

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.

THE STRANDED SHIP.

BY HARRIET J. BOWLES.

"Will no one go off for her?—will no one go off for my child?" shrieked the miser, wringing his hands and running to and fro in the crowd. But all turned away. There was scarcely a soul present who, at one time or another had not suffered in the hands of the hard-hearted money lender.

"Oh! for the love of God—you who are fathers think on me. My daughter will perish—will you not go off for her, Townsend—I'll give you any thing—any thing in reason."

"Go off for her!—not I," said the man, with a mocking laugh, shaking off the old man, "all your gold would not tempt me out on that boiling sea. Besides am I a father, too, and think you'll sacrifice my life for another?—No, no, old hulk, you must take your gold to some other market."

"Oh! she will die, she will die—my child for whom I have saved all. Peter Jones you will go if I give you a thousand dollars."

"Not for ten thousand," gruffly said the person addressed, "a boat couldn't live in the breakers a minute."

"I will give ten thousand to any one," eagerly said the miser—ten thousand dollars. I know you will go for ten thousand dollars, Simon," and he seized one of the spectators by the button of his shaggy jacket, "Oh! go, and the blessings of a broken-hearted father will go with you."

"I can't think of it, for I'd never return to enjoy your money. No, old man," he said in a more feeling tone than the others had used, "your daughter must die."

"Must die! Oh! no—she shant die. Take all I am worth, good sirs," he said, lifting up his hands imploringly, "but restore me my daughter, only—only I hope you'll spare a little for us to live on, if it's no more than a beggar enjoys."

"It's no use, old man," said the last speaker, "the whole would not tempt us to put out to sea in a storm like this. It's a hard lot you've got to bear, and I pity your daughter, for she was a sweet angel. But the packet will go to pieces in half an hour, and so you see there is no hope."

The father heard the speaker in stony silence. Then he turned and looked out at sea, where a few minutes before, the outline of the stranded packet, might have been seen through the approaching twilight, almost buried in the whirling foam that howled over the bar on which she lay; but the darkness had shut her in from view; and the only knowledge of her position was derived from the sound of her minute guns booming solemnly across the sea. The old man groaned, and sinking down on a bolder, buried his face in his hands and rocked his body to and fro, occasionally pausing to listen to the guns or to gaze seaward, and then resuming his position, moaning continually. Five minutes might have thus passed when a young man burst through the crowd, and shaking the old man by the shoulder, said "Mr. Stelling, they say your daughter is on board the packet—is it so?"

"Yes, good youth, and you have come to rescue her," he exclaimed, starting up with eager joy; but when he recognized the speaker, he said in a tone of disappointment, "it's Harry Martin. Oh! surely young man, you have not come here to triumph over my distress?"

"God forbid, was the fervent reply, "I come to aid you, if indeed mortal man can render aid in an extremity like this. Let bygones be bygones. Only answer me one question, for no time is to be lost—will you give me your daughter if I succeed in rescuing her?"

There was a momentary pause, and the muscles of the old man's face worked convulsively. All pressed forward to hear his answer, for the fury with which the old miser had pursued his daughter's lover, and his declaration that he would sooner see her dead than married to the young man were known to every listener. At length he gasped,

"Yes, yes, but go at once. Only save her and she shall be yours."

The youth paused no longer, but dashed through the crowd. In a minute his boat was aloft, and accompanied by a solitary individual—for but one fisherman, and he under great obligations to the young man, could be persuaded to risk his life with the lover—he set forth. The boat rose gallantly on the waves, shaking like a duck the spray from her sides, and for a few minutes was seen momentarily cutting the outline of the gloomy sky as she attained the summit of the billow; then she gradually passed into the darkness and was seen no more.

For more than an hour the crowd remained on the beach, almost incredulous of the lover's success, and lingering in the

faint hope that he might return with his precious freight. That he had the good wishes of all was evident from the eagerness with which they strained their eyes into the gloom to see if he was returning, and from the audible prayers for his success which were breathed by more than one of the women. Apart from the general crowd stood the fisherman whom the miser had last appealed to, surrounded by a few kindred spirits who were discussing with him the chances of the young man's return.

"It was madness to attempt it," said the fisherman, "but when I found he would go I insisted that he should make his conditions with the old man before he ventured, for, you see, if his daughter was once restored to the usurper's arms, mighty little gratitude would he have for her preserver, and Harry would stand as poor a chance as ever. Between us, I believe she thought as much of the young man as he did of her; and if her father sent her away, and I more than suspect, to drive Harry Martin from her thoughts, her present danger looks something like the retribution of a higher power as punishment for his conduct. But hark, was not that a hallo?"

Every eye was turned seaward, in which direction the fisherman had indicated that he heard the hallo; but nothing could be seen but the white foam of the breakers in the foreground, and the lowering clouds behind forming a chaotic mass of darkness. Nor was any sound save that of the roaring tempest borne to the ear.

"Hark," at length said one, "there it is again."

Every one listened, and now a hallo was heard faintly from the thick gloom seaward. One of the fisherman shouted, and a reply was distinctly caught in the lull of the tempest. A few moments of breathless suspense followed, during which every eye was strained to the utmost.

"There it is—there it is," at length cried one, "see—just rising on yonder wave!"

"I see it," shouted one.

"Here they come, hoza!—a miracle, a miracle—ah! how gallantly she breaks the surge," were the exclamations that followed from the crowd.

All rushed to the edge of the surf. But now the fear arose that the boat would be swamped in the breakers, and many a heart trembled as she arose and fell lightly on the surge, showers of spray flying over, and the water continually pouring into her sides. The crowd watched her struggles with silent awe.

A few minutes removed all doubt, and saw the hardy crew and their lovely freight safely landed on the beach. The miser had started from his seat at the first intimation of the approaching boat, and stood trembling gazing at her as she buffeted the waves, and no sooner did she touch the ground than he rushed into the retiring surf, and clasping his daughter frantically, hung around her so that the fisherman were forced to carry both together to the dry land. There they would have separated the two for a moment, but when they spoke to the old man they found he was lifeless. The emotion of the last two hours had been too much for his enfeebled frame, and he had died in the revulsion from despair to joy.

The good folks of that seaboard village can yet tell you how after the accustomed period of mourning had passed, the miser's daughter gave her hand to Harry Martin, who received with her a fortune, whose extent even the most sanguine confessed to be beyond their expectations. But this was the least part of the treasure brought him by his wife; and in her virtues he had ample recompense for the long years of opposition on the part of her parent.

A Good Daughter.
There are ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond—she is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, viva city, and tenderness of her sex, have their places in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which she reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm—as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness, for her song makes him forget it, or gloom, which is proof against the young brightness of her smiles. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless little acts of kindness, one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending, but expensive proofs of love.

JENNY LIND.

BY FREDERICK BREMER.

THERE was once a poor and plain little girl dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed then; she was neglected, and would have been unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact she sang to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang.

The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat and sang. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and sang, when a lady passed by. She heard a voice, and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, came back several days after, followed by an old music master, whose name was Crelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, then a Count Pune, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by a rough speech and morbid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil to the Count, and asked him to engage her as "elve" for the Opera. "You ask a foolish thing!" said the Count gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing? See what feet she has! And then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her! Away with her!"

The music master insisted almost indignantly. "Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; then such an ear as she has for music will not be found in the whole world."

The Count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for elves the opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombasin was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Berg, director of the song school of the opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the elves of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a young elf acted the part of the beggar girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicsome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's Frieschutz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner, which made the members of the orchestra at once, as by common accord, lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who had now grown up and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright and serene, as a morning in May, perfect in form—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance through the expression of her countenance and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners—in fact she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak and sing, without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell her tones. Her "mezzo voice" was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in a rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre to the spectators again, was PALE FOR JOY. And that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of overflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth but the tears of the auditors.

From that time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere. And year after year she continued so, though after a time her voice being overstrained lost something of its freshness, and the public being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in Panama (in Zauberflöte) or in Anna Bolena, though the opera was almost deserted. (It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays.

She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia in Paris, and so gave the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to be equalled by no singer, and which could be compared only to the song of a warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark and charmed Germany; she charmed England. She was caressed and courted everywhere even to adulation. At the courts of the kings, at the houses of the great, and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandees of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seeming to belong to the upper classes of society) thronged on the shore of the Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All looked towards the sea. There was a rumor of expectation and pleasure. Hours passed away and the crowds still gathered and waited and looked out eagerly towards the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out on the entrance of the harbor and was greeted with a general buzz on shore:—"There she comes! there she is!" A large steamer now came thundering on, making its triumphant way thro' the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, towards the shore of the "Skeppsbro." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowd on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it.

Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer, now it retreated, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing; now it lay still. And there on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of the lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, with eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on the shore.

It was again—our poor plain neglected little girl of former days, who came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had become celebrated; and she had in her slender person the power to inspire and charm multitudes.

Some days later we read in the papers of Stockholm, an address to the public, written by the beloved singer, stating with noble simplicity that, "as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where elves for the theatre would be educated in virtue and knowledge." The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the opera house was crowded every time the beloved singer sang there. The first time she again appeared in the "Sommnabula" (one of her favorite roles,) the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her when she appeared, with a roar of "hurrahs." In the midst of the burst of applause, a clear, melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, some what bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble—until she fell into the retournelle of her last song, and again sang that joyful and touching strain: "No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."

She has now accomplished the good work to which her latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she is again to leave her native land to sing to a far remote people. She is expected this year in the United States of America, and her arrival is welcomed with a general feeling of joy. All have heard of her whose history we have now slightly shadowed out: the expected guest, the poor little girl of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of nature and art is—JENNY LIND!

Among other regulations stuck up in a school-house in Maine, are the following: No snapping apple seeds at the master. No kissing girls in the entry. No licking the master during holidays. No scholar allowed to bring sweet meats to school without sharing with the master. No giving the master the mitten by gait at spellin' school.

Early Days of Silas Wright.

A friend, who was an old acquaintance of the late Hon. Silas Wright, related to us an anecdote of that distinguished man, which he received from his own lips, and as we have never seen it in print, (although it may have been,) we give it to our readers.

Mr. Wright left his home, at an early age to seek his fortune, having by way of earthly possessions, a fine horse, saddle and bridle, a pair of saddle bags, a small stock of clothing and five hundred dollars in money, which was in bills and was deposited in his saddle bags. He took a westward course, and in travelling one day he overtook a man with a wagon and furniture, and an old span of horses, apparently emigrating. There was nothing particularly attractive at first view in the person or his equipage, but upon closer inspection, Mr. Wright discovered the daughter of the emigrant, a most beautiful young lady, evidently refined and intelligent. They journeyed onward toward Geneva, chatting cozily together when, suddenly the old gentleman recollected that he wished to get his money changed at the Geneva bank, and to enable him to reach that place before the close of bank hours he proposed that young Wright should take a seat beside the beautiful daughter; and allow him to mount W.'s horse and hasten forward.—Ardent and half smitten by the charms of the young lady, Silas gladly accepted the proposition and leaped from his horse, allowing the old man to make off with all his earthly possessions, money inclusive, without a second thought.

—Rapidly the hours of Thalaba went by, while these two young and gifted beings pursued their course (quite leisurely it may be surmised) towards their journey's destination. On arriving at Geneva, Mr. W. drove to the principal tavern, left the lady, but then for the first time a shade of anxiety crossed his mind for the safety of his fine horse and money. He went to all of the other public houses, but could hear of no such man as he described, he beat up to the quarters of the cashiers of the bank, and learned to his additional concern, that such a man had called at the bank, and endeavored to get some money changed, which he had declined doing as the notes were counterfeit! Our future statesman then came to the conclusion that he had made a crooked start in life. About fifty dollars worth of old furniture, a dilapidated wagon and a span of worn out horses, for a new wardrobe fine horse, and five hundred dollars! Ay, then there was the pretty daughter—but her he could not keep as personal property, without her consent, and without money he hardly wanted a wife. He was at his wit's end, and had just concluded to make the best of a bad bargain, when the old man made his appearance, with horse and money all safe. It turned out that the money which the cashier had thought to be counterfeit, was not so, and the mistake had given the old man the trouble to go some distance, to find an acquaintance who might vouch for his respectability in case of trouble, and this occasioned his mysterious absence. In the sequel the beautiful daughter became afterwards the wife of the future statesman.—Detroit Advertiser.

"Stand for Under" is the Word!—**Doubtful Banks.**—Under the head of "Doubtful Banks," Thompson's Bank note Reporter has the following remarks:

The notes of the Eagle Bank, R. I., are still discredited by the Boston Banks, but are redeemed in the city by parties interested in the Bank, at 1 per cent discount. We do not think the Bank will break, but it should, in justice to public opinion, wind up.

The Cashier of the Mineral Bank of Maryland writes us that his all right. So did the Cashier of the Havre de Grace Bank write us that his bank was all right a month before it failed. The truth is, the outsiders use these Cashiers as cloaks to cover their rascality, and the cashier knows nothing of the day nor the hour when the bank is to break.

The owner of the Salsbury Bank, in this city, is trying to sustain it. We don't believe he can do it.

A correspondent asks why we omit the Farmer and Merchants' Bank of New Brunswick, New Jersey, in our list of doubtful banks. We've no reason; we only forgot it—so in it goes.

Monument to Fulton on the Banks of the Ohio. The little village of Troy, Ind., claims the honor of being chosen as the site of the projected monument to FULTON. The claim seems to be well supported. A circular used by the Trojans, which we have before us says:

"We believe, then, that this is the best location; because for elevation, proximity to the river, and beauty of surrounding scenery, it stands unequalled. This above

all others in the West, is the spot most identified with the career; and hallowed by the associations of this great man."—For in his close vicinity Robert Fulton, at an early day, selected a tract of land for his future home. And at the foot of this hill, more than thirty years ago, he and his brother established a wood yard. How must his spirit have chafed when he furnished fuel to floating palaces—the creation of his own transcendent genius! Yet here, (his claims forgotten by his country,) he and his brother labored. Here his brother died; and here his monument would cast its shadow on that brother's grave. The remark which *treachery* drew from the warm heart of a devoted follower of Cesar's rival—*neglect*—applies with double force to Fulton. His whose memory deserves a statue, his scarce a stone to mark his grave. Here, then, let monumental shaft be raised, on the hill he loved so well.

Denmark—A Royal Wedding.

The marriage of the King of Denmark with the Countess Danner, the *ex deuant* court milliner, has given great offence at Copenhagen. The solemnity was performed in the Palace Chapel, and two Countesses were commanded to attend—the Countess Von Ahlefeld (the lady of the Chief Clerk of the Closet) and the Countess Knuth. The youthful bride was led to the altar by Baron Lwetzan, Marshal of the Royal Household. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the Court, who were attired in court dresses. After the marriage there was a grand dinner at the Palace. The Hereditary Prince Ferdinand led the Countess Danner to table, and the King the Countess Von Ahlefeld. A few days after the King and Countess Von Danner paid an unexpected visit to his step-mother, the Queen Caroline Amelia. The Queen Dowager, the widow of Frederick VI, forbade the visit that the King and Countess intended to pay her. The ladies who attend court, and who are highly indignant at this marriage, are under apprehensions lest they should receive commands to wait upon the Countess Von Danner. This apprehension is the greater because it is known that the lady in question has declared that nothing will give her more satisfaction than to see the ladies upon whom she waited as their dressmaker now come and pay their court to her.

From the Germantown Telegraph. Preserving Fruit.

Mr. Editor:—Fruit of almost every description may be preserved simply by packing it in kiln-dried bran. Sand is frequently used for the same purpose, but it is a ponderous article, and on several accounts far less eligible than bran. Dr. Underhill, of the New York Farmers' Club, stated, some years since, that a friend of his obtained a quantity of ground cork in which grapes had been imported. He dried it thoroughly in a kiln, and packed some grapes in it, which kept sound and good till the following July.—He also remarked that he had succeeded in preserving grapes in kiln-dried wheat bran, and that in preserving all fruits, they should be kept as cool as possible, without incurring danger from frost. The temperature, therefore, ought never to be below 32 degrees, nor above 35 degrees.

Mr. Hall, at one of the meetings of this "club," remarked that the Spaniards export more grapes than all the rest of the world, and that they preserve them by packing in kiln dried oak saw-dust, and hermetically sealing the vessels in which they are deposited. Noah Webster, of lexicon and spelling book memory, was accustomed to preserve his apples in sand. Plaster of Paris is also had recourse to by many for the same purpose, but it is no less objectionable than the latter article, being heavy and difficult to handle. I have known apples and pears preserved in an excellent state till August in the following manner. As soon as the weather becomes cool, pick the fruit carefully from the boughs by hand, placing them one by one in a basket to prevent bruising. Spread them for a week or two in a cool place, and then envelope each apple closely in an envelope of paper.—Have a clean barrel, well lined with cotton batting or old newspapers, and pack in the envelope fruit as carefully as it can be placed; head the barrel carefully, and set it away in a cool place. In this way fruit will generally keep sound and good.

A facetious friend says that dancing women wear their dresses at half-mast, as a memento of respect to departed modesty.

Among the curiosities on exhibition at the Troy Museum is a peck of potatoes all cross-eyed.

The Astor House, N. Y. has raised the price of board to \$2.50 a day.