

# Mountain Gentleman.

"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 BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The spot on which Oliver Cromwell drew up his little army, was a small narrow tongue of land, running out into the Frith or Forth; high and bleak where it joined the main land and overlooking on either side the restless ocean. The town of Dunbar was behind him; a single mansion, Brockmouth house, faced his extreme left; else there was not a single covering on the desolate expansion, save one hut, into which the cannons were carried, to shelter them from the rain which fell in torrents.

On this bleak and narrow peninsula, only a mile at its base, beheld the white tents of Cromwell's army. In front of him, landward, is a desolate, unsurpassable moor, with a low ridge of hills beyond, on which stands the Scotch army, twenty-three thousand strong. At the base of these runs a small streamlet, forty feet wide and almost as many deep; furnishing only two passes over which troops can march. Cromwell's ships are in the offing, his now last resource; the lion is at length caught, and the prey deemed secure.

On the 2d of September, Oliver looks forth upon the desolate heath, on which his army is drawn up in order of battle, and lo! what a sight meets his gaze. Behind him is the sea, swept by a strong wind; and before him blocking him from shore to shore, a chosen army, outnumbering his own, two to one. The white tents that are sprinkled over this low Peninsula, rock to and fro in the storm of sleet and hail; and darkness and gloom hang over the Puritan host. This strip of land is all that he had left in Scotland, while a powerful army stands ready to sweep him into the sea. But it is in circumstances like these that his character shines forth with the greatest splendor. Though his overthrow seems certain, he exhibits no discouragement or fear, for "he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all others." At four o'clock that evening as he was watching the enemy's movements through his glass, he saw that the Scotch commander was bringing down the whole army from the hill to the brook at its base to be ready next day to commence the assault. In this movement his quick eye detected an error, which like Bonaparte, he determined to avail himself of.

Leslie, in executing this manoeuvre, had packed his main body into a narrow space, where it could not easily deploy; while the entire right wing stretched into the plain. Cromwell saw that if he could rout this wing, and roll it back in disorder on the unwieldy mass, before it could draw up in battle order in the open ground, victory would be sure. That night, therefore, his twelve thousand men were placed in battle array, with nothing white about them to show conspicuous in the dusky twilight, and with orders as soon as the morning dawned, to fall on the enemy. All night long the drenched army stood, without tent to cover them in the cold storm; while the moan of the sea as it rolled heavily on the beach, seemed chanting a requiem before-hand, for the dead that should encumber the field. But amid the shriek of the blast, and the steady roll of the waves, the voice of prayer was heard along the lines; and many a brave heart, that before night, should beat no more, poured forth its earnest supplications to the God of Battles.

Toward morning the clouds broke away, and the moon shone dimly down on the silent host. Cromwell, who had been intently watching the enemy's motions, now saw a column moving down the South pass; and lifting up his arm, exclaimed, "The Lord has delivered them into our hands!" The trumpet then sounded the charge—the artillery opened their fire, while louder than all rang the shouts, "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" and infantry and cavalry poured in one wild torrent together on the enemy. The first division of the foot recoiled, when Cromwell ordering up his own regiment, with levelled pike, pressed sternly forward amid the carnage, bearing down all opposition. At that moment the cavalry came thundering on; the Scotch paused in terror, the next moment the clattering tempest came upon them. Over the brook and over the hostile ranks they went, tramping down the steady battalions like grass beneath their feet, and bearing three thousand souls to the next world in their fierce passage. In the midst of this terrible charge, on which Cromwell's eye rested with the deepest anxiety, the sun rose over the naked hills, and struggled through the mist that was gently moving away from the battle field, sending his level beams athwart the commingled host.

So did the sun rise on Napoleon at Borodino, as he stood and surveyed the field on which 260,000 men were moving to battle, and the sublime expression burst from his lips, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" But Cromwell, carried away by a higher sentiment than glory, gave vent to his emotions in sublime language. As the blazing fireball rose slowly into view, and poured its light over the scene he burst forth, "LET GOD ARISE, and let HIS ENEMIES be scattered!" Aye, and they were scattered. The right wing, being broken and disordered, was rolled in a confused mass upon the main body of the army; and the panic spreading, those twenty thousand men were sweeping hither and thither over the field. At the base of Door Hill, on which the enemy had been encamped, Cromwell ordered a general halt; and while the horse could be rallied for the chase bade the army sing the one hundred and seventeenth psalm. At the foot of Door Hill, they uplifted it to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and rolled it strong and great against the sky. The mighty anthem died away on the field, the shout of battle was again heard; and the fierce cavalry drove amid the broken ranks, riding down the fugitives, and sabering them without mercy, till the ground was covered with the dead.

Three thousand were slain, and ten thousand taken prisoners, with fifteen thousand stands of arms, two hundred stands of colors, and twenty-seven cannons remained as spoil to the victors. It was an utter route to the Scotch; the whole country round became covered with a disorderly multitude, through which the steady squadrons of the Republican galloped without resistance.

### Horace Mann on Labor.

We give below an extract from a speech of Mr. Mann in the House of Representatives, on the 30th of June, 1848, in which the speaker pays a splendid tribute to inventive genius:

"It was not the design of Providence that the work of the world should be performed by muscular strength. God has filled the earth and imbued the elements with energies of greater power than that of all the inhabitants of a thousand planets like ours. Whence come our necessities and our luxuries? those comforts and appliances that make the difference between a homeless, wandering tribe of Indians in the Far West, and a New England village? They do not come wholly or principally from the original, unassisted strength of the human arm, but from the employment, through intelligence and skill, of those great natural forces, with which the bountiful Creator has filled every part of the Universe. Caloric, gravitation, expansibility, comprehensibility, electricity, chemical affinities and repulsions, spontaneous velocities—these are the mighty agents which the intellect of man harnesses to the car of improvement. The application of water, and wind, and steam, to the propulsion of machinery, and to the transportation of men and merchandise from place to place has added ten thousand fold to the actual products of human industry. How small the wheel which the stoutest laborer can turn, and how soon will he be weary. Compare this with a wheel driving a thousand spindles and looms, which a stream of water can turn and never tire. A locomotive will take five hundred men, and bear them on their journey hundreds of miles a day. Look at these same five hundred men, starting from the same point and attempting the same distance with all the impediments of the equestrian's toil and tardiness. The cotton mills of Massachusetts will turn out more cloth in one day than could have been manufactured by all the inhabitants of the eastern continent during the tenth century. On an element which in ancient time was supposed to be exclusively within the control of the gods, and where it was deemed impious for human power to intrude, even there the gigantic forces of nature, which human science and skill have enlisted in their service, confront and overcome the raging of the elements—breasting tempests and tides, escaping reef and lee-shores, and careering triumphant around the globe. The velocity of winds, the weight of waters, and the rage of steam, are powers each one of which is infinitely stronger than all the strength of all the nations and races of mankind, were it all gathered into a single arm. And all these energies are given us on one condition—the condition of intelligence—that is of education.

"Had God intended that the work of the world should be done by human bones and sinews, he would have given us an arm as solid and as strong as a shaft of a steam engine; and enabled us to stand day and night, and turn the crank of a steamship while sailing to Liverpool or Calcutta.—Had God designed the human muscles to do the work of the world, then instead of the ingredients of gun-powder or gun-cotton, and the expansive force of heat, he

would have given us hands which could take a granite quarry and break its solid acres into suitable and symmetrical blocks, as easily as we now open an orange. Had he intended us for bearing burdens, he would have given us Atlantean shoulders, by which we could carry the vast freights of railroad cars and steamships, and a porter carries his pack. He would have given us lungs by which we could blow fleets before us; and wings to sweep over the ocean wastes. But, instead of iron arms, and Atlantean shoulders, and the lungs of Boreas, he has given us a mind, a soul, a capacity for acquiring knowledge, and thus of appropriating all these energies of nature to our own use. Instead of telescopic and microscopic eyes, he has given us power to invent the telescope and microscope.—Instead of ten thousand fingers, he has given us genius inventive of the power loom and printing press. Without a cultivated intellect, man is among the weakest of all the dynamical forces of nature; with a cultivated intellect, he commands them all."

### A Chip from a Sailor's Log.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun, but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttles but were dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top galant forecastle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a talkative young seaman; "I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group; "we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner." In about an hour the dinner bell rang.—The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of Leigh; they used to joke him, and call him Samba.

"You no swim to day, Ned!" said he, addressing me. "Feared of shark, heh! Shark nubber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after—him run like debbel." I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spits, yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice on board cried out, "A shark!"

In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened thus, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us; each fancied that he was the best swimmer and we were now testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from the forecastle. "Go it, Samba!" cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting "A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!"

"Lay aft, and lower the cutter down," then came faintly upon our ears. The race instantly ceased. As yet we only half believed what we heard, our recent fight being still fresh in our memories.

"Swim for God's sake!" cried the captain, who was now on deck; "he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out lads, for God's sake!" My heart stood still. I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror on the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain; the black was striking out mad for the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several voices; they never take black when they can get white." I did swim, and that desperately, the water foamed past me. I soon breast-stroke the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move; the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her. "He sees you now!" was shouted; "he is after you!"—Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of every thing at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship, fifty ropes were thrown to us; but as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

"Hurra! they are saved! they are along-side!" was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time; a slight struggle ensued; I had the highest hold. Regardless of every thing but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambling up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed rearing with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel.—Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Samba ever been heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.—*Chambers' Journal.*

### Truth Stranger than Fiction.

A young man recently escaped from the galleys at Poulouise. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived, the next morning, before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat, and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress.—Four little children sat trembling in one corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony.

The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and without the means to provide any for them."

The convict listened to his tale with terms of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs.—How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body, I will follow you to the city, they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never," exclaimed the astonished listener, "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the latter would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his prisoner by the arm, led him to the city and to the Mayor's office. Everybody was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them; the fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the Mayor to whom he told the whole tale. The Mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was a comparatively small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out more than his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

### Bell Bird.

One meets in the forest of Guiana, a bird much celebrated with the Spaniards, called *campanero*, or bell-bird. Its voice is loud and clear as the sound of a bell, it may be heard at the distance of a league. No song, no sound can occasion the astonishment produced by the tinkling of the *campanero*. He sings morning and evening like most other birds, at mid-day he sings also. A stroke of the bell is heard, a pause of a minute ensues; a second tinkling and a pause of the same duration is repeated; finally a third ringing, followed by a silence of six or eight minutes.—"Aceton," says an enthusiastic traveller, "would halt in the heat of the chase, Orpheus, would let fall his flute to listen; so novel, so sweet, and so romantic is the tinkling of the snow white *campanero*."

This bird is about the size of a jay, from its head arises a conical tube of about three inches long, on a brilliant black, spotted with small white feathers, which communicates with the palate, and which, when inflated with air, resembles an ear of corn.

### Gen. Taylor's Property.

We regret to see it stated in a letter to the New York Express, that Gen. Taylor's family are not likely to be as comfortable in a pecuniary point of view, as was generally supposed. He left no will. We subjoin the following extract from the letter referred to:—

"When he left for Mexico, it is stated, that in three sealed letters, he left directions for the management of his property in case of his death there, in what was supposed to be a will,—and these three letters were not opened till after his burial here,—but no will was among them, and the directions applied to a property, which is now almost wholly changed in its form.

"Indeed, his family now have no home, and therefore, Mrs. Taylor, it is supposed, will not return to Louisiana. His plantation on the Mississippi has been sold since he came here, to enable him to purchase a sugar plantation below, so that that home is lost. Previously, however, he had purchased another, midway plantation, but that has turned out to be a very unprofitable piece of property, making no crops, in consequence of being flooded repeatedly. Then the homestead is gone to make one payment on a sugar plantation, on which something like seventy or eighty thousand dollars must now be due—and the middle plantation is under water. Probably, some of the Presidential salary was relied upon to meet the further payment on the sugar plantation, but that salary is gone. You see from these general facts, that General Taylor died in a very unfortunate time for the interests of his family. He had previously, however, to Col. Bliss' marriage with his daughter, settled upon her a considerable sum of money."

### Sound Views.

The New York Tribune, in an article in regard to "no politicians," makes use of the following language, which should be read by every man in the country:

"The basest ideas with regard to the nature and duties of citizens are engendered by the habitual indifference of the majority, to political affairs. 'I have belonged to the party for twenty years; and now that I do ask, I am refused it!' whistles many a poor creature.

"Sordid wretch! what did you belong to that party for? Was it mainly for the sake or impelled by the hope of office? If yes, then you prove yourself unfit to hold and unworthy of any trust whatever.—But was it rather because you believed you could best serve your country by joining that party? If yes, what are you sneiving about? Have you not obtained what you aspired to? Certainly you have a right to aspire to office also if you see fit—as good a right as any body else. If you can obtain it, very well; but if not, don't betray your own unworthiness by complaining that you have served the party for nothing. If you do that, you fully justify the judgment that consigned you to continued abstinence from public service."

*New Mode of Warfare.*—The correspondent of the Havana *Diario de la Marina* gives the following account of the manner in which the authorities at Sagua le Grande had determined to repel General Lopez and his army, had they reached that place. It appears, that in the town are 1200 beehives. These were to be placed on the road, and at the approach of the invading host, the hives were to be overturned, and the bees sallying forth would attack the advancing foe, and by their merciless stings would effectually deprive him of the power of resistance. Americans could be put to flight, while the cunning Spaniards would look on and enjoy the sport. The correspondent says the invaders little knew the preparations that had been made for them. We are decidedly of that opinion ourselves.

*Ascending on Horseback in a Balloon.*—All Paris was agog on the 7th inst. to see a man ascend in a balloon on horseback. The horse, a fine and spirited young white horse, was suspended beneath the balloon, in the place usually occupied by the car. Bands passed beneath the belly and well secured, left the animal in an easy position, with the legs free. M. Poitevin, clothed as a jockey, mounted the horse, which was saddled and bridled in the ordinary manner, and gave orders to *cut loose!* The horse loth to quit his mother earth, and remonstrated a little when he found that he was being taken off his feet. But once in air he became as motionless as though he had been struck with paralysis.—*Ledger.*

An Irishman who had blustered his fingers in endeavoring to draw on a new pair of boots, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, I believe I shall never get them on till I wear them a day or two."

### A Story of the Highway.

Not many years ago an Irishman whose finances did not keep pace with the demands made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was immensely unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to extremity, and took to the highway, determined to rob the first man he could most conveniently, who was likely to have a heavy purse.

A jolly old farmer came jogging along, and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting the pistol, he ordered the agriculturalist to "stand and deliver."

The poor fellow forked over some fifty dollars; but finding Pat something of a greenhorn, begged a five to take him home a distance of about half a mile, by the way. The request was complied with, accompanied by a patronizing air. Old Acres and Rooks was a knowing one. Eying the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? (Saw an it's the same thing I'll be after doin') What will ye be after giving for it?"

"I'll give this five dollar bill for it."

"Done! and done enough between two gentlemen. Down with the dust, and here's the tool for yer."

The bargain was made by the immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the petronel, he ordered Pat to stand out and pointing the pistol threatened to blow out his brains if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a conical leer and buttoning his breeches pocket sung out—

"Blow away,ould boy! I—take the bit of powder's writ."

We believe the old man never told the last part of the story but once, and that was by the purest accident. Pat moved off, and "once away, forever away," has since been his motto.

In addition to the machine to make stale butter fresh, some Yankee is about taking to California machines for laying hens' eggs. The apparatus changes spoiled eggs to good ones, by turning a crank. A patent has been secured, of course. The inventor thinks of applying Paine's water gas to the improvement. He will then be able to turn out, at one revolution, boiled and fried eggs, with *omlets a la dry dog*.

Dr. Weiting, in one of his lectures given lately, remarked there were a great many persons who had not the slightest knowledge of the human frame, or the "fils that flesh is heir to," while they were apparently well informed on most subjects. To prove his assertion, he said that he once met a lady possessed of great conversational powers, and was disposed to think her rather intelligent, till at the close of the colloquy between them one afternoon, she inquired—

"Doctor, what subject do you lecture on to-night?"

"The circulation of the blood," he replied.

"Ah, well, then I shall certainly attend," was the lady's exclamation, "for I have been very much troubled with that complaint of late!"

The Doctor was satisfied.

*Friday a bad day for Webster.*—It may be stated as a somewhat singular coincidence that John W. Webster committed the murder on Friday—he was arrested on Friday—the verdict of the coroner's (secret) Inquest was made public on Friday—one of the regular days selected for his family to visit at the jail, was on Friday—the final decision of the Executive was given on Friday—and his execution is to take place on Friday.—*Boston Journal.*

*Evidences of Jolly.*—Asking the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week.

Making yourself disagreeable, and then wondering that no one will visit you.

Getting drunk and complaining next day of the headache.

Judging people's piety by their attendance at church.

Neglecting to advertise, and wondering that you do not succeed in business.

Refusing to take a newspaper, and being surprised that people laugh at your ignorance.

*Hints to Gardeners.*—An effectual remedy for destroying insects that infest plants by applying plaster (gypsum) sufficiently impregnated with urticating, to make it smell pretty strongly, freely to the plants, infested, when the dew is on them.

*The Worm that Never Dies.*—The reflection that you have cheated the printer.