

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS. THE PAIR OF GLOVES.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

The crying iniquities of the lettres de cachet, the abuse of which, it is now needless to dwell on, were not peculiar to France, but may be traced throughout Europe, disguised under various forms and names. In England, the Bastille was the Tower of London; in Prussia the fortress of Spandau; in Spain the castle of Pampeluna; in Russia, it was represented by Siberia. The following well authenticated fact, the last scenes of which have been under our very eyes, may be deemed interesting, as a matter of comparison.

No sight is more striking than a review of St. Petersburg, under the balconies of the marble palace or in the Place of the Admiralty. The bronzed faces of the soldiers, the unmoved sternness of their aspect, the automaton like precision of their evolutions, the strange mixture of costumes as varied as the different races that wear them—here the Teherkesses, in oriental uniform—there the royal guardsman, with their silver breast-plates, in the midst of which shines a golden sun—then the dragons, in black hamlets, and the Don Cossacks, with their long lances; and the most remarkable of all the imposing figure of the Emperor towering above the rest, and surrounded by his staff, consisting of the most high-born nobles, and the finest men of the Empire—all combined to form an unparalleled scene, baffling all description and the characteristics of which are as difficult for the imagination to picture to itself as for the pen to describe.

The military ceremony is held in St. Petersburg every year, on Easter Sunday. It took place as usual in 1848, and would have presented no peculiar feature to speculate upon had not the Emperor, during the whole time of parade, appeared in company with a little old man, dressed in a white coat turned up with red, yellow breeches, white buckles in his shoes, three-cornered hat, and white sash, who followed him about with a look of bewilderment mixed with sadness.

The sight of a costume belonging to the time of Catherine II of course excited the greatest surprise, and gave rise to a thousand conjectures. The truth, however, was soon made known; and we will repeat, in the fewest possible words, the mournful tale of the old man with the white plume, as we heard it related on the spot.

Potemkin was at once the most singular and the most lucky man of the age he lived in. When an ensign in the body guard he had the good fortune to be noticed by the Empress, in whose service he drew his sword, in the time of the revolution that occasioned the death of Peter III. He was handsome, enterprising and ambitious; he became her favorite, and completely subjugated the strong minded woman, whom the Orloffs had frightened, but had vainly endeavored to subdue.

Potemkin never loved Catherine II nor was he long beloved of her. Being drawn together rather by the sympathy of natural genius than by any tender feelings, they were reciprocally unfaithful to each other. Potemkin, like the true spoiled child of fortune, tired of his easy conquests over the fragile dames at court had grown sceptic in matters of love, and only believed in gallantry. A Polish lady underook his conversion. The Princess Zoumowski was pretty, graceful, capricious, a complete coquette, full of wit and frivolity; and was in short, like Countess Veroff d'Aselkeff of our times, the sovereign arbiter of fashion, and the divinity of Russian society.—She inspired the favorite with a violent passion, to which she herself appeared not wholly insensible.

But, just at the very moment when Potemkin thought himself certain of his triumph, the princess suddenly changed her mind, and became distant, reserved and cold. It was observed that this change had taken place ever since the fire at the principal theatre, where her life had been in danger had she not been rescued by the heroic efforts of a young Major, who, on hearing her screams had rushed into the burning house, and thanks to good luck, and devoted courage had borne her from her box already encircled in flames.

Potemkin, in despair of his non-success became desirous of ascertaining at least the cause of the rebuffs he had to bear; and from that day the Princess Zoumowski became the object of incessant, though covert, espionage. Not the slightest clue, however could be found to the secret of her coldness; and Potemkin half beginning to recover from his fears, attributed it to one of those caprices as frequent as they are transitory among women of her stamp, when circumstance apparently insignificant in itself, directed his suspicion in another quarter.

On the 8th of March 1774, the Empress dressed in the national costumes of which

she wore as much from coquetry as in compliance with the distaste manifested by the Russians for all foreign innovations, and attended by the Princess Zoumowski and Potemkin, had taken her place at one of the windows of the hermitage, under which the royal guard and four regiments of Proobajuski were about to defile along the quay of the Court. When the second battalion of this fine regiment of infantry appeared in the sight on the bridge of Troist, the princess leaned on the balcony, and her eyes seemed to be wandering in search of some one; then either designedly or by accident, she let fall one of her gloves. A young officer whose eyes had been fixed in the direction of the palace, saw the glove drop from the princess hand and without accelerating his pace, or breaking from the ranks, adroitly received it on the point of his sword, pressed it to his lips, stealthily hid it beneath the buttons of his uniform.

The princess blushed, Potemkin leaned toward her.

"That officer," said he, in hollow voice "has become enriched by one of your gloves. To whom pray do you destine the other?"

"To you Count, if you are gallant enough to attach the least value to such a trifle," was the reply.

"Give it me, then."

So saying Potemkin retired.

On the evening of the same day, a feldjager and a couple of Cossacks made their appearance in Galerkais, at Major Telegelowski's. The officer turned pale on beholding them, for such visits boded no good.

"Follow me!" said feldjager.

"Whither?"

"That's a secret."

"By whose order?"

"Look."

"Will the journey be long?"

"Perhaps."

"Allow me to take a bag of roubles and some papers."

"Neither roubles nor papers—nothing!"

"Very well, sir, I will follow you," said the major, pale with emotion, "but permit me, at least, to give a last embrace to my mother, who is sleeping just by, in conscious security, and who will wake in tears and sorrow. For mercy's sake grant me but one single moment!"

"It is impossible! The orders are positive. Get in!"

And the iron feldjager pointed to one of those little covered carts, called "teleagous," which stand very high from the ground, and are provided with only one wooden seat. All resistance was vain, and would have been punished with the utmost severity.

The major stepped into the tealeague in silence, and the horses; of the true Ukrainian breed—light as the wind—had pres-ently borne them past vasilj Orloff, and left the watchtowers, the blue domes, and the golden spires of the citadel far behind them. The snow was falling in heavy flakes, and drifting round the silent travellers. For a moment the major felt half tempted to strangle his morose companion when he should happen to fall asleep; but the iron eye-lids of the feldjager were never once closed during the whole of the night. They now reached Pochezeroki.

The major ventured to ask whether they had come to the end of their journey.

"Not yet," replied the feldjager.

They changed horses and went on.—Nystarka and Pounenskoe were left behind, as at each place the major, whose anxiety waxed more and more intense in proportion to the distance, questioned his conductor laconically, and still received, as his only answer, that terrible reply, "Not yet."

On crossing the forest of Vologsa, the tealeague was surrounded by a band of famished wolves, that escorted it during the slightest notice on the part of the feldjager—such episodes being of frequent occurrence in journeys of this kind, where the traveller has an even chance of being devoured by wild beasts, frozen alive, or buried in a tomb of snow, that closes forever above its victims. Nothing can be more dreary than the indelible succession of white plains, the desolate uniformity of which is only broken, at rare intervals, by an Asiatic looking monastery, a hut made of bombes twisted together, or a gigantic rock, hollowed out by the hand of time.

Seven days were spent in unspeakable suffering, the major was half dead with exhaustion, when the tealeague halted on the border of an arid steppe, where, here and there, were sprinkled about twenty wretched huts, more fit to serve as dens for wild beasts than as human habitations.

"This is your destination," said the feldjager.

The Major's face became livid.

"No, it is not possible!" cried he, convulsively wringing the hand of his sinister companion, "you cannot leave me here,

alone, in this accursed spot! What have I done? What is my crime? Why was I carried off in this mysterious fashion? I am the victim of some inconceivable error? Oh! for pity's sake take me back to St. Petersburg, and all I possess, and all that my family possesses, shall be yours."

"I cannot," answered the feldjager. And then, drawing from the pocket in his cloak, a small parcel, he presented it to Major Telegelowski, adding: "There is what Gen. Potemkin bade me give you when we parted."

It was the other glove of the Princess Zoumowski.

The Major started; his deep emotion caused the blood to rush to his face; and a fond recollection awakened the courage that had almost failed him, under so trying a circumstance, he replied, "Very well, sir; tell Gen. Potemkin that I value his present far more than I dread Siberia, and that he has given happiness enough to support me during the period of my exile."

The feldjager bowed, cracked his whip, and off the vehicle flew: while the unfortunate exile watched its disappearance, with much the same feelings as the wanderer, lost in a labyrinth of catacombs, would witness his feeble lamp flickering, and about to be extinguished, or perceive the thread that was to guide him back to light and life, suddenly snapped asunder. Seventy years passed by—seventy years were dragged through amidst hardships, dangers, and privations of every kind.—Yes, even in that iron clime, that most desolate latitude, years flew rapidly over the exile's head—for it is astonishing how time seems to abridge by the sameness of the life one leads.

Chance at length caused the unhappy victim to be discovered, in 1842, by an officer under government, who was sent on a mission to Tobolsk. Having learned his story, he caused it to be immediately reported to Gen. Techerenlehow, who related it forthwith to the Emperor. The injustice had been secret, the reparation was open and signal. The exile now a centenarian, was taken from the *isba* that he had built with his own hands in Siberia; he was brought to St. Petersburg, and the Emperor, in the presence of the twelve regiments assembled on the place of Admiralty, addressed him in the following noble language: "Be assured, sir, that had I sooner known of your misfortunes, they should long since have ceased. Remain in St. Petersburg, a pension of 4000 roubles is henceforth insured to you; it is Russia that gives it."

Major Tehelowski has religiously preserved the uniform he wore in the eighteenth century. Notwithstanding his advanced age, nearly a hundred and seven years, he may be seen walking about, on the Newki Parade, with a figure still erect, and a mildly serene countenance, looking with the greatest surprise, on the changes that seventy years have effected in society, and talking, with a degree of enthusiasm that the snows of age have not yet frozen, of Catherine II., the Prince de Linge, Count Segur, and Alexis Orloff, as if all these personages were still to be found in the Halls of the Hermitage, or in the garden of the Touride Palace.

On reaching the capital, his first care had been to write his will. It consisted of the following words:

"I request, as a last favor, that I may be buried with the glove that will be found fastened to my neck by a black ribbon."

Workmen Should Study Politics.

I respectfully console those whom I address (the workmen of America), I console you to labor for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community—to make them your study instead of wasting your leisure in vague, passionate talk about them. The time thrown away by the mass of the people on the rumors of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history and interests of their country, and thus establish them on those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. Their intelligence not their passions and jealousies, will be addressed by those who seek their votes. They will exercise not a nominal but a real influence in the government and destinies of the country, and at the same time will forward their own growth in truth and virtue.—Dr. Channing.

Free Schools in Mississippi.—The Legislature of Mississippi has appropriated \$200,000 for which the people are to be taxed, to be distributed among the several counties in proportion to the number of children, to establish a system of free schools. Steps are also being taken to procure an accurate return of the number of children in the States between the ages of six and twenty years.

Sense and Sensation.

The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward, by eyesight, viz: from point to point of objects which he has marked—but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword and as rapidly darts back—not turning in the air, but a flash reversing the action of his four wings—the only known creature that possesses this faculty. His sight, then both forwards and backwards, must be proportionately rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his eyes does this consist? No one can answer. A cloud of ten thousand gnats dances up and down in the sun, the gnats see so close together that you can scarce see the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly amidst your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiarly high shouldered vicious guat with long pale, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek inserts a poisonous sting.—What possessed this little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the dizzy dance? No one knows. A four horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, or a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet, somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look around, before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black or negro ant? No one knows.

The Poor Artist.

Death of Mr. Calhoun.
From the *Manchester (Eng.) Examiner.*
The Niagara brings tidings of the decease of Mr. Calhoun the distinguished Senator from South Carolina, an event which it appears, had been expected for several weeks.

Mr. Calhoun was one of the most remarkable men whom his country has produced. His intellect was singularly clear analytical, consecutive in its operations, and always seeking the light of first principles. On this account, he was often reproached with an excessive fondness for abstractions; but it will be hard to point out an instance in which his practical sagacity or executive energy was ever at fault. He possessed an uncommon degree of mental independence. Devoted to almost fanatical love, to the honor and interests of his native South Carolina, he took counsel with no one as to his measures for her welfare; and in his most extreme suggestions, relied exclusively on the resources of his own capacities and robust intellect. His eloquence was free from the faults that are often ascribed to the oratory of American statesmen. It had no verbiage, no pretension, no glitter, no clap-trap, in its composition. With such severe logical precision, such absence of superfluous ornament, such force and compression of language, such vehemence and majesty of intellectual movement, it would hardly be extravagant to characterize it as possessing something of the antique Demosthenic grandeur. The friends of slavery have lost in him their most powerful champion. Would that his noble talents had been devoted to a worthier cause! With Webster, Clay, and Benton, Mr. Calhoun formed one of that illustrious group of statesmen who for nearly forty years have been conspicuously before the public eye, exerting a prominent and commanding influence on the course of American politics.

The N. O. Picayune says that Mrs. Partington, while visiting the Museum, on looking among the old revolutionary relics and Scottish claymores, asked the superintendent if he had among his famous cutlery the "axe of the apostles."

A gentleman looking at his watch, after midnight exclaimed: "It's to-morrow morning—I must bid you good night!"

"So here I am, between two tailors," said a dandy at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves.—"True," was the reply, "we are only beginners, and can afford to keep but one goose between us."

Coaxing Up an Expression.

A brace of 'lovers,' anxious to secure each other's shadows ere the substances faded, stepped into a Daguerreotype establishment, recently, to sit for their 'pictures.' The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, 'had got to be tuck fast, and real natral.' He brushed up his tow heac of hair, gave a twist or two to his neckerchief, asked his gal if his sheert collar stood about X, and planted himself in the operator's chair, where he soon assumed the physiognomical characteristics of a poor mortal in a dentist's hands, and about to part with one of his eye teeth.—'Now, dew look purty!' begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances. The picture was taken and when produced, it reminded the girl, as she expressed, 'jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles!' and as this was not an era in her suitor's history, particularly worthy of their commemoration, she insisted that 'he should stand it again.' He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair. 'Josh,' said she, 'jist look like smilin', and then kinder don't.' The poor fellow tried to follow the indefinite injunction. 'La,' she cried, 'you look all puckered up.' One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last, growing impatient and becoming desperate, she resolved to try an expedient, which she considered infallible, and exclaimed 'I don't keer if there is folks around.' She enjoined the operator to stand ready at his camera; she then sat in her feller's lap, and placing her arms about his neck, managed to cast a shadow of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which, however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds which revealed her expedient. When this 'biling and cooing' had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped from Josh's lap, and clapping her hands, cried to the astounded artist—'Now you have got him! put him threw!'

Dow Jr., Creed.

Dow, Jr., the inimitable preacher of Short Patent Sermons, gives us the articles of his creed, and concludes with the remark: "Poke over with the cane of consideration what I have emptied before; and if you can find a single grain of wheat among the four pecks of chaff, I shall be highly gratified."

The following are the grains of the genuine article or we are no thrashers:

"I believe that the most industrious are the most contented and happy. Idleness is an incubus upon the bosom of enjoyment. 'Tis the hardest work in the world to do nothing by the month and have nothing to do with it."

I believe that kicking against custom, and spitting in the face of fashion is a foolish and futile endeavor. Both may need correction—but they must and will have their way."

I believe that if the devil be the father of lies, he has a plaguy large family to look after, and is rapidly on the increase."

I believe that girls are like kittens—gently smooth the right way, and they rub and purr most affectionately; but give them a contrary brush and their back is up in a most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed but shun delicacy about the operation."

I believe that human flesh is hard to digest. Jonah didn't sit easy in the whale's stomach."

I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, & straight up and down way of dealing with the world have as much advantage over vice, trick and stratagem, in the long run, as a good square trotting horse has over a pacing pony, or a racker that goes his mile or two like the mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey."

Some people have very inquiring minds, but none, we think, carry their curiosity so far as a Yankee friend of ours, who rung the bell of a fashionable residence up town the other day, and when the servant girl made her appearance politely inquired what the family intended to have for dinner.—*Knickerbocker.*

Law.—A publication has been made, giving, as far as can be ascertained, the name, residence, and post office of every practising lawyer in the United States.—The entire list shows that there are nineteen thousand five hundred.

There are three things which cannot be made too short—and they are visits, picnics, and 'communications' for papers. Editors need 'condensers' as much as steamboats do.

The editress of the Lancaster Literary Gazette says that she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swingle tow, as allow a man with whiskers to kiss her.

Economy is Due to Our Employers.

"Wast' not, want not," is a good old proverb—"He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much." A person who takes no care of the materials committed to his hands by his master, will never duly husband his own property. Economy and wastefulness are habits that will influence us in all things, both when we are engaged about our own substance or that of another. To waste another's goods is the same as to rob him. The loss in both cases is equal, and the principles whence they spring very much alike. The man who takes care of his employer's goods is sure to look after his own, and thus is on the road to prosperity. It would be difficult to calculate the immense loss of property that every year occurs from carelessness and want of economy. Some persons are worth nearly half their wages more than others, because they never injure or waste anything. The employer being wealthy, or the work abundant, is no excuse for carelessness. A loss is a loss and a robbery is a robbery, whether taken from the heap of the miser or the smaller store of the indigent. "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," is a divine command. Heaven allows nothing to be destroyed. There has not been a single drop of water wasted from the creation until now. The decomposed elements of last autumn are the aliment of our present spring. Economy, rigid economy, is one of the laws of nature; and we shall not realize "the good time coming" until we have a careful and economical world. Let this spirit prevail, and not only will the master be saved from loss, but, in many instances, the servant will rescue himself from the union.

The Evansville (la.) Journal says, that there is a young man named Masterson, awaiting his trial at Rockport, in that State, who is able to throw a stone, with almost the precision a man can send a bullet from a good rifle. He can go into the woods, and kill as many squirrels with dorricks, as an experienced hunter can with his gun. A drunken man was pursuing a brother of his, with a knife in his hand, when Masterson threw and struck the fellow on the back of his head, killing him instantly. He says he intended to strike the arm of the drunken man, to knock the knife from his hand, but his own arm was caught, and the object frustrated. He can prove this, we understand.

A Revolution in the currency is going on produced by the discovery of the California Gold Mines. The Philadelphia North American says, "We have a great abundance of gold dust, and but little silver. Formerly, the reverse was the case. Our stock of silver has fast diminished, and is still diminishing, and the cause is easily ascertained. Gold dust, which can be readily sold in this city at \$18 per ounce, can be as readily bought at San Francisco at \$15.50 per ounce with silver coin and large amounts of silver coin have been shipped to California for that purpose. The investment yields a profit of some twenty per cent, while returns are made in the brief space of ninety days."

"Ma, I think you'r foolish' said a little boy as he sat beside his youthful mother. "Why so, my dear?" "Why, for marrying pa, when you might have married me if you only had waited a few years."

A puzzle.—My father is my son, and I am my mother's mother. My sister is my daughter, and I am grandmother to my brother.

"Jim, did you ever double the Cape of Good Hope?"
"I expect I have."
"When?"
"Last night, when I put my arms around the Cape that belongs to the dress of the young lady that I have good hopes of making Mrs. Dusenberry."

A minister at church approached a little urchin about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him:
"My son I believe the devil has hold of you."
"I believe he has too," was the significant reply of the urchin.
The preacher vanished.

"Take your wife in not so pensive as she used to be."
"No, she has left that off and turned expensive."

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney.
"Never mind," replied the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes to Court."