

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

On returning after an absence of some years from my native city, I met, among other well remembered and cherished friends, my old school-mate and college companion, Herbert Belrose. Most cordially did he grasp my hand, showing that the fire of early friendship still burned brightly in his bosom.

"You must come home and take tea with me," said, as he stood holding my hand lightly in his.

"Then you are married?" I returned. "Oh yes! I belong to the sober stay-at-home class of citizens. So you must accept my invitation. I will call for you as I leave my counting-room this afternoon. It will be delightful to have a good chat about old times."

I assented, well pleased with the arrangement, and, at the time agreed upon, Belrose called for me. On being presented to his wife, I was surprised to meet a young and exquisitely beautiful woman with foreign accent and features. There was something very striking in her whole aspect. Once seen, you could never forget her; you seemed to be gazing on some pictured form, a painter's dream of loveliness. But, if her face was my instant admiration, how much more charmed was I, after the reserve of our first meeting wore away, to note the simple but true grace of every motion, and to listen to the music of her voice, as she joined, with more than ordinary intelligence, in the conversation that followed.

"Where did you meet with this lovely woman?" said I to Belrose, at our meeting. "To me she stood forth the embodiment of some beautiful ideal, long dwelling in the regions of fancy."

"The story is a romantic one," replied my friend, smiling.

"Will you relate it?"

"Oh, certainly, if you think you will feel interest enough to listen."

"Let me hear it by all means," said I. My friend then related the following story.

"Three years ago, I went to Europe and passed through Italy. On the day of my arrival at Naples, as I was passing along one of the streets, a lovely young girl, with a basket of flowers on her arm, approaching with a smile, presented a handsome bouquet, and asked me to accept it. Such a favor from a fair young stranger was not, of course to be declined. In taking it I looked earnestly into her sweet face, and her eyes lingered for a moment or two on mine; then she turned, and was lost in the crowd of people that filled the streets.

"In relating this incident to a young Englishman at the hotel, he did not seem much surprised. His remark was: 'One of the cunning flower girls. How much did your bouquet cost you?'"

"Nothing," I replied. "Why should it?"

"Ah! I perceive you don't understand these Italian girls. You are a fine-looking young fellow, and a stranger with plenty of money to spend. You are a gallant too. All this pair of bright Italian eyes can see at a glance. The girl was simply a flower girl and by her little rush expected to receive about ten pence for her bouquet."

"Ah!" said I in return. "That's the meaning of it! I wish I had known it before."

"You will see her again."

"Think so?"

"Without doubt. She will never lose sight of you. Walk out to-morrow, and ere you are in the street twenty minutes, you will receive a still richer bouquet from her hands."

"And he was right. I received soon after appearing abroad on the next morning, another bunch of flowers from the same fair hand, and the girl was rewarded with a gold coin. She took the money, and as her eye fell upon it and she saw its value, a deep flush passed over her face, and dropping me a low courtesy, while her eyes expressed thankfulness, she turned and was in a few moments, lost to my view. On the day following, the next, and the next, I looked for my beautiful flower girl, but saw her nowhere upon the streets.

"One day, a week after my arrival in Naples, I rode out to enjoy the charming views every where presenting themselves. A few miles from the city, I stopped to look through the grounds attached to an old and princely residence, the property of a decayed Italian nobleman. Ruin was upon every hand. The fine portico of elaborately wrought marble had suffered much from time and violence. Statues were overthrown and broken, fountains choked up, and rank weeds were towering over delicate garden flowers, half hiding

their beauty and destroying their perfume.

"While wandering amid these fading evidences of former wealth and grandeur, I came suddenly upon my beautiful flower girl, sleeping on a green bank. The noise of my feet awakened her, and she started up with a look of fear. In a moment she recognized me, and recovered, in a measure her self-possession. She was much changed. Her face looked anxious, and there was humility about her eyes, as if the tears were just ready to gush forth. I spoke to her in her own language, and the real kindness and sympathy I felt, were understood in an instant. I soon learned that she was nearly the last member of an old and noble family reduced to poverty. In one of the apartments of this ancient ruin, she was living with her aged father; and she remained his whole support and comforter. As a flower girl she obtained the means of subsistence for her parent. But he was now very ill. For three days and nights she had watched over him, unwearied in spirits, though her body had suffered from fatigue. The money I had given her had enabled her to remit her efforts to procure the means of sustenance for a few days; but it was now all gone, and while gathering flowers for another visit to the city, she had reclined upon the soft grass and there fallen asleep.

"Affected by her story, so artlessly told, I asked to see her father, and she took me to the apartment where lay a venerable old man, but a few paces from the end of his journey. While I yet lingered in the room, his spirit sighed itself away, and passed to another and better world.

"Thrown thus strangely and providentially in the way of this lovely and innocent girl, in a far off land, I could not turn from her in her deep affliction. Oh, no! that would have been less than human. All in my power to do, to make less crushing the sorrow that was pressing upon her heart, was done. Learning, after the burial of her father, that she stood friendless in the world, I procured her a temporary home in a highly respectable English family to whom I had been introduced. Here I saw her daily; and you will not be surprised at the result. You have met the Italian flower girl. She is my wife.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

BY MRS. SARAH HAYES.

On passing a wood-yard one day, my attention was arrested by hearing a person who was engaged in sawing, remarked to a gentleman who stood beside him, "I am sorry you are going to leave town—you are such uncommon good pay."

"This observation appeared trifling in itself, but there was a great deal in the tone, and to a reflecting mind it carried a deeper meaning than the mere words would seem to convey. 'Uncommon good pay' evidently showed that the gentleman was an exception to the general rule, and one who in his practice endeavored to conform to the principles laid down by his great Master in the holy Scriptures—*The laborer is worthy of his hire.* It is my purpose now to illustrate this by a short and simple story.

In a garden belonging to a handsome mansion, a man might have been seen employed in digging, from early mornning until the lengthened shadows gave evidence that night was approaching. The only interval of rest had been at noon, when he had gone home to his dinner. He was somewhat past middle age, and from the manner in which he handled his spade, appeared to understand his business as particularly well. Just before sun down, gentleman, entered the garden to note the progress of the work.

"Well, Simon," said he, "you have got along finely for these two or three days, and you have really dugged it very nicely. I think I must hold on to you as a gardener."

"I am glad it pleases you, sir; it is very hard digging, but I have taken great pains with it."

At this moment a little girl came up, took her father's hand and said—
"Pa, tea is waiting."
"The sun will soon be down, Simon," cried the gentleman, as he walked off with his daughter, "and I guess this is all I shall want you to do just now. You may call in some day and I will pay you—I have no change at present."

As he uttered these words, the owner of the mansion entered his comfortable abode, and sat down amid his family to the luxurious supper prepared for him. He did not reflect whether the poor man who in laboring for him had borne the burden and the heat of the day, had one equally as good to partake of; nor had he done as the lord of the vineyard we read of in Scripture, who, when the evening was come, said unto the steward,—"Call the laborers and give them their hire." In fact, accustomed as he was to the command of means, it had never occurred to

him how important was the pittance a poor man earns, to his family.

"True, it is many times a trifle, but let it be remembered that it is his sole dependence, his all—and that God, who has said 'The wages of him that is hired, shall not abide with thee all night until morning,' (Lev. xix.) has not left the time of payment with ourselves.

And now we will look a little farther and note the effects of one neglect. As the sun went down, Simon proceeded homeward—his features were care-worn, and he seemed wearied and depressed as he moved along. On entering his dwelling, the first words his wife accosted him with were these—

"Well, Simon, did Mr. G. pay you? I have got the kettle on, and I will run and get a loaf of bread, a little tea, and you shall have something comfortable for supper."

"No, he did not," answered Simon, sighing heavily, as he seated himself on a bench. "He is a kind hearted man—I don't believe he ever thought how bad off a poor man often is, or he would never have required me to charge him with my three day's labor."

And here we will pause to observe, that we are very much inclined to doubt whether those who form mere carelessness are guilty of such injustice, are in reality more culpable than those, the result of whose practice is the same, although actuated by baser motives.

"Oh, why don't you ask him?" now inquired Simon's wife, "and tell him how much we need it?"

"He did not offer to pay me, and I could not," returned he moodily.

"Poor little Maggy has been fretting for something good to eat, all day," said the mother, wiping the tears of disappointment which had gathered in her eyes, with her apron, "her fever has left her, and the doctor said she might eat nourishing food, and I could make her something nice if I only had some wheat bread."

"Why don't you borrow some?" interrogated the husband, at the times arising to look at his sick child, which was quietly sleeping.

"I have borrowed several times," said his wife, "and as we never get anything to return it, I can't go again."

At this moment several other children came bounding into the house, clamorous for their supper. Their mother arose, thickened the water boiling on the fire with corn meal, and this, with some skimmed milk furnished by a neighbor, formed their evening repast. This fare was not very substantial, it is true, for one who had to toil day and night out as Simon had, but we dare say the rich who sat down to their tables groaning with every delicacy never thought of that. His children might stand in need of comfortable clothing to protect them from the cold, and from their infancy might be inured to every privation—but what was that to his employers?—they were not his keepers, and it was mighty little they owed.

"Mighty little," however, scattered around in a good many hands in the aggregate would have been found to amount to considerable, and in Simon's case the wages owing to him by his employers when they were due, would if properly expended, have enabled him to gather many little necessities and comforts about his family which they were now forced to do without.

In the present instance we would not have our readers suppose that we are painting an extreme case. And in order to prove it, we will mention one or two facts drawn from his history of every day life. "I have neither meal or potatoes in the house," said a laboring man to one of his employers: "can you not give me the dollar you owe me to buy a bushel of grain?" "This is the very first money I have had in nine months, and I have worked regularly almost every day," observed one on being paid for his labor. "What a history of privation—of positive suffering—was embodied in these few words? A person residing in the village of— informed us that having occasion at one to go into the dwelling of a poor woman who earned her living by washing, he found her with her four children seated at dinner, and the sole article of food upon the table was cabbage, and from her manner, and her not making an apology he supposed the fare was not unusual.

Cases of such destitution must be rare, but they are more numerous than many suppose who do not take an interest in making inquiry on such subjects. We are not however, at present writing upon charitable objects. Whatever may be the calling of those who are employed, their labor should be considered a full equivalent to their wages, and as God has not constituted any man the judge of another's circumstances, it is an imperative duty to give them, and at a proper time, what is justly their own—always mindful of the injunction we have before referred to, and which should be deeply impressed upon

every mind, however unreflecting—*The laborer is worthy of hire.*

Amusing Anecdote of Washington.

The following anecdote of Washington was told many years since; the name of the relater is not now recollected, but it is remembered that the connection of the individual with the events of the Revolution was calculated to inspire confidence in its authenticity:

C. S. one of the contractors for supplying the American army, then (1780) stationed at West Point, with fresh provisions, had, on several occasions, when the high price of cattle threatened to make the fulfillment of the contract not quite so lucrative as was by him originally calculated, failed to furnish the requisite supply, and in lieu thereof, *ad interim*, gave to the Quarter Master of each regiment a certificate specifying that there was due to such a regiment, so many rations of beef, &c. These certificates did pretty well for a while, and the privation was borne with characteristic by a soldiery, accustomed to hardships, and ready to endure anything in the cause of liberty and their country. But even patience has its limits—the cause of the omission became at last understood, and dissatisfaction manifested itself throughout the ranks. Remonstrances from the subordinate officers had been repeatedly made, and promises of amendment readily and repeatedly given, 'till at last finding that nothing but promises came, it was found necessary to complain to the Commander-in-Chief.

Washington, after hearing the story, gave immediate orders for the arrest of Mr. S. Upon his being brought into the army and placed under guard, the officer having him in charge waited upon the General to apprise him of the fact and to enquire in what way and by whom the prisoner was to be fed.

"Give yourself no trouble, sir," said Washington, "the gentleman will be supplied from my table."

The several hours of breakfast, dinner and supper passed, but not a mouthful was furnished to the delinquent prisoner. On the ensuing day, at an early hour in the morning, a waiter in the livery of the General, was seen bearing upon a silver salver all the seeming requisites for a meal carefully covered, and wending his way to the prisoner's room. Upon raising the cover, besides the apparatus for breakfast, there was found nothing more than a certificate that 'there was due to Mr. C. S. one breakfast, one dinner and one supper,' and signed 'George Washington.'

After the lapse of a reasonable time, the delinquent was conveyed to head-quarters, when Washington, in his peculiarly significant and emphatic way addressed him with:

"Well, Mr. S. I presume by that by this time you are perfectly convinced how inadequate to satisfy the cravings of hunger is the certificate of a meal. I trust after this you will furnish no further occasion for complaint."

Then inviting Mr. S. to share in the meal to which he was just setting down, he improved the lesson by some friendly admonition and gave the order for his discharge.

Nobility of Mechanics.

Toil on, sun-burnt mechanic! God has placed thee in thy lot perchance to guide the flying car that whirls us on from scene to scene, from friend to friend; bind down the warring wave of ocean, tempest tossed or chain the red artillery of heaven.

Toil on! Without thy power, earth, though thy sands were one pailful of gold, would be a waste of untold tears and glittering grief; and want, and woe, and splendid misery, would gleam out from all her treasured mines. Rich soils would perish in their richness, and the fruits of the seasons changing, die ungathered from the harvest.

Toil on! Jehovah was a workman too. In the beginning God created heaven and earth, and from the confused chaos sprang this perfect world—the perfect workmanship of the eternal, uncreated Power. Up rose the mighty firmament; and back the sullen surges swept, submissive, tamed, each to their several bounds.

And then he set great lights—the glorious sun to bless the day; the timid moon to wear at night the milder lustre of the radiant orb.

He painted heaven with mingled blue and white—and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeped out, seeming by the majesty of sun and moon, like a stray lily breathing, in it, lore of meek and blushing loveliness, on the gay tints of opening bud and rich voluptuous blossom.

Wondering, there dawned another and a third, till, clustering, clinging, to the spacious canopy, they read, in the calm waters of the sea, the story of that radiant loveliness. From thence assured they fear not sun nor moon but faithfully distill

their pensive light, Old ocean tossed her crest spray, and from their hidden depths, creatures of life came up and flew above the earth—winged fowls and flying fish; and the great whale, dark emperor of the sea.

And God created man! Six days he labored, and the seventh he reposed: while from the sea, earth, the air, and all that is, went up a chorus of exstatic praise to God the first, the eternal architect.

Toil on; sun-burnt mechanic! heard ye of him whom babbling Jews despise?—The manger born of Nazareth? Exalted to be prince over death and hell? Read ye not in the book of the untaught apprentice, who had laid his hand upon Tiberius rugged main, and it was stilled!

Toil on! Drink from the dews that heaven distills, fragrant flowers, the bursting buds, the blessed air, is united wealth to the hard browed and bronzed mechanic. Rich coffers being a share of canker and corrosion. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which decaying gold is vanity and dross.—*Miss Wentworth.*

Things that I Like "Powerfully."

I like to hear candidates for office agree in politics with every man they converse with—it looks so much like principle.

I like to hear men denounce others for things of which they themselves are guilty—it looks so much like consistency.

I like to see young women peep through the windows or the cracks of half-opened doors, to catch a glimpse of the young men, and when they come in their presence appear over-modest—it is so admirable.

I like to see plenty of churches, yet having no ministers to preach in them—it looks so much like a wise disposition of charity's funds.

I like to see a parcel of young men stand before a church door, at the close of service, and stare every female full in the face as they pass out—it looks so much like good breeding.

I like to see a woman out in the morning scraping up chips to build a fire, and her husband in bed—it shows she thinks more of him than she does of herself.

I like to see a merchant and mechanic keep their shop doors and windows closed until the sun is an hour high—it shows they are independent, and ask no favors of their customers.

I like to see young women walking the streets on Sundays in their silks, with holes in their stockings—it shows they are more attentive to things above than below.

I like to see men crowding around the bar-room on Monday morning before sunrise—it shows their anxiety to get at their week's employment in good season.

I like to see women send their butter to market in a dirty cloth—it shows economy, as it saves washing.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Sayings of "Ben Johnson."

The following pithy sayings are from an old work, the title of which we forget, by Ben Johnson, the dramatist. There is a large sprinkling of good sense to them, which should entitle them to a wide circulation:

"Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I have therefore counselled my friends never to trust to the fair side, but so place all things as she gave them, that she may take them again without trouble."

"A beggar suddenly rich generally becomes a prodigal: he puts on riot and excess to obscure his former obscurity."

"No man is so foolish but he may give good counsel sometimes, and no man so wise but he may easily err if he take no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself had a fool for his master."

"Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing, residing in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of the truth."

"We labor with more than with the truth."

"Many men do not themselves what they would fain persuade others, and less do they the things which they would impose on others, but least of all know they what they would most confidently boast."

"What a deal of cold business doth a man spend the better part of his life in, in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and vending news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter love in a dark corner."

"Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage. A good life is a main argument."

A certain noted physician, at Bath, (Eng) was lately complaining in a coffee house in that city, that he had three very fine daughters, to whom he would give ten thousand pound each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them. "With your leave, Doctor," said an Irishman, who was present, stepping up and making a respectful bow, "I'll take two of them!"

A Heavy Blow.

A Pennsylvania Col., who is fond of telling tough 'uns—especially stories of which he himself is the hero—lately 'drew the long bow' after the following wise.

"I was once in Harrisburg," says this Colonel, 'on official business. During my stay, a horse race came off near the 'capitol; and as I am rather partial to horse racing, I went to see it. Just as the horses were about starting, some fellow insulted me by jostling me rather roughly. Now you know I don't often fight, but when I strike, I do strike; so I up fist, and hit him a blow that sent him against the fence, into a field carrying with him nine sections of posts and rails. The fellow lay a short time, then raising himself into a sitting posture, he looked wildly around him.—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'has the storm done much damage? Did the lightning strike any body but me?'"

Money and the Ladies.

Jim W., a cunning wag of New York, visited a fashionable watering place in the Old Dominion, last September, and caused the friend who introduced him to whisper that he was worth \$500,000. It worked wonders in Jim's favor. Altho' his sojourn was but seven days, and his personal appearance by no means prepossessing, he 'won the hearts' of fourteen girls; three quivered on the brink; he kissed eleven; and got nine rings, and left.—'The last time we saw him, he had wickedly trapped off five of his rings, for mint jumps!

"I never knew any man," says an old author, 'who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a christian,' which reminds us of the old lady who thought 'every calamity that happened to herself a trial, and every one that happened to her friends a judgment!'"

A western editor lately called his 'devil' to him, and told him he could not afford to hire his services any longer, unless he would agree to take ninenepea a week for them, or share equally the profits of the paper. The imp concluded to stay, but unhesitatingly chose the ninenepea a week for his wages. That youth is destined to be a great man.

Anecdote of Old Dartmouth.

In the class of which Daniel Webster was a member, there was an individual noted for his waggery. One day the professor of logic, who, by the way, was not the most nice and discriminating in his distinctions, was endeavoring to substantiate that 'a thing remains the same, notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts.'

Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee art of whittling, at length held up his jack knife, inquiring: 'Supposing I should lose the blade of my knife, and should get another one made and inserted in its place, would it be the same knife it was before?' 'To be sure!' replied the professor. 'Well, then,' the wag continued, 'suppose I should then lose the handle, and get another, would it be the same knife still?' 'Of course!' the professor again replied. 'But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?' We never learned the professor's reply.

A Good Joke.

'Who's brush are you cleaning your teeth with, Bill?' asked a 'queer one,' of a lad in a store the other day.

'It's yours, I expect,' said the boy, sheepishly, 'but I shan't hurt it.'

'Well, be sure you put it back where you got it, for I cleaned my toe nails with it yesterday, and I want to keep it for that use hereafter.'

"Oh, Dear!"

'What is love, Clara?' said Bill, the other night, as he sat by the side of his sweetheart.

'Love! Bill, I hardly know what it is, but I suppose it must be getting married and kissing little babies.' Bill fainted.

Apt Query.

A fellow who desired to make love to a young girl, went to ask her father's permission. 'You have a daughter,' said he, 'whose fair fame enchants me!'

'She is as heaven made her,' replied the flattered father.

'What does the girl go naked!' inquired the suitor.

Severe.

'My dear,' said a husband to his better half, after a matrimonial squabble, 'you will never be permitted to go to heaven!'

'Why not?'

'Because you will be wanted as a torment below!'