YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

VOLUME II—NUMBER 50. YPSILANTI, (MICH) WEDNESDAY JANUARY 7, 1846. WHOLE NO. 102.

CHAS. WOODRUFF, Editor and Propietor.

TERMS.

One Dollar and fifty cents, if paid in Advance; otherwise *Two Dollars* will invariably be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For one square, [14 lines or less] one week, $0 50.
" " for subsequent insertions per week, 25.

THE BALLOT BOX.

Freedom's consecrated dower,
Casket of a priceless gem!
Nobler heritage of power
Than imperial diadem!
Corner stone on which was reared
Liberty's triumphant dome,
When the glorious form appeared
'Midst our own green mountain home,

Purchased by as noble blood
As in mortal veins e'er run,
By the toil of those who stood
At the side of WASHINGTON—
By the hearts that met the foe
On their native battle plain,
Where the arm that deals the blow
Never heeds to strike again!

Guard it freemen! guard it well!
Spotless as your maiden's fame!
Never let your children tell
Of your weakness—of your shame;
That their fathers basely sold
What was bought with blood and toil—
That you bartered RIGHT for GOLD,
Here on Freedoms soil!

Let your eagle's quenchless eye,
Fixed unerring, sleepless, bright,
Watch, when danger hovers nigh,
From his lofty mountain height;
While the stars and stripes shall wave
O'er this treasure pure and free—
The land's Palladium, it shall save
The home and shrine of Liberty.

THE STUDENT OF VALENCIA.

A TALE.

In the studio of an artist at Valencia, in Spain, about the year 1550, surrounded by the designs of his master, worked, or dreamed, from day to day, his pupil Francisco Di Ribalta. giving himself up to idle musing rather than to the inspiration of his art.

At times stimulated by the stern rebuke or biting satire of his master, he seized his brush and dashed off strokes of such gusto and power as showed that perseverance rather than genius was wanting to give him a name in his profession ; sometimes those very rebukes provoked him to obstinacy, his eyes flashed and his compressed brows showed an inward stirring of the vindictive spirit ; but oftener he migh be seen lost in delicious reveries, gazing covertly on the likeness of a girl whose slight and airy figure was contrasted by the terrible beauty of patriarchs and martyrs, saints and angels, which stood out strong in the *chiaro-oscuro* which characterized the altar pieces around. The picture was frequently removed for convenience from place to place in the apartment, to give room to others. Sometimes it was thrown quite in the shade, where only a gleam of one of the lustrous eyes beamed upon the young artist; sometimes the finely turned shoulder projected from behind the heavy form of a Judas, or the dark curls rose above the feathered wing of a cupid; and at length, one morning when Ribalta entered the studio, he perceived it unceremoniously turned to the wall, and the artist's foot placed against it as he stood sketching a saint's head. Various were the manœuvres of the youth to restore this gem of his love to a spot where he could gaze without obstruction on its transcendent loveliness. Restless and dissatisfied, he threw on his colors awhile with careless profusion, and then set gazing listlessly on his pallet until the hues were lost as in a prism.

"To work, idler, to work," said the old man, in a tone of authority.

Ribalta might have answered unadvisedly, but a slight tap at the door, and the airy figure of Isabel the artist's daughter, arrested him. As she entered the concentrated light was shed on her like a glory while a blush, a suffusion as if the vermilion of the student had been showered on her neck and face, rushed over her, and then subsided into chastened rose-tints, as she recovered herself from her low and graceful salutation. Having completed her errand to her father, she discovered her likeness in its dishonored condition.

"My father, is it thus you treat your poor Isabel !" said she smiling, as the old man withdrew his foot from the position it had occupied.

Stooping down, she removed the picture, and throwing her left arm across the top, with a fold of her veil lighty brushed away the dust that had gathered over it. The act brought her own head in contact with the picture, the sunny eyes of which glanced through her curls. An exclamation of admiration burst from the lips of the student. The artist, who had lain one of his powerful touches on the eyebrow of his saint, appropriated the compliment and nodded complacently but the stroke which was to go down to posterity was lost on Ribalta ; his eyes were riveted on the living picture before him with a look which made her speedily withdraw, another daylight glow mantling on her cheek.

The rough tone of his master roused the youth from a reverie, if that can be called a reverie where thought is concentrated on one sole object. The deep gaze which had followed Isabel until her floating garments disappeared, reverted to the picture with a thrilling joy that he might dwell unrebuked on its passive charms. The love of the beautiful had long been brooding over his soul, but the turbid waters of passionate youth had hardly yet shown a leaf of promise. It was for Isabel to be driven to find that sign and equalize his character. She alone now occupied his thoughts, whether moving in modest grace with averted eyes, or whether her silent image turned those beaming orbs on his. Study was forgotten, or but reverted to as a glass where he might trace her charms in some new modification.

In this state of feeling the artist assigned to him the shading of a fair-browed cupid. The pupil, blind as the god before him, and dreaming only of the dark curls of Isabel, drew the like raven tresses over the blue eyes of the little deity. It was not long before both he and the artist discovered the inappropriate peruke of the god. A storm of wrath came down on Ribalta, who blushing and alarmed, in vain endeavored to produce the feathery touch of flaxen curls on the desecrated head.

On the evening of that day Isabel sat in her balcony. The Guadalquiver lay in brightness before her enlivened by gondolas darting here and there in the glow of the declining sun, as he shot up rays of light and beauty in that golden ciine. The perfume of the orange mulberry was wafted on the breeze, while the branches of the palm rose and fell on the air like a graceful hand upon the harp strings. Richly attired ladies and plumed cavaliers, released from the heat of mid-day issued forth to enjoy a walk on the Alameda, inhaling the odor and reveling in the beauty and nature. Amid its wildness and unfixedness youth loves to moralize, and the tongue which has uttered words of levity, and the eye which has seemingly followed only the butterflies of existence, will be arrested by high and serious thoughts, as waves dancing and swelling in the sunbeam pause around a rock.—The indwelling spirit of God looks through its veil in almost every period of life, and asks lofty questions of truth and eternity. Isabel stopped in the midst of a careless tune, her fingers still between the leaves of a ballad of the times to look abroad on nature as the landscape closed in mellow darkness, and a religious peace dwelt around her heart while a prayer to the virgin rose upon her lips. Ribalta came, and the lofty look of religious trust was changed to the bright glow of welcome. They sat together in the dim beauty of twilight, and with hearts open to the poetry of mind and nature poured out the softest sympathies; they saw the evening star arise, the moon looked out on her silvery way, the breeze bore along the breath of flowers, and they gave their grateful tribute by loading its wings with happy songs.

"You will be mine," said Ribalta. "Let not doubts and tears accompany me again to my pillow, when one word can strew it with dreams of bliss."

"I cannot give that word without my father's will, said Isabel. "I have nursed even his infirmities of mind until they seem sacred to me. Gain his consent as you have mine," and the noble girl sealed the frank promise by laying her hand within her lover's.

"Your father never will consent, said Ribalta.—"He hates me, and gives all his ear to Pietro with his prate of technicalities and rules of art, and his straight lines as if the world was made of angles."

"Nay," said Isabel, half laughing, "I never heard I confess, that Pieeto represented cupid with dark hair How can you expect to be approved in such wilfulness ? You commit high treason against me when you disfigure Love."

Thus sped the evening, and the morning brought Rabalta to the studio ; his heart was full, and on the entrance of the artist he threw down his pallet, poured out deep and earnest vows of honorable love and besought the hand of Isabel. The old man with a half refual, half comical air, pointed to the cupid with his nondescript curls, and shook his head. Ribalta blushed, apologized, pleaded his love, and the old man bade him hope. So a few days passed, and hope did her kindly work, and lent patience to the lover's soul and every evening he sought his rewrrd in the bower of his beloved.

At length there came one morning an Englishman to the studio of his master. He was attired in a deep mourning suit, and there was a depth of grief on his countenance painful to the beholder. He passed listlessly around the apartment, scarcely attracted by any of the designs, until his eyes fell on the picture of Isabel. He started—a brightness passed over his eye like stars in the rack of a cloud, an awe, as if angel garments had floated by, and he exclaimed, "My child, my Emely." Ribalta heard the words, and looked up from the easel. He observed the stranger approach and address the artist in earnest tones, who shook his head as if in denial; the stranger's manner then became more earnest, and his gesticulations betrayed strong excitement, while he pressed a heavy purse on the old man, who refused as though it were dross compared with the jewel he sought and let it fall on the floor unheeded. Then followed a lower tone, choking utterance, as ifthe heart were struggling to be heard, and the stranger's handkerchief was passed across his eye, while Ribalta with instinctive delicacy lowered his to his easel. But a new movement induced him to look again. Two servants in livery entered, and the artist directed them to remove the picture of Isabel. They started as they saw its youthful beauty: the elder of the two shared his force for a moment with an air of reverence; the younger clasping his hands together exclaimed, "Miss Emily !" while the stranger his enthusiasm subdued, stood with folded arms watching their movements, while tenderly as a relic, they bore the picture away. They were gone, the artist followed, and Ribalta was alone. It was so sudden—so dreamlike ! He looked round the apartment, and it seemed deserted. A mysterious sadness possessed him, a presentiment that thus might Isabel be torn away; he strode the floor, and as his foot struck the forgotten purse he spurned it like a viper.

On this memorable morning the artist had entrusted to his pupil for some touches, a head on St. John on which he had bestowed much thought and care. On returning to the apartment and examining the progress of the work what was his dismay to find the bland and beautiful expression converted to that of a demon, and his labor gone forever ! With an irritability naturally increased by the scene that had passed in which he bad unwillingly parted with the likeness of his child to comfort a bereaved parent, he no sooner saw the wreck of his picture, than he poured forth a storm of indignation on the youth, bade him quit his presence forever, and swore that "a *dauber* should never marry his Isabel."

The balcony that witnessed their first vows saw the parting of the lovers. Ribalta lay despairing, at Isabel's feet. He had urged the burning arguments of passion to induce his beloved one to share his lonely exile in vain.

"I cannot leave my father," said Isabel, mournfully "the poor old man loves nothing on earth but me. Go, Ribalta, win a name and return to claim me.—As I am true to him, so will I be true to you."

Long and bitter was their parting; and on the morrow, when Isabel returned to her bower, there was a cloud on her young spirit. She gazed with a wild and piercing eye on the spot where his parting plume had disappeared, until coming forms unwove the spell of memory.

Ribalta turned his steps to Italy, with noble resolve to win a name and claim his bride. He followed the path of science untired, kindling into thought and hopes that nerved his arm to toil. The gray dawn found him a watcher, and its first beams fell on his ready imagination, with a strained and doubtful eye he urged his midnight task, and when the picture grew upon his touch, and his kindling glance told him that he had stamped truth and beauty on the canvass, he shouted in his solitude, Isabel ! Isabel !

Three years passed away, and the lovely Isabel ripened like rich fruit by her fathers side ; and while her lover was drawing ideal forms on earthly canvass, her filial piety was a picture for angels.

"Is he not my father ?" she would say, when some little trial of her forbearance aross. "If I respect and serve him not, who will?" Then seeking his studio, she arranged the light for his failing eyes, and with her book or work sat near to aid his wishes.

One morning he left her to examine some pictures of a brother artist, and Isabel, released for the day from her filial cares, turned to the shaded balcony to arrange her flowers. There was one she had never slighted—the gift of Ribalta. She had kissed its leaves, prayed over its blossoms, and near that flower was she bending with a footstep startled her. It was he Ribalta, pale and attenuated—but O, the intellectual beauty that sat upon his brow ! Few were their words of fond and passionate sympathy, and they passed hastily to the artist's room.

A noble sketch lay unfinished on the easel, Ribalta caught up the brush and wrought as if soul were in his touch. The picture grew, and the colors stood out in their rich blending all gloriously. Isabel was by, and now triumphant laughter broke from her opened lips ; now tears stood in her eyes ; now a prayer to the Virgin rose from heart, and now she stamped her foot in irrepressible excitement, while he stirred by the genius of his art, waved his arm over the canvass, bound heart and eye to that one growing image scarcely heeding the young creature who stood half breathless beside him.

A glorious sunset poured in on the painting after that day of toil. A step approached, and Ribalta panting and exhausted retreated behind a neighboring picture frame.

The artist entered, started, raised his hand to his brow, rubbed his dim, eyes, walked again and again around the picture, and then grasping Isabel's hand exclaimed—

"Whose magic is this my girl ? Think you I would wed you to the dauber Ribalta ? None but this painter deserve you for a bride."

Ribalta, springing from his concealment, clasped the yielding form of Isabel to his heart, and kneeling beside her sire, they asked and received his blessing.

TO MY SISTER.

BY MISS EMALINE EVANS.

A beautious flower, oh ! sister,
In wild wood paths is seen,
With blushes on its bosom sweet,
And leaf of shining green.
From Spring-time to the falling year
Its twining arms are found
Caressing trees of giant growth,
Or trailing on the ground.

Whene'er I see its chalice meek
Uplifted to the sky,
I mind me of thy blushing cheek,
Thy gently sparkling eye—
Thy shining wealth of golden hair,
And forehead pure as snow—
And the blessed hours,
Spent 'mid the flowers,
In long, long years ago.

Ah ! never more, dear sister,
Shall we again be found,
Stray birds in the dim wilderness,
With rose-wreath fetters bound ;
Yet to my soul comes back that hour,
Whene'er these birds I see
These jewels of the forest bower,
Devote to love and thee !

Royal Gift to an American Author.—We have just learned of a most flattering compliment that has been recently paid by a crowned head of Europe to an American writer, Mr. A. J. Downing, of Highland Gardens, New-York, who published, not long since, a most charming book on landscape gardening. Mr. Henry Wickoff, who arrived yesterday in the Acadia, from Liverpool, has brought over with him an autograph letter from the Queen of Holland, together with a magnificent ruby ring encircled by three rows of fine diamonds, in acknowledgment of the pleasure her majesty derived from the late perusal of Mr. Downing's book. A compliment like this form a royal personage to an American author is certainly quite novel, and what enhances its value is the new mode made choice of. The gift of a jewel is the familiar form that a crowned head usually selects to express royal approbation, but it is the first instance of the kind we know of where an autograph letter was added to give a stronger emphasis to such a testimonial. We record with great pleasure this marked compliment to the talents of a fellow countryman, and congratulate Mr. Wickoff upon his honorable commission.—*Boston Post.*

The Emperor of China has issued an edict in which he says he does not wish to exclude the Christain religion from his dominions, but means to punish with rigor those who make that religion a cloak under which crimes are committed. He does not prohibit the building of Christain churches at any of the five ports open to European traders, but cautions Christains against introducing their vices among his people.

SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Patriotism is to be willing to make sacrifices and endure hardships for our country. History gives a many instances where property has been devoted and life itself laid down to aid in liberating their native land from oppression. Patriots often become illustrious by their deeds, and their names are conspicuous in the annals of history. Yet, there is much true patriotism on a humbler scale, which never wins the notice of the world. An instance of this, I am going to relate you.

During the contest between Great Britain and the United States, which is called the Revolutionary War, our army endured many hardships, especially in the severe winter with which the year 1779 closed, and that of 1780 began. They were then stationed at Morristown New Jersey.

I once knew a soldier of the Revolution. His head was white as if covered with snow. He filled a respectable rank in scociety, and was beloved for kindness of heart and piety. He was gratified that I asked him for tales of other days; and he told me the following story of the winter at Morristown.

Early in the month of November 1778, said he, our army, under General Washington, left the vicinity of Hudson river, and the White plains, to go into winter quarters. Snow had already fallen, so that we had the prospect of a dreary season. The roads were in a most uncomfortable state, from rains and melting snows, and we marched four days with feet and limbs continually wet and cold. We reached Morristown weary and wayworn, and were permitted the first night to sleep in the houses and barns of the inhabitants.

The next morning early, we were ordered two miles northward, to a thick dense forest to cut down trees, and build huts, to shelter us during the winter. Almost every day snow fell, and the cold was extreme. We slept on the frozen ground, wrapt in a single blanket. We worked hard to complete our hovels of logs. In about a week they were ready to admit their tenants. We took possession of those rude darknesses with more pleasure than a king enters his palace, for we better knew the value of shelter from a storm.

We now hoped to pass in quietness, the dreary moths, till spring should call us forth to the service of our country. But great trials awaited us. Ere long, the provision began to fail. The severe cold had frozen much earlier than usual, the waters of the Hudson and the Deleware, so that no supply could arrive by boats. New Jersey was not able, for any length of time to provide, from her own rescources for such a multitude. Our daily allowance of food was reduced to one half, then to one fourth. Only four ounces of bread, and four of meat, were served to each man for 24 hours. The cravings of hunger were intense. Still the afflicting scarcity grew more severe—this scanty pittance was at length only dealt out once in two days: But the suffering was borne with astonishing patience. The half famished soldiers sustained themselves with the love of their country and the hope of better times. Some even strove by amusing and playfull conversation, to keep up the spirits of their comrades. Yet a deeper trial was reserved for us. Four bitter days and nights not a morsel of food was given out. The strongest men became weak, and the voices of the more feeble grew so weak as scarcely to be audible. But there was no murmuring. We felt it to be the poverty of our beloved country we were sharing, and believed that, in God's good time relief would come.

After the dreadful abstinence of four days, some wheat was obrained. One gill of raw wheat was the portion of each soldier. We hastened to boil and eat it, drinking also the water in which it had been boiled.

While we were devouring this food, a gun was heard within the encampment. A lean, miserable dog had wandered thither; the poor animal was immediately shot and cooked for some of the officers, who were so reduced by famine as to be thankful of such a repast. Another fast of four days ensued, rendered more painful by extreme cold, which threatened to turn every thing into ice.

On the fifth morning, before the sun arose, a majestic man was seen, with the bridle of his horse around his arm. He affectionately asked each soldier how he fared. It was Washington. Tears escaped from his eyes at the sight of sorrow. Only the night before had he learned their full extent.—Ere the dawn he hastened, notwithstanding the terrible cold, to visit us. His countenance and words revealed the deepest sympathy. At the sight his distress, many cheerful voices exclaimed—General we do not complain we can bear this longer if it is the will of Heaven. We are ready to defend our country whenever you call us to the field. This patience and patriotism affected Washington still more keenly. He could scarcely command his voice as he thanked and blessed them. He assured them that if it were in the power of man relief should be sent to them before the close of the day.

A little past noon the steward's call was heard in the camp. We rushed to the spot. To each of us was weighed out four ounces of beef, as free from the bones as possible. Overcome by the fierceness of appetite, some swallowed it raw as soon as it reached their hands. On the following day we received four ounces of bread, and much in the same manner, our food continued to be regular, tho' scanty distributed until winter was passed, and spring recalled us to our trials and perils. yet scarcity of provisions was not the only cause of our sufferings at Morristown.—The weather was fearfully severe, and our clothing old and insufficient. Snow for a long time covered the ground to the depth of three or four feet. During more than six weeks not the least thawing was perceived even in the noon day sun. No water could be obtained by the soldiers, but melted ice and snow; they were generally destitute of shoes, so that the guard when they were upon duty, might be tracked by the blood from their feet reddening their path of snow.

But every hardship was endured, for the welfare of our country. Looking with hope to her independence, we took part in her hard lot, like children with a parent—and suffered hunger, cold, and nakedness, and the want of all things without repining.

Here the aged man ended his story. And when I reflect how many young people there are who have always been provided with food, warm clothing, and a comfortable shelter, and yet are little thankful for such favors, perhaps some times discontented. I thought it might be well for them to hear how nobly great sufferings were endured by the men of other times who loved their country.

If any of you who now read this account should ever travel through Morristown, and admire its beautiful scenery and pure atmosphere, it would be well to search out the spot where our army was encamped during that severe winter.

Case of John B. Gough.—The National police Gazette of Saturday not only reiterates its former statements respecting this individual, but states other circumstances which, if true, prove him to be unworthy of confidence. It declares positively that he visited the house of infamy in Walker-st, on one occasion about six weeks before the 6th of September the time of his last visit to New York. On this occasion he is said to have accosted an infamous woman in the street and gone to the house in her company. It is affirmed, on the authority of Dr. Joel G. Candee, Dentist, No. 20 Park Place that on his arrival on the 7th of September in the New Haven steamboat he was met, on landing, apparently by previous concert, by a woman who could not be his wife. The gazette does not pretend to know any thing farther respecting this circumstance, but thinks it looks suspicious. The woman who accompanied him to the house on Walker-st. in the first instance is also said to have met him there again during the week that he spent in that house. It is also alleged that on two occasions within about eighteen months he had been in a "drunken spree." In the first instance Mr. Goodhue of Coonecticut, who first induced him to take the pledge, is said to have sent for him to lecture, and discovered a few hours after his arrival that he was drunk. He charged him—so the story goes—with having taken something, and at length obtained a bottle from his pocket, which on examination, proved to be one third full of brandy and ether.—The other instance is said to have occurred in Worcester, and the names of Mr. Stockwell and George Haydock are given as authority.

These statements are of a very serious character, but we hope Mr. Gough will be able to clear them all up triumphantly, as he is bound to do if he can.—Meanwhile it is no more than fair that the public judgement should be suspended until he has had a fair hearing in his own defence.—*Tribune.*

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Washington, Dec, 20, 1845.

To the Editor of the Union :

Dear Sir:—In compliance with your request, I take pleasure in stating the preparations made for the extension of Morse's electro magnetic telegraph in the United States.

A company was organized last spring to construct a continuous line from N. Y. to Washington, the first object of which was to put up two wires from the former place to Philadelphia. Owing to difficulties as to right of way they were much delayed, & for that reason, and others, were compelled to take a circuitous route about 150 miles in length. It is complete except about 30 miles, upon which the posts are up; and the wires are being put up by two parties, one at each end. Arrangements have recently been made to extend this line to Baltimore as rapidly as it can be put up.

Another company was formed soon after the former, to construct a line from the city of N. Y. to Buffalo. The entire line from Albany to Buffalo was put under contract early last Fall, and it is nearly completed.

An arrangement was made in November for the construction of a line from N. Y. to Boston. the holes are dug, on the eastern end, to Springfield, and probably further, and the posts are up the greater part of that distance,

Early in the summer an arrangement was made having in view the construction of a line West from Philadelphia, and a branch to Lake Erie. Means are raised to carry the line to Pittsburg; it is built from Harrisburg to Lancaster, and is going up rapidly from that point to Philadelphia.

A line of thirty miles is in successful operation from Buffalo to Lockport.

A line from Boston to Lowel, about 25 miles, is nearly completed.

Lines are contracted for leading from——to Oswego, from Auburn to Ithaca, and branches thence to Birmingham, Owego, and——.

Lines are nearly completed from N. Y. and Boston, to the cities of those ports.

Preliminary arrangements are made with the view of pushing a line through from Washington to New Orleans, operations to commence earrly in the spring.

Many other routes are bespoken, with a view to construction next spring.

We encounter some unforeseen difficulties, and have been much disappointed by erroneous estimates of the time requisite to build these lines; but nothing has occurred to shake the perfect confidence entertained in the practicability and profit of this great enterprise.

With great respect, yours, &c.

AMOS KENDALL.

Labor Saving.—A churn has been invented in Northampton, Mass., which requires only to be wound up and set in motion, and the butter comes out ready for use, (!) while the good housewife employs herself with knitting or reading a newspaper. We wonder if it comes out ready salted ?

A lady in Magazine street fainted the other day on going into a room and seeing a desk without its drawers.—*N. O. Delta.*

CITY OF YPSILANTI HISTORICAL COLLECTION