

Mountain Sentinel

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

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.

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Human Love.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, if there is one law above the rest,
Written in Wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire,
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to an angel visit, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love.
And has made nothing worthy of contempt;
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments wear fast away.
The law of Heaven is love; and tho' its name
Has been usurped by passion and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time;
Still the eternal principle is pure:
And in those deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we can see
The lavish measure in which love is given,
And in the yearning tenderness of a child!
In every bird that sings above our head,
And every tree and flower, and running brook,
We see, how every thing was made to love,
And how they err, who in a world like this
Find every thing to hate but human pride.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MYSTERY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE'S BIRTH.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

A French writer of some celebrity, M. Michaud, has just published a book, entitled, "The Public and Private Life of Louis Philippe, of Orleans, Ex-King of the French," in which he adopts and illustrates, by circumstantial details, a story which has long been floating about in France, of a most extraordinary nature. It is to the effect, that Louis Philippe was not a Bourbon, and had not a particle of royal blood in him, but was the son of a very humble Italian, whom some have supposed to be a Jew. Making use of the Athenæum, we give the pith of the story, which runs as follows:—

That Philippe Egalité—whose character, unfortunately, affords no guarantee against the possibility of such an incident—exchanged his infant daughter for the son of a jailer, with whom he had formed an acquaintance when travelling in Italy, in order to preserve the family estates from lapsing to the crown for want of heirs male. All the incidents connected with this supposed exchange of infants, and with the events of their after-lives, have the character of romance; the time, the scene, the chief actors, and the final issues. Our readers shall see what view M. Michaud takes of the transaction:—

The virtues of the duchess have been pointed to as a refutation of the charge of exchanging children. It has also been alleged, that no inducement existed for either the husband or the wife to perpetrate such a crime. We deny not the virtues of that illustrious lady; but who can tell how far her wishes were controlled by her husband? We know that the greater part of her fortune consisted of demesnes (appanages) which, falling male issue, of necessity reverted to the crown; and that at this very period the duchess, after having been married four years, had given birth to but one child, and that a daughter, stillborn. Such was the state of affairs when the duchess and her husband set out for Italy, where, under the titles of Count and Countess of Joinville, they spent several months at a village named Modigliana, situated on the top of the Apennines. Here the duchess proved to be in an interesting situation. The duke, who was fond of mean society, formed an intimacy with a jailer, named Chiappini, whose wife was similarly circumstanced. A bargain was entered into, that if the duchess' offspring should prove a daughter and the jailer's a son, an interchange should be effected. Things turned out according to this anticipation, and the terms of the engagement were mutually fulfilled. The jailer received a large sum of money. His son, born at Modigliana on the 17th of April, 1773, was removed to Paris, and kept concealed till the 6th of October, when the ceremony of private baptism was gone through, as we have already seen; while the duchess' daughter remained in Chiappini's house, and was educated as his own child, under the name of Marie Stella Petronilla, supplies being secretly sent once a year from France. According to the Memoirs of Marie Stella Petronilla, she continued long in this melancholy position, ignorant of her high birth, and very ill treated by her supposed mother, who loved her not, and lamented that her son whose fate was hidden from her. The father had some idea of the truth; but, knowing the duke only as Count de Joinville, never dreamed that he was a prince of the blood royal of France. His reputed daughter excelled all his other children in beauty. Everything, indeed, about her indicated that she was of different blood. Her wit and precocity astonished every one. Before she had completed her seventeenth year, she so captivated Lord Newburgh, a British nobleman, then travelling in Italy, that he made her his wife almost against her inclination, and conducted her to a home of

splendour and magnificence on the banks of the Thames. By this marriage she had several children, one of whom is now an English peer. On the death of Lord Newburgh, she succeeded to a handsome jointure, but of this she afterwards forfeited a greater part on her marriage with a Russian nobleman, the Baron de Sternberg. With him she lived for several years in great style, in St. Petersburg. A son was there born to her, who, while yet young, accompanied her to Italy before the death of Chiappini, whom she still regarded as her father. This man, before his death, addressed a letter to her, which altered her whole destiny, and troubled the remainder of her days.

This letter, supposing it to be real, revealed to the Baroness de Sternberg the secret of her birth. It ran as follows:—

"My Lady—I am near the term of my earthly existence, and now, for the first time, unfold the following secret, which very intimately concerns you. On the day that you were born, my wife gave birth to a son. Your mother, who is long dead, was a stranger to me. A proposal to exchange my boy for you was laid before me, and, after repeated solicitations, I was prevailed on to consult my worldly interests, (for the terms were highly advantageous.) You became a member of my family, while my son was received into that of the other party. Heaven, I perceive, has made up for my faults; you have been raised to a condition superior to your father's, though his rank also was noble; and, therefore I leave the world with some peace of mind. Keep this by you, as a testimony that I was not altogether deaf to the voice of conscience. In entreating you to pardon my crime, I beseech you to conceal it from mankind, that the world may never know what is now incapable of remedy. This letter will be forwarded to you after my death.

(Signed) LAURENT CHIAPPINI."

This epistle was forwarded to her by the sons of Chiappini; though it is said they kept back some papers which might have been of great use to her in recovering the lost traces of her parentage.

Words (says M. Michaud) can hardly express the effect produced by such a discovery on the mind of Marie Stella. Gifted with great energy and lofty sentiments, she passed at once from a position which had been excessively humiliating to a higher rank. Not a jailer, but a great lord, is her father. But who is the great lord? Impatient to fathom this mystery—unwilling to believe, with the jailer, that the past evil admitted of no remedy, she made inquiries, and sought evidence in every quarter. Her efforts procured her the knowledge that her father was the Count de Joinville, a French nobleman, whose rank and fortune she was ignorant of. To learn all the truth on the subject, she set out in the beginning of the year 1828 for France, accompanied by her youngest child, Edward, son of Baron Sternberg. She found her way to the village of Joinville, of which her father had held the lordship. Here she learned that Joinville had been part of the patrimony of the House of Orleans, and that the duke, who perished on the scaffold in 1793, had sometimes travelled under that title. She next visited Paris, and there made several vain efforts to reach him who had succeeded to the title and wealth of that powerful family. She consulted many men of business, and became the dupe of sharpers and police officers, who received much money from her by way of payment, and robbed her of a good deal more. When her means failed, she had recourse to an artifice, which, considering her position and difficulties, was certainly very excusable. She made known, through the public journals, that the Baroness de Sternberg was in possession of a secret in which the heirs of the Count de Joinville were much interested. Louis Philippe was not long in hearing of this; his covetous disposition already rejoiced in the hope of some addition to his immense possessions. He accordingly communicated with the baroness through his natural uncle, the old Abbe de St. Phar, who thought that possibly he too might derive some worldly benefit from the adventure; but when the royal duke and his associate found that the secret referred to restitution, and not augmentation, the gates of the Palace Royal were hermetically closed against the baroness. She made great efforts, but, as she was a stranger in Paris, and all her motions were watched by the police—then nothing better than the slaves of Louis Philippe—she became once more the prey of those designing men, with whom Paris swarms, who were probably the agents of him whose interest it was above all to overthrow her pretensions. A distinguished writer, whose name she does not give, but whom, from her description, we readily identify, vainly endeavored to make interest for her with the Duchess of Angoulême. After being duped and plundered thus, she was obliged to return and renew her search in Italy. She returned from Italy, after an absence of several months, armed with fresh and important evidence, and, above all, with a judgment pronounced by the Ecclesiastical Tribunal of Faenza, on the 29th of May, 1824, which fixed her rank, and proved that she was not Chiap-

pini's but the Count de Joinville's daughter. * * * When we know that the Duke of Orleans was the only Frenchman who could then bear the designation of the Count de Joinville, and that at the very period in question he really was travelling with his duchess, this evidence seems sufficient to settle the question.

The additional evidence did not "settle the question," so far as poor Marie Stella was concerned. Her story reads like a romance to the end of the chapter. M. Michaud continues:—

Armed with this, and other important pieces of evidence, the baroness set to work again, hopeful and confident; but, unfortunately, she could not find one honest man in Paris to direct her. She fell once more into the snares of the crafty, and spent her money to no purpose. Pecuniary temptations were presented to her in the most insidious manner by Louis Philippe's agents, but she resisted all with a pride truly worthy of royalty. Convinced that she was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, nothing short of a full recognition of her rights as such would satisfy her. Her stature, mien, and manners, even her voice, testified to this distinguished origin. All impartial men listened with admiration to her forcible assertion of her claims. It was scarcely possible to listen without being persuaded of their justice. She bore a striking resemblance to Madame Adelaide, the duke's sister, while the features of the latter vividly recalled to her her reputed father, the jailer. It is even said that on one occasion, when she conducted her youthful son, Edward, to the picture-gallery, the child, on observing a portrait of Louis Philippe, cried several times, "Papa Chiappini! Papa Chiappini!" The baroness was vexed by this incident. The police, who were ever on her track, who did all in their power to prevent the circulation of her memoirs, threatened her repeatedly with imprisonment. It is a strange fact, that Louis XVIII. and Charles X. not only consented to, but originated all those manoeuvres against the baroness. Those princes seemed then to repose entire confidence in him whom they regarded as their cousin, though that individual was incessantly engaged in schemes which compassed their destruction. The fall of the elder Bourbons, and the succession of Louis Philippe to his good cousin, rendered the baroness' position more than ever difficult. She was more than once desired to return to England. The intervention of the ambassador shielded her from persecution; but she was now alone. The Baron de Sternberg had conducted her favorite son, Edward, to Russia, so that her courage and consciousness of the justice of her claim formed her only protection against the spies that surrounded her. Her memoirs having been seized, and the tribunals of justice closed against her by the ruling powers, whose tools they then were, they ended by pronouncing her mad; the only pretext for this calumny being a peculiar fancy which she had for feeding some birds which flew to her windows from the gardens of the Tuileries. We know, however, on irrefragable testimony, that to the last she retained the full possession of her reasoning faculties. She never abandoned her claims, but always subscribed herself Baroness de Sternberg, born Joinville. During the last five years of her life, a fear of being arrested in the streets caused her to confine herself to her own house, where she knew she was safe through the protection of the English ambassador. On the night before her death, in 1845, happening to hear the cannon announce the opening of the chambers, she called for the public journal that she might read the speech of that brigand. She never spoke again.

How to be Beautiful.

Venus, the embodiment of female beauty was anciently represented as having arisen from the sea. This is only another way of saying that cleanliness is necessary to beauty. Without cleanliness there can be no health, no beauty. A hand left unwashed for a few days becomes ugly and repulsive. If one can conceive of a face left unwashed even for a week, we must imagine something far from very beautiful. A face freely washed, looks handsomer than at any other time. But it is in vain to wash the few square inches of the skin we have in sight, if the vastly larger area we cover with our dress is left, from day to day, and even from week to week, uncleaned from its constantly accumulating impurities. The health, and consequently the clearness and freshness of the skin, require that every square inch, nay, every pore, should be in the best position, and that cannot be if a single pore is left clogged with the impure matter which is continually passing from the system. But the action of water upon the skin, especially cold water, seems to be more important even than its first office of cleansing it from impurities. The rain bathes the lovely rose-bush, washes it from dust, but it also cultivates every leaf and petal. So the cold bath not only cleanses the skin from its impurities, but gives it tone, strength, and glossy smoothness, and a fresh appearance, like that of the rose just washed in nature's bath, a genial shower.

Bathing, in all countries where beauty has been esteemed, and health is the fountain of beauty, has been considered the first necessity of

life. I have known many ladies, jaded, diseased, miserable, and looking as badly as they felt, become fresh, rosy, bright and healthy, after a few months of systematic bathing—a thorough purification and renovation of the skin, with a consequent increase of vivacity, strength, grace of action and expression. This is such a remarkable effect of the water cure, which consists mainly in a certain regular and prescribed series of bathing, that ladies would resort to it for the improvement of their looks, if the recovery of their health were not a necessary concomitant.

The relation of general and entire cleanliness to beauty, is simply this: no person can be healthy unless the skin maintains its proper action—and the skin cannot act with vigor without the cleansing and tonic effect of a daily bath. People worry through life without it, but those who bathe every day enjoy life. And whenever you meet a clean, fresh, rosy beauty, with brightness in every look, and an elastic grace in every motion, with the light glancing in her laughing eyes, and the warm blood playing in her damask cheeks, be sure that her skin is refreshed by frequent bathing in cold water. —Water Cure Journal.

Letter from Col. William Bigler.

The following letter was addressed by Col. WILLIAM BIGLER, the Democratic candidate for Governor, to a celebration of the last 4th of July, without distinction of party, at Easton, in this State. It is a frank and friendly expression of sentiment, and will be read with much interest by all classes of readers:

CLEARFIELD, June 25, 1851.
GENTLEMEN:—I have been honored by the receipt of your highly flattering favor inviting me to join you at Easton, on the 4th proximo, in commemorating, in a suitable manner, the approaching anniversary of our National Independence. I regret sincerely, to be obliged to say in reply, gentlemen, that a previous engagement will deprive me of the great pleasure I should take in being with you on that interesting occasion.

The friendly terms in which you have been pleased to extend this invitation—the patriotic sentiments with which it abounds, in reference to our glorious Union, and the significant motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," under which it is written, have greatly heightened the regret which I should have felt under any circumstances at being unable to avail myself of this proper opportunity, which you have so kindly made known to me, of meeting and taking by the hand, the intelligent and patriotic citizens of old Northampton.

The usual propriety and interest of a proper commemoration of our Nation's Birth Day, is greatly augmented by the threatening circumstances which have surrounded our National movements, for the last few years. The lively sensations of patriotism—of love of country—of love for our whole country, which each returning anniversary of this greatest of all modern events, very naturally excites in the minds of the American people, will be greatly heightened, on the approaching occasion, by the evidences to be seen in all parts of the country, of a growing disposition to abide by the adjustment, made by the late Congress, of the only controversy between the members of our National confederacy from which the least danger to the perpetuity of the Union, would be reasonably apprehended. The flattering hope they excited in all sections of the nation, that a strict observance of the obligations of the constitution and a faithful maintenance of these measures of compromise, will have the effect in a short time, to relieve the country from the angry sectional conflict in which it has already been too long engaged, will give a fresh zest and a renewed zeal, to the ceremonies of the approaching anniversary.

Whatever diversity of opinion may have been heretofore entertained by individual citizens and statesmen in reference to the various elements embraced in these measures of compromise, no patriot, it seems to me, will seek to disturb this adjustment, and again launch the nation on a sea of excitement and danger, unless he can first demonstrate that his policy, whatever it may be, will result in some greater practical good to the whole nation. I say the whole nation, for it is the welfare of the entire and not a mere section of the country, which the true patriot will seek to promote. Nor will he neglect or refuse to do all the good he can, merely because he cannot accomplish all that he deems wise and proper. If, then, a greater good is likely to result to the country from the maintenance of these measures than can be secured by disturbing them, it is clearly wise, even on the part of those who cannot approve all their features, to acquiesce in their adoption. It is certainly no inconsistency or humiliation, in an individual or a State, who may have contended against some particular features of this adjustment, to acquiesce in the whole as a compromise. It is clearly right to do so, unless it be made entirely apparent that a greater national good can be accomplished by substituting some other mode of settlement. This, in my humble opinion, would be a most difficult and dangerous undertaking, and one which I fear would cost the country dearly.

Those who are dissatisfied with the constitutional provision for the rendition of fugitives from labor, should not forget that the compromise measures also make provision for the suppression of the slave mart in the District of Columbia, and that the question of extending slavery into the Territories, has been in the same way referred to the sovereign will of the people who may occupy the soil, a tribunal, which it is not doubted, will in every instance, interdict its extension. This feature of the adjustment stands on high and glorious principles, the will of the majority—the principle on which our revolutionary fathers determined to found all our Republican institutions.

And what other disposition of this dangerous controversy, let me ask, would have been more in unison with the principles of our Government and the compromises of the constitution, or have better answered the exigencies of the times?—We cannot hope for a peaceful continuance of the Union, if we disregard the great conservative principles on which it rests. The fundamental law of our land cannot be sustained in part and abandoned in part, the constitution must be maintained as a whole, and that it is the clear intention of this instrument, that every fugitive from labor shall be returned to his master, will not be seriously denied. It is then the clear duty of the people of the free states, however repugnant it may be to their inclinations to maintain and carry out this as fully as any other clear requisition of the constitution. The present law may answer the constitutional purpose, and with this view its execution should be facilitated rather than embarrassed by those who are charged with the administration of the laws.

How forcibly, in the present crisis of sectional conflict, do the admonitions of the father of his country fall upon our ears, and how we are constrained to wonder at the almost superhuman sagacity, which enabled the great and good man to foresee and forewarn the people of approaching dangers to their government from sectional conflict. We cannot resist the conclusion that an allwise power gave direction to his judgment and thoughts, nor should we think lightly of the lessons of wisdom which he has left for our use. Let us hope then, that the admonitions of Washington—the glorious examples of the laws of 1775—the remembrance of the brilliant past, and the cheering hope of the future, may awaken on the approaching anniversary of our Independence, a spirit of patriotism, of love for our entire country, of reverence for the constitution, as shall constrain the American people without distinction of party or sectional locality to embrace and adhere to our National confederacy as the sheet anchor of their political faith. The humblest service in maintaining this great fabric should be esteemed more honorable than the accomplishment of the most brilliant designs of monarchy.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I must tender you my most profound acknowledgments for the honor which your invitation has conferred upon me, and beg you to remember me to the good people of old Northampton in whose behalf this kind request has been extended to me.

With sentiments of high regard,
I remain gentlemen, your fellow citizen,
W. BIGLER.

TOAST.
Col. Wm. Bigler.—The man with his Country in his heart and her Constitution in his hand. Well may Pennsylvania as she views nature's nobleman in his person, exclaim, "Behold I and the children whom God has given me."

Our New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1851.

EDITOR OF THE MOUNTAIN SENTINEL:

The Sun, of this city, has long articles on the revolution in Cuba, which, it says, has actually commenced, in or near Port Principe, a large inland city, containing a population of over 100,000 souls. The garrison of Port Principe, consisting of 2,400 men, a small detachment of which, consisting of 50 lancers and 60 infantry was sent into the mountains, in quest of the revolutionists, who are adopting, says the Sun, the guerilla mode of warfare. The inhabitants of Port Principe were to have published a *pronunciamento*, on July 4; but, as they have not done so, as far as I can learn, and, as the news, in the "private advices of the Sun," is not corroborated by any other authority, I am inclined to believe, that the whole story has been "made to order," for the proprietors of our celebrated "penny daily," who are understood to be largely interested in copper mines, and other property in Cuba, which, for some reason or other, they cannot make "available," under the existing government.

It is certain that the idea of "occupying," "liberating," and ultimately "annexing" Cuba, has not been entirely given up, by the more hopeful among the "patriots"; but what they are actually doing, toward bringing about the "consummation" so "devoutly to be wished," (by them,) your correspondent knows not, as, however, straws show which way the wind blows, it may not be amiss to inform your readers, in this connection, that seventy-seven veteran Hungarian hussars, who came to this country after the disastrous termination of

their struggle for liberty, have just sailed from this port, southward—I cannot say to what point—in quest of military service.

Steam communication across the Atlantic, bids fair, in a few short years, to supersede the splendid line of Packet Ships, which, but the other day, were deemed unsurpassed and unapproachable. Boston, I see, is about to enter the field of competition with New York and Philadelphia. A line of Steamships to Liverpool is projected by the modern Athenians, with every probability of success. The wealthy firm of Spofford & Tileston, the owners of the Packet Ships known as the "Dramatic Line," have already launched two propellers of gigantic dimensions. These propellers are almost ready to sail, or rather, steam; and two others, now on the stocks, will be launched, shortly. Moreover, strenuous efforts are being made here, by some of the *real friends* of Ireland, to purchase a large Steamer, to ply between this port and Galway. In connection with this enterprise, funds are being raised in Dublin, Cork, and other cities, throughout Ireland, to place a second Steamship on the line, in order to practically demonstrate the alleged superiority of Galway, as the Trans-Atlantic Packet Station.

It is confidently expected, by the more sanguine, that Archbishop Hughes will subscribe, at the very least, \$1,000, "for the cause," seeing that, in 1843, when he was a simple Bishop, he was able to afford \$500, to buy a shield—an object decidedly utilitarian, and some are apt to think, less evangelical, than the present, in its aim and tendencies.

The Madrid correspondent of a Paris paper gives an account of a successful experiment with a new flying apparatus. The flyer was a Miss Juanita Perez, who weighs some 240 pounds, but who, nevertheless, moved through the air, by the help of wings, with great ease and rapidity. She announced that she would rise 600 feet in the air, and fly a distance of 1,200 feet; but when she was once fairly aloft, she evinced no inclination to stop; and greatly exceeded her programme, both in height and distance, to the surprise and delight of the assembled thousands. Her wings are said to have a spread of some fifteen feet, and to be fastened by ligaments of great flexibility. They are arranged so as to move with great rapidity, and they make a noise like a windmill.

I see, by the Paris papers, that a gentleman of that city, also, announces that he has invented a complete apparatus for flying, which he proposes to exhibit on the Champs de Mars, in the course of the present month. This gentleman says, that he and his two sons can move up and down in the air, with all the facility of a swallow; skimming along near the ground, or mounting upright to the sky, at their pleasure; and that the three have, several times, flown across the Seine.

I have had frequent occasion to refer to the filthy condition of our City, and, lest your readers should imagine my statements exaggerated, I will just draw attention to the following startling fact:

Deaths, for the week ending June 21, 1851:	
New York,	503
London,	931

Now, as the population of London is over 44 times that of New York, the mortality of the former city would, if in the same proportion amount to 2,388; whereas, during the prevalence of the Cholera, in that city, in 1849, the deaths never exceeded 1600 to 1700.

Now, as no man can pretend to compare the natural advantages and position of the two cities, to what can we attribute the appalling fact of such wholesale destruction of human life, except to the criminal negligence of our Municipal Authorities, and their entire inattention to the first laws of health and decency.—But what time has a man for sanitary reform, whose whole soul is engrossed in the profits to be made, by a gas contract, or a paving job?

I have condensed from an English paper the following anecdote, which will afford your youthful readers an illustration of the result of earnest, active, persevering, and practical industry, when combined with moderate tact and talent. I am sorry to say that agriculture and horticulture are not regarded in this country, as avenues to greatness. Let this anecdote suffice to dispel the illusion:

Some thirty years ago, a young gardener, who worked for 12 shillings a week, at a garden near Chiswick, about five miles from London, offended his master, and was turned off. He was standing, unemployed, one day, at a garden-gate, near the residence of the Duke of Devonshire, who, happening to pass, was pleased with his intelligence and manners, and asked him to call at Devonshire House the next day. The call resulted in his being sent down to Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. There he soon reached, as a practical and scientific gardener, the very head of his profession, which position he had long maintained, before he was known to the world as Mr. Paxton, the designer of the Crystal Palace.

Yours truly,
FITZROY.

The only obstacle we imagine, to ladies wearing trousers is, that buttocks have eyes.—Es.