

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

From *Godey's Lady's Book for February*.
Kate's Valentine.

BY HENRY SUNDERLAND.

Kate, my sprightly niece, like most young ladies of her age, has her own opinions on matters and things currently transpiring. She thinks independently, and generally speaks what she thinks. Of course her knowledge of human nature is not very deep; nor is she as wise in all her conclusions as she is led to imagine. I do not say this disparagingly, for Kate has as good sense as nine in ten who have only numbered her years, which are about twenty-one.

On one subject Kate had, for a year or two, been particularly decided in her expressions. The Valentine epidemic, which has raged so violently, she considered a social disease emphatically. It was no healthy manifestation of right feelings in her estimation.

As last St. Valentine's day approached, and as the store windows and counters began to be filled with emblematic love missives of all kinds, from the most costly, delicate and refined, down to the cheapest, coarsest and most vulgar, Kate exhibited more and more strongly her antipathy to the custom about to be honored.

"If any one was to send me a Valentine," said she, "I would take it as a direct insult to my common sense."

"Oh, as for that," I replied, sportively, "lovers are not so silly as to address the common sense of those whose favor they desire to win."

"Whoever wins me," was her prompt answer, "must appeal to that. At no other point will I be accessible."

"We shall see."

"And we will see."

"I'll wager a new hat against a spring bonnet," said I, "that you receive a Valentine this year from a certain young man named—Never mind; don't blush so; I won't name him."

"I would discard any one who insulted me with a Valentine," replied Kate, indignantly.

"Don't say that, for fear you will have cause to repent the indiscretion."

"Yes, I do say it. No man of good sense would stoop to such trifling."

"I don't know, Kate. A little trifling now and then is relished by the best of men."

"That's rhyme, which does not always go hand in hand with reason."

"You'll grow wiser, Kate, as you grow older."

"If that is the kind of wisdom age brings, I'm sure I don't want it."

I answered with a laugh, for to be grave on such a theme was not in me. As the fourteenth approached, Kate frequently repeated her expressions of disgust at the silly custom of sending Valentines that had become so popular, and declared, over and over again, that such a liberty with her would be taken as direct insult, and resented accordingly.

Among the visiting acquaintances of Kate, was a young man named Loring, for whom I could see she had kinder feelings than for any other male friend; but, either in consequence of a natural reserve of character, or because he was in doubt as to Kate's sentiments regarding himself, he never seemed perfectly at ease in her company, though he sought it on every proper occasion. I had him in my mind when I suggested the reception of a Valentine from a certain young man, and Kate understood me perfectly.

Well, Valentine's day came round. At dinner time I came home as usual, and almost the first words my wife said to me was—

"What do you think? Kate received a Valentine."

"Indeed!"

"It's true. It came by the Dispatch Post. I received it at the door and sent it up to her room."

"Have you seen her since?"

"No."

"Of course, she's particularly indignant."

"I don't know anything about that. It was a handsome one, I infer, from the size and envelope, and had in it something hard, which I took for jewelry—a breast-pin or a bracelet."

"Where do you think it came from?" said I.

"I've guessed young Loring," answered my wife.

"If he has sent it, he has committed a great mistake," I replied.

"How so?"

"You know Kate's antipathy to Valentines."

"Young ladies often talk a great deal without really knowing what they say; and Kate is not altogether free from the fault," said my wife.

"I readily enough assented to this. When the bell rang for dinner, Kate came down

from her room. Her face was rather more sober than usual, and she did not join in the conversation with her accustomed animation. She was first to retire from the table.

"I don't think she is mortally offended," said I to my wife.

"No, not if I am skilled in mental indications," was replied.

During the afternoon, two or three more love missives came; but not a word touching their reception, or the feelings produced thereby, was breathed by Kate. It was plain, however, to one with even half an eye, that she was pleased at the mark of attention, or, it might be, token of love. Evening, instead of being passed as usual with the family, was spent by Kate in her room.

On the next morning, at the breakfast-table, I mentioned the fact that a certain number of Valentines had passed through the post office on the day before. This was in order to introduce the subject, and call out some remark from Kate; but she remained silent on the subject, though not without indicating by her heightened color and restless eye, that her thoughts were busy enough.

"I rather think our young lady has changed her opinion," said I, smiling, after Kate had left the table.

"Circumstances alter cases, you know," replied my wife smiling in turn.

On the next evening young Loring called in. Kate was longer than usual in making her appearance, and when she came into the parlor, was dressed with more than ordinary care. For the first time, I noticed on her wrist a new and beautiful bracelet. She blushed slightly as she met Loring; seemed a little embarrassed; but was soon conversing with him in an animated style.

"Did you see that new bracelet?" asked my wife, when we were next alone.

"I did."

"Where did it come from?"

"Didn't you say that in one of the Valentines she received, there was something hard, like a piece of jewelry?"

"Yes."

"That bracelet, probably."

"No doubt of it."

"And moreover," said I, "it is plain that she believes the Valentine came from Loring, for at her first meeting with him, she wears it for the first time."

"Thus," remarked my wife, "notifying him that she receives the token kindly."

I laughed aloud, for I could not help it.

"Why do you laugh?" asked my wife.

"She was going to discard any one who insulted her with a Valentine!"

"That was idle talk. I've heard such things said before."

Two or three evenings went by, and Loring came again. Since his former visit the new bracelet had not been seen. Now it was worn again. As we knew the young man well, and liked him the better the more intimately we knew him, we saw no impropriety in leaving the young couple alone in the parlor.

From that time, there was a marked change in my niece. She was less sprightly and more absent-minded than usual.

Next, her appetite failed her, and she began to grow thin and lose her color—sure signs of a heart disease. Meanwhile, Loring was a constant visitor; and whenever he came, the bracelet was displayed, evidently in token that she knew from whence it came, and wished its full acceptance to be understood. At last I received a formal visit from the young man, and a formal offer for the hand of Kate. Of course, I had no objection to urge. That matter was, in my mind, already fully settled.

After that, the bracelet aforementioned, was always to be seen on the arm of Kate. One evening, about a month before her wedding day, as I sat talking with Kate, for whom my affection had always been as tender as that of a father for his child, I took her hand and said, as I examined the bracelet—

"That is very beautiful."

"Yes, I have always admired it very much," she replied, the color growing warmer in her cheeks.

"A love-token I presume?"

"As I said this, I looked at her archly. The hue of her cheeks became still deeper."

"A Valentine?" I added.

"The blood mounted to her temples."

"But it was not an ordinary Valentine. It did not come from a trifter, it was not received as an insult. I thought you were not the girl, Kate, to reject a sincere offer."

"This little love-token, dear Kate is for thee; Accept it, and keep it, and wear it for me."

As I repeated this couplet, the young girl started with surprise, and looked with inquiring earnestness in my face.

"But I'm afraid, Kate," said I, with a meaning smile, and a voice half regretful in its tone, "that you wore it less for the real than for an imaginary giver."

She did not reply, but looked at me

more earnestly, while a sudden light appeared to break upon her mind.

"Dear uncle," said she, at length, bending towards me, "had you seen this bracelet before you saw it on my arm?"

"Yes, love," was my tenderly spoken reply—and I pressed her pure forehead with my lips as I spoke.

"And you sent it?"

She seemed half breathless as she waited my reply.

"Yes, dear."

She covered her face suddenly with her hands, and sat motionless for some moments. In a little while, I saw a tear come stealing through her fingers. My feelings were touched, for I feared little I had done violence to hers by this little confession of the truth. But, ere I had looked for composure of mind, she withdrew her hands from her face, on which an affectionate smile shone like a rainbow amid the parting drops of a summer shower, and said, as she arose—

"Henceforth I will wear it for the real giver."

Bending to kiss me, she left a tear on my cheek, and then glided from the room.

On her wedding night, Kate wore her Valentine bracelet; and I am weak enough to believe—if the sentiment may be called a weakness—that she prized it even more highly than it Loring himself had been the giver.

A Singular Story.

The Washington correspondent of the *Quaker City*, a paper published in Philadelphia by Mr. Lippard, communicates says the *Louisville Courier*, the following curious account of a recent remarkable dream had by Mr. Calhoun. We have not much faith in supernatural appearances, but if anything could lead the ghost of the "Father of his Country" to re-visit the realms beneath the moon, it would be the thought that his beloved country was in danger of *disunion*, which is but another name for civil war. We give the story for what it is worth:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12.

Mr. Editor.—The other morning at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow white. He is tall thin and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his fatalism his brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that iron necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand and brush it with his left, in a nervous and hurried manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name I think is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

"To this Calhoun replied in rather a flurried manner:—'Phaw! it is nothing!—Only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical delusion, I suppose.'"

"Of course these words naturally excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, till Toombs asked quietly—

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams, but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiar absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back part of his right hand—"however if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it."

"Of course the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, he related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who entered, and without a word took a seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant, that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered so perfectly self-possessed taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room, and all within it, belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which almost ef-

fectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke.

"What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?"

"I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him involuntarily—

"I am writing a plan for the Dissolution of the American Union," (you know gentlemen that I am expected to produce a plan of Dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.)

"To this the intruder replied in the coolest manner possible:

"Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand, your right hand?"

"He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events have called back to life. The features were those of George Washington; yes, gentlemen the intruder was none other than George Washington. He was dressed in the revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office."

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you was shared by the company.—Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause.

"Well, well, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun then resumed.

"This intruder, as I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is I felt a strange chill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face; it was the face of Washington—Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horribly dead alive look of that visage—After holding my hand for a moment, he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way:

"And with this right hand Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper, declaring the Union dissolved?"

"I answered in the affirmative. 'Yes,' said I, 'it a certain contingency arises I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution.' But at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an ink blotch, which I seem to see even now. 'What is that?' cried I alarmed, I knew not why at the blotch upon my hand."

"That," said he dropping my hand, "that is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world."

"He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from under his cloak an object which he placed upon the table—placed it upon the very paper on which I was writing. That object, gentlemen, was a skeleton."

"There," said he, "there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you; he was a South Carolinian, and so are you. But there was no blotch upon his right hand—"

"With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones and—awoke. Ove come by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered in the affirmative. Toombs muttered, 'Singular—very singular!' at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing his head between his hands, seemed to be buried in thought.

ONE OF 'EM!

One Way of Getting a Hat—The Cincinnati Chronicle and Atlas is responsible for the following: A boy, about seventeen years of age, was observed removing a hat from a box outside the door of a store on Main street, Wednesday afternoon. The owner was at the door and observed his movements, but was completely thrown off his guard by the youth placing the hat on his head, walking into the store, and quite independently throwing down a bank note. The assistant inside handed him some change, and away he walked. A few minutes afterwards the owner passed in and asked what he had paid for that hat? "What hat?" said the other; "he only got change for a five dollar bill. The shopman was done by the ingenious stratagem."

Little by Little.—Those islands which so beautifully adorn the Pacific, were reared up from the bed of the ocean by the little coral insect, which deposits one grain of sand at a time. I have seen the picture of a mountain, with a man at its base, with his hat and coat lying beside him, and a pickaxe in his hand; and as he digs, stroke by stroke, his patient looks correspond with his words, "little by little."

The Sun's Distance from the Earth.

It will be recollected that Congress, at the last session, appropriated a sum of money to send a scientific expedition to the West Coast of South America, for the purpose of making astronomical observations to determine, if possible, the sun's distance from the earth with greater accuracy than has heretofore been done. The distance is generally believed to be about ninety-five millions of miles; though some observations have made it not more than ninety millions.

A gentleman in this city, who has discovered a new mode of determining by the laws of motion, the mean distance at which gravitating bodies shall revolve around each other, has made the calculation upon his principles, and finds the distance from the centre of the earth to the centre of the sun to be 92,285,598 miles. (ninety-two millions, two hundred and eighty-five thousand, five hundred and sixty-eight miles.) In this calculation which requires but a few minutes' labor, he takes the diameter of the earth at the most commonly received measurement, 9212 miles. The gentleman from which we derive the above particulars has examined the calculations alluded to, and discovers no mistake in them. He says, "The fact that his (the inventor's) method, which is entirely independent of all astronomical observations and calculations, comes to a result which is nearly a medium of the distances heretofore found by observations is in itself almost a demonstration that his principles are correct, and if correct, he has certainly made a most wonderful and important discovery. We trust the scientific world will ere long receive more light on the subject."—*N. Y. Com.*

Franklin in the Social Circle.

NEVER had I known such a fireside companion as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher; he never showed in a light more winning than when he was seen in the domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him at the house of a gentleman in Pennsylvania, and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time by the unremitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement could not be felt where Dr. Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. Of Franklin no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine, in anything which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

His manner was just as unaffected as infancy.—It was nature's spell. He talked like an old patriarch, and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid.—They required only a medium of vision, like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional excursions, but without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse.—Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance; He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker, & by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred fold to their original value, and justly made it his own.—*William Wirt.*

I have, writes a correspondent, a pretty, bright, little juvenile friend some five years of age, named Rosa. Some days ago she was teased a good deal by a gentleman, who visits the family, who finally wound up by saying—'Rosa, I don't love you.' 'Ah, but you've got to love me,' said the child. 'Why so?' asked her tormentor. 'Why,' said Rosa, 'the Bible says you must love them that hate you, and I'm sure I hate you!' Was that bad 'for a child?'

A man, the other day, swallowed a half a dozen glasses; and in less than ten minutes after, he became a tumbler.

Man and the Soil.

BY M. GUIZOT, LATE PRIME MINISTER TO FRANCE.

Movable property, or capital, may procure a man the advantages of wealth; but property in land gives him much more than this. It gives him a place in the domain of the world; it unites his life with the life that animates all creation. Money is an instrument by which man can procure the satisfaction of his wants and his desires. Landed property is the establishment of man as sovereign in the midst of nature. In satisfies not only his wants and his desires, but tastes deeply implanted in his nature. For his family it creates that domestic country, called home, with all the living sympathies, and all the future hopes and projects which people it. And whilst property in land is more consonant than any other to the nature of man, it also affords a field of activity the most favorable to his moral development—the most suited to inspire a just sentiment of his nature and his powers. In almost all the other trades or professions, whether commercial or scientific, success appears to depend solely upon himself,—on his talents, address, prudence, and vigilance. In Agricultural life, man is constantly in the presence, and vigilance, are as necessary here as elsewhere to the success of his labors; but they are no less insufficient than they are necessary. It is God who rules the seasons and the temperature, the sun and the rain, and all those phenomena of nature which determine the success or the failure of the labors of man on the soil which he cultivates. There is no pride which can resist this dependence, no address which can escape it. No it is only a sentiment of humility as to his power over his own destiny which is thus inculcated upon man; he learns also tranquility and patience; He cannot flatter himself that the most ingenious invention, or the most restless activity, will insure his success: when he has done all that depends upon him for the cultivation and the fertilization of the soil, he must wait with resignation. The more profoundly we examine the situation in which man is placed by the possession and cultivation of the soil, the more do we discover how rich it is in salutary lessons to his reason, and benign influences on his character. Men do not analyze these facts, but they have an instinctive sentiment of them which powerfully contributes to that peculiar respect in which they hold property in land, and to the preponderance which that kind of property enjoys over every other.—This preponderance is a natural, legitimate, and salutary fact, which, especially in a great country, society at large has a strong interest in recognizing and respecting.

A sensible Article.

We commend the following brief article from the *New Haven Register*, to the consideration of those busy, meddling fanatics, who are eternally interfering with the affairs of their neighbors. If these men could but realize the fact, that all out of their immediate class thought as the *Register* does, that these attacks upon the South were mean and dastardly, they might possibly be induced to mind their own business, and let us alone!

"We should like the Hartford *Courant* to tell us what would the Legislature of Connecticut say to a constant stream of Resolutions from Southern States, intermeddling and advising about our factory system, the over working of operatives, and against letting out the support of State paupers, at auction to the lowest bidder! Would such things be any more improper than our resolving against the domestic institutions of Georgia! Not a whit. Is it not enough that we are rid of the curse of slavery, and that we vote against it, when we can do so legitimately, but that we must pursue a system of Legislative taunts, and official impudences, to the faces of those States where slavery is tolerated! It is all wrong—mean. We care not how strong a majority may be, in favor of such annoyances, that does not make the practice right, and it ought to be discontinued."

Important Decision.—The Supreme Court of New Orleans, has recently decided in the case of Heart and others vs. the owners of the *Jane Shore*, that the shipowner who detains a vessel after the advertised sailing day, to the injury of the freighters, is responsible for all damages. The court would not admit evidence to prove that advertisements and assurances of owners of the days of departure were not to be considered binding—that the usage was to disregard them. The Court very properly held that the newspaper should not be used as a means of deception; advertisements must speak the truth.

There were 68 deaths in Boston during the week ending Saturday.