

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements inserted must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, and they will be published until so notified, or charged in accordance with the above terms. All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RILEY

From the Louisville Times.

MY BIRTHDAY.

My birthday! Oh! what myriad memories Of joy and sorrow wake at thy return, Sweeping the clouds that have been silent long; And they are breathing such rich melody That tears and smiles are blended in my heart As to the notes I list. They're coming now In wild exuberance of childish glee; And now, as a thick shadow intervenes, The music sweet is hushed in mournfulness. Thy, thus in life is ever mingled mirth And sadness, light and gloom.

How oft hast thou been welcomed by fond hearts Of cherished ones I'll meet on earth no more! And there was one whose smile was dearer far To my young heart than others e'er could be. Her's was a smile wreathed by the hallow'd light Illumining her spirit's depths.

How shall I welcome thee, my birthday? Now Thou comest to me when gladness earth is crowned In rich luxuriance with fruit and flower: Thou comest when spring's soft budding loveliness Has burst in summer's brightest, gayest bloom; And yet 'tis early I must greet thee now, For thus around me seems the sun to throw His regal splendor; and the very air With sighs seems laden as it fans my cheek, As if e'en nature could divine the thoughts Within the depths of my sad heart.

How very like my spirit, is the month That ushered it into existence. Warm, Impetuous, impulsive, as the glow That sunlight flings o'er morning's smiling sky; And true and changeless too as the bright rays That at creation's hour were kindled there Are the affections burning in its depths.

Bright month! thy every lovely tint must fade: The fragrant flowers must droop and wither all; And Autumn, with its gentle sadness, come; And Winter's cheerful hours must pass, and Spring, Sweet, smiling Spring, must come and go ere Thou Will gladden earth again.

And she, perhaps, Who sadly greets thee now, will lie beneath Thy clustering flowers in that sweet dreamless sleep That e'en the very weariest heart can rest— Where morn and eve bright dew-drops, Heaven's own tears, Will moisten the green turf above her head— And there perhaps some loving hand will strew Her favorite flowers—the flowers she used to love.

And Christ, But if when thou comest again Thou'lt find her among the living ones of earth, Her prayer is now that when her birthday next Shall dawn, its light will find her happier, And only welcomed by her joyous smiles.

LOUISVILLE, July 16, 1852. ADA.

The Kentucky Block.

This beautiful block, the production of the mill of the noble State it is to represent in the Washington "National Monument." It is a handsome specimen of drab-colored limestone, 7 feet long by 3 feet 4 inches in height. The carving and lettering are executed in a masterly manner and represent in the centre the full-length figures of the lamented Clay and Crittenden, surrounded by a beautifully executed wreath of oak and laurels, with the words "United we stand, divided we fall;" on the outside is the inscription, "Under the auspices of Heaven and the precepts of Washington, Kentucky will be the last to give up the Union." The whole is executed in bold relief, and projects four inches from the face of the block.—National Intelligencer.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Great Men never Die.

In the oration delivered by Mr. Webster in Faneuil Hall, in 1829, on the death of Adams and Jefferson, he thus tells us, and his words have now full application to himself, that the great and good men never die:

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there, of the great and good, which can die. To their country they yet live, and live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example, and they live, emphatically, and will live in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.—Eaon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space."

Tribute to Gen. Pierce.

The following address was delivered by Gen. Franklin Pierce, at Concord, N. H.:

Mr. Chairman—How deeply have all hearts been impressed by the fervent appeal to that Power in which our fathers put their trust, in the hour of their weakness and trials. And how has that solemn impression been enhanced by the last words of the truly great man, just read by the Rev. Dr. Bouton.

But a few weeks have passed since a deep gloom was cast over our country by the death of the great statesman of the West. It had long been understood that this light was flickering in its socket, and must soon go out. Still, the announcement, when it came, was laden with sadness; and we have all since then been disposed to look with warmer affection and more glowing gratitude to his great compeer and associate, the intelligence of whose sudden demise will fall like a funeral pall upon the public mind throughout that Union to which he gave his best efforts.

I had met Mr. Webster repeatedly prior to 1833, but my personal acquaintance with him may be said to have commenced with my first winter at Washington. His attachment to our State was singularly strong, and this circumstance, perhaps, led to a series of kind acts and courtesies towards me, during the session of 1833-4, and afterwards, the grateful recollection of which will never be effaced. I mourn for him, as for a friend for whose personal regard my own heart has given back a true and full response.

Among eminent citizens of commanding power and influence while I was in the Senate, he stood perhaps pre-eminent. In his rich combination of qualities as an orator, lawyer and statesman, it may safely be said he had no rival. How forcibly and sadly are we reminded of the great man with whom he was associated in the Senate Chamber, and who preceded him in his transit through the "dark valley!" White, Grundy, Forsyth, Southard, Wall, Lion, Sevier, Silas Wright, Hill, Woodbury, Calhoun, Clay—men who left their impress upon the age—names indissolubly connected with the fame and history of their country; all like him whose death we are now called upon to deplore, were links in the chain which bound the past generation to the present, and all, like him, are now on the other side of that narrow line which divides time from eternity. Upon whom have their mantles fallen? Who are to take their places in the perils through which our country may be called to pass? Who, with patriotic courage and statesmanlike forecast, are to guide in the storms that will, at times, inevitably threaten us, in our unexampled development of resources as a nation, our almost fearful progress, our position of amazing responsibility, as the great, confederated, self-governing power of the globe? These are questions which will press themselves upon all minds; but who, alas! can satisfactorily answer them?

To speak of Mr. Webster's genius, his varied and solid attainments, his services, would be to

discourse of matters as familiar, even to the children of his native State, as household words. Besides, this must be left to vigorous pens and eloquent tongues, after the first gush of grief and the oppressive sense of loss, shall, to some extent, have passed away. It is, and long has been, my firm conviction, that Mr. Webster had a hold upon the minds and hearts of his countrymen, which will still be justly estimated, only because there has no full opportunity to measure it.

You, Mr. Chairman, have truly said that Mr. Webster's greatness was of that rare character which no earthly position could exalt. He came to official stations, as he approached all subjects sent to his mind, their superior and their master. He has reared for himself a vast pillar of renown, which will stand in undiminished strength and grandeur, when the works of men's hands erected to his honor, will be like Nineveh; and I fear, when this Union may have shared the fate which was the dread of his later years. When the distinguished brother of the deceased was called instant from time to eternity in the court room in this place, with the last word of a perfect sentence lingering upon his lips, another citizen, most eminent and beloved, (the late lamented George Sullivan,) exclaimed:—"What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!" How these emphatic words come back to us here, as if by an echo. How more earthly honors and distinctions fade amid a gloom like this; how political asperities are chastened; what a lesson to the living; what an admonition to personal malevolence, now awed and subdued, as the great heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of his grave.

I have no heart to speak, or to contemplate the extent of the loss we have sustained. As a personal friend—as a son of New Hampshire—as an American citizen, I shall be, with thousands, a sincere mourner at his obsequies.

Our Country.

In 1792 the corner-stone of the present Capitol at Washington was laid. At that time, Gen. Washington, in whose honor the new seat of government was named, officiated. Fifty-eight years afterward, viz: on the 4th day of July, 1851, the corner stone of an extension of the buildings was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty-one.

Then our whole population was three millions, now it is twenty-three.

Then Boston had 18,000 people; now it has over 137,000.

Philadelphia had 42,000, now it has 400,000.

New York had 33,000, now it has 515,000.

Then our imports were 21,000,000, now they are \$178,300,000.

Then our exports were \$26,000,000, now they are \$151,000,000.

The area of our territory was then 800,000 square miles, it is now 3,300,000.

Then we had no railroads, now we have 8,500 miles of railroads.

Then we had 200 post-offices, now we have 21,000.

Our revenue from postage then was \$100,000 now it is \$5,000,000.

These are only a few facts to show the rapid growth of the country; and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention, and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and, and a just sense of our obligation to those that shall come after us.

ESTABLISHED.—Perhaps no stronger evidence can be adduced of the intrinsic value and unrivalled usefulness of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, than the fact, that in order to supply the demand the Proprietor has been compelled to build an immense block, occupying a large part of a square on one of our principal thoroughfares, five stories of which is to be occupied by his Laboratory for the preparation of the Cherry Pectoral alone. As this article has now won its way to the public favor solely by its success in curing disease, this fact is some comment on its virtue.—Lowell Advertiser.

A clergyman happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, he halted, and asked, "What is the matter my little fellow?" the boy replied—

"Before we could hardly get enough to eat, of anything; and now what shall we do! for now there's another one come."

"Hush thy mourning; and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman, "and remember that He never sends mourners without he sends victuals to put into them."

"I know that," said the boy, "but then He sends all the mourners to our house, and the victuals to your house."

The signal for conversation amongst women is when a pretty girl begins to sing.

If you wish to close a lady's lips ask her her age.

LOVE IN THE BACKWOODS, OR Jimmy Waddle's First Courtship.

To be read by a Young Man to his "Ducky."

Talking of spears, boys, puts me in mind of my young days. I should rather guess I was in for some myself them times, said and old man whom we will introduce as Mr. Waddle or rather old Jim Waddle. Every body (except the reader) knows old Jim and his penchant for yarn spinning. It is the evening of militia training day, and there are a goodly number who after the company is dismissed from duty, are lounging around and all now gather about old Jim to hear the yarn he has commenced, and he only waits to be urged; as there are plenty to do this, the company are not kept long in suspense. "What will ye have, boys," demanded the old man, "of my hunting or courting spees?"

Oh a courting spee by all means, answered half a dozen voices.

Well when I was a boy, you know—daddy moved from Virginia to Kentucky, I'd been born and fetched up on the frontiers and Kentucky was a perfect Paradise for me to hunt bears and Injuns in—but I forgot, you want a courting yarn.

Well although I was always a cutting up some deviltry among the boys, yet some how I was a little shy and sneaky amongst the galls. I like the critters prodigious, but about the only way I could manage to show it was by casting sheep's eyes at 'em. We had meetings as well as frolics sometimes. While the preacher was preaching tender heartedness, brotherly kindness and brotherly love, I war'n't thinkin' of nothin' else. I used to set where I could look the galls in the face, and then gaze at some pretty one till she'd blush as red as a pepper pod. Then I felt so queer about the gizzard, and wished an earthquake would come and throw me right in her lap. I was in love but I could not tell who I loved most. They was Peggy Masonhammer, a mighty fine gal in a her tow-line frock, her cheeks war as red as a China pig, and as red as a turkey gob, and then there was Sally Perkins, with her pretty striped home made cotton frock, besides her hair and eyes as black as ink, and then there was dimple eyed Lotte Smith, who always toted her shoes and stockings till she got insight of the meetin'.

Well of these three I couldn't tell for my life which I liked best. Sometimes one and sometimes another, but always the last one I looked at. But when Squire Crumpton come to our diggins, his two gals took the shine off the rest on 'em, especially his oldest one, Betsy. I shan't attempt to describe her, but when I tell you she had a calico frock with yaller flowers as big as your hand, brass ear bobs, besides half a dozen strens of beads as large as the end of your little finger, you may think she was a charmer. I did any how, as lawyer Liggins says of all the magnum bonumest. And so all the fellers said too. When I first seen her it was at Deacon Snook's meetin'. I fastened my eyes on hers till hers met mine, she looked stuly at me, then smiled a charmin' smile and blushed and looked down.—Lordy that was a flutterin' then equal to a saw mill, between my two jacket pockets; I felt I was a gonner. From that hour I was too big for my breeches, and on Sundays I hurried dadd's breeches he'd been married in before the Revolutionary war, and come off at the knees, but as he was tall and I war'n't they come below mine three or four inches. Agin the next meetin', I was prepared to cut a big stiff. Sister Sal for the purpose starched and ironed my new fine shirt as stiff and slick as a sheet of new tin. This shirt had the finest kind of flax linen in the bosom and collar, but the invisible part of it was coarse tow with a hemstitch would cable a steamboat. Now while Sal was smoothin' the rinkles near the said hem with a iron just hot from the fire, down stairs tumbled one of the eternal brats knockin' the breath out on it. It was Saturday night, and she was the only one up, and runs to it of course, but before it comes too, the iron had made its mark, that is burnt two holes in the hind part of my linen. Next mornin' I put it on as it was, then dadd's true blues, then the first pair of regular built pair of shoes I'd ever had. I was seventeen just that mornin' and in my Sunday riggin' felt myself a man and was resolved if Betsy Crumpton was at meetin' to show it. Well she was there, and I axed her company and got it; Wilkins by her side, I felt as light as nothin'. I scarcely touched the ground I walked on. But I shant tell you the fine thinks I thought and said to her on the way, and more after we got home (oh yes, do send a number of voices.) No you'll have enough without that, you're to skim the cream of the story yet.

She kept me up late. Say two o'clock and in spite of the novelty (it bein' the first time) I got sleepy. Now the Squire had just come to these parts and put up a one story, one roomed log cabin, and the whole family except some of the young ones slept below. I was a little lashed about game to bed that, but I was three miles from home, and it was rainin' like blue devils. I had to do it, and did without axposin' the blanks in my linen. I resolved to be up afore anybody else in the mornin', on the same

account and some others. That was the last I know'd till wakened by the hounds (half a dozen of which slept under the bed.) Just as I was gwine to spring out, in pops the old oman with a plate of venison. It was dog days you know and she cooked in a shanty. I possumed, slept till she went out again, then looked for my trousers—that they war in the jaws of the pups at the foot of the bed. I made a mighty lounge over the footboard to retake them, but, oh horrors—my head down and my heels up. What is the matter thinks I, but it flashed across me in a minit that the hole in my linen was over the post and a tall post too,—I kicked and floundered and flounced but to no purpose. I couldn't get down. I strained to break the hem but it was no go. Jist now all the hounds commenced yellin' so furiously the old oman and both galls run in to see what was up and when they seen it was me, they ran out agin'; one begins to holler for the Squire, while t'other through the cracks battled with fishin' poles the cussed hounds that war willin me.

Oh I thought of Absolem and every body else that ever did hang, but he didn't hang with the wrong end up, but he was a consolation I hadn't. I'd a cussed my fate like Boston, but I remembered I belonged to meetin' and it was agin the rules. I did think howsomever some mighty hard words if I didn't say 'em. But all that didn't do no good. I couldn't make nothing by pullin' downwards, so I thought I'd climb up the post and unloose myself that way. I had nearly succeeded when one of the unmannerly pups attacked me in the rear and loosin' my hold, fell in a knot peeling off my linen smack and smooth, the buttons busted off and I came out full length on the floor, in precisely the same state of fix Job said he came into the world.—The next minit I was under the bed where the everlastin' pups had dragged my trousers. I cuffed them off, but every time I put one leg partly on, the infernal whelps would pull t'other off. I worried this way some time when a punchin gawg way and I fell into a trough of soap under the house. Gosh I thought I was in a pit that's bottomless, I sprung for my life, but in doin' this I threw myself into the face and stomach of Squire Crumpton, who was comin' on the run spectin' the Injuns was a massacrein' the whole family. The collision threw him down hill, and I followed suit, heels over head to the bottom. Here I received my understanding, and without any apologies, or even a word, I struck a bee line for home just as I was in my native purity, at a speed that split the winds my toenails strikin' fire out the flints every jump. But I loys I never went within a quarter of a mile of Squire Crumpton's, afterwards, nor did I ever cast sheep's eyes at Betsy again, lit alone gallant her hom.—Exchange paper.

The Fowl Fever.

It would seem by the following paragraphs, which we extract from the New England Cultivator, that the fowl fever has by no means abated:—

At the late Boston fowl exhibition in September, three Cochins were sold at \$100. A pair of grey Chittagongs at \$50. Two Canton Chinese fowls at \$80. The grey Shanghaes chickens at \$75. Three white Shanghaes at \$64.—Six white Shanghae chickens \$40 to \$45, &c., and these prices, for similar samples, could now be obtained, again and again.

Within three months extra samples of two year old fowls, of the large Chinese varieties, have been sold for \$100 the pair. Several pairs, within our own knowledge, have commanded \$50 a pair within the past six months. Last week we saw a trio of white Shanghaes sold in Boston for \$45. And the best specimens of Shanghaes and Cochins China fowls now bring \$20 to \$25 a pair, readily, to purchasers at the South and West.

These prices do not equal, however, the sums which have been recently obtained in England for fancy fowl. The Cottage Gardiner says:—

Within the last few weeks, a gentleman near London has sold a pair of Cochins China fowls for 20 guineas, (\$150) and another pair for 38 guineas, (\$160). He has been offered £20 for a single hen; has sold numerous eggs for 1 guinea, (\$5) each, and has been paid down for chickens just hatched, 12 guineas (\$60) the half dozen to be delivered a month old. One amateur alone has paid upwards of £100 for stock birds.

Statue of Jackson.

A correspondent of the Dansville (N. H.) Herald speaks thus of the Equestrian Statue of Gen. Jackson, on which Mills, the Sculptor, has been engaged, at Washington, for the last four years:—

The whole is not, as yet, finished, but there is enough to give assurance of what it is to be. There is no mistaking the strongly marked visage of the Old Hero, while his splendid war steed seems "to scent the battle from the air." This is the first attempt of the kind by any artist in this country, and in some respects in the world. The horse is in a rearing position, as in the statue of Peter the Great, but, unlike that statue, has no support except the hind feet of the horse attached to the pedestal. In the statue of Peter the Great, beside the support of the hind feet, the tail of the horse is attached to the pedestal or rather to the serpent under the

horse, and the serpent to the rock. In the statue of Mills, however, the tail of the horse is loose and streaming in the wind, thereby giving a much more spirited appearance to the whole. This has been pronounced impossible by trans-Atlantic artists, but one has only to inspect the model of Mr. Mills, and the scientific principles on which he works, to be convinced of his complete success in this particular. So nicely has he adjusted the centre of gravity, that a small copy of the whole in metal, will stand on the hind legs on the horse in a rearing position (without any attachment whatever. Of course in the vast original, weighing 3,500 pounds, the hind legs of the horse will be permanently fixed to the pedestal. If this shall succeed, and there is hardly a possibility of failure, it will be a great triumph of American genius.

BE FORGIVING.

"Greater is he who reth his spirit, than he who taketh a city."

"Come here, sir!" said a strong, athletic man as he seized a delicate-looking lad by the shoulder. "You've been in the water again sir!—Hav'n't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No buts! Hav'n't I forbidden it—hey?"

"Yes, sir. I was—"

"No reply, sir!" And the blows fell like a hail-storm about the child's head and shoulders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you are sent for! I'll master that spirit of yours before you are many days older."

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile, delicate woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples startlingly transparent. Laying her hand softly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched and the waters gushed forth.

"Dear mother!" said the weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet, with a flashing eye.—"Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother, he's a tyrant to you and to me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father!"

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words? Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother! it's too bad, I say; he's a tyrant, mother!" said the boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth, "and if it were not for you, I would have been leagues off long ago. And there's Nellie, too, poor, sick child! What good will her medicine do her?—She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footsteps. I say, 'tis brutal mother!"

"Harry!" (and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips,) "for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake—yours and poor Nellie's—or I should be on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here!"

Late that night Mary Lee stole to her boy's bedside, before retiring to rest. "God be thankful he sleeps," she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from his face. Then kneeling at his bedside, she prayed for patience and wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then she prayed for him.

"No, no, not that!" said Harry, springing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck; "I can forgive him what he has made you suffer; don't pray for him; at least don't let me hear it!"

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She knew her boy was spirit-sore under the sense of recent injustice; so she laid down beside him and resting a fearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet, voice, the story of the Crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the spell.

"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel; and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there!"

There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those angry blows on that young head.

The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with the word that his boy must die. "Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head drooped on his mother's shoulder.

It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow; and now, when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples, and the hasty word springs to his lips, the pale face of the dead rises up between him and the offender, and an angel voice whispers—"PEACE! BE STILL!"—Boston Olive Branch.

Three thousand dollars worth of liquor was seized and destroyed at Fall River, Mass on the 11th ultimo.

If you wish to learn the worst fault of a woman, praise her highly to her friends.