Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.] EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1849. [VOL. 5.—NO. 28.

No Night But Hath Its Morn.

There are times of deepest sorrow,
When the heart feels lone and sad;
Times when memory's spell of magic
Have in gloom the spirit clad.
Wouldst thou have a wand all potent
To illumine life's darkest night?
'Tis the thought that e'er in nature,
Darkest hours precede the light.

When the world, cold, dark and selfish,
Frowns upon the feeble flame,
Lighted from the torch of genius,
Worth has kindled round thy name;
When the fondest hopes are blighted,
And thy dearest prospects fade,
Think, oh, lone one, scorned and slighted—
Sunshine ever follows shade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COUNT AND THE COUSIN.

A STORY.

'Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?' said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the city hotel.

'That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles,' said Horace; 'really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognise your nearest of kin.'

'You forget, Horace, that when I last saw Adelaide, she was a lively little hoyden, scarce ten years old,—the lapse of seven years makes a wondrous difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman.'

'Nay, if you begin to discuss Time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-cheeked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship some seven years ago? But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?'

'Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronounciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return *incognito*, and I thought I would humor the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognise me. I arrived last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Horace, did not at first know me.'

'Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brush-wood upon your lip and cheek! Do you really mean to wear these enormous whiskers and moustaches?'

'Certainly not longer than suits my present purpose, Horace. When I was in Germany, I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—because every body else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them in fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagered a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me 'bearded like the pard.'

'Nay, if you like them,' said Horace, laughing, 'you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers.'

'I have no desire to win ladies' favor by wearing an unshaven face,' answered Charles; 'but pray, Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin.'

'She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person, but she has one great fault: like the most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American.'

'What is it my fair countrywomen so much admire in their foreign lovers?' asked Charles.

'Oh, they say there is a polish and elegance of manner belonging to foreigners, which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide's intimate friends have recently married sons of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance.'

'If she were to marry a western farmer,' said Charles, with a smile, 'she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles.'

'Adelaide is a noble hearted girl,' replied Horace, 'and I wish she could be cured of her *folly*.'

'If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured.'

Horace shook his head.

'Come and dine with me, Horace; be careful to tell no one of my arrival, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Medeira, if you are not too fashionable to drink it.'

* * * * *

The windows of Mr. Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street, while the music heard at intervals told to the gaping crowd collected about the door, that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy.

'Cousin Horace,' she exclaimed, as she saw her favorite cousin enter the room, 'you have not been here these three days;' and then, in a lower tone, she added, 'who was that splendid Don Whiskerino I saw whom I saw you walking yesterday?'

Horace laid his finger on his lips as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room—'Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer.'

The blood mounted into Adelaide's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel a little uncomfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to show her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee, and a diamond band looping up the elegant *chabeaubras*, which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well shaped; his eyes were very bright, but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustaches that ever graced an American ball-room. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly; not with the staff awkward manner of an American, who always seems half ashamed of the undignified part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step and grace of motion perfectly unrivalled. Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger, when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand, as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a burning cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure.—She was too much excited for sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast-table (a duty which she never neglected) it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed.

'These late hours will kill you my child,' said he, as he kissed her forehead; 'I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I'll send for Dr. ——'

So saying, he slept into his carriage and drove to his counting-room, where, immersed in business he quite forgot Adelaide's cheek, until the dinner hour summoned him from his dingy little office to his stately mansion. As he entered the door, he recollected Adelaide's exhausted look.

'Poor child,' murmured he, 'I wonder how she is.'

A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room, and the sight of her radiant countenance, looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between Cousin Horace and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

Mr. Walsingham, in common with most Americans of the olden time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. 'If they are real lords,' he used to say, 'they don't want my daughter; and if they are not real lords, my daughter don't want them.' His notions of the Teutonic character were founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters were associated in his mind with everything German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew.

'Glad to see you, Horace—couldn't speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way, boy,' drawing him aside, 'who is that hairy-faced fellow?'

'That is Count Pfeiffenhammer, uncle.'

'Count Pipehammer!—well, the Germans have certainly an odd fancy in names. Pray what is his business?' 'Business!' said Horace, laughing; 'why his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality.'

'Principality!'—fudge!—a few barren acres with half-a-dozen mud-hovels on it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace—it won't do. Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility, if it were not for your sake.' 'Then for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give you my word you shall not repent your kindness.'

Every day saw the Count paying his devoirs to the lovely Adelaide, and always framing some very winning excuse for his visit. A boquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman, who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustaches and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants for ladies' smiles? Adelaide soon began to discover, that, when the Count was present, time flew on eagles' wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in the drawing-room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home, and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was ever her attendant.

A feeling of gratified vanity probably aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the railleries of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

'You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide,' said he; 'now you must indulge one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry—my name was transmitted to me unsullied by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the Declaration of Independence and no empty titled foreigner shall ever snap the fruits of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father.'

The earnestness of these admonitions from a parent who had never before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her own heart. She was alarmed at her own researches, when she found that she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.

'I wish he were an American,' sighed she; 'and yet if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are—how much feeling there is in all he says and does.

Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird—she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact that the manners of the Count too were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant, he had gradually become the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she keenly felt, that, in exposing her own peace of mind, she had also risked the loss of his.

This state of things could not exist without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow, and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over her melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear; but Adelaide was in no mood for gaiety. The Count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself—of his various adventures—of his personal feelings—and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The Count gazed earnestly upon her; then seizing her hand and clasping it closely between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the Count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach she attempted to answer him. Faulteringly but frankly, she stated her father's objections to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could only end in suffering for both.

'Only tell me, Adelaide that your father's prejudices are the sole obstacle,' said the count passionately; 'say but that you could have loved me, and I shall be content.' Adelaide blushed and trembled.

"For the love of heaven, answer me but by a look!"

Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he was answered.

"Adelaide," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "we may yet be happy.—Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble Count?"

A slight pressure of the hand which lay in his, and a flitting smile on the tremulous lip, was sufficient reply.

"Then hear me, Adelaide," said her lover; "I will return to my country—I will restore my honors to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit——"

"My utter contempt!" cried Adelaide, vehemently. "What resign your country—forfeit the name of your fathers—lose your inheritance of duties!—No, Count Pfeiffenhammer! if a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham; but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory passion.' 'A transitory passion, Adelaide!

'Could I expect stability of feeling in him who can so easily abandon his native land and forget the claims of his country? You have taught me a bitter lesson, Count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him whom I fondly believed to be all that his lips professed. Would we had never met," added she, bursting into tears. 'Adelaide,' said the Count 'those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine sweet one—your father will not be inexorable.' 'And therefore,' said she, 'you would have me make me wretched for life. Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature—I have been deceived in you!' 'You have, you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin!' cried the Count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. 'You have rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer; will you also refuse the hand of your madcap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago?'

Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise, 'What means all this?—Charles Winstanley!—the Count!' The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting in Charles Winstanley's arms. The anger of the lady when she recovered and learned the he trick which had been practised upon her—the merriment of cousin Horace—the satisfaction of the father, and the final reconciliation of all differences—may be far better imagined than described.

A few weeks after, a splendid party was again assembled in Mr. Walsingham's drawing rooms; but Adelaide was no longer the life of the party. Attired in bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false Count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaven off his moustache and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was, a true American—'But why, Charles, did you woo me in such *outlandish* guise?' whispered she, smiling.

'Because you vowed to marry none but an *outlandish* wooer. Plain Charles Wistanley would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer so closely besieged.' 'Ay, ay, Charles,' said the happy father, 'if American women would only value a man for the weight of his brains, rather than the lightness of his heels, and the strength of his principles, rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less of foreign foppery, and more of homely virtue in our country.'—*The Gift.*

Saint Lorenzo and the Old Woman.

When I was in Modica, a priest gave me a laughable instance of the credulity of the lower orders. A woman in comfortable circumstances had an only son of whom she was so fond, that she could not rest for a desire of knowing in what manner he was to die. To learn this she every day attended in the church to which my narrator belonged, and kneeling at the shrine of St. Lorenzo, made long and fervent orations, begging him to enlighten her on the wished for point, always concluding with, 'Blessed St. Lorenzo, inform me of what death my son is to die.' For a long time, as may well be supposed, she got no answer; but her constant visits and invariable prayer, with the necessity of being daily obliged to remind her that it was time to shut the church, at length she wore out the patience of the sexton. He waited however till Passion Week, during which it is customary to veil the image. When the good lady made her appearance he laid himself behind the curtain which concealed the figure, and on the wonted supplication of 'Blessed St. Lorenzo, inform me of what death my son is to die;' he instantly replied in a hollow, solemn tone 'Impiso, impiso;' in English 'he will be hanged.' 'Ah!' said the indignant mother, rising from her knees, not at all astonished at the miracle, or grateful for the gracious condescension of the saint, 'you rascal, it was for that tongue of yours you were roasted alive.'

The Yankee's Fox Skin.

'Mornin', Squire!' said 'down cast,' giving a nod and a wink to Lyman Towle, as these gents stood in their store in Boston one morning, 'up and dressed' for business.

'How are you, sir?' said the merchants.

'Pooty well, *con*-sidern the state of things in ginerawl. I say, you sell skins here, don't you?'

'We do, occasionally,' was the response.

'Well, so I calkelated: buy fox skins teou, I reckon?'

'Sometimes. Why, have you got some for sale?'

'Some? Yes I guess I hev *one*: its *some*, teou, I tell yeou.'

'Let's look at it,' says one of the merchants. The owner of the skin tugged at the capacious pockets of his old "yaller" over-coat, a few minutes, and out came a pretty considerable, sizeable *bang-up* of a venerable reynard.

'There it is—a perfect bewty it is, too. Ain't it?'

'Seen many finer one,' says Towle.

'Praps yeou hev, and praps yeou haint; but I deou think it's a rale bewty—slick and shiny as a bran new hat.'

'When did you get this skin?' says the merchant.

'When did I get it? why when I killed the darn'd critter of course.'

'Yes, we know, but was it in the Fall or Summer, or when?'

'Oh! yes; well, I reckon, 'twan'at far from the 4th of July, any way, for I'd jest cleaned up my old shootin' piece, for p'rade on the glorious annivarsity, and a-long comes the old critter, and I jest give him a rip in the gizzard that settled his hash mighty sudden, I tell yeou.'

'Fox skins,' said the merchant 'are not very good when taken in hot weather; the fur and hair is thin, and not fit for much in Summer.'

'Well, neow I reckon, since I come to think it over, 'twarn't hot weather when I shot the critter; no, I'll be darn'd ef it was; made a thunderin' mistake 'beout that, for 'twas nigh on to Christmas, was by golly, for I and Seth Peurkins wur going to a frolic, I remember it like a book, cold as sixty, snowin' awful, was, by ginger!'

'Well,' says the merchant, was the fox very fat?'

'Fa-at! Oh! Molly, war'nt it fat! Never did see such a fat feller in all my born days. Why yeou, the fat came come clean through the critter's hide, run down his legs, 'till the very earth was greasy where the darn'd varmint crawled around. Did, by peunkins!'

'Too fat, then, we guess, to be good,' said Towle. 'Fat skins, sir, are not so good as those taken from an animal not more than ordinary fat.'

'Well, guess 'twas'nt so *darn'd* fat mither; come to think abeout it, 'twas another fox our Siah shot last Fall; *this* old critter, war'nt so *darn'd* fat, not overly fat—fact, I guess, *it was rey-ther poor; kind of lean*, tree-menjus lean; poor old varmint was about to die of pure starvation; never did see such a darn'd eternal starved, lean, lank, famished live critter, on the lord's yearth before!'

'Very poor, eh?' says Lyman.

'Very poor! I guess it was; so almighty poor, that the old critter's bones stuck clean out, almost through his skin; hadn't killed it jest when I did, it would died afore it got ten rods further along. Fact by golly!'

'Ah! well,' says the merchant, 'we see the skin is poor, very poor; the fur is thin and loose,, and would not suit us.'

'Want suit yeou! Neou look ahere yeou,' says the Yankee, folding up his *versatile* skin, 'I don't kind o' like sich dealing as that, no heow, and I'll be darn'd to darnation ef you catch me a p din fox skins with *yeou* again, there ain no lumber in the State o' Maine!' And the holder of the skin vamosed.—*Aurora Borealis.*

Attachment Recipr[illegible]

The following capital[illegible] is told of an Alabamy sheriff and a[illegible] widow, and is worth repeating [illegible] how old:

Court was in se[illegible] which crowded upon him at term [illegible] sunny side of thirty, of a widow[illegible]ay, had often bestowed who, by [illegible]s upon the sheriff aforesaid. melting[illegible]itted, and soon the widow ap- He w[illegible] the confusion and delight which pear[illegible] the arrival of the visitor had occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M——. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blendid tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled rosebuds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered; her eyes were like the quivers of cupid, the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling arrows that only wanted a fine beau (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common-place remarks—

'Madam,' said the matter-of-fact sheriff, 'I have an attachment for you.'

A deeper blush than usual mant'led the cheeks of the fair widow. With downcast eyes, whose glances were centered upon her beautiful feet, half concealed by the flowing drapery, gently patting the floor, she, with social candor, replied:

'Sir the attachment is reciprocal.'

'For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence. At last he said:

'Madam, will you proceed to court?'

'Proceed to court!' replied the lady, with a merry laugh: then shaking her beautiful head, she added: 'No, sir! though this is *leap year*, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should proceed to court!'

'But, madam, the justice is waiting.'

'Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace.'

'Madam,' said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, 'there is a great mistake here.—My language has been misunderstood. The attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Esquire C——, and commands me to bring you instantly before him, to answer a contempt of court, in disobeying a supœna in the case of Smith vs. Jones.'

LIVE FEATHERS.—An editor tells a good story of peregrinations down south. He was a young lawyer in attendance upon court, and the village where the court was held was thronged to overflowing. Having, with some difficulty, however, procured a bed, he jumped into it, but he was out again in almost no time.

What kind of a bed do you call this?" said he to the negro who officiated as master of the ceremonies.

"Feather bed, Massa."

"Feathers! I should think it contained entire chickens."

"Can't be dat are fifty dollar nigger, Sam, trow de chik'n in!" murmured the waiter dubiously, as he proceeded to insinuate his hand into the course bassing tick. "Squash if he habn't, tho!" said he as he pulled forth a partly-picked rooster. "I tole de stupid jack-behine dis morn" when he was feathirin' chick'ns for dinner, to empty the feathers into de fuss class beds, to prov de kerwality; and de blind nigger cb rook de chick'n! In de hurry oo business, masa," he continued, in an apologetic tone, "dese little accidents can't alw's be avoided. We had a dozen niggers tr'ownin chick'ns all de time, and 'casionally a foot or head am obserooked in de feathers when we put 'em 'way in de beds, but dis'ere am de fus time I ever found a hull chick'n!"

Ingenuity of the Germans.

The following are some of the inventions which have originated in Germany: A. D. 850—Saw mills; 898—Sun dials; 996—Fulling mills; 1070—Tillage of hops; 1100—Wind mills, oil paintings; 1270—Spectacles; 1300—paper of linen rags; 1312—Organs; 1318—Gunpowder, cannons; 1350—wire making; 1330—Hats; 1379—Pins; 1389—Grist mills; 1423—Wood engravings; 1436—Printing; 1439—Printing presses; 1440—Copperplate engravings; 1420—Printing ink; 1442—Cast [illegible] John Faincy [illegible] bells; 1500—Watches, letter posts a[illegible] mails, etching, boiling apparatus; 1527—Gun locks; 1535—Spinning wheels; 1546—Almanacs, stoves, sealing wax; 1590—Telescopes; 1610—Wooden bellows; 1620—Microscopes; 1638—Thermometers; 1643—Mezzotint engraving; 1650—Air pumps; 1651—Electric machines; 1655—Pendulum clocks; 1690—Clarionet; 1706—White china ware; 1707—Prussian blue; 1709—Stereotyping; 1715—Mercurial thermometer; 1717—Piano fortes; 1736—Solar microscope; 1753—The gamut; 1796—Lithography.

Beside, there are several German inventions of which we cannot ascertain the date—such as door locks and latches; the modern screw augur and gimlet, the cradle for harvesting, &c.

Surely a nation which has made such contributions to the interests of literature and the arts, must occupy a high rank in intellect and ingenuity.

'Cut my straps and let me go to glory, as Dow Jr., exclaimed when he took his first favorite kiss.'