

# Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.

EBENSBURG, SEPTEMBER 18, 1851.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms.  
All letters and communications to our attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEY.

**W. B. HUDSON'S**  
CLOCK WATCH  
AND JEWELRY STORE.

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Sept. 26, 1850.—51

**SAMUEL C. WINGARD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.  
Will practice in the several Courts of Cambria, Blair and Huntingdon counties. Germans can receive advice in their own language. Office on main street two doors east of the Exchange Hotel.  
May 8, 1851.—ly.

**CYRUS L. PERSHING,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.  
Office for the present, in the room occupied by E. Hutchinson, Jr., Esq.  
January 30, 1851.—ly.

**J. McDONALD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.  
Office, opposite J. Thompson's Hotel. All business in the several Courts of Blair, Indiana, and Cambria counties entrusted to his care, will be promptly attended to.  
January 1, 1851.—ly.

**E. HUTCHINSON, JR.,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.  
Office on High street, opposite Thompson's Hotel.  
January 1, 1851.—ly.

**MICHAEL DAN MAGEHAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.  
Office in the Court House, up stairs.  
January 1, 1851.—ly.

**STOKES & BARR,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
EBENSBURG, PA.  
February 18, 1851.—ly.

**THOMAS C. McDOWELL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.  
Will attend the several Courts of Cambria county, as heretofore. Office one door west of Wm. McFarland's cabinet warehouse.  
January 1, 1851.—ly.

**T. L. HEYER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, JOHNSTOWN, PA.  
Office on Main street, two doors east of the Echo Office.  
March 18, 1851.—ly.

**ANDREW DONOUCHE,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND SCRIVENER,  
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January 1, 1851.

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, LORETO, PA.  
Will attend to collections entrusted to his care.  
January 1, 1851.

**LEWIS W. BROWN,**  
Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser.  
One door west of John Thompson's Hotel.  
Ebensburg, May 1, 1851.—ly.  
N. B. Shampooing done, and razors honed in a superior manner.

Any amount of coffee, sugar, tea, tobacco, and all kinds of Groceries, at the store of  
Johnston Moore.  
The highest price paid for wool at the store of  
GEO. J. RODGERS.

## CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

**WASHINGTON HOUSE,**  
Chestnut street, between 7th and 8th streets,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
A. F. GLASS  
PROPRIETOR.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

**AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
Chestnut Street, opposite the State House,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
AMBROSE J. WHITE,  
PROPRIETOR.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

**HARRIS HALE & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, No. 201 Market Street, one door above Fifth, north side,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Importers and Wholesale Dealers  
In Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Surgical and Obstetrical Instruments, Druggists' Glassware, Window Glass, Paints, Oils, Dyes, Perfumery, &c. &c.  
John Harris, M. D. John M. Hale,  
J. Shaverswood. E. B. Orbanon.  
April 24th 1851.—ly.

**MACHETTE & RAIGUEL,**  
Importers and dealers in Foreign and Domestic  
HARDWARE and CUTLERY, No. 124 North Third Street, above Race,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
ADM. H. RAIGUEL.  
April 24th 1851.—ly.

**FRANKLIN PLATT & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND  
LIQUOR MERCHANTS,  
No. 43 North Water Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
April 24th 1851.—ly.

**M. BUEHLER & BRO.,**  
No. 155 Market Street, Philadelphia, two doors below 4th Street, offer for sale HARDWARE, in all its varieties, at low prices.  
Call and see before you buy!  
Look for the Red Lettered Mill-Saw.  
February 27th 1851.—3m.

**ISAAC M. ASHTON,**  
Wholesale dealer in HATS and CAPS, No. 172 Market Street,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

**CONROD & WALTON,**  
Wholesale dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, &c., No. 203 Market Street, above 5th,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

**JAMES NEWELL, AT  
C. J. KNEEDLER,**  
Wholesale dealer in Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, and Palm Leaf Hats, No. 180 North Third Street (opposite the Eagle Hotel),  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
April 17, 1851.—ly.

**WILSON & WEST,**  
Successors to Rodney's  
Wholesale dealers in  
and Straw Goods, No. 17, North 3d Street,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

**W. J. KEMSH, AT  
LUDWIG & SCHIEDLER & CO.,**  
Wholesale dealers in Foreign and Domestic  
Dry Goods, No. 110, North 3d Street, S. E. corner of Race,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

**BRADY'S HOTEL**  
HARRISBURG PENNA.  
MAJ. JOHN BRADY, Proprietor.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

**MICHAEL WARTMAN & CO.,**  
Wholesale Tobacco, Snuff, and Sugar Manufactory, No. 173, North Third Street, three doors above Vine,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
M. WARTMAN, JOSEPH D. SORVER.  
April 24, 1851.—ly.

**J. MELHARE,**  
Manufacturer of English, Italian and American  
straw Goods, Palm Leaf Hats, Artificial Flowers, &c., No. 155, Market Street,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

**HART & COWAN,**  
Dealers in Hosiery, Trimmings, Looking Glasses, and Fancy Goods, N. E. corner of Market and Fifth Streets,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
April 10, 1851.—ly.

## FROM THE HOME JOURNAL. SERVICE WANDERINGS. BY AN OFFICER OF ARTILLERY.

*The Armistice—Burial—The dirge—Soldiers' grief—The quincunx to San Angel—Night march—Ague and fever—Beat up quarters—No hay—Intrusion—Woman's sympathy—Glorious success—The pretty girls and young Yankees—Fun at the factory—Moonlight—Mr. Graham—Music and dancing—The starry banner—Locked out.*  
The gorgeous sun of the tropics was decking every tree and shrub with diamond drops, only to exhale the brilliance which he bestowed, when, after drying as well as I could the water from my clothes, and relaxing my stiffened limbs and muscles, I set out to learn something about our further movements; but I had not gone far before the drums of my regiment sounded the "roll," and the men were soon formed to bury the dead. The escort preceded the rude biers, covered with the flag; the band poured forth its dirge in such wailing notes, that our hearts throbbed in responsive sympathy; and headed by the good Chaplain, book in hand, we followed to consign them to the clay upon the spot where they fell.

I have dwelt upon that burial, because there were in it circumstances of no ordinary interest. Those whom we were mourning had not gone out into darkness full of years and honours, nor with the warning of disease or harbinger of death. The day before, they

Were the proudest in their strength,  
The mightiest of us all,  
and now they were nothing—dust—no "nestling-place for love." Yesterday, upon that spot had stalked, in thunder and blood, "battle's magnificently stern array;" to-day, each mourning note rose upon that rarefied air, as if startled at "the sound itself had made." Woman's heart was to bleed, and woman's eye to drop burning tears over the grave of "earth's best nobleness," when the wing of time should bear the shaft to our Northern homes; but now, swartly faces with wiry beards were bending over their graves, and many eyes were shedding affection's tribute upon the mingling dust.

Many a tremulous voice responded with devout Amen!—the graves were filled, the guns discharged, the dust was dust, and we left the dead to await in silence their glorious transfiguration, "when these vile bodies shall be changed."

The band, touched by a wondrous spell, burst into a gay and springing quick-step; the foot-fall chimed, our spirits rose, (let no man doubt the sincerity of our grief,) and we "marched away" to the "Dashing White Sergeant," towards our indicated position. We were going to make peace—the fighting was over: Mr. Commissioner Trist had the papers all ready, and we were to garrison the suburban villages until the terms had been settled. Such was the current news, and turning it over in my ruminations, I limped away most ungracefully at the head of my company, of which for the first time in my life I was in command, and, with the rest of the regiment, came to a halt in the little plaza of San Angel, amid the open-mouthed gaze of all sorts of brown and yellow people. How much that gaze expressed! each face was a study. They might hate us, but respect and admire us they must. We had almost verified the legends of the conquest, (I am not credulous;) had brushed away with ungloved hands the swarms of their best troops, and were standing defenceless ourselves at the door of their proud hive of Mexico, able to enter, (so we said, and so we proved,) but inclining to mercy in granting them the terms of honourable peace. What marvel they opened their eyes and mouths in gaping wonder?

One half-hour sufficed to erect our little regimental city of canvas, and as evening was approaching, I turned in to sleep off the battles. Since leaving Puebla, I had occupied a tent with my Captain; and "many a time and oft," after tattoo, have we chatted away the hours of the night, stretched upon our blankets, the moon's rays rendering the sides of the tent translucent, so that we could see each other, until the drowsy monotone of voice would launch us upon the sea of dreams. On this first night of our encampment, (but one had intervened since the battle,) I was too tired to sleep, my nerves were unstrung, my brain was whirling as if I were intoxicated, and as I lay sleepless and tossing, it was not strange that my thoughts should cling with wonderful tenacity to my former tent-mate. I turned them away; I endeavoured to fix them upon the gay, the beautiful, the glorious of my past experience or future hope; I sent them to roam o'er the pleasant fields, traversed so oft in life's morning march, when my bosom was young;

but in vain—they returned with new attraction to the dead. I thought of the contrast, and what might have been—I six feet "below daylight," and he still on the living road to honourable fame. At last, tired nature sank into a deep sleep, and the incubus of my waking thoughts took strange shapes of dreaming fantasy. The tent was vocal with loud conversation, and ringing with his laughter; but it was unearthly, terrifying. There, like a gorgon, lay his body, in its accustomed place, and I, transfixed to stone, with eyes riveted and unshrinkable upon it, I could make no effort—my limbs were bound, and my will was powerless—could I live in such horror? Thank heaven! three preparatory taps, with which the drummers usher in the reveille, sound sharp and clear, and I spring with a shriek from my recumbent posture; but no! the illusion is not yet dispelled. Such was its power, that while one could count ten, I saw his body, habited as in life, but rigid as in death, his fair, almost womanish hand pierced through, and his head bleeding and discoloured from the mortal wound. A moment more, and it was gone—and falling back upon my blankets, I was shivering with an ague. Sick at heart, sick in body, I was pining a little instalment in the coin of health, for the honour of assisting at Churubusco. What matter? others had paid dearer.

A burning fever succeeded, and in that new climate it was judged advisable for me to leave the camp and find a room, a thick roof for shelter, a good bed, and such other attendance as marching soldiers never get. Sick as I was, I sallied forth like a *Pordiosero*, and stopped at every decent house to ask for room.

"No, *Senor*, no hay aqui,"—none here, sir—said one grum-looking host.  
"San todos ocupados,"—all full—said another;—"verdad Juan cito"—isn't it true John?—turning to Juan for corroboration.  
"Lo siento muchísimo"—very sorry—said a woman, more humane than the rest;—"esta usted enfermo?"—are you sick?  
"Casi muerto," I replied—most dead.

At one house I was ushered unceremoniously into the parlour, where a family party and their visitors were seated in grand reception. They were the upper ten of Mexico, and one of the ladies was young—and oh, how beautiful! Fair as Vala, and blue-eyed—beautifully arrayed, and as graceful as Euphrosyna—she was the only good-looking woman I had seen for a year, and my pulse—at a hundred and twenty by the watch before, from febrile action—quickerened its speed like an engine. They looked, and I looked, until, as Paul Courier says:—"Cela devenait embarrasement pour moi et pour tout le monde."—"Dispensa me lo usted, *Senoritas*," I at length stammered—excuse me, ladies—"I was looking for quarters and attendance, but did not mean to intrude upon your circle. Permit me to look elsewhere."

This was responded to in true Spanish style. They regretted more than they could express, that they had no room. Nothing could afford them greater pleasure than to make me a present of their house; but it was crowded—even the ladies were incommoded.

"Stuff!" said I to myself; but putting my hand upon my heart, and bowing low, I told them that American officers were the devoted slaves and champions of the ladies—and then I beat a retreat. Now, all this while, the pretty girl—she looked like an angel—was smiling with varied expression, and putting on a look of intense sympathy for me. Ah, woman! woman! why should not I indulge in thy praise? Is it that since the days of Homer every poet has rhapsodized thy loveliness, and every historian recorded thy attractions and thy worth, and that the subject is worthy of only the pen of genius? Be it so. At least, I may be permitted, here and elsewhere, to lend my truthful tribute of testimony to the loveliness of women in Mexico. They are better than men everywhere—they are infinitely better there. Of beautiful form, lovely face, piercing eyes, sweet mouths, white teeth, luxuriant and glossy hair, pretty hands, tiny feet, well-shaped ankles, of proper height, nature has been lavish; souls capable of the most exalted and holy devotion; hearts whose ardent love needs only a worthy object upon which to centre, and then it burns brightly through our human forever! Most of the ladies of the capital are fair, and many light-haired; but those, too, who are darker, lose nothing of their charms. Her glance how widely beautiful! how much Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek, which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!

But I shall never find my quarters if I stop to blarney the ladies; so promising to "do better next time," I arrive, in the continuation of my search, at the large entrance portal of a fine house; and when the porters opens, I demand to see *el uno*—the proprietor. At length *Don Manuel* appears.

"Sir," said I, in the language, and as much as possible in the style of Gil Blas, "I am in search of what you above all others can best provide me, and of what I more than all others absolutely need. I am sick, and in want of a room and bed." He looked blank.

"I am an officer de los permanentes, and if you receive me, I can and will protect your house; if not, the voluntarios will soon be here, and they are terrible fellows for a billet—they themselves."  
"Por Dios—For God's sake—hence the beggars are called *Pordioseros*."

His eyes and his heart opened at this representation, and that night I lodged in a fine room, and slept upon a clean, cool bed, after a splendid bath, and a good hot light supper.

"Ha! ha!" I exclaimed, "verily, Caspar, thou art a highly-favoured youth, and oughtest to be thankful"—and as I was. How many hours have I passed in that Mexican room, gazing upon the crucifix which mine host had placed there because I told him I was Christiano, (he thought I meant *Catholic*, for there the two are synonymous,) and thought of this great Battle of Life, of which little Mexican battles were but faint types; and then, even to the Protestant churchman, the *Saviour* and the *cross* were not a useless block. He died for all; why, then, were brethren fattening the beasts of prey in that valley with brothers' blood? In the dim tracery of moonlight; in the waxing ray of the blessed sleep-chasing morn; it stood there gazing upon me until it seemed like a living, dying form, and demanded my pity and my love. Alas, alas! that holy sentiment seeks extremes: the benighted people of Mexico, passing this just but dangerous limit, worship the wooden image, think to lay down their sins lightly before this construction of "man's device," and never look beyond into the clearer light and more spiritual demands of heaven's Lord and Judge. Theology from a soldier! My dear reader, they ought to know more of it than they do, but give them credit for a little. I shall have occasion hereafter, perhaps, more seriously to challenge attention to the vileness of the Mexican church, and the grovelling vices of the clergy; and if, in the march of improvement, one voice or one pen may aid to destroy their unstable equilibrium, and shake and demolish, not the turrets which "gleam with crystalline light," but the "dungeons so deep and dark and terrible," changing, if it be possible, "the den of thieves" into a "house of prayer," I burn to be a very red-cross knight in such a crusade, and will highly value any honour which it may confer.

Good rest and a little comfort were all the medicines I needed, and I soon began, with returning health, to look around this summer retreat of the Japonicas of Mexico—this Saratoga of the capital. There were bevy of pretty girls, in whom curiosity soon conquered fear, and who soon began to walk about, and coyly invite the glances and smiles of the young Yankees—and young Yankees are proverbially fond of pretty girls. The church door was crowded with uniforms at the early hour of matins, and at all the Sunday masses; and I fear the "Loves of the Angels" obtained ascendancy in influence over the "Lives of the Saints." Take care, young Mexicans of the genus homo—we will conquer you at another game than war. Look to your allies—there are traitors in the camp!

One evening as I was sauntering before my door, one of the staff came up to me—they are always in the vanguard of fun, in the way of it, being at head-quarters.

"Hillo, Caspar, you are invited to a frolic over at an English gentleman's factory, about a quarter of a mile from here; he's a glorious fellow, they say, and there'll be some *very bonitas* *senoritas* there."

"Good," said I, "I'm your man"—and my heart jumped with a pleasure which he only can appreciate who has been months in camp, and has but a vague remembrance of woman's witchery.

"Come along, it's time to go."  
"Well," said I, "lend me a pair of gloves."  
"Gloves! Lord bless me, I haven't seen a pair, except the General's buckskins, for a year."

That was a fix for our elegance!  
"No hay remedio"—so we started for the rendezvous, and to my wonder and delight it proved to be the house where I saw the beautiful girl with the blue eyes and fair hair.

We renewed our informal acquaintance, and talked over the matter; I received her sweet congratulations upon my better health, and feeling more like a gentleman than I had for a long time, I stroked my beard, twirled my mustache, and set out with this charming young lady, jabbering Spanish in unison, to Tispan, the Factory of Mr. Graham.

The moon was shining as if it reflected more light from a tropical sun, and over head, arching a most romantic road, beautiful trees tessellated the path with the graceful mosaics of leafy shadows. Everything conspired to furious sentiment—but, reader, I had left my heart in the Highlands, where the Hudson rolls his majestic tides to the ocean.

"What a confession!" cries my friend Miss Lucy;—"your story has lost its sentiment."  
So be it, lady fair. Credit me with reality for what I lack in romance. *Allons*.

The brightest eyes and the sweetest words are aimless against an untenanted breast—it was mighty pleasant, though, I must confess that quarter of a mile was very short, and the light and laughter issuing from the windows of Tispan broke in even harshly upon the mellifluous voice and the mellow light which beguiled that evening walk.

At Tispan we were received by Mr. Graham with true English, I should say Scotch, welcome, and in that winning but manly style which

marks the cosmopolite Englishman. I was indebted to him and his excellent lady for many kindnesses after the capture of the city, at their comfortable town mansion; but nothing ever touched, so *Eolus-like*, my heart strings, as that unexpected *soiree de campagne* at the Factory of Tispan. We had a cup of tea that a Chinaman would have worshipped, in pure china cups and saucers, upon a covered table, surrounded with all the appliances of comfort; and afterwards, to the music of the piano, we waltzed and polkaed, *punta y talon*, (the heel and toe polka, as they call it,) with might and main.—Then came a rich glass of foreign wine, and brandy from Bordeaux, to recruit us. We had been drinking an adulteration of wine, called Catalan, and for brandy, *Tobacco rum*—let him who values long life beware—and so the Madeira and the Cognac were *en buena hora* to our curious palates. Waiting gave place to singing, and the lady of so many charms astonished all the assembly by her voice. It was electric—cultivated to the utmost; and as she warbled and trilled away upon the "Beauties of the Opera," we had no room for pleasure; our hearts were full. At length the host, with well-meant courtesy, begged us to sing the Star-Spangled Banner; and ranging ourselves *a la Hutchinson* at one end of the room, with Major F— to set the tune, which he does most gloriously, we gave it with all the honours; indeed, some of them were so decided, that the ladies looked round for loopholes of retreat. We omitted the lines beginning—  
"And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,"

for courtesy's sake, and then tried to conclude the whole affair with "Rule Britannia;" but it was no go. The fact is, Britannia doesn't rule the waves now; but nevertheless, I vowed that I would learn it for Graham's sake; and often has the occasion served, when sitting with a few choice spirits around his hospitable board in town, enjoying the full-sounding and comprehensive English in a land of mongrel Castilian, to make it ring in chime with "Duncan Gray," and "Willie brewed a peck of maun't." Britannia ruled the wavelets of wine and "the flow of soul," and she always will, wherever her sons are found, civilising and improving and reclaiming the nations of the earth and the isles of the sea.

A late hour tore us from the enchantments of Tispan, and we accompanied the *senoritas* to the Holy Angel under a brighter radiance from the moon, and a retrospect of pleasure as delightful as the reunion had been impromptu. Leaving them with *my buenas noches*, I started for my house; but *Don Manuel*, in holy horror of the straggling barbarians of the North, had shut up at ten, and I was locked out! And here, thundering at the gate, I mean to say good-bye, asking the pity of my readers until I have time and space to tell the rest of the story. H. C.

## Letter Written by the Lamented Col. Crittenden.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 10—P. M.—The New Orleans Picayune, received by the mail to-night, publishes a letter from the lamented Col. Crittenden, written just before his execution at Havana.

He says he found himself surrounded, without a single musket or cartridge. He did not see a single friend of General Lopez on the island, who, he said, sadly deceived and deserted them. If General Lopez had not been deceiving them, he would have fallen back and made fight.

I have not the heart to write to any of my family. I am afraid the news will break my mother's heart. My heart beats warmly towards her now. I will die like a man.

The Picayune says the bodies of Col. Crittenden and Captain Kerr were buried in the grave with the other victims, and could not be recognized.

## Mr. Choate's Autograph.

Jack Humphreys, the Boston correspondent of the Albany Dutchman, in a recent letter, after giving a novel description of Mr. Choate, says that his autograph somewhat resembles the map of Ohio, and looks like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark, with a three pronged fork. His hand-writing can't be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant.

A Telegraphic despatch from Washington to the New York Herald says:—"It is understood that measures have been taken by the Government for the reclamation of the American prisoners at Havana."

The London News says that Henry Howard Paul, Esq., has commenced the publication in that city of the monthly "American Magazine."

The celebrated Neapolitan astronomer, Signor de Gasparis, has discovered another planet. This is the fifth we owe to his successful exertions.

The Bloomers have made their appearance in Belfast, Ireland, where they attract attention, but provoke no impertinent remark.