

# Mountain Sentinel.

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

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

Translated from the German for the German town Telegraph.

### Adventures of a New Year's Eve.

Old Mother Kate, the watchman's wife, threw up into the dark night. It was nine o'clock on New Year's Eve—the snow was fast falling in large flakes, reddened by the light from the windows in the streets of the city. She gazed for a long time at the merry groups of people hurrying to and fro, thronging the doors of the brilliantly lighted shops in search of new year presents—entering the coffee-houses and wine-cellars, or hastening to private parties or public balls, to celebrate the marriage of the old year to the new, amid the joys and pleasures of every variety of amusement.

But some of the large cold flakes having dropped on old Mother Kate's nose, she quickly drew in her head, and, shutting the window, said to her husband:

"Dear Gottlieb, stay at home to-night, and let Philip go out in your place, for it is snowing as fast as it can, and you know the snow does not agree with your old limbs. It looks as if there was a feast or a ball in every house, and Philip will be delighted with the many fine things he will see."

Old Gottlieb nodded, and said, "I would be glad of that. My barometer, the old shot-wound in my knee, has warned me these two days that the weather was going to change. It is just that the son should help his father in the duties which he is about to inherit."

Old Gottlieb had been in his younger days a sergeant in one of the regiments of his king, until in storming a battery in which he was the foremost, he was crippled by a shot. His captain for this gallant and successful charge, received a decoration and promotion, but the poor sergeant had to congratulate himself with having escaped with his life and a broken leg. He was, however, appointed to the office of watchman with his son for an assistant. The small salary of the two would not, however, have sufficed for the family, had not Mother Kate been an excellent housekeeper and very economical. Old Gottlieb was beside a real philosopher, who could be happy on the scanty income of his public salary, and the scanty pittance Philip earned in the employ of the public gardener, sufficed to render him comfortable also.

Philip was a fine looking young man of twenty-six, and when sent to take home bunches of flowers to the ladies, would often receive from them a liberal present. Mother Kate had already thrown her shawl from her shoulders and was about to step to the garden to call her son when Philip came in.

"Father," said he, shaking hands with his parents, "it is snowing, and the snow you know, makes you suffer. Let me take your place to-night, and you go to bed."

"You're a good boy," said Gottlieb. "And then I've been thinking," continued Philip, "that to-morrow is New Year's, and I should like to dine with you and have a real treat. Dear mother, perhaps you have not a roast in the kitchen?" "No, not exactly," interrupted Mother Kate, "but I have a pound and a half of beef, with potatoes and rice, and laurel leaves for soup; beside some bottles of beer. Come, Philip, we shall live well to-morrow. Next week the watchmen will divide their New-Year's presents, and then we shall have good living."

"So much the better for you. But have you your rent yet?" anxiously inquired Philip.

Old Gottlieb shrugged his shoulders. Philip then placed a sum of money on the table, saying, "Here are twenty-two florins which you may take for your New Year's present. Let us all three commence the new year cheerfully and happily."

Mother Kate's eyes were filled with tears, but she was speechless. Old Gottlieb, choking with gratitude, said: "You are indeed, my boy, the consolation of your parents in their old age. I wish you nothing for your new year, but that you may keep your heart pure and good, for that will be a heaven in your own bosom." After a pause, the old man resumed: "We have now received as much in all as three hundred and seventeen florins."

"Dear child, I pity you," said Mother Kate, "if you had been able to keep that sum yourself, you might buy a piece of land, establish yourself as a gardener on your own account, and marry the good Rosa. Now that is impossible. But we are old, and you shall not have very long to support us."

"Mother," answered Philip, "how you do talk! I like Rosa as I do my own life; yet I would give a hundred Rosas for you and father. I cannot get other parents in

this world, but I could find another Rosa, though not like Rosa Bittner."

"You are right, Philip," said the old man, "there is no merit in making love and marrying; but honor and support aged parents is a noble duty and one of the highest of virtues."

"But," said the mother, "the girl may get tired of waiting, and change her mind, for Rosa is a beautiful girl, and though poor she would not lack lovers."

"Be not afraid, mother," replied Philip. "Rosa has vowed that she would never marry any one but me, and that is enough. Nor has her old mother any objection to our union. But if I could to-day exercise my trade on my own account, to-morrow I would lead her to the altar. I only regret that her old mother does not allow us to see each other as often as we please. She says that would not do any good; while both Rosa and myself find that it does a great deal of good; and so we have agreed to meet to-night at twelve, at the door of the church."

While this conversation was going on, Philip was preparing himself to take his father's place on the watch. He went out and entered on his duties with cheerfulness, for he knew that Rosa was with her friends.

"Now she hears me," he thought, "how she thinks of me and will not forget to be at the church door at twelve o'clock."

After having gone his rounds on the watch, he repaired to the house of his beloved Rosa, and from the street gazed upon its walls. Now and then he saw female figures flitting behind the windows, and his heart beat quickly as he thought he saw Rosa. When the figures disappeared he studied their gigantic shadows on the wall, hoping to discern which was Rosa, and what she was doing. To be sure it was not very pleasant to be standing there in the cold storm; but what does a lover care for frost and snow. Now-days watchmen are as romantic lovers as were formerly the gallant knights in romances and ballads. He did not feel the cold until the clock struck eleven, when he again commenced his rounds on the watch. His teeth were then chattering with cold. He was scarcely able to call out the hour and sound his horn.

As he was going through a lonely street, he met with a singular figure. It was a man in a black half-mask, wrapped up in a fine red silk cloak, and wearing on his head a round hat, with one side of the brim turned up and fantastically ornamented with a profusion of waving feathers.

Philip was about to avoid the mask, when the latter stopped him and said: "You are a most lovely fellow, you! I like you! Where are you going?" "Tell me!" "Philip answered: "To Maria street."

"I must then go with you," exclaimed the mask. "But tell me, my lad, can you sing a song?"

Philip seeing that the gentleman was a gay companion, answered: "Sir, better with a glass of wine in a warm room than in the cold street where one's heart freezes in the body."

As Philip pursued his beat, the mask accompanied him, and would insist on blowing the watchman's horn at the various stations, and giving some merry songs. Philip, supposing him to be some gentleman who had got over heated by wine, let him have his own way.

"Hark ye, young man!" said the mask, "I should like to be a watchman for a few hours. Give me your cloak and broad brimmed hat, and take my domino; then go to the ale-house and warm yourself by the fire and wine at my expense. What say you?"

Philip at last consented, changed costumes, and appointed to meet the stranger at the church-door, at twelve o'clock.

Philip after having obtained the solemn assurances of his substitute that he would not disgrace his new calling, hurried away to the ale-house. On his way he was touched by a masked person, who had just got out of a carriage. Philip stopped, and inquired, in the fashion of masks, "What do you wish?"

The mask answered, "Does not your royal highness intend—"

"What royal highness?" said Philip laughing; "I am no highness. How do you get that idea into your head?"

The mask bowed most respectfully, and pointing to the diamond in Philip's hat, said, "I beg your gracious pardon, if I violate the rights of masks. But in whatever garment you may wrap yourself up, your noble figure will always betray you. May I ask whether your lordship is going to dance?"

"I dance! No. You see that I am in boots."

"Then you will play?" the mask continued.

"Still less; I have got no money with me."

"My purse is at your lordship's command, with all I am and have," the mask exclaimed, presenting at the same time, a

full purse to the embarrassed watchman.

"But do you know who I am?" asked Philip, pushing back the mask.

"The mask replied with a graceful bow, "His royal highness, Prince Julian."

At that moment Philip heard his substitute in a neighboring street, crying with a loud voice the hour of the night. He then understood the metamorphosis. Prince Julian, who was known in the city as a wild, amiable and talented young man, had exchanged parts with him. "Well," thought Philip, "if he plays the part of a watchman with success, I will not disgrace mine of a prince, and I will show him that I am capable of being a prince for half an hour."

He then took the purse and put it in his pocket, saying: "Mask who are you? I will return you your money to-morrow." "I am the chamberlain Pilzon."

"Very well. Go on, I follow you." The chamberlain obeyed and flew up the rich marble steps. Philip quickly followed. They entered an immense saloon lighted up with a thousand wax candles, whose rays were reflected by the numerous mirrors which covered the walls, and beautifully refracted by the chandeliers hanging from the ceilings. A gay throng of masks was moving before him—there were Tyrolese girls, Papagenos, armed knights, nuns pedlars, cupids, monks, and Jews, Perians and Medes, in a motley confusion. Philip felt for a while dazzled and stupefied. Never in his life had he seen such a show. It was like a dream.

In the centre of the room a hundred dancers of both sexes were swimming in the harmonious waves of music. "How is it Bramin, you do not dance to-night?" he asked the chamberlain.

The Bramin sighed while shrugging his shoulders; "For me, sport and dance are over. The only one whom I should wish to lead to the dance is Countess Bonau. I believed that she loved me,—now suddenly she breaks altogether with me."

"Indeed, that is the first I have heard of it."

"My God! you do not know? The whole capital is full of it," the chamberlain continued with a sigh. "It is a fortnight since the rupture took place. Nor does she even allow me to defend myself. She sent me back three letters without opening them."

"Well Bramin, the general joy reconciles every one. Let us try the countess."

"There she is, the Carmelite. She has taken off her mask. Speak a word in my favor."

"My countess," stammered Philip much embarrassed, as she turned her full clear eyes upon him.

"Prince," said the countess, "you were an hour ago almost too waggish."

"My fair countess I am the more serious now."

"So much the better, Prince; then I shall not have to run away."

"Fair lady, allow me but one question. Are you doing penance for your sins in that garment?"

"I have nothing to repent of."

"You forget, countess, your cruelties, your injustice toward the dear Bramin who is standing yonder alone."

She cast down her eyes and appeared disturbed.

"Do you know, fair countess, that the chamberlain is as innocent of the occurrences at Merrywood as myself?"

"Do you, my lord," said the countess, with a slight frown, "forget what you told me an hour ago?"

"You are right, dear countess; I was too free, as you say yourself. But now I assure you, the chamberlain went to Merrywood by order of the queen's mother. He went against his will; against his will he had to escort the baroness whom he hates—"

"Whom he hates!" the countess exclaimed, with a bitter smile.

"Yes he hates and despises her. Believe me he has passed almost the boundaries of good breeding toward her."

"No more," whispered the Carmelite, with a more cheerful countenance; "We are observed. Let us go from here?"—She put on her mask, and took the arm of the supposed Prince. They went up the hall, and into a side room, where they were alone. Here the countess made bitter complaints against the chamberlain; but they were only complaints of jealous love.

As she wiped a tear from her eye, the Bramin entered. A deep silence ensued, which Philip interrupted by leading the chamberlain to the Carmelite, and placing his hand in hers, without saying a word returned to the dance.

Soon he had the pleasure of seeing the chamberlain and the countess all smiles joined together in the dance. Philip laughed in his sleeve, thought of his substitute, and wondered how he got along. At this moment the chamberlain approached him and said:

"Prince, I can never repay the debt of

gratitude I owe you. You have effected a reconciliation between me and my wife. We have resolved to return to-night to our estate in the country. Fare-you-well, my life is it at your service."

"But this purse! What am I to do with this?" asked Philip.

"That is the sum you recollect I borrowed of you last week. I had almost forgotten to return it. The draft is addressed to your royal highness." With these words he departed.

Philip read it over and found that it was for five thousand florins. He put it in his pocket, and thought what a fine thing it would be to be a Prince in reality.

At that very moment some one whispered in his ear, "royal highness, we are both betrayed. I shall shoot myself."—Philip turned around with amazement, and saw a negro.

"What do you want, Mask? Philip quickly asked.

"I am Colonel Cold," the negro answered, in a low voice. "The unlucky wife of the chamberlain has betrayed us both to Duke Herman, who vomits fire and flame against your lordship and myself."

"I do not care," replied Philip.

"But the king will know all! the negro continued with an anxious sigh. "Perhaps I shall be arrested this very night, and sent to a fortress to-morrow. I would rather hang myself."

"That will not help you much," said Philip.

"But shall I expose myself to a life-long shame? I am lost! The Duke will ask a bloody satisfaction. His back is certainly still black with the blows I administered to him. I am lost as well as the baker's daughter. I shall throw myself from the bridge this very night."

"Beware," said Philip. "What would you or the baker's daughter gain by that?"

"Your royal highness is joking, while I am in despair! I beseech you most humbly, grant me only a few minutes without witness."

Philip followed the negro to a private room.

"Here the negro went into a detail of his difficulties, and besought the prince to save him. Philip promised to do all in his power, and departed.

(Conclusion next week.)

### Choosing Wives.

Some Yankee says to take a nice girl out a slaying is very pretty, aint it! And then the insinuating critters do say the bells make such a din, there's no hearin' one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face and talk, talk, till one can't help looking at them instead of the horse, and then whap you go, capsized into a snow drift together, skins, cushions and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landing from a pond, a chattering away like a canary bird, and you a haw-hawing with pleasure, is fun alive you may depend. In this way the blue-nose gets on to offer himself a lover, before he knows where he is. But when he gets married, he recovers his eye sight in little less than half no time. He soon finds he's tired, his flint is fixed then, you may depend. She lams him how vinegar is made. "Put plenty of sugar into the water afore-hand, my dear," says she "if you want it real sharp." The lark is on the other side of the mouth. If his slay gets upset, it's no longer a funny matter, I tell you; he catches it right and left. Here you don't look up to his'n any more, nor her little tongue ring like a little bell any longer; but a great big hood covers her head, and a wkipapping great muff covers her hands and she looks like a bag of old clothes going to the brook to be washed. When they get out, she don't want any more for him to walk lock and lock with her, but they walk like a horse and cow to water, in each gutter. If there ain't a transmogrification, it's a pity. The difference between a wife and a sweetheart is near about as great as there is between new and hard—a man never tires of putting one to his lips, but he makes wry faces at tother. It makes me so kinder wamble-crept when I think on it, that I am afeared to venture on matrimony at all. I have seen some blue-noses most properly bit, you may depend. The marriage yoke is plaguery apt to gall the neck, as the ashbow does the ox in rainy weather, unless it be most particularly well fitted. You've seen a yoke of cattle that warn't properly mated; they spend more time in pulling agin each other, than in pulling the load. Well that's apt to be the case with them as chooses their wives in slay-in-parties, quilten frolics, and so on, instead of the dairies and cheese-houses.

It is said that a Yankee Missionary, who did not succeed as well as he could wish in converting the heathen, endeavored to make a contract to run the car of Juggernaut by steam!

### New River in California.

The following interesting letter from Maj. Emory to the head of the Topographical Bureau, is of great interest. The appearance of this new river in the heart of the Desert, where all that passed have suffered greatly for want of water, is one of those interpositions of Providence in behalf of our people that is almost equal to the age of miracles.

CAMP RILEY, SOUTH OF SAN DIEGO, California, Aug. 20, 1849.

Sir: A very remarkable circumstance has occurred in that portion of the country between the mouth of Gila River and the mountains, usually called the "Desert," sometimes the "Jornado."

A river, forty feet wide and more than waist deep, has appeared in the middle of this desert, affording delicious water to drink, making an oasis at the most convenient spot for the traveller.

The first parties that came in by the Gila route arrived in San Diego about the 20th June. Among them were many intelligent persons, who passed over the route of the advanced guard of the Army of the West in 1846, and who saw no river in the desert, and suffered dreadfully with thirst. The parties that came in about the fourth of July first stated this remarkable circumstance of encountering a river where none before had existed. But they were not duly credited. Others have since arrived in great numbers, all bearing testimony to the truth of the statement.

From the best information I can gather it appears—

1. The event must have taken place between the 20th June and 1st July.

2. Its source is to the south of the route traced on my map. It crosses that route about midway of the desert, or more correctly, about half way between the camp of the 26th and 27th November, noted on the map, and its course is a little east of north.

In connexion with this subject it may be stated that a fine fresh water lake has also been formed a few miles to the south of the camp of November 26th. This is evidently from the back water of the Colorado, the indication of the barometer in 1846 showing it to be near the level of the Colorado.

My first impressions were that the new river was furnished from the same source, and the barometric measurements of '46 are not adverse to this supposition; but its direction nearly north, and other circumstances seem to forbid this conjecture. It cannot be supplied from the mountains, which, in that parallel and to the south do not reach the regions of snow. Whence it comes, and where it goes, is a matter yet to be determined. I will take an opportunity to detach a party to examine it.

Seeing a vast number of emigrants now coming over this route, most of whom, as they inform me, have no other guide than my report, I will be glad if you will have inserted a notice of this new river, in any new addition of the journal and map that may be published.

The existence of water must be followed by the growth of grass; and, if the river continues, the route by the Gila, now much traveled will stand fair to rival all overland routes to California. It is probably the only route within the limits of the United States that can be passed in winter, and the one upon which will concentrate the winter travel to the Pacific.

Very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,

W. H. EMORY,  
COL. J. J. ABERT,  
Chief Corps Topographical Engineer.

From the Boston Post.

At Lynn, we learn from the Bay State the First Universalist Society lately held a levee, at which a dozen silver spoons were awarded to the author of the following conundrum, as the best of any offered on the occasion:

Why is a prolix clergyman like an aged person? Because they both dilate [die late.]

The following were also presented, but were not considered as spooney as the above:

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him while the bell rings.

Why is a lady's hair like a bee hive?—It holds the comb.

Why is an intoxicated young man, who is to become the inheritor of his father's estate, like a certain kind of stove? He is an heir tight [air-tight.]

Why is a falsehood often repeated like a well-substantiated truth? It is relied upon.

Why is an Atlantic steamship like a horse's collar? It goes over the main [mane.]

Why are these conundrum-makers like burglars? They are looking for the silver spoons.

### Kosciusko.

We love to acknowledge the services rendered to our country in her struggle for freedom, by distinguished foreigners.—What American can ever forget that American liberty was gained by the aid of Lafayette, Montgomery, Steuben, De Kalb, Pulaski, Kosciusko, Rochambeau, and many others? Kosciusko was among the most famous of these great men; but his history is fast passing off from the recollection of the present generation. A purer patriot never breathed. Let us recall the prominent events of his life.

He was born in Poland in 1756, and received his military education at Warsaw. Dr. Franklin made his acquaintance in Paris, from which city, when American Ambassador, he commended him for military rank, to Congress. Washington made him an aid. He soon became one of our highest engineers, with the grade of colonel. He fortified Gate's camp against Burgoyne, and afterwards commenced the fortifications at West Point. At the close of the revolution he was a General, beloved by all the people of all the States. He returned to his own country, was made a major general under Poniatowski, the Polish Bayard, and served as such during the fruitless Polish struggle of 1792, '93 and '94. In 1794 he was generalissimo of the Polish armies. On the 10th of October he was taken prisoner by the Russians.—

He was confined for years at St. Petersburg, by the empress Catherine, then liberated by Paul, loaded with honors, and offered employment in the Russian service. He refused it, willing to serve in the cause of freedom. Paul offered to him his own sword. Kosciusko replied: "I no longer need a sword, since I have no longer a country." In 1798 he again visited America. Congress made him a grant for his services. It must have been small as the attorney general, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, in the article we extract to-day from the Union, says, "he received no rewards from us." After visiting Gen. Washington and Mr. Jefferson, and remaining a short time in America, he returned to Europe. He lived many years, we understand, near Paris, where he was when the allied armies entered France.—He then went to Vienna, and afterwards died in Switzerland, in October, 1817. Thence his remains were taken to Poland, where almost divine honors were paid them. The cadets at West Point raised a monument to his memory.—Savannah paper.

Luther Martin and the Young Lawyer.

We heard an anecdote of this distinguished lawyer, a few days ago, which we remember to have met with in print, but which is so good that it will do to tell again. Martin was on one occasion riding to Annapolis, in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young lawyer just commencing the practice of law. After some familiar conversation, the young gentleman said: "Sir you have been remarkably successful in your profession—few men have gained so many cases—will you be good enough to communicate to me, a beginner, the secret of your wondrous success?" "I'll do it, young man, on one condition, and that is, that you defray my expenses during my stay of a few days at Annapolis."

"Willingly," replied the young man, hoping thereby to profit greatly by the communication.

"The secret of my success," said Martin, "may be discovered in this advice which I now give you, namely: 'Deny everything, and insist upon proof.'"

On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin was not very self-denying in the enjoyment presented by a fine hotel; the substantial and general refreshments were despatched in a manner quite gratifying to mine host. The time for return at length came. The young man and Martin stood together at the bar, and demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glancing at it, he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who, running his eye over it leisurely, returned it with the utmost gravity.

"Don't you intend to pay it?" said Martin.

"Pay what?" said the young lawyer.

"Why, pay this bill. Did you not promise on the route downward, that you would defray my expenses at the hotel?"

"My dear sir," said the young gentleman, "I deny everything, and insist upon proof."

Martin at once saw that he was caught, and evading his young friend a moment or two, he said pleasantly, "You don't need any counsel from me, young man; you don't need any counsel from me."

It was said that Father Matthew has recently received a large offer to take up his residence in Wall street, to keep the money market from getting tight.