

# Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.

EBENSBURG, OCTOBER 2, 1851.

VOLUME 7.—NUMBER 51.

## TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, payable half yearly.  
No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.  
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 insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEY.

## W. B. HUDSON'S

**CLOCK WATCH**  
AND JEWELRY STORE.  
One Door East of the Sentinel Office.  
N. B. Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry repaired at shortest notice, and warranted.  
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.

WM. A. STOKES, JAS. P. BARR,  
Greenburg, Pa. } Ebensburg, Pa. }

**STOKES & BARR,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.  
EBENSBURG, PA.  
February 13, 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 wareroom.  
January 1, 1851.—ly.

**T. L. HEYER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, JOHNSTOWN, PA.  
Office on Main street, two doors east of the Echo Office.  
March 13, 1851.—ly.

**ANDREW DONOUCHE,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND SCRIVENER.  
BOROUGH OF SUMMITVILLE.  
Will attend promptly to collections, or other business entrusted to him. Legal instruments of writing, drawn with accuracy and dispatch.  
January 1, 1851.

**H. SCANLAN,**  
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. Shampoos 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. Sharewood. E. B. Orison.  
April 24th 1851.—ly.

**J. B. MILES, AT**  
**MACHETTE & RAIGUEL,**  
Importers and dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE and CUTLERY, No. 124 North Third Street, above Race.  
PHILADELPHIA.  
E. V. MACHETTE, A. M. H. RAIGUEL.  
April 24th 1851.—ly.

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

**CHEAP HARDWARE**  
**M. BUEHLER & BRO.**  
No. 195 Market Street, Philadelphia, two doors below 5th 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. 136 North Third Street (opposite the Eagle Hotel).  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
April 17, 1851.—ly.

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

**W. J. KEALSH, AT**  
**LUDWIG KNEEDLER & 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.  
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.

A kind offer.—Close quarters.—Notive curiosity.—A quid pro quo.—Poisoned per Dios.—The wounded general and his parole.—Diplomacy and war.—The house in the plaza.—Religion and heretics.—The deserters.—Touching incident.—The prior and the petition.—No se puede.—The execution.

WHERE was I? Oh! I remember; thundering away at the barred and bolted portal of Don Manuel's house. I turned in, and "Don Manuelito!" No answer. "Portero!" "Confound the greaser, how he sleeps!" "Oh never mind," said B—, "come and sleep with me; I'll give you a bed."

Now, my bed was a particularly good one, and I revolved the matter in my mind before accepting his offer. However, thought I, he is on the staff, and the staff live like princes; so I'll go.

Leaving Don Manuel's house to its usual quiet, I went with the aid to a staff bed, in the bitter language of Rothesay, the staff that I leaned upon proved a spear. We entered his room.

"Tired," said he; "if you are, turn in," and he pointed to a single buffalo robe on the stone floor, with one blanket for cover. My heart sunk. Soldiering when you must—comfort when you can.

"But," said I, "where is your bed?" "That's it," said he.

"Well, then, where is mine?" "Oh! there's plenty of room for both."

There was no alternative; so I turned in, and the smaller of the two turned out, and slept upon the stones the rest of the night, alongside of the buffalo. Reader, he was six feet two, and I am not a monster. The earliest glimmer of day found me on my way to my own bed, repeating, in recollection of the soiree, the Spanish proverb, "A cada gusto su susto."—Every rose has its thorn.

Feeling these occurrences, the armistice had established a sort of unbroken communication with the capital, and, through the medium of Don Carlos Beuerer, a young Swiss in some way associated with my host, I sent into Mexico for wine, brandy, and other good things, of which we had been long deprived. These, my place of residence, and my smattering of the language, soon made for me a number of acquaintances—some of whom I should be loath to acknowledge under other circumstances—gentlemen of the long robe, alias serape, who carry a sharp pointed knife in its folds, and who receive abatement once a month, for every crime which the decalogue denounces, especially those condemned by the sixth and eighth commandments. However, they crowded around my door to see "el joven oficial que sabe hablar Castellano."—For their credit, let me say they never intrude at meal time; and if present when one is being served, it only needs to say, "Quiere usted comer?" "Will you take some," to ensure a speedy retreat.

To the mass of them, the Americans were, what the Children of the Sun were to the subjects of Montezuma—a distinct race of beings.

In one of these sittings, *platicando*—chattering about the peace and the *Estados Unidos*, "A como puede un mascar tobacco?"—"How can you chew tobacco?" said a young gentleman who lived opposite, and who was a constant visitor. I was taking a quid from my box—for this vile practice is military as well as American—and in the forthright hope to palliate, not excuse it, let me say, that it is a marvellous companion on guard, or a march, (I gave it up when I came back to this enlightened region.) "Es cosa muy buena," he added,—"It is very filthy."

"Es muy dulce," said I. "A ver," said he, stretching out his hand. I handed him the box, and he took a little and put it into his mouth. We continued our conversation, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Me muero, me muero!" "I'm dying."—"He was too yellow to turn pale; but he looked dreadfully."

He begged me to take him home, and two of us supported him across the street, and dragging him up the circuitous staircase, we presented this singular tableau to his mother and sisters, who were sitting in the parlour.

"Jesus Maria!" screamed the madre, "Esta muerto mi hijo."—"My son is dead."—"Ya no tengo hermano."

"We have no brother left," screamed the sisters in chorus. "Dios mio, Dios mio."

"No, Senorita." I exclaimed. "Escucha nos por cielo."—"Listen to us, for heaven's sake."

"Si, escuchala, madre," gasped the unfortunate youngster.

The matter was explained, and the tumult subsided; but, to this day, those people believe that we attempted to poison their boy. For days after, our friends, the idle folk, had a new zest for their curiosity. It was to see the *tabaco de mascar*; and we were as strange to them when we put it into our mouths, as the opium eaters of the East are to American travellers. In the whole territory I never saw a Mexican use tobacco in another way than cigar or cigarito.

And here permit me to digress for a moment, to make a suggestion, which, through a wide circulating medium, may arrest an eye, perhaps, in every section of the Union. It is that the study of Spanish should be more universal, as an item of good education. Considered in itself, it is a noble idiom—brother to the Portuguese—cousin-german to the Italian, and much purer than either; from Galicia and the Asturias to Andalusia, the old *Castilian*—bearing some accents and aspirates—is spoken and understood. The traveller in Italy well remembers how he left language as well as space behind, as he journeyed from province to province: the Tuscan, Venetian, Neapolitan, and a host of others, to which Dante was a stranger, and which Boccaccio ignored, render the Italian an overmatch for the tourist. But the Spanish, once mastered, carries one from North to South, and from Salamanca to the mountains of the Ebro. Thus much, at one stroke of the pen, for the pure value and currency of the language; but this is a slight incentive to its study when compared with its peculiar claims upon us as Americans; and these the Mexican was urged with great cogency. Not one officer out of fifty knew anything of Spanish, and the awkward positions

in which many of them were placed by their ignorance, will plead with me, I am sure, in favour of a better state of things for the coming generation. Our relations with Mexico, Yucatan, the Spanish main, Caribbean Archipelago, are every day becoming more important and numerous. Our acquisitions in California have given us a host of citizens with this as their vernacular.

Now to the point with my suggestion. I think it should be introduced into the Military Academy, as one of the requisites of an officer's education. While we would hold fast to the French, as one medium of military instruction, and as the language of much that is valuable in science, in arts, and in social life, we should learn the Spanish for more practical purposes, even, and to subscribe a fast increasing public and private utility.

Among the many interesting incidents which transpired during our truce-holiday, I must not forget to mention a visit of official ceremony, which I made as volunteer-interpreter, to administer the parole to General Garcia, who was a prisoner, since Contreras, and who was lying, minus a leg, in one of the houses of San Angel.

It does a man good, once in a while, to measure his powers of politeness and courteous address with an emergency, and here was a glorious chance—to penetrate into the sick room of a maimed and exasperated prisoner—a disappointed patriot, and interpret to him a paper, the least effect of which was, "Infandum renovare dolorem," and which would give a pang to his heart and a twinge to his leg; to do this, I say, winning at the same time, instead of alienating, the sensibilities of the wife, mother, aunts, sisters and daughters, who were crowding around his bed. Ah, this was the veriest exercise of diplomacy and address. Had I possessed all the rich and varied idioms which convey the courtesy of "Castilla la Vieja," a *sera bien entre chose*; but, in commonplace Spanish, *sacado de la gramatica!*

We asked first for the senora, whose very natural thought would be that we had come to do some further injury to her husband.

"The fortune of war," we said, (I spare the reader our blundering)—"had demonstrated the bravery of her gallant husband, and his service and sufferings would be held in everlasting remembrance by his countrymen. Meanwhile, our purpose in paying our respects to him was only to obtain his signature to a mere form—an official paper—which his condition indeed required of him more imperatively than ourselves." Thus, in worse Spanish than I have ever spoken since, did we premise the parole, which required of him, under oath, "never to take up arms against the United States until regularly exchanged."

The wounded chief looked most stoically indifferent to our words, and our gestures, (every one who speaks Spanish must gesticulate,) and the women seemed to be lost in the attempt to fathom our meaning and intentions. I then interpreted the parole to him, and, amid sundry frowns and curses of pain, he was propped up to sign it. With many reiterated apologies, I ventured to indulge the hope that, in spite of his leg, he might "live a thousand years."

"Beso de en las manos,"—"I kiss your hand," said he, with a look of intense hatred.

"Senora," said I, "estoy siempre a los pies de usted."—"Behold me at your feet."

"Vaya en con Dios," was her answer, with a stately nod.

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"Que lastima," said she. "What a pity that you should be a heretic, sold to *Satanas el enemigo*."

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"Es posible?" I asked, taking out of my pocket a brass image of Nuestra Senora, covered with verdigris, and the iron chain stiff with blood; "I took this, ten days since, from the neck of a dead *soldado*," and I reached it out towards her.

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"Ah, but," said I, "if these negotiations result in peace, and without entering the capital, I must be a *Romano Catolico*, for once, and a priest in the bargain. I'll go over to this convent, and borrow the dress of a *frayle*, and visit Mexico *invega*. I never would forgive myself for not seeing it, after having come so near."

"Pero la barba!" said Panchita. "Oh, the beard! I'll flout it, to look venerable."

This was my last visit to the house in the plaza; the armistice was soon ruptured, and the girls of that house had taken their last frolic with the Yankees, and this their bars and bolts said to this, in action louder than words.

Pending the armistice, courts-martial had been convened for the trial of deserters, and at length their sessions had come to a close, and their proceedings were published. Major Riley, the arch deserter, escaped hanging, because he had deserted from Corpus Christi, before the war had actually opened. One man, who was found guilty and sentenced to death, was pardoned by the General-in-Chief, because he had

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\* *Tocar*, to play upon an instrument; *cantar*, to sing.

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"Santa Maria, Jesus!" and she recoiled from it with horror.

"Why didn't it save him? No, senorita," I added, with a pardonable zeal, "I don't believe such stuff."

"Problema!" chattered the girls; but whether for the dead man or for me, I couldn't tell. I rather think though it was for the *soldado*, and not the heretic.

"Ah, but," said I, "if these negotiations result in peace, and without entering the capital, I must be a *Romano Catolico*, for once, and a priest in the bargain. I'll go over to this convent, and borrow the dress of a *frayle*, and visit Mexico *invega*. I never would forgive myself for not seeing it, after having come so near."

"Pero la barba!" said Panchita. "Oh, the beard! I'll flout it, to look venerable."

This was my last visit to the house in the plaza; the armistice was soon ruptured, and the girls of that house had taken their last frolic with the Yankees, and this their bars and bolts said to this, in action louder than words.

One of their number, divesting himself unaccountably of his feet irons, succeeded, by great agility, in escaping from the room, and, before the sentinel saw him, had reached the top of the wall which surrounds the convent. One moment, and he would have been over; but the sentry was a good marksman—an unerring bullet pierced his heart and saved his neck!

Various and earnest attempts were made by the citizens to have them pardoned; but such a notion never entered into General Scott's head; they were crying aloud for their lives. The time drew near; the last night had come, and a number of officers were sitting in the piazza of General Twigg's quarters, talking of the morning execution. Upon the floor lay some knotted ropes, where the men had been practising the hanging noose, and the solemnity of the time was exerting its influence upon many a heart not case-hardened by war.

A light came glimmering in an unsteady hand across the square, and as it approached we recognised the aged friar of the convent, who had come to make a final effort. He carried in his hand a paper, signed by all the citizens of San Angel, and addressed to the General-in-Chief, praying for a commutation of their sentences, and, at the least, that they might be shot instead of hung. This paper he wished General Twigg to forward.

He was respectfully received, and, after he had made his speech, the General asked its meaning.

The interpreter explained.

"Ahem! Tell him," said the General, "that I am a Christiano like himself; that I have a great admiration and respect for the Church and her servants, and that I would do anything for him personally; but I will not send that paper, nor allow it to be sent."

He ended with a growl and an expletive, which would have shaken stronger nerves than those of the good old padre. The old man took up his lantern, folded his paper, and, as he moved away, ejaculated as follows:

"Ya no usa queda otro recurso sino rezar para las almas de los sentenciados, y rezar a Dios que a los Generales Americanos les enterezca el corazon! Quedense vms con Dios, Senores."

"Nothing remains but to pray for the souls of the condemned, and to beseech the Lord to soften the hearts of the American Generals! Gentlemen, God be with you."

It was a scene which Rubens would have loved to paint; yes, Rubens, who delighted to represent superincumbent and supporting masses of shade, with one dim light presenting the outline of a single figure, and faces and forms dim as ghosts in the gloom. The rays from the lantern, lighting up the pallid and attenuated features of the monk, in his picturesque costume, the huge beard and uncompromising face of the General, and the fixed countenances of the surrounding officers: imagine it, reader.

The morning came. A long scroll of four compartments had been erected, and, if "misery loves company," she was gratified here. In each division were four nooses. With mournful and wavering steps they came forth, with bloodless faces, to the finale of life's tragedy. I forbear details—save that when most of them clung to life with tenacious feet, one little figure, as the wagon moved, leaped high in air, to make a summary end. It savoured a little of heresim.

A *fortiori*, as logicians say. I decline to describe the whippings.

"For God's sake, let an American whip me," said Riley; but no, a Mexican had been hired for the work, and he did it well.

"Have mercy," said another; "I didn't mean to desert. I got lost, and then I was hungry, and they forced me."

"Of course they did," was the ironical reply; "you never meant to desert; you are too good a fellow."—"Be him up!"

Ah! War! War! I can exhaust the vocabulary of sorrow, pain, anguish and death. Unhallowed desires mark thy origin; fendish passion thy career; satiety and shame thy close. It was no false fancy of an ancient dramatist, that "War was a giant, bruising the nations of the earth in a mortar, his pestle being the great warriors and heroes of the age." u. c.

According to the correspondence of the Semaphore de Marselles, the question relative to the Dardanelles Refugees then staying at Klatschia, was at length settled. The Sultan had resolved to put an end to an unjust confinement, calculated only to compromise the character of his government. The American steam frigate Mississippi, placed by the President of the United States at the disposal of Kossuth, was to repair from Smyrna to the Dardanelles on the 1st of September, to await their arrival. On the same day the refugees would quit Klatschia, and embark at Jeumek in a Turkish steamer for the Dardanelles. Kossuth was to be accompanied by M. Lemmi, a Tuscan, his private secretary; by Generals Perozel and Wisnosky, and Count Bathiany, with their families, and twenty other superior officers. The frigate will convey these personages to America, stopping a few days in England.

**To a Grumbling Subscriber.**  
A free soil patron of the Sentinel  
Politely bids us "send the thing to hell!"  
A timely hint. "Is proper, we confess,  
With change of residence to change th' address!  
It shall be sent, if Charon's mail will let it,  
Where the subscriber will be sure to get it."  
[Burlington Sentinel.]

To ascertain the weight of a horse put your toe under his foot.

## From the West Chester Republican.

Let the Truth be Known.

## SUGGESTIONS TO TRUTH-SEEKING WHIGS.

Frequent meetings are being held throughout the country by our whig opponents. Johnston clubs are being formed—and at all their gatherings, speeches are made by whig orators for the purpose of arousing the lukewarm, increasing the activity of the zealous, and, we fear, not infrequently, misleading the uninformed. We stepped into one of their meetings here the other evening, and listened patiently to a speech from a young whig friend, who always speaks eloquently whether at the bar or on the stump. He touched upon most of the points agitated in the present contest, and which are the subjects of remark by both Bigler and Johnston in their addresses to the people; but we regretted to observe an evident holding back of much which ought to have been known, in order that the audience should have the whole truth. It occurred to us, on this occasion, that it might be well to make a few suggestions, for the benefit of whigs who desire the whole truth, when present at similar meetings here, as in other parts of the county, listening to similar remarks from this or other speakers; and we shall, therefore, proceed to make them:

When you hear a speaker use language conveying the idea that the interest on the State debt had not been regularly and promptly met and paid for several years, until Gov. Johnston's time, ask him for a direct yes or no to the question—Was it not regularly and promptly paid by State Treasurers Snowdon, Banks, and Blumer, during Gov. Shunk's term? There is not an intelligent whig stumper, who has a proper regard for truth, who will not answer, YES.

Should he attempt to prevaricate and relieve himself by saying that although the interest was thus paid, a portion of it was paid in *scrips*, or ask him, if Gov. Johnston, as a member of the Legislature, did not assist in fastening those *scrips* upon the State and the people? He will again be compelled to answer, YES.

If the speaker should use language conveying the idea that no portion of the public debt of the State had been paid off previous to Gov. Johnston's term, ask him for a direct yes or no to the question—Were not several hundred thousand dollars of the public debt of the State paid during Gov. Shunk's term. If he knows the whole truth on the subject and is willing to tell it, he will answer, YES.