

# 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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## THE HOPE OF THE HEART.

BY LORD BYRON.

"No nobler theme ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate, while in his adversity he still retains the love of woman."

Though the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover,  
The faults which so many could find;  
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath painted,  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then, when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine;  
And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If the billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered,  
To pain—it shall not be its slave;  
There is many a pang to pursue me,  
They may crush, but they shall not contend,  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—  
Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou didst not forsake me,  
Though love, thou forberest to grieve me,  
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake me;  
Though trusted, thou didst not declaim me;  
Though parted, it was not to fly;  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one—  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'Twas folly not to suffer to shun;  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee me,  
I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,  
Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that which I most cherish—  
Deserved to be dearest of all;  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SLOPED FOR TEXAS.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

This is an answer given in some of the States in America when a gentleman has decamped from his wife, from his creditors, or from any other responsibility which he finds troublesome to meet or support. Among the curious instances of the application of this phrase is an adventure which happened to myself.

It is the boast of the bloods of the town of Rackinsack, in Arkansas, that they are born with skins like alligators, and with strength like bears. They work hard, and they play hard. Gaming is the recreation most indulged in, and the gaming houses of the western part of Arkansas, have branded it with an unenviable notoriety.

One dark summer night, I lounged as a mere spectator, through the different rooms, watching the various games of hazard that were being played. Some of the players seemed to have set their very souls upon the stakes; their eyes were bloodshot, and fixed, from beneath their wrinkled brows, on the table, as if their everlasting weal or woe depended there upon the turning of the dice; others—the finished blacklegs—assumed an indifferent and careless look, though a kind of sardonic grin played round their lips, but too plainly revealed a sort of habitual desperation. Three of the players looked the very counterparts of each other, not only in face, but expression; both the physical and moral likeness was indeed striking.

The other player was a young man whom they call a "green one," in this and many other parts of the world. His eyes, his nose, his whole physiognomy, seemed to project, and to be capable of growing still longer.

"Fifty dollars more," he exclaimed, with a deep drawn breath, as he threw down the stake.

Each of his opponents turned up his cards coolly and confidently; but the long-visaged hero laid his stake before them, and to the astonishment of the three professionals, won.

"Hurrah! the luck is turned, and I grow!" he cried out in an ecstasy, and pocketed the cash.

The worthy trio smiled at this, and re-

commenced play. The green young man displayed a broad but silent grin at his good fortune, and often took out his money to count it over, and see if each piece was good.

"Here are a hundred dollars more," cried the sylvan youth, "and I grow."

"I take them," said one of the trio.—The youth won again, and 'crowed' louder this time than he did at first.

On went the game; the stakes were lost and won. Gradually the roulette of the 'crower' dwindled down to three or four dollars, or so. It was clear that the gentleman in black had been luring him on by that best of decoys, success at first.

"Let me see something for my money. Here's a stake of two dollars, and I grow!" But he now spoke in a very faint treble indeed, and looked penitently at the cards.

Again the cards were shuffled, cut and dealt, and the "plucked pigeon" staked his last dollar upon them.

"The last button on Gabe's coat, and I or—or; no, I'll be hamstrung if I do!" He lost this, too, and with as deep a curse as I ever heard, he rose from the green board.

The apartment was very spacious, and on the ground floor. There was only one gaming table in it, and not many lookers on besides myself. Thinking the gaming was over, I turned to go out, but found the door locked and the key gone. There was evidently something in the wind. At all events, I reflected, in case of need the windows are not very far from the ground. I returned and saw the winner dividing the spoil, and the poor shorn "greenhorn" leaning over the back of their chairs, staring intently at the money.

The notes were deliberately spread out one after another. Those which the loser had staked were new, fresh from the press, he said, and they were sorted into a heap distinct from the rest. They were two-dollar, three-dollar and five-dollar notes, from the Indiana bank, and the bank of Columbus, in Ohio.

"I say, Ned, I don't think these notes are good," said one of the winners, and examined them.

"I wish they weren't, and I'd grow," cried out the loser very chop-fallen, at his elbow. This simple speech lured the suspicions of the counter, and he resumed his counting. At last, when he took up the last note, and eyeing it keenly, he exclaimed in a most emphatic manner, "I'll be hanged if they are genuine! They are forged!"

"No, they ain't!" replied the loser, quite as emphatically.

A very opprobrious epithet was now hurled at the latter. He, without more ado, knocked down the speaker at a blow, capsize the table, which put out the lights, and in the next instant, darted out of the window, while a bullet fired from a pistol, cracked the pane of glass over his head. He leaped into the small court yard, with a wooden paling round it. The winners dashed towards the door, but found that the "green one" had secured it.

When the three worthies were convinced that the door would not yield to their efforts, and when they heard their "victim" galloping away, they gave a laugh at the trick played them, and returned to the table.

"Strike up a light, Bill, and let us pick up what notes have fallen. I have nearly the whole lot in my pocket."

The light soon made its appearance.

"What, none on the floor? Capital! I think I must have them all in my pocket, then," saying which, he drew out the notes, and laid them on the table.

"Fire and furies! These are all forged notes! The rascal has whipped up the other heap!"

While all this was going on, I stepped toward the window, but had not stood there long, before I heard the clanking hoofs of a horse beyond the paling, and a shout wafted into the room—  
"Sloped for Texas!"  
The worst part of the story remains to be told; it was my horse on which the rogue was now galloping off.

**An Honest Man.**—A journeyman watchmaker at Besconan, having several watches to mend for his employer, put them all into pawn, taking care to quit Besconan the same night. On leaving, he had the extreme delicacy to send the duplicates to his employer, with the following note: "Sir,—Having pawned your watches in order to have some money, I should think myself wanting in my duty as an honest man, if I did not send you these duplicates."

**Importance of the Boundary Line.**—An old lady who did not know whether her plantation was in Virginia or North Carolina, found when the line was run that she was a resident of the former.

## MANUSCRIPTS, FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN. THE BODY SEARCHER OR THE WAX FIGURE.

"Yes," said the little church warden, "that's the pleasant sort of row we have heard all the morning. Now, sir, what is to be done? It appears that old Mrs. Flackie left with another old woman, a Mrs. Tweedle, your note, and said she was going to the address there given, and this Mrs. Tweedle has made all the uproar, by reporting that as Mrs. Flackie has not come back, you must have taken her for the sake of her body."

"Confound her body!"  
"Just so," said the beadle.  
"Sir," I said, "I will tell you all that I know of this most troublesome business, and if you come to a conclusion that I have not acted with perfect discretion, I beg that you will believe I meant well."

I then related all that had happened with regard to No. 2, South-terrace, and concluded by saying—  
"Now, sir, all I can say, is that I place myself completely at your disposal, to act in any way you may think proper."

"Well, doctor, you can't say fairer than that. I only wish you had gone to the police at once. But what say you now to accompany me, and our beadle here, and the porter of the house, who is a stout man and an officer, to No. 2, South-terrace, to make inquiry?"

"I am quite ready to do so."  
"Let wheel!" cried the beadle, "quick march!" and away we all went, the gate-keeper being summoned to the duty of accompanying us as we went along, while I could still hear the groans and hoots of the workhouse people, who were each moment getting more incensed at the non-appearance of old Flackie, whom they had been wishing at the devil for years past. But I suppose they made the row upon principle.

As we got upon some rising ground which commanded a view into the workhouse yard, I saw a wretched looking old woman standing on a washing-tub, and addressing a congregation of paupers with the most violent gesticulations.

The churchwarden intimated that this was Tweedle—  
"And what is the most extraordinary thing of all," he said, "she and Flackie seldom pass a day without violent quarrel, and yet, you see, now Tweedle would pull down the workhouse walls in Flackie's cause. How do you account for that, beadle?"

"Never accounts for old women, sir; encumbrance to operations."  
"You are about right," said the churchwarden. "Come on, come on. I sincerely hope that this affair will have some satisfactory termination."

It did not take us a long time to reach the house where such mysterious occurrences had taken place, and when there we found that all the blinds were still drawn down, and that there was no appearance of anything living in the interior of the dwelling, and we glanced down towards the kitchen, but there was no cheerful blaze of a fire to indicate the preparation of the morning's meal.

All was cold and desolate-looking.  
"What do you think of this?" said I.  
"Will you knock?"

"Certainly," said the churchwarden, "I'll knock, and if they won't let us in, I shall proceed at once to a magistrate, and state all circumstances; when the police, I have no doubt, will force an admittance to the place. Do you know, doctor, I really begin to be afraid that something very wrong has taken place."

"Knock, sir!" inquired the beadle.  
"Yes—yes, certainly, and knock loud, too, if you please, while I ring."  
The beadle executed rather a tremendous appeal at the door of the house, while the little churchwarden, whose pomposity had all thawed away completely, rung the bell, close to which was a little brass plate with the words "ring also."

"Enemy won't answer," said the beadle. "Have to storm garrison. Get in at first floor easy enough with a long ladder, gentlemen."

At this moment a man arrived, and ascended the steps of the house, carrying in his hand a key.

"What do you want?" he said. "The Blundercups have gone away. Do you want to look at the house?—cos if you do you must get a card from the agent. I can't show it without. It's well aired. They only left at five o'clock this morning."  
"Is the house empty then? Why, I can't see the curtains in the parlor," said the churchwarden.

"I hope so," said the man; "it would be odd if the curtains had walked off. It was left furnished."

warden. "We demand admittance. I am a churchwarden, and these are constables, and this a physician. Open the door. We must search the house."

The man hesitated, but the beadle adroitly enough took the key from him, and opened the door for us, and in we all walked, without further deliberation.

We stayed, for a strange noise in the shape of an unearthly kind of groan, came upon our ears.

I fancied it proceeded from a room to the right of the passage, and I flung a door open, when who should we see seated upon an arm-chair, in the very centre of the floor, but Mrs. Flackie herself, looked as blue and cadaverous as though she had just been risen from the grave.

Her arms were tied to the back of the chair, so that she could not move. A large placard was pinned to her chest, and descended to her knees, on which were the following words:  
"Mrs. Blundercup and Mr. John Blundercup present their compliments to all comers, and beg to state that the wax figure recently completed by them, and bro't here last evening, may be seen for one shilling each person, at No 2, Haymarket; and as the old woman to whom this placard is attached would not go away quietly, we have left her here until her friends seek her."

The old searcher was released, and casting a look of determined hatred at me, hobbled away towards the workhouse.

"False alarm!" said the beadle. "Right about face, march!"  
I looked first at the beadle, then at the churchwarden; and then at the man who had come to take care of the house, and I confess I did not know very well what to say; so that I adopted the best course I could, which was merely to wish them all a good morning, and walk home, before they could answer me to make any remarks.

## DURATION OF THE EARTH, AS INTIMATED BY ASTRONOMY.

The evidence which geology affords of the great antiquity of the earth, turns thought to the evidence which astronomy furnishes of its future endurance. From the many striking resemblances between the bodies that compose the solar system, we infer for them a common origin and a common destiny. The earth, then, will probably live while the system lives, and no longer. What its particular destiny may be, and by what means brought about, we stop not here to inquire. Our only purpose now, is to consider some intimation furnished us by the system itself, that it is fashioned for a long duration. This is indicated by the immense length of some of the periods involved in this system.

According to the commonly received chronology, the planet of Neptune has had 36 of his years since the creation of our race. If the analogy between the earth and that planet holds good, then the first generation of its inhabitants is hardly yet passed away. Some comets have not yet had one year since the date of Adam's creation.

But there are periods of greater length still. The earth's Perihelion is slowly creeping around the orbit from West to East, at rate which will require 111,000 years to complete the circuit. The Perihelion of Mercury is moving in a similar manner, at a rate which will require 200,000 years to complete it. Other planets exhibit the same movement. Now if all the planets in the system were arranged along in a line on the same side of the sun, and all in their perihelia, i. e., all in that point of their orbits which is nearest the sun, and then all their orbits set revolving according to their present laws of motion, millions of years must elapse ere all of them would meet again under the same circumstances to hold their family festival, preparatory to another revolution of the same length.

The earth's orbit is now an ellipse, but is slowly becoming circular; and at its present rate of change will become a perfect circle in about half a million of years from this time. Then it will begin to resume its elliptical form, becoming more and more elliptical for some millions of years, when having attained the maximum of ellipticity, it will begin again to shape itself into a circle. Corresponding with this change and caused by it, is a change of the period of the moon's revolution.—Its period is now slowly shortening; its motion in revolution, of course increasing; and this rate of increase is such as will make it gain a little more than its diameter in a thousand years. This shortening of her period and increase of velocity will continue until the earth's orbit becomes a perfect circle, and then she will slowly reverse her movements and gradually return to her former condition.

From the mutual attraction of Jupiter and Saturn, their orbits are passing through similar changes, the orbit of one becoming

more and more elliptical, while, from the same cause, that of the other becomes more and more circular, in consequence of which motions, the period of one is lengthening, while that of the other is shortening. This oscillation requires more than 70,000 years for its completion.

The sun has what is called a "proper motion," i. e., the sun, with all its dependent household, is sweeping through space at the rate of 422,000 miles per day or nearly half its own diameter. It is supposed by some good astronomers that all the stars have a similar movement; all revolving together in the plane of the milky way, about some common centre; that the orbit described by our sun in his grand march is so large, that this inconceivably rapid motion continued for years, forms practically a straight line; in other words, the orbit is so large that the arc of it described since this motion was first observed, is so short in comparison with the whole orbit, as to seem to be no arc at all. At least, no instruments are, as yet, accurate enough to detect and measure its rate of deviation from a straight line. Herschell intimates that the element of the orbit may perhaps be determined after 30 or 40 years' observation with the nicest instruments. Of course, many millions of years must pass ere this vast circuit can be fully described by the sun.

We grant there is some little conjecture attached to this last illustration, which belongs not to any of the previous ones; and yet it is so much in keeping with those demonstrated facts, that it can hardly be called improbable.

Although these periods are inconceivably long, still they are none the less periods. They are as truly periods, as if they were completed in one day or one hour. The fact that our life is short in comparison and that we cannot in our best estates, have any adequate conception of them, is no more of an objection to their existence than it is an objection to the length of Neptune's period, that insects die after a few hours' existence, and without any adequate conception of an hundred and sixty four years' existence.

From the movements of the heavenly bodies through a certain part of their orbits or of their oscillations, science determines with the greatest exactness the fact that, after a certain point in departure is gained, the body will infallibly return to its former condition and place. On its faithfully returning and thus neutralizing the perturbations caused by its departure, the harmony and stability of the whole system depend.

Now mark the conclusion. For the same good reason that we say the earth could not have been made and set rotating merely to cause fifty or a hundred days, or was not set revolving round the sun to cause only one or two years, or perhaps only a small part of one year—for these good reasons do we say these unmeasured and almost immeasurable periods were intended by the Creator to be described, gone through with, and doubtless many times repeated, ere the great chronometer runs down.

Our ideas of the perfection of his workmanship are shocked by any other conclusion. Our minds refuse to admit the idea of a period of an orbit, or an oscillation only partially completed. In the language of Professor Mitchell, we say: "The entire system forms one grand, complicated piece of celestial machinery: circle within circle, wheel within wheel, cycle within cycle; revolution so swift as to be completed in a few hours—movements so slow that their mighty periods are only completed by millions of years. Are we to believe that the Divine Architect constructed this admirably adjusted system to wear out and fall to ruins, even before one single revolution of its complex scheme of wheels had been performed? At the end of a vast period amounting to many millions of years, the entire range of fluctuation will have been accomplished: the entire system, planets, orbits, inclinations, eccentricities, perihelia and nodes will have gained their original values and places, and the great bell of eternity will then sound—One!"

**Gun at Sundown.**—It is well known to our readers that it is the practice to give a morning and evening gun at the military station at West Point, the reports of which, unless a strong northerly wind prevails are plainly heard in this village. A few days since, a gentleman on the Point took into his service a verdant son of the Emerald Isle. On the first day of his service he was startled by the report of the evening gun, as it reverberated through the Highlands, awakening the mountains' slumbering echoes, and anxiously asked the cause of the explosion, and was told that it was the "sundown gun." "Oeb, bless me," exclaimed Pat, "and does the sun make such a devil of a thunder as that going down in this country?"

**Brevity in Woman.**—We find in a California dairy, the following glorification of a quality we should like. "A man of few words" is very well, but "a woman of few words" is a matter open to argument.

I encountered, to day in a ravine; some three miles distant, among the gold washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl by the side of the stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, "three weeks and one ounce." Her reply, reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B——, who met a girl returning from market, and asked her, how deep did you find the stream? what did you get for your butter?"

"Up to the knee and nine-pence," was the reply.  
"Ah!" said the judge to himself, she is the girl for me; no words lost there," turned back, proposed, was accepted, and married the next week; and a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last capsize, take a lesson of the Judge. 'That 'up to the knee and nine-pence' is worth all the rose letters and melancholy rhymes ever penned.

**One of 'Em.**—A passenger upon one of our Mississippi river boats was landed at his place of destination with the haste usually attendant upon such occasions, when he discovered, just as the plank was drawn in, and the wheels of the boat put in motion to start, a little fellow of some five or six years, to whom he had loaned his knife, standing upon the guards and whistling. The gentleman called to throw his knife ashore. Continuing the use of the knife, he replied that he couldn't "fro a bit." The owner of the knife pointed to a larger boy and cried out, "give it to that big boy—quick—he can throw it." The youngster looked at the big boy, then turned to the owner of the knife and said, "O, he can't fro wif a d—n!" and continued whistling with a perseverance that would have been highly creditable to a matured Yankee, leaving the gentleman standing on shore, minus one of Roger's best.

**Too Bad.**—A bachelor in Albany has about one baby a month left at his door accompanied with the request that he "will charitably provide for it and bring it up religiously." An occasional baby in a regular honest way, is undoubtedly a desirable present; but an attack of infanter by platoons, upon a poor unprotected bachelor, must be appalling to the last degree!

In attempting to carve a fowl one day, a gentleman found considerable difficulty in separating the joints, and exclaimed against the man who sold him an old hen for a young chicken.

"My dear," said the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so about the aged and respectable Mr. B. He planted the first hull of corn that was planted in our town."  
"I know that," said the husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."

**North Carolina in Fish Time.**—The story is told of them, that if you meet a citizen of the pine and tar regions of the North State travelling west in blackberry and persimmon time, and ask him where he is from, he will sing out from his thin visage in a subdued and drawing tone.—From North Carolina—God-bless-you-give-me-a-chew-tobacco. But when you meet one in his fish time, and propound to him the same question, he will answer in a haughty and saucy tone, which indicates a sense of complete independence: From North Carolina, d—n you! What have you to say agin it?

In the town of M. Vermont, there lives a man who is well known for his gloomy disposition, and for entertaining a settled notion that he is the most unlucky of mortals. Let whatever may happen to him, he considers the event a disaster, and always grumbles. "Just my cussed luck!" In spite of his hopelessness, the man is a Universalist in his religious belief; but being a little shaken in his faith one day, by the arguments of a neighbor, he exclaimed—"Well, I don't believe there is a hell, but if there is one, it will be just my cussed luck to get into it!"

**A Model Editor.**—A correspondent of the Boston Museum thus speaks of Mr. Wright, editor of the "Chronotype." He has been known to write with a pen in each hand on two different subjects, rock the cradle with his feet, and whistle "Hail Columbia" for the twin babies, while intently reading one of Parke's sermons, all at the same time.