

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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TERMS.

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FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on a sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet,
Came, beyond the ancient farm-house, sounds of lightly tripping feet.

Twas a lowly cottage maiden going, why let young hearts tell,
With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.

Shadows lay across the pathway, all along the quiet lane;
And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro again.

Over the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm,
With a charmed heart within her, thinking of no ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain
Sought to press their brightening image on her ever-busy brain;

Leaves and jays' birds went by her, like a dim, half-waking dream,
And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning, lay a well of water bright,
Gleaming soft its halcyon hues to the gracious morning light.

Fern leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where its silvery droplets fell,
And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted fox-glove dell.

Back she bent the shading fern leaves, dipped her pitcher in the tide,
Drew it with the dripping waters flowing o'er its glazed side;

But before her arm could place it on her shiny, waving hair,
By her side a youth was standing! Love rejoiced to see the pair.

Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morning breeze,
Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered by the autumn trees;

But the holy, blessed secrets, it becometh me not to tell—
Life had met another meaning—fetching water from the well.

Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burthen pitcher bore;
She with dewy eyes down-looking, grew more beautiful than before!

When they neared the silent homestead, up he raised the pitcher light;
Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of wavelets bright;

Emblem of the coming burdens that for love of him she'd bear,
Calling every burden blessed if his love but lighted there!

Then, still waving benedictions, further—further off he drew,
While his shadow seemed a glory that across the pathway grew.

Now about her household duties, silently the maiden went,
And an ever radiant halo with her daily life was bent.

Little knew the aged matron, as her feet like music fell,
What abundant treasures found she, fetching water from the well.

THE BLOOD REVENGE OF THE CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINS.

[From Bodenstedt's Thousand and one Days in the Morning Land.]

EMIR-HAMSA, under Russian protection, reigned over Katcha with almost unlimited power, without however, venturing to assume the title of Utzmei. The bitter fate of his innocent and banished brother, of whom he knew not whether he were living or dead, had gone deep to the heart of the noble Emir-Hamsa. Since the day of his separation from Bala-Chan, no intelligence had reached his ears of the fate of the unfortunate prince. He had already given up all hope of ever hearing of his beloved brother again, when one day his attendants announced to him the arrival of a strange Tartar, who was desirous of being brought before the prince, on the ground that he had affairs to communicate of the greatest importance. The Tartar is introduced, and delivers to the astonished Emir-Hamsa a letter and two flat stones, as a message from his long lost brother, Bala-Chan. The letter contains a short description of the sufferings which the unfortunate prince has had to endure in the wastes of Siberia, where his lot is cast with the vilest criminals. Glowing with resentment, the exiled prince calls on his brother, as the nearest relative, to fulfil the sacred duty of blood revenge on Adel-Chan, the originator of his misfortune; and, according to custom, sends as a symbol, the two flat-stones from the Emir's behalf. The Emir understood the will of his brother; but how was he to find an opportunity for the accomplishment of such a design? For

Adel-Chan, the victim intended, dwelled in the interior of Avaria, and was far from the reach of his arm. The opportunity for discharging the debt of revenge thus cast upon him presented itself more quickly than the Emir imagined, as in general happens to a man in the achievement of an evil deed, fate seems to speed him on his way, and suffers the deed to follow the thought.

Adel-Chan, accustomed to a luxurious way of life, had himself compelled, in order to support his family, to join to the scanty revenues flowing to him from the Aul of Balakany the greatest part of the property he had brought with him. The very last of this was now gone; and as the Sultan of Avaria refused him any further support, he seized the only course that was left him, namely, to implore the help of his nephew, Emir-Hamsa. He depicted to him in the most vivid colors his unfortunate situation, begged him to renounce the throne in his favor, and to use his influence with the Russian Government to obtain for him the restoration of his parental realm. In return he promised the Russians obedience, faith, and the furtherance of their interests, as far as lay in his power. For the sincerity of his sentiments he would answer with his life.

On receiving this message, the Emir felt a joy like that of the tiger, who descries in the distance a sure prey. He hoped, in the negotiation into which he should thus have to enter with Adel-Chan, to find a favorable moment to execute the sentence of the blood revenge cast upon his soul.

Without delay Emir-Hamsa hastens to Lieut. Colonel Ashberg, then residing as Commandant at Derbent, informs him that, in a message just arrived, the Utzmei has expressed the wish to hold a secret nightly meeting; the ground of this intended meeting is unknown to the Emir, although from his own experience, as well as from the faithless behavior hitherto displayed by the Utzmei, he thinks he may venture to conclude that the latter is again meditating some evil design against the Russians. The Emir therefore entreats, for the interest of the Russian administration, permission to proceed entirely according to his own judgment in the impending interview, even if circumstances should render it necessary that the Utzmei be captured or slain. The Commandant does not hesitate to grant the desired permission. Forthwith Emir-Hamsa sends the Utzmei his assent to the proposed interview, and appoints, as their place of meeting, the upland village of Mendahalsia, on condition, however, that each of them bring with him not more than two followers. The interview is to begin with the darkness of night.

Emir-Hamsa, faithful to his own conditions, had concealed in the rear fifty excellently-armed horsemen, and glowing with revenge, awaited his uncle, Adel-Chan, who likewise did not fail to make his appearance at the appointed time, accompanied by his son, Mohammed-Chan, and a kuli (slave) from his train. Mutual expressions of friendship and honor having been profusely lavished on both sides with feigned cordiality, both princes seated themselves over against each other, on their broad burkas, (a short, felt mantle, with fur on the outside,) outspread for the purpose. Both of them, however, according to Daghestanian custom, used the precaution of holding their fire-arms cocked before them on their knees, in order, in case of a treacherous surprise, to be ready in a moment for defence; but the Emir's piece was loaded with two balls, and in its lock was one of the flints of Bala-Chan. The negotiation lasted a long time. The Utzmei depicted, in strong expressions, all the hardships he had endured, the ill-usage which his son had experienced from the Russians during his confinement at Derbent, the deprivations to which he himself and all his family had been exposed during their involuntary exile, and so forth. He concluded his discourse with the assurance that he had become sensible of the foolishness of his step in renouncing the throne, and fleeing from his country, and would repentantly submit himself to the further direction of the Russian authorities, if he could by so doing attain to reinstatement in his former rights. Emir-Hamsa heard him quietly out, and only now and then interrupted the stream of discourse, by words of approval and attachment. He assured him that he would use his influence with the Russians to procure him a pardon. He had also, he said, already done all he could to give the matter a more favorable turn, and had been commissioned by the Commandant of Derbent to communicate certain preliminary arrangements with respect to this affair; these, however, could only be imparted in the presence of four eyes, on which account he must request him to remove, for a few moments, both his followers. Adel-Chan commanded his son Mohammed and the kuli to withdraw until he should call them. The kuli obeyed the command of his lord in silence; but Mohammed, who seemed to entertain some misgiving, remained immovable in his place.

"Now," asked Adel-Chan, with curiosity, not seeming to observe that his son remained behind, "wherein does thy charge consist?" "I have told thee," replied Emir-Hamsa, displeased, "that the advice I have to communicate to thee

are destined for thee alone; wherefore dost thou not send thy son away? Does he fear, peradventure, for his father's safety?" "Away, youth!" cried the old man impatiently to Mohammed-Chan. "Dost thou think thy father is afraid of a headless boy?"

This time Mohammed obeys the strong command of the Utzmei, but, nevertheless, remains standing at some distance, with ever increasing misgivings, and seeks, as far as possible in the darkness, to follow, with keen eye, the movements of both princes. The conversation still continues a long while; at last he sees them both rise, and, with many manifestations of tenderness, take leave of one another and separate. He hastens joyously towards his father, who calls him; suddenly, a bright flame gleams through the night, a loud cracking report is heard, and the Utzmei sinks pierced by two balls, lifeless to the ground.

The shot came from the firelock that had in it the flint stone of Bala-Chan. His deed accomplished, the murderer fled, with his followers, to the place where the fifty armed horsemen were lying concealed.

Dying with revenge, Mohammed pursues the three fugitives, reaches them, and would fling himself on his enemy, but cannot, in the darkness of the night, distinguish the Emir from his followers; for all three are of equal size, in similar attire, and armed alike. The Emir had contrived his plan well, and gone admirably to work in the choice of his booty. Of firearms Mohammed-Chan has only pistol and a musket with him, and must, therefore, first be quite sure of his object, before he ventures to shoot. At last he thinks he has discovered the traitor; he discharges his piece, and one of three falls; he had seen falsely, the one he had killed was not Emir-Hamsa. He fires his pistol, another victim falls; he flings himself furiously on the body, sure of having struck his foe; but he has mistaken again, the one he had killed was the second follower of Emir-Hamsa, who himself seemed as by a miracle to have escaped.

Gnashing with fury for his prey, Mohammed springs up like a tiger of the desert, and leaps, with drawn dagger, after his fleeing cousin; but the latter, in the meantime, has gained a considerable start of him, and been able to give his horsemen the concerted signal; he commands them to fire in the direction in which he thinks he discerns his pursuer; suddenly there flashes, as it were, a blaze of lightning through the night, and the thunder of fifty musket-shots rolls forth, like loud-rolling, scornful laughter. Mohammed is still too far distant to be harmed, but the unexpectedness of the treacherous discharge startles him; he sees that here his enemies are too many, hastens back, and arrives breathless again at the yet bleeding body of his father. He throws himself on it, and covers the already cold face with kisses, and with tears of fury grief; then he pulls out, in frightful remembrance, a long pistol from his father's girdle, as a token of blood-revenge on Emir-Hamsa.

"My lord, do you not hear the tramp of our pursuing foes?" cried the kuli, hastening up. "We have not a moment to lose." They hurried away to the place where their horses were standing, bounded into the saddle, and rode off, swift as the wind that sweeps over the steppe. A third horse stood saddled, but no rider was there.

The corpse of the Utzmei was found, and, on the following day, his nephew, Emir-Hamsa, ordered it to be committed to the earth with so much pomp and expense that the cost amounted to more than a thousand silver rubles. The funeral solemnities lasted seven days long; during which time, by the command of the Emir, all the inhabitants of Katcha had to lament their prince, and put on the signs of mourning. After the interment of his uncle, Emir-Hamsa despatched a message to the Commandant of Derbent, with the intelligence that he had delivered Russia from a mighty and malignant foe. The Russian Government, in order to show the appreciation of this procedure, nominated the young Emir to the rank of captain.

Mrs. Mowatt the Actress.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—A few years ago Mrs. Mowatt engaged a little English girl, without any recommendation but her appearance, to wait upon her. The child had not been many months in her situation, before her father and mother, who resided in Harlem, New York, died leaving two orphan boys without friend or protector in the world. Although the children had no more claim upon her than the whole community, Mrs. Mowatt, with a generosity that many will style romantic, adopted all the three children, placed the boys with an honest farmer, at Greenfield Hill, Connecticut, and sent them to school, and placed the girl in a family where she would be well educated and brought up. For some six or seven years Mrs. M. supported these children by her own untiring efforts, and on her return from Europe her care was more than repaid by finding the boys grown into fine manly young men, able to help themselves, and the girl an accomplished and estimable young lady. Recently Mrs. M. has received accounts from England which render it probable that these orphan children have a wealthy relative, who has been ignorant of their fate, and from whom they are likely to inherit a large property.

"OUR DAILY BREAD."

A beggar-boy stopped at a rich man's door—
"I am homeless and friendless, and faint and poor."

Said the boy, as the tear-drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.

"Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,
To help the beggar-boy on his way."

"Not a crust—not a crumb!" the rich man said:
"Be off, and work for your daily bread!"

The rich man went to the parish church,
His face grew grave as he trod the porch;
And the thronging, poor untaught mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass.

The service began—the choral hymn
Arose, and swelled through the long aisle dim—
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said
Were—"Give us this day our daily bread!"

Opposed to Matrimony.

"Is your family opposed to matrimony?"
"Wal, no I rather guess not, seein' as how my mother has had four husbands, an' stands a pretty smart chance for havin' another."

"Four husbands? Is it possible?"

"O, yes. You see my mother's christened name was Mehitabel Sheets, an' dad's name was Jacob Press, an' when they got married the printers said it was puttin' the sheets to press. When I was born the printers said I was the first edition. An' you see mother used to be the tarnelest critter to go to evenin' meetin's. She used to go out pretty late every night, an' dad was afraid I would get in the same habit, so he used to put me to bed at early candle-light, cover me up with a pillar, and put me to sleep with a boot-jack. Wal, dad had to get up every night an' let mother in; if he didn't get down and open the door pretty darn quick when she cum, he'd ketch particular thunder; so dad used to sleep with his head out of the window, so as to wake up quick, an' one night he got his head a little too far out, and he slipped out altogether, and down dad cum, cadumux, right down on the pavement an' smashed him in ten thousand pieces."

"Wal! he was killed by the fall?"
"Wal, no, not exactly by the fall. I rather kinder sorter guess as how it was the sudden fetch up on the pavement that killed him. But mam, she cum hum, and found him lyin' thar, and she had him swept up together, an' put him in a coffin, an' had a hole dug in the buryin' ground, an' had dad put in, an' buried up, and had a white oak plank put to his head, an' had it white washed all over for a tomb-stone."

"So your mother was left a poor lone widow?"
"Wal, yes; she didn't mind that much; 'twasn't long before she married Sam Hyde; you see she married Hyde because he was just dad's size, and she wanted him to wear out dad's clothes. Wal, the way old Hyde used to hide me was a caution to my hide. Hyde had a little the toughest hide of any hide except a bull's hide, and the way Hyde used to hide away liquor in his hide was a caution to a bull's hide. Wal, one cold day old Hyde got his hide so full of whiskey that he pitched head first into a snow-bank, and there he stuck and friz to death. So mam had him pulled out, an' had him laid out, an' then she had another buryin', an' then she had another white oak plank put up at his head, an' white washed all over an' so."

"So your mother was again a widow?"
"O, yes; but I guess she didn't lay awake long to think about it, for in about three weeks she married John Strong—an' he was the strongest-headed cuss you ever did. He went a-fishin' the other day, and got drowned, and he was so tarnal strong-headed, I'll be darned to darnation if he didn't float right again the current, an' they found him about three miles up the stream, an' it took three yoke of oxen to haul him out. Wal, mam had him buried alongside of father two, an' had a white oak plank put up at his head, an' white washed all over nice, so that there's three on 'em all in a row."

"And your mother was a widow for the third time?"
"Yes; but mam didn't seem to mind it a tarnation sight. The next fellow she married was Jacob Hayes, and the way mam does make him haze is a caution, now I tell you. If he does anything a little out of the way, mam makes him take a bucket an' white-wash brush, an' go right up to the buryin' ground and white-wash the three old planks, just to let him know what he may come to when she's plauted him in the same row, an' got married to her fifth husband. So you see our family ain't a tarnation sight opposed to matrimony."

Distance of the Sun.

Imagine a railway from here to the Sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die, without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started, by our railway, at the creation, to go from Neptune to the Sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system.

Woman's Rights.

A late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal publishes a paper read before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, by Dr. W. E. Coale, on the present fashion of dress amongst our women, in relation to their health. The following paragraphs merit the wise consideration of all whom it concerns:

With a view of improving their shape, the lower part of the dress of women now consists of six, eight, or even more skirts, made of various materials, cotton—the stiff woolen materials, intended for curtains, called moresen flannel, and at times quilted with cotton wool—weighing, together, as ascertained by actual experiment, ten, twelve, and even fifteen pounds. Each of these is supported by a string drawn very tightly round the body. We have seen the marks of these strings for days after the skirts have been removed—we have seen them even after death. Here, then, is the first source of evil—the continued pressure and constraint that these strings keep up, evidently embarrassing greatly the organs within.

When to this, however, we add the weight of the skirts, we cannot but at once perceive how great an additional force is set to work, particularly if its operation, as exerted upon organs having amongst themselves a mobility almost as great as that of fluid, be properly estimated. To protect the abdominal viscera against this pressure, remember there is nothing in front at least save a thin partition of woman's soft and tensionless muscle. That these viscera should be forced downwards is not surprising; they must in turn exert an equal force downwards on the pelvic viscera, is apparent. * * * * *

Here we have an explanation full, and we trust, convincing, of the frequency of a disease in the youngest and heartiest of the sex—which twenty years ago was considered peculiar to those whose powers of life were greatly exhausted by demands upon them, or were already on the decline from age; an explanation, I may mention in passing, not yet offered as far as I can ascertain, by any other writer.

Philosophy of a Carpet Bag.

Among the most common street sights is that of a gentleman hurrying along towards railway or river bearing with him a little carpet-bag. So common it is that it fails to attract the slightest attention. A little carpet-bag is no more noticed than an umbrella or a walking-stick in a man's hand; and yet, when rightly viewed, it is, to our thinking, an object of no ordinary interest. We feel no envy for the man on whom has devolved the charge of a heap of luggage. The anxiety attending such property outweighs the pleasure of its possession. But a man with a little carpet-bag is one in ten thousand. He is perhaps the most perfect type of independence extant. He can snap his fingers in the face of Highland porter extortionate. No trotting urchin is idle enough to solicit the carrying of so light a burden. While other passengers, by coach or railway, are looking after trunks and trappings, he enters and has the best seat. He and his "little all" never part company. On arriving at their destination, they are off with the jaunty swagger of unencumbered bachelorhood. In contemplating a gentleman with a carpet-bag, we are struck, to a certain extent, with an idea of disproportion; but the balance is all on the easy side. There is far too little to constitute a burden, and yet there is enough to indicate wants attended to and comforts supplied. No man with a little carpet-bag in his hand has his last shirt on his back. Neither is it probable that his beard can suffer from slovenly overgrowth.

When he retires at night, the presumption is that it will be in the midst of comfortable and cosy night gear. A little carpet-bag is almost always indicative of a short and pleasurable excursion. No painful ideas of stormy seas or dreadful accidents on far off railway lines are suggested by it. Distance is sometimes poetically measured by a "small bird's flutter," or "two smokes of a pipe," or some such shadowy, though not altogether indefinite phrase. Why may not time, in like manner, be measured by two shirts? A gentleman with a little carpet-bag may be said to contemplate about a couple of shirts' absence from home.

Two deer, a doe and buck, attached to a light wagon containing two gentlemen, attracted much attention in the streets of New York, a day or two ago.

A Curiosity.

A little woman from Merida, Yucatan, is exciting much attention at New Orleans. The Picayune says that she is apparently about thirty years of age, with black hair and light brown complexion, a regular *Mexicana* of the poorer class, born and raised in Merida. She is about three feet high, with the head, face and body of a full grown woman. Her lower limbs are preposterously short, and apparently crooked. Her feet are remarkably small; one has three toes, the other four. She is without entire arms. An inch or two of what was to be a limb, is seen at the left shoulder; at the right, there are about six inches of an arm. The extremity is round and smooth, and near it on the upper side of the limb is a small excrescence of flesh, white colored, looking like the end of a finger, and about the size of a rifle bullet. This appears to serve the woman in lieu of a finger. We saw her hold a cigarrito with it and smoke; and by its aid and that of her toes, in the use of which she is very dexterous, thread a fine needle, make various kinds of stitches, use scissors, open the paper of a cigarrito, put the tobacco on the floor, pick it up and replace it, refold the paper, bend the ends, tie the cigarrito round with thread, &c. She sews all her own clothes, and very neatly, too. All these operations are slowly gone through with, exhibiting much patience on her part, and considerable intelligence, and she has never been taught anything. She speaks Spanish fluently, appears to be timorous and retiring, but amiable and sprightly. She is under the care of two Spaniards, who have brought her over with the intention of exhibiting her here and in the interior.

Mexican Volunteers.

A writer in a Canadian paper, described the peculiarities of the Illinois corps of volunteers known as the Young Suckers, says:

"The way that the young Sucker volunteer fought in Mexico, may give you some idea of his characteristics. He was there perfectly desperate in a fight. One of the officers related to me a little scene which occurred at Buena Vista, when the whole brunt of the Mexican advance was borne by the Illinois Regiment. It seemed as though they would be annihilated by superiority of numbers, when a young Sucker drew his rifle deliberately, and dropped a Mexican. 'Set up the pins!' and the whole regiment took up the word, and at every fire would shout 'Set up the pins.' The officer said they fought like demons, and with as much drollery and fun as if on a spree. At another time, when the charge was ordered, one of the officers could not think of the word, and he shouted 'Let her rip!' when the whole line burst out with a yell, 'Let her rip!' and dashed in among the Mexicans, laughing and shouting the new battle-cry."

Opening a Mound.

The workmen on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad opened an Indian mound on Saturday, the 18th ult., on the farm of B. McEachen, Esq. The mound was about seventy feet in diameter and eleven feet high. Nearly on a level with the surrounding earth were found an altar of stone, evincing the action of the fire; west of north of the altar the head and body of an Indian, extending west of north, at a slight declination from the head to the feet. This body was covered to the depth of a foot or more with ashes, in which the salt was still manifest to the taste, as we are told. The body was remarkably perfect, and was mostly preserved. Around this body was twelve others, with their heads centering toward it, and feet projecting. No article of art was found except a polished stone tube, about 12 inches in length.

Mrs. Farnham in California.

This lady, who went to California two or three years ago, lives on a farm she has purchased near Santa Cruz. A letter to the New York Tribune speaks of a visit to her house by a gentleman, and says:

He found her equipped in the Bloomer, and attending to the duties of house and farm. Owing to the difficulty of procuring labor, she has been at times under the necessity of putting her hand to the plough, and even in one case shingling her house. But the pinching time is now past, though her life is far from an indolent or inactive one. Away from home she wears the ordinary dress. But when shingling her roof, she found the Bloomer highly convenient. Her friend, Miss Bruce, is engaged with her in harmonious co-operation.

A Nut for Clairvoyants.

Clairvoyance will look up after this if we are to believe the New York Evening Post. So far back as February, 1851, a clairvoyant, on being interrogated respecting the Arctic expeditions, answered that Captain Austin, who commanded one of the English ones, was at that time, in longitude 95 deg. 45 min. west. This prediction was recorded in Dr. Gregory's work on Animal Magnetism, published in Edinburgh last spring, and re-issued here some time during the past summer. We remember distinctly reading the fact in that work months ago. Since that period, Capt. Austin, as is well known, has returned, and strange to say, his log-book shows that, on the day specified, he actually was in the place mentioned by the clairvoyant.