

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Marrying 'Em Over Again; OR, A JOKER FORESTALLED.

A HYMNICAL SKETCH.

Some time last summer, while canvassing the 'down east' States, Dodge—need we particularize what Dodge—Ossian E. Dodge, of course, ran afoul of a young gentleman quite noted for his off-hand, practical jokes, and having heard of Dodge, our amateur joker made up his mind that when and where he met the extensively known and thorough bred wag, there would very probably be files about and somebody's eye teeth would be cut. When Dodge appeared in our amateur wit's diggings, he straightway went to work to introduce himself to Dodge.

'I understand, sir,' says the amateur, 'that you are not to be caught napping—I've read and heard a great deal of your practical joking, and though I don't profess to be very smart that way, yet I've made a bet with some of my friends, that in less than six months I will show you a new kink or two—I intend to show you the elephant!'

'Ah, indeed!' says Dodge. 'Well, sir, I'm tolerably conversant with that species of quadrupeds, having studied the animated nature for sometime, but I shall always be pleased to learn something new, altho' I fear sir, that the critter you mention would hardly, with my experience, come under the head of novelty with me.—However, I don't want to damp your enthusiasm, so you may figure up and fetch along your entertainment whenever you feel like it.'

The amateur made several small flirt at Dodge during his stay in the amateur's neighborhood, but his efforts scarcely amounted to anything with a good 'nub' to it, and hence we shall not take any pains to illustrate them. Time and Dodge passed along, and by casually meeting each other in other parts of the country, in the vicinity of the city of notions, quite an intimacy sprang up between the two 'sawyers,' and finally one day, says the amateur joker.

'Mr. Dodge, I'm going to be married.' 'Sho! you're joking!' says Dodge, poking his friend in the side with the butt of that high-salutin cane of his.

'Am I, though!' says the other, 'guess not, it's all arranged—the old man don't like me,—the young lady does, and that makes it all right you know—we're going to New York to-morrow evening; to be there married the next day, and, if you have nothing serious to prevent you, I wish you to join a small and select party of the young lady's friends and mine, and go along.'

'Nothing would give me more pleasure,' says Dodge, 'than to accompany you,' but really, I—I—that is, the notice is somewhat short, the—the—parties, except yourself, sir, are a—a—strangers to me, and I would be a little kind of awkward, in short I must decline your invitation.'

'O, no, 'twouldn't do. Dodge must go, could not get off; so next day a small party of some four or five ladies, and gentlemen met at the Marlboro Hotel, and a few hours afterwards, the coach drove them down to the Providence railway depot, where they soon embarked, and next morning, just as the sun began to peep over the eastern part of creation, the bride and bridegroom, and their male and female attendants, with our facetious and self-sacrificing friend Dodge, who was to act as grand master of ceremonies, cicerone, &c., coupled with a young lady, a relative of the bridegroom's, found themselves at the pier No. 1, North River, New York.

'Now, Mr. Dodge,' says the amateur joker, 'we are all strangers here in New York, and we put you in command of our affairs, and to direct our movements.'

'Exactly, that's all right, says Dodge, leave all to me. Say, you, look here, brawls Dodge, to one of the noisy, brawling, pushing red-faced drivers to one of the hundred and fifty cabs, coaches and trunks usually besetting the steamers, landing their passengers at the New York piers, 'you, I mean, we all go to the Irving House—fly around—get the baggage—allow me, Miss —, to assist you to this coach: so—all in—drive off.'

In the course of ten minutes the bridal party were housed at the 'Irving,' private parlors, and snug and merry as grigs.—Dodge stopped out to get the parson and arrange the minutes of the marriage. At eleven A. M. the parties were spliced, good humor, a few tears and kisses prevailed, and the party, under charge of Dodge, started out to see the lions of Gotham, and thus merrily passed the hours away, until the hour of retiring came around, the parties separated for the night.

'Mr. a—a—but no matter now.' 'Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Dodge?' said the happy bridegroom, turn-

ing back as Dodge made the broken call. 'Yes, that is, but no matter, some other time will answer, good night, God bless—and as if laboring under some undigested trouble, Dodge disappeared and took a stroll around by himself. Returning about midnight at the 'Irving' with a mysterious looking companion, they took their seats in the drawing room and sent for the landlord; he came, a brief whispering took place, the landlord grinned and grinned, and finally broke out into something of a laugh, and said:

'Well, I don't care, you're all friends, it's rather a good joke, it will surprise them some, do as you please, sir.' 'The landlord disappeared, a servant came in and intimated if the gentlemen were ready he'd show 'em up to No. —. 'Tap, tap, tap, gently went Dodge's knuckles on the door of the number.— 'Who's there?' says a quick voice. 'Me,' says Dodge. 'Get up quick.' 'That you, Mr. Dodge?' 'Yes, sir, get up, quick!' 'Heaven's sake, what's the matter Mr. Dodge?'

'O, get up, sir, quick, open your door. 'The house on fire? Heaven's sake, what's the matter?'

'Then was heard a fine strung voice humbly making the same inquiry, and soon the door was opened and the outlines of a gentleman in *disshabille* thrusting out his nose and night cap.

'Heavens and earth, Mr. Dodge, do tell what all this means?'

'Why, sir, but I—I hope you'll pardon me I—I confess that a, a, I was wrong, very wrong to a—'

'Well, but sir,' said the excited and impatient husband, 'what is it about? Come let us know the worst!'

'The fact is, sir, I couldn't—'

'Well, well!'

'I couldn't go to sleep, I got up determined to ask your pardon, but you'll never forgive me, but a—'

'Go on, go on, out with it!'

'Mr. Dodge are we in danger?' said the fine small voice of the little bride, her bright eyes and pretty little night cap appearing faintly in the background.

'Awful too bad, mark, I shall never forgive myself,' and here, Dodge actually threw up the whites of those big eyes and sighed twice!

'What danger, how, where?' said the married couple, in one breath. 'Tell us all, sir,' sharply asked the husband.

'Yes, yes, for mercy's sake do,' said the wife.

'Then if I must, I must,' said Dodge. 'You are not man and wife!'

'What? said the husband.

'Mr. Dodge!' said the wife.

'Fact, I ought to be hung and quartered, my fault.'

'What do you mean sir? You don't pretend—'

'Yes I do, it's a fact, sir!'

'What's a fact, Mr. Dodge?' inquired the alarmed bride.

'Not married mam—all a sham, my fault.'

'O-o-o! I'm—I'm,—here the husband as he supposed himself, caught his wife as she supposed she was, just as she was about to swoon.

'Mr. Dodge this is a shabby business, sir,' said the supposed husband.

'I know it,' says Dodge, 'I confess all, I regret it severely, sir, I—I got up, determined to make all the—'

'Misery you could, sir,' said the supposed married man.

'Not at all, sir, I did it as a joke.' 'A joke sir? It's villainous, sir!'

'But I'll repair it, sir, I'll run off to the minister's.'

'Don't meddle any more, sir, take yourself off, sir, and leave us to ourselves—go. 'The husband was about to shut the door, this brought the lady too, she rushed to the door:

'Go, Mr. Dodge, go, do go and get the minister at once, do, sir!'

'Never mind now, it's almost morning, my dear, then we'll arrange the matter without his intervention,' said the husband.

But the lady was determined, insisted. Dodge desired them to dress and come down into the drawing-room and he would have the real parson there, and there should be a *prima facie*, *bona fide*, and veritable wedding. So he left, the discomfited votaries of Hymen had their other friends aroused from their downy couches, and the amazed and vexed parties assembled in the drawing room and were soon comforted by Dodge and a new parson, who put them over the ground again in a good and substantial shape. The performances however, took up the time until daylight began to peep in thro' the window at the sombre looking wedding party, when Dodge and the parson left.

After breakfast, the entire party being again assembled in the drawing-room, Dodge used his handkerchief about his

lips a few times, and with a slight whim he addressed the wedded parties:

'Mr. and Mrs. —s, I've had my joke, I will not be greedy and enjoy all the fun myself but share it liberally among you. Mr. —s threatened sometime ago that he would certainly introduce to my especial observation a well known quadruped in less than six months. There is yet a short time left him to carry out his determination, and I beg leave to say that this wedding has afforded me probably the only opportunity I shall ever have to assure Mr. —s, that the joker who intends travelling with me must rise early in the morning and be well loaded with saws, in order to show to my vision a new species of the 'elephant. I regret, Mrs. —s, the inconvenience and alarm I may have caused you, unnecessarily, for perhaps, the first matrimonial performance was genuine, the last was merely a little bit of my nonsense! and with the entire party close upon his heels, the incorrigible joker made his exit.'

Life in San Francisco.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post. SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 15, 1849.

The people of San Francisco are mad, stark mad. In Bedlam you may have seen, perchance, an occasional madman—there are hundreds such in California—out at eldows, strutting with a lordly step, with head erect, and eyes staring wildly about, proclaiming himself, in his happy delusion, the lord and proprietor of untold wealth. He will tell you, with an air of happy contentment, as you look sadly upon the long dismal wards, filled with madmen, grinning, raging, moaning, the great thick walls, the barred door, and the grated window, that he is the fortunate possessor of all you see, of the whole structure which appears to his diseased fancy a palace, but which you know, as the keeper turns the lock and the iron bar upon him, is but a prison-house for the mad.

A dozen times or more, during the last few weeks, I have been taken by the arm by some of the *millionaires*—so they call themselves. I call them madman—of San Francisco, looking wondrously dirty and out at elbows for men of such magnificent pretensions. They have dragged me about through the mud and filth almost up to my middle, from one pine box to another, called mansion, hotel, bank, or store, as it may please imagination, and have told me with a sincerity that would have done credit to a bedlamite, these splendid (they had all the admiration and fine adjectives to themselves) structures were theirs, and that they, the fortunate proprietors, were worth from two to three hundred thousand dollars a year each. Such wealth and such millionaires have existed before, as we read in the history of Law's Mississippi scheme, the South Sea bubble, and other bubbles.

There is a great deal of wild excitement, as you might suppose, engendered by the present state of things in San Francisco; there were no less than four suicides this last week; There is misery, too, and misery that is fully realized, for there is no illusion about sickness and staring want. There are no less than fifty paupers at this moment supported by the town of San Francisco, at an expense of five dollars each a day. There is comedy, too, as well as tragedy, in San Francisco; some odd contrasts and droll inconsistencies.—Purple and fine linen are not the clothing of the rich here; and Dives has come to the level of Lazarus.

Society here is in a strangely dislocated state; all its members 'are out of place.—Dame Fortune has chosen her favorites contrary to the usual laws of prudence.—The scrub-horse has gone in for the cup and won. The tail is where the head ought to be. Poverty is certainly the respectable thing in California. There is a Delmonico's restaurant in San Francisco, where, in the absence of the French cutlets and chateau margaux of the original, you may be sure of getting, at all seasons, the rare luxury of being waited upon by a score or more of gentlemen, just such as in New York on a Sunday pass up and down the middle aisles with a silver plate collecting the offerings of the benevolent—vestry men, deacons, and such like, whose duty it is to collect alms,—you can see just such passing up and down among the tables, waiting and tending upon the customers as common waiters.

It is rumored that at the present time there is in San Francisco a judge from Oregon, now waiter at Delmonico's; a professor of Yale College driving an ox team and a Methodist parson tending a bar, and that the latter, numbers more than one temperance lecturer among his regular customers. The ideas of the children—for there are few such here—must be strangely exalted in regard to money. I saw a group of them the other day about a fruit and candy stall in the 'chief square,' the youngest of whom, a child of some three

years old, grasped a big silver dollar in his hand—it would have been a penny in New York. There are some few cool-headed men in possession of capital, who, availing themselves of the fluctuations in prices, will succeed in making money; but, believe me, the present prosperity of San Francisco is apparent, not real, and that most here will be ruined.

The daily deluges of rain remind us that the rainy season has set in, and as there is not a house in the whole town that does not leak, and since many people are houseless, and since the dust of the summer has become the mud of winter, and the whole site of the town has been turned into a slough of half liquid mud, into which you penetrate at every step to the height of your knees, it is likely that the inhabitants of San Francisco will become, as Mantilini threatened to make himself, 'demnition cold moir bodies,' and remain so till the return of summer. Men go about plunging into the mud puddles, for there are no pavements, and it is useless labor to attempt to pick their way, with their legs encased in enormous boots, like Prince Albert's, about which Punch has let off so many jokes—Boots and heavy brogans, as you will see by the price current, have risen into very considerable commercial importance, and are quoted at enormously high prices, and with an upward tendency—as the merchants say.

There is quite a range of buildings fronting the town, which are now, since the commencement of the rain, only connected with the main lands by means of narrow wooden bridges, and which bid fair, before the winter is over, to declare their independence, and establish a town of their own on the opposite side of the bay. A strong southeasterly gale has been blowing for some days, stirring up the harbor, causing the ships to drag their anchors and bring them together to their manifest disadvantage. All communication between ship and shore was cut off for several days, in consequence of the storm—a frequent occurrence at this season, it is said.

There is a dock called the Central wharf a brick house or two, a nightly performance of some circus riders, new hotels, and new pine houses rising by the dozen, every day or so, and other evidence of development. There is the steamboat Senator, too, that reminds one of the North river, playing daily between San Francisco and Sacramento City. The town of San Francisco has certainly made much progress during the last two months, partly from the necessity of things, and partly under the stimulus of artificial prosperity. There must be nearly two thousand houses, besides tents, which are still spread in numbers, giving the outskirts of the town the appearance of a military encampment. And what do you suppose to be the rental, the yearly value of this card house city? No less, it is said, than twelve millions of dollars, and this with a population of about twelve thousand. New York, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants, does not give a rental of much more than this, if as much.

The rainy season is floating the population of the mines and of the interior towns into San Francisco. Stockton and Sacramento, (on the site of the latter Gen. Valjejo told me he had frequently sailed in a boat,) as they situated on sloughs generally overflow in the rainy season, and as man is not an amphibious animal, must of course be deserted by their inhabitants during the winter.

There are some forebodings of famine; there is in truth reason to fear that many of them in the mines, and the immigrants by land, may die of hunger, as all communication will probably be cut off between them and the towns where supplies are alone to be had.

I have seen some of the miners, who have told me that it is with utmost difficulty that they succeeded in reaching the river towns, as this is the beginning of the rainy season, such was the state of the rivers and passes. Provisions, too, are said to be very scarce even in San Francisco; the prices of them are certainly very high. Pork sells at sixty-five dollars a barrel, and flour at forty, though it is doubtful how far these prices are owing to scarcity or to the juggling of the speculators. The loaf of bread about the size of a breakfast roll, which was selling at 25 cents, rose in price in a single day to fifty cents, and beef from one shilling to two shillings. This looks as if the speculators had been at their tricks. The fact is, the whole town is converted into one mighty gambling hell; it is not only the card dealer who is shuffling cards at the faro and monte tables, but the merchant and land speculator as well, that prey upon the community they are gamblers all.

There is necessarily a great demand on the part of the newly arrived immigrants for shelter for themselves and property.—The dealers in houses and land, buying their wood, and building their crazy wood-

den tenements by means of money borrowed at the rate of *ten per cent, a month*, avail themselves of the necessities of the newly arrived, and demand enormous rents, from five hundred to five thousand dollars per month. These speculators calculate upon realizing fortunes in the space of a few months; and as they pay enormous rates of interest for borrowed money, they raise the rents accordingly. There are no permanent resources in the country sufficient to justify this state of things. The immigrants who come with more or less property, and the mines are the principal sources of wealth; the former are squandering their means in store rent, house rent and expenses of subsistence, and the yield of the latter has been very much overrated.

It is difficult to get any very correct statements in regard to the gold mines.—I am told that there is plenty of gold there but I know that the obstacles in getting it are so great that most are deterred, after a first attempt, from continuing their search. There are, indeed, some lucky diggers.—I know one man who has dug, himself, twenty thousand dollars in value, of gold dust, in the course of six months; but he tells me that the most about him were not paying their daily expenses. It is a lottery, where the prizes are few and blanks many. When the average is spoken of as ten dollars a day, the fair expression of the fact would be, that one in a hundred makes his thousand dollars, while the ninety and nine make nothing at all. They are beginning to use more scientific means for gathering gold; during the last month or so, the process of amalgamation with mercury has been very extensively employed, and quicksilver has been in consequence in great demand, and has brought in market five and six dollars a pound.

San Francisco is a rendezvous for people of all nations—the Chinese, Lascars, Sandwich Islanders, and others from all parts of the known world. There is a Chinese restaurant, where you can take your cup of souchow, outside barbarians though you may be, served by a veritable compatriot of the great Confucius and worshipper of Josh, in flaming trousers, and illimitable pig-tail. You may have your linen done up for eight dollars a dozen by a woman from the Sandwich Islands, possibly a first cousin of Queen Pomare.—The bullock from which your beefsteak is cut is brought in from the interior by a true Spanish cavalier, as melodramatic, and with as fine brigand air and look as Fra Diavolo in the aply, and who is doubtless a lineal descendant of the great Cortez; and you may have, it is said, your pocket picked by a genuine 'Sidney bird,' fresh from New Holland.

The commercial relations of San Francisco with foreign countries are certainly very extensive. Apart from the new arrivals from all parts of the world, attracted by the discovery of gold, there are vessels passing between San Francisco and the commercial ports on the American continent, the Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and Vancouver's Island, China New Holland and the East Indies.

A Singular Lake.

A northern paper gives the following account of a singular lake in Saratoga county, New York:

About ten miles to the southeast of Saratoga Springs there is a small lake, well worthy the attention of the curious geologist.—Around it, for a considerable distance, stretches a valley that shows many indications of having once been full of water, but which has been drained by the bursting of its southern boundary towards the Mohawk river. In the centre, deeply shaded by a wood, lies the present lake, not more than a quarter of a mile in length. The shape is serpentine, and although several small streams enter into it, no outlet has ever been discovered. Very slight changes only are perceptible in the water mark, even at the period of the spring freshets.

No soundings have ever been made in it, yet, although deep sea lines have been used. The shores are bold and perpendicular as a wall, descending downward to an unknown depth. The mightiest ship that ever floated could touch the shores in any place with safety. Its surface is calm as a mirror, for it is seldom touched by the boisterous wind. The water, though seemingly clear, appears black, from its depth and the shadows of the trees on the shore.

It has nothing of the dish shape usually pertaining to lakes, or seas, or oceans. It seems like an immense hole in the earth's surface, thrown open by a convulsion in nature, as an earthquake, long centuries ago.

An English Astronomer having seen a negro for the first time in his life, exclaimed, in great astonishment, that it was a man in the state of eclipse!

The Hammer.

The following appropriate panegyric on this primitive instrument, which was the first invention in mechanics, and perhaps also the first in war, is taken from the *Scientific American*:

The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the ploughshare of peaceful agriculture—the press of the free and the shackles of the brave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome, to a thousand battle-fields; but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled high hopes and noble aspirations in the bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames, but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helm and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns, and kingdoms. The forging of a thunderbolt was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labors of the forge. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helmet by a blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mahomet, but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of th Musselman was Martel—the hammer.—The hammer, the savior and bulwark of Christendom. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clinks point out the abode of industry. It is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the most humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, a carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press squeaks, a violins, a spade delves or a flag waves, without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes; but in skillful hands; directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.

Dow, Jr., describes life at twenty in the following unique manner: 'Friends, at twenty we are wild as partridges. There's no such thing as taming us; we ride that fierce, and headstrong animal, Passion, over fences, ditches, hedges, on to the devil—leap the five-barred gate of reason without touching the curb of discretion, or pulling harder than a tit mouse, upon the strong rein of judgment. And at twenty you are perfect locomotives, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, your heart the boiler, love the steam which you sometimes blow off in sighs,—and hope, fear, anxiety and jealousy, are the train that you drag. At this season of life you filled with exhilarating gas of romance every thing looks romantic by spells—even a jackass philosophising over a barrel of vinegar. You (both girls and boys) now read novels till your gizzards have softened into a sentimental jelly, and settled into the pit of your stomach. Oh! I know how you feel!—you feel as tho' you would like to soar from star to star! kick little planets aside, take crazy comets by their blazing hair, and pull them into their right courses, sit upon the highest peak of a thunder cloud and dangle the red lightning between your thumb and fingers, as a watch-chain, and then dive into the golden sunset sea and sport with the celestial syrens, speed on, pull the nose of the man in the moon, ransack all creation, knock a few panes out of Heaven, and then flutter down gently as a breeze and find the darling object of your love mending stockings! That's how you feel!'

Singular Coincidence.—In 1839, in consequence of protracted contest for the speakership in the United States House of Representatives, the President's Message was not delivered until the 24th of December. President Taylor's Message was delivered on Monday, December 24, 1849.

Female Voters.—Garrison, of the Boston Liberator, is advocating the right of women to exercise the elective franchise. 'To refuse it,' he says, 'is an act of folly, injustice, usurpation, and tyranny, which ought no longer to be persisted in.' A petition to the legislature, in accordance with the above views, is in circulation.

A Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun suggests that the barbarous custom of flogging in the Navy be transferred from that service to the United States House of Representatives.