

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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"Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WATCHER!—who wakest by the bed of pain,
While the stars weep on in their midnight train,
Studing the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break!
In thy loueliest hour there's a helper nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

STRANGER!—far from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Tale and heartstones are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
There is one who can tell of a home on high—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

SAD ONE, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not
know,

Wrestling the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

MOURNER!—who sittest in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Picking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead;
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

FADING ONE, with the hectic streak
In thy vein of fire and thy wasted cheek,
Faint'st thou the shade of thy darkened vale,
Seek to the Guide who can never fail;
He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"GOING TO THE DOGS."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I received your bill to-day, Mr. Leonard," said a customer, as he entered the shop of a master mechanic.

"We are sending out all our accounts this season," returned the mechanic, bowing.

"I want to pay you."

"Very well, Mr. Baker, we're always glad to get money."

"But you must throw off something.—Let me see," and the customer drew out a bill—twenty-seven dollars and forty-six cents. "Twenty-five will do. There receipt the bill and I'll pay you."

But Leonard shook his head.

"I can't deduct a cent from that bill, Mr. Baker. Every article is charged at our regular price."

"Oh, yes, you can. Just make it twenty-five dollars, even money. Here it is." And Baker counted out the cash.

"I am sorry, Mr. Baker, but I cannot afford to deduct anything. If you'd just owed me twenty-five dollars, your bill would have been just that amount. I would not have added a cent beyond what is my due, nor can I take anything less than my due."

"Then you won't deduct the odd money?"

"I cannot, indeed."

"Very well." The manner of the customer changed. He was evidently offended. "The bill is too high, by just the sum I asked to have stricken off. But no matter I can pay it."

"Then you mean to insinuate," said the mechanic, who was an independent sort of a man, "that I am cheating you out of two dollars and forty-six cents?"

"I didn't say so."

"But it is plain you think so, or you would not have asked an abatement. If you considered my charges just, you would not dispute them."

"Oh, never, mind, never mind! we'll not waste words about it. Here's your money, said Baker; and he added another five dollar bill to the sum he had laid down. The mechanic received the account and the change, both of which his customer thrust into his pocket with a petulant air, and then turned away and left the shop without another word.

"It's the last bill he ever has against me," muttered Baker to himself, as he walked away. If that's his manner of treating customers, he'll soon go to the dogs. He was downright insulting, and no gentleman will stand that from another, much less from a vulgar mechanic.—"Mean to insinuate!" Humph! Yes I did mean to insinuate." And Mr. Baker involuntarily quickened his pace. "He'll lose one good customer," he continued to himself. "I've paid him a great deal of money, but it's the last dollar of mine he ever handles."

Baker was as good as his word. He withdrew his custom from the offending mechanic and gave it to another.

"I've got one of your old customers, Leonard," said a friend in the same business to the mechanic, some six or eight months after.

"Ah! who is it?"

"Baker."

Leonard shrugged his shoulders.

"How came you to lose him?"

"I'll tell you how you can keep him." "Well, how?"

"If your bill amounts to thirty dollars, make it thirty-three and a few odd cents by increasing some of the items. He will want this surplus knocked off, which you can afford to do; then he will pay it and think you are just the man for him."

"You lost him then because you wouldn't abate any thing from a true bill?"

"I did."

"Thank you. But suppose my bill should be twenty-six, or seven, or eight; what then? I could not knock off the odd dollars for the purpose of making an even sum."

"Not in that case you must add on until you get above thirty."

"And fall back to that?"

"Yes. It will be knocking off the odd dollars, which he will think clear gain."

"That would not be honest."

"Hardly. But you must do it or lose his custom some day or other."

"I shall have to accommodate him, I suppose. If he will be cheated, it can't be helped."

On the very first bill that Baker paid to his new tradesman he obtained an abatement of one dollar and ninety cents, odd money, but actually paid three dollars more than was justly due. Still, he was very well satisfied, imagining that he had made a saving of one dollar and ninety cents.—The not overscrupulous tradesman laughed in his sleeve and kept his customer.

Having withdrawn his support from Leonard, it was the candid opinion of Mr. Baker that he was 'going to the dogs,' as he expressed it, about as fast as a man could go. He often passed the shop but rarely saw a customer.

"No wonder," he would say to himself. "A man like him can't expect and don't deserve custom."

In the eyes of Baker, the very grass seemed to grow upon the pavement before the door of the declining tradesman. Dust settled thickly in his window, and the old sign turned gray in the bleaching air.

"Going to the dogs, and no wonder," Baker would say to himself, as he went by. He appeared to take a strange interest in watching the gradual decay of the mechanic's fortunes. One day a mercantile friend said to him—

"Do you know anything about this Leonard?"

"Why?" asked Baker.

"Because he wants to make a pretty large bill with me."

"On time?"

"Yes, on the usual credit of six months."

"Don't sell him. Why, the man is going to the dogs, at rail-road speed."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I'm looking every day to see him close up. He might have done well, for he understood his business. But he is so unaccommodating, and I might say, insulting to his customers, that he drives the best ones away. I used to make large bills with him, but hav'n't dealt at his shop now for some time."

"Ah! I was not aware of that. I'm glad I spoke to you, for I shouldn't like to lose six or seven hundred dollars."

"Six or seven hundred! Is it possible that he wants to buy so recklessly? Take my advice, and don't think of trusting him."

"I certainly shall not."

When Leonard ordered the goods, the merchant declined selling, except for cash.

"As you please," returned the mechanic, indifferently, and went elsewhere and made his purchase.

It so happened that Mr. Leonard had a very pretty and very interesting daughter, on whose education the mechanic had bestowed great pains; and it also happened that Baker had a son who, in most things, was a 'chip of the old block.' Particularly was he like his father in his great love of money; and scarcely had he reached his majority ere he began to look about him with careful eyes to a good matrimonial arrangement, by which plenty of money could be secured.

Adelaide Leonard, on account of her beauty and accomplishments was much caressed, and mingled freely in society. Young Baker had met her frequently, and could not help being struck with her beauty and grace.

"There is a chance for you," said a friend to him one evening.

"In Miss Leonard?"

"Yes."

"She is a charming girl," replied the young man. "I wonder if her father is worth anything?"

"People say so."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. They say that the old fellow has laid up something quite handsome; and, as Adelaide is his only child, she will of course get it all."

"I was not aware of that."

"It is all so, I believe."

After this, young Baker was exceeding-

ly attentive to Miss Leonard, and made a perceptible inroad upon her heart. He even went so far as to visit pretty regularly at the house, and meditating an avowal of his attachment, when his father said to him one day—

"What young lady was that I saw with you on the street yesterday afternoon?"

"Her name is Leonard?"

"The daughter of that old Leonard in—street?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Baker looked grave, and shook his head.

"Do you know anything about her?" asked the son.

"Nothing about her, but I know her father is going to the dogs as fast as ever a man went."

"Indeed! I thought he was very well off."

"Oh, no! I've been looking to see his shop shut up, or to hear of his being sold out by the sheriff, every day, for these two years past."

"Miss Leonard is a lovely girl."

"She's the daughter of a poor, vulgar mechanic. If you see anything so lovely in that, Henry, you have a strange taste."

"There is no ginsaying Adelaide's personal attractions," replied the son, "but if her father is in the condition you allege, that settles the matter as far as she and I are concerned. I am glad you introduced the subject, for I might have committed myself, and when too late, discovered my error."

"And a sad error it would have been, Henry. In any future matter of this kind I hope you will be perfectly frank with me. I have a much more accurate knowledge of the condition and standing of people than you can possibly have."

The son promises to do as his father wished. From that time the visits to Miss Leonard are abated, and his attentions to her, when they met in society, become coldly formal. The sweet young girl, whose feeling had really been interested, felt the change, and for a time, was unhappy; but in a few months she recovered herself, and was again as bright and happy as usual.

Time went steadily on, sweeping down one and setting up another, and still old Leonard didn't go to the dogs, much to the surprise of Baker, who could not imagine how the mechanic kept his head above water, having drove away his best customers, as he must long since have done, if all were treated as he had been. But he was satisfied of one thing, at least, and that was, that the mechanic must be miserably poor, as he in fact, deserved to be, according to his idea of the matter.

One day, about a year after this timely caution to his son in regard to Miss Leonard, Baker happened to pass along a street where he had not been for some months.—Just opposite a large, new and beautiful house, to which the painters were giving their last touches, he met a friend. As they passed, Baker said—

"That's an elegant house. It has been built since I was in this neighborhood."

"Yes, it is a very fine house, and I suppose it didn't cost less than ten thousand dollars."

"No, I should think not. Who built it? Do you know?"

"Yes. It was built by Leonard."

"By whom? Baker looked surprised."

"By old Leonard. You know him."

"Impossible! He's not able to build a house like that."

"Oh, yes he is, and a half dozen more like it, if necessary."

"Leonard?"

"Certainly. Why, he's worth at least seventy thousand dollars."

"You must be in error."

"No. His daughter is to be married next month to an excellent young man, and this house has been built, and is to be handsomely furnished, as a marriage present."

"Incredible! I thought he was going, or had gone, to the dogs long ago."

"Leonard! The friend could not help laughing aloud. "He goes to the dogs!—He's the last one to go to the dogs. Oh, no! There isn't a man in his trade who does so good a business, as little show as he makes. Good work, good prices, and punctuality, are the cardinal virtues of his establishment, and make all substantial. How in the world could you have taken such a notion!"

"I don't know but such has been my impression for a long time," replied Baker, who felt exceedingly cut down on account of the mistake he had made, and particularly so in view of the elegant house and seventy thousand dollars which might have all belonged to his son, in time, if he had not fallen into such an egregious error about old Leonard.

Most persons are apt to make mistakes of this kind and imagine that because of some slight offence they have withdrawn their custom from a man, that he must necessarily be going to the dogs. Probably

in the matter of stopping subscriptions to newspapers and periodicals, people are more prone to fall into this error than any thing else. A man gets offended about something—perhaps, through some error of the clerk, his bill is sent to him after it has been paid; or, through the neglect of a carrier, or the pilfering propensities of news-vending lads, his paper fails a few times, and in high indignation he orders a discontinuance. After that he is firmly convinced that the paper must go down;—and if he happens to meet with a few months afterward by accident will very likely say—

"Why, is this thing alive yet? I thought it had stopped long ago."

So the world moves on. People are prone to think that what they smile on lives; and what they frown upon is blighted, and must die.

From the Flag of the Union.

A Yankee in Mexico.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Some time before the war with Mexico broke out, a certain Yankee who rejoiced in the name of Seth Strong, who hailed from far down east, and who had been successively schoolmaster, singing master, hogreever, horse trader, log chopper, tin pedler, and fireman on a railroad, found himself in New Orleans without resources. He was something of a military genius, having once been 'lieutenant' in a volunteer rifle company who wore green hunting shirts, and had a semi-annual drill, and while in the Crescent City was always a spectator of the Sunday parades in the Place d'Armes. Therefore it was not surprising, that finding his funds at the last extremity, he marched up to a military rendezvous and presented himself to the recruiting officer as a candidate for the honor of serving his country. The next day he was parading the city in the 'general clothing' furnished by our universal uncle—and in his glazed cap, blue roundabout and pants, and ankle-jacks, doubtless thought himself the object of general attention. He was put through the manual and drill in the most approved fashion, and was soon perfect in his facings and wheelings. In the course of a few months he was marching with his regiment to Corpus Christi, chuck full of spirits with a prospect of a fight before him. In the first battles he bore himself as bravely as those who wore the epaulet, and wanted only that distinction to be honorably mentioned at Washington.

After crossing the Rio Grande he was appointed sergeant and of course rose a foot taller from a consciousness of his blushing honors. At the little town of Dolores, where the army halted for a while, he was assigned the charge of a depot of powder, that was stored in one of the best houses in the plaza, with a command of about a dozen men, and ordered to maintain his post until relieved. One day he obtained leave of absence to go a shooting after snipe, which were abundant in the environs, but loosing his way remained out all night, and did not get back till a late hour next day, when he returned in fear and trembling, anticipating a reprimand or an arrest. On gaining his quarters, his astonishment was great at finding no traces of the American troops. The stars and stripes had disappeared, and in their place the Mexican tri-color was waving from a staff in the centre of the plaza.—He barricaded his door, however, at his supper, smoked a cigar and then turned in. The next morning he was awakened early by tremendous hubbub in the square in front of his post, drums were beating, files squeaking, and cries of 'El Yankee! El Yankee!' rising above all the other din.

Sergeant Strong, after reconnoitering the force outside, which, with the exception of a wooden-legged soldier, was composed entirely of civilians, headed by the alcalde, opened his door, and presenting himself, sword in hand, demanded to know what they wanted, in very execrable Spanish.

Thereupon, he was formally summoned to surrender, by the alcalde.

"Look a here, stranger," said the sergeant, "when you bring me an order from General Taylor, or Major Bliss, to surrender perhaps I shall obey, and perhaps I shan't. General Taylor never surrenders, and I don't see why Sergeant Strong should."

"Perhaps we will force you to surrender. We are many, and you are few," said the Mexicans.

"You are a poor miserable set of bean-eating varmints," retorted the Yankee, as he retired, slamming the door in their faces. All that day he remained in close quarters, while the town was in a ferment, and the alcalde issued a *pronunciamento* against the obstinate North American barbarian. A copy of the *pronunciamento* was flung into an open window of the depot, but the Yankee only laughed at it, and twisted it up to light his cigar with.

The next day, however, matters looked more serious. A company of Mexican *soldados*, headed by a fierce mustachioed Don Whiskerando, on a mustang, entered the town, and after a brief conference of the officers with the authorities, marched to attack the strong-hold of the sergeant.

The latter was up and dressed, and the doors and windows of his house were wide open. As the hostile force approached, he was seen sitting on the edge of a barrel with the head out, smoking his invariable cigar.

"Dog of a Yankee," shouted the Mexican captain, after bringing his men into line, "instantly surrender at discretion, or be cut in pieces."

"Not as you knows on," answered Seth stoutly. "I guess I wasn't born in the woods to be skeert at an owl. Just look a here—here's twenty barrels of powder—fust-rate article 'tis too, cost Uncle Sam a heap of money. Now, if you dares so much as wink at me, and point one of your shootin' irons at this individual, I'll drop my cigar right into this barrel, and blow you all to kingdom come in half a second."

The Mexican officer, turned as pale as his chocolate complexion would permit, struck his spurs into his mustang, and rode off at full speed, followed by his valiant soldiery, all running for their lives.

Seth Strong gave three cheers for the 'Flag of our Union,' and remained master of the field. The troops having marched off to join the Mexican army, he had the audacity to make a requisition on the alcalde for provisions, as he was entirely out, threatening, in case of his refusal, to blow up the town. The provisions were duly forthcoming, but the sergeant wouldn't taste a morsel until the alcalde had set the example, as he was a little afraid of being poisoned.

In this way, he held out for a week or two, when, learning that a strong corps of the enemy were approaching, he evacuated his post early one fine morning. But, according to his own account, he 'gin 'em somethin' to remember him by; for he laid a train of powder as he went along, for upwards of two miles; 'and,' said he, 'when I got on the top of a little hill, where I could have a good look-out, I jest teched her off with a laco-foco—and, O! scissors and Jerusalem, there was a little of the tallest kind of an earthquake that ever was manufactured. The steeple of that 'ere cathedral shook like it had a tech of ager, and the little house where I'd been livin' for a fortnight sailed right up like a rocket. I reckon there was nigh onto a cord of human bein's ascendin' and descendin' in that atmosphere—and I thought I see the old alcalde ahead of all the others, makin' a bee line for the sun and moon with a horizontal shirt-tail.'

The Sergeant's report to Gen. Taylor ran as follows:

"*Dere Ginral*!—I have the honor to report that I held on to that 'ere powder magazine down to Dolores, till I couldn't hold on to it no longer. I successfully resisted the alcalde and inhabitants, and a company of miserable sojers that they fetched agin me. But findin' the enemy was concentratin' his entire force, and my strength bein' small, I deemed it prudent to retire, which I did in good order, not bein' encumbered with baggage. I destroyed the stores I left behind, and with 'em, as I believe, a large number of the enemy, as I Judge from seein' of 'em in the air at an elevation of about 90 feet, as nigh as I could judge. Ginral, I aint much of a schollard—and this 'ere report aint a very tall one—but the report I made down to Dolores was a snorter, now I tell you. I wish you could a heard it."

"SETH STRONG,
Sargt. Co. — Reg't. U. S. A."

We have not seen Sergeant Strong's name in any history of the war, but if his story be true, he certainly made more noise than any man in Mexico.

The Negro's Prayer.

A man named Riley was recently hung at Jackson, Tenn., when a large, fat woman, fell on her knees under the gallows and delivered the following prayer:—

"Oh! massa God, let this poor bruder, who has no soul to save, whether thou art willing or not, save him from the torments of hell, and, by golly, bressed massa God, if you do dis, I tank you a thousand times, and ask you no more favors, now nor ever more. Amen."

Hon. Hamilton Merritt is now at Washington, endeavoring to negotiate with the American Statesmen, for passing a bill to meet the Canada act of last session, so as to secure the free passage of agricultural produce, without duty, from Canada to the United States, and from the United States to Canada.

There are only three ways to get out of a scrape—write out, back out, but the best way is to keep out.

American Cities.

The growth of American cities is unparalleled in the history of the world. Already half a million are embraced within the suburbs of New York, and more than half that number within those of Philadelphia. New Orleans contains about one hundred and fifty, Boston one hundred and thirty, and Baltimore one hundred and five thousand inhabitants.

The above paragraph, which we clip from one of our exchanges, no doubt originated in Gotham, as it bears unmistakable marks of its parentage.—According to the census of 1840, Philadelphia had a population of 258,832, and New York 312,234; yet according to the above calculation, almost ten years after this census, New York has a population of half a million, and Philadelphia about half that number, i. e. 250,000; so that in the period named, Philadelphia would have increased backwards some 8,000, while New York would have grown to 500,000 inhabitants. This is one of the mysteries of New York logic and arithmetic. From 1830 to 1840, the increase of population was 70,135. Add this to the population of 1840, as a fair ratio of increase up to this time, and the present population would be 358,967.—*North American.*

I WOULD, if I possessed the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away; the following would be my plan of distribution:—

I would will to the world truth and friendship, which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, traders and merchants.

I would give to physicians skill and learning.

I would give to printers their pay.

To young women good sense, modesty, large waists, and natural teeth.

To young sprouts or dandies, common sense, little cash and hard labor.

To old maids, good temper, smooth faces, little talk, and good husbands.

To old bachelors, love for virtue, children and wives.

Examining an Attorney.

The following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar, is taken from the Western Law Journal, and will be called a good hit:

Examiner—Do you smoke, sir?
Candidate—I do, sir.

Ex.—Have you a spare cigar?
Can.—Yes, sir, (extending a short six.)

Ex.—Now, sir, what is the first duty of the lawyer?
Can.—To collect fees.

Ex.—Right! What is the second?
Can.—To increase the number of his clients.

Ex.—When does your position towards your client change?
Can.—When making a bill of costs.

Ex.—Explain.
Can.—We then occupy the antagonist position. I assume the character of the plaintiff, and he becomes defendant.

Ex.—A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?
Can.—Cheek by jowl.

Ex.—Enough, sir; you promise to be an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?
Can.—Perfectly.

Ex.—Describe the duty.
Can.—It is to invite you to drink.

Ex.—But suppose I decline?
Can.—[Scratching his head.] There is no instance of the kind on record in the books; I cannot answer that question.

Ex.—You are right and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively; let's take the drink, and I will sign the certificate.

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.—In reference to the cholera, as well as other diseases, there is great truth in the old adage, 'conceit can kill, conceit can cure,' as the following facts will show: A curious experiment says the London Medical Times, was recently tried in Russia with some murders. They were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were, then told they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were, in fact, new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours.

The government of the United States has officially recognized the independence of the Republic of Hungary. This will rejoice every American heart, and leave but the remaining wish that Hungary may successfully maintain her independence.

Our old grandmother used to say to our old grandfather, 'It's useless quarrelin', my dear, for you know we must make it up again.'