

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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

From the Daily Union.

MARY.

[If there is any one in the wide world to whom I might desire to inscribe these simple lines, it would be to a confiding and affectionate sister.]

BY WILLIAM W. REDICK.

"She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him, Sir, if thou have born him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus said unto her Mary! She turned herself, and said unto him, Rabboni!"—St. John.

MARY! 'tis a name as sweet As mortal ear might ever greet; Rising from the dead, the Lord Yielded first to breathe that word.

A name thus honored, known to fame, Dear sister, you with pride may claim; It oft appears on history's page, In light and shade, and is a name That brightly glows in every age. The fair and beautiful of the earth, The reigning belle of city and town, The gay coquette, of haughty mien, The lovelier girl, of modest worth, The sprightly maid, the glittering queen, All, oft have owned that name, I ween.

In Scripture, Mary is the same As virtue, truth, and lasting fame. The virgin mother of our Lord Is known and honored by that word; And Martha's sister, who would sit In humble mood at Jesus' feet, To learn of him, and in whose heart The choice was made of that good part Which none could take away.

She, too, Who anointed him with costly care, Whilst at the feast of curious Jew, And washed his feet with tears, and there E'en wiped them with her flowing hair; Who, pitying, and in sorrowing mood, In sight his cross the latest stood, And earliest at his tomb was seen, To seek the place her Lord had been, Was Mary—Mary Magdalene. PITTSBURG, August, 1852.

From the Louisville Times.

Who would not kneel in Prayer?

When happiness with lavish hand Is casting flowers before us— When Life seems void of care or pain; And sunny skies are o'er us; While Love and Hope are hovering near— Like angels bright and fair— Who would not then in thankfulness, Who would not kneel in prayer?

When sorrow broods with darksome wing And shadows every joy— When friendship's smile all hollow seems And Love proves but alloy; When o'er the tomb of buried hopes Our hearts lie bleeding there— Who would not in an hour like this, Who would not kneel in prayer?

When Death's cold icy hand is laid In terror on each form, Who would not seek a shelter then From every coming storm? Who would not cast one look to heaven, And plead for mercy there— Who would not then imploringly, Who would not kneel in prayer? MASSVILLE, July 25th. MARY.

The Issue Fairly Made.

Gen. Pierce was in the Senate in 1841, during the celebrated extra session, and on recurring to the journals, we find the following facts:— On the 25th July, 1841, the bankrupt bill passed the Senate—ayes 26, nays 23. Pierce's name is in the negative. Three days after, the United States Bank bill was passed by the same vote—Gen. Pierce voting against it. On the 20th of August, the distribution bill was passed—ayes 28, nays 23. Gen. Pierce voting in the negative. Thus, it will be seen that Gen. Pierce voted against the bankrupt bill—against the incorporation of a United States bank—and against the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands. Now what is General Scott's position on these questions? In his great platform letter he says:

"If I had had the honor to vote on the occasion, it would have been given in favor of the land distribution bill, the bankrupt bill, and the second bill for creating a fiscal corporation." There is the record, clear and undisputed; and there is the issue fairly made and presented. Gen. Pierce stands committed and voted against the Bankrupt bill and the Bank bill—General Scott says he would have voted for all of them, and stands committed in their favor.—Again, we say to people, "Choose ye between them."

A Strange Story.

A remarkable circumstance is related by Mrs. Catharine Crowe, in the "Night side of Nature," as having occurred at Odessa, in 1842. An old blind man named Michel, had for many years been accustomed to get his living by seating himself every morning on a beam, in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which the passengers cast their alms. This long continued practice had made him well known to the inhabitants, and as he had been a soldier his blindness was attributed to the wounds he had received in battle. For his own part he spoke little, and never contradicted this opinion. One night, Michel by some accident fell in with a little girl named Pawleska, who was friendless and on the verge of perishing with cold and hunger. The old man took her home and adopted her, and from that time instead of sitting in the timber yard, he went about the streets in her company, asking alms at the doors of houses.—The child called him father, and they were extremely happy together.

But when they had pursued this mode of life for five years, a theft having been committed in a house which they visited in the morning, Pawleska was suspected and arrested, and the blind man was left once more alone. But, instead of resuming his former habits, he now disappeared altogether; and this circumstance causing the suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to his probable place of concealment.

"Do you know where Michel is?" enquired the magistrate.

"He is dead!" replied she shuddering a torrent of tears.

As the girl had been shut up for three days without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unfeigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise.

"Who told you that he was dead?" they enquired.

"Nobody."

"Then how can you know it?"

"I saw him killed."

"But you have never been out of the prison?"

"But I saw it nevertheless!"

"But how was that possible? Explain what you mean."

"I cannot. All I can say is, I saw him killed."

"When was he killed, and how?"

"It was the night I was arrested."

"That cannot be; he was alive when you were seized."

"Yes, he was; he was killed one hour after that; they stabbed him with a knife."

"I can't tell, but I saw it."

The confidence with which the girl asserted what seemed to her hearers impossible and absurd, disposed them to imagine that she was really either insane, or pretending to be so; so, leaving Michel aside, they proceeded to interrogate her about the robbery, asking her if she was guilty?

"O, no!" she answered.

"Then how came the property to be found about you?"

"I don't know; I saw nothing but the murder."

"But there is no ground for supposing Michel is dead, his body has not, as yet been found."

"It is in the aqueduct."

"And do you know who slew him?"

Yes, it was a woman. Michel was walking very slowly after I was taken from him. A woman up came behind with a large kitchen knife; but he heard her and turned round; and then the woman flung a piece of gray stuff over his head, and struck him repeatedly with the knife. The gray stuff was much stained with the blood. Michel fell at the eighth blow, and the woman dragged the body to the aqueduct, and let it fall in without ever lifting the stuff that stuck to his face."

As it was easy to verify these latter assertions, they despatched people to the spot; and there the body was found, with the piece of stuff over his head, exactly as she described.—But when they asked her how she knew all this, she could only answer: "I don't know."

"How could that be?"

"Last night Michel came to me, and he pointed to the man hidden behind the scaffold on which he and I had been sitting. He showed me the man listening to us, when he said, 'I'll tell you all about that to-night' and then the man—"

"Do you know the name of this man?"

"It is Luck; he went afterwards to a broad street that leads down to the harbor, and he entered the third house on the right."

"What is the name of the street?"

"I don't know, but the house is one story lower than the adjoining ones. Luck told Catharine what he had heard, and she proposed to him to assassinate Michel, but he refused; saying, 'that it was enough to have burnt out his eyes fifteen years ago, whilst he was asleep at your door, and to have kidnapped him into the country.' Then I went to ask charity, and Catharine put a piece of plate into my pocket that I might be arrested; then she hid herself behind the aqueduct to wait for Michel, and she killed him."

"But since you say all this, why did you keep the plate? Why didn't you give information?"

"But I did not see it then. Michel showed it to me last night."

"But what should induce Catharine to do this?"

"Michel was her husband, and she had forsaken him to come to Odessa to marry again.—One night fifteen years ago, she saw Michel who had come to see her. She slipped hastily into the house and Michel, who thought she had not seen him, lay down at the door to watch, but he fell asleep, and then Luck burnt out his eyes and carried him to a distance."

"And is it Michel who has told you this?"

"Yes; he came very pale and covered with blood, and he took me by the hand and showed me all with his fingers."

Upon this Luck and Catharine were arrested, and it was ascertained that she had actually been married to Michel in the year 1819, at Kherson. They at first denied the accusation, but Pawleska insisted, and they subsequently confessed the crime. When they communicated the circumstances of the confession to Pawleska, she said, "I was told it last night." The affair naturally excited great interest, and people all around the neighborhood hastened into the city to learn the sentence.

A Seathing Speech.

The enthusiasm on the election of Charles Gavan Duffy, was tremendous. At the hustings, where it is customary for the candidates to show themselves, together with their most influential friends, during the progress of election. Mr. Duffy made a magnificent speech, and in a portion of it devoted to Sir Thomas Reddington, (his opponent) uttered the following powerful seathing sentiments:

"I am now done with Sir Thomas Reddington and his friends. If there were an Irish parliament, he would be answering an impeachment for the massacre of the people instead of standing here. He might be mounting a scaffold instead of a hustings. (Cheers.) His claims are fairly before you; dispose of them as you think fit. Let me recapitulate them for you as he must speak were he to utter the naked truth."

The poor were starved; I, as commissioner, presided at their execution, in the name of Christian charity, give me your votes. (Laughter.) The right of Catholics to be tried by juries, on which Catholics had their fair places, was scandalously outraged, and I aided and abetted the outrage; in the name of equal justice give me your votes. Some of the best men in the country risked their lives to save the people, and I helped to slander and betray them; in the name of friendship and honor give me your votes. The sacred ark of religion was assailed, and I clutched my wages and did the work of God's enemies, without compunction; in the name of God and your country send me back to betray it again. (Cheers.)

I leave Sir Thomas Reddington in your hands, and you will teach him a lesson he will never forget—that Clarendon, his master will never forget. A lesson which his master's Royal mistress may study with advantage—that a royal Irishman is not worth picking out of the gutter. (Cheers.) There stands the late Under-Secretary for Ireland, a landed proprietor, a Knight of the Bath, without one solitary supporter on the platform or in the crowd, which he has not bought and paid for. Here stand I, a man without as much land as my hand would cover, without a title, or a ribbon or a guinea boot what I have earned by my own industry, I have troops of friends, (cheers,) my election will not cost me one thing, and I believe there are not twenty men, women or children in that vast multitude who would not go fifty miles, if necessary, to ensure its success. Let the young men of Ireland take note of this fact, and learn that to desert the country is as weak as it is dishonest. (Hear, hear.) Ask

"You trembling coward, who forsook his master,"

whether he would not give his red ribbon to be reconciled to the people, and his 'fort pieces' for one hearty reception such as any of the men around us are sure of?"

Intended Marriage of Louis Napoleon.

The Niagara news revive the rumors of an intended marriage between Louis Napoleon and a Princess of Baden. His recent visit to the Grand Duchy, and the reception there, give color to the report. The Lady is the Princess of Wagram, and an alliance with her would be a marriage of the blood of Napoleon with that of the famous Charles XII. of Sweden.

We have somewhere seen the following account of the family:—

On the 20th of November, 1792, Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, was murdered at a ball, by an officer named Ankerstrom, from which event followed many important circumstances, among others, the most magnificent spectacle ever exhibited in the Paris theatres, which many persons here have no doubt seen and admired under the title of "Gustave on le Masque—Gustavus, or the Masked Ball." The murdered king was succeeded by his son Gustavus Adolphus, the Fourth, then fourteen years old, who joined the famous coalition against France, and was in consequence forced in 1809, to abdicate his throne, which was in 1814, adjudged by the voice of the people, to the French Marshal Bernadotte. The abdicated King had married a Princess of Baden, by whom he had a son and a daughter. After his abdication he separated from his wife, and spent the remainder of his days in poverty and obscurity, in one or another small town in Germany, under the name of Colonel Gustafson. He died in 1827, when his son, then an officer in the Austrian army, assumed the title of Prince Vasa, as it is more commonly written; his daughter married her cousin the Duke of Baden, and is now Duchess of Baden.

The Prince of Vasa married, in 1830, the daughter of another Duke of Baden, whose wife a Mademoiselle Beauharnais, niece to Josephine, the Emperor Napoleon's first wife; and by this marriage the Prince of Vasa had one daughter, the Princess Caroline Frederica Francisca Stephanie Amalia Cecilia, born the 5th of August, 1832, the lady to whom the President of France is reported to have tendered his hand.

The lady, in consequence, has in her veins the blood of the old kings of Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, &c., mingled with that of the dukes of Baden, (none of whom have made any figure in history), and with that of the Beauharnais, of which the French President is himself a seion, being the son of Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of the Empress Josephine.

This Beauharnais family has been more fortunate than any other of modern times, except that of Bonaparte. Of the two children of the Empress Josephine, the daughter, Hortense, married Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland; and the history of her descendants is now beginning—where it will end, who can say? Her son, Eugene, became King of Italy, and married a daughter of the King of Bavaria, by whom he left two sons and two daughters. The eldest son married Dona Maria, the present Queen of Portugal, but unfortunately died a month afterward. The other son, the Prince of Leuchtenberg, married a daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, who is determined to make him a King as soon as a kingdom can be carved for him. Of the two daughters of Eugene Beauharnais, the eldest is the Queen of Sweden; the other is the ex-Empress of Brazil, widow of the once famous Don Pedro. She, though no longer an Empress, yet lives very comfortably at Lisbon with her daughter, now twenty-one years old, who will probably, some day or other, likewise marry a King.

So much for some of the characters in the great drama to be performed in Europe, of which the first act is now in progress.

Excellent Maxims.

The following is a copy of the printed slip found in the pocket of the venerable Stephen Allen, drowned in the recent steamboat disaster on the Hudson river:

"Keep good company or none. Never be idle if your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.—Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.—Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.—Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.—Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week."

A Knot of Eel-grass.

The Oswego River isn't navigable far up; for it is cut off by a bridge about half a mile from the lake, and a mile further up it is cut off again by a dam.

Between this bridge and the dam there is a rift, which is a famous place for catching fish in eels, built out into the middle of the river, in form like a Y, with the forks up stream, and down to the lower end there is a crib into which the water and fish run, pitching down a little fall of about three feet, and then as the crib is built of slats, the water runs out, leaving the fish to be picked out by the proprietors of the weirs.

They used to catch lots of eels there, and a rousing fellow as big as a boy's leg and as long as a stick of wood was thought dear in Oswego at fourpence. But somehow, buying eels, even if we got them for nothing, didn't suit me, and I determined to steal a few out of them weirs up there.

I told Mrs. Werts, the young widow that I boarded with, what I was going at; and I reckoned she was up to them games, for she furnished me with a pillow-case to bag my game, and two pairs of woolen mittens to aid me in nabbing the slippery customers; and thus armed and equipped I set out on my midnight eel expedition.

When I came abreast of the weir, I discovered that the skiff I had seen there at sundown was gone; but as I knew the water wasn't more'n up to my arms, I didn't care much, and so I waded off to the weir, where I found and bagged about twenty reel swimmers.

My pillow-case was nearly full, and I was just about to get under weigh for home, when the great grand-daddy of all eels came walloping down into the water. I pitched into him, but my mittens had got so slippery with the slime of captured eels that I couldn't hold him a second. There he had it for about ten minutes—up and down, over and under, slip slop—till at last I got mad, and making a desperate dive for the eel fellow, I got his head into my mouth, and—Wah! laugh! what a taste, as my teeth crunched through and through his head till they met, and the big eel dropped quietly down, leaving part of his cutwater, bit off somewhere about the eyes, in my mouth. I spit it out quicker, and about all my inside "fixins" with it.

"O, Lord! wasn't I sick? For about twenty minutes I tried to turn myself wrong side out like a stocking; and then I pillow-cased the old eel, waded ashore, and mizzled for home, feeling as if I had swallowed a land-crab, and been ridden for months by a double and twisted attack for Mumps fever."

Next morning, before I turned out, I heard the little "widdler" singing out in the back entry, where I'd slung my bag of eels,—

"Oh, Charley! Charley! come here quick!"

Well, I did; and, as I'm a live sinner, there on the floor, among the eels, and the biggest of them all, was a thundering great black WATER SNAKE, with his nose bit off just about the eyes!

Those two pigs in the back yard had an eel breakfast that morning, and Clewline swore an oath never to go wading about in the night after other people's eels again.—*Carpet Bag.*

Hamlet.

The European correspondent of the Springfield Republican, writing from Elsinore, Denmark, says:

"Here is shown Hamlet's grave, evidently of rather modern date. Of this a German writer says: 'A more striking homage has probably never been paid to the genius of a poet than when particular burial places are assigned even to the creations of his imagination.' While an English writer who regards the matter from a more historical point of view, says. Any head of stones with Runic inscriptions upon them, and said to denote Hamlet's grave, will in vain be searched for here, even if they ever existed. In fact, Hamlet's identification with the enchanting spot, is at best, but a Shakespearean fiction, Hamlet's country was not Zealand but Jutland. Here the name was pronounced Amlet, signifying madman. According to the Danish history of old Saxo-Grammaticus, (he wrote about the commencement of the 13th century,) Hamlet was not the son of a Danish king, but of a famous pirate Chief, who was Governor of Jutland in conjunction with his brother. Hamlet's father married the daughter of the Danish king, and the issue of that marriage was Hamlet."

Hamlet's father was subsequently murdered by his brother, who married the widow and succeeded to the government of the whole of Jutland. As a Pagan, it was Hamlet's first duty to avenge his father. The better to conceal his purpose he feigned madness. His uncle suspecting it to be feigned sent him to England, with a request to the king that he would put Hamlet to death. He was accompanied by two creatures of his uncle, whose letter to the English king was carved upon wood, according to the customs of that period. This, Hamlet, during the voyage, contrived to get possession of, and so altered the characters as to make it a request that his two companions should be slain, which was accordingly done on their arrival in England. He afterwards married the daughter of the English king, but subsequently returned to

Jutland, and still reigning mad, contrived to surprise and slay his uncle, after upbraiding him with his various crimes. Hamlet then became Governor of Jutland, was married a second time to a Queen of Scotland, and was eventually killed in battle. The whole history of Hamlet is carefully and minutely detailed, but these are leading historical features upon which Shakespeare founded his beautiful tragedy; and rude and disgusting as many of the incidents in Hamlet's life were, the mode which Shakespeare has treated them is one of the greatest proofs of his splendid genius. According to Saxo, Hamlet lived about four centuries before Christ.

Minute Mechanism.

There is a cherry stone at the Salem (Mass.) Museum, which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone, itself, is of the ordinary size, but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be well distinguished by the microscope. Here is the result of immense labor, for no decidedly useful purpose; and there are thousands of other objects in the world, fashioned by ingenuity, the value of which, in a utilitarian sense, may be quite as indifferent. Dr. Oliver gives an account in his Philosophical Transactions, by the way, of a cherry stone, on which were carved one hundred and twenty four heads, so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings, by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for \$1500, and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value, that its possession was disputed, and became the object of a suit in chancery.—This stone Dr. O. saw in 1687. In more remote times still, an account is given of an ivory chariot, constructed by Mermecides, which was so small that a fly could cover it with his wing; also a ship of the same material, which could be hidden with the wing of a bee! Pliny, too, tells us that Homer's Iliad, which is fifteen thousand verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nut-shell; while Elia mentions an artist wrote a distich in letters of gold and enclosed it in the rind of a kernel of corn. But the Harren MS. mentions a greater curiosity than any of the above; it being nothing more nor less than the Bible, written by one Petre Bales—a chancery clerk—in so small a book that it could be enclosed within the shell of an English walnut. D'Israeli gave an account of many other similar exploits to that of Bales. There is a drawing of the head of Charles II. in the Library of St. John's College, Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which, at a small distance, resemble the lines of an engraving. The head and the ruff are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. Again, in the British Museum, is a portrait of Queen Anne, not much bigger than the hand. On this drawing are a number of lines and scratches, which, it is asserted, include the entire contents of a thin folio.

Home Oppression.

The following illustration of home oppression, from the Philadelphia Ledger, will, we think, find its counterpart in every section of the country:

"How apt, in looking for the mote in our neighbor's eye, are we to miss the beam in our own. A case in point came under our observation a day or two ago at one of our steamboat landings. The wife and servant-girl of a well known minister, under a noontide sun, came down to the hotel in front of the landing, the servant staggering under a large market basket filled with groceries, &c., and the wife loaded with a heavy carpet bag and a huge hand box. A few minutes after, the husband, a hale and hearty man, of some 170 pounds, made his appearance, carrying over his head an umbrella, and under his arm a copy of the last new novel, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' When the boat arrived, the females gathered up the respective loads and went on board, and the person leisurely trod his way in the same direction, his sacred person, as before, carefully protected from the sun. This reverend declaimer at pride, laziness and sin, we have no doubt, is a great hater of slavery, and the hardships so glowingly set forth in the fiction of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and, probably, in his holy horror of black slavery at the South, has never once seen or thought of the life of servitude to his own person, or as accomplished a lady as ever graced a household. We think we see more of selfishness—more of that spirit of oppression that draws distinction by arbitrary power between members of the human family, in such an act as here described, and one from which a more wholesome moral might be drawn, than any that the imagination of the author of the popular novel spoken of has given us, through her ebony heroes and sable heroines.

A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will rob yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels.

"Not at all," replied the innocent, "I have three or four more in my pocket."