

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.

INTELLECT IN RAGS.

A STORY FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Two proud children were tripping along the streets of Boston, one sunshiny day, on their way to school, chatting as they went, and apparently enjoying themselves right merrily.

A late rain had given a coating of mud to the red brick sidewalks, so the children trod daintily; the older one, a slight and delicately formed girl, with a merry dark eye, and full rich ringlets, carefully lifting her soft shining garment, that they might not be soiled, by contact with the wet earth.

And now, their way led through a dark damp alley, where the sunbeams grew sickly, and paled into dimness, as they touched the heavy and tainted atmosphere through, perchance, long times between, they melted into shadows upon the golden hair of some poverty clad infant, for many such sat in the broken doorways of that comfortless city lane.

The boy and girl moved slowly onward, their white brows bent downward, their bright eyes searching for the hidden pave stones; yet ever and anon some quick laugh at the ludicrous figures that fitted across their path, would throne their smooth cheeks with dimples.

"Don't you hate such dirty places, Julia?" said the boy, as a few drops, not of crystal, stained the glossiness of his rich attire; "don't you wish school was at the other end of the lane?"

"It's perfectly horrible," answered the beautiful young creature, with a light laugh; "dear do look at those creatures; they can have no sensibility, no refinement; how dirty, how contemptible they are—well, thank goodness, that we were born rich."

"Stop! Julia, hush! yonder is something to excite your laughter, I warrant you. Hal! hal! a boy larger than myself and he appears to be picking out letters on that scrap of paper—bah!"

"Stand still, Arthur, do, and let's hear him; we can wait a moment."

A few paces before them sat a boy of some thirteen years, hatless, shoeless, and with very scant frock and trousers, the latter a mass of patches. His hair tangled and thick, hung over his downcast eyes and his hands, stained and rough with labor, grasped a little piece of newspaper, which he had evidently picked up out of the mud. So absorbed was he in his task, that he did not notice the fair and high bred young strangers, who stood regarding him with thoughtless but subdued mirth.

Hark! the boy, leaning his brown face on his clenched hands murmurs unconsciously aloud—b-l-e-n—no, not that; yes; no—a deep drawn sigh, then again—b-l-a-n—a long pause—oh dear!—I have forgotten; I shall never, never read like Barney."

As the poor child exclaimed thus, he lifted his eyes sorrowfully, from the tattered bit of printing; his gaze fell upon the listeners whose beautiful lips were curled with scornful smiles. A flush of crimson started to his swarthy cheeks, mounting to the top of his forehead, as he threw off the mass of tangled curls, and his bold black eyes fell before their familiar stare.

"I've got a brother only five years old at home, who can read better than that. A big boy like you ought at least to know your letters. Why don't you go to school?" "To school," echoed Julia, sneeringly, "do you suppose he could go into any decent school? his name ought to be patch work; hal! hal! poor thing," she continued, with mock pity, "our stable boy dresses better than that."

The lad, at her tone of commiseration, sprang to his feet, and bent upon the brother and sister, such a glance of defiance, indignation and scorn, that they instinctively hurried onward; though the girl turned once more mockingly round, and gave utterance to a light bantering laugh.

Still the poor lad stood—wounded—to the hearts core—still he gazed after them, his full lips quivering with his mental anguish, his black eyes through the misty drops that hung trembling on his lids, flashing fire, as though they would scathe and blast the selfish pride of those thoughtless children; then turning, he hurried up three broken steps into a dim entry, flew along a dark passage, and entering a cheerless room, flung himself upon the uneven floor, and wept burning tears of grief and shame.

The parlors of a stately mansion in Beacon street, Boston, were brilliantly illuminated. The owner of the princely tenement had issued cards for a fashionable soiree, the hour had arrived, and the guests were assembling.

The rich and the great were there, but,

conspicuous among all, and conversing with the ex-president of the United States, the elder Adams, stood a noble looking man, in the bloom and vigor of manhood. His face was intellectually beautiful, and his attitude commanding, yet extremely graceful.

"All the evening," murmured a fashionable yet lovely lady, to Mr. Adams, as he turned towards her, "have I been striving to gain an introduction to Mr. L———s distinguished guest; but he has been so surrounded—now, however, he stands alone. I should esteem it a rare honor to speak with him, but for a moment."

"You shall have that pleasure," said the ex-president, smiling; and turning, he presented the beautiful and fascinating wife of a millionaire to the talented stranger.

"We have met before, madam," said the gentleman, bowing low, to conceal a strange expression that stole over his features.

"I have forgotten," the lady made answer in her sweetest tones.

"I have not—we have met before; just twenty years ago," he continued, still keeping his piercing eyes upon her face— "we met in a little lane, a narrow, repulsive place, where the cries of hunger resounded often upon the still air, and where rags, misery and filth met the traveler at every step."

"He paused—as she gazed more curiously upon him.

"Perhaps you don't remember the time, the place—perhaps you do not remember how two pampered children of wealth passed along that lane—it may be you forget the poor outcast, grasping at science (though then scarcely conscious) with his untutored mind. The laugh of derision that was then flung upon this lonely heart—for I am that child—roused the latent fire of ambition within my breast, and, he continued, more softly, "I thank you for the taunt, and the scornful word; they were ever my incentives in my upward path to honor; I had but to think of them, and my soul was nerved anew. I thank you for them; and a triumphant smile illuminated his splendid countenance."

The lady, faint, mortified, glided away from her rebuker, and in less than a hour sat, huddled and weeping in her own proud mansion. She had wished, nay, coveted, just one little word, from the being who in her haughty childhood, she had derided and despised for poverty—and she had been repaid with contempt though smoothly worded and delicately expressed, by the neglected boy, whose name now rang the world through.

Have a care, then, sons and daughters of plenty.

Scorn not the child of poverty, who with pensive eye and lifted hands toils up the rugged heights of Parnassus unaided and unaided. Though clothed in rags he may gain the dizzy height, while you decked in the meager paraphernalia of wealth, humbly grope along the mountain base, and under the very feet of him whom you disdain.

UNEASY JOE.

Joe Bumpstead was one of those uneasy, restless beings, who are never quiet a minute, whether awake or asleep. He was always twisting and turning, always uncomfortable, and he was universally known among his companions as uneasy Joe. Sometimes we used to play off practical jokes upon him for the fun of the thing, but generally speaking if we let him have his own way, he made mirth enough by "selling himself." Among his numerous dislikes, Joe despised rats and mice. Indeed, he said, they seemed born into existence only to tease and annoy him. When he was a child, he was bitten by a mouse, and severely too, for which reason he always dreaded them. If Joe had occasion to visit any new house, or to sleep in a strange room, he never failed to give the premises a careful inspection to assure himself that there was no mouse holes about. We roomed together one night in New York, and I laughed at Joe for his watchfulness and close examination before retiring.

"Is it all right, Joe?" we asked, after he had peeped behind the furniture and in every corner of the room.

"Yes there can be no mice here, that's sure," he said at last.

"Well, blow out the light and go to bed then, will you Joe?"

"Yes, here goes," and Joe suited the action to the word, and leaped into bed.

It must have been nearly morning, when Joe awoke with us.

"Hist! hist! don't you hear that noise there?"

"Not a bit of it Joe. You are dreaming," we replied turning over to get a fresh nap.

"There it is again."

"What?"

"Why the noise."

"You are making all the noise. You

uneasy thing you, can't you let a fellow sleep quietly?"

"Look here," said Joe; "it is all well for you who don't care a farthing for mice or rats, but you know that I have a natural horror of the varmin, therefore—there, didn't you hear that?"

"Joe lie down, and be quiet; you took that punch too strong last night, and have not more'n time enough to sleep it off before morning."

"Fough! You haven't any feeling for my nerves."

"Nor you for me, to wake me out of such a sound sleep for nothing."

Joe slipped noiselessly out of bed and seized one of his patent leather boots, which he felt for some time upon the floor before he got.

"What are you up to now?" said we.

"Be quiet, it's on the table, don't you hear it? pit pat, pit pat."

"Well it does sound like a mouse."

Joe balanced the boot in his hand so as to bring the heel to bear as the weapon, and felt his way to the table by the head of the bed, where the noise was heard.

"Hist! the little rascal is nibbling something he has found there."

"Let him have it, Joe, and then keep quiet for heaven's sake."

Following the sound, Joe soon got within striking distance, and poised his weapon, he brought down the heel with unerring aim and precision upon his victim. Sure enough the little pit pat was stopped, and after congratulating himself, he crept to bed again.

Next morning uneasy Joe found that he had smashed his valuable gold repeater into the shape of a pancake!

The Marriage Trade in France.

There are few, perhaps, of your readers who are not aware that there are in this city a number of offices in which lorn Benedicts, and fair dames in a state of simple blessedness, may, for a "consideration," have themselves duly provided with partners for life; but few, perhaps, will believe that people of respectable positions in society, and even of rank, have recourse to these matrimonial agencies.

Such, however, is the fact, and you will see it proved by the report of a case in the newspapers, in which M. Foy, the great marriage-broker, is represented as having got judgment from a law court against a dishonest client, for £400, for having negotiated the marriage of the niece of a marquis. The marriage-brokers, and this man Foy especially, are accustomed to advertise their establishments; and their calling is as perfectly recognized by the authorities, and as generally accepted by the population, as that of an upholsterer, a coal dealer, a lawyer, or a physician. Does not this reveal a curious state of society? Fancy a man in search of a wife:

"M. Foy, there is a guinea; I want to be married; the girl must be handsome, young, respectable, and have money."

"My dear sir," says Foy, "you have just called in the nick of time; Baron Bingo de Binke sent for me yesterday to marry his daughter. Go to her—there is the address—my fee £200." The baron presents himself to the baron—states his business—describes his position—and is accepted. The baron then rings for the daughter: "My dear," says he, "this is Baron Bingo de Binke, whose ancestors distinguished themselves in the Crusades, and having been ruined by the revolution, their descendants took to making candles, in which they have amassed money. You will marry him, my dear."

"Very well, pa!" says the obedient damsel. "Oh, joyful day," cries the baron, and he kisses the tips of the young lady's fingers.—"When shall the ceremony be?" says he. "Oh not too soon," replies the young lady, with a modest blush; "not before the day after to-morrow, decidedly!" "Be it so, idol of my heart!" cries the baron; and he hurries off to order dresses, prepare deeds, and bring the ring. And the day after to-morrow the thing is done.—"That, I say, is the way in which marriages are concocted; and I ask, can anything be more charmingly expeditious?—No love-making, no heart-breaking, no weeping, no difficulties—everything as simple and as easy as the buying of a pair of gloves! For it is only the advertising, broker-like Foy & Co. who make it a business to negotiate marriages; in private society, also, there are a set of people, male and female, who devote themselves to the same branch of industry, not from any abstract enthusiasm for the marriage state, or desire to promote the happiness of the unwedded, but to put money in their purses.

In fact, marriage in France is a thing of mere barter and traffic, just as much as buying horses a treacle is in England.—Even the marriages which are effected without the instrumentality of broker or a quasi-broker, are so; money—convenience

—are the only things thought of on either side. And with such hot haste are weddings sometimes patched up, that it is a positive fact bride and bridegroom at the altar scarcely know each other. I myself am acquainted with a married lady, who swears that when she went to church on her wedding day, she knew so little of her destined husband, that if she had been directed to pick him out from half a dozen men, she could not have done so! Yet people there are who are astonished that there is so much immorality in wedded life! They should rather be surprised that, with such an abominable system, morality is to be found at all!—Paris Correspondent of the Britannia.

The Pursuit of Wealth.

America has produced some eccentric characters, whose morbid acquisitiveness has made them the wonder of mankind. A recent instance is to be found in Illinois, in the person of Jacob Strawn, of Jacksonville, a very extensive landholder and cattle dealer, and probably the wealthiest citizen of the State of Illinois. He is the owner of some forty thousand acres of land in the State, and his agricultural and other business transactions have been of an extent corresponding with his landed possessions. For years he has been by far the most extensive cattle-dealer in that or any of the Western States, and has, by continued and the most unremitting exertions, accumulated a princely fortune. The St. Louis Union says—

Mr Strawn has been even more extensively known for his eccentricities of character, than for his great wealth. For days and nights in succession he has been known to pursue his business without intermission, never sleeping, unless whilst riding in his saddle. He chose his wife, as he would a farm, or a lot of cattle, by mere inspection of her person; selecting her from among her sisters, who were called to the door at his request, and married her without any more ceremony than was necessary to complete a moneyed transaction, and conform to the laws of the State. Everything with him was a matter of money and business, pursuing these at the sacrifice of everything else; indeed, attaching no value to anything which could not be measured by a pecuniary standard.

The St. Louis Union of the 16th inst., states that Mr. Strawn was brought down the Illinois river the day before a maniac in charge, of some of his friends, who were trying to convey him to the Lunatic Asylum at Columbus, Ohio. His insanity was brought on by the terrible tasks to which every energy of his mind and body had been subjected for years in pursuit of wealth.

In order to induce him to travel in the direction of Columbus without violence, it had been necessary, says the St. Louis paper, to deceive him by the promise of great rewards for accompanying his protectors. Even in this, his all-absorbing passion was predominant. Bonds to a large amount, with large penalties in case of breach of contract, were regularly executed, to secure him the compensation agreed upon. Even before leaving the boat, and with the appearance of a correct regard to business, he had the agreement read—re-read it himself—and called the attention of the bystanders to see that everything was correctly and explicitly understood.

"And this," continues the print above quoted, "is the value of wealth! Life, health, great energy, everything devoted to the utmost stretch to secure immense possessions and to enjoy nothing. Truly, after all, there are greater slaves than they who come, and go, and labor at the bidding of another. There are those who are poorer than they who are fed by the stow and unwilling hand of charity, and there are none more to be pitied than those who bow down in adoration of their countless thousands, knowing neither comfort, pleasure, recreation or intellectual enjoyment in aught besides their treasures!"

"I HOPE I DIDN'T INTRUDE."—Speaking of wag; what is more waggish than a dog's tail when he is pleased?

Speaking of tails—we always like those that end well. Hog's for instance.

Speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the opposite one, a well dressed man; the first one had a ring in his nose, the latter on his finger. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we, so thought Mr. Porker, and off he went.

Speaking of going off—pus us in mind of a gun we owned. It went off one night, and we haven't seen it since.

Speaking of guns reminds us of powder—we saw a lady yesterday with so much of it on her face that she was refused admission into an omnibus for fear of an explosion.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

From the Union.

GENTLEMEN—Knowing that you take a deep interest in the proper conduct of all the minutia of the government, I address you a few lines in relation to one very essential part, and that part is the Portage railroad. Although that is a comparatively small portion of the machinery, so long as it is well conducted, it adds a proportionate part in the well running of the wheels of government; and while that is a predominate characteristic of the great party which you have so ably defended, it at once gives it credit and strength, and last, but not least, success.

First, whatever the opinions of others may be W. S. Campbell, Esq., has proved himself a very efficient, a most excellent superintendent—which is, indeed, a very important evidence of the wisdom and selection of our unexcelled Canal Board, which unanimously placed him in that station. The road, when he came upon it, was, from probably sufficient reasons, necessarily in bad repair; but his untiring industry and active vigilance, together with good discrimination in the appointment in repairs, has enabled him to surpass the most sanguine expectations. Nor to the repairs alone have I confined my observations; to the engineers and hurchers at the places, as much credit due—also to the officers and hands of the "slips," from "boss" to "truck greaser." His choice of mechanics and machinists in the depots have been the very best, for skill and promptness. I challenge comparison from any quarter. Like all the rest, be the occasion what it might—the emergency what it would—whether in rain or in shine they were ever ready. And many is the night I have heard the gloom of midnight hour dispelled by the merry ring of their incessant clattering hammers. To name all these iron-nerved, ready, merry-hearted men would needs be too much of a task; but of the slip upon the west side, C. S. Goodman, Esq., is superintendent. Of the depot, J. Pringle, Esq., and, by the way, I must not forget to mention Charles Kinney, who has been there ever since its erection, and for putting a boat upon the trucks, will "beat the Jews."

I have lived just long enough, sirs, to learn that while there may be a person for every place, every person is not adapted to every place. And not to cast my eye farther along upon the catalogue of names upon the Allegheny Portage, would be an ungenerous neglect I should not like to be guilty of. The locomotive engineers, since so much depends upon them, have been a source of considerable interested observation to me. But while want of acquaintance disqualifies me for giving names fully, I am not deficient in the fact that they have all most nobly done their duty. Of those I can name, who certainly stand pre-eminent to the many I have known elsewhere. John Campbell, Lewis Miller, Marcus Campbell, Robert Mason, and Barney Collier. I have been both "to mill" and "to meeting" in my day, and have thus been enabled to observe a great many of this profession of danger; but none to excel them. And thus I may continue to end the catalogue of public servants upon the road. The two assistant superintendents, Messrs M. Kiernan and Nelson, as well as the clerk Mr. Babb, are gentlemen eminently qualified for the stations they have so ably filled this season. This is no sycophantic, fulsome flattery; if any person is any part skeptic, he is invited to make the examination, as I have. Of repairs, Mr. Price, of Mercer, Mr. Brownell, of Elk, Mr. Rose, of Cambria, as well as the rest, are foremen truly of merit and ability. Of the express and telegraph captains: Messrs. Phelps of Crawford, Barr M'Intyre, Seely, Roof and M'Farland, are all gentlemen of fine capabilities, correct in business, while affability and courtesy adorn and grace their deportment. This is of intrinsic value in those spheres of public function; and I am not a little gratified to see it a characteristic in the present case. The whole, then, forms a combined evidence of the wisdom and excellence of our Canal Board. Nor is this all. It proves to the people that Democrats serve them best.

Yours, &c.
OBSERVER.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN THE JAIL OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.—On Friday a colored lad aged fifteen years, who had been committed to prison on a charge of larceny, was killed in the county jail under the following circumstances: Cox was in the same cell with James Kelly, a white boy aged about sixteen years, and also white, and Alfred Miller, colored boys. All were committed for larceny, and none of them were over sixteen years of age. On Friday evening about 7 o'clock Kelly announced that he was going to flog Cox, as he alleged, for having told lies on him, to Mr. Glenn, the jailor.

He proceeded at once to execute his threat by beating him with a stick, after which he stripped off his clothes, and placed him on the pipe used for heating the cells, burning him in the most horrible manner. He then beat him on the head, face, and neck with a bottle which was in the cell.

When they found Cox, he was insensible, an alarm was raised, but it was too late. He died at five o'clock on Saturday morning.

A Coroner's inquest was held on the body before whom Butler, Miller and Jacob testified to the facts as above related. The jury returned a verdict, that Cox had come to his death by blows and injuries inflicted by James Kelly.

Cox was a small and delicate boy and unable to defend himself from Kelly's attack. The others were smaller than Kelly, and it appears were afraid to interfere.

We have never heard of a more cold blooded and atrocious act committed by one so young.

Arrival of the Steamship Europa

HALIFAX, NOV. 28.

The steamer Europa, Capt. E. G. Lott, arrived here at 7 o'clock last evening, with dates from Liverpool to the 16th inst., from London to the 15th, and Paris to the 13th. She brings forty passengers for Boston, and seven passengers for Halifax.

The steamer Asia, which left N. York on the 5th inst., was passed at a quarter past 7 o'clock, on the evening of the 16th, twenty miles west of Holyhead. The America arrived at Liverpool on the Monday preceding the departure of the Europa.

FRANCE.

Louis Napoleon has sent a long message to the Assembly, which has given general satisfaction. In it he disclaims all personal ambition.

GERMANY.

The renewed misunderstanding between Prussia and Austria is confirmed. Austria and Bavaria are in arms! Prussia has drawn the first blood! Their troops occupied the village of Bvaldret, upon which the Austrians advanced with their swords unsheathed, but were at once fired upon, and several of their number wounded. The shots were returned, and the Prussians finally evacuated the place, carrying off their wounded with them.

France, England and Russia have offered their mediations on the German question.

The latest accounts are more peaceable, although in Vienna, war is now looked upon as certain.

ENGLAND.

The "No Popery" cry is getting down in England. They feel a little ashamed at having been frightened at a Catholic Hierarchy, on paper. It appears that there are only a half million of Roman Catholics in all England, and but 8,000,000 in all Ireland, Canada and Australia.

WAIF.—We were accosted last evening, says the editor of a Boston paper, by a gentlemanly looking man, evidently balancing a clever sized brick in his castor.

"I say, mister, you be kind enough to tell me the way to Broadway."

"No Broadway here, sir; this is not New York."

"No, ah! ah! yes, that's a fact. Well I beg your pardon; show me to—Fourth street—Mil—Miller's hotel."

"Now you're in Philadelphia, old boy. Wrong again."

"Hal! hal! well I'm—confused, that's a fact. All right. Please tell me whether it's left—left or right I take to Holiday street."

"That's a street that hain't got this way yet. Perhaps you are thinking of Baltimore."

"Well, where the deuce am I, anyhow? We told him in Boston. He jammed his fists into his pockets, after hitting his hat a squash, and sepped out observing: 'Well, I'm—if I follow this temperance caravan any longer.'"

These are a few of the very latest curiosities:

One of the rockets from the cradle of liberty.

One of the features from the face of nature.

A sheaf from the shock of an earthquake.

A tumbler full of the spirit of the press.

A strain from the march of intellect.

A young beauty beheld one evening two horses rushing off at locomotive speed with a light wagon. As they approached, she was horrified at recognising, in the occupants of the vehicle, two gentlemen of her acquaintance. "Boys, boys!" she screamed in a terror, "jump out—quick—jump out, especially Charles." It is needless to say that her sentiments as to Charles were no secret after that.