting.