

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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POETRY.

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THE OLD MILL.

Don't you remember, Lily, dear,
The mill by the old mill side,
Where we used to go in the summer time
And watch the foamy tide;
And toss the leaves of the fragrant beech,
On its breast so smooth and bright,
Where they floated away like emeralds,
In a flood of golden light?
Lily, dear,
And the miller, love, with his slouchy cap,
And eyes of mildest grey,
Flooding about his dusty work,
Singing the live-long day?
And the coat that hung on the rusty nail,
With many a motley patch,
And the rude old door, with its broken sill,
And the string, and the wooden latch?
Lily, dear,
And the water-wheel, with its giant arms,
Dashing by the beaded spray,
And the weeds it pulled from the sand below,
And tossed in scorn away;
And the sleepers, Lilly, with moss o'ergrown,
Like sentinels, stood in pride,
Breathing the waves, where the chinks of time
Were made in the old mill's side—
Lily, dear!
Lily, the mill is torn away,
And a factory, dark and high,
Looks like a tower, and puffs its smoke
Over the clear blue sky;
And the stream is turned away above,
And the bed of the river bare,
And the beech is withered, bough and trunk,
And stands like a spectre there—
Lily, dear!
And the miller, Lilly, is dead and gone!
He sleeps in the vale below:
I saw his stone in winter time
Under a drift of snow;
But now the willow is green again,
And the wind is soft and still:
I send you a sprig to remind you, love,
Of him and the dear old mill,
Lily, dear!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"I am going round to Broad street to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendall."

"Lucy Wendall! Who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a little dwelling, that looks like a crack or seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived there with her grand-parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it, but they had been out-bargained and out-witted till they were reduced to this little tenement some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy a pretty, fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to State street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as the eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. The only servant Minerva (the goddess of wisdom should have known better) used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday; their carpets were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting-cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say, it must be hard to think of turning to dust."

"Lucy had no visitors, no companion; and of the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting in the stoop, every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook.—She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the cragged, bare stems of the cactus. I pitied her; her spring of life seemed passing away so dearly. My pity was misapplied; and I felt it to be so when I looked into her serene sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desire bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you, and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or to obtain pleasure beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall's. At last there came to this obscure family, what comes to all, death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a

day of each other, of the influenza that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; and though we had never exchanged a word together, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together.

On inquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross' glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and handicraft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and to the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend he had promised to board her in his own family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

"In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me that she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since that I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Mr. Ross' to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop: "John Ross, glove manufacturer." This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might know such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have made a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is, an honest thriving glover, and that perhaps is just as well; nothing truer than the trite old couplet:—

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the glory lies."

"The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical. Heaven grant poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy."

"The only customer is coming out; now we have a clear field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"The same, ma'am."

"I came, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me ma'am."

"The old man's humor requires me to be explicit. "Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall."

"Ay, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time."

"There was an expression of Ross' face at the mention of her name, that might betide good, and it might betide evil to Lucy. "I merely wish to know Mr. Ross, whether she still remains with you."

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendall, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents." Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were on the counter, then tied up the bundle and laid it on the shelf.

"You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiry. I'm afraid some accident has happened the poor girl."

"Would you like to know ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk and seemed about to begin a story.

"Certainly, I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and so tidy that she was a pretty resting place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the workshop as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You know what a parcel of girls are, ma'am, dinging away from morning till night like, forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different; she made herself neat and tidy in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the pretence boys were coming to dinner, twirling out curls and furbelowing her hair. The boys and the girls used to have their joke about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and that is what I call practical preaching ma'am. She was a little master-workman at her needle. I never had a match for her since I began the business; but (you know there's always a *but* in this life) she gave me great offense. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh looking, good-natured lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bruce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my

wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will not mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that anything was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked him what he wanted it for, he looked sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care, for the most part that they should be reasonable. I am a little willful, I own it; and "children obey your parents" is the law both of scriptures and of nature. So I told John. I did not hint my suspicions about Lucy, but told him this marriage with his cousin he could have no objections to, and to set about it without delay on peril of my displeasure. He was silent and down-cast, but saw that I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the work-shop after the usual time. I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door was set with glass. I saw Lucy finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appears that they were for him; and he insisted upon her trying them on his hand. Her's, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not worthy of her love. He said, too, something of my being a kind father, and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is a short madness, and so it is; and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the strong sense we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh and John lost his temper, and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; it ended by my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me my curse should be upon him.

"The next morning they had both cleared out, and everybody thought they had gone off to get married, and so I believed, till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had been all day seeking Lucy, but in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her—and when I answered "so much the better," accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as never should pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away; but hear me. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been in the wrong. He begged pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bruce. "I give up Lucy, father," said he, "but I cannot marry any one else." I forgave him, from the bottom of my heart I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me—but I have not come to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy; she had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart there would be no sin in the world. She said she had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge.—She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers, and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she never should have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from the top to the bottom; but saying and excepting nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me; I found her that very night, and without loss of time, brought her back to my house and there," he added, walking hastily to the farther end of the shop and throwing open a door that led into the back parlor, "there, madam, is the long and the short of it."

"And there, was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend became a wife and mother,

her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first imitations of intelligence and love in its bright little eyes. Such should be the summer of happiness when the spring is consecrated in virtue."

Battle of Montebello.

Marshall Lannes.

One of the most remarkable actions of his life, illustrating best the iron will and unsurpassed bravery of the man, was his battle with the Austrians at Montebello, which gave him the title of Duke. Still leading the van guard he had carried over the St. Bernard, he came upon the Po, and upon nearly eighteen thousand Austrians. Admirably posted with their right wing resting upon the Apennines, and their left reaching off into the plain; while the whole field was swept by batteries that lined the hillsides. When he beheld this strong array, and discovered their position, he saw at once that he must retreat, or fight with no hope, except to maintain his ground till Victor, five or six miles in the rear, should come up. Independent of the superior position of the Austrians, they had between seventeen and eighteen thousand, while Lannes could muster only about eight thousand men, or less than half the number of the enemy. But the rear rested on the Po, and fearing the effect of a retreat in such a disastrous position, he immediately resolved to hazard an attack. The cheerfulness with which his soldiers advanced to this unequal combat, shows the wonderful power he wielded over them. They were not only ready to march on the enemy, but advanced to the charge with shouts of enthusiasm. There can scarcely be a more striking instance of valor than the behavior of Lannes on this occasion. There was no concealment of the danger, no chance of sudden surprise, and no waiting the effect of some other movement on which his own would depend. It was to be down right hard fighting, and he knew it; fighting, too, against hopeless odds for the first few hours. But all the heroic in him was aroused, and his chivalric bearing before his army inspired them with the highest ardor. Especially after the battle was fairly set, and it was necessary to make one man equal to three, he seemed endowed with the spirit of ten men. He was everywhere present, now heading a column in a charge, now rallying a shattered division, and now fighting desperately, hand to hand with the enemy. Without waiting the attack of the Austrians, he formed his troops *en echelon*, and advanced to the charge. Two battalions marched straight on the murderous artillery, which stationed in the road, swept it as the cannon did the bridge of Lodi. The third battalion endeavored to carry the heights, while Watrin with his remainder, marched full on the centre.—The battle at once became terrible. Before the furious onset of the French, the Austrians were driven back, and seemed about to break and fly, when a reserve of the Imperialists came up, and six fresh regiments were hurled on their exhausted ranks. The heights of Revetta had been carried, but the fresh onset was too heavy for the victorious troops, and they were driven in confusion down the hill. The centre staggered back before the superior numbers, and the heavy fire of the artillery; but still Lannes rallied them to another effort. Under one of the most destructive fires to which a division perhaps was ever exposed, he supported his men by almost superhuman efforts. Standing himself where the shot ploughed up the ground in furrows about him, he not only coolly surveyed the danger, but by his commands and presence held his men for a long time in the very face of death. But it was impossible for any column, unless all composed of such men as Lannes, long to withstand such a fire; and they were on the point of turning and fleeing, when one of the divisions of Victor's corps arrived on the field and rushed with a shout into the combat. This restored for a time the fight. The Austrians were again repulsed, when, bringing up a fresh reserve, the French were forced to retire. Now advancing and now retreating, the two armies wavered to and fro, like mist when it first meets the rising blast. As division after division of Victor's corps came up, the French rallied; till at length, when they had all arrived and the two armies stood twelve to eighteen thousand—the whole French force and the whole Austrian reserve in the field—the combat became dreadful. Though pressed by such superior numbers, and wasted by such commanding and hotly worked batteries, Lannes refused to yield one inch of the ensanguined field. It is said that his appearance in this battle was absolutely terrific. Besmeared with powder, blood and smoke, he rode from division to division, inspiring courage and daring in the ex-

hausted ranks—rallying again and again the wasted columns to the charge, and holding them by his personal daring and reckless exposure of his life, hour after hour to the murderous fire. General Rivaud, battling for the heights, and the brave Watrin, charging like fire on the centre—cheered at every repulse by the calm stern voice of Lannes—fought as Frenchmen had not fought before during the war. The moral power which one man may wield, was never more visible than on this occasion. Lannes stood the rock of that battle-field, around which his men clung with a tenacity that nothing could shake. Had he fallen, in five minutes that battle would have been a rout. On his life hung the victory, and yet it seemed not worth a hope in the steady fire through which he constantly galloped. From eleven in the morning till eight at night, for nine long hours did he press with an army, first of six, then of twelve thousand, on one of eighteen thousand without intermission or relief. It was one succession of onsets and repulses, till darkness began to gather over the scene. One fourth of his army had sunk on the field where they fought. At length Rivaud having carried the heights, came down like an avalanche on the centre, while Watrin led his intrepid column for the last time on the artillery. Both were carried, and the Austrians were compelled to retreat. Bonaparte arrived just in time to see the battle won. He rode up to Lannes, surrounded by the remnants of his guard, and found him drenched with blood—his sword dripping in his exhausted hand—his face blackened with powder and smoke—and his uniform looking more as if it had been dragged under the wheels of artillery during the day, than worn by a living man. But a smile of exultation passed over his features, as he saw his commander gazing with pride and affection upon him; while the soldiers, weary and exhausted as they were, could not restrain their joy at the victory they had won.

Such was the terrible battle of Montebello, and Lannes, in speaking of it afterwards, said in referring to the deadly fire of the artillery, before which he held his men with such unflinching firmness, "I could hear the bones in my division, like hail stones against the windows." A more terrific description of the effect of cannon shot on a close column of men, could not be given. I have heard of single handed sea fights of frigates, where firing was so close and hot that the combatants could hear the splitting of the timbers in the enemy's ship at every broadside, but never before heard of a battle where the bones could be heard breaking in the human body, as cannon balls smote through them. Yet no one would ever have thought of that expression, had it not been suggested to him by what he actually heard. At all events, Lannes never fought a more desperate battle than this, and as evidence that Napoleon took the same view of it, he gave him the title of Duke of Montebello, which his family bears with just pride to this day.—Heady.

A Bet fairly Won.

It was some years prior to the Revolution, when the good old laws for hanging people for numberless crimes (for which a short imprisonment answers now-a-days) were in full vogue, that a small party were gathered one bright moonlight night in an eating cellar, in the city of New York, around an old table, from which the steam rose to the ceiling as it left the surface of a large soup dish in the centre. The party appeared in a merry humor, and as three noted characters had that day swung from the scaffold, the topic of conversation naturally turned upon the execution.

"Old Jake died game at all events," said one of the men.

"I'm afraid that's mo'n you'll do," retorted another.

"I don't fear death in any shape," replied the first speaker.

"You don't hey?" suddenly chimed in a third person.

"No, I don't, nor I can't be scared, either," was the bragging answer.

"You can't! humph! allow me to doubt that, will you?" sneered his opponent.

"If you don't believe it, you are free privileged to test me, but mind you, the consequences be on your head, not mine."

"Well, we'll see. You don't fear dead people, do you?"

"Not so much as living ones."

"Very well. Now, then, I'll bet you twenty dollars that you darn't go down to the scaffold and feed one of the men hung to-day, with some hot soup."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life; there's the money—let's see you cover it."

The boaster put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a well filled wallet, and placed twenty more dollars upon the table.

"Then you take the bet!" exclaimed the opponent in a surprised voice.

"I do. Let George hold the stakes."

The preliminaries were soon all arranged, and with a bowl of soup and a spoon the boaster took his way to the scaffold.

Now it so happened that the person with whom he had bet was a ventriloquist, and no sooner had he left the house, than his opponent also departed, taking a short by-way to the scaffold, by which means he reached the place three or four minutes in advance of the soup-feeder, and getting under it, took his station behind one of the posts and awaited his coming. In a few moments the bragger appeared, and when at the steps he looked, cautiously around him, then ascended quickly and stood beside one of the corpses. The wind moaned and the chains creaked, as the bodies swung to and fro, but without hesitation the boaster seized the spoon and raised it to the man's lips. Now was the ventriloquist's time. As the handle of the spoon was raised, the corpse suddenly exclaimed in a sepulchral tone:

"It's hot!"

"Well, confound you, blow it, then!" was the instant retort of the feeder, as he coolly lowered the spoon, descended the scaffold, and took his way back to the cellar.

The ventriloquist made tracks for the same place, and fully testified that the bet had been fairly won, and swearing that after what had taken place that night his opponent might brag as much as he pleased, but he wouldn't get another wager out of him.

Milton—Shakspeare—Pope.

NEITHER of these great poets has any living representative. Shakspeare was the first man of letters, Pope the second, and Sir Walter Scott the third, who, in Great Britain, ever realized a large fortune by literature or in Christendom, if we except Voltaire, and two dubious cases in Italy.

Milton was thrice married, and left three daughters, all by his first wife (Mary Powell.) Anne, the eldest, married a master builder, and died soon afterwards; Mary, the second, died in a single state; and Deborah, the youngest, married Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spitalfields, by whom she had seven sons and three daughters. The distress into which she fell in consequence of this imprudent marriage, experienced some late and partial relief from the liberality of Addison, and the less splendid munificence of Queen Caroline. Of her ten children two only left offspring; Caleb, who, marrying in the East Indies, had two sons, whose history cannot now be traced; and Elizabeth, who married Thomas Foster, a weaver, by whom she had three sons and four daughters, who all died young and without issue. In old age and in penury, Mrs. Foster was discovered in a small chandler's shop, and brought into public notice by Dr. Birch and Dr. Newton. Attention being thus awakened to the grand-daughter of Milton, *Comus* was performed for her benefit in 1750; and Johnson, associated as he then was in the labors of the infamous Lauder, did not hesitate to supply the occasional prologue. The profits of the night were only £130 sterling; yet this was the greatest benefaction that the *Paradise Lost* ever procured the author's descendants. Mrs. Foster died on the 9th of May, 1754, and with her expired the last descendant of the immortal poet. Milton realized fifteen pounds only for the copyright and extra sale of *Paradise Lost*.

Shakspeare married Anne Hathaway in 1582, in his nineteenth year. He had two daughters. Susanna married, on the 5th June, 1607, Dr. Hall, a physician in Stratford. The doctor died in November, 1635, aged 60—his wife died at the age of sixty-six, on July 11th, 1640. They had one child, a daughter named Elizabeth, born in 1608, married April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nashe, Esq.; left a widow in 1647, and subsequently re-married to Sir John Barnard, the sole grand-daughter of the poet, had no children by either marriage. The second daughter, Judith, in February, 1616 (about ten weeks before her father's death,) married Thomas Quincey, of Stratford, by whom she had three sons, Shakspeare, Richard and Thomas. Judith was about thirty-one years old at the time of her marriage; and living just forty-six years afterwards, she died in February, 1662, at the age of seventy-seven. Her three sons died without issue; and thus, in the direct lineal descent, it is certain that no representative has survived of this transcendent poet, the most august amongst created intellects.

Pope was born on 21st of May, 1688, and died on the 30th of May, 1744, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, "so quietly that his attendants could not distinguish