

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Market for Selling Young Women in Hungary.

Every year at the feast of St. Peter, which comes on in the latter days of June, the peasantry of the district, (Bihar) meet together at a certain place, for the purpose of a general fair. This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and the young maidens, for it is there that, while purchasing household utensils and family necessaries, they choose for themselves partners and conclude marriages.—The parents bring their marriageable daughters, with each one her little dowry accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dowry is of course proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers, some sheep, sometimes a few hogs, or even chickens. These girls are attired in their best, or what pieces of gold and silver they may possess are strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of their hair.

Thus fitted out, every girl who desires to find a husband, betakes herself to the fair. She quits the home of her father, perhaps forever, and bids her mother adieu, quite ignorant of what roof is to shelter, or what fate awaits her at her journey's end. As to her fortune, it is in the little cart that attends her. The object of her journey is never mistaken, nobody wonders at it, nor is there occasion for public officers to make record of the deed. On the other hand, the youths who wish to procure themselves wives, hasten to the fair, arrayed in the very best skin garments their chests contain. These savage-looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, proceed with good deal of interest and zest to inspect the fair mountain lassies that are brought thither by their fathers and their uncles, casting many side glances and wishful looks toward the captive merchandise. He gives his fancy a free rein, and when he finds one that seems to claim his preference, he at once addresses her parent, asks what they have given her, and asks what price they have set on the "lot" so exposed for sale—at the same time stating his own property and standing. If a parent asks too much, these gallant "boys" make their own offer, which if it does not suit the other to agree to, the fond lover passes to seek some other.

We may suppose that the proud young men always keep a "top eye" open to the correspondence of loveliness on the one hand and the size of the dowry upon the other. At last he finds for whom he is willing to give the price, and a loud clapping of the hands together announces to the bystanders that the bargain is complete. What a heavy blow this must be to some lazy rival who has not decided quick enough, who is halting and considering whether she will suit him, and whether she is as lovely and accomplished in household matters as are some of the others. However, the deed is done, and the bargain is completed, and forthwith the young girl (poor girl!) proceeds also to clasp the hand of her future husband.—What a moment of interest and anxiety to her! The destiny of her life is sealed by this rude clasp of the hand. In this she as much as says: "Yes, I will be yours for life, and I consent to partake of your joys and your troubles, to follow you through weal and through woe!"

The families of the betrothed pair then surround them, offering their congratulations, and at once, without delay, the priest, who is on the ground for the occasion, pronounces the nuptial benediction. The young lady presses the parting hand of the family who have reared her, but of which she is no longer part—mounts the cart of her new husband, whom but a few hours before she never so much as knew, and, escorted by her dowry, is conducted to the house thenceforward to be her home.

The Hungarian Government have long tried, but tried in vain, to suppress these fairs for young girls. Positive orders have been given that they should no longer take place, but such is the force of being an established custom, united to the necessities of this pastoral race, that all such orders have been disregarded. The fair still continues, and every year such cavalcades as we have described, may be seen descending into the plains of Kalmassa, there to barter off the precious jewels of the household tree, as though they were senseless beavers, or mere produce of the soil.

Hon. Henry Clay reached Louisville, Ky., on Friday night last, on the steamer Peytona, from New Orleans. He was in fine spirits and improved health.

Lord Brougham has deferred his intended visit to the United States for the present. He had previously announced from his place in the House of Lords his intention to come among us in the Spring.

General Putnam.

It so happened that while the captains were stationing their sentinels on the eve of the battle of White Plains, Gen. Putnam, the commander, in passing, observed Capt. Weatherby call to one of the posts in the direction of the enemy a lad, named Arthur Stewart, then a beardless boy, whereat Putnam remonstrated with Capt. W. in the hearing of Stewart, on the impropriety of placing so young and inexperienced a sentinel in so responsible a situation, but Capt. Weatherby, who knew Stewart's mettle, guaranteed his fitness and fidelity.

Stewart took his post, and during the night the General had occasion to pass outside of the lines, for what purpose is not stated, but we suspect for the purpose of trying the young sentinel; for, in returning, he encountered him.

"Who goes there?" inquired the sentinel.

"Gen. Putnam," was the reply.

"We know no Gen. Putnam here," Stewart answered.

"But I am Gen. Putnam," returned that person.

"Give me the countersign then."

"I have forgotten it," was the reply.

"That's a pretty story from the lips of Gen. Putnam! I warrant you are a British officer, sent over here as a spy!" returned Stewart, who was well aware that he was addressing Putnam, for the moon was shining brightly, but he had the staff in his own hand and he meant to use it.

"I warrant you I am not," said the General, and he attempted to pass on.

"Pass that line, sir, and you are a dead man!" exclaimed Stewart, at the same time cocking his gun.

"Stop where you are, or I'll make you stop!" continued the sentinel, (as the General disregarded his first notice,) hastily raising his gun to his shoulder, and taking a somewhat deliberate aim.

"Hold! hold!" he exclaimed.

"I do hold," was the reply, "but I warn you, once more, not to pass these lines."

"But I am your General," continued Putnam.

"I deny it unless you give the countersign."

Here the General was at fault.

"Boy," said he, "do you know me? I am General Putnam."

"A British officer, more like. If you are Putnam, as you say, why don't you give me the countersign? So sure as I'm my mother's son, if you attempt to pass the lines I'll make cold meat of you. I'm a sentinel. I know my duty, though there are some people in the world marvellously inclined to question it."

At this Putnam, finding that the further parley would be useless, desisted, and the boy, deliberately shouldering his musket, began with a great deal of assumed haughtiness, to pace the ground as before.

The General regained his tent by another route, but subsequently sent for Stewart, commended his fidelity, rewarded him pecuniarily, and promoted him to the rank of Ensign.

Death of Commodore Barron.

The decease of this veteran officer is announced by telegraph. It took place at Norfolk, on the 21st. At the time of his death he was in the 84th year of his age, and was the Senior Captain of the Navy—a position that Commodore Charles Stewart will hereafter occupy. Commodore Barron's name is familiar to the country as connected with the unpleasant controversy which led to the duel between himself and the lamented Decatur. He possessed many excellent qualities. On the 22d of June, 1807, the Chesapeake, commanded by Barron struck her flag in our waters to the British ship Leopard, whose commander took from our ship four seamen on the same ground which finally led to war with England, that they were British deserters, and that no Englishman can ever transfer or extinguish his allegiance to the British crown. The Leopard fired into the Chesapeake after Barron had refused to surrender up the men on the demand of the British admiral, and Barron, taken by surprise, surrendered. Three of the crew of the Chesapeake were killed, and eighteen wounded. Three of the four deserters claimed and given up, turned out to be Americans. President Jefferson, when this outrage took place, issued his proclamation forbidding all British vessels of war from entering our harbors until reparation was made for this insult to our flag. Great Britain followed with her celebrated "order in council" prohibiting all trade with France and her allies; and to this Bonaparte responded with his celebrated "Milan Decree" forbidding all trade with England and her colonies. Out of this affair of the Chesapeake and Leopard, grew the duel between Barron and Decatur, in which the latter was killed.

It is said that a pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by.

The Destruction of the Temples and Pyramids of Old Egypt.

But if these things have been unnoticed or misunderstood; another, more nearly affecting a traveller, cannot have been so, namely, the still rapid progress of the destruction of the monuments. Although I do not share in the superstitious enthusiasm of some, I could not but be moved by seeing what havoc is in progress everywhere, from the Pyramids to the Cataracts. It would be impossible to point out every place where the work of Vandalism is going on; but I will just mention one or two instances, in order to hint to the curious that they must come in time to these regions, or they will find little more than traditions of all the minor curiosities, and the great ones much ill-treated. The Northern Pyramid of Dashour is now in progress of being converted into a stone quarry, in order to build some new palace or villa in the neighborhood; the tombs of Sakkara are used for the same purpose; the mounds of Abydos are ransacked for building materials; the Temple of Erment is going for the same purpose; and two temples have, within the last six years, been knocked down, and materials removed from near Sheikh Fadi, entirely without the knowledge of travellers, to whom, indeed, they have remained utterly unknown until now that they no longer exist. I went to Sklittim to look at the great block of stone copied by Wilkinson, and supposed to be restored to Letronne. I found that the first line was entirely gone. They are breaking up the block to make lime. Enough, however, remains to show that some, at least, of M. Letronne's suggestions are not correct. He introduces words where there never have been any, as on the slightest examination is evident. It is worth remarking, also, that the inscription had previously been copied by Pococke, who cautiously makes several very sensible and reasonable restorations, without acknowledgment by the French savant.

Good in Everything.

A writer in a London paper of July, 1776, quoted in the Tribune, speaking of what he calls "the American standard, having a snake with thirteen rattles, and the fourteenth budding," thus expatiates upon the amiable qualities of the rattlesnake. Such a benevolent philosopher would find "good in everything."

"The rattlesnake is properly the representative of America, as this animal is found in no other part of the world. The eye of this creature excels in brightness most of any other animal. She has no eyelids, and is therefore an emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, nor never surrenders; she is therefore an emblem of magnanimity and true courage. When injured, or in danger of being injured, she never wounds till she has given notice to her enemies of their danger. No other of her kind shows such generosity. When undisturbed, and in peace, she does not appear to be furnished with weapons of any kind. They are latent in the roof of her mouth, and even when extended for her defence, appear to those who are not acquainted with her, to be weak and contemptible; yet her wounds, however small, are decisive and fatal. She is solitary, and associates with her kind only when it is necessary for their preservation. Her poison is at once the necessary means of digesting her food, and certain destruction to her enemies. The power of fascination attributed to her by a generous construction, resembles America. Those who look steadily on her are delighted, and involuntarily advance toward her, and, having once approached, never leave her. She is frequently found with thirteen rattles, and they increase yearly. She is beautiful in youth, and her beauty increases with her age. Her tongue is blue and forked as the lightning."

A Curiosity.—While Gov. Brown was in Key West, says the Tallahassee (Florida) Sentinel, he was presented by Hon. A. Patterson with a miniature bust of General Washington, found, ten years ago, in the neighborhood of Mr. Patterson's premises, imbedded in the limestone which forms the island. The bust is of marble, and is evidently the work of a master. The expression is said to be identical with that of the famous statue of Washington at Richmond, allowed to be the best likeness in existence. The little bust is in a state of perfect preservation; all the delicate chiselling in the plaits of a ruffled shirt remaining as sharp and well-defined as ever, and the marble without discoloration. Across the shoulders is inscribed the word "Washington"—a spelling which seems to indicate an Italian origin. In the same spot two English guineas were found, the dates and inscription of which we did not learn. All were probably deposits by some freebooters of the olden time.

Killing a Giraffe.

At every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and, after a short burst at a swinging gallop, I was the middle of them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd. On finding herself driven from her comrades, and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and on level ground with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound; while her neck and breast, coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually striking them in my path. In a few minutes I was riding within five yards of her stern, and, firing at a gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and, placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, I fired my second shot behind the shoulder; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder.—Before this was accomplished, she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a water-course, where I fired at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed, and had very nearly lost her; she had turned abruptly to the left, and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounted from my horse. There we stood together, alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow, in this moment of triumph, for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle toward the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck.—On receiving it, she reared high on her hind legs, and fell back with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted out from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired.

Cumming's Adventures.

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.—First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not therefore carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breeze; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not savor and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the latest day of your existence, throb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice as to you. Do you find it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she cannot love as she might.—Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

The Moon Daguerrotyped.—The Boston Journal says that Mr. J. E. Whipple, the distinguished daguerrotypist, has succeeded, with the aid of Mr. Bond, the Cambridge astronomer, in taking views of the surface of the moon, as it appears through the great telescope at the Observatory. The Journal has seen two daguerrotypes representing the moon as it appeared on Monday and Thursday nights of last week. The mountains and valleys of the moon are distinctly defined on the plate, and it is believed that by the aid of these representations, taken at different phases of the moon, their height and depth may be determined. The importance of these experiments will be duly appreciated by the astronomer.

At a meeting on Monday evening, the Boston board of Aldermen "took back" their resolution not to allow Daniel Webster to speak in Faneuil Hall, and adopted unanimously a resolution granting him the use of the hall at such a time as he may select. They also adopted a resolution inviting the President to visit Boston.

THE CROPS.

CROPS IN MARYLAND.—The Rockville Journal says: The growing wheat, as far as our view has extended, is beautiful indeed, and we learn that in every part of the county it presents the same appearance. We have never seen it so promising at this season of the year. The grass is also growing finely and looking well. The prospect is indeed cheering for the farmers of Montgomery. The oat crop has not been generally sown, but in a few days, if the weather continues as fine as it has been for several days past, the crop will have been generally put in.

THE CROPS IN OHIO.—The Somerset Post says:

We do not recollect that we ever saw a more flattering prospect for a good crop of wheat than we have at present. The wheat in the low lands in the western part of the State looks exceedingly well—much better than we anticipated. Our hill lands present a view that makes one feel pleasant, and proves that no soil in the State is better adapted for wheat. In many places the crop is so luxuriant that farmers are resorting to pasturage. If no draw back should occur to check its maturity, our wheat crop, we think, will equal that of last year.

The prospect for all kinds of fruit is also flattering—having not received as yet any injury from cold weather or frost.

THE CROPS IN WESTMORELAND.—The Greensburg Republican says: The Grain crops in this county look remarkably well and from present appearances there will be a very large amount of grain harvested the present year in Westmoreland. Considerable quantities of oats have been sown, and our farmers are busily employed on their corn grounds.

CROPS AND WEATHER IN ILLINOIS.—A correspondent of the New York Post, writing from Winnebago county, Illinois, on the 8th inst., says—

It commenced snowing here on the 4th, in the morning, and continued till the 5th, at night, mostly snow, and the severest snow storm we have had for ten years.

Through the past winter we have scarcely seen snow one inch deep. Although it has rained hard for the last twelve hours, we have large banks of snow left. If the storm had come three weeks sooner, it would probably have spared the fall wheat, but in consequence of the warm dry weather through March, it has injured the wheat much. Our crops of winter wheat have been cut short for three years past, and last year very much of the spring wheat was spoiled by a small bug, called the Chintz bug. The ground would be sometimes completely covered with them, the largest about one-third as big as a common pea bug, scarcely distinguishable by the naked eye. They attacked the root, and the stalk would turn white. That which was attacked early had no grain, that attacked after would shrink badly.—After the wheat was harvested, these insects injured a great deal of corn.

THE THIEF AND THE KING.—A Hindoo thief was once convicted and condemned to die, but he hit upon the following expedient to escape the penalty of the laws. He sent for the jailor, and told him he had a secret to disclose to the king, and when he had done so he would be ready to die. The king sent to him to know what the secret was. He told him he knew the art of producing trees that would bear gold. The king accompanied by the prime minister and priest, came with the thief to a certain spot, where he began his incantations. The thief at length produced a piece of gold, declaring that if planted, it would produce a tree, ever a branch of which should bear gold. "But," said he "this must be put in the ground by a person perfectly honest. I am not so, and therefore pass it to your Majesty!"

The king replied—"When I was a boy I remember taking something from my father, which although a trifle, prevents my being a proper person. I pass it therefore to my prime minister."

The latter said—"I receive the taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest? I therefore give it to the priest."

The priest pleaded that he received the sacrifices, and was equally exposed. At length the thief exclaimed: "I know not why all four should not be hanged, since no one of us is honest!"

The king was so pleased with the ingenuity of the thief, that he granted him a pardon.

Tariff.—This puzzling name is derived from the town of Tarifa, at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar. It was the last stronghold when the Moors disputed with the Christians; and when the former held possession of both the pillars of Hercules, it was here that they levied contributions for vessels entering the Mediterranean, whence the generic name.

Coming over to the Pantaloon.—Mrs. Bloomer, editor of the *Lily*, has adopted the "short dress and trowsers," and says in her paper of this month, that many of the women in that place, (Seneca Falls) oppose the change; others laugh; others still are in favor; "and many have already adopted the dress." She closes the article upon the subject as follows:

"Those who think we look 'queer,' would do well to look back a few years, to the time when they wore ten or fifteen pounds of petticoat and bustle around the body, and balloons on their arms, and then imagine which cut the queerest figure, they or we. We care not for the frowns of over fastidious gentlemen; we have those of better taste and less questionable morals to sustain us. If men think they would be comfortable in long, heavy skirts, let them put them on—we have no objection. We are more comfortable without them, and so we have left them off. We do not say that we shall wear this dress and no other, but we hope it may become so fashionable that we may wear it at all times, and in all places, without being thought singular. We have already become so attached to it that we dislike changing to a long one."

Sims, the Fugitive.—The Boston Advertiser says—

"The owner of the fugitive, Mr. James Potter, is a man of wealth, influence, and very high character. He had this boy taught a trade, at which he could regularly earn \$1.50 a day, and then gave him his time, with the opportunity of purchasing his freedom at a low price. But he, being indolent and vicious, paid his master only \$10 in all, during the last two years, spending all his earnings either in drinks or on an abandoned woman, whom he seems in Boston, to have represented as his wife. Mr. Potter's only object in reclaiming him, was to test fairly the efficacy of the law in Massachusetts, which I have no doubt has this time been triumphantly vindicated."

PAINTING THE FACE.—Painting the face is as common among the elite aristocracy of Europe as it is with the Aborigines of New Zealand, Australia, or America, and with the same intent. Many gentlemen "paint" even officers in the army. The practice is not, therefore, confined to the female portion of the community, as some persons imagine. Although red (rouge) is now the favorite color, blue was the fashionable tint a few centuries ago. Piliny said that all the Britons stained themselves with wood, which made their skins of a blue color. The ladies in Japan paint the face white and red, the lips purple with a golden glow; the teeth of a married lady are blackened, and her eyebrows extirpated. The quantity of red and white paint, under the name of rouge and pearl white, manufactured in Paris, amounts to some thousands of pounds annually.

ANECDOTE OF PATRICK HENRY.—When the celebrated Patrick Henry, of Virginia, was near the close of life and in feeble health, he laid his hand on the Bible, and addressing an old friend, who was with him—"Here is a book," said he, "worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have read it with proper attention and feeling till lately!"—About the same time, he wrote to his daughter—"I hear it is said the *Deists* have claimed me! The thought gives me far more pain than the appellation of *Tory!* For I consider religion of infinitely higher importance than politics; and I find much cause to reproach myself, that I have lived so long and given no decided and public proof of my being a Christian.

Page's Electro-Magnetic Car. was tried at Washington on Saturday, and the Telegraph says, under the circumstances, the result has been to the satisfaction of everybody. An accident, which, in the course of two years experimenting had not occurred, happened shortly before starting, and caused some misgivings as to the success. Two of the cells in the battery exploded, in such a situation that if repairs had been made it would have been necessary to postpone. However, with this diminution of power, the Doctor determined to go ahead, and started the car. It ran backward and forward, a few hundred rods, at the rate of about five or six miles per hour. The day was cloudy and unpropitious.

A Washington letter in the New York Journal of Commerce states that the Government has countermanded the order for the sailing of the steam frigate *Susquehanna* to the East Indies, and that in view of the Cuban movement she is to be destined for purposes nearer home.—This is the finest steam frigate in our service, and one of the most powerful, and it is believed, the swiftest in the world.