

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

EXPERIENCE.

BY MAJOR PATTEN, UNITED STATES ARMY.

About the world I've journeyed much,
I've traveled far and near,
And my experience is such
As you shall shortly hear.
As seen the worst—I've seen the best,
Of (so called) human kind,
Where all are leasly in quest
Of what they never find.

I've seen a man who robbed the poor,
And yet was rich himself,
Who drove the beggar from the door,
With silver on his shelf.
I've seen a judge who justice sold,
Have heard a gamester pray,
And knew a wife who did not scold
Upon a washing day.
I've seen just turned fifteen,
(A blossom partly blown),
Who really did not care I ween,
To be a woman grown.
Again, I've seen a seedy maid,
(Oh Godfrey be it sung!)
Who did not seem the least afraid
At being reckoned young.

I've known a lawyer plead a cause,
Who never sent a bill,
And knew a doctor (not of laws)
Take his prescription pill,
I've known a tradesman speak the truth,
I've heard a parson swear,
And knew a haekman once, in sooth,
Who charged but lawful fare.

I've known a person play at whist,
Who would not play at all;
And knew an abolitionist
Who did a slave pursue;
To lavish on his offspring wild,
A miser hoard his gold,
And see a mother leave her child
For stranger hands to hold.

I've seen a maiden who had slid,
Who had a modest air,
And seen a belle who (seemingly) did
Not know that she was fair;
Once on a railroad 'twas my lot
To get a passage "free,"
And on a steamer once I got
A decent cup of tea.

And I have seen once in my life,
A husband, be it known,
Who did not treat his neighbor's wife
Some better than his own;
And also seen—'till he (don't wink)
As gentle as I can—
Some time ago, it was—I think—
I saw an honest man.

A Broken Home.

A short time since, we left the cherished idol of our hearth-circle in the full promise of health and life, and returned but to see him die! Our home is desolate, for its purest light has faded out. Willie is dead!

O God! how we loved the boy! He was a child of more than rare promise—a brave, beautiful, noble hearted being, and all manhood in every pulse. His mind was almost masculine, and he wrestled with death, with the calm patience and judgment of maturer years.

World that in the spring time he had gone to his long night-rest of death, when the flower and the leaf and tiny blade were bursting out from their earth sleep to clothe the fields in beauty. But it matters not. He wandered not alone through the dark valley, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The warm sun-beam and rain drop of spring-time, will deck the resting place of the little sleeper in smiles. Little will he heed however, either sun-beam or cloud on earth, for there is no winter shadow in the eternal summer sky of bliss.

Blessed hope that death is not an "eternal sleep!" The beautiful tenement of a soul of two summers, will mingle with its pillow of earth; but in the silence of night-time, we shall listen to the tripping of little feet, and the low whispering of a silvery voice—to the sweet rustling of two little angel wings, and feel the pure touch of a tiny palm upon the feverish cheek.—One of the strongest links of earth has been broken but to bind us the closer to Heaven. God's will be done!

The little playthings are all put away. A deep tide of bright hopes has been rolled back upon the heart. Crushed and broken, we bow to the storm that has swept our hearth, and thank God that there is a better world than this for the child.

—Willie,—our own loved, beautiful, gentle boy,—good night!—*Coryna Chief.*

A Down East Sham Battle.

Many years ago it was a custom in the State of Maine, in most of the towns, to celebrate the memorable event of the surrender of Cornwallis, by "going through" a mock performance, representing that important fact in our country's history.

The little town of Waterford, situated upon the banks of the broad and majestic "Crooked River," resolved not to be behind hand in so great an affair. Accordingly a meeting was called at the old Town House, on the "Hill," to make the necessary arrangements. Deacon Moses Jones, as he was called, was chosen to enact the character of Washington and "Squire" Bijer Wood the character of Cornwallis. The under officers, soldiers, &c., were to be selected by the selectmen, whose duty it was to furnish uniforms and pay such other expenses as the affair should incur.

Now as Messrs. Jones and Wood are the principal heroes of the sketch, a short description of their characters may not be deemed out of place. Deacon Jones was a wealthy farmer, proud and religious, (at least he thought he was), and was on the whole a very worthy man. The worst thing about him was a bad habit he had acquired of taking "a drop too much," but then this was not thought a great deal of, for every body in "them days" took "a suthin'" occasionally.

"Squire" Wood was the village lawyer, very aristocratic, but, withal, a very clever man.—The "Squire" imagined that he knew considerable more than his neighbors gave him credit for.—This may safely be set down as his greatest fault. Both the "Squire" and Deacon were proud of their positions in this great affair, and both meant to do their best.

The morning of the great day dawned beautifully. The Deacon, dressed as General Washington, and mounted on his "iron gray," retired with his men, dressed as "Continental" troops, at an early hour to a grove near the village, where the ceremony was to take place.

Cornwallis (pro. tem.) was also up and dressed before fight, and stationed himself, with his men dressed as Britishers, behind the "Hills." The programme of the day's performance was as follows. The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little—in which Cornwallis was to be most essentially whipped—and then ingloriously surrender!

At early dawn thousands poured into the little village, to see the fun and celebrate the great day. Punch, rum-flip and ginger-bread were in great demand. At 9 o'clock the two companies marched into the village and arrayed themselves into fighting position, reminding the spectator of the time when

"Brave Wolfe drew up his men,
In style most pretty,
On the plains of Abraham,
Before the city."

The two commanders were greatly excited, and Washington, I regret to say, was in anything but a fit condition to "act out" the great part he was to perform. He had been drinking freely all the morning, and now, when the interesting ceremony was about to commence, was so "tight," or, rather, loose, that it was with difficulty he could sit in his saddle. He, however, did not know but what he was "all right," nor did his men. Cornwallis was not intoxicated, but a little agitated, or, rather, elated.

Everything being ready, the companies exchanged shots. Bang! whang!! bang!!! went the guns, while the two commanders yelled like so many stuck pigs.

"That's it, (hic) my brave boys!—give it to 'em, the oldacious red coats!" bellowed Washington.

"On, Romans!" yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once, and who remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian belligerents; "breathe there a man so dead that wouldn't fight like thunder!"

"Go it, Continentals!"—down with taxation on tea!! bellowed Washington in a very patriotic voice, and narrowly escaped cutting his horse's ear off with the flourish of his sword.—The fighting now ceased, the companies were drawn up in a straight line, and Cornwallis dismounted and presented his sword to Washington.

"Well, old boy," said the immortal, as he cuffed his horse's ears with his cocked hat, "what 'n thunder do you want?"

"General George Washington!" replied Cornwallis, "I surrender up to you myself, sword and men!"

"Yes, General," said Cornwallis; "the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle!"

"Eagle! EAGLE!" yelled Washington, rolling off his horse and hitting the fallen Briton a tremendous blow on the head with the flat of his sword; "do you call me an eagle? Talk that! and that!! and that!!!" yelled the infuriated Washington; "Perhaps you'll call me a eagle agin, you mean, sneaking cuss!"

Cornwallis was down, but only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself, and then, with an entirely unlooked for recuperation on the part of a fallen foe, and in direct defiance of historical example, he pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and, in spite of

the efforts of the men of both nations, succeeded in giving the "immortal" a tremendous licking. So that the day that commenced so gloriously most ingloriously ended.

For many years after the "Surrender," there was a coldness between the Deacon and the "Squire," but as time rolled on and their locks became frosted o'er with white, they learned to call it a "joke." Both are living now, and whenever they meet they smoke their pipes and talk about "that 'are scrape'" like a couple of good, jolly old men, as they are.

Boston Carpet Bag.

Louis Napoleon.

We recently conversed with an American gentleman who had just returned to this country, after a residence of several years in Paris. He says that the French people generally, while they regard the *comp d'état* of Louis Napoleon, as a bold, high handed and unprincipled measure, are nevertheless indisposed at the present time, to venture upon any change—apprehensive that a new revolution would place the Red Republicans, in power, and would plunge France into a fearful condition of chaos, confusion and civil war. They hope that the Prince President, now that he has been sustained by so large a portion of the population, will gradually relax all measures of rigor, permit the return of all the leading political exiles, exert himself to the utmost to promote the arts of industry and peace, and really and earnestly strive to soften the prejudice which exists against him, in the minds of the most of the leaders. The other parties, moreover, the Orleanists, the Legitimists and the Moderate Republicans, are not prepared for any new struggle, and hence would rather have Louis Napoleon where he is—each believing that a time will come when a blow may be struck with safety, for the success of their particular principles and favorites. A very large class, including the shopkeepers, the manufacturers, and the bourgeoisie generally, are anxious for repose, almost at any price. They are not satisfied with Louis Napoleon, and regard his recent conduct as monstrously tyrannical. But they contend, better this than worse. Better a strong government than a feeble. Better a usurper with the popular enthusiasm to sustain him, than a feeble dynasty with constant scenes of rapine and bloodshed. With reference to the opinions of the English and the Americans, they smile, shrug their shoulders philosophically, and beg to be permitted to manage their own affairs. They say that they fully understand the disease, they know the character, the whims and caprices of the patient, and they are therefore better qualified to treat him than one who lacks this knowledge, and does not see the facts as they are, but who judges from imperfect information and at a distant point. We confess that there is something in all this, and we may add that our friend anticipates no change in French affairs, unless Louis Napoleon should be assassinated, which is regarded on all sides as by no means improbable.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Negro Sentiments.

There is nothing more amusing than the coruscations of wit and humor which characterize the sable children of Africa—"those images of God cut in ebony!" No matter where you find them—it is all the same, "nigger will be nigger"—whether in groups on the corners of the streets, "where darkeys most do congregate"—around the hearth in Sam Jones's cellar, or in the sacred desk. It is rich—so unique and so peculiar to hear a genuine sable divine hold forth and give out his notions of things, temporal and spiritual.

Father S., who whom did the expounding to the colored Methodists in our good city, was "one of 'em"—and of "most excellent fancy." It was rich to hear the old saint "do up" the preachments in his quaint style. "My brethren," said this sable divine, in one of his exhortations, "lub an 'charity go together like a yoke of oxen; and jest you hitch on religion too, make a spike team on't an' dey will pull too geuder beautifully—and carry you to heben, when you gib up de ghost, jest as slick as ile—an' when you get to the door of dat bressed place, Peter will come an' open it an' let you in.—I se g'win to say, 'fore you knocked!"

Speaking of contentment, one time to his congregation—this dinky preacher said it behooved his people to be satisfied with their lot. "Last week," he continued, "I heard one of my flock grumblin' cause he was made brack. I tol' him de story ob Miriam, when she an' Aaron four fault wid Moses' wife 'cause she was an Ethiopian—an' how de Lord struck dis 'er Miriam, wid leprousy for it. Guess she got white nuf den!"

Touching amusements, he told his flock that he had no objections to them if they did not carry it to far. They might have select parties, he said, "they might sing, but not the debil's songs, for dey did dat, 'fore dey were aware what dey were about, de fiddle would be brought in, den de chairs an' table cleared away, an' 't would be—

"Cross ober, up an' down!"
The quaintest thing of all, is this old father's opinion of religion without faith, which he likened to "beck steak widout pepper no salt!"

New Orleans Paper.

The Great Volcanic Eruption of Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands.

We have given, lately, brief accounts of a grand eruption on the mountain of Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, received by way of California. The latest accounts from the scene of the fiery visitation are to the 6th of March, at which time the spectacle is said to have been sublime beyond anything of the kind ever witnessed. The eruption exceeds in grandeur any of the volcanic convulsions of Mauna Loa ever before seen by white men on the islands, and great fears were entertained for the safety of the beautiful town of Hilo. We subjoin accounts of its action from the "Polynesian":—

"We have received verbal information in regard to the state of the eruption, as late as to the 6th of March, from the leeward side of Hawaii. At that date the light from the flowing current was as bright as it had been at any former period, sufficient to enable a person to pick up a needle from the ground at midnight, from which fact the inference is drawn that the current is still flowing on towards the sea.

The current seems to have broken out thro' an old fissure, about one-third down the side of Mauna Loa, on the northwest side, and not from the old crater on the summit, called Mokuweewe. The altitude of the present eruption is about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from the bay of Hilo, (Byron's Bay,) is some 50 or 60 miles. If it succeeded in reaching the ocean at the point supposed, after having filled up all the ravines gulches and inequalities of a very broken country, it will undoubtedly be one of the most extensive eruptions of modern times.

It would seem, from the last note from Mr. Coan, that the stream had divided—one part taking an easterly course towards Puna, while the other took a northerly one towards Hilo. This may so divide the volume of lava that neither branch will reach the sea; but from the last accounts, the northerly branch was still burning its way through a dense forest, and if the supply holds out long enough, it will naturally fall into the course of the Waialuku River, and follow it to where it discharges into the bay, at Hilo. We anxiously wait further intelligence.

An abstract from a correspondent's letter, in the Polynesian, is of so much interest that we copy it entire. A jet of lava playing five hundred feet in air must be indeed a magnificent and sublime sight:

"By an accurate measurement of the enormous jet of glowing lava, where it first broke forth on the side of Mauna Loa, it was ascertained to be five hundred feet high! This was upon the supposition that it was thirty miles distant. We are of the opinion that it was a greater distance, say from forty to sixty miles.—With a glass, the play of this jet, at night, was distinctly observed, and a more sublime sight can scarcely be imagined. A column of molten lava, glowing with the most intense heat, and projecting into the air to a distance of five hundred feet, was a sight so rare and at the same time so awfully grand, as to excite the most lively feelings of awe and admiration, even when viewed at a distance of forty or fifty miles.—How much more awe-inspiring would it have been at a distance of one or two miles, where the sounds accompanying such an eruption could have been heard. The fall of such a column would doubtless cause the earth to tremble; and the roar of the rushing mass would have been like the mighty waves of the ocean beating upon a rock-bound coast.

The diameter of this jet is supposed to be over one hundred feet, and this we can easily believe, when we reflect that from it proceeded the river of lava that flowed off from it towards the sea. In some places this river is a mile wide, and in others more contracted. At some points it has filled up ravines one hundred, two hundred and three hundred feet in depth, and it still flowed on. It entered a heavy forest, and the giant growth of centuries is cut down before it like grass before the mower's scythe! No obstacle can arrest it in its descent to the sea. Mounds are covered over, ravines are filled up, forests are destroyed and the habitations of men are consumed like wax in a furnace. Truly, "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

We have not yet heard of any destruction of life from the eruption now in progress. A rumor has reached us that a small native village has been destroyed, but of this we have no authentic intelligence. Should it reach the sea without destroying life or property, it will be a matter of thankfulness and almost unhopied for exemption. A large number of the residents of Honolulu had gone to Hawaii to witness the upheavings of Mauna Loa.

Another letter, after stating that the lava had burned through the woods to within fifteen miles of Hilo, and was still progressing, adds:

"The side of the mountain has opened about midway its dome, and the lava pours out with unrestrained effort, and comes rolling, tumbling and flashing on towards Hilo. It is accompanied with frequent explosions. At night, the imagination cannot conceive a spectacle more awfully grand. The immense flow of lava reflects upon the clouds its cherry red hue, and as they gather in density about the mountain, are caught up by the upward current of atmosphere, and

hurried with rapidity into every imaginable shape, representing in the heavens a wild picturesque scene."

The eruption, it appears, commenced on the 17th of February at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Mystery of the American Lakes.

Lake Erie is only 60 or 70 feet deep, but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 562 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed it would puzzle the naturalists to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

Upon this the editor of the Scientific American remarks:—"Are salmon and herring found in the lakes and rivers above the Falls of Niagara? If so, it affords strong grounds for supposing there is a subterranean communication between Ontario and the upper lakes, if not, we can see no grounds for such a conclusion."

From Ireland.

The tide of emigration continues to roll onward towards this country. The advices by the last steamer states that hundreds, if not thousands, are preparing to set out from the Old World for the New. The Galway Mercury states that so great is the anxiety felt by the poor laboring classes in that part of Connaught to escape from the "land that bore them" that such of them as have been fortunate enough to obtain employment on drainage work, have adopted the following novel and extraordinary mode of enabling themselves to emigrate:—It appears they are paid fortnightly, and when the pay night arrives, about 360 of them assemble and pay sixpence each into a general fund.

A number of tickets, corresponding with the number of persons present, are then placed in a hat, and on one of these the word "America" is written all the rest being blank. A ballot then takes place, and the lucky drawer of the prize ticket has his passage to America paid for him, and receives a small sum to subsist him for some time after his landing there. During the week just closed, no less than six vessels have set sail for Queenstown, laden with emigrants bound respectively for Boston, Quebec, New York, and St. John's. The gross number amounted to 877 souls.

The Child of Judgment.

I heard a story the other day, (writes a friend and correspondent of the *Kniekerbocker*), which amused me. An old lady said—

"When my father moved into the new country, one of his children once told a lie. My mother could not ascertain the culprit, but a lie lay between us.

"Well, said she, you may escape now, but you may be sure that I will know at some day which of you has told me a lie."

"Weeks passed on, and nothing more was said on the subject. My father lived in a log-house, which contained one room below and one above. The children slept in the chamber. One night a tremendous wind arose, and at midnight, blew off the entire roof of the house. My mother, alarmed at the crash, ran up the ladder, and putting her head into the roofless chamber, cried—

"Children are you all there?"

"Yes, mother!" piped a small and terrified voice; "yes mother, we are all here, and if the day of judgement has come, it was me that told that lie!"

To how many "children of larger growth" does a similar repentance come, and from similar cases; the "still smaller voice" amid the storm!

SPITTING.—The New York Mirror says the following:

Spitting is a vile American peculiarity. We are a nation of spitters. If the man in the moon were to visit us, he would think that we had all been tasting something very offensive, or that we were all affected by some loathsome disease of the salivary glands. On our ferryboats one is sickened by the condition of the floor. Many men spit about so often, at any rate; if any special excitement or embarrassment arises, they increase the frequency. The spitting along the streets is ludicrous and disgusting. What if every third man was seen occasionally vomiting, at the curb-stone! This would be but a step further in the progress of indecency.

A Grave-yard and its Contents.

There lie levelled, duns done up in themselves

There are book-sellers finally laid on their shelves;

Horizontally there lie upright politicians;

Dos-a-dos with their patients sleep faultless physicians;

There are slave-drivers quietly whipped under ground;

There book-binders, done up in boards, are fast bound;

There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a birth;

There men without legs get their six feet of earth;

There lawyers repose, each wrapt up in his case;

There seekers of office are sure of a place;

There defendant and plaintiff are equally cast;

There shoe-makers quietly stick to their last;

There brokers at length become silent as stocks;

There stage-drivers sleep without quitting their box.

An Adventure in a Barber Shop.

In the month of October, 1826, my vessel was lying at Mobile. I went ashore one bright morning to do some business with a house to which I was consigned, and as I passed along the street, it occurred to me that I might as well have a beard of a week's growth reaped before I presented myself at the counting room. I stepped into a barber's shop and told the barber to proceed.

He was a bright mulatto, a good-looking young fellow, not more than two-and-twenty years of age, it appeared. His eyes were large, black and unusually lustrous. His manner at first was quiet and respectful. I thought he was a long while lathering my face, and I told him he must have bought his soap at wholesale price. Laughing, he replied that mine was a long beard, and that he knew what he was about.

"Are you the boss here, my man?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "my master set me up, and I pay him twenty dollars a month for my time."

"That is a good interest on the capital invested," I remarked; "can you pay your rent and live on the balance of your savings?"

"Oh, yes! and lay up something besides.—Sometimes I receive thirty bits a day."

"Then I suppose you will buy your freedom one of these days."

"As for that," he replied, "I care but little. I have all the liberty I want, and enjoy myself as I go along."

By this time he laid down the brush and commenced running the razor over the strops, looking at the blade every time he drew it across the leather. His hand trembled a little, and his eyes absolutely burned like coals of fire. I did not feel uneasy, but I could not avoid watching him closely.

At last he commenced shaving me. My head being thrown back, I was able to keep my eyes fixed directly on his own. Why I should do so, I cannot tell; certainly I apprehend nothing, but I did not remove my gaze for a single instant while the razor was passing over my neck and throat. He seemed to grow more and more uneasy; his eyes were as bright, but not so steady as when I first observed them. He could not meet my fixed and deliberate look. As he commenced shaving my chin he said abruptly—

"Barbers handle a deadly weapon, sir."

"True enough, my man," I replied, "but you handle yours skillfully, although I notice that your hands shake a little."

"That's nothing, sir—I can shave just as well. My hand shakes because I did not have much sleep last night. But I was thinking just now," he added with a laugh, "how easy it would be to cut your throat."

"Very likely," I replied, laughing in return, but looking sternly at him—"very likely, yet I would not advise you to try the experiment."

Nothing more was said. He soon finished and I arose from the chair just as an elderly gentleman was entering the shop. The last cornered himself of his coat and cravat, and took the seat I had vacated.

I went to the glass, which did not reflect the chair, to arrange my collar. Certainly I had not stood before it a single moment, when I heard something like a suppressed shriek, a gurgling horrible sound, that made my blood run cold. I turned—there sat the unfortunate gentleman, covered with blood, his throat cut from ear to ear, and the barber, a raving maniac, dashing the razor with tremendous violence in the mangled neck.

On the instant the man's eye caught mine, the razor dropped from his hand, and he fell down in a fit. I rushed towards the door and called for assistance.

The unfortunate was dead before we could reach the chair.

We secured the barber, who I subsequently learned, had been drinking deeply the night before, and was laboring under *mania a potu*.—His fate I never heard.

A white Partridge was trapped in Hopewell township, York county, a few months ago, by a person residing in that township. The bird was purchased by a gentleman from Baltimore.