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ur, Area 70 WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.]

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1851

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pictorial Drawing Room Companion
Phases of Married Life.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Said Mrs. Squib, "when I was first married, my husband use to come to me before going out in the morning and kindly inquire, 'what relishing tit-bit I would have for dinner?' 'But dear, you will not be at home, I can pick up any thing,' was the reply."

Perhaps ten minutes after a nice nut-ton chop or a tender steak, with a box of fruit, would be sent in to me, which Mr. Squib purchased on his way. As to work, he was terribly afraid I should overdo; and if I wanted exercise, he used to say the open air was better for females than household duties. Let Bridget do the work, and cook and dust, and clear away. Be sure, Tetty, and put on a veil if you go out—do keep your complexion delicate. This held out for six months after marriage.

Two years after marriage. "Wife, we must economize; I find my income will barely meet our expenses. We ought to lay up something against a rainy day. You need not dispense with Bridget, but perhaps she can help do the plain sewing. These little expenses are what whet off a poor man's purse. Perhaps it would do you no harm to make my shirts and oversee the kitchen a little more—I find there is a strange deficit in our pork barrel—the sugar don't hold out as well as common,—perhaps Bridget needs looking after. I would walk out less, and do a little more at home."

Four years after marriage. "Tetty, I don't see why we cannot keep a few genteel boarders. We might make something, and it would fill up little gaps in your time to better advantage. A woman never appears better than in performing her duty. Jenny can go to school, and little Tetty will soon follow you about the house. Children must learn to take care of themselves.—Look at Bruce's—he has eight, and they only keep one girl, and six boarders! You are as smart as Bruce's wife, I know. I shall expect you to buy the food, as I am never to be troubled with picking up little luxuries. Exercise about house, is as good again as spinning street yarn."

Six years after marriage. "Tetty, there is no use in keeping help. They are only a bother—their board and wages amount to more than all my profits. I do without a book-keeper, why should you be waited on by a domestic? I should think you supposed there was no end to my income. The children are dressed equal to a millionaire's—so much work in pantslets and collars, and embroidery on frocks! I do think you might be more profitably employed. The reason we made no more by 'genteel boarders' was because you had not a proper supervision. You kept them too well, and never made up second dishes. Wife, you ought to know how to proceed rather better in looking after my interest."

Ten years after marriage. "Well, Squib, I think I've been imposed on long enough. You are forever blaming me as if I were the cause of all your troubles. I'll leave you, and see how you will get along then. Haven't I taken charge of this whole house, let the five children go to school, done all the sewing and mending, and sat up till midnight to accomplish it. And how much have you helped me? Who has kept you in white pants and pocket handkerchiefs, and waxed bosoms and dickeres? Well, my work is pretty much over. 'The last pound broke the camel's back.' Mr. Squib you have been acting the gentleman all this time—out at club parties, and Odd Fellows' meetings and engine gatherings, while I have kept away even from my church meetings, because I had nobody to go with me. Squib, when a woman's temper is thoroughly up you cannot put her down." Squib ran down stairs and out at the front door.

Fifteen years after marriage. "Going to bed with your boots on! Brought home drunk! If it ain't enough to provoke a saint—you carousing all day, while I and the children are living on dry mince-meat, and doing all we can for a living. You are a miserable tool, and the quicker we separate the better; I am ashamed of you—eyes all bunged out your head, bloated, sottish, inattentive to business, cross to the children, never seen out with your wife, a constant source of mortification. Tetty, dear, reach me Chitty on divorce—number 63, on the lower shelf." Mrs. Squib reads—"Well, yes, I have provocation enough—I'll see Squire Blood to-morrow." Again Squib retires.

Sixteen years after marriage. "Tetty, it seems as if we were enjoying another honey-moon since I took the pledge. Only having the resolution to be a man has made me one. I am about going into

business again with my old partner. You know the rise on our land—if I sell it now and put it in the farm, I can go equal shares with them. Besides, Jimmy is a well-educated boy for a clerk, and what can I do better than put him in our counting-room? Tetty, you have acted a noble part; I always feel a remorse for my past conduct, and desire to compensate you for your trials. The day you took the book so in earnest, and read what constituted a divorce, I was self-condemned; and that day I took the pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drinks.—I shall keep my pledge. Tetty, wife, must be sent to some good school; Solomon shall go to college, he is so bookish; and that little witch of a Nancy shall have a piano, she is so fond of music. Come, wife, let us celebrate to-morrow, it is just one year since I reformed.

Twenty years after marriage. Extract from Tetty's letter. "My life, aunt, has been extremely varied. I was married under as flattering prospects as most girls; for a time I was petted like an infant. But I can review the past and see wherein I erred, as well as my husband. I was not a good housekeeper. I hated the kitchen, and trusted to an Irish girl, who has since been sentenced to the House of Correction for 'petty larcenies.' I have no doubt the first discouragement Mr. Squib arose from my mismanagement. After Jimmy was born, I took boarders, but I took no note of expenses. I often paid for varieties at the market, in three days, all they paid for board in a week; consequently we went so rapidly behind hand that we dismissed them. When Mr. Squib first went out in evenings for pleasure, I went to bed, and asked no questions. I felt sullen, and acted so; this gradually wore upon him, and from an occasional visit to the gambling houses, he went every night. I became uneasy and querulous—so did he. I never sought the things that made for peace, neither did he. O, a woman's power is fearful! She can frequently plunge a man in ruin or save him. At length, as my children grew older my sympathies on their behalf were awakened. I resolved to make one more desperate endeavor to live, and that should be alone with my children. That resolution brought my erring husband back, and while I feel partially to blame for many errors, we, I trust, have both penitently confessed and amended them, and a happier family does not live. A man has just waited on Mr. Squib to get him to deliver a temperance lecture."

Warren Hastings and George Washington.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this, The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."
HAMILTON.

In glancing the other day, over a short biographical sketch of the Governor General of India, I noticed that the year of his birth was the same as that of Washington. This simple coincidence struck me forcibly, but when in continuation so many accidental points of similarity in their history presented themselves, (now that the attention was turned in that direction,) while the contrast in every thing else was so startling and so strongly marked, my mind was deeply impressed by these strange coincident and strange contrasts. Both, as was said, were born in the same year. Both were left early orphans. Both deprived of the advantages of a thorough education—for no college crowned either with its honors, no academy welcomed either to its secluded bowers. Yet both manifested early the lavish gifts of nature, and the promptings of an honorable and self-relying ambition. The same winter in which one was penetrating the unknown wilds of the Virginian forest, commencing his career as a Surveyor; the other, too, yet but a boy, in quest of fortune, left his native land, and went forth to the Indies upon the slender hopes and slender stipend of a clerkship. Each advanced by the force of his own energy and ability. Both, while yet in the first flush of manhood, were turned by public calamities from the walks of private life into soldiers. While one was retrieving the rashness of a veteran General, saving his country from the Indians of the Western wilds, and vindicating British honor on the field of defeat, at the very same time the other, serving under the same government, was rescuing the banner of St. George from the grasp of Linajah Howlah, and turning back the Indians of the east upon the plains of Palassery and by the banks of the Hoogley. Again both returned to civil life. The one took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, and the other in the board of the council of Madras. The sphere of each was rapidly enlarging. The eyes of the civilized world were fixed upon the British colonies in America, and the British possessions in India. On these grand theatres were enacted respectively the deep dramas of the deep rise and downfall of nations. Who shall be the great tragedians? Within a

year, in which Warren Hastings became Governor General of India, George Washington took command of the American army, the forlorn hope of the freedom of the new world. Here the coincidences close, and the contrasts commence. Each has now reached the pinnacle of power. Each possesses unbounded opportunities for good or evil. How will these opportunities be used or abused. Have we any thing in their past life by which to judge? A fact in reference to each will show that with them, as is mostly the case, the mind took, even in childhood, that bent which would influence it through life.

The one employed his leisure moments, when a school boy, in composing and collating a code of rules to govern his action, even in copying deeds, draughts, &c., in order to perfect himself in the details of business, and was an ever ready peace-maker among his comrades—the other reclining on the banks of the Iris, in sight of the alienated possessions of his ancestors, fed his young fancy in gorgeous day-dreams of wealth and power, wild projects of selfish ambition and personal aggrandisement. He would recover the estates that had belonged to his fathers, he too would be Hastings of Daylesford. How faithfully now was each about to fulfil the destiny shadowed forth prophetically by these simple incidents. The one, regardless of personal interest, renounces the government he had served, when it became subversive of the liberty of his countrymen—the other in pursuit of his own emoluments oversteps the tyranny of the same government. To the one was entrusted the destiny of a young and feeble nation, struggling with life. He felt upon him not only the weight of the present, but the responsibility of the fearful future.

But he shrank from no duty—he shunned no sacrifice. When the rising hopes of his country seemed about to go down in darkness and in blood, he breathed into desponding patriotism the breath of life. He became the Moses of his Israel. He led them through a Red Sea, guided them in the wilderness, and while their garments were yet purple, while their locks were yet wet with mist of the Jordan through which they had come up, he brought them into the land—not of promise alone—but of astonishing and glorious fulfillment.—The chosen leader now became the beloved ruler. He sought no power. He shrank, as he touchingly said, from "the mighty and untried duties before" him.—But the ratification of his rule was the joyous shout of the whole enfranchised people exulting in their new born liberty. Everywhere he now trod literally a flower path; bestrewn with fragrant offerings by their virgineity and maternal gratitude. Power absolute and indisputable was within his grasp. But he hearkened not to the stifled whispers of an unhallowed ambition. He ruled the people to save them. And when he had established their freedom, he turned aside from proffered power, from an imperial crown and kingly diamond, to the obscurity of private life.—"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page, Thou more than soldier and just less than sage— All thou hast been reflect less fame on thee, Far less than all thou hast forborne to be."

To the other was entrusted, too, the destiny of a nation, not of three millions, but of one hundred and fifty millions of people. Robert Clive, a Clerk in a Madras factory, had laid the foundation of the British empire in India. Trading posts and commercial privileges were all that were solicited by the English in return for services rendered to the daughter of a native prince by an army surgeon. These were freely granted. On this foundation Warren Hastings erected a towering superstructure, whose blighting shadows darkened a million square miles of territory. By bribery, intimidation, cruelty and massacre, he made himself master of an empire. Then was displayed that most dreadful of spectacles—the strength of civilization without its mercy. Terror stalked in his footsteps. Hope, affrighted, pringed at pleasure. He gave away thrones on which had sat the heirs of Tamorlane. Even his wife was the wife of another. Surrounded by power and splendor, "equal to that of a Roman proconsul in the days of Caesar," by arms, intrigues and extortions, he spread strife, dismay and wretchedness from the pine forests of the north to the cinnamon groves of Cape Comorn. But he, too, must resign his power. Tho' his splendid administrative abilities had dazzled the eyes of the British nation, and hid his gigantic crimes, yet a day of reckoning was at hand. He returns to his native land a criminal on trial. For eight years he is awaiting the verdict of an incensed people, and at last is acquitted only because pity had taken the place of indignation. Broken in spirit, broken in fortune, and an outcast from humanity, he hid his head amid the shadows of Daylesford die.

Thus both of these men, who filled, during the latter part of the last century, probably a larger space in the eye of the world than any others, ended their career. The one in ignomy, the other in honor; the one in solitary shame, the other in untarnished glory. "The name of Hastings will 'live in the pantheon of history.'" On the shores of the Ganges, says a traveler, the Hindoo mother hushes her child by the tune of Warren Hastings. The name of Washington, too, is taught by maternal love to hisping infancy. His monument is his country. His name is freedom's war-cry over the country.

Three Distinguished Editors Dead.

Hon. ISAAC HILL, of New Hampshire, died at Washington, on Saturday, M. M. NOAH, Esq., at New York, on Saturday, and JOHN S. SKINNER, Esq., at Baltimore, on Friday. Our readers have already been informed of the sad accident that led to Mr. Skinner's death. Mr. Hill had been ill for years, and Major Noah died of a stroke of palsy. Mr. Skinner was the editor of the *Plough, Loom, and Anvil*, and has been connected with the press for many years, having held several prominent positions, among them Postmaster at Baltimore, and Assistant Postmaster General. Of Maj. Noah, the *New York Tribune*, says:

Mordecia Manasseh Noah was born in Philadelphia, on the 19th of July, 1784, and was consequently nearly sixty-seven years old at the time of his death. He was the son of Manual Noah, who married Zipporah Phillips, of that city. At the age of five years he was left to the care of his maternal grandfather, Jonas Phillips. But a few weeks since, we heard him speak of walking the streets of Philadelphia with this relative, who pointed out to him Dr. Franklin and his wife. On another occasion, he visited the opening of Congress and beheld Washington, a distinct recollection of whose person he always retained. He received a partial education in the old Philadelphia College, and at an early age was apprenticed to a carver and gilder. Even as a boy, he manifested a decided literary talent, and we have heard that his first effort was a Fourth of July Oration, delivered in his thirteenth year. He soon gave up his trade entirely and devoted himself to literary and political pursuits.

As an editor, Maj. Noah was one of the most brilliant, spirited and graceful paragraphists in the country. He always sustained the most cordial relations, not only with his brethren of the press, but with the public at large. Probably none of our citizens, who have taken an active part in public business, ever enjoyed the more general esteem and good will of the country.

Of Isaac Hill, the *Herald* says: Mr. Hill was about seventy years of age, and was of quite a feeble constitution, becoming particularly debilitated during the last fifteen years of his life, by an asthmatic complaint, which at last carried him to the grave. Still he pursued his business to the last, reviving astonishingly after severe attacks of his disease, and visiting this city and Washington generally as often as once a year. As we stated in our first notice of his death, he leaves a widow and three sons.

The political life of Mr. Hill, if carefully written, would be full of interest and instruction. He was eminently a self-made man, rising from the humble walks of life to distinction, rank, and influence, such as few men with the same means, and under the same circumstances, have reached in this country.

KOSSUTH.

Subjoined is the latest news of the whereabouts of Kossuth and his companions in captivity: Advice from Constantinople, of the 17th ult., announces that the question of the Hungarian refugees at Kutayah has been definitely arranged. The Emperor of Austria has granted a full and entire amnesty to those refugees, on condition that they shall declare that they will not make any attempt to re-enter Hungary. Eight of them, however, are excepted from this amnesty, and are to remain at Kutayah until further orders. Amongst those excepted are Kossuth and Count Bathyany. The Porte is to send a commissary to that town accompanied by M. Eldor, an *attache* of the Austrian Legation, to identify those amnestied, and to receive their declaration. Those persons are then to proceed to Mondania, where they will find a Turkish ship to convey them where they please. The Turkish government will defray their expenses by sea and land. Gen. Dembinski is expected daily at Constantinople where he is permitted to reside, under the protection of the French ambassador. A letter from Kossuth has been received in London relative to the Hungarians

who have arrived at Liverpool, which shows that when those men left Shumla they did so with the intention of going to America. In this letter Kossuth expresses a wish that Mr. Pulasky may exert himself with a view of those people being sent to America, and to prevent them living on alms, which would be degrading to themselves and to the cause in which they had been engaged. He concludes by saying that if England has taken any interest in the heroic sacrifice of these men, he hopes and trusts so much may be done, that those men could be sent to a country where they would have full scope for their energies, and where they could live by honest labor.

It would appear that the Hungarians are willing to go to America, and only require a few days to recruit themselves. Major Walluszky, the leader of the Poles is also willing to go, but since their arrival his countrymen have to a great degree refused to submit to his authority. Three days have been given the refugees for consideration. In the event of refusing to proceed to America, the authorities in Liverpool will not be responsible for their support, and they will be compelled to seek subsistence elsewhere.

Close Work in New Hampshire.

The *New Hampshire Patriot* speaks of the state of parties in the Legislature of New Hampshire in the following terms: "There having been no election for Governor by the people the Legislature select from the two highest candidates, and hence there will be the Democratic and Federal candidate before the houses; Arwood, the Abolition candidate, being out of the ring." The list as given, foots up as follows: Democrats, 138; federalists and abolitionists, 130; "Atwood Democrats" 13. Reckoning the Clarksville member, we shall have 139. It will thus be seen that the men classed as "Atwood Democrats" will control the House. With them, will have a majority of 22; while if they go against us, there will be a majority of 4 against the Democrats. If only three of them go with us, we shall have a majority in the House; and we have no doubt that most of them will be found acting steadily and uniformly with their party and in support of their principles.

The vacancies in the Senate are filled, before the election of Governor, by joint ballot of the two Houses. We have chosen 7 Senators, which added to our 139 representatives will give us 146 votes in joint ballot, without reckoning any Atwood men in our favor; while reckoning all of them against us, with the two federal Senators elected, there will be 145 against us in joint ballot, before the vacancies in the Senate are filled, giving us a majority of one over everything! This is the worst possible aspect of the case. But we know that all the "Atwood Democrats" will not go against us; we believe a majority of them will go with us.

Washington's Birth-Day in Rome.

The Italian correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writing at Rome on the 23d of last month, tells the following about the celebration of Washington's birth-day, the evening before: "At about 7 o'clock over a hundred ladies and gentlemen, from all parts of our broad land, sat down to a repast which combined in the most *recherche* style of Italian cookery the various delicacies of the season. The table was decorated with a profusion of beautiful flowers, which, in this mild climate, are perennial, and at one end of the room the stars and stripes waved over a bust of Washington, while at the other they shaded a spirited painting of the American Eagle.

The great hall in which the dinner was served is a noble apartment, the ceiling painted by Pietro de Costona and richly decorated. An appropriate blessing was asked by Rev. Mr. Hastings of the American Chapel, who, with Archbishop Hughes was among the guests.

The American Artists of Rome, who were then toasted, replied through Mr. Freeman, one of their number, and several other sentiments complimentary to them were offered, in the hope of drawing out some of the others, but they seemed to be less ready with words than with the pencil and the chisel. Two beautiful Odes written for the occasion by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, who was among the invited guests, were sung—one by F. C. Tucker, Esq., of your city, and the other by Mr. Kemble of Rome. It added not a little to the hilarity of the occasion to hear our familiar American airs well performed by an Italian band. "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Carry me back to Old Virginia," &c., were the order of the evening. At eleven o'clock the company retired to an adjoining saloon, and after one or two merry dances, dispersed to their several homes, so that "twenty-four

o'clock" should not bring the Sabbath upon even such innocent and patriotic festivities as the celebration of Washington's Birth day.

KISSING DONE BY RULE.—Some young lady, whom practice has doubtless made perfect, lays down a rule for kissing. We give her own words:—

"There is as much difference in kisses as in individuals, and I am sure I should not like to be kissed by every one. No indeed for some would give such an overwhelming smack it would almost deafen me. Now kissing can be reduced to rules, one or two of which I will give. The head should always be turned slightly to the right, as such a motion gives grace, and prevents the concussion of the olfactory organs. The lips should then be pressed closely and sweetly together, as you sip the nectar of the long kiss, but should not be heard. I speak particularly on this subject, because I consider kissing a part of our nature, and because few people appear to understand the value of a kiss, and the manner in which such salutation with the lips should be rendered."

Rules for Preserving Health.

1. Rise early, and never sit up late.
2. Wash the whole body every morning with cold water, by means of a large sponge, and rub it dry with a rough towel; or scrub the whole body for ten or fifteen minutes with flesh brushes.
3. Drink water generally, and avoid excess of spirits, wine and fermented liquors.
4. Keep the body open by the free use of the syringe, and remove superior obstructions by aperient pills.
5. Sleep in a room which has free access to the open air.
6. Keep the head cool, by washing it when necessary with cold water, and abate feverish and inflammatory symptoms when they arise by persevering stillness.
7. Correct symptoms of plethoria and indigestion by eating and drinking less per diem for a few days.
8. Never eat a hearty supper, especially of animal food; and drink wine, spirits, and beer, if these are necessary, only after dinner.

TO ASCERTAIN A HORSE'S AGE.—Every horse has six teeth above and below; before three years old, he sheds his middle teeth; at three he sheds one more on each side of the central teeth; at four, he sheds the two corner and last of the fore-teeth. Between four and five, the horse cuts the under tusks; at five, will cut his upper tusks, at which time his mouth will be complete. At six years, the grooves and hollows begin to fill up a little; at seven, the grooves will be well nigh filled up, except the corner teeth, leaving little brown spots where the dark-brown hollows formerly were. At eight, the whole of the hollows and grooves are filled up. At nine, there is very often seen a small bill to the outside corner teeth; the point of the tusk is worn off, and the part that was concave begins to fill up and become rounding; the squares of the central teeth begin to disappear, and the gums leave them small and narrow at top.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, 1 was born in New Hampshire; 1 in Maine; 8 in Massachusetts; 2 in Rhode Island; 4 in Connecticut; 3 in New York; 4 in New Jersey; 4 in Pennsylvania; 8 in Delaware; 3 in Virginia; and 4 in South Carolina. The remaining 8 were foreigners, and were born as follows—3 in Ireland, 2 in Scotland, 2 in England, and 1 in Wales. The oldest person at the time of signing was Benjamin Franklin, who was seventy years of age, and the youngest was Edward Rutledge, from South Carolina, who was twenty-six years old. The average of fifty-three of the signers on the 4th of July, 1776, was about forty-six years and six months, and the average of fifty-three at the period of their decease was over sixty-eight.

The Liberty (Md.) Banner of Liberty says that Col. Edward Schley, of Frederick, has in his possession the identical sword with which Sergeant Everhart saved the life of Col. Washington at the "Battle of Cowpens." It will be remembered that one of Tarleton's men was in the act of slaying the gallant Colonel from behind, when Everhart, who observed his danger, rushed forward, and with one stroke felled him to the earth.

The women of Worcester, especially those who took a prominent part in the Woman's Right's Convention, are about to organize a fire company to be managed entirely by women. They have found out that there is a great deal too much fun in running "wid der machine" to be solely enjoyed by the male sex.