

Mountain Sentinel.

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

VOLUME IX.

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TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms. All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEEY

DEATH AT SEA.

[We find the following lines in the New York Diadem, accompanied with a statement that they were composed on having read an extract of a letter from Captain Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on the voyage to California. They will reach the hearts of those who have friends in or going to the Land of Gold.]

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing colder,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
Nearth the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darkens,
And I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I may one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother, (God assist her)
Now that she is growing old,
Her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
"Tis my wife I'd speak of now,
Tell, oh tell her, how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow;
Tell her—brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stir'd.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impress'd;
Hold them as when last I held them
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
For he said so in his word.

O my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea.
Tears for them I crossed the ocean,
What my lovers were, I'll not tell,
But I've gained an orphan's portion—
Yet he doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
As the thought its memory stir'd;
Tell them I never reached the haven
Where I sought the precious "dust,"
But have gained the port of Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for them a share—
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
"Tis I know His voice so well;
When I'm gone, oh don't be weeping;
Brother, here's my LAST FAREWELL.

TO MARK.

I love you—"tis the simplest way
The thing I feel to tell;
Yet if I told it all the day,
You'd never guess how well,
You are my comfort and my light—
My very life you seem;
I think of you all day; all night
"Tis but of you I dream.

There's pleasure in the lightest word
That you can speak to me;
My soul is like the organ's chord,
And vibrates still to thee.
I never read the love song yet,
So thrilling, fond, or true,
But in my own heart I have met
Some kinder thought for you.

Bless the shadows of your face,
The light upon your hair—
I like for hours to sit and trace
The passing changes there;
I love to hear your voice's tone,
Although you need not say
A single word to dream upon
When that has died away.

Oh! you are kindly as the beam
That warms where'er it plays,
And you are gentle as a dream
Of happy future days—
And you are strong to do the right,
And swift the wrong to flee—
And if you were not half so bright,
You're all the world to me.

Two newspapers are published weekly on board the Maria, emigrant ship, now on her passage from Liverpool to Australia.

CHRISTMAS.

The following extract from "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens, may be perused with interest by those who have read it, as well as by others who have not. It is touchingly beautiful.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose. "Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!" Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast. Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk, and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses; whence it was made delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons; furrows that crossed and re-crossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water.—The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half-thawed, half-frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate of the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a festive snowball—better-natured missile far than many a warty jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The postmen's shops were still half-open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apologetic profusion. There were ruddy, brown faced, broad-girthed Spanish Gaians, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe.

There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle-deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy person, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner.—The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race appeared to know that there was something going on; and to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers! oh the Grocers! I nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parried company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French pears blushed in modest tartness from their highly decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humor possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all, to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of by-roads, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

THE CASE OF DAVID JEWELL.

New Trial Refused—Prisoner Sentenced.

In the Pittsburg Court of Oyer and Terminer, yesterday morning Dec. 21th, Judge McClure read an elaborate decision in the matter of the application for a new trial in the case of David Jewell. The points made by the defendant's counsel in objecting to the verdict were eighteen in number, each one of which was met and answered by his Honor. The objections were overruled, and the Court unanimously decided that a new trial should not be granted.

Judge Shuler, counsel for Jewell, then made a motion in arrest of judgment, and filed his reasons for so doing, which were, that the names of two jurors had been incorrectly stated in the Sheriff's rolls. The Court ordered the objections to be entered on the docket, and immediately proceeded to pass sentence upon the prisoner as follows:

His Honor said: "DAVID JEWELL, 'Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?'"

The prisoner answered: "I have nothing further to say, only that I am not guilty of the crime of which I am accused."

Judge McClure proceeded: "DAVID JEWELL—You have been indicted and found guilty of murder in the first degree—of the murder of Samuel Mitchell. It now remains but to pronounce the solemn sentence of the law, which sentence of the law is, that you be taken hence to the place from whence you came and from thence to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul."

The prisoner was then removed, and the Court resumed the transaction of miscellaneous business.

Mr. Webster's Cerebral Organs.

We have seen it stated that a post mortem examination of Mr. Webster was made a day or two after his death. The Boston Courier furnishes the following relative to that great man's cerebral organs:

"We understand that at a recent meeting of a medical society some of the most striking results of this examination were stated, and formed the subject of an interesting scientific discussion. The cerebral organs were of the very largest known capacity, exceeding by thirty per centum the average weight of the human brain; and with only two exceptions, (Cuvier and Dupuytren,) the largest of which there is any record. It is also worthy of remark that a well marked effusion upon the Arachnoid membrane was discovered in these investigations, although there were no perceptible evidences of any lesion during Mr. Webster's life-time. It is supposed to have been caused by his severe fall from his carriage in Kingston last spring. It is a remarkable physiological fact that an injury which would have impaired the intellect, if not at once caused death, in another, should in this instance have been attended with so little external evidence of so important an injury to a vital organ."

Democratic Rejoicing.

In the midst of the general joy and rejoicing over the great Democratic triumph that has resulted in the election of Gen. PIERCE, we cannot too forcibly impress on the minds of our friends the following extract from the speech of President Pierce to the Granite Club of Concord, on the receipt of the news from Pennsylvania in October. After alluding to the victory he said:

"He trusted his friends would not forget that, with high-toned and honorable men, the hour of triumph was always the hour of magnanimity. It was not to be overlooked, that there were around us many with whom we are in daily intercourse, at this moment moved by feelings exactly the opposite of those which called out the assemblage before him; and his friends could well afford to allow that circumstance to detract somewhat from their generous joy. He hoped that they would also remember that no prospect of success, nor indeed political elevation itself, could render their neighbor more or less worthy of the confidence and affection for which he was so profoundly grateful."

An editor at Marshall, Texas, has seen a sweet potato thirty nine inches long, coiled in the shape of a snake.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The Editor of the Boston Bee is a wag, and a gallant as well. He puts forth quaver essays, and his last on "The Freedom of the Press," it is not a little peculiar. We take an extract from it by way of specimen:

Around her waist I put my arm—
It felt as soft as cake;
"Oh dear!" says she, "what liberty
You Printer men do take!"
"Why yes, my Gal, my charming gal,"
(I squeezed her some I guess.)
"Can you say O; my chick, against
THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS?"

I kissed her some—I did by gum—
She colored like a beet;
Upon my living soul, she looked
Almost too good to eat!
I gave her another buss, and then
She says, "I do confess,
I rather sorter kinder like
THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS."

From the London Times, Nov. 29.
Slavery in the United States, and the Women of England.

On Friday, the 26th, a meeting of ladies was convened at Stafford House to consider the expediency of addressing a memorial from the women of England to the women of the United States on the subject of slavery. The ladies being assembled,

The Duchess of Sutherland read the following paper: "Perhaps I may be allowed to state the object for which this meeting has been called together. But very few words will be required, as all, I am sure, assembled here must have heard and read much of the moral and physical suffering inflicted on the race of negroes and their descendants by the system of slavery prevalent in many of the United States of America. Founded on such information a proposition appeared a short time ago in several of the newspapers that the women of England should express to the women of America the strong feeling they entertain on the question, and earnestly request their aid to abolish, or at least to mitigate, so enormous an evil. The draught of an address accompanied the proposition; and as it is intended to offer that address for your adoption, I will now read it to you:

The Additional and Christian Address of many Thousands of the Women of England to their Sisters, the Women of America.

A common origin, a common faith, and we sincerely believe a common cause, urge us at the present moment to address you on the subject of that system of negro slavery which still prevails so extensively, and even under kindly disposed masters, with such frightful results, in many of the vast regions of the western world.

We will not dwell on the ordinary topics—on the progress of civilization, on the advance of freedom everywhere, on the rights and requirements of the nineteenth century—but we appeal to you very seriously to reflect, and to ask counsel of God how far such a state of things is in accordance with His holy word, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion.

We do not shut our eyes to the difficulties—nay, the dangers—that might beset the immediate abolition of that long-established system; we see and admit the necessity of preparation for so great an event; but, in speaking of the indispensable preliminaries, we cannot be silent on those laws of your country which, in direct contravention of God's own law, "instituted in the time of man's innocence," deny in effect to the slave the sanctity of marriage, with all its joys, rights and obligations; which separates at the will of the master the wife from the husband and the children from the parents. Nor can we be silent on that awful system which, either by statute or by custom, interdicts to any race of man, or any portion of the human family, education in the truths of the Gospel and the ordinances of Christianity.

A remedy applied to these two evils alone would commence the amelioration of their sad condition. We appeal to you, then, as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow-citizens, and your prayers to God, for the removal of this affliction from the Christian world. We do not say these things in a spirit of self-complacency, as though our nation were free from the guilt it perceives in others.—We acknowledge, with grief and shame, our heavy share in this great sin. We acknowledge that our forefathers introduced—nay, mightily encouraged—the adoption of slavery in these mighty colonies. We humbly confess it before Almighty God; and it is because we so deeply feel and so unfeignedly avow our own complicity, that we now venture to implore your aid to wipe away our common crime and our common dishonor.

There are many reasons why this address should be presented rather by the women than by the men of England. We shall not be suspected of any political motives; all will readily admit that the state of things to which we allude is one peculiarly distressing to our sex, and thus our friendly and earnest interposition will be ascribed altogether to domestic, and in no respect to national, feelings.

We shall propose to form a committee for the purpose of collecting signatures to the address, and transmitting it, when complete, to the United States. As a general committee would be

too large for the transaction of the daily business, we shall propose a sub-committee, to report from time to time to the general committee; but there is every reason to hope that the whole matter may be terminated in a short space of time.

It only remains for me to acknowledge the kindness with which you have acceded to my request in attending here this day. I hope and believe that our efforts, under God's blessing, will not be without some happy results; but whether it succeed, or whether it fail, no one will deny that we shall have made an attempt which had both for its beginning and for its end "Glorious to God in the highest—on earth peace, good will towards men."

The memorial was then agreed to, and a sub-committee appointed.

The ladies present were the Duchesses of Sutherland, Bedford, and Argyll; the Countess of Shaftesbury, Lady Constance Grosvenor, Viscountess Palmerston, Lady Dover, Lady Cowley, Lady Ruthven, Lady Bellhaven, Hon. Mrs. Montague Villiers, Hon. Mrs. Kinnaird, the Lady Mayoresse, Lady Trevelyan, Lady Parke, Miss Parke, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Buxton, Miss Buxton, Mrs. John Simon, Mrs. Procter, Mrs. Binney, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Steane, Mrs. John Buller, Mrs. R. D. Grainger, Mrs. Hawes, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Mary Howitt, Mrs. Dicey, Miss Trevelyan, Mrs. Millman, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Robson, and Mrs. Macentail.

The ladies whose names follow signified their concurrence: the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort, the Marchioness of Stafford, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Carlisle, Lady John Russell, the Countess of Litchfield, Viscountess Elington, the Countess of Cavan, Viscountess Melbourne, Lady Hatherton, Lady Blantyre, Lady Dufferin, Lady Easthope, Mrs. Josiah Conder, the Hon. Mrs. Cowper, Lady Clark, Lady Paxton, Lady Kaye Shuttleworth, Lady Buxton, Lady Inglis, Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. Seeley, Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, Mrs. Lyon Playfair, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Charles Knight, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Champey, and Mrs. Rowland Hill.

An office was appointed at 13 Clifford street, Bond street.

Extraordinary Ferocity of a Horse.

A case of ferocity in a horse, rarely equalled, has given rise to law proceedings before the courts of Rouen, France. On the 24th of November last, a farmer named Blanchard, of Verclive, (Eure,) possessed a horse, and in his presence, and with his consent, a horse dealer named Lavoipierre sold it to a farmer named Delaisement, of Corney. The next day Blanchard told a young man in his service to convey the horse to Delaisement. The latter refused to receive it, on the ground that he had learned that it was vicious and dangerous. In returning, the horse several times attempted to throw the young man, and at length, becoming quite furious at the restraint which the rider imposed upon him, he bounded erect in the air, and succeeded in getting him off his back. The animal then rushed on him, bit him in the breast, and tried to trample upon him. The young man defended himself as well as he was able, but the horse caught the flesh of his thigh in his teeth, and tore it off in the most savage manner, leaving the bone exposed. He then went some little distance, and with his fore paws formed a hole of some depth; and then returning to his victim, who was lying almost senseless on the ground, he smelt around him, as if reflecting how he could best dig him to the hole. Some noise, however, struck his ear and he galloped home. When he arrived his mouth was stained with blood, and bits of flesh were still adhering to it. The young man, who was so dreadfully treated, had to have his leg amputated. He subsequently brought an action against Blanchard, Delaisement and Lavoipierre, to recover damages.

Some of the Whig papers have at last found out that Gen. Pierce did make a speech in Congress; it was against the removal of political opponents from office, and they are quoting it with as much gravity as if they expected the author to be bound by it!

In the Northern parts of Vermont, the snow is over a foot deep on a level. On Friday morning last the passenger train from Rutland for Boston, got stuck in a snow bank a few miles this side of that place, and remained fast for an hour and a half, until another engine with a snow-plough reached them.

A Northern darkey says "dey isn't gwine to catch him away down Souf, for dey makes poor nigger work twenty-five hours every day!"—How? when there is only twenty-four in a day. "Why dey makes him get up in de mornin' an hour before day, and dat makes twenty-five!"

We are much pleased to learn that our friend Col. ISRAEL PAINTER, has been elected President of the Hempsfield Railroad. We have always thought that Colonel Painter made a most efficient member of the Board of Canal Commissioners, and we have no doubt he will exert all his energies in behalf of the Company over which he has been called to preside.

THE COSTER.—Whilst every other nation of the earth is in trouble how to create enough revenue to keep their respective governments afloat, the question which seems to give the Statesmen of the United States the most trouble just now, is how they shall properly dispose of the accumulating surplus revenues of the government of the model Republic. Our government is now about out of debt, and the annual surplus is nearly twenty millions of dollars.

Senator Hunter, of Virginia, has left Washington for Boston, on the invitation of Gen. Pierce, to confer with him on political affairs.

The Bell of Safety.

In Dickens' *Household Words* is an interesting account of a visit to a silver mine in Saxony, twelve hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. The following is an extract:

"We follow our guide across a dusty space towards a wooden building with a conical roof; and as we approach it, we become conscious of rather than hear, the sweet melancholy sound of a bell, which, at minute intervals, tones dreamily through the air. Whence comes that sound? In the centre of the shed is a square box, open at the top; and immediately above hangs the small bell; thence comes the silvery voice.

"For what purpose is this bell?" we inquire of our guide.

"It is the bell of safety."

"Does it sound a warning?"

"No—the reverse; its silence gives the warning. The bell is acted upon by a large water-wheel, immediately below the surface. By means of this wheel, and others at greater depths, the drainage of this mine is effected. If, by any means, these water-wheels should cease to act, the bell would cease to sound, and the miners would hasten to the day, for no man could tell how soon his working might be flooded."

"And can it be heard throughout the mine?"

Through this portion of it. Probably the water acts as a conductor of the sound, but the miners listen earnestly for its minute tolling."

Toll on, thou messenger of comfort! May thy voice ever tell of safety to the haggard toiler, deep in the earth."

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The 700 tubs of Irish butter, imported per steamship Niagara into Boston, were offered at auction, and 100 tubs sold at 22 a 24c per lb. The remainder were withdrawn.

The Chambersburg Bar gave a supper in compliment of Hon. J. S. Black, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, on Monday evening last.

They say that the correspondence of General Pierce, as well as the number of his friends, has wonderfully increased since his election to the Presidency, and that he receives, on an average, about two bushels of letters a day!

The Washington Union, alluding to Senator King, says that his health has much improved within the last two days. He no longer needs the attendance of a physician, and it is confidently hoped that he may soon appear in the Senate chamber.

One of Tom Moore's obituaries: Here lies John Shaw, Attorney at Law; And when he died, The Devil cried, Give us your paw, John Shaw, Attorney at Law!

We learn from the Boston Transcript, that Horatio Greenough, the eminent Sculptor is no more. He died on Saturday morning of a violent attack of brain fever. Mr. G. was a native of Boston, and was in the 48th year of his age, at the time of his death.

On the 1st inst., the editor of the St. Louis Republican visited the depot station of the Pacific Railroad Company to see the first car started; and listen to the first whistle of the iron horse on that side of the Mississippi.

Louis Napoleon is said to be deeply fascinated with a beautiful Spanish lady of rank, who is supposed to entertain the ambitious hope of becoming Empress, instead of the Princess Vasa.

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