

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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CHOICE POETRY.

THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS.

Mrs. Browning, formerly Miss Barrett, is remarkable for the powerful flights, and bold originality, which distinguish her poetry. She is more masculine in her cast of thought than any other British poetess. Mrs. Hemans perhaps excepted. Here is a characteristic specimen of her peculiar manner, and strange turn of fancy:

I would build a cloudy house
For my thoughts to live in,
When for health to fancy-loose,
And too low for heaven,
I sleep, and talk my dream aloud,
I build it fair to see—
I build it on the moonlit cloud;
To which I look'd with thee.

Cloud walls of the morning's grey
Faced with amber column,
Crown'd with crimson cupola
From a sunset solen—
For casements, from the valley fetch
May-mists glimmering—
With a sunbeam hid in each,
And a smell of spring.

Build the entrance high and proud,
Darkening and eke brightening,
Of arid thunder-cloud
Veined with the lightning,
Use one within an iris stain,
For the door within,
Turning to a sound like rain,
As we enter in.

For the fair hall reach'd thereby
Walled with cloudy whiteness
Take the blue place in the sky,
Wind-work'd into brightness—
Whence corridors and long degrees
Of cloud-stairs wind away—
Till children wish upon their knees,
They walked where they pray.

Be my chamber tapestried
With the showers of summer,
Close and silent, glorified
When the sunbeams come there—
Sudden harpers hanging on
Every drop as such,—
Drawing colors like a tune,
Measured to the touch.

Bring a shadow green and still
From the chestnut forest—
Bring a purple from the hill
When the heat is sorest;
Spread them out from wall to wall,
Carpet were around:
And thereupon the feet shall fall
In light instead of sound.

Bring a grey cloud from the East
Where the lark was singing—
Something of the song at least
Lose not in the bringing—
And that shall be a morning-chair
For poet dreams,—when with them
No verse constraint—the floating air
Their only, lovely rhythm.

Bring the red cloud from the sun—
While he sinketh, catch it,—
Bring it for a couch, with one
Side-long star to watch it,—
Fit for a poet's finest thought,
At curfew time to lean:
When things invisible are brought
More nearer him than the seen.

Poet's thought, not poet's sigh!
Alas! they come together!
Cloudy walls divide and fly
As if in April weather.

Hill, corridor, and column proud—
My chamber fair to see—
All pass—except that moonlight cloud
To which I look'd with thee.

Let them!—Wipe such visions
From the tancy's cartel;
Love secures some faintest things,
Dower'd with his immortal,
Suns, moons may darken—heaven be bow'd,
But here unchanged shall be,
Here in my soul—that moonlit cloud,
To which I look'd with thee.

A father, whose son was addicted to some vicious propensities, bade the boy drive a nail into a certain post whenever he committed a fault and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In process of time the post was completely filled with nails. The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretion, and set about reforming himself. On by one the nails were drawn out; the delighted father commended him for his noble, self denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults.

Absence diminishes moderate passions and arguments great ones, as the wind extinguishes candles and kindles the fire.

Tales and Sketches.

A Practical Blue-Stocking.
"Have you called on your old friend, James Lee, since your return?" said Mr. Seldon to his nephew.
"No, sir; I understand he has the misfortune to have a blue-stocking for a wife, and whenever I have thought of going there, a vision with inky fingers, frowzeled hair, rumpled dress, and slishod heels has come between me and my old friend,—not to mention thoughts of a disorderly house, smoky puddings, and dirty-faced children. Defend me from a wife who spends her time dabbling in ink, and writing for the papers. I'll lay a wager James hasn't a shirt with a button on it, or a pair of stockings that is not full of holes. Such a glorious fellow as he used to be, too!" said Harry, soliloquizingly, "so dependent upon somebody to love him. By Jove, it's a hard case."

"Harry, will you oblige me by calling there?" said Mr. Seldon with a peculiar smile.
"Well, yes, if you desire it; but these married men get so metamorphosed by their wives, that it's a chance if I recognize the melancholy remains of my old friend. A literary wife!" and he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

At one o'clock the next afternoon, Harry might have been seen ringing the bell of James Lee's door. He had a very ungracious look upon his face, as much as to say, "My mind is made up for the worst, and I must bear it for Jenny's sake."

The servant ushered him into a pretty little sitting-room, not expensively furnished, but neat and tasteful.

At the further end of the room were some flowering plants, among which a sweet-voiced canary was singing. Harry glanced round the room; a little light stand or Chinese table stood in the corner, with pen, ink and papers scattered over it.

"I knew it," said Harry; there's the sign!—horror of horrors! an untidy, slatternly blue-stocking! how I shall be disgusted with her!—Jenny's to be pitied."

He took up a book that lay upon the table, and a little manuscript copy of verses fell from between the leaves. He dropped the book as if he had been poisoned; then picking up the fallen manuscript with his thumb and forefinger, he replaced it with an impatient pshaw! Then he glanced round the room again,—no! there was not a particle of dust to be seen, even by his prejudiced eyes; the windows were transparently clean; the hearth-rug was longitudinally and mathematically laid down; the pictures hung "plumb," upon the wall; the curtains were fresh gracefully looped; and what was a greater marvel, there was a child's dress half finished in a dainty little work-basket, and a thimble of fairy dimensions in the immediate neighborhood thereof.

Harry felt a perverse inclination to examine the stitches, but at the sound of approaching footsteps he braided himself up to undergo his mental shower-bath.

A little lady tripped lightly into the room, and stood smilingly before him, her glossy black hair was combed smoothly behind her ears, and knotted upon the back of a remarkably well shaped head; her eyes were black and sparkling, and full of myth; her dress fitted charmingly to a well as art, and backed by his collegiate education, his views expanded by travel, himself made practical by the vicissitudes of a miscellaneous and peregrinating life, he is often a living wonder, and almost always a whole history of human nature—under a hat.

Harry felt very much like a culprit, and greatly inclined to drop on one knee, and make a clean breast of a confession, but his evil bachelor spirit whispered in his ear,—"Wait a bit, she's fixed up for company; cloven foot will peep out by and by!"

Well, they sat down! The lady knew enough,—he heard that before he came;—he only prayed that he might not be boared with her book-learning, or blue-stockingism. It is hardly etiquette to report private conversation for the papers,—so I will only say that when James Lee came home, two hours after, he found his old friend Harry in the finest possible spirits, tete-a-tete with his "blue" wife. An invitation to dinner followed. Harry demurred,—he had begun to look at the little lady through a very bewitching pair of spectacles, and he hated to be disenchanted—and a blue-stocking dinner!

However, his objections, silent though they were, were over-ruled. There was no fault to be found with that table-cloth, or those snowy napkins; the glasses were clean, the silver bright as my lady's eyes; the meats cooked to a turn, the gravies and sauces perfect, and the desert well got up and delicious. Mrs. Lee presided with case and elegance; the custards and preserves were of her own manufacture, and the little pratter, who was introduced with them, fresh from her nursery bath, with moist ringlets, snowy robe, and dimpled shoulders, looked charmingly well cared for.

As soon as the two gentlemen were alone, Harry seized his friend's hand, saying with a half smile, "James I fell like an unmitigated scoundrel! I have heard your wife spoken of as a 'blue-stocking,' and I came here prepared to pity you as the victim of an unshared heart, slatternly house, and indigestible cooking; but may I die an old bachelor if I don't wish that woman, who has just gone out, was my wife."

James Lee's eyes moistened with gratified pride. "You don't know half," said he. "Listen—some four years since I became involved in business; at the same time my health failed me, my spirits were broken, and I was getting a discouraged man. Emma, unknown to me, made application as a writer to several papers and magazines. She soon became very popular; and not

long after placed in my hands the sum of three hundred dollars, the product of her labor. During this time, no parental or household duty was neglected; and her cheerful and steady affection raised my drooping spirits, and gave me fresh courage to commence the world anew.—She still continues to write, although, as you see, my head is above water. Thank to her as my guardian angel, for she says, 'We must lay up something for a rainy day.' God bless her sunny face!"

The entrance of Emma put a stop to any further eulogy, and Harry took his leave in a very indelicate and penitential frame of mind doing ample penance for his former unbecoming scraps, by being very uncomfortably in love with a "Blue-Stocking."—Fanny Fern.

What are Printers Made of?
More than once we have been occasioned to regard printers as strange and more than ordinary men. An experience of some fifteen years with the craft, has offered numerous opportunities to find them out, and study in a measure their "natural history." Printers are, to a greater extent than any other class of professional men, migratory. The printing office, of itself, being a literary institute, few can aside or labor long in it without getting somewhat enlightened upon the historical, scientific and general intelligence of the day, and about as soon as the apprentice gets into his freedom suit, or his head crammed with the knowledge of the craft, his ambition tends to go out into the wide world and see the works of art and nature he has read, and enabled others to read about. Few seem bent on sitting down to make a fortune, and the expense of professional outfit being a mere song, or rather a pebble of brass rule, which serves as a sort of capillary sign to the brotherhood scattered over creation, a clean dicky light heart, and equally hefted pocketbook, the printer goes on his way of exploration and adventure. Posted up in "price currents," he can talk business with the merchant or the planter, versed in general statistics of nations he can hold his own with your country politician, and for whom, if he takes a notion, he can set down in a flourishing settlement start a paper, replenish his purse and wardrobe, write, and set up patriotic leaders and irresistible puns, which send his patrons to Congress or the Legislature. He has long been accustomed to "tattle," "squibs," "poetic gems," "the ladies department," &c., and proves quite at home in conversational circles, where he can illuminate old ladies, the girls and children, equal to a pedagogue, Hoods Works, Baron Munchausen or Robinson Crusoe.

He can talk horse or hoked cattle, all over the fields of agriculture. He has had many cases, in his time to attend to, such as the law reports, and wonderful cures, and hence, if something versed in law and physic. Having set up and proved astronomical tables, he knows something, also, about the starry heavens, waters and winds. And indeed, not to be too prolix, the printer, if a thorough one, is a man of science as and backed by his collegiate education, his views expanded by travel, himself made practical by the vicissitudes of a miscellaneous and peregrinating life, he is often a living wonder, and almost always a whole history of human nature—under a hat.

In this office are some twenty printers engaged; only look at them! In ages ranging from twenty to forty in size and complexion, from the ordinary stout (we never knew a fat printer); to some that might crawl through a greenod flute; to some as white as Cirrassions, and others brown or rosy—as your "Georgia bracker," or Pennsylvania publican. Some bearded like the Par, others smooth-faced as the Greek Slave. One has travelled all over the North American continent, hunted bears in Arkansas, and wild horses in the pampas of South America; another been put on the broad ocean and seen "life before the mast;" another graduated at West Point, served in the army, and accompanied Col. Doniphan in his Xenophobic grand campaign all over New Mexico. What a book he can write! Another has kept tavern sold goods at auction, travelled over the United States several times, been well off and been broken—often. Two have been on the stage, a profession printers are much addicted to; for about half the actors on the American boards were printers.—One we believe, has preached sermons, another has lectured to crowded houses. Another has served in Mexico with General Scott. A sixth has been stump orator, member of the Legislature "out west," and fought a duel we believe. These have practised medicine, kept store, dealt in horses, cotton and negroes. Two have held municipal offices. Four or five were officers and privates in various military companies. One served with Gen. Houston in the Texas Revolution, one in the Canadian rebellion. Six or eight have edited and published newspapers in various parts of the United States. One has been first officer of a packet on the "raging canal." One was wounded—leg off—at the storming of Monterey. One has clerked on a Mississippi steamer, was blown up and slightly killed. Some are or have been married; some are bachelors. All have seen more or less of life, and its changeable scenes. They are men, good practical printers, speak various languages, and form a newspaper corps hard to surpass or equal.

Cincinnati Unionist.

Since Mayor Gilpin's installation, last October, as mayor of Philadelphia, up to the present time, 26,905 prisoners have been brought before him. Of these 2,076 have been returned to court. For larcenies 709 were arrested; 150 were committed; and 74 for burglary. There were 22,000 cases of drunkness and disorderly conduct, attributable to the the of alcoholic compounds.

JACK AND THE BEARSKIN.
Samuel Lover's New Song for the Fleet.
A BALTIC STAVE.

The author of Rory O'More, with his usual aptitude in seizing upon the salient point of every topic of the day, has attuned his lyre to a sea strain in the following effusion, it has the genuine racy old Didden smack about it, and we doubt not will become a general favorite:—

A sailor and his lass
Sat o'er their parting glass,
For the jolly tar had volunteered to go to sea;
At the sailing-signal flying
The lovely lass was sighing,
And said, "I fear you never will come back to me;
My heart is cold with fear,
That you, my sailor dear,
In the perils of the battle and the deep should be."
"Oh," says Jack, "you'll not be cold
When your own sailorbold
Will bring you back a bearskin from the Baltic Sea!"

With glory soon did Jack
From the Baltic Sea come back,
With such a lot of bearskins, that the proud city
With a gold box did present him,
And likewise did compliment him
With the freedom of the ancient Skinners Company.
Then he went the girl to find
That he had left behind:
"Won't she be glad to see me, bless her heart,"
says he,
"When she proves her sailor blade
Kept the promise that he made,
To bring her back a dearskin from the Baltic Sea!"

When Jack to her appear'd,
A most enormous beard,
And head of hair transmogrified him so, you see,
That his sweetheart never knew him
Till at her feet he threw him,
All rolling on a bearskin from the Baltic Sea!
Says Jack "I see-my eyes!
The cause of your surprise:
You wonder that your sailor should so hairy be;
But my hair did thus increase
With using of bears grease.
Such a quantity we slaughter'd in the Baltic Sea!"

Then Jack gave her a smack
And the girl she cried "Good lack!
You're rougher than a sweeping brush I vow,"
says she,
"Oh," says Jack, "twas rather rougher
How we made the bears to suffer
When we were sweeping of the Baltic Sea,"
Says she, "what will they do
For that bears grease that you
Have exhausted," so much?" "Oh," says Jack
to her,
With hair they won't want rigging,
For we gave them such a wigging
As will last them for some time in the Baltic Sea!"

Advertising.
With the sharp competition prevailing among those engaged in business—a competition which brings into operation all the energies a man possesses—which keeps him constantly upon the run during the day, and allows him little repose at night—it is especially important that persons advertise, and do it upon a comprehensive and liberal scale. It is not sufficient that an individual has been a long while in business, that his house is known to the older part of creation, and his reputation established in that circle; it is not sufficient that "drummers" are employed to hunt up or run down customers: it is not sufficient that eligible situations for mercantile transactions are secured, and handsome stores fitted up; these contrivances were all very well, and answered every purpose at an earlier period; but in these days of multiplied population and universal demand, of railroads and steamers of lightning and newspapers, they will not suffice. Times have changed; the road to wealth and competency has changed. People do not travel by post coaches now, they take conveyances which are propelled by steam. When the New York daily papers were printed upon hand-presses, the enterprising merchant advertised in them, and thus accumulated his regular customers.—But a great revolution has taken place:—both the city and country have changed, as well as the manner of doing business. Men have adopted the go-ahead principle. The American people have become a fast people.

Every thing goes with a rush. People make or lose money with a rush; they are not permitted to do business in a quiet way, if they would. They must throw themselves into the great current, and move onward with the crowd: it is idle for them to demur, or attempt to break the force of the tide; the moment they do so, they go down, and their places are filled by some Young America.

Now, the times are such that men in business are obliged to advertise; they are obliged to do it to keep pace with the crowd; they cannot hope to be successful without it. It is required by the spirit of the age. It is as indispensable to the merchant and dealer as the power-press is to newspaper manufacturer. A very limited amount of printing may be done upon a hand-press, and a limited mercantile trade may be carried on without advertising; but whoever expects to be successful either in the printing or the mercantile business, must adopt all the modern improvements, among which, in the latter line, we consider that of advertising the chief and the greatest.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN OHIO.—A telegraphic dispatch from Cleveland, dated April 3rd, says, a fire occurred in that city on Saturday night, in engine house No. 2, which was destroyed.—The wind carried the sparks down Seneca street, communicating with Sturtevant's large planing mill, which was also quickly consumed. The flames next caught three buildings adjoining which were soon reduced to ashes. There were likewise two more fires in different directions, one consuming three dwellings and the other four. The entire loss is over \$25,000. The wind was blowing a severe gale at the time.

A ROBBER'S REMORSE.—Somebody once robbed the poet, Montgomery, of an inkstand, presented to him by the ladies of Sheffield. The public execution was so loud that the thief restored the booty with the following note:—

"BIRMINGHAM, March, 1812.
"Honored Sir:—When we robbed your house we did not know that you wrote such beautiful verses as you do. I remember my mother told some of them to me, when I was a boy. I found what house we robbed, by the writing on the inkstand. Honored sir, I send it back. It was my share of the booty, and I hope you and God will forgive me."

A NOVEL CONDENSED.—Moonlight night—shady grove—two lovers—eternal fidelity—young lady rich—young man poor—great obstacle—young man proud—very handsome—very smart—sure to make a fortune—young lady's father very angry—won't consent—mother intercedes—no go—rich rival—very ugly—very hare-hearted—lovers in a bad fix—won't part—die first—moonlight again—garret window opens—ropeladder—flight—pursuit—too late—marriage—old man in a rage—won't forgive them—disowns them—old man gets sick—sends for his daughter—all forgiven—all made up—old man dies—young couple get all the money—live in the old mansion—quite comfortable—have little children—much happiness—Finis.

A few mornings ago, just after the steamer Telegraph had arrived at Cincinnati from Louisville with \$500,000 in specie, belonging to the Government, on board, a daring attempt was made to set her on fire by igniting a bundle of rags above the boilers. The blaze was just working its way through the flooring into the cabin, when it was fortunately discovered and extinguished.

A Curious Case.
A novel case of adultery was before our police court a short time since, in which the wife of a John Bennett, formerly of Exeter, N. H., resorted to the same course in unweaving her husband's falsity that was used upon one of old—the ploughed with his heifer. John had yielded to the weakness of his nature, and became enamored of a Miss —, whom he took to Haverhill, to spend the Sabbath with the "old folks," at home, passing as their son-in-law, showing a forged certificate of marriage. His watchful wife, understanding the matter fully, took occasion while walking in the street to inform him that she was knowing to the facts, when he knocked her down, and upon complaint was locked in jail for thirty days. While he was in prison the shrewdness of the wife manifested itself. Dressing herself in male attire, she visited her husband, as an attendant at the jail sent by Mr. B., saying he was afraid the presents he had given her might be used against him if he should be tried for adultery, and requested that he should let his friend, the bearer, take charge of them, which was accordingly done, and they were handed over. Before leaving, and after some very severe remarks about the jealous wife, this assumed jail-waiter said Mr. B. requested him to bring one kiss from her, which she consented to give, and wished to send a thousand by the same bearer! The visit was repeated several times, and the girl completely blinded till the facts were obtained, nor till then did she discover that she had been completely sold.—Newburyport Herald.

Money! Money!!
"Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes."
Yes; and don't you presume to show yourself anywhere until you get it filled. "Not among good people?" No, my dear Simplicity, not among "good people." They will receive you with a galvanic glow of a smile, scared up by an indistinct recollection of the "ten commandments," but it will be as short-lived as their stay with you. You are welcome, that's the amount of it.

They are all in a perspiration lest you should be delivered of a request for this assistance, before they can get rid of you. They're "very busy," and what's more, they always will be busy when you call, until you get to the top of fortune's ladder.

Climb, man! climb! get to the top of the ladder, though adverse circumstances and false friends break every round in it! and see what a glorious and extensive prospect of human nature you'll get when you arrive at the summit!—Your gloves will be worn out shaking hands with the very people who didn't recognize your existence two months ago. "You must come and make a long visit; you must stop in at any time;" "you'll always be welcome;" it is such a long time since they had the pleasure of a visit from you, that they begin to fear you never intended to come; and they'll cap the climax, by inquiring, with an injured air, "If you are near-sighted, or why you have so often passed them in the street without speaking?"

Of course you will feel very much like laughing in their faces; and so you can. You can't do anything wrong, now that "your pocket is full." At the most, it will only be an eccentricity. You can use anybody's head for a foot-stool, bridle anybody's mouth with a silver bit, and have as many "golden opinions" as you like. You won't see a frown again, between this and your tombstone!

FANNY FERN.

THE MERCHANT'S HEART.—Matthias, the Levantine merchant, had spent his whole life, from his boy-time upwards, in travelling for the islands of the South Seas. He had returned to his native place Texas, Tarsus, in the full vigor of manhood, and was reported to have amassed great wealth.—His first step was to make a purse and a governor and to present him with a purse and a string of pearls, in order to bespeak his good-will. Then he built himself a spacious place in the midst of a garden on the borders of a stream, and began to lead a quiet life, resting after the fatigues of his many voyages. Most persons considered him to be the happiest of merchants; but those who were introduced to his intimacy, knew that his constant companions were thought and sadness. When he had departed in youth, he had left his father, and his brothers, and his sisters, in health although poor; but, when he returned in hopes to gild the remainder of their days, he found that the hand of death had fallen upon them every one, and that their was no one to share his prosperity and a bright came over his heart.

WEARING THE CROSS.—The holy ensign of the Cross was often used in dress in order to command a homage the wearer would not otherwise have received.—In 1263, the father of the Doge of Venice preferred always going bareheaded to pulling off his cap to his son, until the Doge thought of placing a cross in front of his cap. The father then reassumed his cap, and when he met his son pulling it off, saying, "It is not him I salute, but the cross;" and from that time the cross became an ornament of the ducal cap.

A traveler asked Bob Tiddle if he had ever been round the horn. "No, sir," replied the innocent Bob. "I never goes round the horn. I ain't ashamed to take it, no matter who is by."

The Connecticut Legislature has voted \$4000 annually for four years to sustain the Normal School for New Britain, near Hartford.

Pretty girl's face generally fills a man's ribs and empties his pockets. For particulars inquire at the regular places.

In a late Abolition speech, Miss Lucy Stone said;—"But I know so well there is cotton in the ears of men, let us look for hope in the bosoms of women."
Won't you find cotton there too, Miss Lucy!
"There was something in Julia.
So werry peculiar!"