

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. RHEY.

Eloquence of Kossuth.

Kossuth thus commenced a speech delivered in St. Louis, on the 15th of March. As a specimen of the imaginative, it is perhaps unsurpassed in prose in the English language:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—To-day is the Fourth Anniversary of the Revolution of Hungary.

Anniversaries of Revolutions are almost always connected with the recollection of some patriots, death-fallen on that day, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, martyrs of devotion to their fatherland.

Almost in every country there is some proud catafalque, or some modest tombstone, adorned on such a day by a garland of evergreen, the only offering of patriotic tenderness.

I passed the last night in a sleepless dream. And my soul wandering on the magnetic wings of the past, home to my beloved bleeding land, I saw in the dead of night, dark veiled shapes with the paleness of eternal grief upon their sad brow, but terrible in the fearless silence of that grief, gliding over the churchyard of Hungary, and kneeling down on the head of the graves, and depositing the pious tribute of green and eypress upon them, and after a prayer rising with clenched fists, and gnashing teeth, and then stealing away fearless and silent as they came; stealing away—because the bloodhounds of my country's murderers lurked from every corner on that night and on this day, and lead to prison those who dare to show a pious remembrance to the beloved. To-day a smile on the lips of a Magyar is taken for a crime of defiance to tyranny, and a tear in his eye is equivalent to a revolt. And yet I have seen with the eye of my home wandering soul, thousands performing the work of patriotic virtue.

And I saw more. When the pious offerers had stolen away, I saw the honored dead half rise from their tombs looking to the offerings, and whispering gloomily, "still a cypress, and still no flower of joy!" Is there still the chill of winter and the gloom of night over thee, Fatherland? Are we not yet revenged?" and the sky of the east reddened suddenly, and boiled with bloody flames, and from the far, far west a lightning flashed like a star spangled stripe, and within its light a young eagle mounted and soared towards the bloody flames of the east and as he drew near, upon his approaching, the boiling flames changed into a radiant morning sun, and a voice from above was heard in answer to the question of the dead:—

"Sleep yet a short while—mine is the revenge! I will make the stars of the west, the sun of the east—and when ye next awake, ye will find the flower of joy upon your cold bed."

And the dead took the twig of cypress, the sign of resurrection, into their bony hands and lay down.

Description of our Saviour.

The Boston Journal says that the following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentulus,

the Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome—Cesar, Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write home any event of importance which transpired while he held office:

"Conspect Fathers: There appeared in these days a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles accepted as a Propeet of great truth: but his own disciples call him the Son or God. He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases.—He is a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of the fibret, when fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is more orient of color, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam of partition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is of the color of his hair, and thick not of any great height, but forked. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well-shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man, for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men."

From the Louisville Times.

The Dying Wife.

Her raven tresses lay like silken threads Of solemn night upon the pillow, and Her breathings faint disturbed their glossy rings, As evening's low-lyred breeze wakes in our hearts.

Emotions sad, yet darkly beautiful. Upon her cheek death's crimson banner waved, And thrilled and deepened in its quivering folds, Foretelling night:—the night sublime of death.

And yet a night, sweet—starred by faith and hope.

Tis when the day is dying—lovely day Of balm and bloom, and glorious love-ey'd sky, And music—dripping breeze, and sunshine pure, And sweet as is the kiss of her, who is.

And ever hath been, from our childhood up, To us, what you blue sky is to the earth;

The beauty, and the glory of it—the Forever o'er us, ever watching eye.

Tis when such day is dying, that those hues Unwatched and burning deeper on her cheek, In bright intensity. And when we see The glory, we do know that darkness lies Not far. And when we see upon the cheek.

Of one beloved, that herald rose, we know The sun of life goes down behind the tomb!

A strange mild light gleamed o'er the night-time of

Her eyes, those dove-eyes, dreamy, beautiful.

Upon one tiny hand, her burning cheek

Was resting, and the other sweetly fair.

Was pressed upon the quivering lips of him

Who knelt beside her, like a storm rocked oak,

Whose giant arms writh in their trial fierce,

And moan to the rude blast, which tears away

The tender ivy, that grew up, and threw

Its graceful, loving arms about it, and

Beckoned "its rough bark sweetly o'er."

Upon His cheek there were no tears, nor in those eyes

Where woe's hot drop seemed burning; but a

look

Of agonized affection swept his brow,

And scattered desolation in its track.

The morning breeze, sweet in the charities

Of flowers, through his clustering chestnut hair

Played like a dewy-fingered angel; yet

Dropped not its blessed balm upon his brain.

The silken lashes for a moment slept

Upon her cheek, as on the summit clouds

The tree-tops slumber dark and still; one soft

Bright tear stole through the waxy lid, and

wound

Its silvery path along her cheek; and then

She felt it gently kissed her, and oped

Those eyes to bless him with their tenderness Untold. He silent read the midnight page,

And loved her more—far more than life itself.

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And loved her more—far more than life itself.

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