

# Mountain Sentinel.

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

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From the Pennsylvania, Pierce and King.

BY GARRETT B. CULLIN.

AIR—A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
With loud huzzas upon the air,  
Our banner proudly fling;  
And let the foemen meet it here,  
Inscribed with Pierce and King,  
Ay! let them hear your battle shout,  
To dare them to the fray,  
From Democratic hearts spring out  
In confidence to day.

With loud huzzas, &c.

With justice on our side array'd  
Our principles well known—  
On their's corruption is displayed  
With virtue overthrown;  
Then who can doubt, that victory  
Will crown our hallowed cause,  
When battling well for liberty,  
For equal rights and laws.

With loud huzzas, &c.

For years, our land with anxious eyes,  
Has longed to hail the hour,  
When freedom will in strength arise  
To crush corrupted power.  
What tho' they strut and bluster fierce,  
And claim the White House dome;  
With eager hearts, their ranks we'll pierce,  
And send them a King home.

With loud huzzas, &c.

**A Short Story with a Moral.**  
A young Yankee had formed an attachment for a daughter of a rich old farmer, and after agreeing with the bonnie lassie, went to the old farmer to ask consent; and, during the ceremony—which was an awkward one with Jonathan—he whittled away at a stick. The old man watched the movement of the knife, and at the same time continued to talk on the prospects of his future son-in-law, as he supposed, until the stick had dwindled down to naught. He then spoke as follows:—

"You have fine property; you have steady habits; good enough looking; but you can't have my daughter. Had you made something, no matter what, of the stick you have whittled away, you could have had her; as it is, you cannot, your property will go as the stick did, little by little, until all is gone, and your family is reduced to want. I have read your true character; you have my answer."

**ARISTOCRACY.**—"Ten or twenty years ago this one butchered, that one made candles; another one sold butter and cheese; and a fourth carried on a distillery; another was a canal contractor; others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them, though it would not do for me to say so out loud. For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies and they live about a year. In many instances the father grubs and grows rich; his children strut and use the money; their children inherit their pride and go to shiftless poverty; and their children, re-invigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by smell of the clod, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes its leaves into blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to re-appear in new trees and fresh garniture."

**THE LEARNED ELEPHANT.**—"That's a werry knowin' hannah of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.—"Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks and antics, does he?" inquired the cockney eyeing the animal through his glass. "Surprising," retorted the keeper, "we've learned him to put money in that box you see there. Try him with a crown." The cockney handed him a crown piece, and sure enough he took it in his trunk, and placed it in a box high out of reach. "Well, that is werry extraordinary—astonishing, truly," said the green one. "Now let's see him take it out and hand it back."—"We never learn him that trick," retorted the keeper, with a roguish leer; and he turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

**BETTING WITH A MULE.**—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go over dis bridge," and with that he struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet den?" said the negro, and he contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge.—"I won dat quarter, any how," said Jack. "But how will you get your money?" said a man who had been close by, unperceived.—"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to git con for de mule, and I takes de quarter out!"

## Gen. Scotts--Gen. Jackson--Gov. Clinton.

In April, 1817, Gen. Jackson, the commander of the Southern Division of the United States Army, issued an order concerning that Division. This order was spoken of by Gen. Scott in terms highly insulting to a brother officer, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy. Of the language of General Scott, Gen. Jackson was informed by an anonymous letter from New York, and he made a respectful call upon Gen. Scott for an explanation. The reply of Gen. Scott, as appears from the annexed letter, was insulting and opprobrious. This letter we have never seen in print, but to it Gen. Jackson replied as follows:

GEN. JACKSON TO GEN. SCOTT.  
Head Quarters, Division of the South,  
Nashville, Dec. 3, 1817.

SIR:—I have been absent from this place a considerable time, rendering the last friendly office I could, to a particular friend, whose eyes I closed on the 20th ult. Owing to this, your letter of the 4th October was not received until the 1st instant.

Upon the receipt of the anonymous communication made me from New York, I hastened to lay it before you; that course was suggested to me by the respect I felt for you as a man and a soldier, and that you might have it in your power to answer how far you have been guilty of so base and inexcusable conduct. Independent of the services you had rendered your country, the circumstances of your wearing the badge and insignia of a soldier, led to the conclusion that I was addressing a gentleman. With those feelings you were written to, and had an idea been for a moment entertained that you could have descended from the high and dignified character of a major general of the United States, and used a language so opprobrious and insolent as you have done, rest assured I should have viewed you as rather too contemptible to have had any converse with you on the subject. If you have lived in the world thus long in the entire ignorance of the obligations and duties which honor impose, you are indeed past the time of hearing; and surely he must be ignorant of them, who seems so little to understand their influence.

Pray, sir, does your recollection, serve, in what school of philosophy you were taught; that to lay inquiring into the nature of a supposed injury, and clothed in language decorous and unexceptionable, an answer should be given, couched in pompous insolence and bullying expression? I had hoped that what was charged upon you by my anonymous correspondent, was unfounded; I had hoped so from the belief that General Scott was a soldier and a gentleman; but when I see those statements doubly confirmed by his own words, it becomes a matter of inquiry how far an honorable feeling can reconcile them to himself; or longer set up a claim to that character. Are you ignorant, sir, that had my order, at which your refined judgment is so extremely touched, been made the subject of inquiry, you might from your standing, not your character, been constituted one of my judges? How very improper, then, was it, thus situated, and without a knowledge of any of the attendant circumstances, for you to have prejudged the whole matter. This, at different times, and in the circle of your friends, you could do; and yet had I been arraigned, and you detailed as one of my judges, with the design of an assassin lurking under a fair exterior, you would have approached the holy sanctuary of justice! Is conduct like this congenial with that high sense of dignity which should be seated in a soldier's bosom? Is it due from a brother to assail in the dark, the reputation of another, and stab him in a moment when he cannot expect it? I might insult an honorable man with questions such as these, but shall not expect that they will harrow up one who must be dead to all those feelings which are characteristics of a gentleman.

In terms as polite as I was capable of noing, I asked you if my informant had stated truly, if you were the author of the publication and remarks charged against you, and to what extent; a reference to your letter, without any comment of mine, will inform how far you have pursued a similar course;—how little of the gentleman, and how much of the hectoring bully you have manifested. If nothing else would, the epaulets which grace your shoulders, should have dictated a different course, and have admonished you that, however small may have been your respect for another, respect for yourself should have taught you the necessity of replying, at least mildly, to the inquiries I suggested; and more especially should you have done this, when your own constructions must have fixed you as guilty of the abominable crime of detraction—of slandering, and behind his back, a brother officer. But not content with answering to what was proposed, your overweening vanity has led you to make an offering of your advice.

Believe me, sir, it is not in my power to render you my thanks; I think too highly of myself to suppose that I stand at all in need of your admonitions; and too lightly of you to appreciate them as useful. For good advice I am always thankful; but never fail to spurn it when I know it to flow from an incompetent and corrupt source; the breast where base and guil-

ty passions dwell is not the place to look for virtue or any thing that leads to virtue. My notions, sir, are not those now taught in modern schools, and in fashionable high life: they were imbibed in ancient days, and hitherto have, and yet bear me to the conclusion that he who can wantonly outrage the feelings of another—who without cause, can extend injury where none is done, is capable of any crime, however detestable in its nature, and will not fail to commit it, whenever it may be imposed by necessity.

I shall not stoop to a justification of my order before you, or to notice the weakness and absurdities of your tinsel rhetoric; it may be quite conclusive with yourself, and I have no disposition to attempt convincing you, that your ingenuity is not as profound as you have imagined it. To my government, whenever it may please, I hold myself liable to answer, and to produce the reasons which prompted me to the course I took; and to the intermeddling spies and pimps of the war department, who are in the garb of gentlemen, I hold myself responsible for any grievance they may labor under on my account, with whom you have my permission to number yourself. For what I have said I offer no apology; you have deserved it all, and more, were it necessary to say more. I will barely remark in conclusion, that if you feel yourself aggrieved at what is here said, any communication from you will meet me safely at this place. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,  
your most obt' svt.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Brevet Major Gen. W. Scott,  
U. S. Army, New York.  
To this letter Gen. Scott, after a delay of one month, replied as follows:

Head Quarters, 1st and 3d Military Departments, New York, Jan. 2, 1818.

SIR—Your letter of the 3d ultimo, was handed to me about the 22d, and has not been read, I might say thought of since. These circumstances will show you that it is my wish to reply to you "dispassionately."

I regret that I cannot accept the challenge you offer me. Perhaps I may be restrained from wishing to level a pistol at the breast of a fellow being in private combat, by a sense of religion; but lest this motive should excite the ridicule of gentlemen of liberal habits of thinking and acting, I beg leave to add, that I decline the honor of your invitation from patriotic scruples.—[!] My ambition is not that of Erostratus.—I should think it would be easy for you to console yourself under this refusal, by the application of a few epithets, as coward, &c., to the object of your resentment, and I here promise to leave you until the next war, to persuade yourself of their truth.

I have the honor to be,

Your obt' svt.,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

To Gen. Andrew Jackson,  
Commanding the Southern  
Division of the United States' Army.

In this letter, Gen. Scott alleges two reasons for declining to accept Gen. Jackson's challenge: first, "a sense of religion," and second, "patriotic scruples." We are not disposed to object to these reasons for not fighting. Let us see, though Gen. Scott was sincere in professing to be influenced by them, as matters of principle.

In April, 1819, De Witt Clinton, of New York, a talented and high-toned man, made the following publication in the newspapers of the day in regard to Gen. Scott. It explains itself.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Gen. Scott, of the army of the United States, having in a letter of the 3d of January, 1818, to Gen. Jackson, insinuated that I had written, dictated or instigated an anonymous letter, to the latter gentleman, for unworthy motives and improper purposes; and having also concealed the imputation from me until the publication of a pamphlet which reached me on the 4th inst., I have considered it proper to declare, that I have had no agency or participation in writing, dictating or instigating any anonymous letter whatever to Gen. Jackson—and that I am entirely ignorant of the author—and that the intimation of Gen. Scott is totally and unqualifiedly false to all intents and purposes and in all respects. This declaration is made from motives of respect for public opinion, and not for any regard for Gen. Scott, whose conduct on this occasion is such a total departure from honor and propriety as to render him unworthy of the notice of a man who has any respect for himself.

It is not probable that I can at this time have any recollection of having had that the honor of seeing Gen. Scott on the 9th of June, 1817, at a dinner in New York, or of the topic of conversation as he suggests; circumstances so unimportant are not apt to be impressed upon the memory. But I feel a confident persuasion that I did not make use of any expressions incompatible with the high respect which I entertain for Gen. Jackson.

DE WITT CLINTON.

Albany, April 6th, 1819.  
After this publication had been before this country a considerable time, De Witt Clinton was elected Governor of New York, and upon his inauguration took a public oath, of the most binding character, against duelling—that he

would not, in fact, be concerned, directly or indirectly, in any duel. As soon as Gov. Clinton had taken upon himself this oath of office, Gen. Scott CHALLENGED HIM TO FIGHT A DUEL, on account of the above publication, knowing, as he did, that his challenge could not be accepted without injury on the part of Gov. Clinton.—In this instance, it seems, "a sense of religion" and "patriotic scruples" had little weight with Gen. Scott. Under the circumstances, Gov. Clinton gave Gen. Scott the only reply he could. He informed him that he would "hold his challenge under advisement, until he (Scott) should settle an unadjusted difficulty between himself and one A. Jackson."

## A Yankee Macbeth.

The Boston Carpet Bag relates the following laughable anecdote, in which Charlotte Cushman and a low comedian named Adams figured together:

One night Charlotte Cushman was to play Lady Macbeth, and a "distinguished comedian" was to come off "Mr. Macbeth." The flaming handbills were posted, and great things promised. As the hour for the performance to begin approached, news came that Mr. Macbeth was attacked with the "tremens." The manager stormed and fretted—Charlotte was alarmed, and a complete failure seemed inevitable. But a fellow named Adams, who had done the Yankee for the establishment, and who had a good memory, and had read Macbeth, volunteered to become the hero of Dunsinane. The play commenced, Miss Cushman was doing up the tragic in her best style. Mr. Adams succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of the manager. until the banquet scene "came on board," when poor Adams was utterly at fault! He recollected the sentiments, but the wording of the poetry he had entirely forgotten. He ought to have said:

Avant and quit my sight! Let earth hide thee.  
Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood cold!  
Thou has no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare so with!

Instead of this, the immortal Adams bust forth in his richest style: "Yeou git out! Go hide yourself! Yer hain't got no marrow in yer bones—yer blood's colder'n thunder—yer hain't got no speculation in yer eyes! Yeou git out!"

The horse, stage and all, yelled with laughter, and after it had in a measure subsided, Charlotte advanced to the front of the stage, as the writer says, looking sour as pickled crab-apples, and said in the words of the book:

"Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other—  
Though it spoils the pleasure of the time."  
Mr. Adams felt that he had "sold" himself, and ever after, when asked to undertake tragedy, grins a ghastly smile and says "yeou git out!"

**SOUND ARGUMENT.**—A colored gentleman preaching to a black audience at the South said:

"I's'pote, I s'pect, de reason de Lord made us brack men, was he use all de white men up 'fore he get to de brack men and he had to make him brack. But dat don't make no odds my breddren; de Lord look after de brack man too. Don't de scripture say dat two sparrer hawks are sold for a farden, and dat one of 'em shall fall to de ground without der farder! Well, den, my breddren, if you hebenly ferly cares so much for de sparrer hawk, when you can buy two of dem for a farden, how much more he cares for you, dat is wuf six or seben hundred dollars a piece!"

**A "REFRESHING" IDEA.**—This morning a wash friend of ours was standing and gazing intently on the operations of a pile driving machine at work, on Light street wharf, and as the ponderous weight of iron descended on the pile, a gentleman of round face and reddest countenance, accosted him with the inquiry: "What he thought of the fall of that heavy weight of iron?" He replied, "I was thinking if your head was on the pile when the iron came down, heaven's what a brandy smash it would make this hot morning!"

**"BUT YE CAN'T VOTE."**—Great was the amazement and dismay among the Irish laborers, when the steam shovels were first put into operation on a certain section of the Vermont Central railroad, and one of the sturdiest of theibernians, after gazing at his huge rival for a few moments, thus apostrophized the enemy:—

"Well, faith, ye are a big divil of a baste, and mighty strong in the arrams; may be, now, ye think yerself as good as an Irishman, but (with a look of ineffable contempt) d—n your sowl, ye can't vote!"

An attempt is to be made to set the Chinese in California to cultivating tea. This is better than driving them away and may turn out to be as productive a mine as the gold itself.

There is a Fancy Rabbit Club in London, where prizes are awarded for the best breed "long ears," best colors, and most weight. At the last exhibition Mr. Herring, the animal painter, carried off the prize, as his rabbit, aged "four months and fifteen days," had ears twenty and a half inches long, and four and three quarters broad.

## From the French of Holstein. THE MUTE WITNESS; Or the Dog and the Assassin.

BY MRS. C. A. SOULE.

While traveling in 1787, through the beautiful city of Leipzig, I observed about half a league from the gate of the town a few rods from the highway, a wheel, and the bones of a chained corpse exposed to the gaze of every passer.

The following is the history of that criminal, as I learned it from the lips of the judge who conducted the trial and condemned him to be broken alive.

A German butcher being benighted in the midst of a forest, lost his way, and while endeavoring to gain the road was attacked by three highwaymen. He was on horseback and accompanied by a large dog. One of the robbers seized the horse by the bridle while two others dragged the butcher from the saddle and felled him. The dog leaped immediately upon one of them and strangled him; but the other wounded the animal so severely that he rushed into the thicket, uttering the most fearful howl. The butcher, who by this time had disengaged himself from the grasp of the second robber, drew his knife and killed him. But at the same moment he received a shot from the third, he who had just wounded the dog, and falling was despatched by the thief, who found upon him a large sum in gold, a silver watch and a few other articles of value. He plundered the corpse, leaped upon the horse and fled.

The next morning, two wood cutters, happening in that path, were surprised to find three dead bodies and a large dog, who seemed to be guarding them. They examined them and endeavored to restore life, but in vain. One of them dressed the wounds of the dog, gave him some food, and sought some water for him, while the other hastened to the nearest village to inform the magistrate of the discovery. The officer accompanied by several attendants, was soon on the spot; a surgeon examined the wounds of the three bodies; they drew up verbal process and interred them.

The dog had dragged himself, in the course of the night, when all was quiet, to the corpse of his master, where he was found the next morning. He allowed his new friends to dress his wounds, and as if foreseeing that he must consent to live that he must one day avenge the murdered; he ate and drank, but would not leave the spot. He looked on quietly while they dug the grave and allowed them to bury the bodies; but as soon as the turf was replaced, he stretched himself upon it, howled mournfully and resisted all the efforts of the bystanders to induce him to move. He snapped at all who came near him, except the woodman who had tended him. He bore his carresses, but no sooner did the man attempt to take his paws to remove him from the grave, than he gnashed his teeth and would have wounded him severely, if he had not quickly fled. Every one admiring the fidelity of the dog, and when the woodman offered to carry him food and drink every day, that he might not perish, the magistrate proposed taking up a collection to remunerate the man, who was poor and the father of a large family. With difficulty he was induced to accept the money; but he finally did, and from that moment burdened himself with the care of his new pensioner.

The details of this horrible event were published in the principal journals of the country. M. Meyer, a brother of the butcher's, reading some time afterwards the advertisement of the magistrate, hastened instantly to his presence, saying he had fears which he believed now were only too well founded, that his brother had fallen into the hands of robbers, as he had left home with a large sum in gold for the purchase of beaves, and had not since been heard from. His suspicions were only too sadly confirmed when the magistrate related to him the singular conduct of a dog which he described. M. Meyer, accompanied by the officer and several others repaired to the grave. As soon as the dog perceived his master's brother, he howled, lapped his hands, and evinced numerous other demonstrations of grief and joy. By different parts of his dress, M. Meyer recognised the body of his brother when they disinterred it. The absence of the gold and the watch, the wounds of the butcher and his dog, those of the two other bodies, together with the disappearance of the horse, convinced the magistrate and the witnesses that the deceased had not only been assailed by the two, but also by one or several others, who had fled with the horse and the plunder.

Having obtained permission, M. Meyer removed his brother's corpse to his native village and interred it in the adjoining cemetery.—The faithful dog followed the body, but by degrees became attached to his new master. Every effort was made by the most diligent search and the offer of immense rewards, to discover the assassins. But in vain; the horrible tragedy remained an enigma.

Two years had passed away, and all hopes of solving the mystery vanished, when M. Meyer received a letter urging him to repair without delay to Leipzig to close the eyes of his mater-

nal uncle, who desired to see him before he died. He immediately hastened thither accompanied by his brother's dog, who was his companion at all times. He arrived too late. His relative had deceased the previous evening, bequeathing him a large fortune. He found the city crowded, it being the season of the great fair held regularly there, twice a year.

While walking one morning on the public square attended as usual by his dog, he was astonished to behold the animal suddenly rush forward like a flash. He dashed through the crowd and leaped furiously upon an elegantly dressed young man, who was seated in the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform erected for the use of those spectators who desired more conveniently to witness the shows. He held him by the throat with so firm a grasp, that he would soon have strangled him, had not aid been instantly rendered. They immediately chained the dog thinking of course he must be mad, and strove to kill him. M. Meyer rushed through the crowd, arrived in time to rescue his faithful friend, calling eagerly in the mean time upon the bystanders to arrest the man, for he believed his dog recognised in him the murderer of his brother.

Before he had time to explain himself, the young man profiting by the tumult escaped.—For some moments they thought Meyer himself was mad, and he had great difficulty in persuading those who had bound the dog, that the faithful creature was not in the least dangerous, and begged earnestly of them to release him that he might pursue the assassin. He spoke in so convincing a manner that his hearers finally felt persuaded of the truth of his assertions and restored the dog to his freedom, who joyously bounded to his master, leaped about him a few times, and then hastened away.

He divided the crowd and was soon upon his enemy's track. The police, which on these occasions is very active and prompt, were immediately informed of this extraordinary event, and a number of officers were soon in pursuit. The dog became in a few moments the object of public curiosity, and every one drew back to give him room. Business was suspended, and the crowd collected in groups conversing of nought but the dog, and the murder which had been committed two years before.

After an hour's expectation, a general rush indicated that the search was over. The man had stretched himself upon the ground, under the heavy folds of a double tent and believed himself hidden. But in spite of his fancied security, the avenger had tracked him and leaping upon him, he bit him, tore his garments and would have killed him upon the spot, had not the assistants rushed to his rescue.

He was immediately arrested, and led with M. Meyer and the dog, then carefully bound, before the judge, who hardly knew what to think of so extraordinary an affair. Meyer related all that had happened two years before and insisted upon the imprisonment of the man, declaring that he was the murderer of his brother for his dog could not be deceived. During all the time it was found almost impossible to hold the animal who seemed determined to attack the prisoner. Upon interrogating the latter, the judge was not satisfied with his replies and ordered him to be searched. There was found upon him a large sum in gold, some jewels, and five watches, four of them gold and very valuable, while the fifth was an old silver one, of but little consequence. As soon as Meyer saw the last, he declared it to be the same that his brother wore the day he left home, and the description of his watch published months previously, corroborated his assertions. The robber never dared expose it, for fear it would lead to his detection, as he was well aware it had been described very minutely in all the principal journals of Germany.

In short after the most minutely and convective legal proceedings of eight months, the murderer was condemned to be broken alive and his corpse to remain chained upon the wheel as an example to others. On the night preceding his execution, he confessed, amongst other crimes, what till then he always denied, that he was the murderer of Meyer's brother. He gave them all the details above related and declared that he always believed that the accursed dog died of his wounds. "Had it not been for him," he repeated several times, "I should not have been here. Nothing else could have discovered me, for I had killed the horse and buried him with all his woe."

He expired on the wheel and his was the corpse which I beheld before entering the city of Leipzig.

**A YOUNG GOOSE.**—A market girl sold a gentleman a fine fat goose, warranting it to be young. It turned out, when roasted, to be unmanageably tough. The next day the gentleman said to the market girl—

"That goose which you sold me for a young one was very old."  
"Certainly not," said the girl; "don't you call me young?"

"Yes."  
"Well, I am but nineteen, and I heard mother say often, that the goose was six weeks younger than me."  
The gent fainted.