

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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Carry Me Back.

Virginia's woods were clothed in green,
When from my home I turned,
With hope to win undying fame,
My youthful passion burned.
I'm dying now in a foreign land,
Life's cherished dream is o'er;
Oh carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore:

I'm dying, dying all alone,
And not a friend is near;
No brother's voice, no sister's sigh,
Falls on my dying ear.
Oh, for a heart that loves me now,
Ere life's wild dream is o'er,
To carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

It may not be—neath Italia's sky
Oh let me gently sleep,
Where spangling Tiber's yellow waves
To ocean's bosom sweep;
And there in slumbers soft I'll lie,
And dream forever more,
That you carried me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

A Thrilling Story.

In the fall of 1836, I was travelling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elderly gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual.

He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his whole countenance. The eyes, so lately filled with the light of a mild intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically; and the forehead was heated with a cold perspiration. With a sharp convulsive shudder he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle with the instinctive goodness of her sex. I sprinkled a little on his face and he soon became somewhat more composed, but it was not until he had entirely traversed the mountain and descended to the level country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and a gentle inclination of his head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travellers; also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It will pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller thus proceeded. "At the age of 18 I was light of heart, light of foot, and I fear (here he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio, acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage coach like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter a joyous, bewitching creature about 17 years of age. They were just returning from France, of which country the young lady discussed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my attention. The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature; and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other—she as a talker, I as a listener—that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the coach window elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I noticed how rapidly night had encompassed us. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied with flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan by turns through the forest trees. I looked out from the window of our vehicle; the night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the dangers of the road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see at intervals huge jutting rocks far away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for the safety of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair

breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray root from a tempest torn tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver; any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady. How I love a sudden storm! There is something so grand in the mournful voice of the winds when let loose among the hills. I never encountered a night like this, but Byron's storm in the Juro immediately occurs to my mind. But are we on the mountain yet?"

"Yes; we have begun the descent."

"It is not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it were daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But Jesu Marie! what's that?" and she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was an immense volume of rain coming down at each successive thunder burst—and, with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears I found that the coach had come to a dead halt. Louise, my beautiful fellow traveller, became pale as ashes; she fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked:—"We are on the mountains!" "I reckon so!" was the unconcerned reply.

With instant activity I put my head through the window and called to the driver; but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal, borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the appalling words—"The coach is being moved backwards!"

God in Heaven! Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door and called on the driver in tones which rivalled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning into my brain that the coach was moving slowly backwards! What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seems to me like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force; but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper; and I knew from his desperate plunges against the traces, that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled down the mountain; and vivid flashes of the lightning played around our devoted carriage as if in glee at our misery.

By its light I could see for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer; I could see Louise turn her ash cheeks and superb eyes towards me as if imploring my protection; and I could see by the bold glance of the young boy, flashing defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a heavy roll, a desperate plunge, as if an animal last throes of dissolution, a harsh grating in the jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly around the waist with one hand, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, of how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further individual knowledge, by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion."

The traveller paused: his features worked for a minute or two as they had worked when we were on the mountain; he pressed his hands across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting story.

"On a low couch, in a humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed, for a time, all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fairy young girl about fifteen, who refused for several days to have any discourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "on a ledge of rock 'mid the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the

girls face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"They were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below where my father and Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies both in one grave close by the clover patch, down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed sir!" said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy.—"Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention by detailing the efforts I made to win her from grief; but briefly acquaint you that I at last accompanied her to her forlorn home at the sunny south, and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence that I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my home with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," added the traveller, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me that accident has reduced me to a mere coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver?" urged our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention, "what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

The traveller here fell into a musing attitude, as if all further allusion to the subject would be unpleasant to him. We shortly after reached the railroad station, where I parted from the nervous gentleman with feelings of profound esteem.

Speech of Lot Doolittle.

On the bill for the protection of Hen Roosts.

Mistur Speaker:—I have sother in my seat and heered the opponents of this great nashunal measure expectorate again it, till I'm purty nigh busted with indignant commotions of my lacerated sensibilities. Mistur Speaker are it possible that men can be so infatuated as to vote agin this bill? Mistur Speaker, allow me to pictur to your excited and denuded imagination some of the heart-rending evils which arise from the want of protection to hen roosts in my vicinity, among my constituents. Mistur Speaker, we will suppose it to be the awful and melancholy hour of midnight—all natur am hushed in deep repose—the solemn wind softly moans through the waving branches of the trees, and naught is heered to break the solemnity stillness, save an occasional grunt from the hog pen! I will now carry you in imagination to that devoted hen house. Behold its peaceful and happy inmates gently declining in balmy slumbers on their elevated and majestic roosts! Look at the aged and venerable and highly respectable rooster, as he keeps his silent vigils with patience and unmitigated watchfulness over those innocent, helpless and virtuous hens and pullets! Just let your eyes glance around and behold that dignified and maternal hen, who watches with tender solicitude and parental congratulations of those little juvenile chickens, who crowd around their respectful progenitor, and nestle under her circumambient wings. Now, I ask, Mistur Speaker, am there to be found a wretch so lost and abandoned, as will enter that peaceful and happy abode, and tear those interesting little biddies from their agonized and heart-broken parents? Mistur Speaker, I answer in thunder tones, there am! Are there anything so mean and sneaking as such a robbery? No, there are not. You may search the wide universe from the natives who repose in solitary grandeur and superlative majesty under the shade of the tall cedars that grow on the tops of the Himmaleh mountains in the valley of Joseph, down to the degraded and barbarous savages who repose in obscurity in their miserable wigwags on the rock of Gibraltar in the Gulf of Mexico, and then you will be so much puzzled to find any thing so mean, as you would see the arch revolve around the sun once in twenty-four hours without the aid of a telescope.

Mistur Speaker, I feel that I have said enough on this subject to convince the most obstinate member of the unapproach-

able necessity of a law which shall forever and everlastingly put a stop to these fowl proceedings, and I propose that every convicted offender shall suffer the penalty of the laws as follows:

For the first offence he shall be obliged to suck twelve rotten eggs, with no salt on 'em.

For the second offence, he shall be obliged to set on twenty rotten eggs, until he hatches 'em.

Mistur Speaker, all I want is for every member to act on this subject according to his consciencousness. Let him do this and he will be remembered everlastingly by a grateful posterity. Mistur Speaker, I've done. Where's my hat.

The eloquent gentleman, according to the Boston Post's report, here donned his seal-cap, and sat down, apparently much exhausted.

ANECDOTE OF HOOK.

Lounging by Soho Square in the afternoon, with Terry, the actor, the nostrils of the promenaders were suddenly saluted with a concord of sweet odors arising from a spacious area. They stopped, sniffed the grateful incense, and peeping down, perceived through the kitchen window, preparations for a handsome dinner, evidently on the point of being served.

"What a feast!" said Terry. Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them."

"I'll take any bet," returned Hook, "that I do—call for me here at ten o'clock, and you will find that I shall be able to give you a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison." So saying, he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course he was immediately ushered by the servant as an expected guest, into the drawing room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well nigh full, no notice was at first taken of his intrusion, and half a dozen people were laughing at his *bon-mots*, before the host discovered the mistake. Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding any opportunity for explanation, Hook rattled on till he had attracted the greater part of the company in a circle round him and some considerable time had elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, contriving at last to get in a word; "but your name, sir—I did not quite catch it—servants are so abominably incorrect—and I am really a little at a loss."

"Don't apologize, I beg," graciously replied Theodore; "Smith—my name is Smith—and, as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another—I remember a remarkable instance, &c."

"But really, my dear sir," continued the host at the termination of the story illustrative of the stupidity in servants, "I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to; I certainly did not anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company at dinner to-day."

"No, no, not at all. But permit me to say, a quarter past five—you are a little fast by the way; but the fact of the matter is, I have been detained in the city—as I was about to explain when—"

"Pray," exclaimed the other as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom, may I ask you, do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Whom? Why, Mr. Thomson, of course—an old friend of my father. I have not the pleasure indeed of being personally known to you, but having received your kind invitation yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool, Frih street—four o'clock—family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

"No, no, not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thomson; it is Jones, and—"

"Jones?" replied the *soi-disant* Smith, in admirable assumed consternation;—"Jones—why surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heaven! I see it all! My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder,—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion! I am really at a loss for words in which to apologize—you will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow—"

"Pray don't think of retiring," exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman. "Your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, if, as you say, four was the hour named, and I'm only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

Hook, of course, could not hear of such a thing, could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger; if too late for Thomson, there were plenty of chop houses at hand; the unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call at ten o'clock. The good-natured Jones, how-

ever, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to withdraw dinnerless.—Mrs. Jones joined in solicitations, the Misses Jones smiled bewitchingly, and at last Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies, and take his place at the well-furnished board.

In all probability the family of the Jones never passed such an evening before.—Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter, and made good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when, by way of a *coup de grace*, he seated himself at the piano-forte, and struck off in one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled more critical judges than the Jones' with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and on Mr. Terry being announced, his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanzas:

"I am very much pleased with your fare,
You call it as prime as your cook,
My friend's Mr. Terry; the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!"

NEWSPAPERS.

Mr. Senator ALLEN, in a speech in the Senate, not long since, said that he looked upon the newspapers of this country as the great book of the people—as the great medium of communication, without which public liberty itself could not subsist.

The multiplicity of newspapers in this country form a prominent feature of our social and political system. They are representative in their character, as all such emanation from the business interests and political sentiments of the people must of course be.

Yet they possess a reactive influence of wonderful powers. That power, however, is as yet but rarely recognized in its nature; it is not organized at all; it is in its first elements. The time will be when the first order of intellect, of knowledge, of refinement, the substantial governing power, in short, which is to give direction to opinions and taste throughout the Republic will be found as in France at the head of the press.

The power, however, thus indicated and exercised should not, properly speaking, be called the power of the press—because the press is a mere instrumentality by means of which truths and fact and just references and elevated sentiments are brought to bear upon the public mind.—The newspaper press is the more efficient instrumentality, since it can cause a more immediate, continual and thorough diffusion throughout the masses of the people, of those wholesome influences which are so potent and so salutary in their operation upon society.

Where the press is entirely free as in this country, it must follow that bad principles as well as good will find diffusion through it. Any one man start a newspaper, who has sufficient means and is disposed so to apply them—just as any one may invest his capital in the dry goods business. Hence there must be many varieties of capacity, of fitness and unfitness, among those who assume the responsible position of conductors of newspapers—men who by their own election undertake to form and to express opinions on all subjects of public concern.

The egotism of our American journals, as a general thing, is perhaps the most serious drawback upon their usefulness in the more elevated sphere of influence. A newspaper should be an impersonality.

"The journal speaks; the editor never. It is bound to the community by public relations, in which all individualism of persons is lost. A journal is a unity—comprised indeed of many parts, but its aggregate character is one. The personal concerns of an editor, his likes or his dislikes, his enjoyments and grievances, have nothing to do with his function as a journalist.—The public care nothing for him as an individual—nothing more than for any one else of equal merit. The fact that he has a printing press at his disposal gives him no privileges of obtrusion, no special claims to sympathy in his private griefs. He has his duties and his rights as a citizen, precisely like any other man.

But a newspaper appearing regularly and constantly before the public, becomes a separate entity—a distinct existence. It gives intelligence relative to business and events; the public are entitled to the utmost accuracy of information. It expresses opinions on great public questions; the public are entitled to a knowledge of the pertinent facts. It advocates one side or the other in a controverted issue of policy; the public are entitled to the honest exercise of its best judgment and to a fair and courteous demeanor in discussion. These qualities, or the want of them, give character to a journal and effect its influence.

The newspaper press, in its representative character, merely exhibits "the age and body of the time" in its form and pressure, without influencing it one way or another. The representative character,

however, is only the foundation upon which its higher character arises. It must be representative, or it can have no permanent existence. It is not a power in the midst of society, acting independently—but it is a part of the system.

From the Cincinnati Atlas.
The Mormons.

We wish to call the reader's attention to the new, and most extraordinary condition of the Mormons. Seven thousand of them have found a resting place in the most remarkable spot on the North American continent. Since the children of Israel wandered through the Wilderness, or the Crusaders rushed on Palestine, there has been nothing so historically singular, as the emigration and recent settlement of the Mormons. Thousands of them came from the Manchester and Sheffield of England, to join other thousands congregated from Western New York, and New England—boasted descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers—together to follow after a New Jerusalem in the West—Having a temple amid the churches and schools of Lake county, Ohio, and driven from it by popular opinion, they built the Nauvoo of Illinois. It becomes a great town. Twenty thousand people flock to it. They are again assaulted by popular persecution; their prophet murdered—their town depopulated, and finally their temple burned! Does all this persecution to which they have been subjected, destroy them? Not at all.—Seven thousand are now settled, in flourishing circumstances, on the Plateau summit of the North American continent. Thousands more are about to join them from Iowa, and thousands more are coming from Wales. The spectacle is most singular, and this is one of the singular episodes of the great drama of this age. The spot on which the Mormons are now settled, is, geographically, one of the most interesting in the western world.

There is no other just like it, that we recollect, on the globe. Look at the map a little east of the great Salt Lake, and just south of the Southwest Pass, and you will see in the northwest corner of California, the summit level of the waters which flow on the North American continent. It must be six thousand feet, perhaps more, above the level of the Atlantic. In this sequestered corner, in a vale hidden among mountains and lakes, are the Mormons; and there rise the mighty rivers, from which no continent has greater. Within a stone's throw, almost, of one another, lie the head springs of the Sweet Water and Green Rivers. The former flows into the Platte river, that into the Missouri; and that into the Mississippi; and that into the Gulf of Mexico, and becomes a part of the Gulf stream, leaving the shores of distant lands. The latter, the Green river, flows into the Colorado; the Colorado into the Gulf of California; and is mingled with the Pacific. The one flows more than 2,500 miles; the other more than 1,500. These flow into tropical regions. Just north of the same spot are the head streams of Snake River, which flows into the Columbia, near lat. 45 deg. after a course of 1,000 miles. Just south are the sources of the Rio Grande, which after winding 1,700 miles, finds the Gulf of Mexico. It is a remarkable point in the earth's surface where the Mormons are; and locked in by mountains and lakes, they will probably remain and constitute a new and peculiar colony.

GALLANTRY.—Irishmen are proverbial for their off-hand gallantry. Yankees we believe are equal to any of them. A case in point:—Recently there came to our city on a visit, a verdant youth direct from snow-clad Green-Mountain-dom. His city connections are of some importance, and it was not long ere he had an invitation to an upper-ten party. Dressed in his "Sunday-go-to-meetings," he was ushered into the parlor at an early hour. Among the company was a very pretty and quite bewitching Miss, to whom the youth paid his special devoirs. She is quite petite—he fully a "six-footer." When the company was invited from the parlor to partake of refreshments, the tall youth waited on the pretty, petite Miss. They took a position back of the table, where the crowd was large and room scarce. The youth invited his partner to step up on a stair which led out into another apartment. "Oh, no!" she returned, "I should be too far above you." "Not at all," he replied, casting a significant glance at her; "men are a little lower than the angels!"

We commend the following recipe to housekeepers: To make potatoes very mealy, take and wash them well just before you wish to use them, and then, without drying or wiping, put them in an old meal bag.—*Wheeling Times*

The more a man works hard time he will have to grumble.