

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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TERMS.

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THE PROUD MISS MAC BRIDE. A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend, Your family thread you can't ascend, Without good reason to apprehend. You may find it waxed at the farther end, By some plebeian vocation.

But Miss Mac Bride had something beside Her lofty birth to nourish her pride— For rich was the old paternal Mac Bride, According to public rumor; And he lived up town, in a splendid square, And kept his daughter on dainties rare, And gave her gowns that were rich and rare, And the finest rings and things to wear, And feathers enough to plume her.

An honest mechanic was John Mac Bride, As ever an honest calling pried, Or graced an honest ditty; For John had worked in his early day, In "Pots and Pans," the legends say— And kept a shop with a rich array With things in the soap and candle way, In the lower part of the city.

No *rosa-avis* was honest John, (That's the latin for sable-swan) Though in one of his fancy fashes, A wicked wag, who meant to deride, Called honest John "Mr. Phoenix Mac Bride, Because he rose from his ashes."

Another, whose sign was a golden boot, Was mortified by a bootless suit, In a way that was quite appalling; For though a regular suitor by trade, He wasn't the suitor to suit the maid, Who cut him off with a saw, and bade, The hobbler keep to his calling.

A young attorney of winning grace, Was scarce allowed to open his face, Ere Miss Mac Bride had closed his case With true judicial celerity. For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy" to boot, And to say the lady discarded his suit, Is merely a double verity.

Now Dapper Jim his courtship pined, (I wish the fact could be denied) With an eye to the purse of the old Mac Bride, And really nothing shorter. For he said to himself in his greedy lust, Whenever he dies, as die he must, And yields to heaven his vital trust, He's very sure to come down to dust In behalf of his only daughter.

At his trade again, to the very shop, Where, years ago he let it drop, He follows his ancient calling; Cheerily too, in poverty's spite, And sleeping quite as sound at night, As when at Fortune's giddy flight, He used to wake with a dizzy flight, From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas, for the haughty Miss Mac Bride, 'Twas such a shock to her precious pride! She couldn't recover, although she tried, Her jaded spirits to rally. 'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs, From a place "Up town" to a nook "Up stairs," From an Avenue down to an alley!— 'Twas little condolence she had, God wot— From her troops of friends, who hadn't forgot The airs she used to borrow; They had civil phrase enough, but yet 'Twas plain to see, that their deepest "regret" Was a different thing from sorrow.

They owned it couldn't have well been any worse To go from a full to an empty purse; To expect a reversion and get a reverse, Was truly a dismal feature. But it wasn't strange—they whispered—at all, That the Summer of pride should have its Fall Was quite according to Nature.

And one of the chaps who made a pun, As if it were quite legitimate fun To be blazing away at every one With a regular double loaded gun, Remark'd that moral transgression Always brings retributive stings, To candle makers as well as kings; For "making light of serious things" Was a very wicked profession.

The editor of the *Bunkum Flag Staff*, heard Jenny Lind sing during her first series of concerts in New York, and thus speaks of the fact: "We have heard the celebrated Swedish cackatrice. We traveled some miles (free ticket) and waited on Barum. See he, 'we give no tickets to the outside press.' See we, (with an editorial leader in our eye) 'We'll buy one.' See he, shaking our hand, 'that's right.' We bought a walking ticket, and took a stand, away out in the Bay of New York. We heard her. A friend of ours, when she got up in *o-b-o-b* said, 'cut my straps and let me go up!' We said, 'don't expose yourself.' Her voice is not square, it is of an oval texture. It will suit the ear of Bunkum. When she got up in the *sustentato* we stood aguish; but when she tried it on with the *fanto*, the *obligato*, and sunk down to the *crupper-notes*, we knocked under. She has no merit as an artist, but as a singer, she is good! That's our opinion. The price of good seats is six dollars, but the 'Outside Press' can get walking tickets at one dollar."

A recent letter from an American gentleman in Naples, says: "Vesuvius is calmly smoking, and seems disposed to rest himself from the fatigues of his devastating labors of last year. Pompeii is slowly appearing above ground. About 20 laborers are kept at work, who managed to get off a cartload of earth a day from the superincumbent city. Not one half of the entire city is yet excavated. The earthly mound which covers it is an exceedingly beautiful and rich vineyard, with houses of peasants scattered over its surface. A portion of the sea wall has recently been unearthed, which goes to confirm the opinion that the sea now nearly one mile distant, once laved the walls of Pompeii."

"A lady had told me, and in her own house, That she cares not for 'three skips of a louse,' I forgave the dear creature for what she has said, Since woman will talk of what runs in their heads." After Burke had finished his extraordinary speech against Warren Hastings, a friend of the latter wrote the following impromptu, which can hardly be surpassed: "Oft have I wondered that on Irish ground No venomous reptile ever yet was found; The secret stands revealed in nature's work— She saved her venom to create a BURKE!"

Another Project, and a Wild One.

Lieut. Pin, an English naval officer, who belonged to a recent surveying expedition at Belting Straits, offers to go in search of Sir John Franklin over land. He proposes to travel by way of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tobolsk, Irkutsk, and Yakoutz, to the mouth of the Kolyma, and thence commencing exploring the coast of Siberia, east and west, a distance little short of 10,000 miles. He does not ask for a party, but merely for a companion and servant; and he thinks that the expense attending the journey would be trifling in comparison to fitting out ships. The English Admiralty declined this offer; but agreed to grant him an unlimited leave of absence if he could prosecute the journey by private subscription. He will, therefore, apply to the Russian Emperor for free conveyance through his dominions. He proposes to proceed first to St. Petersburg, and from thence to Moscow by railway; from Moscow to Irkutsk Tellig, on sledges, a distance of 3544 miles, and from Irkutsk to Yakoutz, also on sledges, a distance of 1824 miles. The whole journey occupying about 4 months. At Yakoutz all regular travelling conveniences terminate, and the 1200 miles to the river Kolyma, as well as the 2000 miles of search, would have to be performed in a manner best adapted to the resources of the country. In 1854 the task might be completed, if, unfortunately, before that time, no traces should have been found of the missing ships.

Exaggeration. If there be any one mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of coloring too highly the things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth—we must exaggerate, we must have "a little too much red in the brush." Who ever heard of a dark night that was not "pitch dark"?—of a stout man that was not "as strong as a horse"?—or of a miry road that was not "up to the knees"? We would walk "fifty miles on foot" to see that man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks. But where is such a man to be found? From "rosy morn to dewy eve," in our conversation we are constantly outraging the truth. If some- what wakeful in the night, "we have scarcely had a wink of sleep;" if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are "as wet as if dragged through a brook;" if a breeze blow up while we are in the "chops of the channel," the waves are sure to "run mountains high;" and if a man grows rich, we all say that "he rolls in money." No later than yesterday, a friend, who would shrink from wilful misrepresentations, told us hastily, as he passed, that the newspaper had "nothing in it but advertisements."

Good.

The editor of the *Bunkum Flag Staff*, heard Jenny Lind sing during her first series of concerts in New York, and thus speaks of the fact: "We have heard the celebrated Swedish cackatrice. We traveled some miles (free ticket) and waited on Barum. See he, 'we give no tickets to the outside press.' See we, (with an editorial leader in our eye) 'We'll buy one.' See he, shaking our hand, 'that's right.' We bought a walking ticket, and took a stand, away out in the Bay of New York. We heard her. A friend of ours, when she got up in *o-b-o-b* said, 'cut my straps and let me go up!' We said, 'don't expose yourself.' Her voice is not square, it is of an oval texture. It will suit the ear of Bunkum. When she got up in the *sustentato* we stood aguish; but when she tried it on with the *fanto*, the *obligato*, and sunk down to the *crupper-notes*, we knocked under. She has no merit as an artist, but as a singer, she is good! That's our opinion. The price of good seats is six dollars, but the 'Outside Press' can get walking tickets at one dollar."

Pompeii.

The Colossus of Rhodes was a bronze figure, fashioned by Chares, a disciple of Lysippus, three hundred years before Christ, and probably the idea was first conceived in the copper smithery of Lysippus. Its height was one hundred and five feet. Its thumbs were a fathom in circumference, and each finger is said to have been fully as large as an ordinary statue. Ships passed between its legs on entering the harbor of Rhodes, which they spanned. This statue was upset by an earthquake, when it had stood seventy years, and after lying on the ground for nine hundred years, was finally sold to a Jew merchant by the Saracens, who loaded nine hundred camels with the fragments.

The First Lesson.

No teaching like a mother's: no lessons sink into the virgin soil of childhood so deeply as those learned at a loving mother's knee; the seed sown thus and then, may be hidden for years; but it still lives, and influences the life and actions of the learner ever thereafter. Ill fares it with the man who has no remembrance of kneeling as a child, beside his mother's knee, and learning his first lessons from her lips. He knows nothing of life's holiest memories; and great is the responsibility that mother who confides her child's first teachings to another—who allows a stranger to write on the tablets of her child's mind that which will bias its whole life career, and be as indestructible as the mind itself. The lives of the great men of history, most of them—and when we say great men, we understand good men—prove this. They have looked back to the time when their teacher was their mother, and thence have traced a silent influence that was ever about them—"still, small voice" heard amid the loud turmoil of busy life; though "Chances mocked and changes filled the cup of alternation," that chiefly led them onward, and set them in high places in the sight of their fellows. And all great men have loved the memory of those mothers; other loves may have possessed them—the love of honor, of fame, of woman; but the love of her who framed their childish accents, and formed their minds, has transcended all; set as a star apart, and worshipped when they look to heaven. Other loves may fall in—"the ere, the yellow leaf," may have been mingled with suffering, and have left regret and disappointment behind; but this, beginning with the first breath of being, ends only with its last.

Never Get Angry.

It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away it leaves one to see that he has been a fool; and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or partner in business? He keeps all about him in the same state of mind as if they were living next to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything "goes by contraries"—will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the grounds more productive, the markets more favourable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools" why should it be indulged at all?

Patronage to Printers.

It is stated that the day after General Jackson's inauguration, twenty four editors of newspapers, marched in procession to the President to get their pay. Poor old man, he was to be pitied. Among them was Noah, of the Advocate, and Hill of the Patriot. Noah, was a man of ease, and to appearance, well fed. Hill was lean and—a very Cassius. Noah, a cunning shrewd fellow, stopped the procession and proposed a different order. "Here!" said he "Hill you are the ugliest of the clan, and of hungry aspect enough, I am fat and plump. You will lead us on; and as soon as the old President sees this picture of starvation; he will surrender at once." Well it worked like a charm. They entered the palace in this order; the President was sent for and entered the room. He started back—"God God! gentleman, take all you want." The old hero, though his nerves never forsook him in battle, could not stand this but surrendered at once, and twenty three of twenty four obtained at once, and the twenty fourth; for being left out, let out the whole story.

The President and his Coachman.

Hon. T. Corwin tells the following story of the present incumbent of the White House: President Fillmore, upon his elevation to the Presidential Chair, was obliged, in conformity with the dignities of his new station, to purchase a carriage and horses—the horses were obtained—and Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, offered to dispose of his fine coach, which was accordingly sent to the new President for his inspection. Irish Jimmy, the White House Coachman, was on hand when Mr. Fillmore called at the stable to inspect it, and wishing an opinion from Jimmy, as to the fitness of the coach, asked if he thought it fine enough. "Och, it's a good coach, your honor," said Jimmy. "But is it good enough, Jimmy?" said the President. Jimmy, with a doubtful scratch of the head, answered again, in the same manner; when Mr. Fillmore, wanting a positive answer said: "Jimmy, do you think a second hand carriage would do for a President?" "Och," said Jimmy, "remember your honor's a second hand President and sure it's just right." The President took the coach.

From Our Exchanges.

One of the most distinguished of the Hungarian Generals who were taken prisoners and executed by the Austrians, had the singular name of Ernest Kiss. He was a wealthy proprietor, owning twenty-three villages, and was a man of excessive personal elegance as well as of chivalric courage. He regularly sent his linen all the way from Hungary to Paris to be washed, and was, in similar respects, a D'Orsay as well as a Bayard. His coolness in danger was remarkable, and it is told of him that one day, within reach of an Austrian battery, making an observation, he ordered his servant to bring him a cup of chocolate. A shot took it from his hand and killed his horse. "Clumsy rascals!" said Kiss, "they have upset my breakfast." When taken out with three others to be shot, he was superbly dressed. The order was given to fire, and his companions fell, while he stood untouched.—"You have forgotten me," said Kiss in his usual tone of voice. The corporal of the platoon stepped up and fired, and the ball striking him in the forehead, he fell dead without a struggle.

The Editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer recently saw a man who had a pocket knife upwards of eighty years old. The blade was about four inches long, and an inch wide, rounding at the point. It was manufactured by an Indian in the Mackinaw country. The blade had formed part of a sword taken from a Frenchman in the celebrated French and Indian war. The bone on one side of the handle was from the thigh of an Indian, and that on the other from the thigh-bone of an English soldier, killed on the Heights of Abraham, in Canada, where Gen. Wolfe lost his life.

They seem to be lenient to roguery in the backwoods if the rogery is smartly executed. A young woman lately dressed herself in male attire, stole her father's horse, and went off to seek her fortune. She was caught, however, and brought home. The editor who tells the story comments upon it thus: "She is a girl who will make her way in the world, and presents a right smart chance for some fellow who wants a wife." The passenger cars of one of the English railway companies furnish eleven miles of seat-room which would accommodate forty thousand persons. The surface of the goods' cars is equal to eleven acres, sufficient for the stowage of forty-one thousand tons. If all the wheels of all the cars belonging to the company were made into one great wheel, that great wheel would be seventy-two miles in circumference.

A farmer in Scotland, whose house was recently attacked at night by five robbers, fought them for an hour, with horse-pistol and revolver, his wife standing by loading the pistols, and exhorting him to "take steady aim." The rascals at length, by burning damp straw at the bottom of the stairs, forced the heroic pair to surrender; when the canny Scot plied them with whiskey to such a degree, that three of them were found next morning in a drunken sleep in a ditch near the house, and probably all the stolen property will be recovered.

Gov. Young, of Utah, the Mormon Territory, has, it is said, ninety wives. He drove along the streets, a few days since, with sixteen of them in a long carriage—fourteen of them having each an infant at her bosom. This statement is endorsed by the returning Chief Justice and Secretary. It is very well, we think, that President Fillmore has decided upon removing this American Turk; for a man with such a family to look after, can have precious little time to attend to State affairs.

A letter from Washington dated the 14th inst., says that Dr. Jackson of Philadelphia, who was sent for to attend Mr. Clay, came down with his friend Josiah Randall. The Doctor declared the disease bronchitis of the right lung. Mr. Clay requiring repose, will, at his physician's request leave here to-morrow or next day for Philadelphia, to stay either at Dr. Jackson's house, or at that of his friend's, Josiah Randall. It is thought that Mr. Clay will yet recover by skillful treatment. The American Cemetery, in Mexico, constructed with funds supplied by Congress, has been finished. It is near the city of Mexico, and the remains of the Americans who died or were killed during the Mexican war are to be removed to it. It is laid out along side of the English burial ground, occupying about two acres, and enclosed by a thick wall, fifteen feet in height; the entrance is through an arched gate-way, about twice the height of the wall; upon the arch is a figure of a cross. The whole work is of an appropriate and substantial order.

The work on the Washington National Monument has been suspended for the season. It has now attained the height of one hundred and four feet from the surface of the ground, and if it advances with the same rapidity as it has so far done, it will in a few years reach its apex at an elevation of five hundred and seventeen feet, forming the loftiest structure in the world. Dan Russell, Union candidate for auditor in Mississippi, being called on for a speech, began thus:—"Follow citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed I am no speaker. I do not desire to be a speaker; I only want to be an auditor."