



POETRY.

Do you really think he did? I waited till the twilight, And yet he did not come: I strayed along the brook-side, And slowly wandered home: When should he come behind me, But him I would have chid: He said he came to find me— Do you really think he did?

He said, since last we parted, He'd thought of naught so sweet, As of this very moment— The moment we should meet. He showed me where, half shaded, A cottage home lay hid: He said for me he made it— Do you really think he did?

He said when first he saw me Life seemed at once divine; Each night he dreamt of angels, And every face was mine; Sometimes a voice, in sleeping, Would all his hopes forbid; And then he wakened weeping— Do you really think he did?

I Love a Laugh.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I love a laugh—a wild, gay laugh, Fresh from the fount of feeling That speaks a heart enshrined within, Its joys revealing.

I love a laugh—a wild, gay laugh! O, who would always sorrow! And wear a sad and mournful face, And fear the mournful morrow?

I love a laugh—it cheers the heart Of age bow'd down by sadness, To hear the music in the tones Of childhood's gladness.

I love a laugh—this world would be At best a dreary dwelling, If heart could never speak to heart, Its pleasures telling.

Then frown not at a gay, wild laugh, Nor chide the merry-hearted— A cheerful heart and merry face Can ne'er be parted.

Just Seventeen.

Just seventeen! the sweetest age That's entered on fair beauty's page. Lips like the rose bud cleft in twain, With pearly gems the cheek to stain; Eyes like twin stars beneath some cloud, That comes their sparkling light to shroud; Rich tresses of the auburn glow, Free waving o'er a brow of snow; And then the bosom, heaving, swelling, Where trickling Cupid holds his dwelling. Of woman's life, no year I ween, Like soft, sweet, pouting—seventeen!

Genuine Modern Miracle.

One Strang, a professor of the Mormon church, promised to endow his followers with the Holy Ghost, if they would build a house for the purpose. He took three or four of them at a time to a room above, and performed the Mormon rite of washing their feet. He then anointed the crown of each head with a mixture of oil and phosphorus, and conducted them to a dark hall. All being there assembled, each saw on the heads of all the rest the phosphoric illumination, which some fools took for the Holy Ghost, while others smelling a rat, to wit, the phosphorus, took it for an impudent imposition. The meeting then dispersed, one half believing Strang to be a prophet, and the rest an impostor.

PANTALOONS, THEIR GENDER AND BECOMINGNESS.—Mrs. Swishhell, the editor of the Pittsburg Saturday Visitor, thinks that the wide skirts of women are impediments in rural exercises, as she has often felt in walking through wet grass, getting over fences, and clambering round rocks. She does not, however, approve of her sex wearing the pantaloons, and says, very emphatically, "It would be too humiliating to be met and mistaken for a man! We should a great deal rather be arrested as a sheep-thief. We shall use all our influence to preserve man's rights to his pantaloons inviolate. They ought to be his, and his only; for they are too ugly for anybody else to wear."

John, do you really love my daughter? You know I do, Mr. Snipkins. How much do you love her? I love her as hard as a horse can kick. Mr Snipkins was perfectly satisfied of the strength of his affection.

CORRECT VIEW.—Mankind might do without physicians, if they would observe the laws of health; without lawyers, if they would keep their tempers; without soldiers if they would observe the laws of Christianity; and perhaps without preachers, if each one would take care of his own conscience; but there is no dispensing with a newspaper.

It is pretty certain that no organized hostilities have been projected by the Florida Indians. It is the intention, however, of the government to prevent future alarm by removing them from the State.

Dickens. He is a very gay dresser—eschews colors—rejoiceth in bright scarlet facings to his waistcoat—is as fond of rings and gold chains as a Mosaic Jew. Indeed he dresses in a manner which, if indulged in by another would inevitably call forth some of his genial banter. He is fond of country dances and similar amusements. By his own fireside he is as pleasant and companionable as his warmest admirer could wish: his conversation, however, is not what might be expected from a man so justly celebrated: he tells a story well, and with every fresh variation and numerous exaggerations. He is a strong admirer of Tennyson and Browning; we have heard him declare that he would rather written the 'Blot in the Scutcheon' than any work of modern times. We heard similar high admiration expressed on the other side of the Atlantic. Talking this for what it is worth, it still shows how highly that unpopular poet, is esteemed by some of the leading intellects of England and America.

Mr. Dickens lives in good style in the Regent's Park, and is reported to live not too wisely, but too well. Men of quick feelings and ardent sympathies are not expected to be Cocker's Arithmetic in the flesh, or to have the calculating mind of a London or a New York merchant.

He abominates argument; delights in walking the crowded thoroughfares of life and noting the humors of his fellow-creatures. He has a strong sympathy with all the oppressed classes, and has no toleration for the misanthrope or the cold-hearted aristocrat. He now and then administers a little gentle rebuke to affectation, in a pleasant, but unmistakable manner. We remember an instance where he silenced a bilious young writer who was inveighing against the world in a very forcible feeble manner. During a pause in this philippic against the human race, Dickens said across the table in the most self-congratulatory tones: 'I say, what a lucky thing it is you and I don't belong to it. It reminds me continued the author of Pickwick, of two men, who a raised scaffold were awaiting the final delicate attention of the hangman the notice of one' was aroused by observing that a bull had got into the crowd of spectators, and was busily engaged in tossing one here and another there; whereupon he said to the other: 'I say Bill, how lucky it is for us we are up here.'

In general however, his remarks are not happy. Notwithstanding his theoretical sympathy with the lower classes, he pays an absurd difference to men of rank and thinks no dinner table complete without a lord, or a very rich merchant or banker. This has been decidedly injurious to his writings: it has cramped his hand and checked the thunder in mid volley.

Untutored Eloquence.

A Catawba warrior, in 1822, named Peter Harris, made known his wants to the Legislature of South Carolina, in the following language: 'I am one of the lingering survivors of an almost extinguished race. Our graves will soon be our only habitations. I am one of the few stocks that still remain in the field where the tempest of the revolution passed. I have fought against the British for your sake. The British have disappeared, and you are free; yet from me the British have taken nothing, nor have I gained any thing by their defeat.—I have pursued the deer for subsistence—the deer are disappearing and I must starve. God ordained me for the forest, and my ambition is the shade. But the strength of my arm delay, and my feet fail me in the chase. The hand which fought for your liberties is now open for your relief. In my youth I bled in battle that you might be independent—let not my heart in my old age bleed for want of your commiseration.'

Printer's Ink.

Printer's ink, Wonderful compound!—Now a balsam, and now a poison; now conveying, sustaining comfort, sweetest health, and sympathetic love to outraged man—and now devouring with the hunger of flame the heart of tyrannous wrong. Priceless unguent! The salve of suffering and the bane of crime. Beautiful is a review—very glorious are thousands of bayonets, the impartial sun kissing the murderous steel. Inspiring the trumpet hearts pulsating to its brassy breath! Terrible the cannon! their silent homicidal mouths gaping, stupidly cruel. Ner-ertheless dull all dumb—all dust when touched and touched by John Guttenburgh's ointment—Printer's Ink. Lay it on well, and wisely, and in good time the bayonets shall break like autumn reeds—the trumpet be choked to silence—and the cannon crack and crumble like sun split clay.—Pinch.

She's one of 'em.—In St. Louis, lately a Mrs. Johnson was fined \$10 for whipping her husband. She paid the fine with a smiling look, saying sotto voce, 'Never mind the money; I wear the breeches, I do—I'm some when I'm at home, and I won't I have it out of his bones; well, if I don't you can kill me.'

M. Potier, Catholic Bishop of Mobile, has returned to Paris, from Gaeta, where he has submitted for the sanction of the Pope, the acts of the Catholic Convention at Baltimore.

A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters; and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

The White mountains are already covered with snow.



AGRICULTURAL.

About Orchards.

MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG APPLE ORCHARDS.—The following mode of treatment of a young apple orchard, transplanted in the spring of 1848, by which all lived and made a vigorous growth, has been furnished by J. Talcott, of Rome, N. Y.

Last year the ground was planted with potatoes; in the fall, after the crop was off it had a heavy top-dressing of horse manure, drawn from the village and plowed under. The trees were earthed up to protect them from mice. This spring, the ground was crossed plowed, and it is now sown to carrots, parsnips, onions and some beans planted among them; the ground has been forked around the trees for a circle of about five feet. They are making a fine growth. The stems have been washed with diluted soft soap.

A PROFITABLE ORCHARD.—The American Agriculturist says: 'A gentleman within our knowledge has a small orchard on the Hudson river, of less than seven acres, which produces from \$500 to \$750 worth of apples annually. This is not one year of plenty, and another or two of famine, but is a regular, steady average yield. All this is secured by the simplest process, viz: good management.'

ANOTHER.—An old orchard of four acres had not been plowed for nearly thirty years, and was regarded by the neighbors as worthless. It did not yield more than eight barrels a year. It was well plowed, and thoroughly manured for three successive years, and cultivated with crops. It then produced two hundred and eighty barrels of apples.

Something to Think of.

At West Point, our government long ago established a military school. Young men are selected from different States every year, sent there, costs the United States government from four to five thousand dollars.

More than \$4,000,000 have been bestowed by the U. States upon that institution; and all for what?

Well, what then? Before Washington attended Congress to establish a Board of Agriculture, or to take some other measures to foster that peaceful but leading and important interest. They have been since repeatedly urged to lend the strong arm of government to the elevation and encouragement of that neglected calling. What have they done? Nothing. Millions and millions have been expended to learn young men how to fight; not the 'first red coat' to teach the noble, bread-giving, world sustaining service and art of agriculture!—Maine Farmer.

Weeds.

'One year's seeding makes seven year's weeding.'—Old Adage. The farmer, and indeed every one who cultivates the soil, should wage an unceasing warfare against weeds. They should never be tolerated, and never permitted to mature their seeds, even in uncultivated soils. A single thistle will often be the means of fouling a whole field and of rendering its cultivation difficult for years.—It is not infrequently that we see the corners of lots and uncultivated by the fences overgrown with thistles, mulleins, nettles and the like; and very often the soil around stone steps, that cannot be got at conveniently by the plough, is abandoned to their usurpation. This, however, is bad policy and should never be countenanced on any farm, no matter what may be the dimensions, or the uses to which it is applied.

SET YOUR FENCE POSTS RIGHT.—A practical farmer informs the Hartford Times, that in taking up a fence that had been set fourteen years, he noticed that some of the posts remained nearly sound, while others were rotted off at the bottom. On looking for the cause, he found that those posts that were set limb part down, or inverted from the way they grew, were sound. Those that were set as they grew, were rotted off. The fact is worthy of the notice of farmers.

San Francisco Post Office.

The Californians are loud in their denunciations of the present management of the Post Office of San Francisco. The following is an extract from a letter dated Francisco, July 18, received by a gentleman in Boston:—

'I am satisfied there is no honesty in the Post Office here, and shall not pre-pay any more letters. I heard a man at the Post office window this afternoon ask for letters—the address being handed into the window on a slip of paper, and was answered, 'we cannot attend to it.' 'Can you let me know to-morrow?' 'No! We cannot promise.' 'I will satisfy you for your trouble.' The answer was, 'How much will you give?' He replied, 'I will give \$10,' and was answered, 'call in the morning and you shall have them.'

'I am also credibly informed by men I know, that they have called for letters repeatedly, and were answered there were none, and by making another call they succeeded in getting them.'

The White mountains are already covered with snow.

The Happy Valley. The persecuted Mormons have found a refuge in an isolated valley on the western slope of the rocky Mountains, in which we rather hope than expect that they will be permitted to remain unmolested. If the following description, said to have been communicated by a Mormon resident in the new settlement at the opening of the valley, near the shore of the Great Salt Lake, to a friend in Ohio, is correct, this singular people have at length found an abode rivalling in its attractions Mr. Melville's Vale of Tybee:—

'There is an extensive gold mine here, from which many of my neighbors are engaged in digging gold. Those who work the mines make from \$30 to \$750 per day, each. If a man wants gold, all he has to do is to go and dig it. In fact, Miles, money is as plenty here as pine slabs used to be at Schroon, Vt. We have gold dust, gold and silver coin, and a paper currency for our own convenience, paper being better to handle than gold dust.

'Pure salt abounds here to any extent. I can shovel up a wagon load of salt here as soon as you can a load of sand on your lake shore. There are hot springs here that are very useful. Within four miles of the city there is a hot spring, the water of which is sufficiently hot to scald a hog in. There is another spring within one mile of the city, the water of which is about blood warm—there we bathe for health; also, an oil spring, a soda spring, and an alkali spring near the lake, at which place it requires but a few minutes to load a wagon with as good saleratus as ever we used—in fact, we use no other. There is not much timber in this country. Game is very plenty, such as buffaloes, antelopes, deer, bear, &c. Fowls and fishes of all kinds in abundance.

'Cattle can live here the whole year without either hay or corn, and be fat enough for beef at any time. There has been one crop raised in the valley, and there is a large crop of wheat in the ground. There is a canal being constructed here, for the purpose of watering our fields, as there is very little or no rain in the summer season.'—Wts.

Moses's Nineteence.

BY CYMON.

'Well Moses,' interrogated the mother of a country youth, just returned from a short visit to the metropolis, 'did you have a good time down to Boston; and how did you spend your money?' 'Cute, ma'am, a cute time, I tell you,' replied the stripling—and as to the money, didn't I tell you I'd blow it right out straight, ma'am?' 'I hope Moses, you didn't get into any dissipation,' retorted the good lady a little alarmed. 'Wal, no—not exactly dissipation as you might call it; but I treated up the galls some, I can tell ye.'

'Well, let me hear all about it,' asked the mother anxiously. 'You see,' continued the son, 'I stopped in a little shop at the North End, to get me a drink of spruce beer, and whilst I was drinking out a couple of galls comes up and axes me to treat.' 'And you wern't fool enough to treat them ere strange women, I hope, exclaimed the matron, 'you have to work too gally hard for your money, Mose, to fool it away upon sich folks.' 'Wal I did tho' any how,' retorted the sprig: 'I was on a time, and didn't care a darn whether school kept or not, as the boys say.' 'Hush don't swear Moses.'

'As I was saying,' continued Mose, 'the galls asked me to treat, and I did that ere thing, and don't care who knows it. I paid for their two glasses of spruce beer, which with mine cost four pence; then I bought two cents worth of raisins for them; and by golly!' exclaimed our hero, bringing his hand fist down upon the kitchen table with a sledge hammer force, 'I'd have spent the whole nineteenpence, rather than have gone off sneaking!'—Boston Aurora Borealis.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.—The following notice in a country paper might be usefully applied on board some of the hurrying steamboats:—'Travellers should be careful to deliver their choice articles to proper persons, as a gentleman, a few days since, on alighting from a stage coach, entrusted his wife to a stranger, and he has not heard of her since.'

BEING SURE.—'Look out Patrick, and if you see any rocks ahead of the boat let us know. Keep a sharp eye.'

'Yes, your honor.'

The next moment bang goes the boat on a reef.

'You blunderhead—didn't I tell you to sing out when you saw a rock.'

'Och please sir, I wasn't quite sure it was a rock I saw—so I waited till it struck before I tole ye.'

TERMS.

The 'MOUNTAIN SENTINEL' is published every Thursday morning at Two DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly.

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

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

A General assortment of Paints and Oils of every description for sale at reduced prices by MURRAY & ZAHL.



FARMERS LOOK HERE! SADDLE & HARNESS MANUFACTORY.

THE undersigned having purchased the interest of C. G. Cramer in the firm of Cramer & McCoy, respectfully beg leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now carrying on the SADDLERY BUSINESS on his 'own hook,' in the building formerly occupied as a Printing Office, where he will keep constantly on hand a large and splendid assortment of SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS, COLLARS, WHIPS, &c., &c.

All of which he will sell as low for cash or country produce as any other establishment in this county. Any orders in his line of business will be promptly executed at the shortest notice. Farmers and others desiring cheap bargains will find it to their interest to call at No. 6, and examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere.

The highest market prices will be given for Lumber and Hides in exchange for harness. HUGH A. MCCOY. May 16, 1849.—27-6m.

CABINET MANUFACTORY!



THE undersigned having associated themselves in the Cabinet Making Business, under the firm of Lloyd & Litzinger, beg leave to inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, that they intend manufacturing to order and keeping constantly on hand every variety of BUREAUS, TABLES, STANDS, SETS, TEES, BEDSTEADS, &c., &c., which they will sell very low for cash or approved Country Produce. All orders in their line of business will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Persons desiring cheap furniture are assured that they will find it to their interest to call at their Ware Room, opposite Litzinger & Todd's Store, and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. They hope by a close attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage. All kinds of Lumber taken in exchange for Furniture. STEPHEN LLOYD, Jr. D. A. LITZINGER. April 12, 1849.—27-6m.

'CHEAPER THAN EVER!'

MURRAY & ZAHL.

THANKFUL for past favors, would respectfully inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have just received the largest, handsomest and best selected assortment of

DRY-GOODS, &c.

that has been brought to Ebensburg this season, and which they are determined to dispose of at the lowest prices imaginable. They think it unnecessary to enumerate all the articles they have on hand, but request the public to call and examine for themselves, when they will find most every article usually kept in a country store, and at prices equally as low as goods can be bought east or west of the Allegheny mountains. LUMBER, GRAIN, WOOL, and all kinds of Country Produce, taken in exchange for Goods. M. & Z. Ebensburg, May 16, 1849.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

Edited by George P. Morris and N. P. Willis; PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

The first number of a NEW SERIES of this widely-circulated and universally popular

FAMILY NEWSPAPER

will, for the accommodation of NEW SUBSCRIBERS, be issued on SATURDAY, the seventh day of July next, with several new, ORIGINAL, and ATTRACTIVE FEATURES. THE HOME JOURNAL is wholly a peculiar paper, abounding in every variety of Literature and News; and, besides being one of the most elegantly printed and interesting sheets extant, it is by far the cheapest—the terms being only Two Dollars a Year (in advance) or THREE DOLLARS FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

BY EXPRESS.

ANOTHER lot of those cheap Dry Goods, among which are Super French Lawns, New style Linen Lustre, Satin stripe Linen Mode Lustre, Plaid and Earlston Gingham, Cloth, Cassimere, Prints, &c. Have just been received and now opening by LITZINGER & TODD. June 7, 1849.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, on the estate of Thomas Crossman, dec'd., notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment, and those having claims against it to present them to the undersigned duly authenticated for settlement.

MARY ANN CROSSMAN, DAVID SOMMERVILLE. Susquehanna tp., Aug 23, 1849. } 46-6t

NOTICE.

THE Pamphlet Laws of the last Session of the Legislature have been received at the Prothonotary's Office in Ebensburg, and are ready for delivery to those who by law are entitled to receive them. Wm. KITTELL, Prothonotary. August 16, 1849.

New Arrival of CHOICE AND FASHIONABLE SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

LITZINGER & TODD.

TAKE pleasure in announcing to their friends and the public generally that they have just received from the eastern cities, at their Store Room in Ebensburg, a large and splendid assortment of

NEW & FASHIONABLE GOODS,

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

Consisting in part of Black and Brown American and French Cloths, plain and fancy Cassimeres and Cashmeres, plain and fancy Tweeds, blue, black, Cadet and fancy Sattens, etc., red, white and yellow Flannels, plain and plaid Alpaca, French, Domestic and Earlston Ginghams, brown and bleached Shirtings, Irish Linens, Russia Diapers, Cotton Diapers, Linen Napkins, Ticking, Crash, A rich assortment of embroidered, cassimere, silk and fancy Vestings; new style of Linen Lustres; Printed, black and plain Lawns; mode silk Tissue; satin stripes Barages Muslin de Laines, black Gro de Rhine, Barage Scarfs, and plain fancy De Laine Shawls; fancy dress Buttons, Fringes and Flowers. A complete assortment of Bonnet and Fancy Ribbons; fancy Combs, Brushes &c., &c.

Boots and Shoes,

of every description, moleskin, pearl, leather and brass Hats; Ladies and Misses pearl braid, silk, and party Gimp Bonnets. A splendid assortment of Quakerware (new style), Hardware, Drugs, Umbrellas, Parasols, Books and Stationary, Groceries, Fish, Salt, Nails, &c., &c. All of which they are determined to sell as low for cash or country produce as any other establishment west of the Allegheny mountains. Ladies will find it to their advantage to call and examine this splendid stock of goods before purchasing elsewhere. May 3, 1849.—30-4t.

PLEASE TO READ THIS!

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••• Newspapers copying this advertisement entire, well displayed as above, without any alteration or abridgement, including this notice, and giving six inside insertions shall receive a copy of any one of our \$2.50 or \$3.00 works, subject to their order by sending direct to the publisher.

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LOCUST POSTS.

An excellent lot of Locust Posts suitable for fencing on hand and for sale by MURRAY & ZAHL. April 1849. 12.