

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1849.

VOL. 5.—NO. 52.

Mary McCree.

BY MISS FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Tho' young Geraldine
Hath the step of a queen
And Allen be fair as the day,
The beauty may lie
In the bright laughing eye
Of Nora the handsome and gay;
The maiden I love
Hath the eye of a dove,
And her glances beam only for me;
With the step of a fawn,
O'er the mountain at dawn
Trips Mary, my Mary McCree.

Tho' rivals appear
I have nothing to fear,
For my colleen is an angle of truth;
In her smile you may trace
All her soul's gentle grace,
No guile clouds her innocent youth.
Tho' she knows I am poor,
Yet she says she'll endure
Sorrow, rather than wealth without me;
Thus I'll gladly toil on,
'Till a home I have won
For my Mary, my Mary McCree.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Spy.

An Incident of the Revolutionary War.

Near Peekskill, not far from the main road, stands a clump of forest trees, among which an aged tree is conspicuous. It bore for a long time, and still bears, I believe, the name of 'Old Put's gallows,' from the fact that many a tory spy, skinner and thieving cowboy had swung from its branches when Putnam commanded on the lines.

In the early part of August, 1777, Gen. Tyron was at the British out posts near Kingsbridge. It will be recollected that he was Royal Governor of New York, at the commencement of the Revolution, and a full Colonel of British Regulars. After the war broke out he was placed on active service and raised to a General's rank, with power to recruit and equip a tory corps or brigade from the Americans who yet remained loyal to the crown and government of Great Britain.

For a long time it had been a favorite project with Putnam, that an attempt should be made to re-capture the city of New York. From all accounts it appears that Washington did not dislike the plan, but with prudent caution did not wish to hazard at that time the risk of a defeat.—Putnam, however, made several feints and false movements at his out posts to alarm Sir Henry Clinton, in which he succeeded and thus kept the British troops within the city for its protection, that otherwise, aided by the fleet, would have been ravaging the adjacent shores of other states. It became necessary to Sir Henry Clinton that he should know the position and condition of Putnam's troops, more accurately, and also endeavor if possible, what parties in the city gave Putnam such accurate knowledge of all his, Clinton's plans.

Tyron was busy raising his new 'levies' and for him Sir Henry sent.
'General Tyron' said he, 'I must know the position of Putnam's troops, and their number, including his fresh battalions of militia. You ought to find some one—a native, who has enlisted in your corps—that will go into the highlands and obtain it for us. The reward shall be liberal, and if successful, the person shall be advanced to a grade.'

'I think I have such a man, Sir Henry, a sergeant in De Laney's regiment. He enlisted only a week ago—and is intelligent and ambitious. He has friends on the other side that do not know that he has joined us as yet.'

'The very man, go and send him.'
Gen. Tyron was absent about two hours for he had to send to Harlem, where the sergeant was stationed, undergoing a drill with others of the new levies, under their officers.

'I have seen the man, and had a long conversation with him,' said Tyron as he entered, 'he is willing to undertake it on one condition, and that is only a condition of pride.'

'What is it?'

'That he shall receive a Lieutenant's commission at once. He will then depart the instant you require, and is confident of success.'

'Do you know him to be worthy of reliance?'

'From all that I can learn, and from my own judgement, I should not doubt it in the least.'

'Then let his commission be made out, and send him with it to me. If I have the same opinion of him I will sign it.'

The young sergeant soon made his appearance he was not more than twenty-three years of age, a good personal appearance, and a cunning twinkle about his small black eye denoted no want of confidence in his own good opinion. Sir Henry was so well pleased with him that his instructions were soon complete; and receiving his commission the new lieutenant bade the British commander farewell, to return in a few days with desired information. On reaching his quarters, he changed his military appearance to a plain countryman's suit, ripped the lining of his cocked hat, under which he placed his commission, which he re-sewed, saying to himself—

'I think when Miss Rosa Millford sees my commission as an officer in his majesty's service, she will no longer refuse the hand of Nathan Palmer.'

The next morning he left the further British out-posts at Kingsport, on horse back, where Gen. Tyron had accompanied him, to pursue his expedition. It was a beautiful morning, and he looked forward with all the anticipations of pleasure, and hope gleamed warmly in his breast. He passed the 'neutral ground,' without molestation, and advanced into what was considered the American district without being troubled by any of occasional travelers on the road, although almost every one was armed and carried his musket.—Now and then he met an American yeoman or farmer, with whom he was acquainted, that knew not yet of his defection, for he was born in that section of the country, and residents within a wide circle were then considered as neighbors. Late in the afternoon he came within sight of the regular American out-posts, when he turned off the main road by a narrow one that led to a mill and a dwelling on the banks of a small but rapid stream. Let us for a moment look into the dwelling and notice its inmates. One was girl about eighteen, a fine rustic beauty, engaged in some trifling house-work, but mainly listening to the conversation of a lively looking brown complexioned young man in half military garb. It was evident that what he had said pleased her for she looked at him from time to time, as she smiled archly, with fondness. These two were Rosa Millford the miller's daughter and William Townly, a neighboring farmer's son, and an ensign in the American army lying near.

'Who is that William, coming towards the mill, on horseback?'

'As I live,' said the young man, 'it is your old spark, that sly rascal, Nathan Palmer, the dominie's nephew, who dispises him and has cut him off. The rogue, I heard in private this morning, had enlisted in the refugee corps. If I knew certain, he would swing for it. Depend upon it Rosa, he is here for no good purpose, or reason.'

'Do not be seen William, leave me to manage him.'

'The young man retired to a back door, but not out of hearing, as the tory lieutenant entered by the front. He advanced with a bold step.

'Miss Rosa, I have but little time to spare, and I want you to answer at once. Read that.'

He took the commission from the lining of his hat and placed it before her.

'Some difference between holding a commission in the King George's service and a ragged continental.'

'Nathan Palmer,' said Rosa sternly—'I always disliked you—now I hate you!' And she handed him his commission.

'Do you refuse to be my wife now?'

'Your wife! Leave this house immediately or I shall be tempted to loose the dog at the mill door upon you.'

'Good bye Miss Rosa,' he said, grinding his teeth in anger. 'Look to your father's mill—your house—yourself. I will be avenged.'

He mounted his horse and rode swiftly away.

Rosa hastened to the back door to look for her lover. He was just entering the woods leading to the camp and the wave of his hand indicated to Rosa that he knew Palmer's errand. He hastened to the camp, had an interview with Putnam, and the latter issued his private orders.—Palmer came into camp that night with the freedom of an old companion, and having as he supposed accomplished his errand, was about taking his departure, when he was arrested, and the fatal commission was full proof of his guilt as a tory. After a brief trial he was ordered to be hung on 'Put's gallows' the next afternoon.

Before the hour of execution came, Tyron who had heard of the arrest of Palmer sent in a flag, declaring it murder to hang a mere civilian who happened to be a loyalist, and threatening retaliation. He was not aware that Palmer's commission had been found upon his person Putnam wrote back this brief and memorable note:

HEAD-QUARTERS, Aug. 7, 1777.

Sir:—Nathan Palmer a lieutenant in your service, was taken in my camp

as a spy. He was tried as a spy—he was condemned as a spy—and you may rest assured, sir, he shall be hanged as a spy.

I have the honor to be &c.,
ISRAEL PUTNAM.
His Excellency Gen. Tyron.
P. S.—Afternoon. He is hanged.
Such was 'Old Put'—prompt to execute and decide. The hickory tree still remains standing near Peekskill.

My First Love.

There are probably but few men among us (to say nothing of the women!) who have not some pleasing recollections of a school-boy passion. For my part I frankly confess that I am not of that few.—With the memory of the time when I used to study nights, that I might devote the day, school hours and all, to innocent amusements, such as playing 'fox and geese,' and 'tick-tack-tow,' behind the teacher's back, and sliding down hill, snapping the whip, and playing ball during the intermission—with the memory of that happy time, I say is associated the reminiscence of a boyish lover. I had my Mary, and I was as devoted to her as ever Byron was to his. I was her companion, her servant, and her poet. We went together to get 'ground nuts,' to pick up beech nuts, and to dig sassafras roots in the woods. I used to go for water when she was thirsty, and to hold her bonnet when she wished to crawl through holes in the fence. I was with her continually, whether it was her pleasure to see-saw, to jump the rope, or to wander across the fields.

During the school hours I was not less attentive to my 'Mary.' I was thinking of her when I should have been thinking of my lessons, when I should have been writing 'copies,' I was sending billets-doux to her across the school house, or keeping up a tender correspondence with her on poetry. Of course my first attempts at poetry consisted of 'Verses to Mary.'

The teachers sometimes used to let us go out doors and study, during the pleasant weather, either because they believed us when we asserted that we could learn our lessons quicker in the open air, or what is more probable because they were anxious to get as many of the noisy ones as possible out of the way. At any rate, they used to permit the girls, two or three in number, to take their books and sit on the grass on one side of the school-house and the boys to enjoy the same privilege on the other. It is needless to say that the girls and boys had an unaccountable yearning to disobey the teachers, and get together; and that on such occasions I was always to be found on the wrong side of the school house, chatting 'pretty sentiments' to my Mary.

That I loved my Mary with all the strength and purity of which the young and untainted heart is capable, is my sincere belief; and I have not a doubt but that she reciprocated my tenderness. But she was fond of mischief, and delighted to torment me with jealousy. 'This she was well able to do, for I had a rival who was almost as assiduous in his attentions as myself. Fred B— was a gay, young spark, and I was horrible jealous of him the more so, when Mary would leave my society for his.

One night there was a 'spelling school.' Mary had promised me that she would be at the school-house early, and of course I went to meet her, and enjoy a short season of tenderness before the evening exercises began. But I was destined to suffer some chagrin. Fred B— was there before me, and when I arrived, I found him and Mary on quite too intimate terms to suit my jealous nature.

The candles were lighted. Mary sat on one of the front seats, with a broad table directly before her, and Fred was at the extremity of the table, by which he was prevented from making any very near approach to the object of our joint attachment.

While the few scholars who had arrived were enjoying themselves exceedingly before the evening exercises commenced, I sat apart, gloomy and sullen, watching with a jealous, angry eye, the movements of my rival. At length, to my infinite relief, Fred ran to join the sports of his fellow pupils, and Mary was left alone.—She beckoned to me to come and sit with her, but I meant to make her feel my resentment; and much as I wished to speak to her, I scrupulously turned my eyes to another quarter of the house.

Soon the candles were blown out by some mischievous scholars, and the room was involved in total darkness.

'Now,' thought I, forgetting my resentment, 'now is the time to make up with Mary.'

In a moment I was by her side. The table prevented me from approaching too closely, but I whispered her name, and, reaching over, succeeded in getting hold of her hand. I heard a shuffling—I felt that

she was removing my hand from the one I held of hers to the other; and then I felt a gentle squeeze. My heart leaped to my throat with pleasurable emotion. I returned the pressure, and was delighted to feel her fair hand squeeze mine with greater ardor than before. I forgot Fred B— in a moment.

'Do you love me I whispered, passionately.

'Dear! was the reply.

'Oh! I am but too happy!' I sighed.

'But you do not love me,' I heard, in another whisper.

'You know I do!' I exclaimed, almost speaking aloud—'you know I do!'

The fair hand which held my own, squeezed it harder than ever. I returned the pressure more ardently than before.—Indeed I was about pushing the table aside, that I might approach my Mary more nearly, and embrace her, when—a candle was lighted!

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed a light, ringing voice directly behind me.

I started in surprise—for that was Mary's voice! I looked for her in the seat she had occupied a moment before, but she was not there; and the hand I had been squeezing so ardently—that hand, reader, was the hand of my rival!

Like myself, he had flown to Mary's side the moment the lights were extinguished; and she had managed, after placing my hand within that of my rival, to glide out of her seat unobserved. And thus she had left us, whispering love to each other, and squeezing each other's hand across the table!

From the New Orleans Crescent City.

AN EDITOR DINING OUT.

Quite a distinguished citizen of our city, and one of the members of the corps editorial, made a short excursion into the country, where they revelled some hours among the breezes and trees, and finally returned at four o'clock, with appetites, it may easily be imagined, nicely sharpened for the enjoyment of a good dinner. After imbibing a glass of wine bitters, at the St. Charles, our friend of the scissors and quills was invited by his companion to join him in a quiet dinner at his own domicile.

'I have nothing nice,' said he, 'for I didn't think we should reach home in time to dine, but I reckon I can make up something that will answer the demands of hunger for the once.'

'Oh, I'm not particular,' replied the editor, 'anything will answer my purpose.—I'm one of those, you know, whose wants are very easily supplied.'

Shortening the way, by easy and familiar chat, they at last reached the gentleman's dwelling, and at the summons of a bell, a favorite female servant came to the door, with her shining ebony face wreathed gaily in smiles. Whispering a few words in her master's ear, almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold, he exclaimed—

'You don't say so! What are they?'

Now, the editor, though by no means hard of hearing, did not quite distinctly understand the reply, for the reason that he did not wish to listen to what appeared to be a private colloquy. He thought, however, that the remainder of the conversation was about as follows:

'A fine pair of ducks,' said the servant.

'You don't say so,' said his host. 'Well, now I am satisfied. Who would have thought that.' 'Go into the parlor,' said he to his guest, 'I'll join you there in about five minutes.'

The editorial gentleman quietly wended his way alone to the parlor, wondering in his own mind why such unusual disturbance about the dinner should be made, in a house where everything was generally conducted in the most simple and unostentatious manner possible; but nevertheless, secretly felicitating himself upon the fact that the dinner he was to enjoy was far more inviting than it had been represented. Five, ten, fifteen minutes had elapsed, and his host did not present himself; he fumbled over the pictures and books on the table, playing awhile with the poodle dog, which was taking a nap on the sofa, half whistled a tune or two, hummed the fraction of a psalm, and was finally found gazing on a painting of Mary Magdalene, to discover new beauties, when his entertainer made his appearance, just exactly the happiest looking man the editor ever stumbled upon.

'Excuse my detaining you,' said he, 'but you heard what Betty said in the door?'

'Oh yes,' replied the editor.

'Good!' said the host, 'here's to them!'

The editor was slightly astonished, for his friend's way of rejoicing over the ducks was quite singular—he tossed off his wine and commenced promenading the room, rubbing his hands, chuckling, and occasionally giving vent to a guffaw.

'A pair—who'd have thought it, and all doing so nicely too!' was his exclamation.

'How are you having them fixed?' inquired his visitor.

'Oh, I leave that to the women of course; I don't meddle with that business.'

'But it's a pity,' considering they are so very fine, that you haven't another friend to dine with you!'

'Pardon me, I forgot I am compelled to ask you to go somewhere else for your dinner.'

'To do what?'

'To dine somewhere else! You see all is in confusion, the servants are all as busy as bees, it was so unexpected—in fact, I didn't think it would come off for a week.'

'Come off?—what do you mean?'

'Why the affair up stairs.'

'And what the devil is the affair up stairs?'

'Why, I thought you heard what the girl said at the door?'

'So I did—she said you had a fine pair of ducks for dinner.'

'Fine pair of what?'

'Of ducks!'

'Fine devils! She told me that while we had been absent my wife had presented me with a fine pair of twins, both boys.'

The last we heard of the poor editor, he was partaking of soup—solitary and alone—at a restaurant in Charles street.

Anecdote of Stephen Girard.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the late Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Mercury:

Mr. Girard had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who at the age of twenty-one years expected Mr. Girard to say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. Girard said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority.

At length, after the lapse of some weeks the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

'I suppose, sir,' said the clerk, 'I am free, and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course.'

'Yes, yes, I know you are,' said Mr. G. 'and my advice to you is that you go and learn the cooper's trade.'

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. G. was in earnest he would do so.

'I am in earnest,' was the reply.

The clerk rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers, and argued with him upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in good earnest, and in the course of time made as good a barrel as any body.

He went and told Mr. Girard he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business, at which the old man seemed gratified, and told him to make him three of the best barrels he could. The young cooper selected the best materials he could, and soon put into shape and finished three of the best barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first rate, and demanded the price.

'One dollar,' said the clerk, 'it is as low as I can live by.'

'Cheap enough,' said his employer—'make out your bill and present it.'

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a check for \$20,000, and handed it to the clerk, closing with these words:

'There, take that and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a living at all times.'

What I Have Noticed.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and the tombstones are marked with epithets of 'good and virtuous.' Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is—'forgive us our debts,' but he makes everybody pay who owes him, to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that death is a merciless judge though not partial. Every man owes a debt—Death summons the debtor to lay down his dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man is a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbors, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature, it necessary at times, to be down right mad.

I have noticed that as we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed, and call Dame Fortune "blind" but it is the very best evidence that the old lady has the most capital eye-sight, and is no "granny" with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that tomb-stones say "Here he lies," which no doubt is often the truth; and if men could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would believe they had got into the wrong grave.—N. Y. Spirit.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—'Pray tell me dear what is the cause of those tears?'

'Oh, such a disgrace!'

'What—what is it dear? Do not keep me in suspense.'

'Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it was addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr.'

'Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letters?'

'No harm in the thing itself. But the contents! Such a disgrace!'

'What has any one dared to write to me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?'

'Oh, no. It is couched in the most gentlemanly and chaste language. But the contents! the contents!'

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for nine year's subscription!—Sandy Hill Herald.

John's Share.

'Dad,' said a hopeful sprig, how many fowls are there on the table?'

'Why,' said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens on the dinner table.—'Why, my son, there are two.'

'Two!' replied the smartness, there are three sir, and I'll prove it.'

'Three!' replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them: 'I'd like to see you prove that.'

'Easily done, sir, easily done! Ain't that one?' laying his knife on the first.

'Yes, that's certain,' said his dad.

'And ain't that two?' pointing to the second, 'and don't one and two make three?'

'Really said the father, turning to the old lady, who was in amazement at the immense learning of her son, 'really, wife, this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning.'

BUTTON HOLERS.—A biography of Robespierre which appeared in an Irish paper concluded in this manner:

'This extraordinary man left no children behind, except his brother, who was killed at the same time.'

'This reminds us of a son of the Emerald Isle, who in telling of his adventures in this country to a friend, said: 'The first feathered bird I ever saw in America was a forklentine. I tread him under a haystack and shot him with a barn shovel; the first time I shot him I missed him; and the second time I hit him where I missed him before.'