

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.

EBENSBURG, DECEMBER 4, 1851

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TERMS.

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

Democratic Celebration.
A large number of the Democrats of Cambria County, assembled at the Exchange Hotel in the Borough of Ebensburg, on Saturday evening, October 22d, for the purpose of celebrating the victory achieved on the 14th of October last, over the combined forces of Whigs, Natives and Abolitionists.

The company sat down to a most excellent supper, which was served up in the best manner by the proprietor of the Exchange, and to which single justice was done.

After the cloth had been removed, the meeting organized on motion of Wm. J. Williams by the appointment of the following officers:—

President—Hon. PHILIP NOON.
Vice Presidents—Hon. Harrison Kinkead, Capt. James Murray, Dr. Wm. A. Smith, James Myers, Charles Litzinger, and Rees J. Lloyd.

Secretaries—John C. O'Neill, Esq., Samuel C. Wingard, Esq., George C. K. Zahn, and John A. Blair.

The following toasts were then read, and each amidst the cheers of the company, and in the course of the evening addresses were delivered by S. C. Wingard, Esq., A. J. Rhey, Charles D. Murray, and James P. Barr, Esq., which were highly applauded.

REGULAR TOASTS.
The Constitution of the United States—Formed in a spirit of compromise by our Fathers, and under which we have attained our present state of prosperity. Its guarantees must be strictly maintained by every State of the Confederacy, and our Union will then be perpetual.

Pennsylvania—The Keystone of the Federal Arch, not to be moved from her position by all the efforts of abolition agitators, or fanatical Federalists. The result of the recent election has again proven her patriotism, and determination to sustain the rights of the States and the Union of the States.

William Bigler, Governor elect of Pennsylvania—We hail his election as a triumph of truth and principle over error and demagoguery, and in whose hands the interests of the Democratic party, as well as its "compromises" will be upheld, and sustained.

Gen. Seth Clover—Our next Canal Commissioner, a self-made man, and unwavering democrat. His election evinces the estimation in which he is held by the "hard-fisted democracy" of his native State.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania—Distinguished throughout our Union for its learning and ability. Its high character will be fully sustained by the elevation to its bench of Black, Lewis, Lowrie and Gibson.

Hon. James Buchanan—The favorite son of Pennsylvania, and our choice for the next Presidency. His abilities as a statesman are known to the world, and have been endorsed by the friendship and confidence of a Jackson and a Polk.

By John C. O'Neill—Buchanan, Bigler, the National Compromise, and Constitution, will always find "Little Cambria" ready and willing to sustain them.

By C. Litzinger—The Democratic Party of Pennsylvania—With Clover in the field, they have shown that they understand how to raise a good crop.

By Dan' C. Zahn—Benjamin Franklin—The Printer's Adam in America. John W. Forney, a worthy descendant; his services will not go unrequited.

By James Myers—The Young Democracy of Ebensburg and Cambria township, always on hand.

By S. C. Wingard—Hon. Philip Noon—We congratulate him upon his selection to the 4th of March Convention. His age, experience, and integrity will give him prominence and high respectability in that body, and add another to the many faithful discharges of duty, for which his consistent life has been distinguished.

By James McGinley—The nominee of the Baltimore Convention in 1852, be he whom he may, Buchanan—the first and only choice of Pennsylvania before nomination.

By James Murray—Bowman and Sansom—The Editors of the Democratic organs of Bedford and Fulton. Long may they sit in their editorial chairs to counsel Democratic doctrine, and denounce the writers and renegades who defaced the Hon. James Campbell.

By Charles D. Murray—Hon. James Buchanan—His great abilities and services as a statesman have elevated him in the admiration of all honest and discriminating men of both parties, and his firm and devoted adherence to the principles of the Democratic party has raised him in the hearts of the American Democracy, and there can be no doubt that a political triumph will be the result of his nomination for the Presidency in 1852.

By George W. Todd—The Editor of the Mountain Sentinel—An Andrew Jackson Republican, a working man, a genius and a gentleman. Alleged laurels are growing for him in fields of Democratic laurels.

By William Russell—Bigler and Buchanan—The election of the former insures the safety of the Union, and the election of the latter will be a sure guarantee that the government will be administered according to the principles of Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Polk.

By J. F. Bell—Col. John W. Forney—His services in the late campaign are not unappreciated. If the wishes of the Democracy of Cambria are carried out he will be in port rewarded in the next session of Congress.

By M. M. O'Neill—Wm. S. Campbell—An honest man, and one of Cambria's favorites.

By John Owens—The Democratic Party—Ever true to the Constitution. In the hour of darkness and trial it clings to it with more than filial affection.

By Henry Tickertooth—Hon. James Buchanan—A firm and unwavering Democrat and a true patriot. As such he should be supported by every man who has the interest of his country and party at heart.

By D. P. Murray—William Bigler—The successful pilot of the raft "Susquehanna." May he be as successful in piloting the ship of State to her mooring.

By John Lloyd—The Young Democracy of Ebensburg always right.

By S. C. Wingard—John C. O'Neill—The Democratic Hercules of Cambria. True to his friends, generous to his foes, and firm in the confidence of the party. May his value be properly appreciated by those he has so largely assisted by political power.

By M. M. O'Neill—The Presidency—The nominee of the Democratic National Convention. By George Harzence—Our Guests—May they find their highest enjoyment on their visit to Ebensburg this evening.

By John M. Burke—Andrew Jackson Rhey—May he be as successful in defeating Simon Cameron and the Middletown Bank as Andrew Jackson was in defeating Nick Biddle and the United States Bank.

By James P. Barr—Hon. Linn Boyd of Kentucky—The author of the Texas Annexation Bill, and the suggestor of the Compromise. An honest, unflinching and consistent National Democrat. As the "Father of the House of Representatives," he should be elected its Speaker, and with him as the candidate of the Democratic party in 1852 for the Vice Presidency, there would be "no such word as fail."

By A. J. Rhey—Samuel C. Wingard, Esq.—An excellent lawyer, a compliant gentleman and sound Democrat. His residence in Cambria has made him hosts of friends and admirers. His bright talents will soon place him in a position in which he can do signal service to the Democratic party.

WEBSTER.
BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

[The authoress of the following poem, which says the *Home Journal*, we find in the *Illustrated Yorker*, writes as a man waves a flag from the battlements of a castle—it is not what you see that makes it fine, but what it awakens and suggests. We know no one who does so much as Miss Lynch, without giving in to the detail and finish which the age exacts. Her thoughts, slenderly as they are dressed, all have the richness of having kept great company. The subject of this poem is but the half of one of Webster's sentences in his speech in the Senate in July, 1850.—"When I and all those who hear me shall have gone to our last home, and when the mould shall have gathered on our memories, as it will on our tombs"—]

The mould upon thy memory! No
Not while one note is rung
Of those divine, immortal songs
Milton and Shakespeare sang;
Not till the night of years enshrouds
The Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Not let the flood of Time roll on,
And men and empires die;
Genius, enthroned on lofty heights,
Can its dread course defy.
And here, on earth, can claim the gift
Of immortality.

Can save from that Lethæan tide
That sweeps so dark along,
A people's name; a people's fame
To future time prolong.
As Troy still lives, and only lives,
In Homer's deathless song.

What though he buried Nineveh
The traveller may come,
And roll away the stone that hides
That long-forgotten tomb;
He queries its mute past in vain,
Its oracles are dumb.

What though he stand where Balbec stood
Gigantic in its pride;
No voice comes o'er that silent waste,
Lone, desolate, and wide;
They had no bard, no orator,
No statesman—and they died.

They lived their little span of life;
They lived and died in vain;
They sank ingloriously beneath
Oblivion's silent reign,
As sunk beneath the Dead Sea wave
The Cities of the Plain.

But for those famed, immortal lands,
Greece and imperial Rome,
Where genius left its shining mark,
And found its chosen home,
All eloquent with mind they speak,
Wood, wave, and crumbling dome.

Braddock's Defeat.
From an article in the *N. Y. Literary World*, reviewing De Haas' History of Western Virginia we cut the following interesting accounts of Gen. Braddock, and some instances connected with his death:

The great defeat of Braddock in this battle as is well known, was his neglect of the usual Indian methods of warfare. He appears to have been a daring, undoubtedly a courageous officer of the old "blood and thunder" school; but his sacrifice of the lives of his men and officers, was fearful. Dr. De Haas maintains, as an unquestionable point of history, that he fell by a shot from one of his own men. His memorandums of the event are striking:

In the ranks of Braddock were two brothers, Joseph and Thomas Faussett, or Faucest; the first a commissioned, and the other a non-commissioned officer. One of them (Tom Faussett) Hon. Andrew Stuart, of Uniontown, says he knew very well, and often conversed with him about early times.—"He did not hesitate to own in the presence of his friends that he shot Braddock." The circumstances were briefly these:

"Regardless of Gen. Braddock's positive and foolish orders, that the troops should not protect themselves behind trees, Joseph Faussett had so posted, which Braddock discovering, rode up and struck him down with his sword. Tom Faussett, who saw the whole transaction, and immediately drew up his rifle and shot him through the body. This, as he afterwards said was partly out of revenge for Gen. B.'s assault upon his brother, and partly to get the general out of the way and save the remnant of the army."

"In addition to the above, we may give the statement of a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, who seems to have been familiar with the facts:—

"When my father was removing with his family to the West, one of the Faussetts kept a public house to the eastward, from, and near where Uniontown now stands. At this man's house we lodged about the 10th of October, '81, twenty-six years and a few months after Braddock's defeat; and then it was made anything but a secret, that one of the family died the death of the British General. 18 years afterwards I met Tom Faussett, then, as he told me in his 70th year. To him I put the plain question, and received the plain reply, 'I did shoot him.' I never heard the fact doubted or blamed, that Faussett killed Braddock."

"Mr. Watson (*Annals of the Olden Time* vol. I, pp. 141-2) says, that in 1833, he met Wm. Butler, a private in the Pennsylvania Greens at the defeat of Braddock. I asked him a particularly, who killed Braddock? and he answered promptly one Faussett, brother of one whom Braddock had killed in a passion."

"In 1820, Butler saw Faussett near Carlisle, where he had gone on a visit to his daughter. The Millerstown (*Perry Co. Pa.*) Gazette of 1839, speaks of Butler being there, and in company with an aged soldier in that town, who had been in Braddock's defeat, and both concurred in saying that Braddock had been shot by Faussett."

"A Minister of the M. E. Church, writing to the *Christian Advocate* says: 'The old man died at the age of 114 years, in 1821, who killed Braddock.'"

"The Newburyport Herald, of 1842, declares its acquaintance with Daniel Adams, an old soldier of that place, aged 82, who confirmed the shooting of Braddock by one of his own men."

"Braddock wore a coat of mail in front, which turned balls in front; but he was shot in the back, and the ball was found stopped in front by the coat of mail." The venerable William Barby, of Washington city, has recently stated to the author, that during his early days, he never heard it doubted that Faussett had killed Braddock. It seems a generally conceded fact, and most of the settlers were disposed to applaud the act."

The Spanish Character.
A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from Madrid, says:

"I have heard the Spanish character summed up as indolent, haughty, unsocial and revengeful. My own experience upon the subject is too limited to permit me to substantiate or refute any one's opinion or dogma. Nevertheless, in my journey from Alicante to this capital, I observed in passing through the Northern part of the province of Murcia, entire hills of considerable elevation, and natural precipitousness, levelled off into terraces, irrigated and cultivated to the very summit. Surely, thought I, this cannot be the height of indolence, for the most industrious of nations, even England, in some respects, might consider her ways and grow wiser. Haughty and unsocial the Spaniards certainly are, to all whose manners display a contempt for them or their institutions; but remove the sneer from your countenance, pay a passing respect to their customs, do what common civility requires, and you will find that in true courtesy no one can surpass them. To use your own phrase, their houses are literally 'at your service.' Verily, prejudice and ignorance have not been idle in forming the popular sentiment regarding the Spanish nation."

Col. John Bigler's Arrival at San Francisco.
The following letter from the Pittsburg Post gives an interesting account of the reception of Colonel John Bigler at San Francisco, after his election as Governor of the Golden State of the Pacific:—

"The Governor elect, Colonel Bigler, arrived here on Friday night last, from Sacramento. He came down on the steamer Confidence. The C., on coming up the harbor, fired a salute. The democracy were on the wharf ready to receive the Governor. When he landed he was placed in a barouche drawn by four white horses. The procession then moved through the principal streets by torchlight, headed by three bands of music. Among those in the barouche I recognized Mayor Hardenburg, of Sacramento city, and Ex-Mayor Geary, of San Francisco. After reaching the Oriental hotel, which was beautifully illuminated, the Governor was welcomed in a beautiful speech, delivered by Col. Geary, to which he replied in a manner that astonished all who heard him; (most folks tho't the Governor couldn't make a speech.) When the speaking was over, the folding doors of the large saloon were thrown open, and here we had a good time of it until about two o'clock in the morning. Many distinguished whigs were present, and left perfectly at home. The Governor visited Robinson's theatre on Saturday night, where he was received with three times three by the whole audience. The returns show that wherever Bigler has canvassed the State he has carried all before him. If he had had a little more time he would have swept the State from end to the other."

Devotion.
An immigrant just arrived across the plains, gives the following description of the memorable "jarnado del muerto," on which so many thousands of animals and so many persons of last year's emigration perished:—"If there is a section of country in God's wide-extended creation that can surpass that large scope of country lying between Salt Lake Valley and Carson River for sterility of soil, scarcity of timber, and everything that has a tendency to cheer up the spirits of the wearied traveller, I am sure that I don't care to see it. From the sink of Humboldt River across the desert to Carson River, my heart was sickened at seeing the great destruction of property, viz: wagons, carriages and buggies, dead horses, mules and cattle, whose carcasses lie thick all over the ground, in a state of preservation, the skins and a good deal of the flesh being dried to the bones, the water, marshes and air being so strongly impregnated with alkali that it has a tendency to keep off the devouring insects and birds of prey. But the worst is not half told yet; to see every two or three hundred yards a grave, where a father, mother, brother or sister has been buried, but ere the train is out of sight, the corpse is disinterred by the prowling wolf or the savage Indian—the bones to bleach upon the great American Desert. Although I am rather a hardened sinner, yet when I saw the scene as just described, I could not refrain from shedding tears, and feeling myself more submissive to that mighty and powerful God who rules the universe."

How Canada Obtained Its Name.
The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited the country previous to the French, and made particular searches for gold and silver, and finding none, they said among themselves, "Acanada," (there is nothing there.) The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards, the French arrived; and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they were also Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their errand was fruitless, and incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence, "Acanada." The French, who knew as little of the Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name Canada, which it has borne ever since.

New Kind of Skating.
At a large beer drinking house in Berlin, Prussia, the customers are waited upon by female skaters. The instant a customer takes his seat, one of the damsels darts from the end of the room, skims over the floor describing graceful curves, and in a moment is at his side, and requests to know his wishes. One of these female waiters will collect a number of orders in her round, or carry her beer vessels to her customers without ruffling their snowy froth. The motions performed resemble skating, and strangers are likely to be deceived, but the act is performed by employing small iron rollers set into the soles of strong but neatly fitting boots. This is all the mystery. It takes time and practice to execute the movements well, and the work is somewhat fatiguing. The floors over which they glide are made of smooth hard wood boards.

The theatres and other places of amusement are open in San Francisco, on Sunday evenings, as we see by the advertisements in the newspapers of that city.

An Extensive Rancho.
The San Francisco Times and Transcript states that Senor Pacheco, of Santa Cruz county, is the owner of three eleven league grants of land, or about 200,000 acres. This is three times the quantity allowed to any lone man, by the Spanish or Mexican law; to avoid this legal provision, the grants were originally given at three different periods, and it is said a different name was used each time. At the present time, there are 30,000 head of cattle on this 33 league rancho, and the whole property is assessed at \$1,000,000; the taxes this year will amount to \$30,000, requiring the sale of about 3000 head of cattle to raise the money. Some idea of the value of land in that part of California may be formed by the assessment of the grants afore specified. Suppose the cattle are reckoned at \$10 a head, which is probably a moderate estimate, their total value would be \$300,000, leaving \$700,000 as the value of the land, or about three dollars and a half per acre.

Ice Cultivation.
A gentleman of Boston has adopted a system of ice culture, for the purpose of preserving that cooling substance early, or when the season is too mild to freeze over the deep water of the Fresh Ponds. His plan is to make an artificial pond, of an equal depth, and let the water into it as fast as it freezes. Workmen are now engaged in large numbers on the Fresh Pond Meadows, in preparing such a pond. It will cover about twenty-five acres of land, with a clay bottom, and so much lower than Fresh Pond, that the water of the pond may be let into it in any quantity desirable. As this pond will be very shallow, it will freeze over readily, and it would seem must secure a crop of ice in the midst of Boston winters. Of course it may be cropped as often as it can be frozen of sufficient thickness. The making of the pond, it is calculated, will cost about twenty-five thousand dollars, or one thousand dollars per acre, and the necessary buildings for storing the ice about as much more.

Real and Ideal.
Dow, Jr., in one of his discourses, in which he describes the contrast between semblance and reality, hits off a ball scene:

"A woman," says he, "may not be an angel, though she glides through the mazes of the dance, like a spirit clothed with a rainbow and studded with stars. The young man may behold his admired object on the morrow in the true light of reality, emptying a wash-tub in the gutter, with frock pinned up behind, her cheeks pale for the want of paint, her hair mussed and mossy, except what lies in the bureau, and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel jured through a brush fence into the world of wretchedness and woe!"

A boy on board one of the Gulf of Mexico steamers got up quite a panic among the passengers recently. He bolted suddenly into the cabin one morning, before the passengers had fairly rubbed their eyes open, exclaiming— "We are lost!" "Lost!" exclaimed another. "Lost!" screamed out the whole crowd. "Yes, lost!" said the lad astonished at the alarm he had created, "I know we are lost, because the captain's on top of the house and another man's upon the mast, a lookin to see what we are!"

M. Thevelin, a Frenchman, in performing a balloon ascension at Brussels, Belgium, in crossing the city, got foul of the statue of St. Michael, placed on the spire of the City Hall of Brussels, and in order to save himself, clung to the statue immediately, while his apparatus was carried off by the balloon; he then proceeded, as his only means of salvation, to descend to the ground, the spire being 300 feet in height, and by dint of extraordinary presence of mind and bodily activity, he got down in safety.

Ray after ray of hope penetrates the gloomy horrors which overspread the Emerald Isle. The cultivation of the sugar beet seems, thus far, to be successful, and five hundred acres have been allotted to further experiments next season.

Miss Lind, at Pittsburg, the other day, received a pair of splendid diamond bracelets, as a present from some one of her ardent admirers there, which she returned with information, that she never received presents from gentlemen.

A writer more than two thousand years ago mentions the fact that hen's eggs which are nearly round invariably produce female chickens and those which are long or pointed, produce males.

"Will you clasp my cloak, sir?" asked a young lady of the gentleman who was to accompany her home from a party. "Yes, and its contents," replied he, putting his arm around her waist.

The number of common schools in Pennsylvania has increased from 702 to 9,200, and the teachers from 808 to 11,500.

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