

# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1854.

VOL. I—NO. 32

## TERMS:

The DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Thursday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Pa., at \$1.00 per annum, if paid in advance, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz: 1 square 3 insertions \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion 25 1 square 3 months 3 00 " " 6 " 5 00 " " 1 year 8 00 3 column 1 year 18 00 " " " " 30 00 Business Cards with 1 copy of the Democrat & Sentinel per year 6 00 Letters must be post paid to secure attention

## School Poetry.

### The Graves of the Emigrants.

They sleep not where their fathers sleep,  
In the village churchyard's bound;  
They rest not 'neath the ivied wall,  
That shades that holy ground.  
Nor where the solemn organ's peal  
Pours music on the breeze,  
Through the dim aisle at every door,  
And swells amid the trees.  
Not where the turf is ever green,  
And spring flowers blossom fair,  
Upon the graves of the ancient men,  
Whose children sleep not there.

Where do they rest—those hardy men,  
Who left their native shore,  
To earn their bread in distant lands,  
Beyond the Atlantic's roar?

They sleep on many a lonely spot,  
Where the mighty forest grew—  
Where the giant oak and stately pine  
A dark, lone shadow threw.

The wild fowl pours her early song,  
Above their grassy graves;  
And far away, through the still night,  
Is heard the voice of waves.

And the breeze is softly sighing  
The forest boughs among,  
With mournful cadence ringing,  
Like harps by angels strung.

And lilies, nursed by weeping dew,  
Shed here their blossoms light;  
And spottish snow-flowers lightly bend  
Low to the passing gale.

The fire-fly lights her sparkling lamp  
In that deep forest gloom,  
Like hope's blessed light that breaks the night,  
And darkness of the tomb.

The mossy stone or simple cross  
Its silent record keeps,  
Where, mantling in the forest shade,  
The lonely exile sleeps.

Yet deem him not by all forgot;  
Kind hearts have breathed a prayer,  
And tears of faithful love been shed  
By those who laid him there.

## Miscellaneous.

### "The Know Nothings"

The New Orleans Delta gives an account of the new secret society, which appears to have originated in New York, but which has since extended all over the country. The Delta says:

The objects of the "Know Nothings" are two fold—part religious, part political; and the ends aimed at, the disfranchisement of adopted citizens, and their exclusion from office, and perpetual war upon the Catholic religion. With these cardinal principles, the qualifications for membership and brotherhood, are easily determined.

1st. The applicant for an admission to a "wigwam," must be a native born citizen, of native born parents, and not of the Catholic religion.

2d. To renounce all previously entertained political leaning, and co-operate exclusively with the new order.

3d. To hold neither political, civil, nor religious intercourse with any person who is a Catholic; but, on the contrary, to use all available means to abolish the political and religious privileges he may at present enjoy.

4th. That he will not vote for any man for office who is not a native citizen of the United States, or who may be disposed, if elected, to place any foreigner or Catholic in any office of emolument or trust—the latter not being in the opinion of "Know Nothings," a creditable witness in any case save where the oath is administered by his priest.

The "pass words" and "signs" for admission into the wigwam of the Know Nothings, are as follows: "The applicant raps at the outer door an indefinite number of times, asking at the close, in a low whispering voice, 'What meets here to-day?' (or night as the case may be.)—The interrogated immediately replies, 'I don't know.'" To which the applicant for admission responds, "I am one," and forthwith is admitted to a second door, at which he gives four distinct raps, when the door being opened, he whispers to his attendant "Thirteen," and then advances into the body of the lodge.

If disposed to leave before the adjournment of the lodge, member leaving salutes the President, then the Vice President, by first placing his right hand on his heart, then letting it fall on his side, whispering to the Guardian as he retires, "thirteen."

If a member requires assistance of a brother when mixing promiscuously with the public, he places the right forefinger upon the left eyebrow, as if in the act of scratching, looking directly at

the person whose attention he desires to attract, when, if the person be a member, he is bound to respond immediately by a similar sign. If it be desired to know of a stranger whether he is of the initiated, shaking hands with him the middle finger is placed upon the lowest joint of his finger, near the wrist, with a gentle pressure; when, if he is a member he will ask, "Where did you get that?" to which he will reply, "I don't know," and the querist will end by replying, "I don't know either."

Nothing concerning the association is to be committed to writing or published, and the most profound silence and secrecy are to be observed by every "Know Nothing" outside; but everything inside the Wigwam is imparted indiscriminately to members.

Every member on admission, swears by holding up his right hand, and pledges himself to do all in his power to put down foreign influence, and particularly the Catholic religion, and in no case to vote for any person for any office who is not a "native American citizen," and no one, with some exceptions, is eligible to membership, unless he or both of his parents are native born.

As no records are kept, or publications made by the association, the plan of notifying members of any emergency requiring their speedy assembling, is by scattering small square pieces of paper over the banquet and public thoroughfares, and by nailing them to posts, doors, or other places accessible to the public.

### Cruelty in the Ohio Penitentiary.

The Ohio State Journal of the 25th contains some facts relating to the cruelty exercised by the Deputy Warden, whose name is Watson, upon the body of a negro named Coker, confined in the Ohio Penitentiary. The case has been brought to the notice of the Legislature, and a committee have made a report on the subject, which is said to have produced a sensation in the House. The testimony is in substance as follows:

"In March last, Coker was suspected by the Warden of having stolen \$280 belonging to him. He therefore, had him thrown into a dark cell, having no floor but the earth, without bed or bedding, 70 feet from any stove. He was kept there three days, and then taken out and given ten lashes with the cat, which were laid on so vigorously that his back was cut and the blood flowed from the gashes. He was then placed in a cell, as before, and kept three days more, taken out again and whipped as severely as before, with his shirt saturated with his blood, he was again placed in the cell, without bed or clothing, and on the earthy floor of the dungeon, he was kept for three days more. He was then taken out and flogged a third time with the cat by Watson.

The fourth time he was taken out and stripped, and was told if he did not confess he would be whipped every day until his time of confinement expired. All the time the negro protested that he was innocent, and knew nothing of the money. He was flogged again, and for sixteen days in cold weather, he was kept in the cell in this miserable condition, and fed on corn bread and water. This outrage was committed upon an innocent man, the victim of suspicion. The negro told his own story, and his testimony was corroborated by the other witnesses who were examined. Mr. Dimmock, the Chief Warden, was absent or sick during the time. He returned before the close of the examination, and was placed upon the stand by Watson, but when the Committee told Watson that if Mr. Dimmock was sworn he must be examined generally in relation to the affair, he declined to have him sworn and he was not examined. The Committee had two physicians, members of the House, called to examine the back of the prisoner, and they report that it was badly cut up; that twenty prominent gashes through the skin were apparent; that his injuries, together with his exposures, would have been sufficient to have produced the death of a person of only ordinary endurance.

### Spoil.

The Editors of the Olive Branch, published at Nashville, having received a communication from Nashville, Tenn., enquiring "whether some female printer could be obtained there to go to Nashville," replies as follows:

"Every girl in Boston, who is old enough to work in a printing office, or in any other office, has a lover whom she would be just as likely to trade off for a Tennessee article, as she would be to swap him off for a grizzly bear. The idea of a Boston girl, who goes to operas, patronizes Julien's concerts, waltzes once a week, catches cream, rides in the omnibus, wears satin slippers, and sometimes kisses the editor, going to Tennessee, except she goes there as the wife of one of your first class citizens, (editors excepted) is truly ridiculous. Would not a girl in a nice silk dress, lace-edged pantaloons, and shiny gaiter boots, look well trudging through the mud and mire of Nashville, in the old roost of a printing office, the walls of which are covered with posters, offering rewards for runaway niggers, while in one corner of the room two old darkies are jerking away at a Ramage press, and in the other the editor is squinting tobacco juice all over the floor? Wouldn't she be in a nice fix when the editor and some great brute of a fellow, whom he had offended, got playing at the game of shooting their revolvers across the office, at each other's hands. Who would make the fire when the devil had run off, and the editor was drunk?—Who'd go home with her dark nights? who'd take her out to ride on Saturday afternoons and go to church with her on Sundays? No sir—a Boston girl wouldn't go to Tennessee for love nor money. She can get enough of both nearer home."

### Trouble.

Read what the Clinton Democrat man says on this subject:—Baby's got the measles, send boy is drooping; third one down on trundle, with dreadful cough it whooping. Mercury on to zero, wood-pile somewhat below it; manies to be a hero, but feels he cannot "go it." life is busy washing, a host of dirty "duds" pile ever and anon a tear falls silent in the sun—Husband rocks the cradle "second" on his hip, soothes the "third" with a kiss, and litanic fourth a slap. So from melancholy moans, and starting, troubled dreaming, the time is changed to groans, stifled sobs and screaming. Patience all exhausted, he roughly speeds the wailing, and jolts the little sufferers, with a ruder, but is shocking. Confusion worse confounded. A neighbor opens the door, and with voice of awe astounded, says, "Have you heard the 'puff of flour'?" "No!" husband loudly halloo: "that's the latest news?" "Flour's thirteen dars!" twice has been refused. "A scream!" his wife's voice; something comes athwart her. She comes, all covered o'er with blood and dirt water. "Old brindle's gored the heifer, broke the yearling's thigh, knocked Sissy down and out her, and scared a passer-by. Wife a her down, despairing, weary of her life; hound nothing caring, for the quadruped strife-wonders whether Job, the man of many sorrows, when his wife made him give up, led such a 'n'-doors."

Meanwhile the wretched mother, sits in her easy chair, on its rich embroidered cover, hold comfort everywhere, and wonders what they mean—these people that are poor—prattling of their troubles, which they think they share. If they only had key trials—knew what it underwent, they'd think that all the visits of truth were on them spent; which sets us thinking, reader, that if rightly estimated, one-half of all our sorrows, are sadly overlooked. And the moral of our rhyme, though prosely it runs, leaves a borrows trouble, but take it as it comes.

### About the Letter J.

Many people in writing the capital J make no distinction in form from that of I, or if they do it is so slight that most people would be less to distinguish the two unless the letter accompanied by the whole word. Such indistinctness often occasions mistakes; mistakes that might at times result in something serious, always in that which is unpleasant. Every letter should have a characteristic form that will distinguish it from all others at a glance. And why J has to come to be written so much like I is hard to be told. The fault must lie in the teacher, or him who leads the hand to the use of this pen.

J should always, when designed as a capital, be made with its lower half below, while I should only come to the line; there can be no mistake, and if the renowned "John Doe" should take the notion to write his first name with only its initial, the printer would never transform him to I. Doe.

Everyone who instructs penmanship, should bear in mind, and teach the pupil the difference in constructing these two letters; and those who have acquired the habit, should at once break it, and so write their J's that they may be "known of all men."

Doctor Kayne, the American voyager, relates the following concerning the caves of the Arctic regions. Some of the berges were worn deep, vault-like chasms, to which a way was practicable to broader caverns within. In the crystal solitude the echoes were startling. "A whistle—your own whistle—you could hardly recognize for the length and clearness of the ring; the clang of a ramrod was heard running down the whole length of an army review; and when you spoke, your words were repeated through the motionless atmosphere almost as long as your breath could hold out to make them. I tried a hexameter we used to quote at home, and it came back to me in slow and distinct utterance. There is a certain cousin of mine, whom I remember annoying in our school days, for the dispatch with which he could say his prayers of a frosty night before jumping into bed. My cousin's entire ration of winter prayer, I thought would have been repeated to him by a single effort of these echoes.

A MYSTERY ON THE SEA.—Capt. Haskell, of the ship Independence, at Valparaiso, from San Francisco, reports that on the 21st of November, at 15 deg. 40 min. W., he saw a raft with two decayed bodies on it. The raft was made of spars from a vessel, and there were yards and beams and eight water casks. It was well secured in every way, having a mast, but no sail; a small piece of white cloth was tied up for a signal on the mast, then there was a brass binacle and compass, a tin pump, half barrel dried fish, and some empty barrels. What a tale of hardship and suffering is probably associated with that raft—a tale which will only be known when the sea gives up its dead.

A CONSCIENTIOUS GENTLEMAN.—An Irishman being recently on trial for some offence, pleaded "not guilty;" and, the jury being in the box, the State's Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkison as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said: "Do I understand yer honor that Mr. Furkison is to be a witness foremenet me agin?" The Judge said drily, it seemed so. "Well," thin yer honor, I plade guilty, sure, an' yer honor plase, not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's sucking babe at the brest, put just on the account of saving Mister Furkison's soul."

Wadded comforters are poor substitutes for wadded wives.

### Machine Poetry.

From the Carbon Democrat.  
Ma. Enron:—When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one poet to enter into poetical warfare with another; and when poetry manufactured by machinery becomes the order of the day in this place and vicinity, I would inform the public that I have a machine that can turn out as good poetry as can be furnished by any machine in the county. If you wish to hear some of it listen:

Not a boat-horn was heard on the Lehigh Canal  
On a cold dreary morning in March,  
When an A—t was seen to emerge from his cell,  
With his head all fenced in with starch.

A large roll of nonsense he held in his hand;  
To the Democrat office he hurried;  
And when he reached there his spectacle band  
Gave way, and O! how he hurried.

Slowly and sadly he turned to retire,  
He had struggled, and we knew he was humiliated;  
He shed not a tear, and spake not his woe,  
And we left him alone with his unsearchable  
And infinite approximation of *infinitum* to a "boundless beneath," subservient and almost irreparable.

Here a screw was discovered to be loose, which accounts for the length of the last line. However, it is all right now, so here goes again:

There once was a man and II—s was his name,  
And he wrote poetry accordin'  
And when he saw that "Novice" had answered  
The same.

He started for the other side of Jordan.  
CROOKS.  
Pull off your coat and roll up your sleeves,  
For his poetry is hard to unravel,  
But when he finds the poets all awake he believes,  
It is about time for him to travel.

But as a poet we confess he did excel,  
For he dived into "Webster" accordin',  
Nor left unexplored the heights of "Donkey Hill"  
On his way to the other side of Jordan.

CROOKS.—Pull off your coat, &c.  
Here we stopped the machine for the purpose of putting on some oil, and repairing the damage occasioned by the screw slipping out, and were just about starting the machine again when the bright hopes and expectations of our rising to eminence with the other bards of Mauch Chunk, were blasted by the bursting of the boiler, and blowing the machine into the "rocky depths," where we hope it may repose unmolested, and may the services it has rendered long be remembered by the people of this vicinity.

MUSES.  
While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wiscasset, a few years since, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done.

"Let him among us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we will have some fun with him." The Irishman took a seat at the table.

"You were not born in this country my friend?" said one.

"No sir, I was born in Ireland."  
"Is your father living?"  
"No sir, he is dead."  
"What is your occupation?"  
"A horse jockey, sir."  
"What was your father's occupation?"  
"Trading horses."  
"Did your father ever cheat any one while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."  
"Where do you suppose he went to?"  
"To heaven sir."  
"Has he cheated any one there?"  
"He has cheated one, I believe, sir."  
"Why did they not prosecute him?"  
"Because they searched the whole kingdom of Heaven, and couldn't find a Lawyer."

Alexander Delome has been arrested in New York, for marrying a girl under 14 years of age. It renders him liable to the State prison, poor fellow! How much foolish legislation there is in the world. What possible good can it do to make a felon of the husband of a young girl who marries her with her free consent!

If you want anything cheap substantial and beautiful, go to those who advertise. The reason why their goods are superior to others is very simple—they have articles which they consider worthy of notice, and consequently advertise them!

AN ITEM FOR FARMERS WHO DESIRE TO IMPROVE.—The following little fact may induce farmers to raise honey—as thus they gain a double profit.

It is stated that bees greatly improve the fructification of fruit trees. Orchards in which several hives are kept always produce more fruit than others in which there are none. In the provinces on the Rhine the fruits are more abundant and finer than in any other parts of Germany, as there it is the custom to keep large quantities of bees. Plants, too, which bees visit, thrive better in the neighborhood of hives.

PASTE AS IS PASTE.—Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold add as much flour as will make it the consistence of cream, then stew into it as much powdered resin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves: boil it to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry may be softened by water.

Every vice fights against nature.

### Hems.

—Much talk, little sense.  
—The man who stuck to a point has got loose.

—There are about 17,000 Jews in the United States.  
—Counterfeit Shangahis are now being sold in New York.

—What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? Two Pigs.  
—A man was accidentally precipitated from "the height of folly" yesterday.

—Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he's the querist.  
—When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When he has abundant grounds.

—The first step to greatness is to be honest.  
—Son and daughter—no longer the ruled but the rulers.

—There is nothing more uncertain, than a "certain age."  
—In a woman, an ounce of heart is worth a pound of brains.

—Contentment gives a crown when fortune hath denied it.  
—What would the telegraph line be good for on a fishing excursion?

—The first law of gravity: Never laugh at your own jokes.  
—We should like to know how many spokes there are in the wheel of fortune?

—If you doubt whether you should kiss a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and "go in."  
—Men's frame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them.

—The modern way of asking for a marriage license is to say: Clerk give me an order for a woman!  
—The fellow who kissed the face of nature, says it didn't go half as well as the busses of some of his lady friends.

—If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember the duller the razor, the more you cut yourself and swear.  
—Why may a man, whose landlady torments him, be said to live without expense?—Because he gets "boarded for nothing."

—Who ever lost money or character by attending to his own business, and letting other people's alone.  
—They have got a very benevolent old gentleman in Troy. On Christmas he boiled a dish-cloth and gave the broth to the poor.

—There is a gentleman in the Legislature who can be trusted with any secret; for nothing he can say will be believed.—Ohio Paper.  
—No man can do anything against his will, said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to Botany Bay, against his will, faith an' he did."

—A Lawyer, on his death-bed, willed his whole property to the lunatic asylum, saying that he desired it should go to the same class of persons he took it from.

—It was a Portland lady that said she would make a poor sailor, and to which a nautical friend replied, but you would make an excellent mate though.  
—An adopted citizen wrote home that he was employed by the State. On coming over they found it just as he had stated—he was up at Sing-Sing serving out a sentence for life.

—Some people make some strange mistakes as to the nature of angels. They talk of woman as "angels." There's not a word in the whole Bible about female angels. They are always of the other sex.

—The greatest pleasure connected with wealth consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into a fortune, he feels just as proxy and fretful as when he worked for "four and six" a day.

—He who publishes the faults of others to conceal his own, is like him who attempts to hide the wind by throwing dust into the air.  
—When they "breaks" what becomes of the fragments?

There are now 15 Roman Catholic journals in circulation in this country, whose united circulation is estimated at about sixty thousand weekly.

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out a "lucifer."

It is remarkable, says the correspondent of the Boston Atlas, that the only governments of the world which have an excess of their receipts over their expenses, are republics; the United States and Switzerland.

A Chinese widow, being found fanning the grave of her husband, was asked why she performed so singular an operation. She said she had promised not to marry again while the grave remained damp, and that as it dried very slowly, she saw no harm in assisting in the process.

An eminent artist—American of course—lately painted a snow storm so naturally, that he caught a bad cold by setting too near it with his coat off.

Avoid as you would a pick-pocket, the man who says "the world owes him a living."

### Seed Potatoes.

One of our friends, a very close and intelligent observer as well as a good practical farmer, has been in the habit for many years of selecting the largest and finest potatoes for seed. Those who have purchased of him have long remarked one peculiarity about them not found elsewhere, that they are nearly all of a uniform size, with no small ones among them. His neighbors have observed this without knowing the reason, which our friend attributes entirely to selecting the seed as above for a course of years, and thus establishing the size as permanently characteristic. Like produces like is the foundation of all improvement in both vegetable and animal life.—The advantages respectively of large or small potatoes for seed, have been before the public, and the question has generally been decided after the trial of a single season, when the effect would be so perceptible. Here, on the other hand, are the results from continued care for a course of years, and we consider them highly interesting and important.—Pa. Farm Journal.

"Jim," said one fast man to another, "It is reported that you left the East on account of your belief—an itinerant martyr."  
"How," replied Jim flattered by the remark, "how's that?"

"Why, a police officer told me that you believed everything you saw belonged to you, and as the public didn't you left."

DOORS AND REPUTATIONS.—A Mr. B. Payne, was arraigned in the Mayor's Court of Petersburg, on Saturday last, to answer sundry charges of naughty conduct towards Miss Williams. The young lady testified that Mr. P., "black-guarded her, stole her keys, vilified her reputation, and ruined her character and the front door of her residence. A very Payne-full affair!

The Sons and daughters of Vermont in Lowell held a great family festival, on Wednesday evening. The company, including delegations of native born Vermonters, from Boston and other places, numbering about a thousand persons.—At the supper table various spirited addresses were read by distinguished Vermonters, who were unable to be present. Saxo, the poet, sent the following toast:—

Vermont—Famous for the production of four great staples, namely: men, women, maple sugar and horses.

The first are strong—the last are fleet;  
The second and third are exceedingly sweet;  
And all are uncommonly "hard to beat."

A brilliant ball closed the festivities of the occasion.

Tom and Joe were talking over their travels, when Tom asked him:  
"Was you ever in Greece?"  
"No, but I fell into a thunderin' big tub of soap once."

At an infant Sabbath-school, to the care of which I was promoted a few years since, I gave a Bible story of the prodigal son. When I came to the place where the poor, ragged son reached his former home, and his father saw him a great way off, I inquired what his father probably did. One of the smallest boys with his little first clenched, said:

"I done, but I des he set de ded on him."

THE INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—A gentleman wishes us to publish the following for the relief of humanity. He says he has known a number of cures made by it, and all of them in a short time. Half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre, put in half a pint of sweet oil; bathe the parts affected, then a sound cure will be speedily effected.—Lynchburg Express.

SUNDAY MAILS.—The ladies say they are opposed to stopping the mails on the sabbath, especially in the evening, unless they can be stopped at their houses.

Governor Bigler, of California, sets a most commendable example of reform in the matter of government expenditure. He proposes retrenchment to the extent of \$371,700, chiefly from salaries, among which he reduces his own from \$10,000 to \$6,000! We think we see the Legislature adopting the proposition!

### How Men "Bust Up."

Men with unassuming wives never bust. It is the husbands of such women as Mrs. Dash and Lady Brilliant, who find themselves face to face with the Sheriff; and certain mysterious documents adorned with red tapes and waters, big enough for target exercises.

The desire of a New York feminine is to outshine her neighbors—no in mental acquirements, but in gingerbread ornaments and gold-edged coal-scuttles. If Mrs. Dash gives a game supper—wood-cocks stuffed with gold dust—Lady Brilliant takes the wind out of her by getting up another, in which the prevailing dish will be birds of Paradise, swimming in gravy made of melted peas. It is this rivalry, not "dabbling in railroad stocks," that brings ruination to the fast men in Wall street. The "ill-fortune" of which they complain is no more nor less than a brainless wife. If they would come back to happiness, therefore they should turn their attention not to the fluctuations of the stock market, but to the ruinous absurdities of their own fire-side. Thousand dollar repasts don't pay, while the merchant who purchases hundred dollar handkerchiefs for a "duck of a wife," should not wonder if the time eventually comes when a "gigose of a husband" lacked shirts, and was but ill supplied with breeches.