

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.

Peter Flinn's Luck.

BY FALCONRIDGE.

In that beautiful, quiet city of parallel streets, sweet butter and sweet women—Philadelphia—there once did live a certain native of the Emerald Isle, called Peter Flinn. His vocation was that of the most honorable, because of its usefulness to the commercial world—driving a dray. Peter owned a very ancient and nowise spry horse, and an equally unstable dray, by means whereof he essayed, and by dint of great physical exertion succeeded in obtaining for his large and growing family a tolerable living.

Stephen Girard lived and carried on his immense mercantile transactions at the time of which I write, and was a principal performer in my little story. The one-eyed little Frenchman—the great pet of dame Fortune—was not a man of very wonderful development of heart and soul, or sympathy in the misfortunes, crosses or losses of his fellow beings; but now and then he was known, more through eccentricity than ought else, to perform some very creditable and really magnificent acts of kindness and generosity towards those falling in his way. One day said he to Peter Flinn, whom he had oft, and for a long time employed upon his wharves, in hauling goods from his large ships to his ware-houses.

"Pe-tair, I believe you have worked vairy hard."

"Yes, sir, and be my soul I have," responded Peter.

"Very long time; you no save anything?" said the banker, the merchant prince, the millionaire!

"Be my conscience, Misher Ge-rad, it's not a ha'p'orth I save at all; the devil hisself might dance his hornpipes in my pockets of a Monday morning, without disturbing a toe-nail of his tut agin' the silver that's there."

"Two, three, five, seven of de children home, eh?"

"Faix, and it's yerself that's guessed it exactly, Misher Ge-rad; I have seven as brave boys and gals as iver ye clapped an eye upon, sir."

"Ah, yes; I see, I see. Vairy well, Pe-tair, you shall have one chance presently, by and by, directly, to do summing bettaize zan drive de old horse and dray."

"Faix, Misher Ge-rad, it's myself that's a saying it as should not be saying it, p'raps, but its few men labor harder nor longer, for the meat, bread, praties, and hay that we ate, than meself and Barney, the old hoss there; and be my conscience, it would be a God-send that would put us both, meself and the poor old baste there, over all our ills and miseries," said the drayman.

"Ah! ah! vairy well, Pe-tair; you come into my counting house by and by," and the little old Frenchman, with his hands locked behind him, stocked off to his counting house, leaving the poor drayman considerably mystified as to what the result of this conference was to be.

"Be dad," says Peter to himself, "may be its the old feller's whim to set me up in a shop! or be gorry, to buy a new dray and horse. Oh, be my conscience, there's no tellin' what the ould gentleman will do when he takes the turn;" and thus soliloquizing, after a respectful delay, Peter presented himself at the door of the millionaire's counting room, and doffing his hat, he walked.

"Pe-tair," said the merchant prince, "ze brig Canton packet ship Mozart lay down at my wharf."

"Yes, sir."

"She have one grand cargo of tea," continued the banker.

"Faix, she have," said Peter.

"To-morrow, Pe-tair, ze whole cargo be put under de hammaire, to be sold to ze highest bidder."

"Yes," Peter replies, still deeper in mystery to what or how that could interest or concern him.

"Vairy well, Pe-tair," continued the banker. "To-morrow morning when ze sale begin, be you dar; ze tea be put up two or three lots; one of ze merchants begin to bid, den you bid de next—"

"Me! Oh, be gorry, save your prudence, Misher Ge-rad, would it be for the likes of Pether Flinn to be among the merchants, and bidding for a cargo of tay. It's mad entirely they'd say I was!"

"Navair mind; you bid on ze tea. When ze tea knocked down you take de whole; zen you come to me—I fix 'em. Good morning, Pe-tair." And stumbling and awkward with astonishment, Peter got out, and the rest of the day he went about muttering over to himself the entire strange and bewildering part which he had to enact on the morrow, at the grand tea sale.

Next day the merchants of the Quaker

city assembled on one of Girard's quays, where the huge pile of chests of tea were ready for the auctioneer's hammer and the bids of the merchants. It was a consignee's sale—cash was to be raised in short metre, and the whole cargo was put up in three separate lots, half cash, and balance at four months, with improved endorsements.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, opening the sale, "we put up eight hundred chests of Young Hyson tea—what do I hear for this Hyson tea? Warnted all through as samples, or no sale. How much do I hear? Start it, gentlemen—we shall not dwell long on this tea. Forty cents a pound I hear bid; only forty cents a pound—forty, forty, forty, forty cents a pound only is bid; two and a half did I hear?"

"Yes, forty-two and a half I bid," said Peter Flinn, in a tone of voice that fairly startled some of the merchants. "The auctioneer paused."

"You bid, sir?"

"Yes, it's me; go ahead."

"We are not selling a pound or a box, but 800 chests!"

"Be dad, and sure I know that, sir; go on with it."

The merchants snickered, and the auctioneer grinned. No more bids were made, and down came the tea—800 chests.

"The name, sir?"

"Pether Flinn."

"Where is your house, Flinn?"

"Me house?"

"Yes, your place of business."

"Me house? and faith I have no house; it's two rooms and a cellar I have in Water street, and me place of business is round here on the wharf."

"Your ender's name, if you please?"

"Stephen Ge-rad, sir."

This dubious declaration produced another stretch of the phizzes of the merchants, and the auctioneer in great doubt put up another lot of five hundred chests. Down it went to the bidders. When the sale was concluded, the merchants glided off, believing the auctioneer was certainly a "sold" man. But on presenting the bills and notes of Peter Flinn at the desk of Stephen Girard, the old fellow cashed them on sight. The sales came to nearly \$100,000 dollars; the tea was much wanted in the market, and Peter got rare bargains, and before noon next day received \$15,000 bonus for his bid on the cargo of tea. The cargo was soon transferred, Girard identified, and the poor drayman found himself with a snug little fortune in his bob.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

Mr. Philarete Chasles, a distinguished writer of Paris, has contributed a long article about the United States, to the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which the following are the closing paragraphs:

"What is America to become? It is not difficult to divine it. An agrarized Europe, and what a Europe! The space comprised between the Alleghenies, parallel to the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, parallel to the Pacific, is, as it is well known, six times larger than France. If to this is added the three hundred and ninety leagues of the old states, and the new territories acquired recently from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, imagination itself is astonished at these proportions. It is the tenth part of the whole globe. Thus the American does not see his country from the belfry, but in the race and society to which he belongs.

"The inhabitant of New York goes without trouble to New Orleans, and the Louisianian easily becomes acclimated in Kentucky. Provided you leave him those laws and manners which permit him the free development of his American strength, he is happy, he feels that he makes part of a grand organic and harmonious body. Laws, soil, country, manners, remembrances, desires, institutions, pride passion, qualities, all is in harmony. The partial democracies of which the Union is composed, are as solid and as stable as the best organized states; they have their roots in the souls of the people, and their sap in the habits of the community. Obscure yesterday, marching with a bold step in the unknown, America cares little for the present, the future is her own. One fact governs her whole life: it is expansion, activity, energy, a tendency to variety, to go-aheadism. Her moral vigor, identical in its causes and in its essence with the internal strength of Rome under the Scipios, of France under Louis XIV, of Spain under Isabella, of England since the Georges, move in a space far more vast. The American soul, profoundly identified with the institutions of the country, desires only what can and must result from the same institutions and the national manners.

"Every where people work, live at hotels, marry young, are fond of adven-

tures, are not much afraid of bankruptcy, or danger, or even death, and they are certain that there will be always land enough for a courageous American.

"To this vast social experiment, of which the United States is the workshop, must be added the physical experiment that nature is incessantly carrying on.—The rivers change their beds, Niagara is receding, the forests fall, prairies burn up, the temperature becomes by degrees milder and more temperate, the miasma which exhale from a newly stirred soil lose their morbid power, the means of subsistence increase, the population doubles every twenty years, and it is yet only a preparatory work. The heroic age, the epoch of war announces itself; this strong race, which absorbs many others, is far from having filled up its borders from Russian, American and the Samoyedes to the Isthmus of Panama.

The tendencies of North America are, then, to conquest on the one part—on the other to the expansion of the confederated groups; and not in any manner, as some English travellers seem to believe, to the transformation of republics into monarchies. The breaking up of the confederate States into two or three groups is probable when the whole shall be composed of fractions too numerous and too powerful for the borders destined to enclose them. Already the inhabitants of the Mississippi have some inclination to detach themselves from the States which form the Atlantic broder. Texas, California and Oregon, as yet are too little civilized, and with too small a population to be of much account, will make another sphere, which will be formed in the Union.

"It is possible that Cuba, Florida, New Orleans, Carolina, and all the valley of the Mississippi will unite together, and the old non-slaveholding States of the North, including Canada, will constitute a second group, and the third sterile in part, but powerful on the other hand from the mines of California, will embrace the countries civilization had not passed a line which prolonged from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior, and forming an angle at the extremity of this lake to join the mouth of the River Lawrence, included nearly a third of North America. The point the Americans have just carried in California, crosses the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, an unforeseen event, one the most considerable facts of the age, important, not only by the precious metals which come into circulation, but by the joint responsibility which it establishes between the different parts of the new world.

"Our Europe, that old country, whom the mild jester, Franklin, called without irony, 'his good grandmother,' what is she to become some day, in face of the inevitable developments of the New World?—something like ancient Greece with regard to modern Europe. The neo-Romans of this worn out world, have they reason to seek, in spite of the past, the American autonomy, the germ which they do not possess? 'This questions concerns the masters of our destinies, political men—I leave it to them. If I should resolve it, and if I should say what I know, the Byzantines of my time, ever deceived by the subtlety of their minds and the falsehoods which they practice would not fail to believe that I wish to put my hand to the affairs of the country, and that I pretend to be a philosopher, that I may become something like the head of the party. They may be assured—and I should much prefer to go and draw their portraits in some solitude, and practice what they counterfeit under some modest puritan roof near Rome in New Hampshire, or Carthage in Massachusetts.—There I would listen again to that beautiful canticle, rude in versification, admirable in sentiment, the motto of America, and which has never ceased to resound in my heart since I heard it England:

"Oh God what need we have of strength,
The strength to toil, the strength to bear,
The strength 'mid terrors to hope on,
Strength feeble women to protect—
Strength to submit, strength to endure—
Even pain and death—vigor of arm—
Vigor of soul—faint not!
And God will keep you!"

Affairs at Washington.

Washington, July 14.—Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, has written a letter, denying that he or Mr. Toombs, waited on President Taylor during his recent illness; and saying that he had never had any conversation with the late President, as charged by the correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The remains of Gen. Taylor will be sent to Kentucky for final interment.

Judge Hopkins, of Kentucky, it is positively asserted, will be the next Attorney General, though let me be understood, the new cabinet is entirely a matter of speculation—President Fillmore, as yet, having kept dumb on the subject.

We are indebted to our obliging and indefatigable member of Congress, the Hon. Job Mann, for the following copy of the bill as it passed the House for the relief of the soldiers of the late war with England and the Indian wars:—

House of Reps. U. S.
Washington City June 27, 1850.

Dear Col: From the numerous petitions forwarded to me during the present session of Congress, from Citizens of your County urging the passage of an Act of Congress granting Bounty Land to the soldiers of the war of 1812, considerable interest must be felt on behalf of these meritorious men, a portion of whom are residing in your county, it therefore affords me great pleasure to be able to inform you that an Act has passed the House of Representatives, a copy of which is herewith forwarded, allowing them Bounty Land. It has yet to be acted upon in the Senate, but there does not appear to be any doubt as to the favorable result.

I am very respectfully
Your Ob't. Serv't.
JOB MANN.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That each of the surviving commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians, or privates, whether of regulars, volunteers, rangers or militia, who performed military service in any regiment, company or detachment in the service of the U. States in the war with Great Britain, declared by the United States on the 18th day of June 1812, or in any of the Indian wars since 1790, and each of the commissioned officers who was engaged in the military service of the United States in the late war with Mexico, shall be entitled, for twelve months service, to one hundred and sixty acres of land, for six months service, to eighty acres of land, and for three months service to forty acres of land: Provided, The person so having been in service shall if still alive, or any part thereof, regiment or corps, that he deserted or was dishonorably discharged from service or if he has received, or is entitled to any land bounty under any act of Congress heretofore passed.

Sec. 2. That each commissioned and non-commissioned officer, musician or private, for whom provision is made by the first section hereof shall receive a certificate or warrant from the Department of the interior for the quantity of land to which he may be entitled, and which may be located by the warrantee, or his heirs-at-law, at any land office of the United States in one body, and in conformity to the legal subdivisions of the public lands, upon any of the public lands in such district then subject to private entry; and upon the return of such certificate or warrant with evidence of the location thereof having been legally made, to the General Land Office, patent shall be issued therefor. In the event of the death of such commissioned or non-commissioned officer musician or private, prior or subsequent to the passage of this act who shall have served as aforesaid, and who shall not have received bounty land for said services a like certificate or warrant shall be issued in favor and inure to the benefit of his widow, provided she was married to such officer before the conclusion of his services, and is unmarried at the date of her application: Provided further, That no land warrant, issued under the provisions of this act, shall be laid upon any land of the U. States to which there shall be a preemption right, or upon which there shall be an actual settlement and cultivation except with the consent of such settler, to be satisfactorily proven to the proper land office.

Sec. 3. That all sales, mortgages, letters of attorney, or other instruments of writing going to affect the title or claim to any warrant or certificate herein provided, for, made or executed prior to the issue of such warrant or certificate shall be null and void, to all intents and purposes whatsoever; nor shall such certificate or warrant, or the land obtained thereby, be in anywise affected by or charged with or subject to the payment of any debt or claim incurred by such officer or soldier prior to the issuing of the patent: Provided, That the benefits of this act shall not accrue to any person who is a member of the present Congress.

"A pretty saint that Mr. Anthony must be" said Widow Wilkins, the other day—"yes a pretty saint, to be inventing dances for the young people to engage in. Saint Anthony's dance! well that beats me!—But, then, why old Deacon Moody should allow any of his darters to get this dance, is really surprising—specially Pernelly, who belongs to the Church, and never attended a ball or dancing school in all her born days."

School-Room Exercises.

"John: bound the State of Matrimony."

"The State of Matrimony is bounded on the North by Solitude, on the East by Doubletrouble, on the South by Sore-shins on the West by Vexation."

"What are its chief products?"

"Feeble babies, scolding wives, henpecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt hams, and sour pies."

"What is said of its climate?"

"It is a more variant temperature than that of any other State in existence. In that portion of it called the Honey-moon the climate is salubrious and healthy—the atmosphere laden with the sweets of the bowers of Hymen. In some parts the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception when they expect most warmth and in some other parts is all the burning sensations of the torrid zone. Sometimes a fellow's house, in the State of Matrimony, gets too hot to hold him, and strange to say, he travels with all speed not to, but from the poles, where cold is generally supposed exist."

"Sarah, has John given a correct outline of the State of Matrimony?"

"Can't say, sir—never was in that States, Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in with him, and when I return I'll answer the question."

"Well, Sarah, as you seem to be ignorant in geography, I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'marriage is a civil contract. Parse marriage.'"

"Marriage is a noun, because it's a name. And though Shakespeare asks what's in a name, and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name shows that the rule established by the Bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage is certainly of very great importance, and being a noun, and therefore a name, ergo, there is something in a name."

"Good!—Well what is the case of marriage?"

"Decline it, and see."

"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. Had rather conjugate."

"Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case marriage is?"

"Yes, sir, it's a common case, and I wouldn't care if it were a little commoner. And s'pose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's case."

"Can you decline marriage?"

Jane blushed extremely, and answered: "Had rather act, sir."

"Well, Sarah, what person is marriage?"

"Second person, sir, because the person you speak to is the one who is going to marry."

"What number is marriage?"

"Plural number now, sir, because Bill and I are two at the present time. When the parson ties the knot marriage will then be singular, because the Bible says that twain shall be one flesh."

"What gender is marriage?"

"Common gender, because male and female may get married."

"Does marriage govern anything, or does it agree with something?"

"Both, sir. It governs both mankind & womankind, & as to agreeing it agrees with the world and the rest of mankind."

"Give your rule."

"My rule is that Bill shan't grumble if I buy two silk dresses, a year, and shan't have but one teaspoonful of sugar to two cups of coffee."

The Word "Whig."

The word *Whig*, the present alias of the old Federal party, was first applied to it by James Watson Webb, the notorious editor of the New York Courier & Enquirer. Webb made the proposal and found eagerly adopted. "The union of Masons and Anti-Masons, of Nullifiers and latitudinarian constructionists of the Constitution, was effected, and the whole mass, comprising all the factions of the country, was rolled into one sweet and harmonious mass under the general name of Whig!"

As the federalists have traded extensively under this, their new title, which is now almost worn out and destined to give way to something newer and designed to be more savory with the people, we have called the attention of the Whigs to this slight sketch of the history of their present name, just for the sake of information.

The name of our own party is fixed and permanent, like the principles with which it is associated. And it is the honorable distinction of the democratic party, that it does not, like the Whig party, require after a short period, a new name to bolster it up, and give it a show of character, after having forfeited the confidence of the people, under the former title.—*Baltimore Republican.*

Contentment is better than riches.

The Frenchman and the Goat.

A Frenchman who had just arrived from the land of soups and revolution made his appearance a few days ago on canal boat at Snufftown, and stopped Klusmeyer's, to refresh himself with "horn." After taking a hearty drink, stepped out to view the scenery, and encountered before the door a huge specimen of a goat—an animal he had never before seen. The perfumery of the goat being rather unpleasant to the delicate and refined nerves of Mr. Parle Vouz, he threw his umbrella towards him, with a view to make him "cut stick." But his goatish showed no disposition to travel. On the contrary, he advanced towards the Frenchman, with sundry "obstrepous" movements, indicating a disposition to the fight. The Frenchman good naturedly retreated for a time, but deeming the gentlemanly conduct of the goat an invasion of his rights in this land of liberty, finally flew into a passion.

"What you mean?" says he; "you smell like one—m chackass, you no to live, be gar!"

"Blast your ugly picture," said an Irishman on the porch, "take the baste by the horns and give him a devil of a cowhide wid your umbrella."

"Me take him by ze horns!—no, I gar! but me break my umbrella all in pieces on his head," and the Frenchman was preparing to carry his threat into execution, when the goat made a sudden plunge at his adversary, who lost his equilibrium and away went both, head over heels, in to the canal, the bank of which they had unknowingly approached, amid the hearty laughter of numerous by-standers. With the frog-eater performing all sorts of pokas in the water, (for the poor fellow couldn't swim) and the ba-a-a's of the goat, the scene was ludicrous enough.

With some assistance, old Parle Vouz was brought back to terra firma, but vowed eternal vengeance on all goats.

A Bit of Humor.

We do not relish the truth the less for being occasionally spiced with a little humor. The following extract from the report of a Committee on Hogs, read before an Agricultural Society "down east" contains some excellent hints:

Again, some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and neglectful in their personal appearance. But whether too is best eaten off the ground, or from china plates, is, it seems to me merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pig and men may honestly differ. They ought, then, to be judged charitably. A any rate, pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor poison their breath by drinking. And as to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor the females among them picking their way to this muddy village after a rain, in kid slippers. Notwithstanding their heterodox notions, hogs have some excellent traits of character. If on chances to wallow a little deeper in some mire hole than his fellows, & so carries off & comes in possession of more of this earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such.

And when a hog has no merit of his own, he never puts on aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections; and yet some Hogs have descended from ancient families. They understand, full well, the common sense maxim, "every tub must stand on its own bottom."

A Hit at the Times.

The New York *Day Book* is the author of the following:

Sudden and unaccountable disappearance of more than One Thousand Citizens.—Between the hours of ten o'clock on Tuesday night and sunrise Wednesday morning, there suddenly disappeared from our midst one thousand able bodied citizens, heretofore known as the peculiar friends of Wm. H. Seward, and their places were instantaneously filled with the warmest and most devoted friends of gentleman by the name of Millard Fillmore, formerly a resident of Buffalo in this State, but more recently Vice President of the United States. Most of those who disappeared so mysteriously held situations in the Custom House; and, strange to say, those who appeared the next morning as friends of Mr. Fillmore went directly to the desks of the absentees without as much as saying "by your leave." We are not informed whether the Collector's chair was filled by one of them or not, but we presume from the nature of thing that it was.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shade tree? We are glad when he leaves.