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 reductien made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper humber of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and pharged in accordance with the above terms. All letters and communications to insure

A HOME PICTURE.

attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEY

One autumn night, when the wind was high, And the rain fell in heavy plashes, A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,

A popping corn in the aghes ; And his sister, a curly-haired child of three. Sat looking on just close by his knee. The blast went howling round the house,

As if to get in 'twas trying; It rattled the latch of the outer door. Then seemed it a baby crying; Now and then a drop down the chimney came. And spluttered and hissed in the bright red

Pop, pop-and the kernels one by one, Came out of the embers flying; The boy held a long pine stick in his hand, And kept it busily plying; He stirred the corn and it snapped the more, And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

A part of the kernels hopped out one way, And a part hopped out the other: Some flew plump into the sister's lap, Some under the stool of the brother: The little girl gathered them into a heap, m a flock of milk-white shee

All at once the boy sat still as a mouse, And into the fire kept gazing; He quite forgot he was popping corn, For he looked where the wood was blazing. He looked, and fancied that he could see house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

Still steadily gazed the boy at these, And pussy's grey back kept stroking. Till his little sister cried out, "why, Bub, Only see how the corn is smoking !" And sure enough, when the boy looked back. The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.

"Never mind," said he, "we shall have enough, So now, let's sit back and eat it: I'll carry the stools and you the corn; 'Tis nice-nobody can beat it." She took up the corn in her pinafore, And they ate it all, nor wished for more. [AMERICAN UNION.

A Yankee Enterprise.

We learn from the Boston Transcript, that by the schooner Lamartine, which 'cleared at that port on Thursday for Cumana, Venzuela, a party of adventurers went out furnished with a compliment of machinery, for the purpose of raising treasure from the wreck of the Spanish more than a century ago. It is supposed the tessel had about \$9,000,000 on board, which was sent by the home government to pay off troops in her dominions in the new world. Some two years since, a portion of the present party discovered the wreck, and with the aid of the little apparatus for the purpose, succeeded in raising about \$25,000, and cleared the wreck, so that they now anticipate operations will be comparatively easy. A steam engine will be carried out, and also a diving machine of ingenious construction, newly invented by Mr. James A. Whipple, together with a sub-marine armor, and all other apparatus deemed necessary for the most scientific fathoming of the boundless deep. Should this enterprising company secure the whole of their supposed vastly rich prize. they will not only suddenly become millionares in wealth, but millionares literally "of the first

PERSIMONS AND COLD WINTERS .- We have heard of gander and goose-bone signs, bear signs, and Indian signs, of cold winter, but never of the Persimmon sign, till we met with the following from the Richmond (Va.) Republican. We pray the editor may be no prophet:

A HARD WINTER COMING .- We were laughed at last winter because we said the uncommonly large crop of persimmons indicated an uncommonly cold winter. Well, there is a large crop growing now, and we prognosticate another hard winter. Remember, this is November 4th, and the weather has been remarkably fine all this Fall.

A handsome young Yankee pedlar made love to a rich widow in the State of Ohio, but accompanied his declaration with two impedi- new clothes to go to Boston in, and here was

"Name them." said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store.

is the first,' replied the pedlar.

for ample means. When they again met, the

pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the Smith called to see Miller's wife, and asked her stocked his store, and the Smith called to see Miller's wife, and asked her stocked his store, and the stocked his stocked his store, and the stocked his store, and th fair one desired to know the other impediment. The men are to leave the country as emigrants, couple, who, though in a little party that some of the unarmed, and will sail from different ports. It rosy with the consciousness of being suspected. It rosy with the

Woman's Way to Fix a Tale Bearer.

From the Annals of Frogtown.

Yardstick's clerk, do you."

"Yes I do, too, haint it been the talk of the neighborhood for a year past, that Miller's wife and that feller-Bob Tape-were a lettle too

don't recollect anybody saying anything about

it but you, and for my part I don't believe a word of it."

"I don't know-is she" says Brown. "Because she is ; I went over to the store this morning, the first thing, to see if Bob Tape was about-he wasn't thar-they said he'd gone to Boston on business for old Yardstick. O, ho! says I, and then I started off for Heeltap's shop; we allers said how things would turn out. He was out, seein' me go to shop, he came runnin' and says he: 'Uncle Josh, they're gone, sure tence of borrowin' some lard, but told Suke to look around and see if Miller's wife wur about : by Nebbynezer, Miller's wife wur gone. Marm Gabbles couldn't rest, so she sent back Suke, Marm was ; Miller hearing Suke, ordered her | word and out they rushed. to scoot, so Suke left without hearin' the facts of the case, as Squire Black says.' But Heel- whisper. tap swears, and I know Miller's wife and Bob

Tape have sloped, as they say in the papers." I don't believe a word of it though, and as it's blindfolded, his coat taken off, and he was ca_ none of my business, I shall have nothing to say soused into the cold water. Fury how the old nouncement of the death of the only surviving

Uncle Josh was one of those inordinate pests which almost every village, town and hamlet in the country is more or less accursed with. He was a greattall, bony, sharp-nosed, grinning genius, who, being in possession of a large farm, with plenty of boys and girls to work it did not do anything but eat, sleep, and lounge around: a gatherer of scan mag., a news and scandal monger, a great guesser and a strong suspicioner of everybody's motives and intentions, and of ment to anybody.

You've seen those wretches, male and female, haven't you, dear reader? Such people are great nuisances-half the discomforts of life are bred by them; they contaminate and poison the air they breathe with their noisome breath, like the odor of the Upas tree. Uncle Josh had of seven-eights of the town he lived in, He Josh. caused more quarrels, smutted more characters, neighbors and acquaintances than all else besides in the community of Frogtown. Uncle vessel San Pedro, which was lost off Venzuela Josh was voted a great bore by the men, and a sneaking, meddling old granny by the women .--So at last the young women of the town did agree that the very next time Uncle Josh carried. concocted, or circulated any slanderous or otherwise mischievous stories, that they would duck

king matters and things by the smoothest handle. Mr. Brown never told tales, backbited, or slandered anybody; everybody had a good word to say about Mr. Brown, and Mr. Brown had a good word to say abouteverybody. The gals thought it prudent to giveold Mister Brown an inkling of their plans in regard to the disposition they intended to make of Uncle Josh; the old man laughed and told them to go ahead, and to duck

old Josh, and perhaps they would reform him. "Now, gals," said old Mr. Brown, "Uncle Josh has just this very day been at his dirty work; by this time he has spread the news all over the town, that Miller's wife had gone off with Yardstick's clerk. I don't believe a single word of his tale, and if Miller's wife ain't really gone off Uncle Josh ought to be soused in

Next morning Miller's wife came home; she had been down to a sister a few miles off, to see a sick child : her husband had been away attending to a law suit, in a neighboring town and so Miller nor his wife knew nothing of the report of her elopement with Bob Tape until

Miller was in a rage, but could'nt find out the author of the report. Miller's wife was deeply mortified that such a suspicion should arise of her; she had been making Bob Tape some the gist of Bob and Miller's wife's intimacy !-There was a great time about it; Miller swore like a trooper, and his wife nearly cried her eyes

They parted and she sent the pedlar a check A few evenings afterwards, it being clear cold a particular purpose. Miller's wife not having the actual destination.

much to do that evening, her husband said she The Cholera in Barbadoes --- Sad Scenes. might go out a spell if she chose, and she went and learned the purport of the call-old Uncle "I dunno where I hear'd it, but I know its Josh was to be ducked in the mill race! and Miltrue, I expected it long ago. I tole Jones it'd ler's wife, disguised as the rest, was to do it .--When she heard that old Josh had circulated "Why, uncle Josh, you don't pretend to say the report of her elopement, Miller's wife did that Miller's wife has run off with Bob Tape, not require much coaxing to join the watering

It was so planned that all the women, some ten or twelve in number, were to put on men's clothes and lay in wait for Uncle Josh at his lane gate, about a quarter of a mile from the "Well uncle Josh," says neighbor Brown, "I | mill race. Old Josh always hung around the tavern, Heeltap's shoe store, or the grocery, until 9 P. M., before he started home, and the girls determined to rush out of a small thicket "Why, haint Miller's wife gone" says uncle that stood close by Old Josh's lane gate and throwing a large, stout sheet over his head, neck, and heels, hurry him off to the mill race, and duck him well. Mind you, your country gals and women are not paint and powder, corset-laced and fragile creatures, like your delicate and more ornamented young ladies of the city; no, no, the gals of Frogtown were real flesh and blood ; Venuses and Dianas of solidity and substance; and it would have taken several better men than Uncle Josh to have got away enough! I've been over to old Mammy Gabbles, from them. It was a cool moonshiny night, but and she sent her Suke over to Miller's on pre- to better favor the women, just as Old Josh got near his gate, a large black cloud obscured the moon and all was as dark as a stack of black cats in a coal cellar. Miller's wife acted as captain ; dressed in Bob Tape's old clothes he had and told her to ask the children where there left at her house to be repaired, she gave the

"Seize him boys!" said she in a very loud

Over went the sheet, down came old Josh Cob_ lin! Before he could say "lor a massy" he was "Well," says Brown, "I'm sorry if it's true dragged to the mill race, tied hand and foot, fellow begged for his life.

> "O, lor a massy don't drown me boys I-a I -" casouce he went.

> "Give him another duck," says one; and he'd "Now we'll learn you to carry tales," says

"And tell tales on me and Miller's wife, says Bob Tape-casouce he went.

"O, lor a mas-mas-e,-do-don't drown me, Bob, I'll promise never to do-" in they course, never imputed a good motive or move- put him again, and the water was cold as ice. "Will you promise never to take or carry a

> "I d-d-do promise, if ye-ye-ye-ye you don't due-" and in he went again. "Do you promise to mind your own business,

and let others alone, Uncle Josh."

"Ye-ye-yes I d-do, I-I'll promise anyannoyed many-he was the dread and disgust thing b-bo-boys, only let me go," says Uncle

"Well, boys," says Polly Higgins, a rousing and created more ill-feeling between friends, | jolly critter she was too ; "I owe Uncle Josh one more dip; he lied about my gal Polly Higgins,

"O, ho, Seth Jones, that's you, ain't it ?" well we-well, I said nothing about Polly, it was Heeltap said it 'deed it was."

Then they let old Josh off, vowing they'd give Heeltap his gruel next night and the moment Josh got clear of his sousers he cut for home. Uncle Josh soon found out that he had been Now, Brown -- old Mr. Brown--was the very | ducked by women, and for his own peace he antipode of Uncle Josh; he was always for ta- moved to Iowa, and Frogtown has been a happy place ever since.

A Bride's Revenge.

The other day (says the Liverpool Times) as a wedding party was ascending the steps which approach one of our churches, the intended bride, owing to some obstruction, or inadvertant step, missed her footing and fell. The swain, even at that joyful crisis of his existence, una ble to conceal the vexation at this little contre tempts, exclaimed, pettishly, "Dear me, how very clumsy!" The lady said nothing, but was observed to bite her lip, and a far darker and gloomier look than beseemed the court of Hymen, was seen to gather on her fair brow .-She walked deliberately, however, into the church; the ceremony commenced, and everything proceeded in orthodox fashion, until the important question was put-"Wilt thou have this man ?" &c. Here, instead of whispering blushingly a soft affirmative to the communion cushions, the fair lady drew herself up, cast a withering glance upon her betrothed, and muttering the words, "Dear me, how very clumsy!" sailed down the aisle, and out of the church, with the port of an offended goddess. We have not heard the sequel.

Cuban Movement.

The N. Y. Courier and Enquirer learns from an undoubted source that another Cuban expedition is in a forward state of preparation. The utmost vigilance is required and care taken that the neutrality laws of the United States shall not be violated. All arms and amunition required have been procured and are now deposited beyond the bounds of the United States, in a depot known only to a few leading spirits. No The men are to leave the country as emigrants, couple, who, though innocent of the kiss, were lands from falling into the possession of any Eu-

Our Bridgetown correspondent has, from time to time, given us some particulars of the ravages of the cholera at Barbadoes, but the following accounts from the "Globe" there, of its rav-

ages, will be perused with sad interest. The most painful and alarming feature does not consist in the numbers, relatively to our population, that have fallen victims to the malady, but rather in the indiscriminate manner in which it has attacked its victims-sparing the creole and accilmated European no more than the recently arrived-in the suddenness of its appearance almost simultaneously in various quarters, rural as well as urban, and the tenacity with which, in some instances, it has maintained its hold apon one or two families and households, among whom it has established itself-to say nothing of the fatality that has followed in its course in most cases. Of these, perhaps, the most melancholy is that of Assistant Commissary General Neil and his familyor rather his entire household.

The whole of them were struck down within a very few hours of each other, and everything that the most eminent medical skill could devise was tried, but without avail, and between the 25th and 27th ult, 2 of Mr. Neil's children, one a girl of 10 years, and the other a promising little boy of 8, died of the epidemic. On the night of the 29th Mrs. Neil followed; the body of this amiable lady had but barely been consigned to the earth, when another victim was proclaimed in the person of an only surviving daughter; she, in a few hours was followed by her father, who was interred alongside the rest of his beloved domestic circle in the grave yard of St. Paul's Chapel, with all the customary military honors; and the body of this excellent man and much respected officer had scarcely been laid in the tomb before [public grief was again forced into she same chanel by the anson! Nor did the inexorable scourge relax its grasp until the maid servant, the only remaining member of the household, was also numbered

"The case of the Fosters, a respectable family residing in the Black Rock district, yields on. y in painful interest to that mentinned above. Of an entire family of six or seven, only two, we believe, are left, and even the physician who attended on them has fallen.

"We have heard of no new cases within the last 3 or 4 days, and we trust that the disease is now on the decline."

Cincinnati. The following brief sketch of the early histo-

ry of Cincinnati, we clip from the Nonpareil-"This city is now about sixty-four years old. Some time between October 1787 and January 1788. John Cloves Symmes, of New Jersey, made a contract with the Treasury Board of the United States, on behalf of himself and associates, for the lands lying between the two Miami rivers, bounded on the south by the Ohio river, and running north so far as to include one million acres. Of this purchase Symmes sold to Matthias Denman six hundred and forty acres, lying opposite Licking river, on which Cincinnati is now principally built, for forty-nine dollars. About the tenth of September, 1788, a party met on the site of the city, and made a plat of the incipient town. On the 26th of December, 1788, the first landing of the immigrants for the settlement was made, and in January 1789, the streets were surveyed and named in that part of the town lying between Broadway and Western Row. During this year several log houses and one frame house were built, and some of the out lots, all of which were north of Seventh street, "were cleared." The legal title to the grounds on which the town was built being still in Symmes, the patentee, all the deeds for the original in and out lots were made by him. In 1790, the lots on fractional sections number 12 were laid out by the patentee; and on the 2d of March, 1808, the reservation around Fort Washington was sold in lots by the surveyor general of the Northwestern territory under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasurv. Between the first and tenth of January. 1780, the name was changed from Losantiville (which it had been at first christened) to Cincinnati. Such is a brief sketch of the early histo-

ry of the Queen City of the West. What a contrast she now presents to the straggling log built village of sixty years ago!

We take the following racy of item from the Local column of the Cleveland Herald:

A friend recently returned from the East, says that in the same car with himself, were a newly married couple, who had evidently seen little of the world. They were happy but they coud'nt keep it to themselves, and were constantly clasping hands, whispering and snugging up to each other like a kitten to a hot brick. They were the "observed of all observers." At length the train went thundering through the long, dark tunnel, and our friend kissed his hand, with a smack which was heard throughout the car. Of course, as the train emerged into the at the next station they left the train.

A Good Joke. The following story of Neil McKinnon, a New York wag, surpasses in impudence anything

yourself, gentle reader. was British minister in this country, he resided gentleman was so much struck with the extrain New York, and occupied a house in Broadway. ordinary beauty of the child, which had pure Neil, one night at a late hour, in company with Italian features and complexion, that he resolved a bevy of rough riders, while passing the house, to save it from the life of degradation which noticed it was brilliantly illuminated, and that | was before it, and to free it and to educate it. He several carriages were waiting at the door.

Jackson's ?"

party that evening. "What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson have a party and I not invited? I must see to that."

So stepping up to the door he gave a ring which soon brought the servant to the door. "I want to see the British minister," said by her, sought her hand on her return. The

"You must call some other time," said the servant, for he is now engaged at a game of Fourche Interior, in order that she might never whist and must not be disturbed."

"but go directly and tell the British minister after the ceremony had been performed, claimthat I must see him immediately on special busi-

The servant obeyed, and delivered his message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

business with me at this time of night, which with gross deception, shot him through the bois so very urgent ?"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?" asked Neil. "Yes sir, I am Mr. Jackson."

"The British minister?" "Yes, sir."

Mr. Jackson ?"

"Yes sir, I have a party." "A large party, I presume ?"

"Yes, sir, a large party."

"Yes sir, playing cards."

"O, well," said Neil, "as I was passing, I bittered by the keenest regret. merely called to inquire what's trump?"

A Runaway Match.

On Monday morning last, a pair arrived in our city, and might have been seen wending their way to the residence of one of our ministers-one of the pair a verdant looking youth, and the other a lady of whom one could well say, comparing her to the intended groom, what he did not know she could teach him; for she was old enough. After much trouble, the young man had found the place where to get the "papers to marry by," and the twain were soon bound in the "silken cords of matrimony."-Soon afterwards they appeared upon the street, when the bride proceeded to fix the groom's collar, concluded by giving him a "buss," which highly delighted a number of boys who happened to be present. In the afternoon they were promenading Baltimore street, when the young man's father unexpectedly made his appearance-having just arrived in the cars-and collarian his son, told him to leave that "gal," and

"You are too late, father," answered the son, 'I am married." "Eh! what! married are you; take that," and the youth's cheek received the open hand of his father. The old fellow pulled and tugged, finally succeeded in separating his son from the bride, and the two started down the street. Arriving at a pump, the old gentleman took a drink of water, and again collaring his son, he proceeded on his way, followed by a large crowd of men and boys. Near the public square, he lectured his son upon the sin of runand concluded by slapping his jaws, when a crowd interfered, and separated them. The son started in a full run up the street, when the bride perceiving him olapped her hands with joy, and running to meet him, they clasped ation of the cartilages. hands, and started in a gallop, and the last seen of them, they were going down the Baltimore pike followed by a crowd of little boys.-Cumb. Telegraph.

The Sandwich Islands.

A Lima correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says:

"I am again becoming alarmed for the fate of the Sandwich Islands. The French question has never been settled, but has remained dormant for two years. They have now a strong squadron coming out, in which are two 60 gun ships, destined, undoubtedly, to act against the Islands which have no protection but such as may be granted by the United States and England .-This should be seriously considered by our Government. Those Islands, in possession of a maritime nation, would give it the control of California and Oregon, as much, or more, than the possession of Cuba controls the commerce of the Gulf of Mexico. The Sandwich Islands can furnish more good sailors to man a squadron than can Cuba; besides, it is not so easy to afford efficient protection to Oregon and California as to the States on the Gulf of Mexico. I trust

A Nuptial Tragedy.

A wealthy American merchant of the city of

New Orleans had married a Creole lady of forwithin our recollection. Read and speak for tune, and with the estate and servants there came into his possession a mulatto seamstress When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" and her daughter, a child of seven years. The sent her to a northern school, where she remain-"Hallo?" said our wag, "what's going on at ed until her sixteenth year-by all supposed to be a patrician Creole maiden. She herself One of the party remarked that Jackson hada knew not to the contrary-so young was she when she went North. Beloved by her companions, the idol of the institute, and caressed by every one, she left for the roof of "her uncle." A young Louisiana gentleman, who had seen her in Philadelphia, and loved her and was beloved marriage day was fixed, day arrived, when the mother, who had long been sold away into La appear as a witness against her child, re-ap-"Don't talk to me that way," said McKinnon, peared, and in the bridal hall, in the very hour ed the magnificent and now miserable bride as her own daughter-a bond slave by birth, an African by blood! The scene, as described by one who was present, surpasses the power of a pen to portray. That night, the bridegoom, af-"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "what can be your | ter charging the adopted father of his bride dy, and disappeared, carrying, no one knew whither, his infamy and bitter sorrows. The next morning the bride was found, a disfigured corpse, in the superb nuptial chamber which had been prepared for her reception. She had "You have a party here to night, I perceive, taken poison! Education, a cultivated mind and taste, which made her see and understand how great was her degration, now armed her hands with the ready means of death. The unhappy planter recovered from his wound, has removed to the North, where he resides, buried in the deepest seclusion, the residue of his years em-

Anecdotes of Daniel Webster. The venerable Dr. Nichols, of Kingston, Mass. communicates to the Plymouth Memorial the following incident connected with the accident

which befel Mr. Webster in May last : "While I was dressing the wound on his noble forehead, which was much contused and somewhat lacerated, Mrs. D., the lady of the house entered the door of the chamber, and passed to the other side of the room, with seeming awe as if fearing to approach. Mr. Webster, casting his eyes on the woman as she passed, said 'Madam, how very diversified is the lot of hu. manity in this our world : a certain man passing from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, and was illy treated. A man passing from Marshfield to Plymouth, fell among a very hospitable set of people and was taken care

Mr. Webster's Personal Appearance, or exterior was such, his presence so majestic and dignified, that probably no one over looked at him without being (if one may so speak,) impressed with the grandeur of his aspect-so remarkably in union with the gigantic intellect of the man. When he was in England thirteen years since, the people of all classes, as they looked upon his majestic form, seemed to regard him as a man altogether the most God-like, and wonderful, in his mien, they had ever set their eves upon. "Heavens," exclaimed Sidney Smith-"Why, he looks tike a small Cathedral."

Another Englishmen who looked upon the colossal proportions of Mr. Webster with amazement, could compare him with nothing but a ning off and getting married against his consent, Locomotive. "Daniel Webster," said he, "is a Steam Engine in breeches."

Facts in Physiology.

A man is taller in the morning than at night.

to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relax-The human brain is the twenty-eight of the body, but in the horse but a four-hundredth.

Ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life. About the age of 36 the lean man generally becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner

Richer enumerates 600 distinct species of disease in the eve. The pulse of children is 160 in a minute; at

puberty it is 80; and at 60 it is only 6). Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years. A healthy full grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

The flea, grasshopper and locust jump 200 times their own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man .- British Gleanor.

Sally-ann Sharp's Curiosities. "Pa, do chimneys make pictures ?"

"No child, why do you ask ?" "Why I heard Mr. Lampledon say ours draws "Ma, have steamboat boilers wings?"

"Oh, don't bother me-no." "Why I heard a gentleman talking about a ooiler flue.

"Pa, can that gold ring of ma's run ?" "Well I heard a gentleman say that it was

"Ma can steamboat wheels hug?" "No, child, what put such a thought in your

[to be continued as soon as the creek falls.]