

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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A Christmas Tale.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I don't think it at all worth while," said Mrs. Lamberton. "It's a great waste of money, and, besides, does them no real good."

"Very true," remarked Mr. Lamberton; "thousands of dollars are spent at Christmas for one trumpery thing and another that might be far more usefully employed. I never liked the system. It does children as you say, no good."

"How much did we spend on last Christmas for drums, horses and dogs, and the dear knows what all?"

"Oh, don't ask me! More than I'd like to count up. And it was all a sheer waste. If the money had been given to the poor, there would have been some satisfaction in thinking about it. But now there is none."

"Well, I'm not in favor of spending a single cent for toys and such like things."

"Give them all a sixpence a-piece, and they'll be happy enough," said the father, "and then we'll have no crying over broken dolls' heads, crippled wagons, or legless horses."

"Harry will be dreadfully disappointed, I'm afraid," remarked the mother, already half relenting. "He has done little else all day but talk about what Kriss Kringle will put in his stocking to-night. And Anna will cry her eyes out if she doesn't get a new doll."

Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachael were silent auditors of this little conversation. Just then the lights were brought into the room, and Anna, Harry and Charley came bounding in with them, as wild and playful as young fawns. They had been looking forward to Christmas for I can't tell how long, and now it was only one day off, they could hardly contain themselves. Their young imaginations teemed with images of things in store for them by the good Kriss Kringle, in regard to whose identity, there was a division among the younger members of the house. Anna who was eight years old, and therefore, entitled by her age to have her opinions considered of weight, positively declared that her father was Kriss Kringle; but Harry, three years her junior, as positively asserted that the aforesaid Kriss came down the chimney, and, was, therefore, a very different personage from her father, who was too big to get in at the top or out at the bottom. As for little curly-headed, rosy-cheeked Charley, as mischievous a rogue as ever lived to love sugar plums, he didn't trouble his head at all about the matter. His whole theory on the subject lay in his confident expectation of finding his stockings filled with toys and candies on Christmas morning. Beyond that he had no questions to ask nor doubts to solve.

"Oh, papa! To-morrow's Christmas!" cried Charley, climbing upon his father's knee. "To-morrow's Christmas! And won't Kriss Kringle bring me nice things! I want a horse, and a sword, and a wheelbarrow—and a whole heap of sugar plums."

"I'm afraid Kriss won't come this year," returned Mr. Lamberton, wishing to take the edge off of Charley's disappointment.

"Oh! yes he will!" spoke up Anna and Harry, quickly. "And he'll bring me," said the latter, "a gun and a sword—and then won't I fight the Mexicans! Bang! boom! bang!"

"And he'll bring me the dearest wax doll!" said Anna, "with curly hair, and eyes that open and shut as if it were alive! Oh! won't it be nice!"

"Don't be too certain, Anna," said the father, "Kriss Kringle don't come every year."

"Oh, yes he does! yes he does!" answered two or three little voices at once. "He came last Christmas, and the Christmas before," added Anna, "and he'll be here this year—I know he will."

"But suppose he shouldn't come?" suggested Mr. Lamberton, and he looked very grave.

There was something so serious in their father's voice, that the children felt that his words really meant more than they had at first believed—and their faces became sober also. Just then the tea bell rang, and all thoughts of toys and dolls were, for the moment dissipated. After supper, the children were washed and dressed in their nightclothes. Each hung a stocking in the chimney corner, ready for the advent of the good genius who loves children, and then yielded to the oft-repeated solicitation of Margaret the nurse to come along and go to bed.

"I must say my prayers first," lisped the dear little Charley, running up to his mother, and kneeling down before her.

"Our Father," said the mother, in a low, serious voice.

"Won't Kriss fill my stockings full, mother?"

"But you are saying your prayers, now. You mustn't think of toys, Charley. Our Father."

"Our Father," came musically from the sweet lips of the child.

"Who art in heaven."

"Oh! I hope he'll bring me a whole pile of wagons and dogs and horses!" And Charley clapped his hands with delight.

"Hush, dear! You mustn't think about toys now. Who art in heaven."

"Our Father, who art in Heaven," softly murmured the child.

"Hallowed be Thy—"

"Won't good old Kriss Kringle come, mother?"

"Charley must say his prayers good, if he wants the dear angels to stay with him while he is asleep. Come, love! Now don't think any more about toys and sugar plums. Hallowed be Thy name."

But it was no use. Charley could not say his prayers. His head was too full of Christmas. Harry met with but little better success—and Anna, after she had been in bed five minutes, remembered her neglect on this score, and, kneeling under the clothes, piously lifted her thoughts to Heaven.

Ere this scene closed, Mr. Lamberton had half repented his resolution—and the mother of these three dear little ones felt her heart almost too weak to carry out her purpose.

"I declare," said the former, "I'm afraid it will be felt as too serious a disappointment."

"And so am I," returned the latter. "It is such a useless waste of money."

"I know it is."

"Besides, it does children no real good. In fact, as far as my observation goes, it does them harm."

In this Mrs. Lamberton agreed.

"Then," said the husband, "will it not be a mere weakness on our part, if we follow the old custom this year, and not a true regard for our children?"

"I suppose so."

"Will we be acting right then?"

"Perhaps not. But it will be such a disappointment."

"No doubt of that. But a light one compared to what they will have to suffer in after life. The fact is, a trial like this will help to prepare them for the severer ones to come in the future."

Thus arguing the question, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton finally came back to their original determination, which was to dispense with the usual 'nonsense' of toys, that would be broken or thrown aside in an hour, and heal the wounded hearts occasioned thereby, with a generous distribution of a few sixpences and shillings. This would be a saving; and I am afraid the economy of the new order of things, was, in reality, its highest recommendation.

Bed-time at last came, and Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton retired for the night, leaving the expectant stockings hanging empty in the chimney corner. The mother, just before lying down, had occasion to go into the room adjoining. It was the one in which Kriss Kringle was expected to make his appearance some time during the night. There was Charley's little stockings round almost as when his foot was in it, and bent to the very shape. Mrs. Lamberton sighed gently, as the image of his hopeful face, turned up to hers, presenting itself; and she heard, in imagination, his sweet voice as it mingled his evening prayer with words that showed his thoughts to be near the earth.

Hours went by after the mother's head rested upon its pillow, before sleep came. And then she dreamed that it was Christmas morning, and that the children's stockings were filled, and that they were wild with delight. Charley was on her knee, showing his wagons, and dogs, and horses. Harry was marching about the room with his sword and drum, and Anna was hugging in her arms a wax-doll with almost as much delight as a young mother ever felt in clasping to her bosom her new-born babe. A noise, which seemed to come from overhead, where Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachael slept, awoke Mrs. Lamberton from this dream. She started up and listened, but all was silent.

The mother slept again. But this time her dreams were less pleasant. Christmas morning had come; but it brought no joy to the expectant children. Their stockings were empty and their hearts well nigh broken. Sleep passed once more from her eyelids, and, though it was long before the approach of dawn, the gentle visitant came not again to her pillow.

And long ere the morning broke, Mr. Lamberton found himself awake and thinking of the children.

"They will be so disappointed," sighed the mother, when she found that her husband's slumber was likewise broken.

"Is there nothing that we can put into

their stockings?" asked the father, thus indicating the state of his mind.

"I've been thinking of that; but there isn't a thing in the house that would do. I'm sorry we hadn't bought them something," replied the mother.

"We can do so still. I will go directly after breakfast and buy them lots of things," said Mr. Lamberton.

"The mischief will all be done long enough before breakfast. The disappointment of their eager hopes—the scattering of their delightful dreams—will almost break their hearts. Dear little Charley! He couldn't say his prayers last night for thinking of his well-filled stockings. Ah me! We have done wrong—I feel it."

"Suppose I put a half dollar in each of their stockings?" said Mr. Lamberton.

"You can do so if you like; but it won't satisfy them."

Undetermined what to do, or rather seeing no mode whatever of remedying their error, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton lay awaiting the approach of day, yet dreading to see the dark curtain that was close about the Eastern horizon began to lift itself up. But at length morning broke, and a dim, pale light began to steal in at the window, showing first one object and then another, until all parts of the room became clearly visible. In expectation of trouble with the disappointed children, Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton left their bed and commenced dressing themselves hurriedly in order to be prepared to meet and offer the little comfort that it was in their power to give. Soon there was a sound in the room above where the children all slept with the nurse. Their pattering feet were next heard upon the stairs; and the door of the adjoining room was burst open. All was then still for a few moments. Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton listened with oppressed feelings. There was a low exclamation from one of the children that sounded like a sob. Following this was a sudden burst of joy and loud wild shouts of,

"Kriss has come! Kriss has come! Oh! Mother! Mother! Father! Kriss has come!"

Mr. Lamberton sprung to the door and threw it quickly open. His surprise and delight were scarcely less than that felt by the children. Sure enough! Kriss Kringle was there, sitting close within the fire-place, well loaded with toys, his pipe in his mouth, and his merry face turned towards the shouting children. The father and mother paused in wonder. Daylight came in, still but faintly through the half-closed shutters, and gave to the figure of Kriss the very air and expression of life. Some moments passed before they could really convince themselves that it was not a breathing figure, but one cunningly wrought by the hand of man, which was before them. Soon the children, at first disposed to look on from a distance, began gradually to approach.

Harry laid violent hands upon a wagon, and Anna seized upon a beautiful wax-doll; Charley, last to overcome his doubts as to whether Kriss were really alive or not, came up cautiously, and while his eyes were fixed upon the laughing face of the figure, he withdrew from its hand a stocking crowded to overflowing with toys.

The good Genius had forgotten no one in the house. There was a beautiful scarf stowed away in his pocket for father, and a handsome card-case for mother.—Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel, too, were remembered. Even Betty and Margaret had something, and there was no end to the toys and sugar plums contained in pack and pockets for the children.

But, the mystery was as to who had prepared this delightful surprise, coming as it did opportunely, and correcting in such a good natured way the error of Mr. and Mrs. Lamberton? It was Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel, of course, who had been up nearly all night in order to have everything ready; though they never clearly owned to the fact.

That was indeed a merry Christmas for all; and Mr. Lamberton was as much pleased with his handsome scarf, as was any child in the house with his or her present from the Kriss Kringle. As to the trouble taken in advance on account of broken dolls' heads, wagon-wheels, and all that, none appeared through the day, and when night came, and the tired little ones went off willingly to bed, they slept with their treasures around them.

JUVENESCENCE.

"Seven years at trade or college life."

This epoch takes the boy to twenty-one—the empire of manhood. He has whittled his bench to a skeleton in the school-room, served his apprenticeship, and is now his own lord and master—he is to begin the world for himself. He disdain to be called a boy, and lacks the boldness to look upon himself as a man. He is in a 'transition state,' like the pin-feathered

gosling just stepping upon the threshold of goosehood. He exerts every effort to persuade a little hair to garnish his cheek and chin—applies oil, raw egg, potato poultices, and good Peter only knows what else, for the promotion of respectable growth. When he gets it, then he is a man to a live certainty, and must begin to look about 'to find a place and a wife.'

It is easier for him to get possession of a wife than of a place; yet he might hunt and smell about for more than seven years and catch a Tartar after all. A good wife is a great comfort—a heavenly blessing—a first-rate affair; but a poor one is a source of greater uneasiness than was a shirt made of hemp and briar bushes. Then, my friends, there are 'seven years to pleasure's follies given'—from twenty-eight to thirty-five; that is just about enough of time's small change to spend for fun, frolic, and careless enjoyment. Then or never man makes up his mind to drive his business, or let his business drive him. If he is not in a fair way at forty-two to get his share of the world's spoils, he might as well hang up his fiddle, and be content to dig his way through life as best he may. The 'seven years of fame' are encouraging, discouraging, perplexing, pleasing, tormenting, teasing and disappointing—a regular wild-goose chase.

The pursuer thinks every moment he is about to catch the bird, and so keeps on thinking till he tires himself out, and lies down to rest beneath the blanket of obscurity. My readers—after the following seven years for increasing whatever wealth may be yours—after the next seven for hoarding it carefully up for the encouragement of vice and laziness in your progeny—after the next seven years spent in weakness, whimsicalness, childishness and care, you toddle out of the world, and go—nobody knows where, only those who have gone before you.—*Mercury.*

CHARLESTON, December 11.

The steamship Isabel, Capt. Rollins, with dates from Havana to the 7th, and from Key West to the 8th, arrived to-day. We learn that the Cholera had entirely disappeared from the city, but it had reappeared in several other parts of the Island. All was quiet.

When the Isabel sailed there was every prospect that new sugar would open at high prices, and contracts had already been made for shipment to Spain at 7½ a 11½ rials, delivered in March. A large number of Spanish vessels were waiting for the new crop in order to prevent early shipment of it to the United States. Small parcels of molasses of this season had made their appearance, and contracts for the first cargo have been settled at 3a3½ rials; for large cargoes, delivered in February, 2½ rials had been accepted. Coffee is in demand at 9a10 rials for fair to good.

HENRY CLAY.

The following extract sets forth as briefly, perhaps, as can elsewhere be found the views of Mr. Clay, as to the process of emancipation, and the termination of slavery. The noble sentiment as to his love of union above party speaks the patriot indeed:—

Apprehensions have been entertained and expressed, as to the want, in future time, of territorial scope for the slave population. I believe that a very distant event not likely to occur in the present or next century. Whenever the vast unoccupied wastes in Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, and Texas, shall become fully peopled, slavery will have reached its natural termination. The density of population in the United States will then be so great, that there will be such reduction in the price and value of labor, as to render it much cheaper to employ free than slave labor; and slaves, becoming a burden to their owners, will be voluntarily disposed of, and allowed to go free. Then, I hope and believe, under the dispensation of Providence, the continent of Africa, by the system of colonization, will be competent to receive from America all the descendants of its own race. If the agitation in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law should continue and increase and become alarming, it will lead to the formation of two parties, one for the Union, and one against the Union. Present parties have been created by division of opinion as to the system of national policy, as to finance, free trade, or protection, the improvement of rivers and harbors, the distribution of the proceeds of public lands, &c. But these systems of policy, springing from the administration of the government of the Union, lose all their interest and importance if that Union is to be dissolved. They sink into utter insignificance before the all-important, pervasive, and paramount interest of the Union itself. The platform of that Union Party will be—the Union, the Constitution, and enforcement of its laws; and if it

should be necessary to form such a party, and it should be accordingly formed, I announce myself in this place a member of that party!"

DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

The ties of relationship are held most sacred in the imperial family of Austria—Maria Louisa had been taught to reverence them from her infancy. She was tenderly attached to every member of her family, and when the preliminaries of her marriage with Napoleon was arranged, and she knew that she was about to leave all who were so dear to her, and with whom she had passed all her days, her heart sank within her, and her tears flowed incessantly. The day came; she was to leave forever the home of her childhood. She took a most affecting leave of all her family, and then shut herself up in her own apartment, where, according to etiquette she was to remain till the French ambassador was to conduct her to Paris went to hand her to the carriage. When Berthier, Prince de Neufchatel, went in to her cabinet for this purpose, he found her weeping most bitterly. For some time she was unable to speak; at length words of passionate grief found their way.

"I cannot help crying," she said; "every thing I look at, and that I am going to leave, is so dear to me; there are my sister's drawings; my mother herself worked this tapestry; these pictures were painted by my uncle Charles."

Thus she went on apostrophizing every article the room contained, even the very carpets, and all her pets of whom she was very fond, so cherished, and caressed; her singing birds, that she loved to sit and listen to—these were all to be left behind—and the parrot that she herself had taught to speak; but above all, the little faithful dog, the favorite companion, even he was not to accompany her—for it had been said the emperor did not like pet dogs. As she caressed the little creature, her tears fell faster. Berthier was sensibly touched by the marks of affection bestowed by the young princess on all the objects associated with home. He told her that all would not be in readiness for their departure for a couple of hours. So the poor princess was allowed the indulgence of her grief for a little while longer. But the moment came and she had to tear herself away from the scenes and the friends that occupied all her affection. An enthusiastic greeting awaited her from the crowds assembled to welcome her. Splendor surrounded her on every side; but home and the dear friends were far away. As Napoleon led her from the balcony of the Tuilleries, where she had been gazed at and hailed with acclamations of joy by the populace, he said:—

"Come, Louisa, I ought to give you some little reward for the happiness which you have conferred on me—the great happiness which I have just enjoyed. Nay, nay, don't be afraid to follow me," continued he, as he led her along one of the narrow corridors of the palace, lit by a single lamp; "nay, nay, don't be afraid to follow me."

Suddenly they stopped at the door of a room wherein a dog was making efforts to get out. The emperor opened the door—the favorite dog was there. He testified his joy at again seeing his mistress by a thousand wild pranks; bounding and jumping about her. The profusion of lamps by which the room was lit up, discovered to Maria Louisa that it was furnished with the very chairs and the carpets of her apartment at Vienna. There were her sister's drawings, and the tapestry wrought by her mother's hands; there were the pictures painted by her uncle Charles; there was her parrot, and there her singing birds; and above all, the pet dog. Louisa was greatly affected and delighted by finding herself surrounded by these dear, familiar objects. So well had Berthier planned and executed this agreeable surprise for the disconsolate princess, whom he had found weeping over all that had been endeared to her by the fondest associations, that she never suspected his design in delaying their departure from Vienna.

"Come in, Berthier," said the emperor, opening a side door, "and let the empress thank you. There, Louisa, thank him—embrace him who planned this pleasure for you."

How frequently genius effects great ends by the simplest means! It is most interesting to see the greatest difficulties give way before its magic influence.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"

"Why, you see, my grandmother's deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her!"

"The sea-serpent has been seen in Kirsale Roads," said a traveler. "What!" exclaimed Paddy. "Is he coming to Cork by land, then?"



AGRICULTURAL.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Feeding Stock in Winter.

In the distribution of the winter's supply of fodder, the coarser and poorer kinds should be reserved till the coldest weather—the appetites of the animals being then sharpest, it will be eaten with least waste. Those farmers who are not already provided with cutting machines, will do well to procure them. Their use is attended with considerable economy.—Coarse hay, straw, or cornstalks, are, by being passed through a cutter brought into a more convenient form for mastication, and substances are eaten which would otherwise be rejected or only partially consumed. Cutting affords an opportunity for mixing fodder of inferior quality with that which is more palatable; thus inducing the stock to eat that which would not be eaten by itself. Cutting also affords the most convenient means of mixing meal, shorts or bran with fodder, by which the double advantage is gained of consuming articles which would otherwise be more or less wasted, and of so diffusing a meal that its nutriment is thoroughly extracted by the animal. The feeding of laboring animals on cut food allows them more time to rest—the cutting performing in a great degree, the work of chewing and preparation for digestion. But it should not be attempted to feed stock with substances which are chiefly destitute of nutriment. The large sour butts or cornstalks are little else than woody fibre, and can be of little or no use in supporting animal life. Where a cutter is worked by horse power, it may be an object to cut such articles for the convenience of working them into manure.

Attention should be given to keeping all animals, as much as possible, in a condition congenial to their habits. Their comfort should be consulted in regard to both food and shelter. Undue exposure to cold, not only requires a greater amount of food to sustain the system, but it prevents the natural secretions, and actually wastes the bodily tissues. The most proper temperature is that which would be naturally sought by the animal. Sheep may be allowed to take shelter or not at their option, and this liberty may be given to all stock, which it is not necessary to fasten in stables a portion of the time.—Close quarters are probably preferable for animals which it is designed to fatten, in order to prevent the loss of their flesh by muscular exercise.

Poultry, Houses, Yards, &c.

The celebrated London remarks, in one of his valuable works on agriculture and domestic economy, that in selecting the site for the poultry house, one should be chosen which is perfectly dry, and that it should have an exposure to the east, or southeast, in order that the fowls may enjoy the benefit of the sun's rays during the inclement seasons of spring and autumn.

Arthur Young, whose opinions and inculecations, on most topics associated with the management of a farm, are of high practical value, in some remarks upon the same subject observes:—

"Where a set of houses are intended (for the feeding and rearing of poultry) a situation should be fixed on, near or close to the farm yards, and with ample space around to allow the fowls to disperse over it, in the day time, and one or more ponds for the aquatic sors. All must have access to a gravel yard, and to grass for range, and have clean water near. Great attention should be paid to cleanliness, and to white washing, not for appearance, merely, but to destroy vermin." Poultry should never be restricted as to food. It is far more judicious and economical to allow them a superfluity, than to restrict them in this particular. Animal food, at all seasons, is indispensable; without it the various sorts of fowls will cease to be prolific, and the outset will greatly exceed the gain; but with a *quantum sufficit*, the reverse will be the case. As to white washing, to "destroy vermin," the incalculable of the maxim may be well enough in reference to some vermin; but as regards those parasitical vermin which infest hens, &c., we prefer allowing slacked lime or ashes, in which the fowls can burrow, and thus free themselves.—*Ibid.*

A friend, in describing the sulphur waters of Virginia, says they taste more like a decoction of leather breeches than any other drink he is acquainted with.