

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 the Illinois State Register.

Recollections of a Campaign—By one who saw the Elephant.—Gen. Patterson.

The reader will bear in mind that in a former number, I alluded to the part this gallant officer had taken in preventing Gen. Twiggs from making the attack until Gen. Scott arrived, and the fact of his being again placed on the sick list after issuing the order then referred to. From that time until the morning of the battle, on the 18th, he had been confined to his tent—sick from long and arduous toil amid the dust and heat of Vera Cruz, and suffering the most excruciating pain from a dislocated ankle. But no sooner did the heroic old general hear the first gun fired on that eventful morning, than against the positive injunctions of his surgeon, and the entreaties of his friends, he ordered his horse, and expressed his determination to join his gallant commander on the field, and once more lead his invincible division into the thickest of the fray. He was so weak that he had to be lifted into the saddle, but he said, as he placed his crutches across the pommel of the saddle, and a proud smile lit up his noble features, "If they kill me, I am but a poor, old sick and crippled man at the best, and the President can make another general, but he cannot make another me, and I must be with my gallant boys, to command—to protect them—to share with them in their glory, or to die with them in front of those batteries. They have never deserted me; I must not desert them now."

And it is a truth, that no sooner was it known to the volunteers of his division, that their sick old general had arrived upon the hill, than a new vigor seemed to be infused into every heart, and new strength imparted to every man. More than once during that eventful morning, he came near falling from his horse in consequence of the excessive pain in his ankle, owing to its pendulous position, yet in the midst of all this suffering, he gave his orders as coolly and calmly as he had been deploying his present magnificent division of volunteers through the streets of Philadelphia. At the close of the battle, he assumed the command of the advance, and never rested until he had established his quarters that same night, in the best room of Santa Anna's splendid hacienda, some ten miles beyond the scene of battle. This was one of the many instances of the indomitable energy, and courageous perseverance of this most noble, distinguished and accomplished officer, and courteous gentleman.

THE SURGEON'S JACK-ASS.
One of the amusing, and at the same time, heart rending incidents of the day, came under my observation during an early part of the engagement. The surgeon general had ordered the surgeon of each regiment to accompany his regiment on the field, and to be there ready to render immediate assistance to the wounded. Dr. B., who was not only one of the first surgeons in the army, but also one of the most incorrigible wags in the service; was detailed to accompany the regiment—the Pennsylvania. Very soon after the batteries opened their murderous fire on the left flank of the American lines, a man was brought to the rear, his hand torn off just above the wrist, by a six-pounder. The doctor was in the act of tying up the arteries of the mangled limb, his steward holding the arm steady, and just beyond them at the distance, perhaps of ten feet, stood the steward's jack-ass, with his large panniers on, containing bottles, bandages, knives, &c., quietly browsing the leaves of the chapparel. While in this position, another discharge from the battery in front sent the balls hurling and tearing through the trees and among the ranks. One of these shot passed immediately between the doctor and the steward, carrying off the arm of one of the doctor's attendants, near the elbow joint, and passing on, struck the poor donkey amidstships, killing him out-right, and scattering the doctor's bottles, bandages, knives, &c., in a thousand different directions. The steward, who was a dutchman, commenced bawling the untimely death of his poor jack-ass, while the doctor, thrusting his hand in his pocket, and assuming a sort of serio-comic expression, broke forth in something like the following:—

"Well, Old Lawson must think I'm a cursed fool to stay here and be shot at in this way. It is entirely too exciting to be pleasant—besides, I am a non-combatant—I come here to heal those who are wounded, not to get wounded myself—and there is that Dutchman crying over that jack-ass, while here are half a dozen poor fellows who require assistance. That shows his animal propensities." "Now," said he, turning to me, "what in the name of gunpowder is to be done. I have no knives, no bandages, no tourniquet, no nothing. You say you have been dying for excitement, I hope you are satisfied now." While we were thus talking one of the men came to the rear, and informed us that Col. Black, of the first Pennsylvanians, was mortally wounded. In a moment, the whole soul of the noble doctor was enlisted. It appeared afterwards that the Colonel and the Doctor had had a difficulty that morning, just be-

fore the battle begun, on some point of military etiquette; they had always before been bosom friends, and now that he heard of his friend being wounded, he begged me, for God's sake, to ride to the hospital and bring him another case of instruments, &c., "for," said he, "perhaps I can save him, and I will show him by my best endeavors to do so, how wrong he was in making the remarks he did this morning." The instruments were procured, and the Doctor stuck to his post like a Trojan, during the entire fight, notwithstanding the intensity of the excitement—performing wonders in the way of cutting off legs and arms, and tying up arteries, but he did not have an opportunity of showing his kindness to the gallant Colonel—for when the battle was over, he was found at the head of his battalion, having only been slightly stunned, and not otherwise injured.

The Result of Secession.

The persistence of the secession leaders in South Carolina, in urging on extreme measures, has had the natural effect of bringing forth at least the conservative influence of those who would save the commonwealth from the consequences of threatened precipitancy. We regard it as a good omen, that such considerations are put forward in the subjoined extract should appear in a leading journal, the Courier, in the city of Charleston. The writer is forming a probable hypothesis of the course which the general government would pursue in the event that South Carolina as a state should resolve herself out of the Union:

The federal government will not march troops into the state. This would be a measure of violence inexpedient and unnecessary. It will not establish a floating custom house, as has been supposed, because it would be clumsy and inconvenient. To secure the revenue, it would merely abolish Charleston, Georgetown and Beaufort, as ports of entry for the time being. The power of the federal government, under the constitution, to declare what ports shall be ports of entry, is beyond all doubt. The act of 1793 determines the number of those ports in South Carolina and elsewhere. From time to time congress has changed them or abolished them, as for example, the port of Currituck, in North Carolina, in 1841. South Carolina will not permit the duties on goods imported to be collected within her limits. The federal government will be driven then to abolish her ports as ports of entry, so long as the duties are not permitted to be collected.

How will this proceeding operate on the condition of the state and particularly of the city.—All foreign trade will cease, because vessels attempting to enter a port other than a port of entry, is liable to forfeiture, vessel and cargo. Commerce being annihilated, our merchants must go elsewhere to do business. Capital, which depends on trade or employment, must go with them. Wharf property will be worth nothing; there will be nothing to land or ship. Dry docks and ship-yards will be valueless; there will be no vessels to repair. The number of vacant houses will be so large, that house rents will be greatly reduced. No new buildings then would be erected, and mechanics must emigrate with the merchants. Factories must follow their customers, whose rice and cotton will be sent for sale to other states. Cotton, instead of coming down the railroad from Hamburg, will go up the road through Hamburg to Augusta and Savannah. That part of the said road between Branchville and Charleston will be unused, unless it be for bringing goods to the city smuggled from other states. The coastwise trade would be destroyed as well as the foreign trade, as the state will tax northern produce, and it will go of course to places where it is not taxed.

From those places it will be smuggled into South Carolina—it will be as easy to smuggle it into the state as out of it, and everybody admits that the last is very easy. The same causes that will depopulate Charleston will give an immense impulse to the growth of other places. Savannah will double her business and population. She will receive the merchants, the mechanics, the capital that we shall have lost. At the very moment when we have no employment for them, she will have double employments for all. It will thus become the direct interest of our neighbors to keep us in the desolate condition to which we shall be reduced. They will wax fat on our misfortunes. If our planters and farmers are so patriotic as not to send their cotton, rice and other produce to ports out of the state, there will be no money circulating in the state. The banks will be without business paper. There will be no dividends. At the very time when our taxes will be quadrupled there will be no money to pay them. We shall be checkmated—unable to move.

The people will very soon demand of the secession leaders that some remedy for this condition of ruin be pointed out to them. What will that remedy be? There can be no fighting—there will be nothing to fight. There can be no appeal to foreign nations—they could have no pretence for complaint. If any man thinks otherwise, let him reverse the case. Should England abolish Bristol, or France abolish Havre, as ports of entry, could we complain or

object? Shall we send a minister to Europe to ask for help? Every foreign state would ignore the independent government of South Carolina. Our condition would be at once helpless and ridiculous—we should suffer, and command no sympathy; because the evil will be our own choosing both as to its beginning and continuation.

Have not the people a right to ask at once, and is it not prudent to ask in advance, that they who are about to deliberate on the future proceedings of the state should at once declare what remedy they propose to apply to a condition of things in South Carolina which will be the result of their own measures, and which is at least possible, which many believe to be probable and not a few think certain?

Marriage Customs of the Assamese

The marriage customs of Assamese, a people of middle Asia, have many curious points of similarity to the patriarchs described in the Pentateuch. Jacob served Laban as a servant or bondman many years to obtain in marriage Leah and Rachael, who were sisters; and he was not allowed to marry the younger before the elder. So in Assam a man may marry two sisters, but he must not marry the elder before the younger. It is not uncommon, when a man is poor, to engage to live for several years as a laborer with the father of his intended wife. He is then called a Chapuana, a kind of bondman, and is entitled to food and clothing, but no wages; and at the end of his servitude, if the girl likes him, the marriage takes place. The man is looked on in the family as son-in-law, and is treated kindly. If a girl's father be wealthy, and without sons, he will sometimes select, from some equally respectable family, a husband for his daughter, and bring him up in his own house. The youth so selected is likewise called a Chapuana, and inherits the whole of his father-in-law's property. If a woman's husband dies, though she may be only eighteen or twenty years of age, she can never marry again.

Perhaps the term "Creole" is not understood as it ought to be. The Cubans, when speaking of the nativity of a person, whether white, mulatto or black, call them *Creollos*, (pronounced in Spanish as if written *Creoglos*) if they are born natives of the Island. I suppose that the word Creole is derived from this word, and made to mean a mixed race, giving the general impression that the Cubans are all mulattos, and are governed by European Spaniards. Though there are many creoles or creolios, mulattos on the Island, the generality are descendants of Europeans, and as fair as they are, yet call themselves creolios, if born on the Island.

This term is also applied to animals raised on the Island, as it means nothing more nor less than "created here."—*Inquirer*.

An Interesting Incident.

The Greenville (S. C.) Patriot relates the following:

The other day, in conversation with Miss Dix, the philanthropist, during her visit to Greenville, a lady said to her, "Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone, and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situations?" "I am naturally timid," said Miss Dix, "and I do not like all my sex; but in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true, I have been, in my travels through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one, which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, give me the pistols, I will take care of them. He did so reluctantly.

In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horses by the bridles, and demanded my purse. I said to him with as much self-possession as I could command, "Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some." Whilst thus speaking to him, I observed his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale.—"My God," he exclaimed, "that voice!" and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, I will give you something to support you until you get into honest employment. He declined, at first, taking anything, until I insisted on his his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment.

Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pis-

tois, in all probability they would have been used by her driver, and perhaps both of them murdered. "That voice" was more powerful in subduing the heart of a robber, than the sight of a brace of pistols.

The Young Widow, or Only Thirty-Three.

A census taker, going his round last fall, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling-house, the exact locality of which is no business of ours. He was received by a stiff, well dressed lady, who could well be recognised as a widow of some years standing. On learning the mission of her visitor, the lady invited him to take a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself into a working position, he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"—Very well—your age, madam?"

"My age, sir," replied the lady, with a piercing, dignified look, "I conceive its none of your business what my age might be—you are inquisitive, sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward—its my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No sir, it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten year of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir, just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My eldest and only married daughter, sir, Anne Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five did you say, madam?"

"Yes sir, is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say there is, but is it not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age?"

About that time the census taker was observed running out of the house, closely pursued by a broomstick. It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her exact age.

The American Contributions.

We give below an extract of a letter from an American gentleman in London to his friend in this city respecting the portion of the Grand Exhibition which has been contributed by our countrymen, and the comparison which it bears with the contributions of other countries. The view which he presents is not pleasant—indeed it is rather mortifying to our national pride—but it is from an honest and intelligent source, and, although unpalatable, the bitter may prove wholesome.—*National Intelligencer*.

The importance of this Exhibition has been greatly underrated by us. The European display will be costly and magnificent beyond description. Some single individuals have gone to an expense of £10,000 in the arrangement and display of their goods. If our Government had granted as many dollars to the object, we might have made a creditable appearance. As it is, the American portion will bear an appearance of stinging and meanness not very flattering to our national vanity. The articles, now that they are in the building, are found to be insufficient to fill the allotted space, and a considerable portion of it has been resigned to other countries. I fear she will be very badly beaten; and I advise any one who intends coming here in the expectation that this Exhibition is going to raise our country in the eyes of the world to stay at home. I was one of those who expected it, but now that I see the splendid results of the art and taste of the European nations, I feel that what we have to show is only creditable considering our youth. Some of our carriages and machinery are, however, quite comparable with the best here. In daguerreotypes, also, we shall excel, and in India rubber fabrics. But in all works of art and taste—in sculpture, glass, silks, woollens, and even in agricultural implements, we shall be entirely surpassed or quite equalled. In designs we are thrown entirely into the shade. There will be an advantage growing out of all this. We have been comparing ourselves among ourselves, until we have become convinced that we are ahead of all mankind. This direct comparison will open our eyes, and must, I think, result in great good, by giving a powerful impulse to the arts in our country; if so, the temporary mortification will be more than compensated, and may be recurred to without regret."

ROBBERY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—A London letter announces that a remarkably fine case of Colt's revolving pistols was stolen from one of the counters whilst in charge of the police. It had been stolen between the hours of closing the doors of the building on the 30th ult. and the hour of opening.

Last Words of the Presidents.

When Washington was 67 years old he laid upon his death bed. "I find I am dying," said he, "my breath cannot last long." And again; "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed, from my first attack, I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." And so he ceased to breathe.

More than a quarter of a century elapsed before a similar scene was witnessed. Then, on the same day, the jubilee of the nation, Adams, at 90 years of age, and Jefferson at 83, came down to their last bed. "Presign myself to God," said Jefferson, "I resign myself to God." "I am content," said Adams, "Independence forever!" "All was over.—They, too, had ceased to breathe.

Five years after this, at 71 years of age, Monroe ceased to breathe.

Four years after this, at 85 years of age, Madison ceased to breathe.

Nearly five years after this, at 68 years of age, Harrison remarked: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government; I wish them carried out; I ask nothing more." And he ceased to breathe.

Four years after this, at 78 years of age, Jackson observed, in substance: "My sufferings, though great, are nothing in comparison with those of my dying Saviour, through whose death I look for everlasting happiness," and he ceased to breathe.

In less than three years after this, at 87 years of age, the second Adams declared: "This is the last of earth; I am content." And he ceased to breathe.

In a little more than one year after this, at 55 years of age, Polk bowed his head in baptism, confessing his Saviour. And he ceased to breathe.

The lamented Taylor, at 65 years of age, submitted to the solemn decree. "I am ready for the summons," said he, "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am sorry to leave my friends," and he ceased to breathe.

The Democratic Party.

The Hartford Times calls to mind the fact that the Democracy were once abused by the Whigs because they opposed a National Bank. We have a Whig national administration now, but we hear of no advocates for a bank.

The Democratic party were unrelentingly abused for advocating the Independent Treasury Bill. Mr. Fillmore's administration does not propose a substitute, nor do Whigs oppose the measure.

The Democratic party have been abused for opposing a high tariff. Mr. Fillmore now admits that a high tariff would be fatal to the manufacturing interests.

The Democrats were abused for standing firmly by their country in sustaining the Mexican war. The Whigs took up one of the leading men in the prosecution of the war, and, with the aid of Democratic votes elected him President.

The Democrats have been abused for securing important additions to our territory. There is not a Whig in the land who now dares to propose the surrender of this same territory.

Here are a few facts that prove the general policy of the Democrats to be right and just.

The Light Artillery.

The United Service Journal comments somewhat severely upon the recent order of the War Department, dismounting the light artillery. It thus alludes to Gen. Scott in connection with the obnoxious movement:—

"We fear that the recent order dismounting the light artillery, springs from other than the avowed motive, economy. It is fresh in the memory of all, that during the Mexican war, the gallant and lamented Duncan, under whose command this arm had won golden opinions from the whole army, and the world at large, became implicated in the Leonidas' controversy, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the over sensitive general-in-chief, who was then, as now, an avowed candidate for the Presidency. It is shrewdly suspected that the ranking of the old quarrel with Duncan has been transferred since his death, to the arm in which he served; and in which he shed such undying glory on the country.

General Scott's fame as a soldier, is scarcely more extended, than is his reputation for inordinate self esteem. This vanity does not spring from his success as a soldier, but from his unfortunate and singular belief in his great ability and growing popularity as a statesman. His political aspirations are becoming too strong for his military virtues, and he may now be ranked more properly among the politicians and demagogues, than among the soldiers. He is now on a tour through the country, and in all he says or does, we see—that dear love of the people, he is so anxious to serve—the determination to enforce in all things the most rigid economy: in short, practising all the tricks of the politician "to dive into men's hearts," under the hope that amid the confusion of parties, he may perchance arrive at the highest office in the gift of the people."

We like the remark of a patriotic citizen of Charleston, who said, "when South Carolina leaves the Union, I shall move into the United States."

A Lesson for Girls.

An intelligent gentleman of fortune, says the Bangor Whig, visited a country village in Maine, not far from Bangor, and was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters—two of whom, in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was finally completed, when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of young ladies—watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about one year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose fortune she shares, she won by a judicious deportment and well-directed industry. So much for an industrious young lady.

Highly Important from Cuba.

From the New York Sun.
We are permitted to extract the following news from Port Principe, received yesterday, by letter to a Cuban gentleman of great respectability, who vouches for its truth and correctness.

PORT PRINCIPLE, May 4th, 1851.—The signal for our rising has been given. Yesterday afternoon a great outrage was perpetrated by Spanish despotism in this city. Nine of our most eminent, talented and wealthy citizens were simultaneously arrested and taken to prison, and this morning, long before day, closely guarded, they were sent off to Havana and the dungeons of the Moro.

The names of the individuals are as follows: Don Serapio Recio, Lawyer.
" Joseph R. Betancourt, Lawyer.
" Ferdinand Betancourt, Lawyer.
" Manuel Arango, Lawyer.
" Joaquin Rivera, Lawyer.
" Francisco Varano, Planter.
" Francisco V. Batista, Planter.
" Francis Querada, Planter.
" Salvador Cisneros, Planter.

I need not tell you that these are all gentlemen of the highest respectability, connected by ties of blood with many of the first families in this place, and other parts of the island. They are known far and wide for their liberality, strength of mind, uprightness, and nobility of character. That they should be thus snatched from our midst and torn from their wives and children without a moment's notice, without even the form of an examination, or the whisper of an indictment, is an outrage too horrible to be borne by the people of Cuba.

The God of Heaven will surely revenge their fate. Our tyrant foes may force them to ignominious death by the garrote, but their blood will cry aloud for vengeance, and hasten a carnage, awful and irresistible, in which despotism and cruelty shall fall, and LIBERTY come out at last victorious.

The excitement here is tremendous. Old men and young, maidens and matrons—all are filled with unutterable anguish and deep desire for revenge. How would your people feel if your noblest men should suddenly be snatched from all they hold most dear, by the minions of your government, to be cast into miserable dungeons?

Yet this is the relative position of the noble men just now arrested. Nine more honored, more respected, or greater men, than the above named never trod the soil of Cuba!

The pretence under which they were arrested was that they were engaged in the revolutionary movement.

Senor Recio is one of the ablest lawyers in Cuba. Senor Arango is a lawyer of great eminence. He leaves behind a wife and twelve children, some of whom have been educated in the United States.

The officers are now in pursuit of several more of our people. Among them they are hunting for Senor Solitario, of Cunaquez, a man of letters and great scientific distinction.

They are also in pursuit of Senor Augustin de Miranda, notary public, Senor Joseph Castillo, a wealthy planter, and others.

These arrests are made by order of the Captain General to Senor Leimerich, our Governor.

The day of reckoning with our oppressors is at hand. The next steamer will bring you stirring news.

VIGILANTE.

A few days ago, says the Pennsylvania, we had the Whig papers at Harrisburg clamoring for propriety and decorum in conducting the canvass for Governor, and now the organ of Johnson, is assailing Col. Bigler in the most offensive manner.

A snake, evidently of the Whig school, has been caught near Louisville. The Democrat says it is of the chameleon order, as at times it appears of a clear white color, again you look, and it is of a beautiful pink color.