TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is publishd every Thursday morning, at Two Dollars per anum, payable half yearly.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter od than six months; and no paper will be scontinued until all arrearages are paid. A on of the term subscribed for, will be considard as a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted the following rates: -50 cents per square for of first insertion: 75 cents for two insertions: for three insertions; and 25 cents per square sequent insertion. A liberal reducon made to those who advertise by the year. advertisements handed in must have the per number of insertions marked thereon. her will be published until forbidden, and arred in accordance with the above terms. Ma, All letters and communications to insure ention must be post paid. A. J. RHEY.

HE PROUD MISS MAC BRIDE.

ALEGEND OF GOTHAM

BY JOHN G. SAME. terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride, very personification of pride, she mimic'd along in Fashion's tide, lown Broadway—on the proper side— When the golden sun was setting;

ere was pride in the head she carried so high, de in her lip, and pride in her eye, ad a world of pride in the very sigh That her stately bosom was fretting; -sigh that a pair of elegant feet,

dal'd in satin, should kiss the streete very same that the vulgar greet common leather not over neut-For such is the common booting: and Christian tears may well be shed, at even among the gentlemen bred, se glorious Day of Morocco is dead, and Day & Martin are reigning instead, On a much inferior footing!)

terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride. and of her beauty, and proud of her pride. mi proud of fifty matters beside-That wouldn't have borne description ; oud of her wit, proud of her walk, of her teeth and proud of her t oud of "knowing cheese from chalk," On a very slight inspection!-

oud abroad, and proud at home. ad wherever she chanced to come .en she was glad and when she was glum, Proud as the head of a Saracen er the door of a tippling shop,ud as a duchess, proud as a fop, Proud as a boy with a bran-new top," Proud beyond comparison.

seems a singular thing to say, her very senses led her astray Respecting all humility: sooth, her dull auricular drum. ald find in Humble only a "hum' ad heard no sound of "gentle" come In talking about gentility.

hat Lowly meant, she did not know. she always avoided "everything low" With care the most punctilious; ad still queerer, the audible "super-silly" she never had found In the adjective supercilious!

e meaning of Meek she never knew, imagined the phrase had something to do "Moses"—a peddling German Jew, ho, like all hawkers the country, Was "a person of no position: it seemed to her exceedingly plain, the word was really known to pertain, a vulgar German it wasn't germaine, To a lady of high condition!

ber graces, -not her gracethat was in the "vocative case d with the touch of her icy face. Sat very stiffly upon her! never confessed a favor aloud, me of the simple, common crowdcoldly smiled and faintly bowed. s who would say "you do me proud, And do yourself an honor!"

ad yet the pride of Miss Mac Bride, longh it has fifty hobbies to ride, Had really no foundation; like the fabrics that gossips devisese single stories that often arise grow 'till they reach a four story size, Was merely a fancy creation!

ir a curious fact as ever was known human nature but often shown Alike in castle and cottage, at pride, like pigs of a certain breed, ill manage to live and thrive on feed As poor as a pauper's pottage.

list her wit should never have made her vain, as like her face, sufficiently plain; And as to her musical powers, hough she sang until she was hoarse, issued notes with a banker's force, were just such notes as we never endorse,

For any acquaintance of ours. for Miss Mac Bride first opened her eye aro' a sky light dim on the light of the sky But pride is a curious passion; in talking of her wealth and worth, She always forgot to mention her birth,

To people of rank and fashion. f all the notable things on earth, at queerest one is pride of birth, Among our fierce Democracy! bridge across a hundred years, out a prop to save it from sneersot even a couple of rotten peers thing for laughter, fleers and jeers, ls American Aristocracy.

aglish and Irish, French and Spanish, man, Italian, Dutch and Danish, ising their veins until they vanish In one conglomeration, tubile a tangle of blood indeed raidry-Harvey will ever succeed In finding the circulation.

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 plebian vocation. Or, worse than that, your boasted line

May end in the loup of stronger twine, That plagued some worthy relation. But Miss Mac Bride had something beside Her lefty 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 gems 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 plied, Or graced an honest ditty; For John had worked in his early day, In "Pots and Pearls," 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 rara-avis was honest John, (That's the latin for sable-swan) Though in one of his fancy flashes, A wicked wag, who meant to deride, Called honest John "Mr. Phanix Mac Bride, Because he rose from his ashes.'

Little by little, he grew to be rich, By saving of candle ends and "sich," Till he reached at last an opulent niche,-No very uncommon affair; For history quite confirms the law Expressed in the ancient Scottish saw: A Mickle may come to be mair!

Alack for many and ambitious beaux, She hung their hopes upon her nose; (The figure is quite horatian) Until from habit the member grew As very a Hook as ever ye knew
To the commonest observation.

A thriving tailor begged her hand, But she gave the fellow to understand By a violent manual action, She perfectly scorn'd the best of his clan. And reckon'd the ninth of any man, An exceedingly vulgar fraction.

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 cobbler keep to his calling.

The muse maid let a secret out: There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt, The folks who oftenest sneer and flout At "the dirty, low, mechanic," Are they, whose sires, by pounding their knees, Or coiling their legs, or trades like these,

From poverty's galling manacles A rich tobacconist comes and sues, And, thinking the lady would scarcely refuse, A man of his wealth and liberal views, Began at once with, "If you choose; And could really love him-But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff, With an answer rough and ready enough, To let him know she was up to snuff, And altogether above him.

Contrived to win their children's ease

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.

The last of those who came to court. Was a lively beau of the dapper sort, Without any visible means of support, A crime by no means flagrant In one who wears an elegant coat, But the very point on which they vote A ragged fellow a vagrant.

A courtly fellow was Dapper Jim, Sleek and suple tall and trim, And smooth of tongue as neat of limb A maugre his meagre pocket; You'd say from the glittering tales he told, That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold, With Fortunatus to rock it.

Now Dapper Jim his courtship plied. (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.

And the very magnificent Miss Mac Bride, Half in love and half in pride, Quite graciously relented ; And, tossing her head, and turning her back No token of proper pride to lack, To be a bride without the Mac. With much disdain, consented.

Alas, the people who've got their box Of cash beneath the best of locks Secure from all financial shocks, Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks, And madly rush upon Wall street rocks,

Without the least apology. Alas, that people whose money affairs Are sound beyond all need of repairs, Should ever tempt the bulls and bears Of Mammon's fierce Zoology.

Old John Mac Bride, one fatal day, Became the unresisting prey Of Fortune's undertakers; And staking all on a single die, His foundered bark went high and dry Among the brokers and breakers.

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 night, He used to wake with a dizzy fright, Frem 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 cereous things" Was a very wick-ed profession. And vulgar people, the saucy churls, Inquired about "the price of Pearls," And mock'd her situation: "She wasn't ruined—they ventured to hope Because she was poor, she needn't mope-

And that was a consolation. And to make her cup of woe run over, Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover Was the very first to forsake her; "He regretted the step, 'twas true-The lady had pride enough for two, But that alone would never do To quiet the butcher and baker.

Few people were better off for soap,

And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride The merest ghost of her early pride Bewails her lonely position: Cramped in the very narrowest niche Above the poor and below the rich; Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs Don't be haughty and put on airs With insolent pride of station. Don't be proud and turn up your nose At poorer people in plainer clothes, But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose, That wealth is a bubble that comes and goes, And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows, Is subject to irritation.

The Flower-Girl of Wyoming.

Ingham, the Painter' has left after him a portrait of the Flower-Girl of Wyoming, which is No later than yesterday, a friend, who would regarded by connoisseurs as a work of art of shrink from wilful misrepresentations, told us great merit. Connected with this picture of the hastily, as he passed, that the newspaper had Flower-Girl, is the following romantic, but really authentic story:

Many years ago a gentleman from England was travelling at his leisure, in the coaches of the United States mail, down the charming valley of Wyoming, and on a certain occasion chanced to tarry for a short time in the village of that name. It was mid summer, and while enjoying his after-dinner cigar on the portico of the tavern, a young girl suddenly made her appearance, offered for sale, in the innocence of her heart, a basket of fresh flowers. He purchased a handsome bouquet, and when the ceach was ready, continued his journey. Weeks had passed on, but wherever he wandered he was continually haunted by the surpassing loveliness of the unknown flower-girl of Wyoming, and he soon found himself once more a sojourner in the village inn. He had by this time become so deeply interested in the stranger girl that he had made many inquiries about her condition, and found that she was the only daughter of poor but highly respectable parents. With these parents he finally became acquainted, and in the process of time obtained permission to place the daughter at one of the principal seminaries in the country. While she was storing her mind with knowledge, her benefactor was living in England. Time passed on; he returned to Wyoming, found the rustic flower-girl an accomplished lady, offered her his hand in marriage, was accepted and married, ; and after settling a property on his American parents, crossed the Atlantic with his bride, and settled in one of the pleasant vales of England, where he now in question is an actual portrait, and was taken from a sketch which the artist painted on the very day the English stranger purchased a boquet of the Flower-Girl of Wyoming.

A Brace of Cutting Impromptus.

Fox, the celebrated orator, was one day told by a lady whom he visited, that she did not care "three skips of a louse for him." He immediate. ly took out his pencil and wrote the following

"A lady has told me, and in her own house, That she cares not for me 'three skips of a louse, I forgive 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 repuie ever yet was found: The secret stands revealed in nature's work-She saved her cenom to create a BURKE!"

Another Project, and a Wild One.

Lieut. Pim, an English naval officer, who belonged to a recent surveying expedition at Behring Straits, offers to go in search of Sir John Franklin over land. He proposes to travel by seed sown thus and then, may be hidden for and Jakoutz, to the mouth of the Kolyma, and life and actions of the learner ever thereafter. theree commence exploring the coast of Siberia, Ill fares it with the man who has no rememeast and west, a distance little short of 10,000 brance of kneeling; as a child, beside his mothmiles. He does not ask for a party, but merely for a companion and servant; and he thinks that lips. He knows nothing of life's holiest memothe expense attending the journey would be trifling, in comparison to fitting out ships. The er who confides her child's first trachings to English Admiralty declined this offer; but agreed another—who allows a stranger to write on the to grant him an unlimited leave of absence if he tablets of her child's mind that which will bias could prosecute the journey by private subscrip- its whole life career, and be as indestructable tion. He will, therefore, apply to the Russian as the mind itself. The lives of the great men Emperor for free conveyances through his do- of history, most of them-and when we say great minions. He proposes to proceed first to St. | men, we understand good men-prove this. Petersburg, and from thence to Moscow by rail- They have looked back to the time when their way; from Moscow to Irkutz Teligi, on sledges, teacher was their mother, and thence have traa distance of 3544 miles, and from Irkutz to Jakoutz, also on sledges, a distance of 1824 miles. The whole journey occupuying about 4 months. | moil of busy life; though At Jakoutz all regular travelling conveniences terminates, and the 1200 miles to the river Kolyma, as well as the 2000 miles of search, would task might be completed, if, unfortunately, before that time, no traces should have been found of the missing ships.

Exaggeration.

that was not "pitch dark ?" -of a stout man that | its last. was not "as strong as a horse?" -or of a miry road that was not "up to the knee?" We would alk "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 somewhat 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 uy while we are in the "chops of the channel," the waves are sure to "run mountains high;" and if a man grow rich, we all say that "he rolls in money." "nothing in it but advertisements."

Good.

Jenny Lind sing during her first series of con- bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and at length, by burning damp straw at the bottom certs in New York, and thus speaks of the fact: make creditors better natured? An angry man of the stairs, forced the heroic pair to a surren-"We have heard the celebrated Swedish cocka- adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since der; when the canny Scot plied them with whiswaited on Barnum. Sez he, "we give no tickets without the least apology, and found only "in to the outside press." Sez we, (with an edito- the bosom of fools" why should it be indulged near the house, and probably all the stolen prorial leader in our eye,) "we'll buy one." Sez he, at all? 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 a-b-ab said, "cut my straps and let me go up!" We said, "don't expose yourself." Her voice is not square, it is of 'to get their pay.' Poor old man, he was to be dorsed by the returning Chief Justice and Secan oval texture. It will suit the ear of Bunkum. When she got up in the sustenuto we stood agash; out when she tried it on with the flauto, the obligato, and sunk down to the erupper-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."

Pompeli.

A recent letter from an American gentleman in Naples, says: posed to rest himself from the fatigues of his The old hero, though his nerves never forsook that Mr. Clay will yet recover by skillful treatdevastating labors of last year. Pompeii is hin in battle, could not stand this but surren- ment. slowly appearing above ground. About 20 laborers are kept at work, who managed to get off a cartload of earth a day frem the superincumlives in the enjoyment of every thing which bent city. Not one half of the entire city is yet wealth and education can afford. The picture excavated. The earthly mound which covers it The President and his Coachman. led during the Mexican war are to be removed 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."

The Colossus of Rhodes.

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 Jemmy. 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 "Och," said Jemmy, "remember your honor's prepared speech. Indeed I am no speaker. I do not desire to be a speaker; I only want to be

The First Lesson.

No teaching like a mother's ! no lessons sink into the virgin soil of childhood so deeply as years; but it still lives, and influences the er's knee, and learning his first lessons from her ced a silent influence that was ever about them -"still, small voice" heard amid the loud tur-

"Chances mocked and changes filled the cup of alternation,"

have to be performed in a manner best adapted high places in the sight of their follows. And all great men have loved the memory of those the love of her who framed their childish accents, and formed their minds, has transcended sal among mankind, it is that of coloring too they look to heaven. Other loves may fall incontent with a simple relation of truth-we must | mingled with suffering, and have left regret and | his life. exaggerate, we must have "a little too much red disappointment behind; but this, beginning in the brush." Who ever heard of a dark night | with the first breath of being, ends only with

Never Get Angry.

compensation or apology, a present graincation of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels | comments upon it thus; "She is a girl who will no better for it. It is really a torment; and make her way in the world, and presents a right when the storm of passion has cleared away smart chance for some fellow who wants a wife." it leaves one to see that he has been a fool; and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others | way companies furnish eleven miles of seat-room 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 abent him in the same state of mind as if they cars belonging to the company were made into were living next to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperits 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 them for an hour, with horse-pistol and revolver, winds more propitious, the grounds more pro-The editor of the Bunkum Flag Staff, heard duetive, the markets more favourable? Will a trice. We traveled some miles (free ticket) and then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, key to such a degree, that three of them were

Patronage to Printers.

shrewd fellow, stopped the procession and pro- State affairs. dered at once, and twenty three of twenty four obtained at once, and the twenty fourth; for be- ted with funds supplied by Congress, has been ing left out, let out the whole story.

the present incumbent of the White House: President Fillmore, upon his elevation to the enclosed by a thick wall, fifteen feet in heiget; Presidential Chair, was obliged, in conformity the entrance is through an arched gate-way, awith the dignities of his new station, to purchase | bout twice the height of the wall; upon the arch a carriage and horses—the horses were obtained-and Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, offered

Irish Jemmy, the White House Coachman, was on hand when Mr. Fillmore called at the stable to inspect it, and wishing an opinion from feet from the surface of the ground, and if it Jemmy, as to the fitness of the coach, asked if advances with the same rapidity as it has so far he thought it fine enough.

dingly sent to the new President for his inspec-

"Och, it's a good coach, your honor," said

Jemmy, with a doubtful scratch of the head, answered again, in the same manner; when Mr. Fillmore, wanting a positive answer said: "Jemmy, do you think a second hand carriage

would do for a President?" 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 mothers; other loves may have possessed them | Mackinaw country. The blade had formed part point. It was manufactured by an Indian in the of a sword taken from a Frenchman in the celebrated French and Indian war. The bone on If there be any one mannerism that is univer- all; set as a star apart, and worshipped when Indian, and that on the other from the thighhighly the things we describe. We cannot be to "the sere, the yellow leaf;" may have been of Abraham, in Canada, where Gen. Wolfe lost

They seem to be lenient to requery in the backwoods if the reguery 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

The passenger cars of one of the English railwhich would accommodate forty thousand persons. The surface of the goods' cars is equal to eleven acres, sufficient for the stowage of fortyone thousand tons. If all the wheels of all the 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 his wife standing by loading the pistols, and exhorting him to "take steady aim." The rascals found next morning in a drunken sleep in a ditch perty will be recovered.

Gov. Young, of Utah, the Mormon Territory, has, it is said, ninety wives. He drove along the It is stated that the day after General Jack- streets, a few days since, with sixteen of them son's inauguration, twenty four editors of news- in a long carriage-fourteen of them having each papers, marched in procession to the President an infant at her bosom. This statement is enpitied. Among them was Noah, of the Advo- retary. It is very well, we think, that President cate, and Hill of the Patriot. Noah, was a man Fillmore has decided upon removing this Amerof ease, and to appearance, well fed. Hill was ican Turk; for a man with such a family to look lean and-a very Cassius. Noah, a cunning after, can have precious little time to attend to

posed a different order. 'Here!' said he 'Hill A letter from Washington dated the 14th inst. you are the ugliest of the clan, and of hungry says that Dr. Jackson of Philadelphia, who was aspect enough, I am fat and plump. You will sent for to attend Mr. Clay, came down with his lead us on, ; and as soon as the old President friend Josiah Randall. The Doctor declared the sees this picture of starvation; he will surrender disease bronchitas of the right lung. Mr. Clay at once." Well it worked like a charm. They requiring repose, will, at his physician's request entered the palace in this order; the President leave here to-morrow or next day for Philadelwas sent for and entered the room. He started phia, to stay either at Dr. Jackson's house, or at "Vesuvius is calmly smoking, and seems dis- back-Good God! gentleman, take all you want." that of his friend's, Josiah Rundall. It is thought

> The American Cemetery, in Mexico, construcfinished. It is near the city of Mexico, and the Hon. T. Corwin tells the following story of to it. It is laid out along side of the English burial ground, occupaying about two acres, and is a figure of a cross. The whole work is of an to dispose of his fine coach, which was accord- 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 done, it will in a few years reach its apex at an elevation of five hundred and seventeen feet, for-"But is it good enough, Jemmy?" said the ming the loftiest structure in the world.

Ban Russel, Union candidate for auditor in Mississippi, being called on for a speech, began thus:-

"Fellow citizens, you have called on me for a an auditor."