

Mountain Sentinel.

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

VOLUME VIII.

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TERMS.

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

Here is a ballad which no subscriber to the Sentinel will fail to read. It is certainly one of the best things of the kind we have ever met with—full of humor, yet not without a moral.—Such verses touch a sympathetic cord in our heart.

From the Louisville Times.

John Tuell's Shirt. A Down-East Ballad.

BY MRS. B. F. FOSTER.

Tim Dickson was a Yankee lad,
Farming his occupation,
The town of Cooper down in Maine,
His birth-place and location.

A quiet, simple place it was,
Whose good folks said their prayers,
And thought they had enough to do
To mind their own affairs.

A newspaper they seldom saw,
And then had no desire
For locomotion without legs,
Or messages on wire.

In foreign men and foreign things
They took but small diversion,
And deep as their religious faith,
For England their aversion.

But Tim, he loved the marvellous;
Phrenologists had said,
The organ wonder was, no doubt,
The largest in his head.

One day it chanced, that Tim unto
Machias town did come
To sell potatoes, and to fetch
Some groceries "to hum."

And there arrived he lounged about,
And gaped in every shop,
Considering what he'd like to buy,
And what he had to swap.

At last he met a stranger lad,
Who had a dog to sell,
A curious little cur it was,
And Tim to wondering fell.

The like he'd never seen before,
And ne'er might see again,
For 'twas an English hound, the first
That e'er set foot in Maine.

Much he admired the glossy skin,
The limbs all strength and grace;
The pendant ears, that softness gave
To that sagacious face.

But more, I ween, had he admired,
Could he have seen the hound
Spring forth o'er England's dewy fields
To hail the bugle sound.

With tails erect, and nostrils spread,
They cleave the morning air;
And lead the joyous huntsmen forth
To chase the stag and hare.

Then, 'tis a gallant sight to see
The yeomanry ride by,
With scarlet coats and breeches white,
On steeds of mettled high.

To see far off the pack of hounds,
O'er hills and vales they go,
While still the wind brings back their cry
Their merry "yo-o-o!"

Of this Tim Dickson nothing knew,
But well he liked the beast,
And much he longed to show the folks
An English hound, down-East:

And being somewhat flush of cash,
"I'll buy that dog," he said,
The lad was poor, so glad to sell
His favorite for bread.

The bargain made his errands done,
Soon Tim began to joy,
But it was late ere he arrived
At Cooper with his dog.

He found his doors all fastened up,
The good folks gone to bed,
And he had no alternative
But sleeping in a shed.

But with an English cur lie down
He would on no pretence,
So took him in a neighbor's yard
And tied him to the fence.

Then weary with his journey, Tim
Spread straw upon the ground,
And soon was wrapped in slumber deep;
Not so, the captive hound—

In that strange place without a bed
He liked not sleeping so,
He scratched and whined, and then broke out
With his long loud "yo-o-o!"

There was a window just above
The yard where he was tied,
And it was very perplexing and hard to answer.

And in that room John Tuell lay
His gentle spouse beside.

Now, Mrs. Tuell was a dame
Of puritanic breed,
A staunch and stern disciple she
Of Calvin's fiery creed.

At meeting twice a week, in prayer
Would she so strongly wrestle,
That all the wondering neighbors thought
She was a chosen vessel.

But old John Tuell, he was said
To be a hardened man,
Who to perceive his fallen state
Had never yet began.

His dame had often preached to him,
That man was wholly evil,
And tried to stir his conscience up,
And scare him with the Devil.

But John would only smoke his pipe
Or drop into a doze,
Or say, "Wall ne-ow, I rather guess
You'd better fix my hose!"

This night, dame Tuell in her sleep
Grew conscious of some sound,
But thinking it must be a dream
She only turned her round.

Till loud and long, the yo-o-o,
Came ringing in her ear;
She started, woke, and plunged beneath
The bed-clothes in her fear.

On howled the hound, his voice grew as
He exercised it more;
Such hideous cries had ne'er been heard,
In Cooper town before.

The dame as 'neath the clothes she hid,
Half petrified by fright,
Thought that the world was at an end,
And this the final night.

An hour or more she trembling lay,
And scarce her breath could take,
She did not dare to speak or move
The slumbering John to wake.

At last the morning dawned, and she
A little courage took,
And with a weak and trembling hand
Her sleepy spouse she shook.

"Get up, for God's sake! John, get up!
All flesh awaits its doom,
I hear the trumpet loud proclaim
The day of Judgment's come!"

Hark, hark! how near the awful peal
That calls us all from hence,
I'm sure the Angel of the Lord
Has perched upon our fence!

Ah! John, it is your hardened state
That makes him come so near,
Get up, get up and dress yourself,
I'm almost dead with fear."

But John he only turned him o'er
And grunted, he would fain
Have shut his ears to all she said
And gone to sleep again.

But Mrs. Tuell kicked and shook,
And gave such earnest cries,
Of "man get up! the Judgment's come!"
That he just opened his eyes.

And murmured, "Wall, if Judgement-day
Is as you assert,
Just let me be, I can't show forth,
You know, I've no clean shirt!"

"But hear," she cried, "that solemn sound
To linger now's no use,
You're like the wedding guests who all
Began to make excuse!"

So out of bed with plunge and push
She thrust her drowsy half,
Who staggering to the window burst
Into a loud hoarse laugh.

"Why, Beck!" he cried, "you often take
Your husband for a hog,
But now you hear an Angel in a
Nation ugly dog!"

This story soon got wind, and when
Dame Tuell walked abroad,
Folks often asked, "when she'd heard
The Angel of the Lord?"

Nor held she forth again in prayer,
But would some urchin part
Hint, "Judgment-day was coming, and
She'd better wash John's shirt!"

Now, if Dame Tuell's piety
Had really been sincere,
I can't tell why the Judgement-day
Had caused her so much fear.

But this I learn, she afterwards
Left others to their fate,
And stayed at home to spin and cook,
And get her washing done.

And farther still, that honest John
When in his home began
Such pleasant piety, in gratitude
Turned quite a pious man.

A happy couple they, and could
Their after life be seen,
I doubt not they'd be ever found
With shirt and conscience clean.

July 20, 1852.

INFORMATION WANTED.—If the whigs, after placing a citizen of North Carolina on their ticket, and after making unprecedented exertions by the circulation of New Boston liberals, congressional certificates, secret circulars and picture-books, by thousands and ten of thousands, can not carry the old North State, what State can they carry? That is the question of the day, and it is very perplexing and hard to answer.

The Lover and the Husband.

BY H. MARVEL.

In his "Dream Life" H. Marvel thus sketches in a pleasant vein and with those self-concentrated, humanizing incidents which have ever gained the laughter and good will of the world, the lover and the newly married man:

"You grow unusually amiable and kind; you are earnest in your search of friends; you shake hands with your office boy, as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with the stout washerwoman, and give her a shilling over-change, and insist upon her keeping it, and grow quite merry at the recollection of it. You tap your hackman on the shoulder very familiarly, and tell him he is a capital fellow; and don't allow him to whip his horses, except when driving to the post-office. You even ask him to take a glass of beer with you upon some chilly evening. You drink to the health of his wife. He says he has no wife—whereupon you think him a very miserable man; and you give him a dollar by way of consolation.

"You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written—whether upon your side or upon another. You think the stock-market has a very cheerful look—with Erie—of which you are a large holder—down to seventy-five. You wonder why you never admired Mrs. Hemans before, or Stoddard, or any of the rest.

"You give a pleasant twirl to your fingers as you saunter along the street; and say—but not so loud as to be overheard—'She is mine—she is mine.'"

"You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly one-half as well as you love Madge? You feel quite sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is, that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamored men, and borne off, like the Sabine women in Romish history. You chuckle over your future, like a boy who has found a guinea in groping for sixpence. You read over the marriage service—thinking of the time when you will take her hand, and slip the ring upon her finger; and repeat after the clergyman—for richer—for poorer; for better—for worse. A great deal of 'worse' there will be about it, you think.

"Through all, your heart cleaves to that sweet image of your beloved Madge, as light cleaves to day. The weeks leap with a bound; and the months only grow long when you approach that day which is to make her yours. There are no flowers rare enough to make bouquets for her; diamonds are too dim for her to wear; pearls are too tame.

"—And after marriage, the weeks are even shorter than before; you wonder why on earth all single men in the world do not rush tumultuously to the altar; you look upon them as a new sort of man who look upon you as a convicted Dutch boor, who has never been beyond the limits of his cabbage garden. Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow voyagers; and look upon their wives—ugly as they may be—as better than none.

"You blush a little at first telling your butcher or what your wife, would like; you bargain with the grocer for sugars and teas, and wonder if he knows that you are a married man? You practise your new way of talk upon your office boy;—you tell him that 'your wife' expects you home to dinner; and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it!

"You wonder if the people in the omnibus know that Madge and you are just married; and if the driver knows that the shilling you hand to him is for 'self and wife?' You wonder if anybody was ever so happy before, or would be so happy again?

"You enter your name upon the hotel books as 'Clarence'—and Lady; and come back to look at it,—wondering if anybody else has noticed it,—and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that every third man you meet in the hall, wishes he possessed your wife;—nor do you think it very sinful in him to wish it. You fear it is putting temptation in the way of covetous men, to put Madge's little gaiters outside the chamber-door at night.

"Your home, when it is entered, is just what it should be;—quiet, small,—with everything that she wishes, and nothing more than she wishes. The sun strikes it in the happiest possible way; the piano is the sweetest toned in the world; library is stocked to a charm; and Madge, that blessed wife, is there, adorning and giving life to it all. To think, even of her possible death, is a suffering you class with the infernal tortures of the Inquisition. You grow tawny of heart as of purpose. Smiles seem made for marriage; and you wonder how you ever wore them before!"

"Who is Franklin Pierce?"—Huron Reporter.

He is the unanimous nominee of the Democratic party for the Presidency, and the very man when the war with Mexico was declared, wrote the following letter to President Polk:

"Sir: If my country requires my services, I am ready to march!"

FRANK PIERCE.

Honorable Testimonials.

The Baltimore Clipper of the 14th instant (a very decided Whig paper,) in alluding to our nominee for the Presidency, says:

"The state of his health continued very bad all the time he was in Mexico. He was on the best terms with Gen. Scott, his present rival for the Presidency, and Gen. Scott often invited him to dinner. He was idolized by the men under his command. He was modest and silent about his own deserts, though he fought as well as any of the Generals."

"We have said, and we repeat it, that abuse of candidates is impolitic, as well as unjust—and, in regard to Gen. Pierce, we have done nothing more than echo public speaking of him in terms of commendation. He was comparatively unknown, at least to us before his nomination; and we are rejoiced that he proves to be of unexceptionable character."

How much more noble must appear the conduct of Gen. Pierce if he was thus situated while in Mexico. Gen. Scott's despatches, (and likewise those of every other officer with whom he was associated,) speak of him as a most gallant officer; and if, in addition to the severe injury that he received at Chapultepec, he was also in bad health; how utterly fearless—nay, demerit—must be the creature who can pen such a paragraph as this—

"It is a fact, the General spent nearly a year in the service during the Mexican War, and got within sight of the engagement at Contreras.—Owing probably to some nervous affection, the rude music of the artillery overwhelming him, and he fainted and was carried tenderly off the field! He had no doubt read before, that 'discretion was the better part of valor!'"

This appeared in the Commercial Journal of the 18th instant; but we take pleasure in stating that Robert M. Riddle, Esq., the editor of that paper, was not in the city at the time.

Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, thus speaks, in consequence of an article having appeared in his paper of a similar character with the above:—

"The allusions to General Pierce's private character and habits, which appeared in a letter from Concord, N. H., in our last, would have been suppressed if we had observed them before publishing the letter. We do not know them to be well founded; and, in the absence of any proof, presume that they are erroneous, or at least grossly exaggerated. General Pierce is certainly not a temperance man, in our sense of the term; but we know nothing with regard to his habits which should expose him to public reprehension. We regret that the allusion of our correspondent appeared in our columns."

Country Life.

The Editor of the New York Times, having a little leisure, takes a peep outside the city, and then tantalizes the people frying and roasting inside the city walls, with the following description of the good times country people have just about these days, in those parts. Hear how the writer crowds all sorts of tantalizing things into his picture:

"The ladies have filled the annual demijohn of current wine—it is so good when it gets old, for sickness,—packed the keg of cucumbers in salt for pickles, and added a jar of gooseberries to the goodly row of jars on the shelf in the cellar, filled with dainty preserves, and properly marked as to their contents, and whether 'done' in molasses or sugar. It is a kind of breathing-time between harvest, and the corn-hoeing and fishing soon to follow. Now is the time for little excursions about the bays and to the seaports within a few hours' sail. So the girls tease their fathers, who really can't see how they can spare the time, and some gallant young captain professes the use of his new schooner, now lying in the harbor, and the arrangement is soon concluded. Packing into ample baskets the boiled ham and tongue, the roast chickens and pot-pies, bottles of milk, lots of tea and coffee, piles of biscuit and pecks of ginger-nuts, and all the requisite utensils for getting up a chowder at any time, some fine sunny morning half the village may be seen mustered on the sand-beach, waiting their turn to be boated off to the pretty craft that looks so gay in her new colors. Fairly afloat, they sing and fish, and eat, and compare opinions, and make love so satisfactorily, that the list of marriages in the country paper will crowd the editorials for many months to come. They land where the grove looks most romantic, pick berries, boil their blue fish, make a chowder, or a clam-bake, and sail back by moonlight to the place of their embarkation in the morning.—The teams are waiting on the beach, to take them home, a good deal wearied, yet satisfied that it was the best time they ever did have.—The enjoyment of the day is complete when they find that the baby has not been cross at all, at home; that Charlie has looked the eggs and brought up the cows, and fed the pigs; and that aunt Charity has skimmed the milk, and done the week's baking, and snuggled up the house for Sunday. Good luck to all our farming friends, and such frequent returns of these refreshing showers, that their abundant crops of potatoes shall make good all their losses by

damaged hay and shrunken wheat, and leave them a broad margin, on squaring accounts in December.

Irving and H. Marvel.

The editor of the Springfield Republican thus sketches these two literary celebrities, as he sees them at Saratoga, a few days since:

"A medium sized old gentleman with a feeble voice—or a cracked voice—there is no character in it—sits talking with a friend, and the friend listens with deep respect to every word. You see gentlemen walking, as we are, purposely down the piazza to look at him—carelessly, of course, and with no apparent rudeness. You study his features, but you find nothing remarkable in them. He is a plainly dressed, plain, sober looking old man, without a look above a respectable mediocrity, and you are surprised to hear that you have been looking at the author of the Sketch Book, Washington Irving."

"They say H. Marvel is here," says a gentleman to me. "Should you know him were you to see him? Will you point him out to me?" As this gentleman feels, so feel all. I doubt if there is a man here in regard to whom there is such an intense feeling of curiosity. The ladies would give anything to be introduced, and the gentlemen probably hope they will be disappointed. But here comes the object of our thoughts in an unconscious saunter, dressed in a light, plain summer rig, and all unmindful of the heartrending that is felt on every side in his behalf. An acquaintance takes his cordial hand and tells him that he is bound for Sharon Springs, and that he only stops at Saratoga for the night, and as some tall whiskerado looks at him askance, as if about to swallow him, he bids his friend good evening, and we pass on.

The following is for Mrs. Rush, the celebrated lady of fashion and fortune of Philadelphia. A sweeping skirt goes by. The air makes way for the lady that carries it—hats come off, and very genteel bows are made, and all is fuss and obedience. After recovering your breath, you inquire who it is that thus starts up fashionable life in her walks, and learns that it is Madame Rush, the "Queen of Philadelphia," a lady of immense wealth and intense fashion.

The Way they do things in Elk County.

The editor of the Elk County Democrat talks familiarly of droves of elk in that region, and attempts to poke fun at his neighbors who have nothing better than beef-steak, he says:

A few days ago, a couple of well-known hunters of our country, while pursuing their legitimate trade of hunting in these prolific forests, came across a drove of elk, and in less than five minutes killed seven of them. It is a fact well known among hunters and almost every body else, that elk are generally found in droves of from three to twelve or fifteen. We are not informed as to the number in this drove, but there were a few more left of the same sort.—This species of game—the most magnificent the country affords—is becoming somewhat thinned out; yet occasionally, as in the present instance, some fortunate chap lights upon a drove of these 'antlered monarchs of the forest,' when if he don't happen to get the 'buck fever,' woe unto them. Whenever you see a hunter coming in from an excursion, you can tell the moment you set your eyes upon him whether he has brought down one of these monsters or not. If he has, he seems inflated as much above his usual size as a huge elk is larger than the most tiny fawn.—His very step is more elastic, and the twinkle of his eye tells you plainly, 'I am one of 'em,' 'I have fought him.'

If he has killed half a dozen of them at one time, you can't see him all over at once, you are in the same predicament with the fellow whose sweet-heart was so large that he couldn't hug all round at once. His very breath savors of elk meat, and he wouldn't waste his ammunition upon small game, such as deer, bear, or wolves for a fortnight after.

For the benefit of our friends abroad, who can't get any thing to eat, but beefsteak, and 'fitch and molasses,' we would say that elk-steak, [we are sorry that you can't have some,] has been rapidly on the decline ever since those fellows were taken, and still has a slight tendency downwards.

LONDON IN 1852.—Mr Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal, in a late letter from London, says:

"Have you a realizing sense of what London, population and magnitude, really is? Do you know that in population it is larger than the census of 1840 showed the entire State of New York? The inhabitants of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo combined, would not make, by three or four hundred thousand, another London? It has already swallowed up all the neighboring villages, and is extending its 'lamp districts' in every direction, as rapidly as Milwaukee or Chicago spread themselves. I have been driven five, six, seven and eight miles in different quarters without getting through the wilderness of dwellings. The railroads run for miles, not through, but over the city. And as for the wealth of London, why, that is beyond the power, if not of figures, at least of computation."

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

(Arrival of the America.)

The steamer America sailed from Liverpool on the 21st, and arrived at Halifax last evening at six o'clock, bringing three day later intelligence than the Washington, which left Southampton on the 18th. We subjoin the following news by the America.

The news of the capture of the Tago by the British is confirmed. It is thought that Burmah will be annexed to England.

Queen Victoria has returned to England. The Fishery question excites no further uneasiness. A ministerial paper announces the matter as in process of amicable adjustment.

The grand fête at Paris on the 15th, passed off tranquilly.

The steamer Magdalena arrived at Southampton from the West Indies with \$11,000.

Advices from Australia to the middle of May State that the yield of gold has been immense—far outstripping California.

A new steamship is building at Dumbarton for the Cunard line; she will be 8000 tons burthen, and fifty feet longer than the Great Britain, and will cost upwards of one hundred thousand dollars.

The ministerial journals announce perfect confidence in the termination of the Fishery dispute on terms of absolute reciprocity, so far as the right of fishing is concerned. By the terms of the treaty, the Americans will have the liberty of fishing in the British waters, and the British in the American waters, within three miles of the shore, to be measured nearest the shore without distinction of Bay or open sea.

It is reported that the screw frigate Termagant is fitting out at Portsmouth to join the fishing squadron.

The Leeds Chamber of Commerce have adjourned without taking steps in reference to the dispute with the United States.

The Coroner's inquest held over the bodies shot at the election riot at the six mile bridge in Ireland, returned a verdict of willful murder against John C. Delmadge, Justice of the Peace and eight soldiers of the 81st Regiment.

The potato crop is improving. It is estimated that one half the crop in the infected districts will be saved.

FRANCE.—The American minister did not dine with the corps diplomatique on the anniversary of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Etienne. The religious services advertised by the French Consul to take place on the occasion were stopped by the police.

Louis Napoleon was not present at the Ball at Marchandes Innocents, on Tuesday night.—Rumor says a conspiracy to assassinate him, if present, had been detected.

The America brings 150 passengers. The Artic arrived at Liverpool on the 16th. The British Parliament was prorogued on the 21st.

Darmstadt has made conciliatory offers to Prussia.

Brazil has purchased eight ships of the German navy. A new Austrian loan is contemplated. Russia has concluded a commercial treaty with the Pope.

The Cholera is depopulating Russian Poland. The Duke of Hamilton is dead. The Princess Vasa has returned from Austria. Her marriage it is supposed is broken off.

A French war steamer has seized three English vessels which were fishing within three miles of the coast of France.

The Turkish Ministry is overthrown. Ali Pacha is chosen Viceroy. G. P. R. James, the novelist, has been appointed British Consul to Norfolk.

There has been a slight loss in the Liverpool markets from the advances of the previous Tuesday.

The Bishop of Pittsburg has arrived at Paris. The change in the Turkish Cabinet was caused by a remonstrance of the French envoy respecting the affair of the Holy Cities.

The re-opening of the Zollverein Congress is postponed until the 18th.

The Austrian government is about to open negotiations for a loan of 50,000,000 florins. Great damage has been done in the Northern provinces of Spain by rain storms. In some parts the crops are totally destroyed. The vine disease is spreading near Barcelona.

A national Exhibition at Copenhagen is to be opened in the Crystal Palace on the 16th of August.

The Conference of Plenipotentiaries at Stuttgart closed on the 14th.

Hon. PIERRE SOULÉ, the distinguished Senator from Louisiana in a private letter to his partner, thus speaks of Gen. Pierce:

I have seen the man, and a man he is; of lofty mien, of winning manners, and easy and elegant speech, of great directness of purpose, of facile access, and yet dignified and imposing—a man I tell you who will grace the Presidential chair, add to the credit of our party, and do honor to the nation. In him we may repose the most absolute and unreserved confidence. His mind is of the highest order. What strikes in him most, is the bold confidence with which he addresses himself to any subject—an unerring revelation of conscious rectitude and of moral and mental strength.