

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.

THE HUNGRY ACTOR; OR, Empty Stomachs versus Empty Pockets.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

One day, last summer, during the prevalence of the cholera, a slim young gentleman, of a remarkably hungry appearance, and with a sharp eye, which gave him a wonderfully intelligent look, might have been seen walking leisurely to and fro before the entrance of a popular eating house in the Granite City. One might have thought, from appearances, that the sole object of the young gentleman in lingering in that vicinity was to sniff the fumes of roasted meats and smoking pipes that were placed in tempting array before the guests of the house; but if we take the liberty to examine his secret thoughts, we shall see that he aimed at something more substantial than the mere odors of good cooking.

A pretty fix! he muttered. 'Hungry, with nothing wherewith to satisfy my hunger. To eat or not to eat, that is the question, which I am afraid will be decided in the negative. Oh disconsolate thought. 'I'd rather be a toad and live upon the vapor of a dungeon,' than be a man, and live on nothing at all. Where are all my friends? A friend should bear a friend's infirmities; and furnish him with a dinner occasionally, when he's hungry. But my friends have all left me since I gave way to my passion for the drama, and took to the stage for a subsistence which I failed to obtain. I've not a friend left to write my epitaph; not one to say of me when I am gone—'He was a man of an unbowed stomach,' with nothing wherewith to satisfy it. A dinner, a dinner, my kingdom for a dinner!'

At that moment a second young gentleman made his appearance, approaching the hungry actor with a stare. You would have seen at a glance that he was from the country. His unshorn locks, and wide open mouth and eyes, and heavy, awkward gait, together with his dress, betrayed his ignorance of the town. His habiliments contrasted strangely with those of the hungry actor. The dress of the latter was fitted with exquisite taste to his person, while that of the former was clumsy in the extreme. But the actor's coat was threadbare, while the country man's was probably fresh from Oak Hall.

'Is it here that a feller can go to get a bite when he's hungry?' asked the Vermont.

'Yes, sir,' replied the actor, politely; 'excellent dinners, fine puddings, delicious coffee—everything that's good.'

'I'm in for that,' exclaimed Josiah.—'I'm so tarnation hungry that I feels 'ough I'd lief git rid of a quarter in a good restoral's not.'

'Famine is in thy cheeks,' young man, muttered the actor, when Josiah had disappeared in the eating-house; 'famine is in thy cheeks, and dimes in thy pockets, probably. Can't I manage to enjoy a dinner, dear youth, at your expense?'

And the stage struck young man followed Josiah incontinently into the saloon. The Vermont, seated at one of the short tables, was leaning on his elbows and gazing about the 'insides' of the room when his new acquaintance boldly took a seat at the same table, directly opposite.

Just then a waiter approached, bearing a generous plate of roast turkey, smoking and swimming in gravy. Josiah seized it with avidity, and was on the point of striking his knife and fork into the tempting dish, when the actor drew his attention by knocking on the table.

'Wal, what is it?' said the Vermont.

The actor replied by glancing at the fowl, and at the retreating waiter, and shaking his head so ominously, that Josiah dropped his knife in amazement.

'Eh? what?' whispered the Vermont, feeling that his new acquaintance had something to communicate in confidence.

'The cholera!' muttered the actor in a lugubrious and warning tone.

a little boy—or rather, I did know—who came to town yesterday to visit his aunt Judith. Well, his aunt Judith was very imprudent with the boy.'

'How?'

Why, she gave him a piece of turkey not larger than a toothpick of ordinary size, and before the boy was done eating it—'

'What?'

'He was dead!'

'Cholera?'

'Nothing else. Bad, wasn't it? All owing to the turkey,' said the actor sadly—that fatal turkey?'

'Then you'd advise me not to eat this?' whispered Josiah, very pale and nervous.

'Not by any means. If you've lived long enough, I'd say to you eat the turkey. But if you could bear with life a little longer, without suffering too great an inconvenience,—if you've a family, and have not made your will—you know what I mean?'

'Let the turkey alone?'

'Exactly!'

Josiah shoved the dish from him with abhorrence. He did not feel so hungry as before he was greatly agitated, and resolved to ask his new friend's advice.

'I'll tell you what won't hurt you,' said the actor in a tone of strict confidence.—'It's about the only thing that's harmless.'

'What's that?'

'Mutton chops!'

'Good!' said the Vermont. 'Mutton chops isn't bad. I'm glad I can eat 'em! But what shall I do with the turkey?'

'I was just going to call for turkey—'

'You?'

'Yes.'

'You can't though!' exclaimed Josiah, in the utmost consternation. 'What! have you lived long enough?'

eyes when he sees that feller don't come to pay for his dinner. Judas! I ain't the only green 'un in these parts, I know,— 'Here, you!'—crying out to the waiter— 'what's the damage for what I've had?'

'Seventy-five cents,' said the waiter very promptly.

'Seventy-five blockheads!' exclaimed Josiah. 'Now none of your Jokes, you chap—but tell me, what's the damage?'

'Seventy-five cents,' repeated the waiter. 'You remember there was a turkey—'

'But 't'other chap had that,' cried Josiah.

'Don't know anything about 't'other chap,' said the waiter. 'You called for it all—coffee, oysters, pies, plum-puddings—'

'Saxony! But you don't mean that I'm to pay for 'em all?'

'You called for all.'

'But you don't 'spose I eat 'em all? Holy Jerusalem! I didn't but half!'

Josiah remonstrated in vain. The waiter assured him that every man paid for what he called for, whether he ate it or not, and that there were no exceptions. Consequently Josiah was constrained to fork over, which he did with reluctance. But it was the last time he was 'taken in and done for' by the sharpers of the town; for from that day he was well satisfied of the fact, that (to use the expression his chance acquaintance, the actor, would have made use of)—

'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.'

American Courier.

California Adventure.

The following is extracted from a letter published in the *Bunker Hill Aurora*. It may serve to match the unfavorable statements which preceded from the land of promise:

It is now forty days since we arrived here, and thirty days since we have been fairly at work at the diggins—and all that I ever anticipated has been more than realized. There are eight of us in company—five besides George, Edward, and myself. All our diggings go into common stock, and every Saturday night, after deducting expenses, we divide. My share, up to last Saturday night, amounted to sixty-seven ounces. Edward, who don't send his gold home this time, has lent me thirteen ounces to make my remittance amount to eighty ounces, which goes by the same conveyance as this, to John, whom I have desired to pay off the mortgage on the farm, of \$1,200; and what there is left, to put in some safe place until he hears from me again.

How happy I am, my dear parents, to be able to relieve you of this great burden so soon. Little did mother think, when she took leave of me, in such great distress, and I told her that if she would stop her tears I would soon be able to clear the farm, that I should so soon redeem my promise. I have bitterly regretted ever since I left Boston, that I did not fall in with aunt Sarah's proposition to go with me. We had on board three ladies, and every one of us was anxious to show them every attention; and although we had one hundred and thirty-four passengers, there was never any serious quarrelling on the whole passage.

Very near our camp there is a man and his wife, a son 15 years old, and a girl 11 years old—they have all been working in the same spot for nearly three months. We invited them last Sunday to spend the day with us, and the father and little girl came. He told us he came here last season, but did not get upon the right track until this season; said his firm determination when he came here was to get \$5,000 as soon as he could, and then return to New Hampshire and settle down on his farm; but says he has kept on until he has now got \$8,000 and over, and says he means to return at the end of this season at any rate, when he will have, he thinks, \$12,000. He says his wife and daughter can wash out double the gold that he or his son can. He and his son dig the earth and carry it on the wheelbarrow to the females, and they wash out the gold.—They have a little awning where they sit washing, while their food is cooking beside them.

Everybody that I have seen since I have been here, seems anxious to make friends; you may leave your tools and gold anywhere, and nobody will touch them.

There is a lady at Benicia from Charleston, who washes clothes. She employs two or three Indian women to help her, and she makes one hundred dollars every day. Seamstresses and tailors get just as much, and it is strange more females don't come here. A boy ten years old can wash out as much gold, after a little practice, as a man.

Why is a cat's tail like the world. Because it's fur to the end of it.

From the Pennsylvania. The Pacific Railroad.

We have now before us the address prepared by the committee appointed at the Convention held at St. Louis, in October last, in order to further the construction of the great railroad from the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. There were several questions of great interest involved in this work, not the least of which are, the constitutional objections entertained by many enlightened men, as to the right of Congress to engage in internal improvements. Others contend that the whole idea of a railroad to the Pacific is visionary; and it has always seemed doubtful to us, whether any road could be made over the line marked out by Col. Fremont—especially in the face of obstacles such as compelled him and his little band to fall back, in perfect destitution, and with great loss, more than a year ago. The following extracts from the address are interesting and eloquent. The movement is to be additionally urged and advocated at a great meeting to be held in this city on the first Monday of April next.

'The establishment of a line of Military posts from the western confines of the western States to the Pacific Ocean, was deemed by the Convention an important preliminary step in the preparation of the rail way. These posts, although they need not be permanent garrisons, yet would serve to maintain peace among aborigines, would lay out and open military roads; assist in the erection and protection of the electric telegraph; offer present guide and refuge to the emigrant, and give aid and security to the various parties of engineers which may be sent out by the government to locate the best route for the railroad; while settlers, by a liberal policy exercised towards them; might be induced to cluster rapidly in the neighborhood of the posts, soon, by their own numbers and strength, superceding the necessity of the military. There seemed to be no argument in favor of establishing this line of posts along the Mexican frontier on the south, that would not be good in behalf of a similar line along the British frontier on the north.—The Convention therefore, contemplated only such line as would lead directly through the heart of the western territories on or near the route which nature seemed to indicate, and commercial and political convenience seemed to require, as the most suitable location of a national railroad.

'And the convention not fearing physical difficulties so much as those which might be interposed by political and sectional feelings—looking to the fact that a northern route from the lakes to Oregon, and a southern route through Texas to San Diego, were each strongly urged upon the public consideration, and well knowing the fatal dangers of the delay which the threatened dispute would be sure to invoke—indicate a central route between these two extremes, for the main stem, with branches to the northern, to the middle, and to the southern States. This offer to propitiate the claims of nationality will, it is hoped, be as satisfactory to the extreme sections, as it seemed to be to their respective representatives in the convention. It is that fraternal spirit of concession, and compromise in which our Government itself was founded, and has been safely conducted through many portentous storms, which the convention consulted, and to which the country must look for a speedy solution of all the difficulties which sectional selfishness will interpose against the construction of the road. Sectional jealousy without patriotism, like avarice without benevolence, sinks to a vice that "to be hated, needs to be seen," and in relation to this great measure, whose influence and whose benefits will be co-extensive with the Union, cannot be tolerated, and we trust will not be seen.

'Elevating ourselves above the prejudices of party, the passions of persons, the jealousies of sections, let us proceed to the execution of this work, with the singleness of purpose which distinguishes true patriotism. Let us exhibit to the world a people united and busy in securing the foundations of unprecedented grandeur, and conscious of a destiny which it is vain to oppose, and which is every day more and more unfolding itself to the amazement of cotemporary nations. It needs but the fiat of the people, and the application of the means and authority of their government, to consummate the masterpiece of a powerful and patriotic nation. For such, saving the constitution, would it truly be. No nation has ever executed a work of superior importance to the interests of the human race. The Appian Way, the *Regina Viarum*, of the Romans, though lasting eight centuries and exhausting at one time the Roman treasury, and on which five days were consumed in travelling from Rome to Capua, bears no comparison to it. That pointed to Asia Minor, which

Rome absorbed. This to Asia itself, and to the Indies, looking to the commerce of three-fourths of the population of the world and passing through the heart of a continent. The temples of the ancient cities, the pyramids of Egypt, the wall of China the great road of the Incas, are insignificant monuments of pride and power, as compared with the importance of the great Continental Railroad, of North America. The mind of man cannot conceive all its vast and unlimited consequences. Let the work be finished; and then the trident of the sea would gradually fall from the hands of England; the question of a north-west passage would cease to vex the world but as a matter of mere curiosity; long and dangerous voyages around the capes would be lessened; we should no longer be subject to pass through foreign territory in going from one part of our domain to another; time would be saved distance annihilated, new resources discovered, new markets opened, a belt of civilization and cultivation extended across the continent, improving the public lands and rendering government intercourses and authority with the Indian tribes and our own distant provinces, more easy and efficient. The wealth of Asiatic commerce would commingle with ours in the heart of our country, and the lights of civil and religious liberty would inevitably fall upon the slumberers on the shores and islands of the Pacific, while our own republic would advance in power, wealth and grandeur, and receive a new guaranty of its unflinching strength and durability.

What, then, remains for us, but to urge the co-operation of the friends of the measure, everywhere, in concentrating upon the Congress of the United States, in all its indisputable majesty and strength, the will of the people, as they value the importance of preserving the unity of the republic, as they love their friends who are settling upon the shores of the Pacific, as desire to maintain the dignity and authority of their government, and they are faithful to the mission of their country in advancing the cause of civilization and humanity, demand of their Representatives in Congress, without confusion, hesitation or disguise, immediate action—action decisive, liberal and effectual—action, that will admit of no doubt, ambiguity or drawback, in reference to the construction of this railroad as "early a period" as is "consistent with the energy and power" of the nation. An intelligent people need not instruction in the forms of bringing their will to the knowledge of their Representatives. The resolutions and memorials of State and municipal Legislatures, the expressions of district and county conventions and town meetings, of corporate bodies, the columns of the press, the letters and petitions of individuals, will doubtless all combine in rolling down upon Congress an avalanche of popular opinion, which can neither be misapprehended nor withstood. But another and important form is that which may be anticipated from the proposed reassembling of the St. Louis convention, with the addition of delegates from all the States of the Union in the city of Philadelphia on the first Monday of April next.

'To that reunion, we respectfully invite the attention of the whole American people. Let it be as comprehensive, and national as its object. Let states, counties, cities and towns send their representatives until Philadelphia, broadrimmed and capacious as she is shall be overflowing with "delegates" as she will be, and always, with hospitality and "brotherly love."—In a word, let it be a convention worthy of the Hall of Independence. And as the issue of that Hall in '76 established the Union of these States, so may the issue of the conventions of '49 and '50, by adding a bond of iron to the ties of kindred, of interest, and of sympathy, forever confirm and perpetuate it.'

Lieut. Gale has proposed to go in search of Sir John Franklin, by means of balloons; not to follow him through the air, but to ascend in his neighborhood, and thus, if possible ascertain his position.—Lieut. Gale supposes that at an elevation of two or three miles, he will have a panoramic view of 1200 miles, and that thus he might fall within observation of the unfortunate explorer.

The Legislature of Illinois have passed a bill authorizing the construction of a Railroad from Quawka, on the Mississippi, to the beautiful and rapidly improving city of Peoria, on the Illinois.

We have heard of a fellow who was determined to commit suicide, even if he perished in the attempt.

Always travel with baggage if you wish to ensure respect. He who carries a dickey in his hat is not considered "much punpkins" by the hotel keeper or porter.

Fat Men.

The following touch of genial humor is extracted from the Lectures of Rev. HENRY GILES, now going through the press of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields:

'There is something cordial in a fat man. Everybody likes him, and he likes everybody. Your Ishmaelites are, in truth, a bareboned race; a lank tribe they are—all skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good; it clings to him; it fructifies upon him; he swells nobly out, and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, walking minister of gratitude to the bounty of the earth, and the fulness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care, a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good humor. A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being a fat man, is, *per se*, a popular man; and commonly he deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle the fattest man will ever be the most ready to make room. Indeed, he seems half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is: for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk.—A fat man has abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his system are well oiled; the springs of his being are noiseless; and so he goes his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity. * * * A fat man feels his position solid in the world; he knows that his being is cognizable; he knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extraordinary pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. Your thin man is uncertain, and therefore he is uneasy. He may vanish any hour into nothing; already he is almost a shadow, and hence it is that he uses such laborious efforts to convince you of his existence; to persuade you that he is actually something; that he is more than a non-entity; that he is a positive substance as well as his corpulent fellow-creature. * * * It really does take a deal of wrong to make one actually hate a fat man; and if we are not always so cordial to a thin man as we ought to be, Christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against his thinness. A fat man is the nearest to that most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere; a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions, a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relations to the material universe in every direction; a thin man has nothing but length; a thin man, in fact, is but the continuation of a point.'

Yankees in Paris.

To visit the Continent is nothing in these days of steamers, but the manner in which our Yankee sovereigns lord it in Paris is amusing if not instructive. Kendall, the accomplished correspondent of the *N. O. Picayune*, gives the following hit at the Yankee in Paris.—*New Haven Register*.

'His pockets are full of money, which he throws right and left, or, to use a French expression, he throws it out of the window. His hat and his shirt-collar betray him, if nothing else does, and the Parisian shop girl charges him thirty-three and a third per cent. more than any other person, with such amiable skill that every purchase he makes is a bargain. Before the revolution of '48, I have been told that it was a common expression in Paris that the Americans and Russians, although in many senses the antipodes of each other, had everything their own way there; the former now have the entire monopoly.—The Russian Autocrat, in the plenitude of his power, and for his own wise purposes, sees fit to keep all his subjects and their money at home; while Yankeeedom roves at will through the Boulevards, and occupies all the best seats at the theatres and the cafes. If such is the case now, what will the state of things be ten years hence? One soon gets lost in the speculation, in endeavoring to look even that far ahead.'

Laconic Epistle from California.—A gentleman, who left Boston for California last spring, writing to a friend thus expresses himself.

'Dear H.—Just arrived California bed—d Particulars in my next. Yours, &c. L.—'

A Strange Want.—A Bremen (German) journal contains the following advertisement:—

'A young gentleman on the point of getting married is desirous of meeting a man of experience, who will dissuade him from such a step. Address, &c.'

67 Caps are worn small, and much decorated with flowers. Home costumes will be made high in the neck. Fats are very popular. Felt bonnets are much worn by young ladies.