

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

VOLUME IX.

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TERMS.

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

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

HOUSE-CLEANING DAY.

"Dix ire, dies illa!"

Gods! again the reign of terror
Rules o'er a once happy home,
And by some infernal error,
Now once more to life has come;
That most dire of revolutions,
Which half yearly drives us out
From the house by cur's abutions—
Mercy, how we're knocked about!

Washing, scrubbing;
Brushing, rubbing,
Floors so slippery one can't stand;
What a clatter!
What's the matter?
Is an enemy at hand?
Ah, that noise is full of meaning,
Tells you plainly of "house-cleaning."

All things quietly leave their places,
And are where they should not be;
See, an ancient bed embraces
Tables most familiarly,
While a mirror is reclining
On the top of an arm-chair,
Sofas round each other twining,
Washstands centre-tables bear.

Carpets shaken,
Cauldrons take in
And retire for half a year,
Mats, moreover,
Leave their cover
And as good as new appear;
All things bear a dreadful meaning,
All things cry aloud "house-cleaning!"

Now I rush into my chamber,
Hoping that my cares are o'er;
Lo! a dozen women clamber
From the ceiling to the floor,
As I tumble o'er a bucket,
How they grin with fiendish glee;
Well, I know that there they've stuck it
As a cruel trap for me.

Hang the wretches!
First one fetches
More brown soap and scrubs away,
Whilst another,
To the potter,
Adds her mite with potter's clay.
I against a table leaning,
Groan in agony "house-cleaning."

With the bustle soon I border
On the verge of lunacy,
When a female brings an order
That some one's in want of me;
Out I rush in desperation,
"Zounds! am I a lever,
I can move from out its station
That huge thing, I won't, that's flat,
Where's my dinner?"
"Oh, you sinner,
Dinner can't be got for you,
Cook is washing."
Here a splashing
Tells the dreadful news is true;
Sacrificed; for intervening
'Twould have hindered the "house-cleaning."

Thus for many a weary hour
The infernal work proceeds;
Water, mops and brushes shower,
Till one an umbrella needs,
But thank Heav'n, the day is over,
Evening falls upon the time,
And I seek the welcome cover
Of my bed and lay me down.
What's this dam' me!
Cold and clammy—
Soap! brown soap! by Heav'n it is.
Now a rustle
And a bustle,
In the air is heard a wiz;
Soon on slumber's bosom leaning,
I've the nightmare of "house-cleaning."

During the summer of 1838, a landlord was tried before Judge Hawkins, who sat on a decayed stump in front of his hotel, for selling liquor in quantities less than a gallon, being contrary to the law of the State, (Mississippi). The process was commenced, (Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?) "Not guilty," was the reply. "Prisoner," exclaimed the judge, "you know that's a lie, for I have drank in your house more than twenty times a day myself."

Speaking of speed, said a wag the other day, I reckon they travel some on the Hudson River Rail road. I stepped in the car at Albany, got fairly seated at Hudson, lighted my cigar at Poughkeepsie, spit out of the window at Peekskill, and hit a man at Sing Sing; the telegraph poles looked like a close picket fence, and as I went to the rear of the train, I found we had a rope walk and ten pin alley in tow, each filled with brick—both stuck straight out like the tail of a kite, without touching the track—and were held merely to steady the cars.

The Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

[From the London Athenaeum we take the following notice of Capt. Stansbury's "Expedition to the Great Salt Lake," recently published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Phila. The article is made up mainly of extracts from the work, judiciously taken, and is exceedingly interesting.]

The existence of a vast lake of salt water somewhere amid the wilds west of the Rocky Mountains has been known since 1689; when Baron La Hontan wrote an account—which, however, seems to have been as much indebted to imagination as to observation—of his discoveries in that region. Some attempts have since that time been made to explore its shores; but Capt. Stansbury's party are the first white men that have made the circuit of its waters. The results of the Captain's observations, which were carried on with much skill and immense labor, make the circumference of the lake, exclusive of off-sets, to be 291 miles. The neighborhood around is on the same gigantic scale—consisting of deserts 60 and 70 miles across, separated from each other by precipitous rocky eminences of great elevation. Many of these deserts Capt. Stansbury says would furnish extended plains, absolutely level, upon which a degree of the meridian could be measured to great advantage.

This inland sea is believed by Capt. Stansbury to have been in a past age of infinitely greater extent. He says:—
"Upon the slope of a ridge connected with this plain, thirteen distinct successive benches, or water-marks, were counted, which had evidently, at one time, been washed by the lake, and must have been the result of its action continued for some time at each level. The highest of these is now about two hundred feet above the valley, which has itself been left by the lake, owing probably to gradual elevation occasioned by subterranean causes. If this supposition be correct—and all appearances conspire to support it—there must have been here at some former period a vast inland sea, extending for hundreds of miles; and the isolated mountains which now tower from the flats, forming its western and south-western shores, were doubtless huge islands similar to those, which now rise from the diminished waters of the lake."

The first view that the party obtained of this extraordinary lake is as well described in the following words:—

"At our feet and on each side lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island rose from 800 to 1,000 feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds.—On the west appeared several dark spots, resembling other islands; but the dreary haze hovering over this still and solitary sea, threw its dim, uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild-duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night proved perfectly serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound, unbroken silence. I was surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltiest water, none of that feeling of invigorating freshness which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot, that my disappointment was extreme."

This intense repose is broken at times by the presence of myriads of wild fowl:—

"The Salt Lake, which lay about half a mile to the eastward, was covered by immense flocks of wild geese and ducks, among which many swans were seen, being distinguished by their size and the whiteness of their plumage. I had seen large flocks of these birds before, in various parts of our country, and especially upon the Potomac, but never did I behold anything like the immense numbers here congregated together. Thousands of acres, as far as the eye could reach, seemed literally covered with them, presenting a scene of busy, animated cheerfulness, in most graceful contrast with the dreary, silent solitude by which we were immediately surrounded.

The water is described as one of the purest and most concentrated brines known in the world,—clear and transparent as the diamond; and on analysis it was found to contain twenty per cent, of pure chloride of sodium, with about two per cent. of other salts. Of course such a compound must possess an extraordinary buoyant property; and Capt. Stansbury thus relates his bathing experiences:—

"No one, without witnessing it, can form any idea of the buoyant properties of this singular water. A man may float, stretched at full length, upon his back having his head and neck,

both legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If a sitting position be assumed, with the arms extended to preserve the equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The water is nevertheless extremely difficult to swim in, on account of the constant tendency of the lower extremities to rise above it. The brine, too, is so strong, that the least particle of it getting into the eyes produces the most acute pain; and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue. I doubt whether the most expert swimmer could long preserve himself from drowning, if exposed to the action of a rough sea."

In many places in the vicinity of this singular lake, the ground is thickly covered with salt, presenting a most curious and deceptive appearance:—

"The first part of the plain consisted simply of dried mud, with small crystals of salt scattered thickly over the surface. Crossing this, we came upon another portion of it, three miles in width, where the ground was entirely covered with a thin layer of salt in a state of deliquescence, and of so soft a consistency that the feet of our mules sank at every step into the mud beneath. But we soon came upon a portion of the plain where the salt lay in a solid state, in one unbroken sheet, extending apparently to its western border. So firm and strong was this unique and entire floor, that it sustained the weight of our snow train, without in the least giving way or cracking beneath the pressure. Our mules walked upon it as upon a sheet of solid ice. The whole field was crossed by a net-work of little ridges, projecting about half an inch, as if the salt had expanded in the process of crystallization. I estimated this field to be at least seven miles wide and ten miles in length. How much farther it extended northward I could not tell; but if it covered the plain in that direction as it did where we crossed, its extent must have been very much greater. The salt, which was very pure and white, averaged from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and was equal in all respects to our finest specimens for table use.—Assuming these data, the quantity that here lay upon the ground in one body, exclusive of that in a deliquescent state, amounted to over four and a half millions of cubic yards, or about one hundred millions of bushels."

Amongst the other peculiarities of this region, we are informed that the excessive dryness of the air caused the wood-work of the wagon wheels to shrink so much that there was great danger of their falling asunder, and it was only by sinking them in a stream during the night that the Expedition was enabled to proceed with them. From the same cause, the wood-work of the mathematical instruments was rent and split in some cases breaking the tubes, and otherwise causing serious damage. The mirage on the shore of the Lake where the ground was moist and oozy was very great, and gave rise to optical illusions the most grotesque and fantastic. The difficulties which the party had to encounter were very great—so that the journey from Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, a distance of less than 1200 miles, occupied the Expedition about twelve weeks. But the obstacles in the road to the Salt Lake dwindled into insignificance when compared with the difficulties in its immediate vicinity. In one place, Captain Stansbury says:—

"At two o'clock, in the afternoon, we reached the western edge of the plain, when to our infinite joy we beheld a small prairie or meadow, covered with a profusion of good, green grass through which meandered a small stream of pure, fresh, running water, among clumps of willows and wild roses, artemisia, and rushes.—It was a most timely and welcome relief to our poor, famished animals, who had now been deprived of almost all sustenance for more than sixty hours, during the greater part of which time they had been in constant motion. It was, indeed, nearly as great a relief to me as to them for I had been doubtful whether even the best mule we had could have gone more than half a dozen miles further. Several of them had given out in crossing the last plain, and we had to leave them and the baggage behind, and to return for it afterward. Another day without water, and the whole train must have inevitably perished. Both man and beast being completely exhausted, I remained here three days for refreshment and rest. Moreover we were now to prepare for crossing another desert of seventy miles, which, as my guide informed me, still lay between us and the southern end of the lake. He had passed over it in 1845, with Fremont, who had lost ten mules and several horses in effecting the passage, having afterward encamped on the same ground now occupied by our little party."

The importance of the exploration so gallantly conducted by Capt. Stansbury is indicated by the fact, that the Valley of the Great Salt Lake is the only point between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean whence supplies of provisions can be procured,—and it is of the utmost consequence, therefore, that it should be considered in any scheme for a road across this vast continent to California.

The number of emigrants to the "Diggins," had been so great, that Capt. Stansbury described the road as being as broad and well beaten as any turnpike road in the country; but the dangers and difficulties which the emigrants have to encounter from the want of bridges or ferries,—and more especially from the terrible scarcity of water, which causes hundreds of cattle to die on the road, thus forcing the emigrants to abandon nearly all that they possess, glad to escape with their own lives,—are numerous and terrible in the extreme.

The evidences of these sufferings meet the traveller's eye all along the route,—but especially as he approaches the district of the Great Salt Lake. The road is strewn with the carcasses of horses and cattle which have fallen exhausted from fatigue and thirst or poisoned by saline springs,—dozens of wagons lie on the road in heaps, burnt, disabled, or abandoned,—hundreds of pounds of bacon and other provisions, thrown away from the failure of the means of transport,—and with these lie in confused abandonment almost every article of household furniture and every sort of cooking utensil that can be imagined. For hundreds of miles the prairie is covered with excellent clothing, harness, ploughs, miners', blacksmiths' and carpenters' tools of every possible variety,—together with bar iron, steel, and other materials of industry, excellent scientific instruments and books of every description, collected doubtless with much labor and great sacrifice, and carried with infinite trouble and anxiety a distance of perhaps 2,000 miles, to be at last left to rot on the road through this terrible and extraordinary country. No wonder, then, that a vast number of these who set out full of health and vigor either terminate their hopes and fears in these dreary solitudes, or retrace their steps with sad hearts and shattered frames.

Capt. Stansbury's party frequently passed from four to six graves of emigrants in a day,—many of them recently made,—nameless but sad monuments of disappointed hopes and sanguine enterprise. Scarcely a day passed in which they did not meet some party of emigrants returning in wretched plight,—all that they possessed sold, given away, or abandoned. Some of the men attached to this Expedition disgraced themselves by abandoning it for the land of promised gold. One party of these, as the Captain afterwards heard, were stripped by the Indians of every article they possessed, and were left to find their way to California in the most miserable plight.

An amusing instance is here recorded of the way in which an ingenuous emigrant met a difficulty. Having a number of kegs of brandy, which he was compelled to leave in the prairie, he buried his cherished cordial in the earth, covered it like a grave, and placed at the head a full and particular, if not true, account of the deceased,—his name, age, where he was "raised," and when he fell, being set forth in remarkably distinct characters. Further on, he sold the brandy to some traders, who easily found the affecting memorial, and drew the spirit from its repose.

We have often heard curious anecdotes of the prairie dog; but none more strange than those related by Capt. Stansbury, which from the evidently cautious character of the narrator demand attention. He says that the holes in the ground in which these little creatures live are shared by the rattlesnake—several instances of which came under the observation of the party. But what is still more extraordinary, we are told, that a little, white burrowing owl (*Stygocenturus*) is also frequently found taking up its abode in the same domicile; and this strange association of reptile, bird and beast seem to live together in perfect harmony and peace. The Captain does not give this latter fact on his personal voucher;—but says that he has been assured of it from so many, so various, and such credible sources, that he could not doubt it.

On its way home the Expedition succeeded in striking out a shorter route through the chain of the Rocky Mountains; making a saving of 61 miles in the road from the Great Salt Lake to Fort Bridger, on the Green River,—a distance of about 400 miles. The newly-discovered road has also the great advantage of being very nearly in a perfectly straight line.

On Saturday night, last, one of the Boston watchmen found wandering about in a state of intoxication, a man somewhat celebrated as a ventriloquist, and who has often performed at theatres. He was taken in charge, and placed in the cell of the watch-house. This did not agree exactly with the ventriloquist's idea of pleasure, and, with a skill worthy of a better situation, he shook the iron-grated door, and set up a most hideous noise in imitation of wild beasts. Had there been a menagerie within the cell, the effect would not have been more life-like. The roar of the lion, the growl of the tiger, the snarl of the panther, the screech of the wild cat, the hiss of the serpent, were all heard, and the prisoners in the adjoining cells begged to be released, lest they should be devoured.—The delusion was most complete, and the ventriloquist continued his exhibition gratis for some time, but at last he became exhausted, and dropped to sleep.

Tribute to Woman.

While we are not often able to agree with the views announced in the Senate Chamber by Senator Soule, of Louisiana, we can heartily subscribe to the following elegant extract from his speech on the bill authorizing women to act as sole traders. It does honor to the heart and the head of the eloquent and chivalrous son of Louisiana. We do not remember to have ever read a truer tribute to the better portion of humanity, at once so just, so discriminating, so beautiful and so affecting. Monsieur Pierre Soule was evidently speaking with more than the gallantry of the Frenchmen, and in the spirit of a noble and elevated man, when he uttered the following truthful and glowing sentiments, sentiments which ought to be written in letters of gold and which we recommend to the perusal of all the young men of the country:

"When I reflect on the conduct of many married men in California—their faithlessness to every vow which they made at the altar—how completely they fail in the performance of their duties—how virtuous and industrious, faithful and patient women are imposed upon by worthless brutes of husbands, as great tyrants at home, as drunkards and debauchees abroad, my respect for the sex prompts me to do all within my power to protect her rights and secure her happiness.

I love woman; I have loved her all my life; through boyhood, youth, manhood, and maturer years. I expect to love her all my life, and dying to be found faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiments. For amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles and hopes of existence, one star brighter than all others has lighted and guided me onward—If ever I had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman. And I judge her affection is thus upon others. Gentle in her affection, yet mighty through her influence, her medium of rule is as powerful as the ballot box, and she only needs the protection of law against those who have no law in their habits and propensities. She has ruled me from my boyhood with the soft and winning influences of her virtue and her beauty. I remember my first love; my baby affections at four years of age. I have been in love nearly every month of my life since; save the dark and rayless days and years which succeeded the desolate hearth and made the heart too desolate. And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in her grave—I remember the night she died—never, while I recollect my sisters, and the abuses that might have been theirs; never, while I hold in my memory one other; and her memory is all that is left me; shall I refuse to give my voice and influence and vote for any measures necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better portion of creation, against the oppression, neglect and abuse of my sex. I hope the bill may pass."

A Safe Bet.

About the time of the first influx of immigration into California, a little scene occurred on the steamer Tennessee, during one of her upward cruises in the Pacific Ocean, which we do not remember of seeing in print, but, ever published or not, will, we think, bear repeating.

One of those moral fungi on society, known in general parlance by the sobriquet of "black leg," had spread a tempting bait, in the way of a little game of pharo, before a promiscuous assembly of Suckers, Hoosiers, Buckeyes, Corn-crackers &c., who were on their way to the new El Dorado. Among the number was a sturdy Kentuckian who, in his humble suit of homespun, stood watching the game with intense interest. Presently thrusting his hands into the depths of his over-coat pocket, he produced a greasy pocket book, and taking from its recesses a bill, he extended it to the dealer, saying:—

"Here, old feller, I lost a ten, that time, and here's the money."

"How is that," exclaimed the sharper, "I saw you make no bet?"

"Wall you see, I sez to myself, sez I, that jack's been an uncommon lucky keard, and dodder my peters, ef I don't bet a ten on it; so the pesky jack lost, and you've got my money."

Thinking he had picked up a greenhorn, the gambler gave a sly wink at the few "knowing ones," which encircled him, and went on with the game.

After a few deals, our cornercracker smacked his fists emphatically on the table, and exclaimed, dodder rabbit, there goes another "saw-buck," on the plag'uey jack, here take it ole horse fly."

With an ill-suppressed grin of satisfaction, the sharper took the money; and added it to the rapidly growing pile before him.

In the due course of time, the jack came up triumphantly, and our yeoman jumping up nearly to the ear lines, cracked his heels together, and exclaimed:—
"By G-d, I won fifty, that time, so fork up, you lovely old cuss you!"
The "sell" was evident, that the gambler had nothing else to do than to pay the money, which he did with the remark that the next time the Kentuckian made a bet, he wanted him to put the money down."

Iceland.

A correspondent of the Watertown Jeffersonian, now in Iceland, writes from Reykjavik, the capital of the island, that it is a neat town of twelve hundred inhabitants, with a cathedral and college. There is also a hotel and a club house. Several of the merchants live in two story houses. The main street runs parallel to the water, the sloping, gravelly beach, and on the side of this street, facing the sea, are the stores, some fifteen in number. Besides this, there are three other streets, running parallel to it further back. The houses, with gable ends to the streets, are all wood-frame buildings, generally of one story, and covered with a coating of tar in place of paint. This preserves the wood and makes the sides and roof water-tight, and though they are all black as night, they do not contrast badly with their white window-sashes and curtains, and the green fields about. In closed dwellings, muslin curtains, flower-pots containing roses, fuchsias, geraniums, pansies, and other exotics all in bloom, showed the triumph over climate that a little care will make. The hotel is a square two story building.

"How green the fields look, and how pretty the gardens are here in Iceland! I walked up on a hill, a little out of town, and I saw the farmers mowing, and heard the familiar clank of the stone on the steel, while the mower sharpened his scythe. The land is so rough—all covered with little mounds or hillocks—that they can only use scythes about two feet long. The scytheness is straight, and similar to those I have seen used in Scotland. The right hand, or lower side, is like our, fastened to the snith, but the left hand one is like the letter T, the hand taking hold of the top-piece. They shave the grass down as close as Hotepur found the dandy's chin, "new reaped," like "stubbleland." The hay is fine and soft, but the grass is not very high. In the gardens I see growing potatoes, turnips, radishes lettuce, and some other vegetables. Grain does not grow in Iceland—neither does wood. The country is quite destitute of timber. I saw a little shrub, about five feet high, in the Governor's garden; that is, perhaps, the largest tree in Iceland. This, though, is protected by a high wall on the north of it. In former times there must have been some forests, for I am told large logs are found in the bogs, and too far inland to allow the idea of their being drift timber."

Louis Napoleon in New York City.

The Brooklyn Daily Advertiser, moralizing upon the rapid ascent of Louis Napoleon up the ladder of ambition, from positive poverty, to superlative grandeur and power, recalls some reminiscences of his sojourn in New York city many years ago. The editor says:

"What strange events have occurred within a few years in reference to that man! We knew him whilst he was residing in New York, at a lodging house in Reade street, then kept by a gentleman who now occupies a high official position under the French government. At this time he was very poor, and very dissipated.—Notoriously profligate in his habits, and without the pecuniary ability to indulge to the full bent of his inclination the culpable propensities which characterized him, he was frequently expelled from certain places in which he obtruded himself, and more than a dozen times was the occupant of a cell at the old jail in the Park, long since torn down.

"Not long prior to his leaving the United States, he was arrested for a misdemeanor committed by him at the disreputable house of a woman whose establishment he often visited, and the writer of this article was employed professionally by him to save him from the threatened consequences of his recklessness and indiscretion. We little supposed who was then our client (and who is still indebted to us for counsel fees and disbursements) would become Emperor of France. Such, however, is now his 'manifest destiny,' although we believe that his realization of his ambitious hopes and aspirations will but hasten the fearful doom which unquestionably impends over him."

The new Cathedral, at Albany, New York, was dedicated on Sunday last. The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, of New York; the Most Rev. Lord Bishop Mosker, of Santa Fe de Bogota, South America; the Right Rev. Bishop Burgett, of Montreal; the Right Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston; the Right Rev. Bishop Timon, of Buffalo; the Right Rev. Bishop Wheelan, of Wheeling; and the Rev. Bishop McClosky, of New York, were present, and took active part in the various ceremonies of the day.

Every man cherishes in his heart some object, some shrine at which his adoration is paid unknown to his fellow mortals—unknown to all save his God.

A tape worm, measuring over two hundred feet long, was taken from a child at Nashville last week.

A poor devil in one of our western jails, says that although he has been in prison six months, the only being that has "dropped him a line" is a friendly spider that belongs to a burglar in the next story above.