

# 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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## TERMS.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEY.

## OCTOBER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

The "monitory season" of Nature has come. The faded garbure of the fields; the many-colored, gorgeous woods; the fitful winds, sighing for the flowers "whose fragrance late they bore;" the peculiar yellow-green of the sky at the horizon, in the twilight gleaming; all these proclaim that "summer is ended" and autumn is here. BRAINARD, a poet of true tenderness and feeling, once asked, "What is there saddening in the autumn leaf?" Perhaps it would be difficult to tell what it is, but that it is saddening, in the midst of its dying beauty, most persons have felt. One of our own poets, too early called away, wrote many years since, on the first day of October, the following sad and tender lines:

"Solaces, yet beautiful to view,  
Mouth of my heart! thou dar'st not here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew  
The Summer's melancholy bier;  
The mourning of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sun dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

"Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice,  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice,  
When earth was lovely to my gaze.  
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,  
Where are their living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers,  
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

"I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground:  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pinions murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

"When spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the West:  
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;  
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened now, they beat  
In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

"How like those transports of the heart,  
When life is fresh and joy is new;  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath  
Which Hesperus about her forehead twines,  
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe,  
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

"Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,  
What gloom about our way they fling  
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
The burial-pagament of the Spring  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And sleep in darkness, side by side!

## THE GIPSY GIRL.

During the morning, I had observed a close-covered wagon standing near the high fence which enclosed the palace, so as nearly to come under the outstretching branches of the garden trees. It had two wheels, and the shafts were propped up with pieces of wood. I concluded it was some itinerant exhibition, but it proved to be the travelling equipage of a party of gipsies. For what purpose they had established themselves at this remote little place, nobody seemed to know. They appeared to have more substance than most of their race, and their appendages were altogether superior to what one ordinarily sees. Perhaps they had arrived from a long journey, or possibly their habits preserved a keeping with their outward respectability; but the gipsies slept fashionably late, and I rather envied them so many hours of unconsciousness at Loo. They did not appear before one o'clock, and the first living thing that peered out of a little door, at one end of the equipage, was a very experienced head on the shoulders of a woman. Spite of the assaults of some seventy years of a nomadic and varied life, her rich brown complexion had not yet

deadened into sallowness, and her hair, still jet-black, contrasted vividly with a scarf of bright yellow wound round her head. Had Rembrandt still lived in the Netherlands, I know not where he could have found more lustrous eyes or a more genial subject. She seemed to be waiting for somebody, and leaned for a long time at the door, looking down the road. We approached nearer, and I found that she was conversing with some one within. The language was strange: it was neither Dutch nor German; it was a dialect which I had never heard of. The most musical voices that ever reached my ear! "What a barbarous language," said I, when the Rembrandt asked the first question. "But what a musical one!" answered my friend, when the youthful voice replied to it from within. Harmonious, indeed, was the voice! There was no bird in all the garden of Loo, nor a fountain under the royal balcony, that could yield a tone so melodious! I could have wished that the voice should never cease. We sat down nearby and listened. The fine old face that looked out on us from the little door, expressed no emotion with which we could in any way be connected; she looked at us and talked on, quite indifferent whether we listened or not. She had been wandering about the world too many years to be affected by the idle curiosity of two common-place men like us, dressed in a couple of travelling coats and foraging caps.

At intervals the musical voice broke in upon the stern tone of the old woman, and it was evident the gipsy had started a subject which interested both in no common degree. Soon she turned half round, still leaning on the door with one arm, while she gesticulated vehemently with the other; then left the door and grew very boisterous, till the musical voice sunk beneath the storm. In a moment the door was slammed back, and we turned away with hearts full of sadness for this charming being we had never seen. Perhaps the dark old Hecate had a siren caged up! A few paces from the equipage we met a boy, evidently a gipsy, with the same sun-burnt brown complexion, the same black eyes that had been looking at us, though brighter, quicker, and with all the fire of youth. He was not ill-dressed; he wore large trousers, a jaunty green jacket, with a broad low-crowned hat, exactly what the Spaniards call a sombrero. His hair was not long, as though worn for effect, but richly curled; and when he raised the sombrero, and bade us good day in German, I remembered a portrait of Murillo's for which I could have convinced myself he had sat. "You see how it is," said I; "this must be the son of the old woman. You see all her former beauty reproduced in this fellow's beautiful face!" He went to the wagon and spoke; in a moment the old head re-appeared at the door. It opened and the youth entered. And was this all? This question I asked myself, and my friend put it to me. We were both thinking of the musical voice; and yet, was it not enough? A reasonable man would have been contented with what was so perfect; but love, like avarice, is never satiate! We were in love with the musical voice. It must be the voice of the old gipsy's daughter, the sister of the handsome youth; and if she resembled her brother, with all his fine features softened by the grace and delicacy of her sex, what a paragon it were to behold! How picturesque would be the group—an old mother with two such children! She, perhaps, weary with the endless turmoil of the world, timorous and uncertain of its changes; they almost alone in its length and breadth, cast upon its surface like waifs on the sea. It was a sad thing to think what might become of them, of her; and to hear that sweet voice in sorrow, to listen to the plaints of a poor girl, with no heart in the universe to pity her but her young feeble brother's, had been intolerable. I had become impatient at the speed of time; it flew like the falcons, and I would fain have fastened the jesses and hooded it. The hour, however, for the sport approached. There was a bustle among the falcons, and a flutter among the falcons; one even heard at the inn the busy tinkle of their little bells, and saw them nodding their red hoods, stepping impatiently along the perches, and spreading their strong wings in expectation of flight.

The falcons, who had hung round the whole morning in the ordinary loose dress of the Dutch peasantry, now came out in the gallant costume of the olden time, which romancers have long delighted to describe, and the artists to portray. They were a strong set of fellows, imposing in stature, and energetic in their attitudes, accustomed all their lives to fly the falcon to its prey, and mount their horses for the chase. This inspiring sport had given a freedom to their carriage, and a certain dignity to their deportment, which well became the dress they wore. It consisted of top boots, highly polished, with spurs attached, light dark tights, bright colored waistcoats, and a dark green coat, ornamented with large buttons, embossed in forms of animals, or small relief's representing scenes from the sport. Each had on a green hunting hat, with a tuft of heron's plume stuck jauntily in the band, while long buckskin gaiters, coming far over the wrists, completed the gallant equipment. The falcons were sent in a species of cage before them, and in a few

minutes afterwards the troop galloped away at full speed towards the scene of hawkish. But the rare old sport had lost for me a great part of its attraction. I had heard a voice more thrilling than the hallo; and now, drawn perhaps by the merry jingle of the bells, or the noisy bustle of departure, the daughter of the old gipsy gently opened the door and descended from the wagon, and gentle notes, before I knew it, came into my ear in wild arbitrary music. She sang some plaintive verses in the same strange language I had heard in the morning. I turned quickly, and she stood almost at my shoulder. It was like a form from the East, or the heroine of a sad ballad of the Moors in their last days at Grenada! Nay, it was a Madonna of Murillo, with those melancholy, hopeful features that look down upon you with all modesty and the holy enthusiasm of a mother's tenderness!

She stood, picture-like, moving the lower chords of her guitar, her large eyes resting mournfully on me, while her voice echoed its despair in my heart. I never understood any song so little, and never have I felt one so much. It was her whole history—her heart breathed into sound. It was from no law of physiognomy that I comprehended her, and from no gesture, for she stood as still as marble, her eyes scarcely moving from me. But there was that—a soul—in them that surpassed all motion, all change of expression—a perpetual sorrow, a sacred sentiment of unhappiness. She was not more than seventeen, and the melancholy which suffused her features was rather the tendency of her nature than the impress of misfortune. There was a refinement in her being which could not accommodate itself to the vulgar relations forced upon her, and their shadows were wrought into the lineaments of her tender beauty. I would gladly describe this, but it was of a kind which no one may express; her eyes, like her brother's, were dark and lustrous; they were not piercing, but eloquent and winning; her forehead was high and symmetrical, the nose thin and tenderly moulded, her chin had the mere impress of a dimple, and her lips a beauty not dependent on voluptuousness. Her hair was partly concealed by a scarlet scarf wound round her head with no studied care, and a few tresses fell over the ear, and were brought round behind in a knot. Such is the description, but of what avail?—

"To those who see thee not my words are weak;  
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?"

The same traits may produce a thousand different faces, but I have never seen but one like that. The refined spirit of her being beamed through the forms of her beauty, and softened them to the expression of a seraph. As it is beyond the power of the artist to reproduce the soul of the Cenci, so it seems that Nature had but one form of loveliness, and gave it to the gipsy's daughter. Her dress was simple, and became her different mien and manner.

Before she finished the plaintive air, she must have remarked the pleasure it had given me, for, without my speaking, she seemed to rouse, as it were, the slumberous instrument to a more vigorous tone, and sang again with, indeed, more energy, but with the same prevailing sadness. The melody seemed to express a lament, but not one of despair. It rose and fell with the fitful variation of a passion, at times low and mournful, again startling and resistless. Her eyes brightened as the wail of the music grew louder; her bosom moved with an effort not occasioned by the exertion of her voice; and on a sudden a gush of tears bedimmed the light in her eyes, and her notes trembled till inaudible. But in a moment she again collected herself, and said to me, "You are sad; I will sing you gayer music!" And while the tears still hung in her eyelids, a smile shone through them like light into dewdrops; and she played a lively strain, and sang to it a merry ditty, like those one hears in the south of France. Ere she had finished it the carriage was ready, and my friend, who retained more self-possession, urged on me the necessity of departure. The girl ceased at once, and turned, with a smile, to leave, like one who felt herself in the way. "But you will accept this, Signorina!" said I, offering her a piece from my purse. "E che il Dio vi renda felice!" ("May God bless you,") replied she, smiling with her peculiar charm, while the tears stood still in her eyes. I never saw her again; but I shall never forget her face nor her smile. When we returned from the hawkish she was gone. I inquired which way they went, and learnt they had taken the road to Arnhem. "Che il Dio la renda felice!" (May God bless her,) was also the wish of my heart. She was an Italian, another Mignon wandering in the North!

A French naval officer of distinction, lately returned from a cruise in the Pacific, brought with him, as a present to his sister, the complete costume of an Indian princess—one of the Society Islands. It consisted of a necklace!

A writer, in describing the last scene of Othello, has this exquisite passage:—"Upon which the Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and jealousy, smothered her."

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

### THE CURIOUS WIDOW.

During my first course of lectures I became a boarder at the house of a widow lady, the happy mother of a brace and a half of daughters, the quartette possessing so much of the distinguishing characteristics of the softer sex, that I often caught myself wondering in what nook or corner of their diminutive skulls they kept the rest of their faculties.

Occupying the same room that I did, were two other students from the same section of the country as myself, and possessing much the same tastes and peculiarities. One thing certain we agreed in, and that was a detestation of all curiosity-stricken women; for never were poor devils worse bothered by researches than we were. Not a pocket of any garment left in our rooms could remain unexamined, not a letter remains on our table unread, nor scarcely a word of conversation pass without a soft, subdued breathing at the key-hole telling us we were eaves-dropped. Matters came at length to such a pass and so thorough became the annoyance, that nothing but the difficulty of obtaining suitable accommodation elsewhere, prevented us from bidding a tender adieu to the widow, and promising to pay her our board bill as soon as our remittances arrived.

As the evil had to be endured for awhile, at least, we soon invented and arranged a plan for breaking her of her insatiable curiosity, and making her, what she was in other respects, a good landlady.

The boarding house was a large two story frame, with a flight of steps on one side, extending from the street to the second story, so as to give admittance to the boarders without the necessity of opening the front door or disturbing the family when we came in late at night. It was very cold weather, and our mess was busily engaged every night until a late hour at the dissecting-rooms, and it was during this necessary absence that the widow made her researches and investigations. The subject that we were engaged upon was one of the most hideous specimens of humanity that ever horrified the sight. The wretch had saved his life from the hangman by dying the eve before the day of execution, and we, by some process or other, became the possessors of his body. He was so hideous that nothing but my devotion to anatomy, and the fineness of the subject, could reconcile me to the dissection; and even after working a week upon him, I never caught a glimpse of his countenance but that I had the nightmare in consequence. He was one of that peculiar class called Abnegates, or white negroes. Every feature was deformed and unnatural. It was with him, or rather his face, that we determined to cure our landlady of her prying propensities.

It was the work of a few minutes to slip the face from the skull, and arrange it so that from any point of view it would look horrible. Having procured a yard of oil-cloth, we sewed it to the face, and then rolled it carefully up; tying this securely, we enveloped it in a number of wrappers, fastening each separately; so that her curiosity would be excited to the utmost degree before the package could be completely opened. At the usual hour we returned home, carrying our extra face along; not, however, without many a shudder.

Upon entering our room, we saw that the applier had been there, although she had endeavored to leave things as near the condition she found them as possible.

With a hearty malediction upon all curious women, we ate our cold snack, which the kind-hearted widow—for, despite of her being a widow, she was really kind-hearted—always had awaiting our return, and retired to rest, determined that the morrow's night should bring all things even.

I endeavored to sleep; but that hideous face, which we had locked in a trunk, kept staring at me through its many envelopes; and when the cold winter's sun shone in at the casement, it found me still awake. Nervous and irritated, I descended to breakfast; and nothing but the contemplation of my coming revenge prevented me from treating the widow with positive impoliteness. Bless her not-despairing-of-marrying-again spirit! who would keep angry with her? Such a sweet smile of ineffable goodness and spiritual innocence rested on her countenance, that I almost relented of my purpose; but my love letters read, my duns made evident, my poetry criticised by eyes which Love would not lead his blindness to make perfect; and then—she was a widow! My heart, at this last reflection, became immediately barred to the softening influences of forgiveness, and I determined in all hostility to face her.

The lectures that day, as far as we were concerned, fell upon listless ears, for we were thinking too much of what the night would bring forth, to pay much attention to them. The day at last came to a close. It had been snowing all the evening, and at supper we complained bitterly how disagreeable it would be walking to the college, and working that night, and wished that we were not dissecting, so that we might stay at home and answer the letters we had received from home that day. "Business could be neglected for the weather," was our conclu-

sion expressed to the widow; so after supper we donned our dissecting clothes, and putting the package for the widow in a coat pocket, hung it up in a prominent place, so it could be found readily. Telling the family we should not be back until late, and making as much noise as possible with our feet, so as to assure her we were going, we left the house as if for the college.

We went no further, however, than to the nearest coffee-house, where by the time we had smoked a cigar, we judged sufficient time had elapsed for the widow to commence researches.

Returning to the boarding-house, we pulled off our boots and noiselessly ascended the outside steps, the door at the head of which we had left open. There was a passage leading from it to the door of our room, which we had left closed, but now perceived to be ajar. "Silently, as a doctor speaking of the patients he has lost, we approached it, and, on peeping in, to our great gratification found every thing working as we had desired. The widow had got the package out, and was occupied in viewing it attentively from all sides, and studying the character of the knots of the ligatures embracing it, so she could restore everything to its original condition, when her curiosity was satisfied as to its contents. Having impressed its shape and peculiarity of tie, well upon her mind, she proceeded to take off the first cover, which was soon done, when a similar envelope met her eye; this after undergoing the same scrutiny, was removed, when yet another met her gaze; this detached and still the kernel was unreached; some six or eight were taken off, and at length she came to the last, the oil-skin. Poor old lady! she has long been where the curiosity of life never penetrates, and the grandest and most awful mystery of our nature is revealed; yet, I see her now, as the last envelope of the mysterious package was reached, and when a gleam of satisfaction shot like an erysipelatous blush over her anxious face, as she saw the consummation of her long expectancy approaching.—There she stood, with spectacles buried so deeply 'neath her brows as almost to appear a portion of her visage; neck—not of apoplectic proportions—elongated to its utmost capacity; lips—from which the ruby of youth had departed,—wide disclosed—showing what our swampy lands are famous for—big guns and old snags, in fact, the embodiment of women in her hour of curiosity. Holding the package in one hand and the end of the oil-cloth in the other, she commenced unrolling it slowly, for fear some peculiarity of its arrangement might escape; her back was towards the door, which we had nearly opened aside, and anxiously waiting the denouement; it came at last,—and never shall I forget the expression of that old woman's face as the last roll was unbound.

Ay, but she was a firm-nerved woman. If metempsychosis be a true doctrine, her spirit must have once animated, in the chivalrous times, a steel-clad knight of the doughtiest mould. She did not faint—did not vent a scream—but gazed upon its awfulness in silence, as if her eyes were riveted to it forever.

We felt completely mortified to think that our well-laid scheme had failed—that we had failed to terrify her; when, to perfect our chagrin, she broke into a low laugh. We strode into the room, determined to express in words what our deeds had evidently failed to convey; when, ere she had become fully aware of our presence, we noticed her laughter was becoming hysterical. We spoke to her—shook her by the shoulder—but still she laughed on, increasing in violence and intensity. It began to excite attention in the lower apartments, and even in the street; and soon loud knocks and wondering exclamations began to alarm us for the consequences of our participation. We strove to take the fearful object from her, but she clung to it with the tenacity of madness, or a young doctor to his first scientific opinion. "She is gone demented!" we exclaimed; "we had better be leaving"—when a rush up the steps and through the passage cut off our retreat, and told us the daughters and crowd were coming; but still the old lady laughed on, fiercer, faster, shriller than before. In rushed the crowd—a full charge for the room impelled by the ramped of curiosity—but ere they had time to discover the cause of the commotion, or make a demonstration, the widow ceased her laughter, and putting on an expression of supreme contempt, coolly remarked:—"Excuse me, gentlemen, if I have caused you any inconvenience by my unusual conduct. I was just smiling aloud to think what fools these students made of themselves when they tried to scare me with a dead nigger's face, when I had slept with a drunken husband for twenty years!" The crowd muzzled; and we, too, I reckon, between that time and the next up heaving of the sun.—Bentley.

"No man," said Mrs. Pardington, "was better able to judge of pork, than my poor dear husband was; when he was living poor man, he knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up among 'em from his childhood."

It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess that widows who have lost their husbands practise attitudes of despair before a looking-glass.

## From Our Exchanges.

A young lady fainted the other day, at the dinner table, on hearing a gallant sea captain remark to a lady friend beside him, that he often had been rocked on the bosom of the ocean.

The copper mines in Adams county, Pa., are said to be worked very successfully at the present time. A new mine has recently been opened about eight miles from the town of Gettysburg, which promises well.

A beautiful Rifle is to be presented by an agent of the Swiss Government to the U. States Government at Washington. It weighs, including the bayonet, about twenty pounds, and it is said, it will kill at a distance of one thousand yards.

A calculation has been made by some curious person who has nothing better to do, that if every article in the Crystal Palace were to be examined for three minutes, it would occupy twenty-six years to examine all.

A Liverpool paper says that a vessel, recently arrived at that port from New York, had as a portion of her cargo 1400 firkins of butter, the produce of the United States! This is the largest importation of butter into that country ever made at one time.

The young ladies of Pendleton District, S. C., are about to organize themselves into a mounted corps "in defence of South Carolina" and for mortal war upon the rest of the United States. They are to be furnished with "light carbines" by the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the puissant republic.

There are three religious newspapers published in this country in the Welsh language. The Cyfal, (Friends,) under the auspices of the Calvinistic Methodists in New York; the Cenhadron, (Missionary,) Congregationalists, at Remsen, N. Y., and the Seren Orllewinol, (Western Star,) Baptist, at Pottsville, Pa.

As an illustration how easily life may be sustained in the Polar latitudes, Surgeon Kane mentions that he fell in with a Dane over seventy years of age, who had spent fifty-five years of his life north of 73 degrees, subsisting during that period entirely on birds, fish, bears, and other animal food. He had not seen a vegetable the whole time.

The Louisville Journal of the 1st inst., says: The pigeons have commenced their annual flight for the South in good earnest. Yesterday morning they passed over this city in vast numbers, beginning with dawn, they continued passing for some hours in an almost incessant stream, being apparently much more numerous than at any former season.

The Ohio State Journal gives an account of a huge specimen of humanity, a giant, which it avers is a giant, and one of the greatest living curiosities extant. He stands about eight feet high, weighing over four hundred pounds, with good proportion, and yet he is a beardless boy, and is still growing. He is a sight worth seeing as it is only once in an age that such a person is permitted to grow.

Jenny Lind is about to give concerts at Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati and Cleveland. She will return to New York during the middle of December, when she will give several farewell concerts in that city. She will be accompanied by Barke, Salvi and Goldschmidt. It is not true that she is to appear in Opera in this country. She has not the most remote idea of the kind, and has not had. The proceeds of a concert at Buffalo, are to be paid to the sufferers by the late fire in that city.

Catharine Hayes, the Irish songstress, better known as the "Swan of Erin," has given her seventh concert in New York, and with complete success. She is said to be very handsome—much more so than the engravings represent her. By some persons, she is considered superior to Jenny Lind, as a vocalist. She is in the 29th year of her age, and is quite rosy in complexion. She has a much prettier face than the "Nightingale," and her eyes, though small, are laughing and expressive. She is now giving concerts in Boston.

Louis Kossuth has left Turkey in the U. S. Steamer Mississippi for America. He is expected at New York this week. The Councils of Philadelphia have extended to him the hospitalities of the city. The President has caused orders to be issued to the various naval stations, to fire salutes and extend all the military honors to him on his arrival and passage through the country. It is expected he will proceed from New York to Washington, where a grand dinner will be given him at the Presidential mansion.

Mr. Owen, the U. S. Consul at Havana, has been recalled. His recall is accompanied by a letter from the President, informing him that his defence is wholly unsatisfactory. Whilst he is so deservedly punished in this manner and universally despised throughout the country, for his heartless conduct towards the American prisoners, we notice that a proposition is on foot, at New Orleans, to raise a fund to purchase suitable presents to present to the British Consul at Havana, and his worthy Secretary, as mementos of their noble and prisonworthy conduct towards the American prisoners, when deserted by their own Consul.