

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.]

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1851.

VOL. 7.—NO. 22.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW JACK WOOD GOT THIN.

It was during my autumn trip of 1849, to the backwoods of Pennsylvania, that I became acquainted with the hero of this sketch. He was about 35 years old, six feet two in height, and stout in proportion—a noble specimen of a man, quite an Ajax in size and courage. His hair was long and black, and fell in a curly mass down on his shoulders. He could walk as far, run as fast, and shoot or fight as well as "the next one."

He always prided himself on his hunting dress, and always looked neat in his person; his usual dress was a thick blanket hunting frock, of a dark brown color, bound round the neck, skirt, and sleeves, with strips of beaver skin. His stout home spun breeches was met at the knees by heavy buckskin leggings, his feet encased in strong Indian moccasins, and on his head he wore a sort of skull-cap of gray fox-skin, with the tail sewed on the left side, and hanging down on his shoulder. His breast was crossed by two fancy beaded belts of buckskin, one supporting an oxhorn so white and transparent that the dark powder could be seen through it, the other supported a fancy leather scabbard, into which was thrust a heavy hunting knife. His waist was encircled by a stout leather belt, in which he carried his bullets and caps, and through which was thrust his small but sharp tomahawk. His rifle was of the best make, and he prided himself in keeping it in good order.

Having run away from home when but 18 years of age, he worked his way out to the Western country, where he adopted the hunter's life, and joined a roving band of half Indians and half whites, with whom he strolled till the breaking out of the Mexican war. He then joined a company of rangers, and fought under old Zack till the close of the war, and while there, displayed that courage, and during that has always marked his life.

The war over, he came home to Philadelphia, and finding father and mother dead, and both sisters married, he went out West again and commenced the roving life he so much liked. He wandered across the country till he reached the wilds of Pennsylvania, and being much pleased with the scenery and hunting grounds, he built himself a cabin, and there it was I found his acquaintance.

Pardon me, kind reader, for thus intruding on your good nature, by entering on the biography of our hero, but it is a weak failing I have to eulogize my friends. But now for my story.

Jack's only partner of his joys and sorrows was his hound, for he hated all the womankind.

Last fall I visited Jack's neighborhood, and stopped at the same tavern as when I sojourned thither in '49, and after seeing my horse well taken care of, I entered the bar-room and lighted my cigar, thinking to have a smoke. Seated by the old-fashioned wood stove, I puffed away quite leisurely, thinking, as the old song says, of "the maid I left behind me," when in stalked the tallest, and thinnest, and queerest specimen of a man I had ever seen.

He was in full hunting rig, and dropping the butt of his rifle heavily on the floor, he leaned on the muzzle, and looked me full in the face. After he seemed fully satisfied, he walked towards me, and when within three feet of me, stopped and took another look, then seizing me by the hand, he shouted out—

"Harry Huntsman, as I'm a sinner!—Old boy, how d'ye do?"

"Stranger," replied I, "you certainly have a little the advantage of me."

"Stranger!" roared he, "damme if I don't like that! Call me stranger! Old Jack Wood a stranger to you! Ha, ha, ha! capital joke that! You're the stranger!"

"Why, Jack, that ain't you?" I foolishly asked.

"Yes, Harry, what's left of me—just about three-quarters of the original."

"Three-quarters?" replied I; "why, Jack, say one-quarter, and you will be nearer the mark. But how came this great change—been sick, or in love?"

"Love! No, sir-ee! As for sickness, I don't know what you mean; but the cause of my being so thin is—"

"What?" I eagerly asked.

"Panthers."

"Panthers," laughed I, "why, Jack, they didn't eat the best part of you away, did they?"

"No, worse than that, they scared it off. It makes my flesh crawl to think of it."

At this, my curiosity was rized, as the Yankee says, and I was anxious for particulars.

"Come, Jack, out with it, don't let me die in ignorance."

"Well, Harry, here goes; but first and foremost, you know I never was a coward, and never will be. All I want is fair play, but to cut a man's throat when he's asleep

can be done by any coward; just such a way them d—d panthers served me. Three days after you left, last fall—that was the 5th of December, I believe!"

I nodded assent.

"Well, three days after you left, I found my firewood rather low, and came to the conclusion that I'd better cut a few before the heavy snows came—for I don't much fancy wood chopping in two foot of snow. So that morning, early, I shouldered my axe and put off for the swamp, about a mile to the right of my shanty—but you know where it is. I left everything at home—rifle, gun and knife—as I never like the idea of doing anything by half and half; when I went to hunt, I hunt, and when I go to chop wood, I got for that purpose only. Well, I reached the swamp and fell to work, and chopped for about four hours, when I thought a little rest and a pull at the flask would be just the thing. So down I sat, on a log, and took one or two, or perhaps three, good pulls, but not more. Then lighting my pipe, I commenced to blow a cloud. Hardly had I given three whiffs, when I heard a rustling motion among the low brush directly to my right; this was followed up by a low growl, and before I could get my axe out, up walked two d—d big panthers. Here, thinks I, for a run; so off I put and the two devils right after me. Fright seemed to lend wings to my feet, for I scarcely touched the ground I run over, and I knew I went over an amazing quantity in a remarkable short space of time. After a hard run I came to the conclusion to climb a tree, and rather foolishly selected a small one, when there was just as many large ones.

"On they bounded to the foot of the tree, and there they treed me, and such an infernal caterwauling, growling, and half a dozen other noises as they kept up, made my hair rise right up. They then jumped up at me, shaking the tree at every bound, I hallooed, whooped, screamed, and swore, but it was no use—there they were. Finally I suppose they got tired and hungry, so one went away while the other stopped to keep watch, and thus they relieved each other now and then; and Harry, I'll be shot if they didn't keep me up there for four days.

"At last Bill Smith, happening to be running turkeys, came that way, I shouted as loud as I could, and he heard me, came over and shot one of the varmints, and the other mizzled. He then helped me down, and when I touched the ground, I was just as thin as you see me now, and my hair nearly white. I had sweated and fretted myself all to nothing. But now I'm just as strong and hearty as ever, but got no fater." Here he leaned over to me, and shouted out—"But, Harry, I'm down on all panthers since that day, and I don't intend to stop hunting them till every one of them is extinct."

Thus ended the story. Hoping it will please all as it did me,

I remain a friend to the public,
HARRY HUNTSMAN.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

THE END OF HUNGARY.

NATIONS, like individuals have their youth, their manhood, and their old age; and so, too, have races of men. We do not know a more striking instance of this truth than is presented in the history of the Hungarians.

The Magyars were originally an Asiatic tribe, and form a branch of the Finnic race, as is proved by their physical characteristics, not less than by their language. They first appeared in Europe at the beginning of the ninth century. Their career, until the fury of the onset was spent, was one of incessant victory. Armed with bows and arrows, and mounted on fleet horses, they were invincible by any force that Europe could muster. They swept up the Danube like a destroying whirlwind, until their territories extended from far below Belgrade to far above Vienna, so that not only what is now Hungary, but vast territories contiguous to it, owned their sway. From this central seat of power, they soon spread their ravages on every side. They invaded Italy, they thundered at the gates of Rome; they even carried their war-cry into the heart of France. For nearly two centuries, the Magyars were to Western Europe, what the Turks subsequently became, a race as hated as they were feared, a nation of warriors whom nothing could oppose.

But the horsemen whom the feudal chivalry of France and Germany could not resist, Christianity finally subdued. The first Magyars were heathens. They hated the Franks as men of a hostile race, but they hated them worse as believers in a different religion. When, however, holy missionaries, disregarding the perils that would environ them in the midst of savage heathens, penetrated into Hungary and preached in the tumultuous camps of the wild conquerors the peaceful doctrines of the Gospel, a mighty change took

place. The whole nation was, as it were, converted in a day. A single generation saw the Hungarians transformed from Pagans into Christians. With this great change, came more peaceful habits. The Magyars no longer warred on Western Europe with religious fanaticism as before, but rather sought to be on terms of amity with them and to imitate the arts of peace. Gradually returning, therefore, within the boundaries of their central kingdom, they confined themselves to the great plains of Hungary and to the contiguous territories. Their princes began to intermarry with the princes of Western Europe; the people assumed more or less of the habits of civilization, and Hungary became, by the sanction of a neighboring potentate, an acknowledged Christian kingdom.

Thus had passed the first period of the Magyar race, that of its fiery, impetuous and colossal youth. About A. D. 1000 it entered on the second term of its existence. A robust, yet tempered manhood was its destiny for five hundred years succeeding. During this epoch it was the great bulwark of Europe against Saracen and Turkish invasion. Occasionally, indeed, the Hungarians warred on their Christian brethren; and more than once they allied themselves for a period, and in self defence, to the Ottoman hordes; but, in the main, they were true to the cause of Christian Europe, and the chief instruments in repelling the assaults of Moslem fanaticism. Like a mighty breaker, thrown forward to meet the first fury of the tempest, they withstood, for centuries, the war of the advancing surges and the dash of the angry tide. Their gallantry in the field was only equalled by their sturdy independence at home. Inheriting from their ancestors a sort of rude constitutional monarchy, under which the people elected all the minor officers of the State, they maintained these privileges when absolutism reigned everywhere else on the continent, and when England alone shared with Hungary the benefits of real liberty.

From the fatal edict, by which the diet invited the house of Hapsburg to occupy the vacant throne, dates the decline of the once mighty Magyars. Since that period, their territories have been narrowed almost constantly. The aim of the Austrian monarchs had been to destroy the national feelings, and strip the people of their ancestral rights; and this base scheme has been persisted in, regardless of the heroic sacrifices made by the Hungarians, on frequent occasions, to save the Empire. In a measure, the treacherous plot has succeeded. The Delilah that the Magyars took in has shorn them secretly of their strength, and has, in our own day, delivered them over to the haired of the autocrat, the true Phisistone of Europe. Their national independence has sunk into a mere shadow since the last fatal war.—Kossuth and a few other sanguine patriots may still hope for the resuscitation of this gallant people; but we fear their doom, like that of the noble Poles, is sealed, and that the time of their extinction approaches. Their old age is at hand, if not already come. In a century or two, at the utmost, they will probably be lost sight of, in surrounding population. Such is the fate of nations.

The Great Indian Cave.

From the Franklin (Va) Examiner.

I last week visited a newly discovered cave in Crawford county, Indiana. It is on the right bank of Blue river. For magnificence and beauty of scenery, it promises, when fully explored, to rival even the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.—The Epsom Salts Cave, known for nearly half a century, and successfully worked for saltpetre and salts many years since, is about two miles long, and in some places 40 or 50 feet wide, and 75 feet high; but has nothing peculiarly interesting in it except a beautifully fluted column, some 23 feet in diameter and 25 or 30 feet high, all of stalaetic matter.

Entering this cave under a jutting rock near the brow of a lofty hill, and descending for about a quarter of a mile, at an angle of 30 or 40 degrees, we entered a small door, and after stooping rather uncomfortably for 60 yards, found ourselves in a large open cave, or bat-room, in which tens of thousands of these little animals hang suspended from the rocks in large clusters, like bees in swarming. Farther on, sticks, the size of hop-poles, hickory bark, charcoal and bare footed human tracks were discovered, which must have remained there for a long time, as the door to this part of the cave was so blocked up with rocks when first discovered that a man could not possibly pass. We soon entered an avenue 40 feet wide, and varying in height from 10 to 60 feet—the ceiling as smooth and beautiful, as if finished by the trowel, then suddenly changing, presents the appearance of diversified hanging drapery, and of spotless white. Then again the naked rocks appear. At the end of this avenue we

found ourselves at the foot of rocky pyramid up which we climbed some 60 feet, and on the top of which stand two beautiful stalagmites some five feet high, eighteen inches in diameter, and as white as the purest Indian marble; and when viewed by the dim light of our candles, presented a strong contrast with the grey walls of lime stone rock. An oblong canopy, some 40 or 50 feet high, is here hung with beautiful stalactites, suspended from the ceiling. We now found it necessary to crawl upon our faces, "snake it" for about twenty feet, when we came into an avenue wide and high. Turning suddenly to the left, we found ourselves in the midst of scenery of surpassing and exquisite beauty. The entire walls are covered with an incrustation of sulphate of lime, crystallized so as to glisten like ten thousand diamonds in the light. Some of these crystals, a foot in length, an inch wide, and thick as a table knife blade, grew upon this base in a thousand diversified forms. Upon a projecting rock at one side of the avenue, great numbers had broken by their weight, and were lying in great profusion at the bottom of the cave. These formations, like the base upon which they grew, are sulphate, and white as the driven snow. Others resembling glass, form upon the ceiling as well as the floor, from an inch in diameter to the length and size of a common knitting needle, and even smaller. The incrustation is frequently an inch thick, but more generally from an eighth to an inch thick. Much of it has fallen to the floor, and is crushed under the feet of the visitor, and the place it occupied on the ceiling is being replaced by new formations. But I am utterly unable to describe it. It must be seen to be appreciated or any correct idea formed of its beauty.

We visited many rooms with spacious domes and stalactites of every imaginable size and form. In one apartment the water finds its way over a large range of projecting rocks, and the stalactite matter is formed in folds and blades like extended honey combs, and hangs like drapery around the sides of the room. Upon the bottom is formed a great number of little pools of every form, elevated upon the floor like basins or troughs—the rim of each being perfectly level and inclined inward, the stone which forms the basin being not thicker than a paste board.

I spent three days in this wonderful hole in the ground—say seven hours each day. The first two days were spent in examining and exploring, and I think we must have traveled at least one mile per hour, or fourteen miles in two days. The third day, I revisited the most interesting parts to procure specimens for geological investigation. I had forgotten to say that saltpetre and epsom salts are found in various parts, in large quantities; and I procured a lump of salts of half a pound weight, quite pure. We ventured a mile at least further than any other had ever gone before, and left it to others still to prosecute. A quite transparent eyeless crawfish which we found, was not the least interesting thing we saw.

The entrance to the cave belongs to Henry P. Rathack, a wealthy and generous gentleman, who cheerfully rendered us every facility for examining the cave, and attended us as guide. I have no doubt when it is fully explored and surveyed, it will prove to be one of the wonders of Hoosierdom.

Very respectfully,
S. BUTLER.

A Pilgrim at the Tomb of Silas Wright.

A Vermont paper, of a recent date contained a touching communication from a correspondent at Chicago, suggested to the writer by a visit to the Tomb of Silas Wright—the writer says:

"One of the most interesting places we visited while in Vermont, was Weybridge, which as you know, is a small town of some 500 inhabitants. The spire of its neat church may be seen from the Observatory of Middlebury College; and a few rods south, the chief object of interest, viz: the monument of Silas Wright, erected within the past year. On our way to visit the monument, we passed the house in which his boyhood and school days were passed. It is as tenanted as his own clay, and roofless—a fit emblem of physical decay and decomposition than any marble pile. The monument is surrounded by an iron fence, very handsomely finished. The structure is of solid marble from some of the Vermont quarries near by. I do not know its exact proportions, but tis' an immense structure, worthy alike of the deceased statesman and his weeping fellow patriots who reared it. On the east side of the plain column which surmounts the base, is a figure of the head of the statesman in basso relievo, of the same marble, and the plain inscription beneath, "Silas Wright." There is no need of other epitaph. You feel the spell of his mighty spirit on you, and the silence

of its greatness awes you. Snake mountain towering up to the northwest in snowy grandeur while yet in mid October, and the lesser hills around, seem fit companions of the structure, and the quiet murmurs of Lemon-Fair to the west, and the mountain winds, are fit music around this earthly resting place of the lamented patriot.

"There was a mammoth gathering of souls when the cap stone of the fabric was laid, and an essay of fine speeches; but these mountain winds spoke with louder voice, and awed the multitude dead. I have not visited any place consecrated to the dead so interesting to me, since a stroll at Mount Auburn—and even there one is not so awed. We expect to feel holy and subdued there—we prepare our minds for it by the memory of the great who rest there, and the consecration of its ground to the dead—and we enter its sacred portals with the weight of all hallowed associations on our souls—but far up among the hills of Vermont, in her mountain fastness, the sudden view of such a structure startles the beholder by its novelty, and subdues by its grandeur. In the Quincy cemetery at Quincy, Mass., where the historic odor of the Revolutionary heroes and sages hallows all their quiet beds, one is awed by the stern simplicity of her Quincys' head stones and monument, her Adams' tombs and vaults, and the silence of the illustrious sleepers is too imposing for tears. But I could not repress them as I stood before the memento of a beloved nation weeping in its bereavement; and when we passed the naked walls of the paternal roof on our way home, the listlessness of earth and matters attractions never seemed so undesirable.

"There is many a leaved book published—the 'Life of Silas Wright'—but a larger volume than ever issued from the press, is written of his goodness on the heart memories of those who best knew him."

From the New Orleans Delta.

The Nightingale and her Music.

Of Jenny Lind—of the style of her music—of the order of her intellectuality—of the soul which she infuses into the mysterious power of her voice, we have heard some diversities of opinion expressed. That her singing is charming, simple, and bird-like, all agree; yet fastidious musical critics there are, who pretend to discover faults in her style; a defect in the expression of some of her notes, and a want of soul and intellectuality in her general execution.

With those objections of the connoisseurs we cannot agree. It is true that on her first appearance before an audience, Miss Lind exhibits no forecast of her seraphic sweetness. There is nothing in her countenance to indicate the rich melodiousness of her voice; and her soul, nestling in the chambers of her heart, refused to court the sympathies of the expectant crowd by speaking from her eyes, or giving radiance to her face. No sooner, however, do her warblings commence, than she seems to forget the presence of all, save herself the plain prose of her countenance suddenly blossoms into poetry; and, moved by the afflatus of Song, she breathes, as from angelic lips, such delicate harmonies as were never before hymned by a daughter of the earth, and might be supposed to fill with unutterable delight even angel-ears. The Nightingale is then no child of circumstance and place—she is all soul—all voice—all melody! Here is

"The language known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;"

and as she gives utterance to that language, all ears, unprejudiced, become enraptured, and with the rise and fall of her harmonious discourses, "the spell-bound tide of human passions rise and fall." Oh! there is enchantment, and fullness, and silvery inspiration in those delicious tones; now rich and rolling, as the solemn swell from a seraphic choir, and now soft, tender, and low, as *Æola's* faintest whisper—so low, indeed, that "nothing lives 'twixt them and silence," and yet so mysteriously distinct, that the listener is half ready to enquire whether what is heard be not the melodious, though inarticulate whisper of soul, speaking eloquence to soul, without any agency with mediums "of the earth, earthly."

Instead of being an artiste, as some have said, "cold, pure, and passionless," as the chiseled marble, the Nightingale is a passionate and thrilling warbler, whose very soul is song, and whose music is but the aerial incarnation of a spirit's voice.

Her passion is, however, not of the kind which is exhibited in the embodiment of the theatrical gesture and design—it is of that purer, gentler, and more intense description which expands itself in communings with the *inner life*, & which can only be properly appreciated by those

whose hearts are harmoniously attuned.—The passion of the fair Swede, like the leaves of the myrtle

"tree.

Whose leaves are attuned to minstrelsy," is ever faithful to the teachings and influences of things external, on which her song is founded. When the zephyr sighs, she sighs more plaintively, and as the breeze increases, her musical expression becomes intense. Whatever her genius touches, becomes a source of inspiration, and is itself beautiful and rendered golden by the alchymistic contact. Be her song of flowers, her voice at once becomes redolent of perfume, and "like the sweet South, breathing upon a bank of violets," it passes on, soft, delicate, and blissful—"taking and giving odor." If of birds she sings, her notes become wild soaring and changeful; now, on the humbird's wing, playfully coquetting with evolving petals; now soaring to mid-heaven with the lark, and out vying in sweetness its ma in hymn; now, carolling with the choral melodists of a vocal grove and now giving voice to the cuckoo's notes, or bursting with the plaintive tenderness of the turtle's wooings. Perchance, she sings of streams—and then, her voice, like the homeless waters, will gush out in living melody from the mountain's side, rejoicing in their ever-onward and purifying course; playing with their playfulness; murmuring with their minstrelsy; dashing over cascades; gurgling among rocks; fructifying the emerald banks; along which they pass; giving altitude alike to the tiny flower and to the wide spreading roots of the monarch-oak. If the theme of her song be the wild hills of her Norland home, then Echo is awakened, and the rock-harps of reverberation hold strange and melodious converse in the runic rhymes of the olden Myth, and never an ear can be turned aside, till the melody of Echo, and the echo of Echo is sent to slumber in the halls of Silence. Again, of the sea she sings, and the waves dance to the music of her silvery sounds; the mermaids hail her as a sister nymph; the sea-gems sparkle unwontedly in her pathway, and the shells of the depths, in gladness commingle their ocean-harmonies with hers.

Wonderful, then, is the Queen of Song—wonderful the Nightingale! But the harmony of her voice is as naught compared with the harmony of her generous and noble disposition. Her singing shall long be remembered as a blissful dream, by the children of the earth, but the praise of her beneficence shall be chanted in the skies, and from the golden censor of Immortality shall the incense of her good deeds ascend.

A SYMPATHISING SPIRIT.—A certain gentleman, not long since, lost his wife by death, an exchange informs us; he mourned much at her demise, as all good husbands are in duty bound to:

"Not having any relative near, one of the neighbors—a jolly good fellow—walked with the widower to the grave. After the ceremonies were gone through with, and the procession was returning homeward, the kind neighbor sympathized with the bereaved husband, and told him that he must not give way too much to grief, for it would break him down, and he hoped to see him cheer up and be happy again, as tears would not regain his loss, and were of no avail, "Alas!" sobbed out the mourner, "earth has no longer any happiness for poor me. What is life! what is this whole world to a man who has lost such a wife?" "You have ever done your whole duty towards her," said the other—"treated her kindly and indulgently. Your wife cannot come back to you, mourn you ever so much,—so all you have to do is to seek out another to cheer your way along the rough paths of life. There is the kind, amiable and pretty little buxom widow Cozey—she would make your home happy—I know you would like her, and I am quite sure she would be willing." "My dear friend," replied the wifeless man—his eyes full of tears—"my loss is irreparable." The mourner invited all his friends who attended the funeral to sup with him that night, according to the general custom of the place on such occasions. As the party was retiring, the widower urged his neighbor to stay with him till bed-time, as he felt so very lonely. A bottle of choice wine was brought on, which the two friends discussed—then another was bro't and finished. Finally, the neighbor arose and took his departure. He had not proceeded many yards when the man of grief & bereavement hailed him to come back, as he had a word to say to him.—When, placing his lips to his friends ear, he whispered—"Neighbor, I think now that I could bear to hear that lady's name mentioned once more!"

He that watches Providence shall never want for a Providence to watch.