Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.] EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1850. VOL. 7.—NO. 11.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Universe.

LEAVES FROM HISTORY.

Paoli and Stony-Point.

We are not about to jubilate the sanguinary exploits of a tyrant to subjugate or enslave his fellows—we are not about to sing of embattled hosts called together to feed carrion crows, at the word of despots and autocrats—we are not about to pay homage to kings, or to their battle fields filled with ignorant and mercenary legions, whose issue either way, but leads to rivitting the chains of tyranny on their own country—but to speak rememberingly of one of Nature's nobles, heading a handful of our frugal, hardy, daring, suffering, and valiant forefathers, who successfully defended our plains and mountains from the enslavement of a powerful and mighty tyrant, and sounded the resurrection of Liberty, the emancipation of mankind, the regeneration of the world, and the life of the *Future!* Something is due to the memory of those whose illustrious achievements won this unmatchable legacy, whether on the battle-plain of Lexington, or who sunk under the merciless bayonet of the ruthless Hessian in the deathly night-massacre at PAOLI!—whether they stood in the elevation of patriotic pride at the surrender of England's proudest generals and armies, or died by inches on board the terrible, tortuous, and revengeful 'Old Jersey Prison Ship,' on Long Island's shore—something we say, is due, *always due*, to that band, who gallantly struck for that Independence which we enjoy the full benefit of, and of whose harvest we have the complete fulfilment.

A dark cloud once shaded our quarter of the globe. Consternation for a while agitated our inhabitants. War desolated our fields, and burried our vales in blood. Longing lovers of liberty, and young and ardent sons of freedom, fell into bloody graves, 'uncoffined and unknelled,' as at PAOLI, ere they awakened even from slumber. But the glittering portals of the day opened. The Angel of Liberty dropped on the brow of every patriot the wreath of victory, and stamped with the seal of independence the omnipotence of free men, and the eternal banishment of the foe. With what thrilling interest, therefore, should we then regard the events of the *Past!*—with what profound emotions dwell upon the character of the *Present!* and speculate upon the boundless prospects of the future! Let us while treading proudly the spot of earth where political equality dwelleth, ever keep green in the glory immortality, the myrtle that wreathed the swords of the patriots.

Anthony Wayne, Major-General of the American Army, was born in the year 1745, in Chester County, State of Pennsylvania. His father, who was a a farmer was many years a representative for the County of Chester, in the General Assembly, before the Revolution. Anthony Wayne succeeded his father as representative for the county, in the year 1773, and from his first appearance in public life, there could be no mistake about his patriotism. He opposed with much ability and Spartan energy the unjust demands of England, and was of material service in preparing the way for the decisive part which Pennsylvania took in the general contest.

In 1775, he was appointed to the command of a regiment, which his character enabled him to raise in a few weeks, in his native county. In the following year he was serving under General Thompson, in the irruption into Canada. In the defeat which followed, General Thompson was made prisoner; and Col. Wayne, though severely wounded, displayed great gallantry and good conduct in bringing off the scattered and broken bodies of troops, and annoying his pursuers with many a gallant fire.

In the campaign of 1776, he served under General Gates, at Ticonderoga, and was highly esteemed by that officer for both his bravery and skill as an engineer. At the close of that campaign, he was created Brigadier-General.

At the battle of Brandywine, he behaved with his usual bravery, and for a long time, opposed with a small force the progress of the English at Dhad's Ford. In this action, the inferiority of the Americans in numbers, discipline, and arms, gave them little chance of success; but the peculiar situation of the public mind was supposed to require a battle to be risked. The ground was bravely disputed—the few millitia determined gallantly to second the inflexible resolution of the General, and the enemy's loss was at least equal to their own. As it was the intention of the Commander-in-Chief to hazard another battle on the first favorable opportunity. General Wayne was dispatched with his division to harrass the enemy by every means in his power. The British troops were encamped at Tedyffrin, and General Wayne was stationed about three miles in the rear of their left wing, near the *Paoli Tavern*, and which place became the theatre of a sanguinary scene, called the

MASSACRE OF PAOLI.

Washington, having decided upon adopting the offensive, reached Philadelphia, where he received reinforcements, and took the route along the Lancaster road to meet Lord Howe. Meanwhile, Gen. Wayne, with his division, awaited in silence, at Paoli, for reinforcements to be forwarded under Major Smallwood, and imprudently believing himself secure from any attack, had not taken all the precautions necessary at such a critical moment. On the night of the 20th of September, 1777, Major General Grey cautiously led a band of British and Hessians with fixed bayonets, into the camp of Wayne's small force, and commenced a most terrific slaughter. The Americans were completely taken by surprise; the most of them were in a sound slumber, from which they only awoke by the loud yells of the remorseless Hessians, to find a gory bed. As there was no resistance—indeed, in the hurry, confusion, darkness, and dismay, there *could be no* defence—the cries of the half-naked, unarmed men, for mercy and quarter, were perfectly unheeded by men whose trade was butchery, and whose desire was *extemination*. Wayne, with some cavalry galloped to the rescue, and endeavored to stem the torrent, and ultimately succeeded in drawing off the remnants of his brigade. That night 'sleep had been murdered' effectually, and morning dawned on a multitude of corpses, bathed in blood; the earth covered with clotted gore—here and there horses and riders together prostrate, and in one 'red burial blent;' while the butchers rioted in the success of a slaughter that had cost them so little. At least one hundred and fifty were massacred on the spot, and all the camp equipage fell into the hands of the British.

Much blame was attached to General Wayne, for allowing himself to be surprised in this manner, and he demanded a court-martial, which acquitted him honorably.

A neat marble monument has been erected on the ground, to the memory of the unfortunate patriots who fell on this melancholy 20th of September, 1777.

Many accounts have been given of this disastrous affair, all of which tend to screen our hero from blame. But a regard for truth constrains us to state, that Anthony Wayne was not only a gallant soldier, but a gallant man, and instead of watching over the safety of the troops committed to his care, he was fulfilling an affair of gallantry, at some distance from the camp, at the time of the assault. Historians have treated him with unusual lenity, for his noble conduct immediately afterwards, at the battle of Germantown; and, indeed, he never forgave himself for this dereliction of duty, and it burst from his heart, in the midst of his onset at the storming of Stony Point, when he cried out to his men—"REMEMBER PAOLI BOYS!"

This massacre had no other effect than to rouse to such a pitch of frenzy both General Wayne and his soldiers, that in the battle of Germantown, fought shortly after, he and they signalized themselves in such a manner as to reflect credit on themselves.

But the next exploit of gallantry and prowess, which shed a lustre on the fame of our revolutionary army, but especially on that of General Wayne and his compatriots from Pennsylvania, was the storming of Stony Point, always admitted to be one of the most brilliant that ever graced the annals of war.

To Gen. Wayne, who commanded the light infantry of the army, the execution of this *coup de main* was intrusted. Secrecy was deemed so much more essential to success than numbers, that it was thought unadvisable to add to the force already in the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march, so as to reach the scene of action in time to cover those troops engaged in the attack, in case of any unlooked for disaster; and Major Lee, of the light dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with General Wayne, at least as far as cavalry could be employed in such a service.

The night of the 15th of July, 1779, was fixed upon for the assault; and it being suspected that the English garrison would be more on their guard towards day, twelve o'clock was the hour chosen for the attack, Wayne and his comrads in arms, who had suffered at Paoli, had they died previous to the attack, would, like Queen Anne, have been found to have the word PAOLI written on their hearts.

Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh there is but one crossing-place, but at its junction with the river is a sandy beach, passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill was erected the fort, which was furnished with a complement of heavy pieces of ordnance. Several breastworks were advanced in front of the principal work, and about half way down the hill, were two rows of abattis. The batteries were calculated to command the beach and crossing-place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from any point towards the fort. In addition to these defences were several vessels in the river, manned and armed to defend all approaches to the fort, and to fairly sweep the beach and the foot of the hill.

The fort was garrisoned by upwards of seven hundred men, under the command of Lieut. Col. Johnson.

At noon of the day preceeding the night of the attack, the light infantry commenced their march from Sandy Beach, distant fourteen miles from Stony Point, and passing through an excessively rugged and mountaneous country, arrived about eight o'clock in the evening at Spring Steel's, one and a half miles from the fort, where the dispositions for the assault were made.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flanks at the same instant At half-past eleven the party formed into two columns, and moved, silent as the death which was soon to be the fate of many a healthy, gallant soul, the van of each column with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox, whose duty it was to remove the abattis and other obstructions, in order to open a passage for the columns which followed close in the rear.

Proper measures having been taken to prevent any information of the attack reaching the English, the Americans reached the marsh undiscovered. But unexpected difficulties having been experienced in surmounting this and other obstructions in the way, the assault did not commence until half-past twelve. Both columns, burning with the inspiration of hatred, not at the courage, but at the recent devastating and merciless cruelty of the British, they rushed forward, amid a tremendous cross-fire of musketry and grape-shot. Surmounting every obstacle, and surrounded by the most dreadful slaughter, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet, and without having fired a single piece, obtained complete possession of the post. Wayne, not content to exercise the functions of a general, and shamed by his defeat at Paoli, galloped through the thickest of the fray, and marked with an eagle eye where an advantage was to be gained, or a an omission to be rectified. It was a very critical movement also in the Revolution—the people were ready to be thrown into a paroxysm of dread or hope—the beam of the ballance was vibrating, and the miserable truckling of toryism awaited the episode of the period. Indeed it would hardly be possible, in looking through the long vista of centuries, to discover any period of history more fraught with the fate of human liberty, than was the United States, at the moment of this eventful conflict of raw militia-men with soldiers trained to war—bronzed in the heat and smoke of battles—perfect in every equipment—officered by men they knew and esteemed, and enclosed behind by an all but impregnable fort! Yet these raw militia proved themselves capable of the most difficult enterpises, while all distinguished themselves, whose situation enabled them to do so. The loss of the British was sixty-three, including two officers, and five hundred prisoners, besides the military stores taken in the fort, which were very considerable.

The Americans suffered severely, but by no means proportioned to the danger of the bold aud hazardous enterprise. Wayne was wounded, but did not leave the head of the column. Col. Hay was also among the wounded.

The humanity displayed by the conquerors was not less conspicuous, nor less honorable than their courage, and stood out in bold relief to the British.—Not a single individual suffered after resistance ceased.

Immediately after the surrender of Stony Point, General Wayne transmitted to the Commander-in-chief the following laconic letter:

"STONY POINT, *July* 16, 1779, 2 *o'clock, A. M.*

"*Dear General:* The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours; our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free.

"Yours, most sincerely,

"ANTHONY WAYNE.

"*General Washington.*"

In the campaign of 1781, in which Lord Cornwallis, and a British army were obliged to surrender prisoners of war, Wayne bore a conspicuous part. In the State of Georgia he fought with success some very sanguinary engagements, for which the State presented him a farm.

On the peace which followed he retired into private life; but in 1789, we find him a member of the Pennsylvania Convention, and one of those in favor of the Federal Constitution of the United States.

In 1792 he succeeded General St. Clair in the command of the army engaged against the Indians on our Western frontier. His extraordinary decision and exemplary discipline, soon rendered his troops veterans, with which he soon destroyed the enemies' power, and compelled them to conclude a definitive treaty of peace.

A life of peril and glory was terminated in December, 1796. Wayne had shielded his country from every enemy to the best of his ability, and he never regarded deliberately with indifference whatever had a tendency to promote the public good.—He beheld his country triumphant, rich in arts, potent in self-government. He died in a hut at Presque Isle, at about 51 years of age, and his bones now rest within the cemetery of St. David's Church, Chester County, Pennsylvania.

Doing a Dandy.

As the cars were about leaving a village in the interior of Massachusetts, rather a verdant looking specimen of human nature, in the shape of a tall Vermonter, was seen making large tracks for the depot, which he reached just in time to jump aboard the train as it departed. Walking boldly into one of the cars, he seated himself by the stove, and after taking a long stare at the passengers, commenced warming himself. Among the passengers in the car, was a young city dandy. His person was small and thin, yet he was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and his upper lip was covered with sandy colored hair, while a stiffly starched collar reached nearly to the top of his head. Indeed he had a most exquisite air, and when he spoke his words were peculiarly mincing.

The dandy sat looking listlessly out of the window as Jonathan entered the car. Turning round and observing the character of the intruder, he seemed convinced that there was a rare chance for fun, which he determined not to let pass, and Jonathan suddenly found himself the subject of the dandy's wit. But he bore calmly the jeers, and seemed, in fact, unconscious of what was going on, until the latter had nearly exhausted his fountain of blackguardism, when Jonathan for the first time looked surprised, his face grew radiant, and relaxing his bronze features into a sort of grin, he arose and strode across the car towards him.

"Wall, I swow!" commenced the Vermonter, as he grasped the dandy's skinny hand within his own, and gave it a tremendous squeeze—"who'd a thought it! didn't hardly know you at first. I say, old feller, how d'ye du? I'm really glad to see you!"

Here a shriek from the dandy followed by a volley of curses, as he drew his now almost crushed hand from his grasp, caused Jonathan to halt in his exclamations, and he commenced apologizing for his rudeness.

"I swow, I didn't mean to hurt your hand, but it does seem good to meet old acquaintances among strangers; perhaps, though, you don't remember me, but I do you, and that's just the same."

"What do you mean, you impudent pup?" exclaimed the dandy, his sallow face crimsoning with anger.

"Oh, Mister, there's no use in flashing up! you can't deny it."

"Deny what?" demanded the dandy.

"I say Mister," continued Jonathan, with a knowing wink, "how long is it since you got out?"

"Do you mean to insult a gentleman?" shouted the dandy, springing to his feet.

"Be quiet, friend," said Jonathan; "didn't they use you well there—didn't they give you good fodder, eh? or warn't your cage large enough?"

"Begone, you scoundrel!" shouted the dandy huskily.

"I say, Mister, have you got that ring off your neck yet?" continued Jonathan, seizing hold of the stiffly starched collar of the other. and pulling it back to examine the neck, with such force as to start it to hang by one corner down the dandy's back.

This was too much; the dandy could not endure it; trembling with anger, he attempted to speak, but his words failed him.

"Look 'ere, friends," said Jonathan, addressing the amazed passengers, while he took the dandy by the arm, and turn him around two or three times, so as to expose him to their view, "perhaps you don't know; but this is the very same Ourang Outang that was exhibited in the menagerie that came to Vermont a spell ago."

The roars of laughter that rung through the cars at this announcement were really alarming; every one was seized with convulsions; and the conductor, startled by the universal noise, rushed in to see what was the matter. The train stopped at this moment at a way station, and the last seen of the crest-fallen dandy he was clearing the train, muttering curses too fearful to repeat.

Anecdote of John C. Calhoun.

I was in Yale in 1804—5 and 6, and I think it was in 1805 that John C. Calhoun took the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Calhoun, even at that time, was looked upon by his fellow students as an extraordinary young man. In his classical studies and attainments, he was not so very superior to some of his mates; but in general literature, and in those studies relating to politics, he was unrivalled. I do not now speak of party politics, as it is too often understood and practiced in these days, but of that kind of policy and politics which teaches us how to promote the good, and avert the evils incident to nations. In this science, Calhoun had no competitor.

At that period, our ideas of membeas of Congress were more exalted than at present, and they were presented to us with gray hairs and sedate, dignified faces, and not unfrequently with powdered heads.—They were not so numerous then as they have since become.

On one occasion, Calhoun was seen by a familiar friend, long since dead, pouring over Malthus, while at his elbow lay Smith's Wealth of Nations.

"Why," said his friend, "why, Calhoun, will you waste your time over these works, which you cannot bring into use for twenty years to come, at the soonest?"

"Not bring into use?" said Calhoun. "And why not?"

"Why not?" replied his friend, "why, because you cannot apply the knowledge you gain from them, except as statesman, or member of Congress; and that station you cannot expect to attain for the next twenty years."

"Twenty years! twenty years!" returned he. "Why, my friend, if I did not believe that before ten years have passed away, I should be in Congress, I pledge you my word I would leave college this moment."

The declaration. though it excited a smile of incredulity on the lips of his friend, was more than fulfilled, for I believe in about eight years afterwards, he was eloquently sustaining his country in the then war with Great Britain.

[*Charleston Mercury.*

THE LAST NEW WRINKLE.

In the Lancaster *Gazette* of last week we find the following extraordinary article;

'Those who have an antipathy to church GOING, and yet are desirous of hearing sermons and prayers, will be pleased to learn that there is good news in store for them. A man may now enjoy a sermon in his own parlor, while puffing a fragrant Havana or sipping the contents of a noggin' of punch. This most desirable object is accomplished by means of Gutta Percha tuber, extending from the pulpit in any desired direction to the residence of individuals, and through which, whatever the parson may utter in an ordinary tone will be heard with as much distinctness at the other end of the tube as if the hearers were face to face with him. The anticipated advantages of this discovery are immense. It is supposed that Church building, (a big item by the way,) will be dispensed with—the trouble and expense of dressing expressly for church going will be obviated—it will secure prosy and dull pastors from such mortifying sights and sounds as yawning and sleeping auditors, crying babies, &c. The only loss sustained will be the parson's gesticulation, which, however, in nine cases out of ten will be regarded as a great improvement. The tubes are to be supplied with stop cocks like the common gas pipes to let off and on the sound of the minister's voice at the pleasure of the hearer. The greatest difficulty with which the inventor was called to contend, was how to accommodate the singers. Most of the choirs in the churches in which it is proposed to introduce the tubes, positively objecting to sitting there, and singing apparently to empty benches, when a happy thought suggested a remedy for the difficulty. The preacher announcing through the tubes the hymn and tune to be sung, and giving the proper pitch, the whole congregation sing back to him through the same channel. The effect it is presumed, will be overpowering. From the very imperfect description we have given of the wonderful discovery, some idea of its vast importance may be gleaned. Next to the Telegraph this is claimed to be decidedly the greatest invention of the day.'

A Young Japhet.

"My son, can you take a trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger, stepping from a boat on to the levee, to a ragged looking youngster, who sat balancing himself on the tail of a dray.

"Your son?" cried the boy, eyeing him from head to foot. "Well, I'll be dod drabbed if I *ain't* in luck. Here I've been trying to find out my daddy for three years, when all of a sudden up comes the old hoss himself, and knows me right off. How are you?" stretching out a muddy looking paw.

The traveller was non plussed. Between a smile and a frown, he inquired:

"What is your name, sir?"

"My name? So you don't know?—Well it's nothing for people in these parts to have so many children that they don't know their names. My name's Bill. but some folks call me William for short.—What the other part is I reckon you know. If you don't you must ax the old 'oman."

And shouldering the trunk, he marched off towards the hotel, mumbling to himself:

"Well, this is a go. The old gemman come home at last. Good clothes, big trunk; must have the *tin*. Well, I *am* in luck."

Can Eat Anything.

Lake Mohopac was so much crowded the past season, or rather, the Hotels in its immediate vicinity were, that the farm houses were filled with visitors. One of the worthy farmers residing there, it appears, was especially worried to death with boarders. They found fault with his table—that this thing was bad; and that 'wasn't fit to eat—and at last the old fellow got so tired of trying to please them that he undertook as the last resource to reason the matter with them.

"Darn it," said old Isaac one day, "what a fuss you're making; I can eat anything."

"Can you eat crow?" said one of the boarders.

"Yes, I kin eat crow," replied old Isaac.

"Bet you a hat," said his guest.

The bet was made, a crow caught and nicely roasted, but before serving up, they contrived to season it with a good dose of Scotch snuff.

Isaac sat down to the crow. He took a good bite, and began to chew away.—"Yes," he said, "I kin eat crow," (another bite and an awful face,) "I kin eat crow," (symptoms of nausea,) "I kin eat crow, but I'll be darned if I hanker arter it." Isaac bolted.

A Kiss.

"Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and be done with it."

"I won't, so there now."

"I'll take it, whether or no."

"Do it, if you dare."

So at it we went rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastening gave way, and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill dam broke loose, carrying away a half dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver, parted at the throat; and whoorah came a string of white beads scampering and running races every way you could think of about the floor.

By hokey, if Sally Jones ain't the grit there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must admit, and neither tried to bite nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her side—her hair back over the chair, her eyes closed, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air. Lord! did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin? or a bumble bee upon a clover top? I say nothing.

☞The mists arise from the earth, and in fertilizing showers return again into his bosom; even so the love that man sheddeth abroad upon his kind is repaid by happiness showered abundantly upon his head.

WIT.—Dr. Henicker being one day in conversation with Earl Catham, was asked by his lordship to define wit. "Wit," replied the learned doctor, "is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—*a good thing well applied.*"