

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. RILEY.

Isadore.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

I knew her in her childhood's time, when blessings round her clung,
And her baptismal innocence a halo o'er her hung.
Ere the wild world's deep traitor, sin had drawn her in
And Heaven had sent a glory down to dwell within
Oh! she was fair! I'd never seen a thing of earth so fair;
With joyous brow, and dove-like eyes, and waves of shining hair,
No wonder, for her little heart, with trusting footsteps trod,
Beneath the Holy Virgin's smile, the path that led to God!

Child as she was, the stricken ones of earth had called her blest,
And by the bed-side of the poor, she was an angel guest,
And when unto her undimmed faith, the bread of life was given,
Unaltered tears gushed from her heart, that might have flowed in Heaven.
But years rolled on—the child of wealth must fill her station now!
The father's pride, the mother's hopes, lit by ambitious glow
Sent forth the trembling, sinless one, to brave the snares of earth,
When all her sweet affections clung around the household hearth!

The hair that once was flowing free, in shining curl,
They braided up with glistening gems, and beads of costly pearl,
They wrapped her in the richest robes, and decked with diamonds rare,
The gentle hands, that she for years, had lifted up in prayer!
I saw her then—The world had claimed her young hearts solemn vow,
And bade her kneel before its shrine, and to its idols bow,
And lifted up on high with songs its fantasies of light,
And laid fair garlands at her feet, that made her pathway bright.

She trembled when those late-like tones, came with their magic swell,
And wove around her spirit's dream, a deep melodious spell!
The tempters' breath is on her cheek,—it flushes on her brow—
Oh maiden taste not of the cup, that he would give thee now.
But lingering still, she hears fond tales, of earth's enchanting lore,
Which tell her that no storms disturb, the sun-light of its shore,
She smiles, then wanders off to seek, amid life's desert maze
The fantasy, that charmed her heart with such alluring rays.

Alas! her brow is crowned with light but, not the light of Heaven:
Oh one by one, those ties of love, are by the cold world riven!
They melt like snow flakes on the waves, of some dark turbid stream,
And contrite tears are like the thoughts, of some remembered dream.
I pity thee, thou erring one and fain would have thee go
Back to the crystal fount, from whence the living waters flow,
Back to the cross—back to the shrine and sweet Madonna's smile;
Thy guardian angel folds his wings, and lingers near thee, child!

I saw her die—like rose leaves tossed upon a wintry wave,
Death tore those painted hues away, and left her but a grave;
I will not tell her agonies, as to its bourne she trod—
Her soul went up without a veil, to stand before its God.

Curious Historical Fact.

During the troubles in the reign of Charles I, a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of those called tub women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing dropped, and Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman, as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II, and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

READ AND REFLECT.

A SECTIONAL ISSUE.

The action of the Whig Convention at Baltimore in the nomination of Gen. Scott, and the subsequent tone of the Northern Whig press, justifies the belief that they have given up all hopes of aid from the South, and that their design in the nomination of Scott, was to create a purely sectional issue and depend upon the North alone for success. Those who have watched the history of parties in this country, since the time of the elder Adams, the days of black-cockades, and Alien and Sedition laws, must be satisfied of one thing, and that is the constant attempt of the opposition to the Democracy, no matter by what name it was called, to create discord and disunion between the members of this confederacy, and thus induce the necessity for a strong armed central Government, which would soon blot out all idea of State sovereignty, and reduce the people of the country to a state of vassalage and dependency similar to that of the monarchies of the old world. If proof is wanted of this design on the part of the opposition to the Democracy, look at the declaration of Fisher Ames, of New York, a prominent Federalist, who contended that "the people were divided into two classes, the better born and educated, who should govern, and the lower classes who should be governed." This same class of politicians and opposers of Democratic doctrines, favored a life Senate, and all the other monstrous aristocratic measures, from which the people had just escaped by the blood and treasure of the Revolution, and which if entailed upon them again would have rendered the struggle useless, and the Declaration of Independence a miserable farce without point or efficacy.

It was to put an end to these constant attempts of the old Federal party, to introduce into the Constitution and politics of this Republic the germ of the monarchical rule of Europe, that the eventual struggle took place which resulted in the triumph of Jefferson, and the uprising of those bold and radical principles of Democratic progress which are the foundation stone of the Democratic party of 1852, and which have been the procuring cause of the unexampled rise and progress of this Country in all that enriches a Nation in point of wealth, and a people in intelligence and political freedom and equality. From the elevation of Jefferson until the breaking out of the war with England, during the administration of Madison, the old ultra Federal party, which had always distressed the people, and repudiated the doctrine that all power was vested in them, had silently and secretly been at work to sap the confidence of the masses in that Constitution which they had adopted, and spread among the people a distrust of those whom they had chosen to be their rulers. When the war broke out, and the Democratic administration of Madison boldly proclaimed the American doctrine of "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," and bearded the lion in his den, rather than submit to the humiliating right of search which the British insisted on, the old Federal party true to their feelings of hostility to the country and its free institutions, sided with the British and refused to sustain the war, or the army when it was fighting the battles of their country and protecting their homes and firesides from the outrages of a foreign soldiery. Josiah Quincy, then a rank and bitter Federalist, afterwards a modern Whig, who was rewarded by being elected by that party, Mayor of Boston, denounced the war as unholy and said that "if the enemy were thundering at the gates of the Capitol he would not stir to aid the country." On all sides the war was stigmatized as a Democratic measure, and that fact was pointed to by the Federal party as an evidence that the people were not capable of self government, and that they should have a power to rule over them that was not subject to their direct control.

The result of that war, however, so glorious to American arms, put but a partial extinguisher on the doctrines of the old Federal party; for though it prostrated them for a time, still it did not remove the venom that rankled in their bosoms, against that system, and those means by which they had been defeated. After the war, the opposition to the Democracy gradually underwent change after change, until it assumed the present name of Whig. But at no time has their principles undergone a revision, or approximated a nearer the true political platform on which the permanent peace and prosperity of the country is based. After the crushing defeat that fell upon them for their treachery to the country, by the Hartford Convention, and its kindred measures, they essayed the game of the friends of the monetary interests of the Republic, and under the cry of a National Bank, endeavored and for a time succeeded in hoodwinking the people into their support; but this was, in its turn, swept away by the current of truth and popular demonstration, and they were again adrift upon the sea of speculation as an expedient to creep into Power and place. The vast system of internal improvements by the National Government, that was started by this party, was another of the measures by

which they hoped to obtain a hold on the confidence of the people for their ruin and the destruction of the whole system upon which the republic rests.

Falling in all these measures, as desperate as they were to, obtain the reins of government—and seeing that day by day as the people understood more fully the doctrines of State Rights, upon which the whole perpetuity of this Union depends, they clung with more devotion to the Democratic party—they at last seized upon the expedient of agitating the Slavery question as a most fruitful measure by which to alienate one portion of the confederacy from the other, and thus break the chain by which the Democracy had always triumphed. This was a most desperate and fratricidal step; but that party which had sided with the Tories of the Revolution, and the British in the war of 1812, was used to desperate means, and if they could not reach the goal of their ambition, they were not disposed to be over nice as to the instrument by which the work was to be accomplished. Acting then on this plan they rallied around the old Abolition feeling which had existed from the commencement of the Government, and, by secretly fanning the flame, soon spread its baleful light far and wide over the country. From a mere local matter that did not reach beyond the village school-house in which it was promulgated by some half demented but harmless philanthropist, it soon assumed a political aspect and thrust its brazen and portentous front into the halls of Congress, and thundered at the doors of the United States Senate for admittance. Petitions were presented filled to the brim with infidelity to the Constitution and unfaithfulness to that compact by which the Confederacy was formed, and men were found who advocated their acceptance and spoke in favor of the doctrines they contained. The old Federal party which had been scattered by its opposition to the War of 1812, now saw the moment for its re-organization and the means by which they could be accomplished and seizing hold of this new and dangerous element leaped into the saddle, and with the war-cry of Abolitionism led the attack upon the Constitution and the rights of the individual States. As National Republicans they soon collected all those who were opposed to the progress of the country under that Constitution which had been given them by the wisdom of a Franklin, a Jefferson, and a Madison, and their fellow Democrats, and the abolition of all service or labor in the Southern States was to be the watchword.

Thus was the Sectional Issue framed by the National Republican party and from thence it descended to their representatives, the present Whig party, whom, with Seward, and his higher law doctrine, and Greeley, with his jeers at the constitution, have ripened it to its present fullness. Heretofore, they have donned their designs under the garb of some more favored principles; but in the nomination of Gen. Scott the mask has been thrown away, and the open and naked platform of disunion presented to the people of the country. Seward declares that to him there is a law higher than the constitution which he is bound to obey, while Greeley spits upon the resolution which endorses the peace measures of the last Congress, and declares war to the knife upon the Constitution and its plain requirements. For days this band of fanatics stood in the Baltimore Convention, and balloted for a man for the Presidency, who they knew to be with them in spirit and in feelings, and after accomplishing his nomination, they pass a series of resolutions, which they now laugh at, and then come back to commence the war upon a Sectional Issue alone. In the Eastern States, and in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, the great battle is to be fought, while Truman Smith and his forgery committee at Washington are to make a feint upon the South by the means of documents sent to those localities. What but a perfect knowledge that this was the game to be played, and that Gen. Scott was a fitting instrument to be used for the purpose, would have induced such men as Thaddeus Stevens, and Ex-Governor Johnston to join in the swindling resolutions of the Whig Convention at Baltimore, or take the stump for the success of the Federal Whig nominees now? Both Stevens and Johnston are known to be the unprincipled agents of the higher law junta in New York, and both of them aided and abetted in the Christiana outrages in our State last fall, the one by refusing to act as the Governor of the State until a sufficient length of time had elapsed to allow the culprits to escape; and the other by tempting the people of the locality in which the affair took place, to acts of hostility to the authority of the National Government. Both these men are now at the head of the Sectional Issue party, and where they are, you may be sure they are satisfied that the company is with them.

With this fact, then, staring them in the face, will the people of all parts of the Union pause for one moment, and look at the consequences that must follow the success of this mad attempt on the part of the Federal Whig party, to dismember the Union, and throw down that Constitution which was bequeathed us by the wisdom of our fathers? Is the success of that party, which has opposed the welfare of the country from its birth to the present moment, of more

consequence than the perpetuity of those free institutions under which we live, and which we should transmit to our posterity? As politicians, looking to the safety of that system of political ethics by which we are governed, we should not fail to denounce all such attempts to impair the bond of union between the States, as full of mischief to the welfare and happiness of the whole people. As business men, we should deprecate the mad schemes by which the kind and friendly relations that exist between the two sections of the Nation, will be disturbed and the trade diverted to other and foreign channels from which no profit can be obtained. Already has the trade of our sister cities suffered by the will attacks of this band of political bandits upon the rights and property of their neighbors, which is guaranteed to them by the Constitution, and if this wholesale scheme, is consummated by the election of Gen. Scott, and the induction into office of such men as those by whom he will be surrounded, the effect will be still more fatal and disastrous.

No other candidate was ever presented for the support of the American people, who was the exclusive candidate of a section of the country. All others have united the hardy North and the blossoming South; the wood-chopper of the forests of Maine, and the sugar-boilers of the plains of Louisiana, and that because they all united upon the Constitution, and recognized all as brothers. But with Gen. Scott the case is different. The line was drawn—the North or Nothing. Abolitionism, or detachment from the Federal Party. This was the test, and those were the reasons why the nomination was a sectional one, in obedience to the command of those who rule the destinies of that faction. They are to have the bad eminence that a successful termination of this bold measure would bring with it, and the masses in the North are to vote the ticket, and leave the consequences to the all-engulfing future. If the American people are prepared for this, if they will rest satisfied and see the temple of liberty prostrated by the hands of those impious jugglers, if they can beajoiced by such transparent tricks as those concocted at the Federal Whig Convention at Baltimore and vote for Gen. Scott, then we shall lose some of our faith in human nature, and in the march of general intelligence among all classes in this Nation. But of this result, we are not fearful, if the Democracy but do their duty, and show up this whole attempt in its true light. Do not let the minds of the people be distracted by the catch-words of Tariff, and such kindred humbugs, that will be started to lead off upon a wrong issue; but let the real points in the contest be presented, and that in so bold, plain a manner as that none can fail to see and understand them. Let the Sectional Issue they have made be the only one they shall be tried upon and see if the ingredients of the poisoned chalice does not end in the death of its concoctors. All around, from the North and South, the East and the West, let the voice go forth that the Federal Whig party, true to the principles of that band of Tories from which they sprung, has, at this late day, made an open attack upon the Constitution and peace of the Nation, and like the army of Rhoderick Dhu, thousands of brave men will spring into life from every hill-side and valley, to rebuke their mad attempt and crush them into political nothingness.

"He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it," says the good book, and the hand of the same Providence that led the armies of the Revolution amid the snows of Valley Forge and the ice of Trenton, will make the application of the truth to the impious attempts of the Federal Whig party to lay their unclean hands upon the Ark of their country's liberty. Here is the sole refuge of the exile from tyranny and oppression. This country has sheltered Kossoth and McGehee and their brother patriots from the axe of the headman or the rope of the gibbet, and yet for the purpose of gaining political power the Federal Whig party are willing to blot out the stars from our flag, and destroy this only city of refuge for the down-trodden in all the world. If General Scott is elected this will be the consummation, for to this are the bold, bad men by whom he is surrounded pledged; and they will redeem their word. Look then to the consequences of this Sectional Issue which the Federal party has conjured up, and cling to that old party, which was the originator of the Constitution, and has ever since been its protector and defender.—Gen. Pierce is the candidate of that party, and his election will be a guarantee to the whole world that the experiment of man's capacity for self-government has been successful here, and that the principles of the Declaration of Independence are still the guide of the Democracy in their contests against the Federal Whig party and their Sectional Issues.

Philadelphia Argus.

A village pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A, and asked him if he knew it.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.
"Well what is it?"
"I know her very well by sight, but swallow me if I can remember her name."

From the San Augustine (Texas) Herald July 17.

Terrible Crime.

Aquilla and Jesse W. Ballard, brothers, and both young men, were residing together and cultivating a plantation in partnership. So fraternal were their feelings, so strong their attachment, so unbounded their mutual confidence in each other, that they kept no separate accounts, owned no separate property what belonged to one belonged to the other. The white family consisted of Aquilla Ballard, wife and child, Mrs. Haynes (sister to Mrs. B.) and child, and Jesse W. Ballard, and we venture to say that a family circle was never known in which there was more affection, more peace and quiet than this.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Aquilla Ballard rode over to his mother's, a distance of five miles, to sit up with another brother who was then lying dangerously ill. Shortly after he left home, his brother Jesse invited Mrs. Ballard to take a walk with him, saying he had a secret to tell her. They passed down the road a short distance, and stopped some time in a deep earnest conversation, Jesse exhibiting considerable excitement. When they returned to the house, Mrs. B. was pale and melancholy, and continued so during the rest of the evening.—Jesse, however, became unusually lively and sprit. Next (Monday) morning, all parties appeared as calm as usual.

After breakfast while, Jesse called a negro boy who had just returned from hunting, and inquired in what manner the gun was loaded, and also asked for some caps. Having discharged both barrels, he carefully reloaded them with buckshot, and set the gun against the side of the house. Soon after he sat himself on the door steps, and requested Mrs. B. to comb his hair, which she did, when some words of affectionate regard having passed between them, Jesse asked her to draw some spirits for the boy Nelson.

They both passed into the smoke house, where they remained some minutes. When Mrs. B. returned to the house she was again pale and evidently much distressed. Mrs. H. inquired what was the matter, when Mrs. B. replied that Jesse was very much excited, and begged her sister (Mrs. H.) to go to him and try to calm him. Mrs. H. however, refused, she being afraid to approach him.

Mrs. B. again went to him in the yard, but finding she could do nothing with him, returned to the house and told her sister that Jesse was going to kill Nelson, (the negro man,) and then was going to kill her, (Mrs. B.) About this time Jesse called out to Clara, (Mrs. B.) to come to him again, but she refused. He again, in a manner wild with frenzy, called to her and commanded her to come, saying he had something to tell her. Mrs. B. obeyed, approached him, and threw her arms about his neck.

Some words passed hurriedly between them, but what those words were only be brought to light. As he tore himself abruptly from her, she was heard to exclaim, "Oh, Jesse, don't do it!" Seizing his gun, he approached the kitchen where the boy Nelson was, and asked him how he felt. The boy replied "better, and would be able to work in the morning."

Jesse told him he did not want him to work any more—that he was going to kill him; and suiting the action to the word, and telling the negro woman to stand out of the way if she did not wish to get hurt, he raised his gun and shot the negro dead. At the fire of the gun, Mrs. H. caught up her child, ran out the opposite side of the house, and hid in the top of a fallen tree. Mrs. Ballard also started to run, but again returned to the house.

After shooting the negro, Jesse, with one hand on his head and the other hold of his gun, turned rapidly upon his heel for four or five times—when coming to a halt he saw Mrs. Ballard passing through the gate on the opposite side of the house. He immediately pursued her, and when within a few feet, fired the second barrel, lodging the whole load in her back, several shot passing entire through her body. She fell dead.

His next movement was to draw off one of his boots by his side, when suddenly turning—as if recollecting that both barrels of his gun were empty—he returned into the house, and procuring the only load of buck shot left, he hurried off to a branch about 200 yards distant, when, having reloaded one of the barrels of his gun, he blew off nearly his entire head by placing the muzzle of the gun under his right jaw and touching the trigger with his toe.

Thus ended this melancholy tragedy. When the last gun fired, Mr. Aquilla Ballard was in hearing, on his return home. The agony of that devoted husband and brother, upon witnessing the scene which his home—but an hour or two since his happy home—presented, can be neither imagined nor described.

But we forbear comment upon the painful subject. Sudden and violent derangements is supposed to have led to the unnatural deed. The bodies of Jesse and Mrs. Ballard were interred on Tuesday evening last in the San Augustine burial ground. A large number of mourners followed their remains to the grave.

Louis Napoleon is to have bought lately two large estates in Poland, for the sum of 1,800,000 francs.

Men of Low Estate but Lofty Souls.

Hayne, the celebrated German classical scholar stands pre-eminent. His father was a poor weaver, who was not able to pay even at the lowest rates for his instruction in the common elements of learning. The youth had a strong desire to learn Latin; and a son of his school-master consented to teach him at fourpence a week; but Hayne was unable to pay even this pittance. One day he was sent for bread; and as he went he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the bakery in tears. On learning the cause of his grief, the kind-hearted baker promised to pay the fee required, at which Hayne says he was intoxicated with joy; and as he ran ragged and barefoot through the streets, tossing the loaf of bread in the air, it slipped from his hand and rolled into the gutter. This accident and a sharp reprimand from his mother, who could not well afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for nearly two years, when the young teacher told him he had taught him all he knew. Hereafterwards was celebrated for his great superiority in classical learning; so that at his death it was said the university where he was Professor, had lost what was its chief distinction and honor for half a century.

A Happy Retort.

An instance of Irish readiness of repartee occurred the other day at the Capitol, which is too good to be lost.

Certain members of Congress, finding the debates rather dry in the House, stepped out to refresh their thirsty spirits at Caspari's refectory, which is conveniently contiguous. As they passed out, they saw some eight or nine laborers harnessed to a sled, hauling a stone about heavy enough for one horse, while one, acting as driver leisurely walked along side.

(All laborers are on a per diem allowance, as well as the members.)

Pausing to witness this operation—which seemed to present a parallel to their own arduous labors in the public service—one of the members addressing "the driver," said:

"Well, friends, you are making yourselves horses, are you?"

"Yes," was the prompt rejoinder; "and by the powers its a mighty sight better than making asses of ourselves, as some of you are doing up there."

The prevailing report is, that the conversation abruptly closed, and every man of that party patronized Caspari to the fullest extent of two juleps instead of one.

Washington Southern Press.

A Lovely Life.

Notwithstanding Wesley had written a treatise in favor of celibacy, he married a widow, named Visselle, with four children, and an independent fortune. She proved, however, a complete termagant, was jealous, ill natured and overbearing. It is said, says Southey, that she has frequently traveled a hundred miles, for the purpose of watching from a window who was in the carriage with him when he entered a town. She searched his pockets, opened his letters, put his letters and papers into the hands of his enemies, in hopes that they might be made use of to blast his character; and sometimes laid violent hands upon him and tore his hair. She frequently left his house, and upon his earnest entreaties returned again; till, after having disquieted twenty years of his life, as far as it was possible for any domestic vexations to disquiet a man whose life was passed in locomotion, she seized on part of his journals, and many other papers, which were never restored, and departed, leaving word that she never intended to return.

High Prices in Oregon.

The Washington Republic says a letter recently received from a gentleman residing at Oregon City represents that the gold mines in the southern portion of the territory of Oregon keep the prices of everything up to those of California. The millers were, at the date of the letter, offering \$2 per bushel for wheat; and for flour the price was \$16 per barrel; for oats \$1.25 per bushel; for hams 37½ cents per pound. Labor of all kinds was high and scarce, and the deputy surveyor were paying from 70 to \$100 per month for each man they employed. Goods, the letter says, are higher in Oregon than in California, as most of the merchants in the latter; and the cost of living in the Atlantic States, it is thought, is only about one-third of what it is in Oregon and California.

THE DEAD MAN.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Hayti, says:—"There is a singular specimen of humanity here called 'The Dead Man,' or sometimes the 'Poor Man's Hearse.' He is a tall, broad-shouldered, brawny-limbed fellow, who for a moderate fee takes a coffin containing the remains of some poor victim of the fever, mounts it on his head and trots it away to the place of burial. Thus has many a poor sailor, whose home was on the deep, in a few days after arriving here, been borne to his last resting place by 'The Dead Man,' without one mourner following to hallow the spot by a last look of affection, or a throb of human emotion."