

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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Unkindness.
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see,
Nor think nor care for others more
Than they may care for me!
Why follow thus, with vain regret,
To serve a broken claim?
If others can so soon forget,
Why should not I the same?
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see,
Nor think nor care for others more
Than they may care for me!
There is no blight that winter throws,
No frost, however stern,
Like that which chill'd affection knows,
Which hearts forsaken learn,
What solace can the world impart,
When love's reliance ends?
Oh! there's no winter for the heart
Like that which unkindness sends!
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see,
Nor think nor care for others more
Than they may care for me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the "World as it Moves."
THE SPANISH LADY'S HAND.
FROM THE FRENCH OF HYPOLITE ETIENNEZ,
BY C. A. SHERMAN, ESQ.

The grandsons of Louis XIV had just ascended the throne of Spain. Among the young noblemen who accompanied the prince to Madrid, the Marquis de Villeblanche was distinguished in an eminent degree by the courtesy of his address and the elegance of his manners. Scarcely thirty years of age, a pupil in the school of intrigue, then elevated into a profession by the French noblesse, this young nobleman had not seen without regret the prudery of Madame de Maintenon banish from court that gallantry which had dignified the commencement of the reign of the great king.

Under these circumstances he could not but rejoice at an exile which brought him in contact with the gay manners and rosiance of character which fame attributed to the Spanish dames.

One evening, after having completed his duties near the king, and impatient to learn how far one could presume upon this reputed laxity of morals, he left the palace, accompanied by a single domestic, and began a ramble through the streets of Madrid, in quest of some adventure of gallantry. The hour was propitious; for although night had not fully set in, its freshness already perceptible, was rapidly replacing the burning heat of the day. The windows were all opened, and every one was hastening to breathe the pure air of the Prado. The first researches however of the young nobleman were fruitless. Annoyed at a result so opposed to his hopes and wishes, he was on the point of seeking, in his turn, the public promenade, and solacing himself by some vulgar intrigue, when upon entering one of the winding and deserted streets he suddenly caught a glimpse of a hand of exquisite delicacy, extended through a casement, and languidly reposing on the extreme edge of the balcony. His footsteps were instantly arrested by this sight, and his heart beat violently. Doubtless, that hand, so small and beautiful, belonged to a female, and the apparent lassitude of its position seemed to indicate that its owner was at that moment sinking under the weight of some great suffering, either physical or moral. But who was the female, and what unknown sorrow detained her in her dwelling at an hour when every senora was accustomed to seek the public promenade?

This apparent mystery and difficulty of discovery, excited the most lively curiosity in the bosom of the young nobleman. The first impulse, indeed, of the Marquis, had been to withdraw; but the street was very narrow in this particular spot, and he had meanwhile been fortunate enough to discover part of an arm, which yielded nothing in fineness or delicacy to the charming hand. M. de Villeblanche remained some few moments undecided; after some vain attempts to satisfy his curiosity, and seeing no probable conclusion to this incompatible conclusion to this incomplete adventure, he determined to retire, when a whimsical idea suddenly came into his mind. He instantly made a sign to his valet, who had remained at a respectful distance, and upon his approach—

"Raymond," said he, in a low voice, "see if we are alone."
The ready valet ran to the two extremities of the street, and cast piercing glances into the deepening gloom, which now began to envelope the city.
"Monsieur, I see no one."
"It is well."
The young Frenchman then unclasped his sword and handed it to his valet.

"Now," said he, "keep good watch, and be on your guard."
Then approaching the wall and clinging hold of the iron bars, which according to the Spanish custom guard the ground-floor windows, he cautiously raised himself upon a level with the balcony, and seizing the imprudent hand, hastily imprinted a kiss upon it. The hand was quickly withdrawn, but in the movement a ring glided into the grasp of the young nobleman, which he instantly placed upon his finger. At the same moment, the head of a young female, her countenance rendered even more lovely by the paleness and affright which agitated it, bent over the casement of the window, but almost immediately disappeared, and the window itself was suddenly closed.

The marquis leaped lightly upon the ground, regained his sword, and fled precipitately, covering with kisses the precious gage which he had won in this singular adventure. As soon as he re-entered the palace he examined it carefully, hoping to discover the name of the beautiful unknown, but in vain.

"Raymond," said he, to his valet, "tomorrow, at my rising, I wish to know the name of this lady."

On the morrow, at his waking, the marquis beheld Raymond standing upright at the foot of his bed, waiting his pleasure.

"Well!" exclaimed he, "the valet shooed his head, significant of bad news."

"Monsieur," said he, "the street in which we stopped last night is, 'la rue de la conception,' the house, at the window of which you climbed, is the palace of the Duke of Santa-Cruz, and the lady, whose hand you saluted, is his wife—the Duchess of Santa-Cruz! But, alas! no one ever enters the building, and when Madame la Duchesse goes out, which she never does except to attend church, she is always accompanied by an old duenna, and followed by spies, devoted to her husband."

The Duke of Santa-Cruz was, in fact, a Spaniard of the old stamp, imbued with all the prejudices and suspicions common to his nation. After having discharged the highest functions of state under the reign of the house of Austria, he beheld with extreme repugnance, the sceptre of Spain pass into the hands of a French Prince; he resigned all his honors and employments and buried in the depths of his palace, avoided all communication with the outer world. Another motive added strength to his resolution of absolute retirement: notwithstanding his years, a short time prior to the accession of Philip, he had espoused a young Spanish lady, born of one of the noblest families of Catalonia, and his jealousy, extreme, like that of all Castilians, had naturally increased, when the court became peopled with strangers, whose feats of gallantry occasioned a well-founded terror among all husbands. Innumerable domestics, acting either under the influence of his salaries, or the fear of severe punishment, kept incessant watch over Isabella, this was the name of the Duchess, and followed her to church, the only place she was permitted to visit. Torn thus rudely from all the enjoyments of youth, and the pleasures, of which she had had a partial glimpse in the court of Charles II: confined in the flower of her age in a gloomy palace, which, despite its magnificence, inspired her with horror and disgust, Isabella visibly pined away under the combined influence of languor and ennui. The evening upon which the Marquis de Villeblanche had seen her, she had come according to her usual custom to inhale the freshness of the air at the window, and cast a wishful glance through its barred casements, upon that gay world, which had closed upon her so early. There after a sad contemplation of her fate, she had fallen into a melancholy reverie, and had thrown her beautiful hand without the balcony, as if to seize that air and liberty from which she was debarred. It was at this moment that the marquis had sealed the wall and caught her hand. Thus suddenly startled from her meditation by his kiss, the young girl was seized with fright, and the sight of the young French nobleman increased her terror. But returning almost immediately to a sense of duty, or perhaps fearful of the danger which the rash young man encountered, who had thus dared to brave the jealousy of the duke, she instantly closed the window and retreated to her apartment.

The disappearance of her ring increased her fears; trusting, however, that this adventure was but the heedless exploit of a hair-brained young man, the poor girl soon gave the matter no further thought, and became more than ever, even, absorbed in her accustomed dream of sorrow.

The information furnished by Raymond confirmed the marquis in his first determination: other details too, collected from different sources, inspired him with a bolder resolution, that of relieving the duchess from the tyranny of her husband. A dangerous enterprise like this, needed the aid and consent of Isabella for its success,

and all the skill of the young nobleman was now to be exerted to obtain this.

With this view, he kept almost constant watch under the windows of the palace, but they always seemed deserted. He then altered the direction of his movements and assiduously visited all the churches in the vicinity, at the time of the sacred offices, and finally succeeded in discovering the duchess; but she was accompanied by her duenna, and two stout footmen placed immediately behind her, never lost sight of her for a single instant. Here therefore, apparently, no opportunity could offer of acquainting her with the lively interest with which she had inspired him.

Nevertheless the young nobleman took a position as near the duchess as possible and where he could contemplate her at his ease, he soon remarked the expression of profound melancholy and dejection on her youthful and lovely countenance; that of one who had lost all hope; but he was far from resigning himself to despair.

The discovery only served to redouble his chivalrous impetuosity: The earnest attention of which she was the object was soon observed by the duchess: she fastened a long and inquiring look upon the young man, who seized the opportunity to exhibit the sparkle of the ring which he wore. Isabella trembled at the sight, and cast down her eyes, and a cold sweat bathed her forehead. Raising her head, she glanced cautiously at her guards, and meeting their gaze, ventured upon no further intimation to the marquis, than merely fixing an expressive smile on the hand which had received the kiss. He understood this discrete avowal, and answered as prudently, by simply placing his hand upon his heart. In a few moments the duchess rose and departed; the young nobleman followed her along time with his eyes until finally, Isabella, profiting skillfully by a momentary inattention of her servants, cast a parting glance by way of adieu.

The marquis, more than ever captivated by the lovely duchess, and convinced of the impossibility of an interview with her even for an instant unguarded, resolved immediately upon the execution of his project.

He wrote to Isabella, and hastened to 'la rue de la Conception,' in the hope of again seeing the young girl at the window. For some reason, inexplicable to him, he found all the windows of the palace closed. Ejected by these obstacles, the young nobleman determined to use the most desperate means. The first idea which occurred to him was, that of bribing some of the servants of the Duke of Santa-Cruz, but he soon abandoned that design when he considered the facility of such a course, and the danger which it would involve of compromising the duchess. After long reflection, he conceived the following stratagem. He knew that Isabella had for her confessor a Benedictine Monk, and although this man was of incorruptible integrity, he resolved to make him the bearer of his message.

"Raymond," said he to his valet, "thou wilt go this day to confession."
"Monsieur?"
"Thyself."
"But have no sin upon my conscience."
"You're fortunate: nevertheless it must be your business to find one. Listen: thou wilt immediately seek father Ferdinand, Superior of the Benedictines, and inform him under the seal of confession, that thou hast heretofore purloined many articles from the Duchess of Santa-Cruz, which require now compulsion thee to restore, and thou wilt then hand the holy father this sheet."

At these words, admiration of the genius of his master filled the mind of the valet in lieu of the surprise which his proposal had at first occasioned.

The reverend father, touched by the repentance of Raymond, readily took charge of the commission, and secretly handed the precious sheet to the duchess. Astonished at this substitution of articles, the loss of which she was unable to recall, she at first hesitated to receive them, but female instinct, joined with the urgency of the priest, triumphed over her scruples, and she accepted them. When alone, Isabella hastened to open the casket, and there found the letter of the marquis. A lively emotion fused her countenance, and after hovering around a cautious glance, she tremulously read as follows:—

"SENORA, I know: you are the most unfortunate of women, but I have sworn to release you from a barbarous jealousy of your husband; it is now, at midnight, come to your balcony: I will be there; my servants will await in the street, where everything shall be arranged for your flight."

"How imprudent! murmured the alarmed duchess."

In fact, the mute conversation held in the church between the young girl and the marquis, unnoticed by the duenna and the two valets, had been observed by a third

spy, secretly sent to watch the others, and was faithfully reported to the Duke of Santa Cruz. It caused a keen pang of jealousy, but the fault in consideration was comparatively venial, and besides, his power was too great to cause much fear of any result. He therefore repressed his rage, and contented himself with prohibiting the duchess from approaching the outer windows of the palace. As the motive for this new severity was not apparent, Isabella supposed that her husband, a prey to the attack of some new distrust, wished to allay his fears by the exercise of extraordinary watchfulness over her. There was enough, however, in the rash undertaking of the young Frenchman to cause her the greatest alarm; but it now too late to find means to dissuade him from his enterprise. The letter of the marquis plunged her into a state of the most fearful anxiety. Although flight from this ill-omened dwelling, where her youth and beauty were alike wasting unheeded, was from repugnant to her breast, the proposition had been so suddenly made, that she experienced the keenest agitation. She finally resolved to visit the rendezvous indicated by the marquis, at midnight, merely to induce him to renounce a project so rash and dangerous.

The evening passed slowly like a century. Far from becoming calm, reflection only increased her agitation, and when the midnight hour sounded, she hardly possessed sufficient strength to stand upright. Meanwhile, all was in apparent repose in the palace of Santa Cruz; the lights were extinguished, and the most perfect silence reigned throughout. Isabella, having summoned her resolution, glided noiselessly to the fatal window; she hesitated for an instant, then recovering her courage, sprang upon the balcony.

The marquis was already there.

"Senora," cried he, "I love you, and come to save you."

"Speak lower," replied the duchess, pressing his mouth with her hand, "and if you love me, withdraw. Here, your life is in danger."

"I know how to defend it."
"Your courage is vain."
"Be it so. My death at least will be of service to you. You are the victim, senora, of an odious tyranny; do not refuse the opportunity now offered for escape; all is ready for your flight; follow me."

"I cannot. I dare not."

"What can you fear more dreadful than your present state of suffering? In the name of heaven, do not refuse! You have not a moment to lose. Hasten."

Saying these words, the young man covered the hand of the duchess with kisses. She, weak and exhausted from the conflict of emotions, offered but a feeble resistance, and suffered herself, almost mechanically, to be drawn forward by the marquis. Suddenly a dark shadow appeared behind the window.

"Fly!" exclaimed Isabella, uttering a fearful shriek as she recognized her husband and fell fainting on the floor.

Taken thus unawares, the marquis precipitately descended the wall.

"Quick!" shouted the old duke, from above: "and remember, no mercy."

Then, hastily closing the window and re-entering the apartment, he drew his sword and ran to join his domestics, who, rushing in a crowd from the palace, had already commenced a vigorous attack on the people of the marquis. He, however, had already had time to re-ascend the balcony and conceal himself behind the balustrade. The noise of the contest soon ceased, and silence the most profound ensued. But almost immediately new sounds were heard in the interior of the palace. The young Frenchman lent an attentive ear, for he fully comprehended the danger which impended over Isabella. A bright light suddenly appeared in her chamber, and rendered every object which it contained visible to the marquis. He beheld the duchess led in, gagged in such a manner as to prevent her from uttering a single cry, and held in the grasp of two powerful valets. The Duke of Santa Cruz (it was evidently him, judging from his thick white moustaches and rich Spanish garb, which he pertinaciously retained, despite the orders of the court, from hatred to the French) followed behind, with his naked sword in his hand. He indicated a particular chair, by a glance of his eye, to the two domestics, a sign which they apparently understood, for they instantly placed Isabella in it, and carefully bound her with cords. The old duke, by a gesture, then ordered all the domestics to retire, and turning towards a third, who, up to this time, had remained apart and withdrawn in an embrasure of the window—

"Domingo," said he, "go instantly for master Pedro."

At the name of master Pedro the Marquis trembled, his hair stood on end, and an icy sweat imbued his forehead; he leaped from the balcony. After a few steps in the street he saw approaching him a

man enveloped in a mantle, who cautiously glided along the side of the wall. Desirous of avoiding this annoying meeting, the Marquis was about crossing the street, when the unknown paused, and seemed to examine him attentively.

"Back!" cried the nobleman, placing his hand on his sword.

"Ah! Monsieur, is it indeed you," exclaimed the mysterious personage. "We thought you were lost." It was Raymond, who was wandering around the palace of Santa-Cruz, in quest of his master.

"Where are my people?" demanded the Marquis.

"They have retired with the horses to the 'Place Mayor.'"

"It is well—let them await me there."

He then disappeared rapidly down one of the adjacent streets, eager to anticipate the emissary of the Duke.

Master Pedro was an old armorer from Toledo, who had resided some years past in Madrid. He was in the habit, every evening after sunset, of taking a solitary walk in the great square of the Cathedral, armed with a tremendous sword and pistols in his girdle. There, those who desired to avenge an injury or gratify their hatred, sought him; and no one ever repented giving him their confidence. The most extraordinary tales were narrated of him; and his open impunity, in spite of his numerous examinations, led to the universal entertained opinion, that even Government had availed itself of his courage. As to the rest, the high price he placed upon his services exposed none but noble victims to his blows; and this fact served rather to astonish than to alarm the citizens of Madrid. In the meantime, the servant of the duke of Santa Cruz had arrived at the dwelling of Master Pedro, and was knocking at the door. It finally opened.

"Master Pedro," said the servant, "an opportunity offers for you to gain 200 piastres to-night. Will you follow me and allow me to bandage your eyes?"

"Willingly," replied Pedro, taking his weapons.

Domingo then bound a handkerchief around his head, and leading him forward, conducted him by the arm. Upon their arrival at the palace, the bandage was taken from his eyes. Pedro found himself in the apartment where Isabella sat bound. At the sight of this fearful being, his face almost covered with his shaggy beard, the Duchess shook with terror.

"Domingo," said the Duke, who had not quitted the chamber, "go, and forbid my servants to move, whatever sounds they may hear." Then turning to the Duchess, "Now Madame," added he, "prepare to die. As to you, Master Pedro," said the old Duke, "I would observe, that no one of my servants would dare raise his hand against his mistress, and for myself, my wrist has no longer the steady nerve requisite to strike a sure blow; I have therefore sent for you to inflict my vengeance upon my wife."

"Monsieur," replied Pedro, making with his sword that of the old Duke spring to the extremity of the apartment, I attack men, who can defend themselves; as for women, I protect them. Instantly unbund the Senora, or I will slay you and then discharge that office in your stead."

The Duke, confounded by the audacity of these words, at first attempted to regain his sword; but Pedro confronted him so resolutely, with his drawn weapon, that he was compelled to yield and obey.

"Now Senora," said Pedro, approaching Isabella, fly—there is a silken ladder hanging from the balcony; and a horse, ready saddled, awaits you in the 'Place Mayor!'"

But Isabella, overcome with surprise, could not withdraw her eyes from those of the bravo. "Ah! you are right," said he, drawing off his glove, and presenting his tablets to the Duchess. "I forgot to give you the means of finding me, in case you should again need my assistance. Isabella received the tablet mechanically; but casting her eye upon Pedro's hand, she beheld the ring which sparkled on his finger.

"Great God!" exclaimed she, recognizing the Marquis. She then fled precipitately by the window.

After sufficient time had elapsed to enable the Duchess to baffle all pursuit, the false bravo turned to the old Duke, who had remained until this moment silent from excess of rage and fury.

"Monsieur le duc," said the Marquis, "you will excuse poor Pedro, who out of courtesy to me, has been, for the last hour, promenading the streets of Madrid." He then followed the Duchess.

The Duke of Santa-Cruz, roused from his lethargy by these words, seized his sword and ran to the balcony; but the ladder was gone, and there was no longer any one in the street. The old man died with rage during the night, and some few months later, the Marquis de Villeblanche, the husband of Isabella, departed with her to France, the morals of which

country, without being better than those of Spain, were rather more hypocritical.

Dow Jr. on California.

We make the following extract from one of Dow Jr.'s Patent Sermons, recently published. It contains truths worthy of consideration at this time:

My HEARERS—I know very well what you imagine will procure to you bliss by the hoghead; it is that wretched, filthy stuff called money. This it keeps your souls in a flutter, and sets you jumping like a lot of chained monkeys at the sight of a string of fresh fish. You think if you only possessed a certain heap of the lucre, you would lie off in lavender—make mouths at care—say, How are ye? to sorrow—laugh at time, and feel as happy as an oyster in June: O, yes! if you only had enough of the trash, I admit you might feel satisfied and of course contented; but in such cases, more, (according to Daboll and the devil,) the last more requires most, most wants more yet; and so on, to the end of everlasting. There is no such thing as enough in worldly riches. As well might the sow be supposed to get enough of wallowing in the mire, as for a mortal to be satisfied with rolling in the carriage of wealth. So false are your ideas on the means to obtain happiness, that you would, if you could, coax angels from the skies to rob them of the jewels in their diadems. I haven't the least doubt of it.

My dear friends—I will tell you how to enjoy as much bliss as heaven can afford to humans. Be contented with what you have, no matter how poor it is, till you have an opportunity to get something better. Be thankful for every crumb that falls from the table of Providence, and live in the constant expectation of having the luck to pitch upon a whole loaf. Have patience to put up with present troubles, and console yourselves with the idea that your situations are paradises compared with others. When you enough to eat to satisfy hunger—enough to drink to quench thirst; enough to wear to keep you decent and comfortable; just enough of what is vulgarly called 'tin' to procure you a few luxuries, when you owe no one, and no one owes you, not even a grudge—then if you are not happy, all the gold in the universe cannot make you so. A man much wiser than I, once said, give me neither poverty nor riches; and I look upon him as the greatest philosopher that the world ever produced. All he wanted was a contented mind, sufficient bread and cheese, and a clean shirt. Take the pattern after him, O ye discontented mortals who vainly imagine that bliss alone is to be found in the palaces of wealth and opulence.

My hearers—If you consider all creation too poor to afford you a pennyworth of pure blessedness, you must pray to become reconciled by its poverty. Grease your prayers with faith, and send them up in earnestness, hot from the soul's oven.—This manufacturing cold petitions with the lips, while the heart continually cries Gammion, is of no more use than talking Choc-taw to a Chinese. Heaven understands no such gibberish; it knows only the pure, simple language of the spirit—the soul's vernacular. So when you pray, do it as simple a manner as possible but with red hot earnestness, and your souls will find rest wherever you are—whether nibbling at a crust in poverty hollow, or half starving in California, while endeavoring to transmogrify a bag of gold dust into an Indian-pudding. So mote it be.

Dow Jr.

Questions about Young Ladies.

A correspondent wants to know how it is that delicate young ladies, too delicate to run up and down stairs in their own houses, are able to dance down the strongest man in a ball-room. 'Tis a phenomenon of nature, of which no one seems capable of giving an explanation. What young girl ever refused a handsome partner at five o'clock in the morning, on the score of being 'so tired?' The correspondent who applies to us in his extremity, is respectfully informed, we don't know. Young ladies are queer commodities, and are not to be subjected to the rules of common sense. All we can say about them, is, that they are very delicate at times, and, at other times, not so much so. They very often are afflicted with ill health in the morning, and in the evening go out to parties and balls with thin dress and thinner shoes. All we can say to our correspondent is, seek not to know what you may not know. If you are desirous of learning many mysteries about the character of young ladies which now seem paradoxical, engage one of them for a wife. After the happy lot is tied, she will doubtless enlighten you on many subjects, which till then, must remain 'mighty unsartin.'—Sunday Dispatch.

The Lynn Forum says "the use of a bass-viol in the churches is a base-violation of the Sabbath."