

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 Mysteries of Mesmerism. A Scene at a Social Party.

BY ONE THAT WAS THERE.

A merry party was assembled in the parlor of a friend not long since, and a merry time had the guests, if we may judge from the continual excitement which was kept up by the principal spirits of the occasion. Many a good joke was perpetrated, and many a bad one was enjoyed at the expense of some one present.

Among the fairer portions of the guests was one Miss Sarah H., who is beloved and admired for all her accomplishments and natural kindness of heart, while she is dreaded for her keen satire, and her aptness at the execution of cruel and practical jokes.

Miss H. had reigned supreme during the evening, and nearly every guest present had suffered from her wit. Among those who had suffered in the most cruel manner was Charley E., who was not bad at such innocent amusement himself, and who was resolved to pay Miss Sarah in her own coin.

The conversation turned upon mesmerism. Charley said he had put to sleep any quantity of young ladies and strong minded young gentlemen, in his day, and facetiously remarked that he flattered himself on being as good at it, as Parson F.

"With a pair of plates," said Charley, "I can accomplish as much in the putting to sleep line as the parson can with one of his duldest sermons."

"Nonsense!" cried Miss H.

"Nonsense?" echoed Charley assuming a sullen earnestness; "perhaps you think I can't put you to sleep."

"Perhaps I do!" laughed Miss H.

"I think I could convince you in a few minutes!"

"That you could put me to sleep?"

"Yes," exclaimed Charley with admirable enthusiasm. "And if you will let me try, I pledge myself to accomplish the task, or furnish the oysters for the whole company."

"The oysters?" cried Miss H.

"And you will give me a fair trial?"

"Yes."

"Agreed, then!"

And Charley to the delight of the whole company, who were fond of fun and oysters, commenced making preparations for the apparently hard task of putting the bright eyes of the wide awake Miss H., in a mesmeric sleep.

Charley said that he operated with plates. He also remarked that some plates were better than others, and said he must go with Mrs. S., the lady of the house, to her pantry, to make choice of such specimens of crockery, as would best suit his purpose.

Charley was occupied some time in making his selection of plates, and the company, whose appetite for fun and oysters was becoming very acute, began to grow impatient.

At length, however, Charley reappeared with a very sober face, and said in a serious tone:

"I couldn't find any plates to suit me exactly, but I mean to have a trial at any rate. The best I could find were some dirty ones, piled away in one corner, which Mrs. S. is washing for the purpose. While she is producing them we may as well make choice of a good position Miss H."

"Sir!" said Miss H., pertly.

"You can hold your countenance I believe!"

"I rather think I can."

"Well, you must, or I cannot put you to sleep. If you laugh the charm is broken. The company may laugh at the oddity of my motions, and I presume they will, but you must not, for if you do, I shall be under no obligation to produce the oysters."

Miss H., thinking the whole trick consisted in this, and supposing Charley felt sure of making her laugh by the ludicrousness of the scene, readily entered into the arrangement.

Charley then placed two chairs facing each other, directly in the centre of the room, took his seat in one of them, and requested Miss H. to occupy the other.

"According to my improved method of mesmerism," said he, with imperturbable gravity, "you will be required to look me intently in the eye, and to imitate my motions invariably."

"Yes sir," said Miss H.

Charley then took hold of her wrists, and looked her in the eye, while the ladies and gentlemen present gathered about eager for the fun.

"The plates!" cried Charley.

"The plates!" echoed Miss H. with equal gravity.

Mrs. S. came forward with a pair of the required articles. Charley took one and held it in his hands in his lap. Miss H. made a similar use of the other, still looking Charley in the eyes.

After a pause, Charley withdrew his right hand from beneath the plate, and with a slow mystical motion, passed his fingers across his face.

Miss H. gravely imitated the movement. As she drew her delicate fingers from her brow to her chin, a yell of laughter burst from the spectators. Without smiling, Charley replaced his right hand under the plate, and rubbed the left hand over his face. Miss H. as gravely followed his example, and another burst of laughter followed. Charley turned his plate around in his hands, and with his fingers made passes across brow, crosses on his chin, a long line down the middle of his nose, circles about his eyes, and all sorts of imaginary grotesque figures on his cheeks changing his hand occasionally, as if to invest the ceremony with additional mystery. Miss H. imitated him with scrupulous exactitude and imperturbable gravity, while the mirth of the spectators became more and more excited, and it seemed that some of them would die of laughter. Some rolled upon the sofas, some hung powerless over the chairs, almost dead with mirth, and others fell upon the floor and held their sides.

Charley continued to make the mysterious passes across his face, and Miss H. to imitate his movements, until the mirth rose to such a pitch that the poor girl began to suspect that it was occasioned by something besides the mere oddity of Charley's motions. She grew uneasy. She feared some trick played upon herself. The mirth increased. She resolved to forfeit the oysters. Amid roars of laughter from the spectators she cried out:

"There! I've withstood this long enough! Now I'm going to know what there is to laugh at."

"Look in the glass! Look in the glass!" cried the mirth-suffocated spectators.

Miss H. was before a mirror in a moment. A cry of despair and shame burst from her lips. Her face! her pretty, bewitching face! it was covered with black streaks of every imaginable character. Over her nose, around her eyes across her forehead, up and down, diagonally, and crosswise, on every portion of her face, were the marks of her own fingers, just as she had touched them on her delicate skin.

The bottom of her plate had been smoked!

While Miss H. covering her features with her handkerchief, retreated to another room, and while the company was near giving up the ghost in a perfect ecstasy of laughter, Charley said without a smile:

"I won this time; but I think I can afford the oysters at any rate."

The oysters were brought in at Charley's expense. Charley said he could not think of tasting his until Miss H. re-appeared, and sent a committee of the girls to bring her in. These reported that the fair victim had not yet succeeded in getting the smoke off her face, upon which Charley bade them return and bring her in at any rate.

In a few minutes the committee once more returned, accompanied by Miss H. The smoke still showed itself upon her face in spots, and her eyes glistened with tears; but she advanced with admirable frankness and a cheerful smile, and taking Charley by the hand acknowledged the fairness of the joke, and complimented his ingenuity and skill.

The merry company then sat down to the oysters, which none enjoyed with a keener relish than she who had contributed so much to the entertainment of the guests that night.—*Yankee Nation.*

The Sailor and the Actress.

"When I was poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "working hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'then I have no hope; I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asked the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery spring over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes you shall have one friend

at least, my poor young woman,' said he with the greatest expression in his honest sunburnt countenance; 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you, (turning to the frightened actor,) if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, it will be worse for you when I come at your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amid the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank notes."

Specimen of Yankee Courtship.

"Now darn it Sal, where's the use 'o this eternal sparkin'. Now you know me and I know you now if you've any notion of gettin' married jist say so, at once and we'll have it done."

"Hey day! Mr. Jonathan—jist as if I am obliged to have you if I get married at all—I'm not in such a desperate hurry neither—I might see some feller that 'ud take the shine clean off o' you afore I'm twenty."

"Now Sal, that's smart, I swear. So you're jist holdin' out me, to have a fool to fall back on when you can't get nothin' better. I-tell-you-now, I aint a goin' to stand that. Ye've either got to take me now or say good bye ter ye. A feller 'll take the shine off er me, I'd like to see him."

"So'd I Jonathan, for raly he'd be worth seein'. I don't think there's many could do it. But if there be one of course I'd like to hev'im."

"But seein' ye'r not sure o' such luck, Sal, wou'dent it be better to take up with a good offer, than to wait for a chance of a better which ten to one you'll never get. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; now I tell you."

"Well so it is Jonathan, but raly ye'd better wait a little. I aint got my sheetin' bleached nor my diaper wove and my kiverlids in the loom yit. Besides I have four bed kivers to quilt and bed tucker make up, bolsters, pillows and all. I cant git ready under three months; at any rate.—Let's see—its June—July—August—September. That'll bring the weddin' into the season o' fruit and we can have things nicer without so much expense."

"That's good arguin' Sal, but you see harvest is comin', and mother's gittin' old and cant do the work for the hands, thro' the hot weather. Now if we cud git married about the fust o' July it 'ud save me hirin' a gal, and the money I should have to pay for wagaes 'ud buy us a set 'o cheers."

"That's true, Jonathan. 'Tis tu hard for your good old mother ter hafu do so much work. Mebbe I can git ready by July—I kin leave the soin and sister Su'll help me with the wevin and quilting."

"How many cows do you milk this summer?"

"Why, we've tu't gives milk, and tu heifers I'll come in July. Likely, it'll be some trouble to break them, to milken—But you understand sich things and I heard you say, you like to feed calves."

"And Sal, I've got a pair of new kinder chickens, as big as turkeys, an' I'll lay a dollar there's no nicer sheep in the state'n mine."

"Mother says I've got all I need but a wife, an' she says she'd rather hev you'n any other gal she knows; and ye know I'd like ter marry to please mother as well as myself."

"Now one word for all—Sal, is it a bargain?"

"Well Jonathan, I dont see as I kin do better. Besides yer mother needs my help more'n my mother dus, who has got tu gals besides me. So I think we'll fix it for the fust of July."

"That's right Sal! and won't we have a glorious independence."

Ingenious Trick.

An English paper relates the following ingenious mode of "raising the wind," practised by a musician on the credulity of the inhabitants of a country town:

"A foreigner, named Vogel, a celebrated flute player advertised a concert for his benefit, and in order to attract those who

"Had no music in their souls. And were not moved by concord of sweet sounds," he announced that between the acts he would exhibit an extraordinary feat never before witnessed in Europe. He would hold in his left hand a glass of wine, and would allow six of the strongest men in the town to hold his arm, and notwithstanding all their efforts to prevent him, would drink the wine! So nev-

el and so surprising a display of strength, as it was naturally regarded, attracted a very crowded house, and expectation was on the tiptoe, when our hero appeared on the stage, glass in hand, and politely invited any half dozen of the audience to come forward and put his prowess to the test. Several gentlemen, amongst whom was the mayor of the place, immediately advanced to the stage, and grasping the left arm of Vogel, apparently rendered the performance of his promised feat quite out of the question. There was an awful pause for a moment, when our arm-bound hero, eyeing the gentlemen who had pinioned him, said in his broken English, "Jenteelmen, are you all ready? Are you quite sure you have got fast hold?" The answer having been given in the affirmative, by a very confident nod from those to whom it was addressed, Vogel, to the infinite amusement of the spectators, and to the no small surprise of the group round him, advancing his right arm, which was free, very coolly took the wine glass from his left hand, and bowing very politely to the half dozen gentlemen, said, "Jenteelmen, I have the honor to drick all your good health," at the same time quaffing off the wine, amidst a general roar of laughter, and universal cries of "Bravo, bravo; well done, Vogel."

Gen. Lopez in Savannah.

The Savannah Georgian gives a very interesting account of the reception of Gen. Lopez in Savannah, and the excitement in consequence of his arrest by order of the President. We copy from its able article the following. If no proof could be adduced to show he had not violated any existing law of the United States, why were the administration so prompt, as to resort to telegraph speed, to put him under arrest?

On the arrival of Gen. Lopez, from the Island, early in the morning, information was communicated by telegraph to the Spanish Minister in Washington, who immediately demanded his arrest by the Government. During the day, a despatch was received from Washington by the United States Attorney, Mr. Williams, directing the arrest of Gen. Lopez, on charge of exciting in the United States an insurrectionary movement, for the purpose of attacking and revolutionizing the government of a friendly power. The necessary warrant was prepared, and the General arrested. The hearing was had before his Honor, Judge Nichols, of the United States District Court, at the Court House.

The arrest created great excitement, and the assemblage of a large concourse of our citizens of all classes. Col. Gaudin and Judge Charlton appeared as counsel for the General. The case occupied but a short time for its decision. There appeared to be no formality in the warrant of arrest. Several witnesses were examined, not one of whom could testify of their knowledge, aught against the General. It is well known that an attempt has been made to revolutionize Cuba, and also that Gen. Lopez headed the expedition; but there could be no proof adduced to warrant his detention for the violation of any existing law of the United States.

Gen. Lopez was consulting a short time in an adjoining room, with his counsel, and when the court opened, entered with all that dignity and composure which can be felt by one when conscious of having committed no act, which could in the least tarnish the honor of an honest man and a true patriot, or as having done no more than to attempt the freedom of his fellow citizens from the galling chains of a despotic government. On his appearance he was highly cheered by the audience, at the risk of contempt of Court. His honor, Judge Nichols, through his officers quickly restored order, and the hearing of the case proceeded quietly. The interest excited was intense throughout the whole affair, and when Gen. Lopez was discharged from arrest, the court room rang with the applause of the audience, and could not be suppressed by the officers.

THE AFTER PIECE.—After leaving the court room, and the shouts of applause having somewhat subsided, an immense party escorted the liberated General to the City Hotel, where he was received amidst the most enthusiastic cheering. Here, after a few moments pause, and the burning impulses of his spirit awakened by the tokens of friendly feeling towards him, he made a short but impressive speech, which was translated by our friend Col. Gaudin, who kindly volunteered his services in behalf of the General. The substance of his remarks was, that he had felt the galling influence of the old Spanish rule, that his all had been taken from him in former years, and that now every thing was gone from him but his undying love for his country, which would only yield with his life. Yes,

though he had felt, with bitter anguish, the bitter chains of her oppression, his vigor was yet alive, and he would exert it until her liberty had been achieved and her citizens enjoying the freedom of such institutions as were enjoyed by the people of these United States. Yes, said the old general, never in the course of my eventful life, (his eyes beaming with the fire of patriotism,) have I received such tokens of friendship. Gentlemen, would that I could express my feelings of gratitude. I am resolved to become a citizen of these United States, and to enjoy alike with you the fruits of your free institutions.

Nine cheers were given for Gen. Lopez and Liberty.

Cuban Expedition.

That our readers may fully understand the position in which the inhabitants of Cuba have been placed by their oppressors we copy the following from a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune:

On a soil where there is the penalty of arrest and imprisonment attached to the association of as many as three persons, to discuss political or social grievances, as relate to the Government; and where every vigilance that fear and malice can suggest is on the watch for the slightest display of mutinous disposition, how impossible it would be for a people to unite their sympathies and compass the means essential to a successful revolt against their oppressors? Such a soil is Cuba, and a people so spied upon, and seized upon the pretense of suspicion even are the Cubans.—Not permitted to have in their possession any deadly weapon; all their movements dogged; the right of association, petition and remonstrance denied them, how could they, except from without, gather those cannon and bayonets which are the only arguments Spain respects? Expatriated, the moment they are suspected of liberal and generous ideas, the master-spirits of Cuba have their homes in foreign hands.—Cubans, exiled and noble spirited Cubans, have devised the expedition to free their homes. Could they have compassed the material of war at home—their birth home—they would not have sought our soil. Driven from home, they return with such weapons as they could find, and if, taking their lives in their hands, individual Americans have gone with them to do battle for liberty, can we as a people, indebted to La Fayette, Steubens and DeKalbs in our Revolution, call these men—either the suffering Cubans, or the sympathizing Americans—pirates or marauders? Men battling in the holiest causes have been called rebels, pirates and murderers, though after ages rewarded their memories with the name of Deliverers. If it shall be found that the Cubans, as a man, reject this Expedition, if they fail to rally to the standard they have invited, through fear or more mercenary feeling, then let it be said that the expedition mistook its purpose; but if it shall prove a seed sown in the right time to produce a harvest for liberty, let it be honored. Its acts will best test its character.

The Truth well Expressed.

In a capital article on the "GALPHIN villainy," we find the following true and overwhelming paragraph:

During the sixty years that had passed away since our present form of government was adopted, the office of Secretary of the Treasury has been filled by about a score of persons, embracing members of almost every political party that has appeared in the country; and of this number, we are not aware that one was ever suspected of having made use of the power of his position to seize the public money for his own individual use, or for the benefit of friends or clients. What one of their number, from Hamilton to Walker, would have done any thing like the corrupt deed that has made Secretary Crawford a man of wealth, if before he were poor, and added to his wealth if he were a rich man? The name of Crawford, which has heretofore been most honorably connected with the history of the treasury department, will be associated with it in a manner the most disreputable. It will become a bye-word, a hissing, and a reproach, as that of a man who united in himself the characters of Overreach and Greedy, and who was destitute alike of plitical morality and personal honor. President Taylor will stand recorded in history as the only one of our presidents who deliberately sanctioned the plunder of the national treasury by the very man whose duty it was to guard it against the attacks of dishonest claimants, and who prostituted the powers of his place to gratify his own sordid avarice!

Conscience is a sleeping giant; we may lull him into a longer or a shorter slumber; but his starts are frightful, and terrible is the hour when he awakes.

The East India Company.

This mammoth corporation, which may be said to rule the commercial destinies of England, is thus spoken of by the *Christian Enquirer*.

"The stockholders of this company have never much exceeded two thousand; and the capital stock, on which dividends have been paid, at the largest has been put at £6,000,000. It has been subject, in England, to the unwise management which must always attend a company whose stockholders and directors are constantly changing, and whose agents and field of operations are distant by half the circumference of the globe from the centre where measures original, and besides this, it has had to encounter the hostility of the whole commercial class of England formerly shut up by its monopoly from the Indian trade, while in India it has contended for existence on a hundred bloody battle fields with Dutch and French, and the native monarchies of the East. But, notwithstanding all obstacles, it has expelled the Dutch; it has annihilated the power of the French in India—has subdued one native kingdom after another; its factories have grown into States, and these States into a vast and consolidated Empire; it has maintained a standing army larger than that of any European power except Russia and varying, at different times, from 150,000 to 200,000 men; it has conducted sieges not less dreadful than those which drenched the cities of Spain in blood, in the peninsular war; it has stormed imperial cities and fortresses almost beyond number. So incessant has been its wars, that for a hundred years scarcely a day has passed in which the wild beasts of the jungles, or the alarmed inhabitants of the hills, have not fled before the thunder of the British cannon. Its bayonets have broken the great power of the wild Mahraita cavalry, of the well-disciplined squadrons of Mysore, and of the fanatic courage of the Sikhs; it has subdued great and warlike kingdoms, and not only subdued them, but has deposed their sovereigns, appropriated their revenues, subverted institutions old as India herself, reconstructed its laws and jurisprudence, and over vast regions changed the very tenures by which the soil is held; its history is full of vast schemes—to-day of conquest, to-morrow of social regeneration and improvement—of skillful diplomacy, of heroic achievement, of desperate valor, making good all deficiencies of numbers and resources, and of names world-renowned in statesmanship, and war, and literature, and religion.

This company in England, has been composed of merchants and others, who have lived quietly as good subjects and citizens, unknown and unheard of; yet they have appointed, and, at their pleasure, recalled Governors General, who have exercised in India a despotic authority over the fortunes of more than one hundred million of people; which the monarch of England dares not exercise in his island domain. Before its charter expired in 1833, it had subdued nearly the whole peninsula, from Cape Comorin to the impassable snows of the Himalaya mountains. And since then, the career of conquest has not paused. The cannon of England have burst open the mysterious gates of China; she is trying new experiments in civilization among the savages of Borneo; she added the Punjab to her empire, and a thousand miles west of the Indus, reversing the course of Alexander's conquests, penetrating among the wild and warlike tribes of Afghanistan, where she met the fiercest resistance; her unwearied battalions have reached the confines of Prussia, and the echoes of her advancing drums have startled the sentinels who at night kept watch at the outpost of Russian power."

Colonel Fremont.—We understand that the Geographical Society of London have voted a gold medal to Col. Fremont, for having made during the past year, the most valuable discoveries in geography of any known person. It is usual, we understand for this society to give a medal every year to the person having made the most valuable discovery in geographical science.—*N. Y. Courier.*

A Large Family.—A venerable gentleman and his lady, and their descendants sixty in number, from Cooper Maine, arrived at Boston on Wednesday in the steamer Admiral, on their way to St. Anthony's Falls Minnesota. The family of one of their sons numbers twelve males; and another the same number of females.

The strongest love will feel, and then forgive the greatest faults against itself; while the repetition of many little offences against friendship, wound and frets deeply; so that we owe to them a disposition adverse to all mankind, that upon trying occasions makes itself the author where all is reflected.