

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.
THE APRIL FOOL.

"Hadm't we the fun with old Mr. Bender, Tom?"
"Hadm't we!" returned the lad, thus addressed. "Oh, but wasn't he mad!"
Thus spoke two boys together, on returning from school at dinner time, on the first day of April. Their mother, over-hearing their words, said—
"What about Mr. Bender, boys?"
"Oh, we had such fun with him mother, as we went to school this morning," replied Tom.
"And he was so mad," said Harry, the brother of Tom.
"Why did he get angry with you?" inquired the mother.
"We made such a fool of him" was answered.
"Of old Mr. Bender?"
"Yes, indeed. Tom tore from a fence a part of a show bill, on which was printed 'Great Excitement,' and stole up behind Mr. Bender and pinned it fast to his coat. Then hadn't we the fun!"
"And didn't he get mad! All the boys pointed at him, and called him 'April Fool,' and the men laughed. Oh! it was such fun!"
The mother of the boy did not smile at this, but looked very serious.
"I am sorry," said she, "that you did this, my boys. It was wrong."
"Oh, but it was only for fun, mother. To-day is the first of April you know, and he needn't have got so angry about it. It only made the people laugh at him the more. But, he is such a cross old fellow."
"My children," said the mother, "let me tell you something that happened to-day."
The little boys became serious, and came up close to their mother and listened.
"You know," said she, "that Mrs. Judkin has been sick all winter?"
"Yes, ma'am," was answered.
"And that she is poor?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Well, her Andrew, who is no older than you, Henry, had to be taken from school and put to work in a printing office, where he has been receiving a dollar and a quarter a week. Yesterday the little fellow heard that Mr. Bender wanted an office lad, and that he would pay one that suited him two dollars a week. The situation would, besides, yielding more money, be much easier, and he would have time and opportunity to improve his mind."
"So Andrew told his mother about it, and she agreed with him that it was best to call upon Mr. Bender, who had known his father, and befriended him while living on more than one occasion."
"I'm sure he will take me," said the eager boy, as he left home, "and oh, how glad I shall be to get away from the printing office!"
"A little while before nine o'clock, Andrew stepped around to the office of Mr. Bender, which was not far from where he worked. He opened the door and went in with a hopeful yet trembling heart. Mr. Bender sat in his great arm chair, with a newspaper in his hand. Looking up as the door turned upon its hinges, he fixed an angry look upon the boy, and said in a sharp, quick voice—
"What do you want, ha!"
"Poor Andrew's hopes were dashed to the ground by this reception. He stammered out—
"Do you want a boy, sir?"
"No! Clear out, you little rascal!" replied the old man, in a rough, excited voice.
"The lad turned away, without a word more, and went back to the printing office. But his heart was almost broken by the rude repulse and disappointment. Now, my boys, can you tell why Mr. Bender, who is, in the main, a kind hearted man, repulsed Andrew Judkin so harshly?"
"He was angry about something, I suppose," said Thomas.
"Can you guess what that something was?"
"Was it because we made him an April fool?"
"Most probably," returned the mother.
"You say he was very angry?"
"O yes. He was as mad as he could be, and shook his fist at us."
"You had your fun, as you call it," said the mother of the boys, "but poor Andrew Judkin has, in all probability, lost a good place in consequence. He will hardly venture back again to the office of Mr. Bender."
"I don't think," remarked one of the lads, "that it was very manly in Mr. Bender to get into a passion just because we made him an April fool. We played tricks on other men; but they only laughed at us, and so we had fun all around."
"All men are not alike," was replied to this. "Some are sensitive on one point, and some on another. Few persons can bear ridicule, though some have the power

to conceal its effects, while others have not. Mr. Bender has, naturally, a quick, irritable temper, and is, besides, sensitive to ridicule. Such being the case, it was scarcely possible for him not to get angry when two little boys were so rude as to make sport of him in the street. No doubt he felt mortified, afterwards, for having thus lost his self-control; but, ere there had been time enough for this change in his feelings to occur, poor Andrew came with his petition, and received an angry repulse."
"I'm sorry," said Harry, appearing troubled, "that I made fun of Mr. Bender. I'm sure I wouldn't have done so, if I had thought he was going to get so very angry. But, if we did wrong, I don't think he did right in treating Andrew as he did. Andrew didn't make fun of him."
"All injustice is wrong, my son," replied the mother, "and, therefore, Mr. Bender did wrong. Still, the wrong was done while he was, as it were, not himself, and not really conscious of what he was doing. You were to blame for wantonly insulting him, and thus producing the state of mind from which he acted. Yours was the first aggression, and, therefore, you are quite as much responsible as Mr. Bender for the wrong done to poor Andrew Judkin."
The boys looked sober. Their mother added—
"Never, my children, seek pleasure at the expense of another. Think, before you make sport of any one, how you would feel if subject to a like annoyance. There is a Golden Rule by which your actions should ever be governed—As ye would that men would do unto you, do ye even so to them." Remember this, hereafter, and set a guard upon yourselves, lest you break it. There are sources enough of pleasure in the world, without seeking it in a trespass upon the rights of others.

From the Morning Chronicle. THE ELECTION OF JUDGES.

An elective judiciary is no longer, if it ever was a debatable question: it can scarcely be said to have been debated, without any special notice by either of the great political parties of the state,—with very little discussion *pro or con*, the amendment to the constitution was submitted to the vote of the people and adopted with a unanimity which demonstrated its popularity beyond peradventure. At present it is an experimental question—not as to its duration—but as to its sufficiency for the correction of abuses, imaginary or real, in the existing system.
All good men desire the success of the experiment, as well as those who disapproved the principle in the abstract, as those who honestly conceived it a suitable remedy for admitted evils: for surely no true patriot would directly or indirectly, aid in producing an unfavorable result, merely to magnify his own wisdom and foresight—that he might have the pitiful satisfaction of saying "I told you so! I knew it wouldn't work!" If such conduct is ever justifiable, it can only be so as a means for producing re-acton and repeal. But in this case the thing is impossible. Were it even true, as some have presumptuously alleged, that the people are incapable of selecting their judges, that incapacity would also hinder them from seeing that the power of selection is unsafely lodged with them. So that whether they be competent or incompetent, the power will never be voluntarily surrendered, and who will venture to snatch it from their grasp against their will? Of this one thing all men may rest fully assured, that if this present system is ever changed, it will be by abridging the judicial tenure, without impairing popular suffrage. The tendency of our age and country, whether for good or evil, is to the extreme of Democracy: of which all men should take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
Acting under these impressions, I propose, Messrs. Editors, with your consent and assistance, to offer some suggestions to the voters of this county, intended to produce a favorable issue to the great experiment. I shall endeavor to exhibit the magnitude of the interests involved; the difficulties in the way of judicious selections, the present constitution of our local courts, and the materials from which we are to re-construct them.
A prudent farmer would desire to know something of the character, abilities and habits of a tenant who asked the lease of a cow-pasture on his farm, for a term of ten or fifteen years. He would probably enquire whether he was meddlesome and quarrelsome, disposed to encroach and trespass, able to repair accidental or intentional damages when suffered, whether he was in the habit of leaving the bars down and the gates open, and of putting yokes on his troublesome cattle, whether he would bear his portion in keeping up the division fences, and paying the taxes, &c.,

&c. Why shall we be less circumspect in choosing, for ten and fifteen years, umpires with power, which if abused, will enable them to turn other men's cattle into our fields and stack yards; and after our bodies are covered up with the soil enriched by our sweat may consign the heritage of our children with the buried bones of their fathers, to the possession of strangers.
Happily, in this country, the masses of society do not appreciate the vast power lodged in the breasts of the judges. The jury trial is considered the bulwark of the people's rights, and so it is; and yet the law comes from the court; juries sometimes differ with the court, but their verdicts are often moulded to render them conformable and if this is impossible, a "new trial" is a matter of "discretion." If Judges would systematically and frequently exercise the powers they possess in a *wrong* direction, people would soon come to understand the extent of these powers, and feel the importance of committing them to the hands of men capable, honest and impartial.

Under our common law, the Judicial function is, to some extent. The legislative decisions of the highest court, whether right or wrong, constitute the Supreme law of the land, liable it is true, to be modified and changed by legislative authority, within certain limits, prescribed by the constitution, but these modifications and changes and the constitution itself are subject to the interpretation of the court, and are scarcely possessed of the vitality of laws until they have received judicial construction. Even the ultimate decisions of the Supreme Court are not "according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not," but may be and sometimes are, "over-ruled" and reversed by the court itself. So that it is not impossible for a radical, incompetent or corrupt Judge, to lay hold of a very slight shade of difference in the facts and circumstances of a case, to do a great wrong in his judgment, without any very glaring or flagrant violation of the principles of law, or any manifest and palpable usurpation of power.

The judiciary is sometimes spoken of as the "weakest branch of the government," this is strictly true in despotic countries but hardly true of ours, where the Executive and Legislative departments are hampered and restrained by written constitutional laws, of which the Judiciary is sole expounder, and where the law is recognized and admitted as *supreme* over all branches of the government. Should a conflict ever arise to test their relative strength, it would probably be found that the only effectual remedies for an usurping judiciary are precisely then applicable to usurpation, by the other branches—*impeachment and revolutions*. So long as the bench is occupied by men of the right kind—the judiciary, as representing the *majesty of law*—will exercise a more commanding influence over a community of freemen than all other representations of the people combined.

If the experiment we are about making does not result in the elevation to the bench of the right kind of men, it will be a failure, the evil effects of which we and our children will have to endure for ten and fifteen years at the shortest. We cannot correct the mistake next year or in two or three years, as happens in the case of members of the legislature, congressmen, county and state officers. Ample time we shall have for repentance but none for reformation. Let us therefore, make up our judgments before-hand as to the sort of candidates we ought to have, and be careful that others of a different stamp are not thrust upon us unawares.

In theory there cannot be much diversity of opinion on this point. A judge should be a man of undoubted legal learning, for how shall he rightly administer the laws who does not know and comprehend them—of at least moderate abilities as a speaker, that he may intelligibly expound and with promptness and facility, apply the principles of law to each particular case as it comes before him:—temperate, cautious, patient and impartial, that he may not compromise his own dignity and bring discredit on the court by unbecoming exhibitions of passion, precipitancy, petulance and partizanship—of integrity unimpeached and in manners kind and courteous, that he may inspire confidence and respect for his individual character as a man, no less than for his official position as a judge.
CATO.
Pittsburg, March 31, 1851.

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not the same length?" "I really don't know, sir—but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

YOUR MOTHER.—TO GIRLS.

You all know the Divine command, "Honor thy father and thy mother." An undutiful child is an odious character, yet few young people show the respect and obedience to their parents that is becoming and beautiful. Did you ever sit and recount the days and nights of care, toil and anxiety you cost your mother? Did you ever try to measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth?—Did you ever think how much more you owe your mother than you will be able to repay? If so, did you ever vex or disobey her? If you did, it is a sin of no common magnitude, and a shame which should make you burn every time you think of it. It is a sin that is sure to bring its reward in this world. I never knew an undutiful daughter make a happy wife or mother. The feeling that prompts any one to be unkind to a mother will make her who indulges it wretched for life. If you should lose your mother, you little dream how the memory of every unkind look, or undutiful word, every neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. I could never tell how I sometimes feel in remembering instances of neglect to my mother, and yet, thanks to her care, I had the name of being a good child. She told me, shortly before she died, that I never had vexed her by any act of disobedience, and I would not resign the memory of her approbation for the plaudits of a world, even though I knew it was her love that hid the faults, and magnified all that was good. I know how many things I might have done to add to her happiness and repay her care, that I did not do; but the grave has cut off all opportunity to rectify mistakes or atone for neglects. Never, never, lay up for yourself the memory of unkindness to your mother. If she is afflicted, how can you possibly get tired of waiting upon her? How can you trust any one else to take your place about her? No one could have filled her place to peevish infanciness and troublesome childhood. When she is in her usual health, remember she is not so young and active as she once was. Wait upon her. If she wants anything, bring it to her, not because she could not get it herself, but to show that you are thinking about her, and love to wait upon her. No matter how active and healthy she may be, or how much she may love work, she will love to have you do any little thing that will show you are thinking of her. One thing more: never call either of your parents "old man" or "old woman." This is rude and undutiful. There should be something sacred, something peculiar, in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short, surly answer from a child to a parent falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty. Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife or mother; but she who fails in this first most simple relation need never hope to fill another well. Make her your confidant;—the secret you dare not tell her is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you regret, and you should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the happiest party to remain with her. But unloved and unloving, you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.—*Northern Ensign*.

Something about Minnesota.

Our old friend D. A. Robertson, formerly Marshal of Ohio, and at present editor of the Minnesota "Democrat," published at Saint Paul, gives some very interesting information in relation to that new and flourishing territory in his paper of the 12th of March. He says—
"The progress of Minnesota during the present year in the towns, and in the country, will astonish everybody. We have the soil, the climate, and the market—the best market this side of California—in short, every essential to successful agriculture, except a sufficient number of farmers to supply the home demand."
"We expect a considerable immigration of farmers on the opening of navigation. They will find plenty of valuable government land to claim, pre-empt or enter, in all surveyed parts of the territory, except within, say, five miles around Saint Paul, and the immediate vicinity of Sullwater & St. Anthony Falls. We regret that all the public land is not free, in limited quantities, to actual settlers only. Yet, as it is, farmers will find no difficulty in getting started and making money, with even but small means at the commencement."
"An industrious, thrifty, intelligent farmer or mechanic is certain of success in Minnesota. We are not aware of any honest business or profession, that is crowded here, except the legal profession. We have almost as many lawyers as clients. But few of them do half as well in money

making, as they could at farming or working at a trade.

"Capital can be invested here to great advantage. A moderate amount of money—two or three thousand dollars—will enable a business man to accomplish as much as he could with three or four times that sum in any of the old States."
"To all who have written us for information, excepting only young lawyers, without means or legal experience, we say come—come with the implements of trade and husbandry—come with stout arms, resolute purpose, honest hearts, intelligent minds and healthy bodies, and you will thrive and accumulate property."

Gen. Scott and his Platform.

A late number of the New York Herald says—
"The movement commenced by Mr. Clayton, in Delaware, last fall, and followed up by Governor Seward and his school of New York politicians, bids fair to make Gen. Scott the special candidate, for 1852, of the free soil and most of the outside factions of the North. The late successes of Seward in this State, over the combined forces of Tammany Hall, Castle Garden, and the government at Washington, may also lead to the blending of the administration in support of Gen. Scott as the "higher law" candidate. As he now stands before the country, he is the man of all men, for rallying under a common standard, all the fragments, of all shades and stripes, of anti-slavery and Native Americanism in the North. His letter from West Point, 1849, is explicitly in favor of the annexation of Canada, and all the fugitive slaves there—his letter to the Hon. W. S. Archer of Virginia, on Native Americanism, in 1844, is especially adapted to the Natives; while his splendid victories in Mexico will sweep the rank and file of the whig party as a fire sweeps the dry grass of the prairies. Such a candidate, as the whig nominee, and with the support of all the outside fragments of the old parties, must be irresistible in the North. But something more, and a good deal less, will be required, if anything is expected of the South. At present, however, the fortunes of Mr. Fillmore and Gen. Scott appear to be held between the fore finger and thumb of W. H. Seward."

Gen. Cass in Buffalo.—Gen. Cass attended the dinner of the St. Patrick Society, in Buffalo, on the 17th inst., and in reply to a complimentary toast, delivered an eloquent speech.

He alluded in an effective and beautiful manner to the characteristics of the Irish people—to their unbounded hospitality—their ardent love of liberty, and to the many and striking evidences of greatness and genius exhibited by them as orators, statesmen, poets, generals, &c. He paid an eloquent and handsome compliment to the valuable services rendered by Irishmen in the cause of American Liberty during the Revolution and the last war, and to their warm attachment to the Union. He spoke briefly but in an impressive manner, of the crisis through which this country was passing. He invoked adherence to the glorious Union at every sacrifice. His allusions to the importance of the preservation of the Union to the cause of Republicanism throughout the world was received with great approbation. In short, his entire remarks were well worthy of his distinguished reputation, and were received with the liveliest marks of approval. He concluded by offering the following sentiment:—
Ireland: May her sons soon cease to need a land of refuge in a foreign country; but while they do need one may they find it in the United States, and be received with open hearts and arms by the American people.

Antiquity of drinking healths.—The practice of drinking healths is one of great antiquity. The ancient Hebrews were in the habit of the festive board of adopting this token of good will. A large cup was then used, and the father, or he who presided at the table, first drank and then passed it. The Romans imitated the custom: First they drank to the nine Muses, or to the three Graces, and other objects which made an uneven number, concluding by drinking to their mistresses a bumper for every letter in their name.—*The Past and Present*.

Where is the Wilderness?—At the beginning of this century it was in Ohio and Indiana. Twenty-five years afterward it was in Michigan, Wisconsin, and so forth. Last year it was in Minnesota territory. Next year we shall have to seek it in Nebraska and around the Lake of the Woods. Where the steamboat goes there the wilderness disappears. And the steamboat is seen to startle the Indian and wake the echoes of the forest above the Falls of St. Anthony: for a boat is now

building there which is rapidly progressing. The time for launching her has even been fixed—"as soon as the river is clear of ice." The builder hails from Bangor, Maine, the opposite extremity of the Union due east, and is said to be "a highly skillful workman." The dimensions of the craft are 108 feet keel, 120 feet deck, 25 feet beam, and will draw twelve inches light.—The machinery is in course of construction at Bangor, and will be at the Falls by the opening of navigation. "Steam navigation river trade" above the Falls of St. Anthony! Poetry may as well gather up its garments and emigrate from this island, unless it can be content to find its themes in the workshop and the crowded street.—*Cin. Gazette*.

Curiosities of the Earth.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, whenever it is dug, when the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new-made well, which continues full, and is effected neither by rains nor droughts. But that which is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables; and at twenty-six feet, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking on the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again, with leaves and branches of trees, as before.—*American Cabinet*.

Anecdote of Richard III.—In the town of Leicester, the house is still shown where Richard III passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince's character.

It was the custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day in which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovered the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her servant maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole transaction came to light.—*English Paper*.

Wanted, at this office, a bull-dog, of any color except pumpkin and milk; of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation, and bad disposition—who can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove, and steals the exchanges.

Before leaving Troy, King Menelaus offered his daughter as a victim to the gods, in order to win propitious breezes for the voyage home. We are reminded of this in modern society, when we hear of some match-making parent sacrificing his daughter to "raise the wind."

Curious Suicide.—An old officer on the retired list, residing at Creteil, near Paris, lately committed suicide from grief at the death of his horse, which, since his retirement from the service, he had nursed with the most assiduous care, and when dead he had buried in his garden. Some neighbors becoming alarmed at not seeing him appear as usual, entered the house, where they found him hanging in his bed room. A letter was lying on the table, which contained these words: "My poor horse is dead, and I cannot survive it."—*Foreign Correspondent Republic*.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

Choice of Time and Idleness.—He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company and choice of his actions. Idleness is the burial of living man.—*Jeremy Taylor*.