

# 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.

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 furnished 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.

## To Andrew Jackson.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Oh! the old Hermitage, again  
The times invoke thee, and thou art not here;  
Canst our perils call thee from thy bay?  
France vapours, and the puny arm of Spain  
Lies up to strike us; England gives them cheer,  
False to the child that in her hour of fear,  
Must be her bulwark and her success, vain  
To prop the strength which even now doth wane  
At these alone: intestine evils delight  
The gaping monarch, and our liberal shores  
Are life with traitors. Now, while both unite—  
Kings and Treason—I would see once more  
Thy dreadful courage lash itself to night,  
Behold thee shake thy mane, and hear thy roars!

## An Interesting Document.

A recent number of the New York Herald contained a letter from Barnabas Bates, Esq., the stirring advocate of postal reform, upon the subject of the present enormous postage laws upon transient newspapers. The letter is not only important as to its immediate subject, but contains matter of curious interest, that will amply repay an attentive perusal. After a few words in reference to the wide spread complaints against the present rates on newspapers, and especially on transient newspapers sent through the mail, he goes on to say:—

From the information received from several members of Congress, it is certain that, at an early period of the next session, measures will be taken to remedy the evils of the present law, and that a rate, simple, uniform and cheap, will be adopted. It is the intention of the Hon. Mr. Wilson, Senator from California, to offer a resolution on the first day of the session, instructing the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, to report a bill reducing the rates of postage on newspapers. The people of California feel the oppressive effects of the present law in a peculiar manner, and indeed, all the distant States, which ought to be favored if possible, complain of the intolerable burden of the present law. Beside this, the rates are so complicated that no one Postmaster in ten can easily tell what postage should be charged on transient newspapers. Instead of one uniform rate the present law imposes at least seventy-two (72) rates on newspapers, according to weight, size and distance.

Under the former law, a transient newspaper, of any size, would be sent to any part of the United States, except California, for two cents; but by the present law the Journal of Commerce or Courier and Enquirer will be charged fifteen cents, prepaid, and if not prepaid, thirty cents! It has always been the policy of our government to make the postage on newspapers as light as possible, and in this respect they set an example to the world for fifty years. But we have retrograded, and Great Britain is far in advance of us in respect to cheap postage on letters and newspapers. An intelligent friend in England writes thus:

The London Times, a huge sheet, weighing nearly three ounces, or as much as six letters of the single legal rate, after having circulated through several circles of readers in the metropolis, from 9 o'clock till 5, may be posted to some person residing in Manchester, or some other provincial town. After having perused and perhaps loaned it to his neighbors until the following evening, he posts it to a friend at Leeds, who finds it upon his table at breakfast. Thus it may be posted and reposted for the space of eight days. During that period it may be conveyed from London to Aberdeen, and back again, stopping over night to be read in half a dozen intermediate towns one hundred miles apart. To be sent abroad, it must be posted within eight days of its issue from the press.

So, on the eighth day, it comes back to London, to be again dispatched to Nova Scotia or New Zealand—without the additional charge of a farthing. Nor is this all; at the end of 8,000 or 10,000 miles, she delivers it without additional charge to the colonist to whom it is directed, though he may live 500 miles from the coast. Here are then twenty-six different services performed upon that colossal sheet for one penny.

It has been asked, again and again, why should not the citizens of this Republic have as cheap postage as the subjects of Queen Victoria? Newspapers are now circulated free of postage within fifty miles from the place where they are printed—why not 500 or 5,000? Surely our government can afford to circulate information among the people upon as cheap terms as Great Britain.

## From Arthur's Home Gazette.

### The Meeting of the Waters.

Among the most tender and beautiful of the Irish melodies is that known as "THE MEETING OF THE WATERS." In the summer of 1807 Moore paid a visit to the vale of Avoca, in the county of Wicklow, where the rivers Avon and Avoca meet, a most lovely and enchanting spot. This visit suggested the song which has since become so wide a favorite, and which has associated the vale of Avoca with all that is charming and romantic.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet!  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet, it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca: how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world  
Should cease, and our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

The vale of Avoca, thus made classic ground,  
Thousands have since visited; and the tourist  
Through Ireland would as soon think of neglecting  
The lakes of Killarney as the vale in whose  
bosom the bright waters meet."

From among the many descriptions of this beautiful spot, we will select that given by an American lady who visited Ireland, in 1845. It is brief but eloquent. She says:

"It was Ireland's summer twilight, lingering long, as though loth to draw the curtain closely about a bright life in a dark world like this. It was early in July, the rich foliage had attained its maturity, and not a seared leaf was sprinkled on bush or tree, to warn that autumn near. For the first mile the road was smooth and broad, lined with trees, now and then a white gate with white stone pillars, opening to some neat cottage or domain; the glowing streaks of the setting sun had not left the western sky, and glimmered through the trees, while the air made fragrant by the gentle shower, diffused through body and mind that calmness which seemed to whisper, 'Be silent: it is the Vale of Avoca you are entering.' We descended a declivity, and the vale opened upon us at 'the Meeting of the Waters.' The tree under which Moore sat when he wrote the sweet poem had been pointed out to me in the morning. We now stood near the union of the two streams, where the poet says,

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

The rich variety of wood; the still, clear, limped water; the hill and vale, in some parts dark and wide, in others light and soft, and anon relieving the eye by some new variety; but above all, the pleasant association that this vale, however dark and deep its recesses, harbors not a venomous serpent or reptile—no, not even the buzz of the mosquito is heard—made it unlike all others. We rode three miles, scarcely uttering a syllable all the while; a holy repose seemed to rest on this hallowed spot, as when it first bloomed under the hand of its Maker, and imagination was prompt to say, as no serpent has ever coiled here, the contaminating touch of sin has not left its impress.

"Never did I leave a spot more reluctantly; it was a night scene which never has faded from my eyes and I hope never will.

"Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

"In the deep silence, the voice of God and the soft whisper of angels seemed to be there.— Their voices said kindly, 'There is mercy yet for your erring man.' It appeared like the bow of the covenant, telling us to look and remember that though this world has been nursed by sin, yet a new heaven and earth has been promised, of which this is a shadowy resemblance.

"The borders of this valley are interspersed with gentlemen's seats, and here and there dotted with the white-washed cottages of the peasants; and the rich cluster of foliage upon the hill sides, upon bush and tree, almost persuaded you that the dew of Hermon has fallen upon them. Stranger, when you visit Ireland, visit the Vale of Avoca. If you love God, here you will see him in a picture that must be read; if you stay to be limited, waste it not in deciphering a time-dead face, telling the bloody deeds of some ancient warrior, or the austerity of some long-lived ascetic; but linger in this spot; stop at the neat little hotel erected on purpose for the accommodation of the stranger; and morning, noon and night explore its never-dying beauties of light and shade. Three times did I go through, and when I turned away, I felt that

"I could stay there forever to wander and weep."

## Passing through an Iceberg.

[Extract from a Journal kept by a Seaman who served in the Arctic Expedition of 1850—51.]

SENDAY, June 30, 1851.—Moored to an iceberg, weather calm, sky cloudless, and "beautifully blue;" surrounded by a vast number of stupendous bergs, glittering beneath the refracting rays of a mid-day sun.

A great portion of the crew had gone on shore to gather the eggs of the wild sea-birds that frequent the lonely ice-bound precipices of Baffin's Bay, while those on board had retired to rest, wearied with the harassing toils of the preceding day.

To me, walking the deck and alone, all nature seemed hushed to universal repose. While thus contemplating the stillness of the monotonous scene around me, I observed in the offing a large iceberg completely perforated, exhibiting in the distance an arch, or tunnel, apparently so uniform in its conformation that I was induced to call two of the seamen to look at it, at the same time telling them that I had never read or heard of any of our Arctic voyagers passing through one of those arches so frequently seen through large bergs, and that there would be a novelty in doing so, and if they choose to accompany me I would get permission to take the dingy (a small boat,) and endeavor to accomplish the unprecedented feat. They readily agreed, and away we went.

On nearing the arch, and ascertaining that there was a sufficiency of water for the boat to pass through, we rowed slowly and silently under, when there burst upon our view one of the most magnificent specimens of nature's handiwork ever exhibited to mortal eye; the sublimity and grandeur of which no language can describe—no imagination conceive.

Fancy an immense arch of 80 feet span, 50 feet high, and upwards of 100 in breadth—as correct in its conformation as if it had been constructed by the most scientific artist—formed of solid ice of a beautiful emerald green, its whole expanse of surface smoother than the most polished alabaster, and you may form some slight conception of the architectural beauties of this icy temple, the wonderful workmanship of time and the elements.

When we had got about halfway through the mighty structure, on looking upward I observed that the berg was split the whole breadth of the arch, and in a perpendicular direction to the summit, showing two vertical sections of regular surfaces, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;" here and there illumined by an arctic sun which darted its golden rays between, presenting to the eye a picture of ethereal grandeur which no poet could describe, no painter portray. I was so enraptured with the sight that for a moment I fancied the "blue vault of heaven" had opened, and that I actually gazed on the celestial splendor of a world beyond this. But alas! in an instant the scene changed, and I awoke as it were from a delightful dream to experience all the horrors of a terrible reality. I observed the fracture rapidly close, then again slowly open. This stupendous mass of ice, millions of tons in weight, was adrift, consequently in motion, and apparently about to lose its equilibrium, capsize, or burst into fragments. Our position was truly awful; my feelings at the moment may be conceived, but cannot be described. I looked downward and around me; the sight was equally appalling; the very sea seemed agitated. I at last shut my eyes from a scene so terrible, the men at the oars as if by instinct "gave way," and our little craft swiftly glided beneath the gigantic mass.

We then rowed round the berg, keeping at a respectable distance from it, in order to judge of its magnitude. I supposed it to be about a mile in circumference, and its highest pinnacle 250 feet.

Thus ended an excursion, the bare recollection of which at this moment awakens in me a shudder, nevertheless, I would not have lost the opportunity of witnessing a scene so awfully sublime, so tragically grand, for thousands sterling, but I would not again run such a risk for a world.

We passed through the berg about 2 P. M., and at 10 o'clock the same night it burst, agitating the sea for miles around.

I may also observe that the two men who were with me in the boat did not observe that the berg was rent until I told them, after we were out of danger, we having agreed previously to entering the arch, not to speak a word to each other, lest echo itself should disturb the fragile mass.

N. B.—Arctic voyagers differ as to what portion of an iceberg is under water. Some say one-fifth; some one-seventh; some more. I refer the reader to the works of Ross and Parry as the best authorities.

PENNSYLVANIANS IN LOCK.—In addition to the election of John Bigler of this State as Governor of California, we note the election of Robert McClelland, Esq., formerly of Chambersburg, as Governor of Michigan; and the election of Edward Johnston, Esq., formerly of Westmoreland county, and a brother of Wm. F. Johnston, our present worthy Governor, as one of the Supreme Bench of Iowa.

## A Good Story.

There lived lately in one of the mountainous countries of Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and among them, one named Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwiler—they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him dangerous to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the University, and while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the case of all who offended him, and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills; when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgments, and mounted his throne to try their causes. He was heard to pass the following judgments.

Having prepared himself, (acting as Judge and yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwiler.

"Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What hast thou been doin in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I does not know."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, hasn't you got a mill?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, did you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water was low, and prier stones wash dull, I take a lictle too much toll."

"Well, den, Shorge Fulwiler, you must go to der left, mid der goats."

"Well, Shake Fulwiler, now you stand up. What you been doin in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I does not know."

"Well, Henry Snyder, hasn't you got a mill?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash."

"Well, Henry Snyder, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water was low, and prier stones wash dull, I hash taken a lictle too much toll."

"But, Henry Snyder, vat did you do wit der toll?"

"Ah! Lort, I give to the poor."

(Pausing.) "Well, Henry Snyder, you must go to der right mid der sheep; but it ish a tam tight squeeze."

## Horrible Cruelty of a Step-Mother.

The Illinois State Democrat furnishes a synopsis of the evidence given in the trial of a man and his wife, upon a charge of manslaughter, committed upon the person of a little girl only five years of age, the daughter of the man by a former wife. A more revolting series of barbarities has never before come to our knowledge, and, we hope, never will again.

It appears that he married again in about three weeks after the death of his first wife—at which time Olley, the child alluded to, was about five years old, and remarkable sprightly and healthy. This was about eighteen months ago. Soon after the marriage the new wife confined the little girl in the kitchen, and there kept her most of the time tied, and without fire. In this situation she was forced to remain up to the time of her death; having no food allowed her except half a pint of coffee or milk and a piece of cold corn bread each day.

No bed was allowed her in any weather further than a single scanty quilt. This fendish woman often amused herself by beating the child in the most outrageous manner, and on one occasion compelled another child to choke her until she was black in the face. She continually forced her to eat rotten fruit and vegetables of various kinds, together with other filth which it would not be seemly for us to describe. Sometimes she would fasten the little creature under the kitchen floor and leave her there for hours. Other details were given, which are too shocking for publication. The poor little sufferer often wished herself dead.

On one occasion she escaped from the kitchen and was seen trying to climb a pole which stood in the yard. Upon being asked where she was going, she replied that she was going up to the other world to see her mother. The heartless step-mother ordered her down with curses, and the trembling little creature fell, in her weakness, her head striking violently against the wall of the house.

This chapter of merciless inflictions upon a helpless infant was at last terminated by the sufferer being poisoned to death with opium, given her in large quantities by her diabolical persecutor.

The jury found the woman guilty of manslaughter, and she was sentenced to two years service in the State's Prison. Her husband was acquitted. He, it seems, sometimes remonstrated with his wife for her cruelty but never had the courage to arrest it.

## A New Cure for Consumption.

We find the following statements in the Mobile Herald and Tribune, and if substantiated, the discovery will be invaluable, especially in this section of the country. We regret that the quantity of medicine to be administered at a dose is not given:—

"In the first number of the New Orleans Monthly Medical Register, which we noticed a few days ago, we find an article by Professor Stone on the virtues of 'Phosphate of Lime in Scrofula and other depraved states of the system,' which is of some moment. It was suggested by an essay in the London Lancet, on the 'physiology and pathology of the oxalate and phosphate of lime, and their relation to the formation of cells.'"

"The conclusions of the author," says Professor Stone, "are based upon careful chemical research and results from the use of the remedy. His researches show that in man, as well as in vegetables and inferior animals, phosphate of lime as well as albumen and fat is absolutely essential for the formation of cells, and he considers that many of the pathological states of the system depend upon a deficiency of this salt. The affections in which it is advised are ulcerations dependent upon a general dyscrasia, and not a mere local affection; infantile atrophy, in those suffering from rickets and consequent diarrhoea and tuberculous diseases, particularly of the lungs in the early stages."

Struck by this article, Prof. Stone tested it, and he thus describes three cases in which its virtues were very obvious. The first was that of a slave, who was admitted to the Professor's Infirmary in July, with a disease of the nose, the whole system showing great progress in scrofulous decay. The usual remedies were unsuccessfully applied until August, when cod liver oil was used, but the disorganization of the stomach was increased by it. The phosphate of lime was then applied—eight grains three times a day. Its good effects were soon apparent. It and the oil were therefore administered together, and the patient soon was restored to health.

The second case is that of a young lady aged twenty-four. Her disease was one of "unmixed phthisis, which might have been expected to terminate in the course of a few months" fatally. The upper part of both her lungs was filled with tubercles, and in some places were beginning to soften. The case was evidently a bad one. The treatment of cod liver oil was at first used, but without marked improvement. The phosphate of lime was then administered with the oil, and the result, as in the case of the negro, was soon apparent. The patient was rapidly getting well.

The third case was that of a child seven years of age, in which the phosphate of lime was used with complete success.

We can only refer briefly to these cases for the purpose of directing attention to the subject. Before the dreadful diseases which they describe, scientific men have stood abashed. That there is some remedy for them we can hardly doubt; and this may, if a new thing, be the desideratum which science is in search of.

## The "Black Swan."

The debut of this ebony songstress is thus noticed in the Buffalo Express:—

"The Black Swan Concert occurred last evening, and it certainly was a remarkable event, in many respects. On Monday, Paroli, in all her splendor, sustained by Patti and Strakosch, sang at Townsend Hall, to half a house. Last night, Miss Greenfield sang at the same place to a crowded house of the respectable, cultivated and fashionable people of the city. Jenny Lind has never drawn a better house, as to character, than that which listened, with evident satisfaction, to this unheralded and almost unknown African nightingale. Curiosity did something for her, but not all. She has merit—very great merit—and with cultivation, she will rank among the very first vocalists of the age. She has a voice of great sweetness and power, with a wider range from the lowest to highest notes than we have ever listened to; flexibility is not wanting, and her control of it is beyond example for a new and untaught vocalist. Her performance was received with marked approbation and applause, from those who know what to applaud."

## Justice.

Mr. Copsul Owen in his note to the Savannah Republican, published by us some days since, (says the Pennsylvania,) asks to be heard fully in his own defence, saying that while he seeks nothing from any one's mercy, he has a right to justice. Upon this the Washington Telegraph remarks that the "request is reasonable, and both mercy and justice unite in demanding a compliance with it. The sentiments of horror and indignation have been spontaneously expressed by the American people at the offences of which he is alleged to be guilty; now let these feelings be silenced as respects the accused, and let every American feel that he is a juror and judge in an important trial. It may be that the result will involve the censure of our national Executive, and not Mr. Owen; or it may be that they will both fall under condemnation. Let justice be done!"

## The Climate of Oregon.

A New England farmer would be thrown into the greatest alarm at the prospect of a summer without rain; but in Oregon "they do these things differently." There a rain storm during the summer months would be deprecated as disastrous to the crops, and would be deemed almost as untimely as a fall of snow in August would be among us. The following extract from an article in the Oregon Times of August 7th, published at Portland in that territory, says:—

"We are now in the midst of what is called the 'dry season,' with every day nearly alike. The farmers are now reaping their waving fields of grain, never fearing any sudden showers of rain to impede or destroy their well-directed labor. The harvests are represented as being most abundant—notwithstanding so many of our people went to the mines last Winter and Spring, there will be a large surplus of produce after supplying the home market. People in the States, who are accustomed to having rain and sunshine on the same day during the Summer season, perhaps will wonder how this can be an agricultural country, without much rain for four months in the Summer. But there appears to be a fitness of things in all this.

The composition of our soil is peculiarly adapted to our climate. We are informed by an intelligent farmer, who has spent three years in Oregon farming, that the soil is of such a nature that the exhalation of moisture supplies in the dry season, the absence of rain—and that if rain were to fall copiously in summer, it would be an injury to vegetation, instead of a benefit. He gives Oregon the decided preference over the States for agricultural purposes. The grain and other products of our soil is well cured, never getting spoiled by must or rot, and contains more solid substance, from having grown beneath the mild and genial rays of the summer's sun. For grazing, Oregon can not be surpassed—as her fat herds of cattle and flocks of sheep bear ample testimony."

## The Great Exhibition in the United States.

An advertisement appears in all the leading London papers, signed C. Bushek and Edward Riddle, in which it is announced that arrangements have been made for an exhibition of all nations at New York—the exhibition to open on the 15th of April, and all goods to arrive by the 1st of March. It is stated that arrangements have been made for the erection of a building on an extensive scale, in a central situation, and which, when completed, will be made a bonded warehouse for the period of the exhibition—four months. The advertisement continues:

"The goods will be conveyed from London in first class vessels, and all charges, freight, insurance, &c., advanced, so that no outlay of money on the part of the exhibitors will be required.

The goods will be exhibited with the prices attached, and, when disposed of, remittances will be promptly forwarded. Should any goods remain unsold, at the close of the exhibition, they will be returned to the exhibitors free of all expense. Works of art, including paintings, will be admitted.

The leading exhibitors of continental nations have already cordially co-operated in this undertaking, and the undersigned feel assured that it is only necessary to make the project known to the artists and manufacturers of Great Britain in order to obtain for it their hearty support."

Mr. Bushek was the Austrian Commissioner of the London exhibition, and Mr. Riddle the American Commissioner. The two represent a Company, and they are to have the whole management of the affair.

## Interesting Anniversary.

This day, (Nov. 4,) sixty-nine years ago, a party of Adventurers from the eastern States, after a long and toilsome journey, descended the Ohio river, and encamped upon the spot where Newport Barracks now stands. They there separated for the several "stations" in Kentucky, and turned their steps through the wilderness, first pledging each other, in a spirit that may be termed as prophetically romantic to meet upon the same spot—or such of them as might survive, in fifty years from that day. This agreement was made on the 4th day of November, 1782.

In the year 1851, on the 4th day of November, precisely fifty years after the time of agreement, four of the old band met upon the spot to fulfil their promise. The cholera was then prevailing in this city, and, in consequence, there was no public demonstration, but the old patriachs were brought across the river and kindly entertained by our citizens at Gamson's Exchange, and received all the attentions that could be expected in times so full of melancholy, gloom and heart-rending sorrow.

One of them was over ninety years of age, the rest were under three score and ten. After remaining a few days, they turned their steps homeward—not through a wilderness as they did a half hundred years before, but through scenes of busy life, and hum of industrial millions; nor did they promise another meeting, as that was an event fixed by a Higher Will; and it has taken place! They are all dead!