

# 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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## John Anderson to his Jean.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

Air—John Anderson my Jo.

Oh Jean! it seems but yesterday,  
Since, light as on a fawn,  
Ye tripped in virgin bashfulness  
Across the flowery lawn;  
And bright your golden hair waved,  
That Time has strewn w' snow;  
Yet still ye wear youth's winning smile,  
Though youth's bright morn's awa.

Though your eye be no sae clear, Jean,  
As when in youthful prime,  
Sae sweetly, sae confidingly,  
Its melting glance met mine;  
Though passion's hour hath fled, Jean,  
And could our pulses be;  
Your mellowed look o' kindly love  
Still gently beams on me.

And though the grave's white blossoms, Jean,  
Are scattered on your brow,  
And in life's glass the ebbing sands  
Are wasted thin and low;  
No change our hearts can know, Jean,  
But, lang as life shall last,  
We'll gild our hopes o' future bliss  
Wi' memories o' the past.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Queen Semiramis.

By MASSENIUS, a GERMAN JESUIT, 1657.

"Of all my wives," said King Ninus to Semiramis, "it is you I love best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly relinquish them all."

"Let the King consider well what he says," replied Semiramis. "What if we were to take him at his word?"

"Do so," returned the monarch; "while beloved by you, I am indifferent to all others."

"So, then, if I asked it," said Semiramis, "you would banish all other wives and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and Queen of Assyria?"

"Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already," said Ninus, "since you reign by your beauty over its King?"

"No—no," answered his lovely mistress; "I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed!"

"Aid to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?"

"Yes, to one who has never experienced it."

"And do you wish then to experience it? Would you like to reign a few days in my place?"

"Take care, O King! no not offer to much."

"No, I repeat," said the captivated monarch.

"Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it."

"And all which I command then, be executed?"

"Yes, I will resign to you, for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."

"And when shall this be?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"I do," said Semiramis; and let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

The next morning Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus, who enchanted with her beauty, ordered all the officers of the police to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey during the whole day, Semiramis as herself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placed it in the hands of Semiramis.

"Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of sacred power; take it and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves and I myself am nothing more than your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king."

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was

finished, the King made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through with it with so grave and majestic an air.

"While they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis, "I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power and I will employ it well."

The King laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more piquante and amiable than ever.

"Let us see," said Ninus, "how will you continue your part. By what orders will you begin?"

"Let the secretary of the King approach my throne," said Semiramis, in a loud voice.

The secretary approached, two slaves placed a little table before him.

"Write," said Semiramis: "Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon, is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear him this order." Fold this order, seal it with the King's seal, and deliver to me this decree. Write now, "Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order." Fold it with the King's seal, and deliver to me this decree. Write again, "Under penalty of death, the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order." Fold, seal and deliver this decree to me."

She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation; the king himself was surprised.

"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours hence let all the officers of State come and offer me presents, as it is the custom on the occasion of a new princess, and let festival be prepared for this evening. Now let all depart. Let my faithful servant Ninus alone remain. I have to consult with him on affairs of State."

When all the rest was gone out—"You see," said Semiramis, "I know how to play the queen."

Ninus laughed.

"My beautiful queen," said he, "you play your part to astonishment. But if your servant may dare to question you, what would you with the orders you have dictated?"

"I should be no longer queen, were I obliged to give account of my actions.—Nevertheless this was my motive. I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers, whom these orders menace."

"Vengeance, and wherefore?"

"The first, governor of the citadel, is one eyed, and frightens me every time I see him; the second, the chief of the slaves I hate because he threatens me with rivals the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

The reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus.

"Good," said he laughing. "Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones, others of a lower rank, flowers and fruits, and the slaves having nothing to give, gave nothing.—Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis and had rescued the caravan, in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed the throne.

"And you," said she to the three brothers, "have you no present to make to your queen?"

"No other," replied the first, Zophire, "than my life to defend you."

"No other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sabre against your enemies."

"No other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."

"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable present of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, and carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you. And you, who offered me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order to the commandant of the palace, and see what will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when she gave no having executed properly

an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be cut off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis till the evening and the fete arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch.

"Tis well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a stake in the court of the palace that all may see it, and be you there to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged, lived three hours ago, but that, having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

The fete was magnificent; a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all with a grace and majesty, perfectly regal; she continually turned to and conversed with Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honor. "You are," said she, "a foreign king come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you."

Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was first to laugh at this caprice; and the court following his example allowed themselves to be placed without murmuring according to the will of the queen. She seated near herself the three brothers from Caucasus.

"Are my orders executed?" she demanded of them.

"Yes, they replied.

"The fete was very gay. A slave having by the force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of all the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy, in which each played his part. Toward the end of the repast, when wine had added to the general gaiety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and said: "My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those who this morning have brought me their gifts of congratulation on my joyful accession to the throne.—One grandee alone of the court has failed to bring his gift."

"Who is it?" cried Ninus. He must be punished severely."

"It is yourself, my lord—you who speak. What have you given to the queen this morning?"

Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something in the ear of the queen.

"The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.

"I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon. Pardon me, beautiful queen," said he, "pardon me." And he added in a lower tone, "I would that this fete were finished."

"You wish, then, that I should abdicate?" said Semiramis. "But no—I have still two hours to reign;" and at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses. "I pardon not," said she in a loud voice, such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare thyself to die."

"Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees, "yet I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."

"You will not then be angry," said she in a whisper, "at something I am going to order at this moment?"

"No," said he.

"Slaves," said she aloud, "seize this man—that Ninus."

"Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare everything for his death, and wait my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobeying eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on a balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

"Hasten to the fortress, Zophire; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates in the palace."

These orders were given in a whisper and executed immediately.

"Beautiful queen," said Ninus, laughing, "this comedy only wants its denouement; pray let it be a prompt one."

"I will," said Semiramis. "Slaves, recollect the eunuch—strike!"

They struck. Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile was still upon his lips.

"Now I am Queen of Assyria," exclaimed Semiramis; "and perish everyone, like the eunuch and like Ninus who dare disobey my orders."

"Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Snuff-tung is very fond of kissing." "Mind your seam, Julia; who told you such nonsense?" "Ma, I had it from his own lips."

## MONEY versus MERIT.

### UNDUE HOMAGE TO WEALTH.

"It lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend."  
"To whom can riches give repute or trust,  
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?"

The homage that is so generally paid to wealth, and often without regard to merit, appears to us the consequence of a great weakness, if not worse. The inquiry with the thousands is not as to the virtue and purity of a man—not as to his integrity, disposition and principles, but his worldly means! They seem to imagine that money "covers a multitude of sins," and they are quite willing to be on terms of intimacy with individuals who are affluent, no matter what their errors of omission or commission, and utterly regardless of the mode by which they acquired fortune. Nay, if "these individuals" were poor, they would be shunned, contemned and despised, but being rich, they are courted and flattered. Is not this a sad error—and is it not calculated to teach the young that money is preferable to merit, that virtue may be sacrificed with impunity, provided thereby a fortune can be acquired? Is it not calculated to exalt vice and depress virtue—to corrupt the very sources and springs of integrity and principle? The evil to which we refer, is forcibly illustrated at this season of the year, and especially at the many summer resorts and fashionable watering places. Let a thoughtful observer mingle in the crowd at such "localities," inquire into histories, analyse character, and review conduct. He will discover that in far too many cases, those who are regarded as the possessors of the largest fortunes, who expend the most money and make the greatest display, are the flattered, the envied and courted; and this too, no matter how soiled they may be in fame, how darkened by misdeeds, how unfeeling or unprincipled in the affairs of ordinary life.

The idea of associating with the rich, appears to delude and fascinate weak minds. They indulge in an absurd error, that such an association excites the envy of the lookers on, and that thus "the poor parasites" are elevated in the scale of society. And this too, although the money worshippers may be utterly stainless in character—may have lived lives of integrity and well doing—may, in fact, possess merit, talent and good name, far above and beyond the mere possession of wealth—and wealth too, acquired by improper means. The sad delusion prevails to a fearful extent. Parents inculcate it by example. They indirectly teach their children to seek out the wealthy for associates, even when the reputation of such associates will not bear the test of examination; while they turn away with coldness and indifference from the comparatively poor, however meritorious or unsullied.—Only a few days since we heard a mother finish a portrait of a very dissolute young man, with the apologetic and unprincipled remark—"but, he is very rich!" The spirit and meaning of her language and manner were—"true, he is worthless and profligate—but then he possesses abundant means, and money is the God of our idolatry."

Let us not be misunderstood. It is desirable, very desirable to acquire a pecuniary independence, to live with comfort, not to say luxury. Nevertheless, character is far better than money, is "above and beyond all price," while principle is deathless, and influences and affects not only the thoughts, feelings and emotions of this life, but the complexion, the lights and shadows of that which is to come. A departure from the path of rectitude in early life, even with the object and the prospect of thereby securing a pecuniary advantage, is sure in the end to lead to fatal consequences. Let the young be taught that they may with impunity violate truth, outrage morality, and trample upon virtue, and their downward career will be rapid and ruinous. Success at first, worldly success, will only induce them to venture still further in the wrong path, and thus hasten their fall. Is he upright—is he honest—is he true? These are the proper questions. Enterprise, activity, energy, are every way commendable. They are, indeed, essential to success in every pursuit of life. But with these, integrity and truth should invariably be associated. And thus, after having toiled on for years, and accumulated "enough and to spare," the conscience will be calm and tranquil, the mind satisfied, and the heart at ease. The past will have no terror, and the future will be contemplated with hope, promise and confidence. Let another course be pursued, let money be the only object, regardless of truth, integrity, benevolence and sympathy, and no fortune, however large, will soothe and satisfy—"will calm the spirit and tranquilize the soul." The "still, small voice" within will whisper words of admonition, and in quiet hours,

when thought is restless, a thousand painful memories will come back, and with them a thousand pangs of sorrow, of regret and of remorse. The penalty too, is sure. Even in this world, the punishment in most cases will be fearful. The individual who deliberately wrongs a neighbor, who cunningly darkens a reputation, who stealthily defrauds or wantonly injures, will find that "sooner or later" retribution, cool, bitter, but just, will be awarded. The only true policy for the erring is to make prompt and ample atonement. The task may be hard—and hence the urgent necessity for its execution.—And yet there are individuals who live on for years in splendor and in affluence, who know and feel their indebtedness to others—(others, who from force of circumstances, have become needy and in want,) and who yet lack the nerve, the manliness, the justice, and the generosity, to requite the obligation. They feel the indebtedness, and they have the means; but with a spirit utterly unworthy they shrink away from the subject, strive to forget it, or deceive themselves by some specious argument into a shameful and atrocious neglect of their duty. Are there none such among our readers? Are there none who are now prosperous, who were once indigent, and who for years have been forgetful of their early benefactors? Are there none who worship wealth so thoroughly, as to have their perceptions upon all other subjects blunted and blinded? Are there none who neglect friends and neighbors, who are truly meritorious, to run after the profligate, the heartless, but the worldly and the wealthy? Are there none who labor under the strange delusion, that by moving in the society of the rich, they likewise will be supposed by the unsophisticated to be rich and will be envied also? Are there none who mistake money for merit, and in this mistake render themselves objects of ridicule and contempt—and "pawn their souls for an empty bauble?"—*Phila. Inquirer.*

Amateur Fowl Breeder.

The editor of the Lynn "Bay State," has been buying fancy eggs from some one in Boston at a big figure, which didn't turn out what he expected; and so he concludes that the fever is a humbug! Serve him right; he bought what were said to be Cochon China eggs, and after waiting patiently over four weeks, he found six ducks in his hatching coop one morning. So much for his foresightedness.

This is not half so bad as the case of one of his neighbors, however, who paid a round price for half a dozen choice eggs, queer looking, speckled egg—small round "outlandish" eggs—which he felt certain would produce rare chicks, and which he was very cautious in setting under his very best hen.

At the end of a fortnight he was startled at the breakfast table, to hear his favorite hen screaming, "bloody murder" from within the coop! he rushed to the scene, raised the box-lid, and found his hen on the nest, but in a frightful perturbation—struggling, yelling and cackling most vociferously.

He spoke to her kindly and softly; he would fain appease and quiet her; for there was great danger, lest in her excitement and struggles, she should destroy the favorite eggs—those rare eggs, which had cost him so much money and trouble. But soft words were vain. His "best" hen continued to scream, and he raised her from the nest to look into the cause of her trouble, more critically. His astonishment was instantaneous, but immense; and his surprise found vent in the brief but expressive exclamation—

"Turtles, by thunder!"

Such was the fact. The poor innocent poultry "fancier" was the victim of misplaced confidence. The party who sold him them eggs, had sold the buyer shockingly! And instead of a brood of pure Cochon China, he found that his favorite hen had hatched half a dozen pure mud turtles, all of whom upon breaking from the shells, seized on the flesh of the poor fowl, and had well nigh destroyed her life before they could be choked off!

He has given up the chicken business, and has since gone into the dwarf pear business!

"I do think that 'ere Affy Davis ought to be ashamed of herself," exclaimed Mrs. Dusenberry. "There ainta lawyer, now-a-days, that has the brains to get up a case, but has that ere good-for-nothing Affy Davis in it. Why, really the critter knows something about everybody. I declare if I was stum' on a case, I wouldn't receive her testimony no more'n I would the pizenest sarpiant in creation."

Love.—At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holiday; at sixteen, dress; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

A Very Important Letter from Mrs. Partington. Her Dangerous Illness—Causes—Remedy—Convalescence—Troubles in Congress—Clay—Webster—Dissolution of the Union—Moses Sojourning in the Wilderness—Cuba Business and Rochester Knockings.

I'd writ afore, but was tuk sik, and like ter died with the die-a-rear and disinterestin complaint.

I'd bean out walkin with the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, obsarvin the stars in the fundamant, and the flagrant odor of the honey-suckers, sweet syringes, Polly-Anthuses and Mary Golds, with the shiny condition of the moon, kep us up too late; necks day I went out in the hot sun's rase, without my parashute, and like ter perduced information in my brain.

I sent for Docker Squills, and he sed my elementary canawl was outen fix, and my abominable canawl was in abominable bad order, and so he gin me comonile till it perduced salvation, then Bring Death's Pills and Grave unbing's Company's medisins, and wound up with all-killin mixters and solger water, until he pronounced me effervescent. [Query—convalescent?—Ed.] and this is my appoplexy fer not writin afore.

Oh, my! I'm in such a fidget about Congress; the Union will be dissolute, I no. Ther's that Absolom man Benton, bent on havin his own weigh, wich Mr. Stiggins ses is nigh onto two hundred and fifty, they call him Old Bullion, cause he's ollers bullyin some one.

And then that He of Cubes bisnis, and I'me affeared the stripes and stars—our sweet flag—is in a calamus condishun.

I smell gunpowder in every blow and breeze, and we shall have disorderly sargeants beatin' drums and trumpets about the streets agin'.

I don't like fitin', and new-fashioned Piscoarian Parsons, that wear cossacks, and has orbicular confessions—may preach about Moses sodgerin' forty years in the wilderness, but I don't believe it's cordin' to Christianity to have

"Whiskey'd Panders and their loud Huzzars," rampagin' up and down the country, and cuttin' up rustics.

Moses didn't do no fitin' arter all, onless he fit the tigers in the wilderness, for the Red Sea made a rise on Pharo, and swept him clean.

Mr. Stiggins ses, Clay and Webster is the two pillars of Libbety; but I always thought the pillars of Libbety was stuffed with the fethers of the Egle of Freedom; that Mr. Clayton sent to Cubes to perfect the Woman's Island prisoners. Them He of Cubes fellers had best let Woman's Island alone.

I want to come down and see Mr. Grizzle's pair of Rochester knockers, as soon as I am efficiently effervescent. They say they're fishes, and has got a fish becu, and an old she fox for a champion. Respectfully yours,

SALLE AN PARTINGTON.

An Eloquent Extract.

The following is extracted from an oration delivered by Hon. Caleb Cushing at Newburyport, (Massachusetts), July 1850.

"The letter of the constitution is the material body, changeable, perishable, corruptible; the spirit of the immaterial soul, which breathes into the inanimate, elements the breath of life, and makes it a sublime and beautiful creation of immutability and of heaven.

"This—the spirit of the constitution, the sentiment of nationality, the feeling and emotion of Americanism—is the true Union, the only Union worth having, the only Union possible to keep.

When the American wanders into other regions of the earth, then it is he feels and appreciates the true vital spirit of the constitution. Whether borne along by wind and waves, he walks the deck of his gallant ship, as her keel cleaves the pathless wastes of the illimitable ocean, or lingers amid the palaces of religion, and art, and power, in refined and populous Europe, or explores these oriental solitudes whose hallowed associations are eloquent, as it were, with voices from on high, or inspects the unique civilization of the throbbing millions of Asia, or partakes of the daily march or the nightly bivouac on the lofty plateau of the New World, then it is he feels that he has a country—a country to love, to be proud of, to defend and to oppose against all enemies; and that country is the Union.

I have tried it, and I know it. Neither the pine of Massachusetts nor the palm-tree of Carolina symbolizes to him all there is of dear in the memories of home, and of glorious in the name of country.—No! the inspiration of hope, which no reverses can extinguish—the impulse of courage, which no dangers can daunt—these are identified in our breasts only with the stars and stripes of the Union.