

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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TERMS:

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Select Poetry.

LINES, TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

Fair girl, have you forgotten when
You vowed your soul was mine—
When, trusting in thy smiles, I pledged
My life and love were thine?
Do not find memories hang amid
The shadowy vanished Past,
And bring to mind again those scenes
That o'er our way were cast?
Do no regrets stir up thy soul
To shed a single tear
O'er fond affection's cherished flow'rs,
Now withered, dry and bare?
Alas! despair with with'ring hand
Has blighted every ray
Of joy, and all my proudest hopes
Are shrouded in decay.
Across my soul the memories
Of other days glide o'er,
Of joys as transient as the gleam
Of stars on Ocean's tide.
In ruins hang my lyre unstrung,
And, tuneless, in you slumber
No more across its trembling strings
Is love's sweet music played.
I've trusted in thy faithless vows
And false deceitful smiles;
But now to sorrow I'm convinced—
In woman's heart there's wiles.

A Know-Nothing Yarn.

All creation and the balance of mankind were, early one morning, aroused from the dulness usually pervading the pious, prim and peaceful town of East Nutmeg, by the cry of—
"What's it all about?" "When did they come?" "How many are they?" "What do they look like?" "Did you see 'em?" "Are they human critters?" "What are they going to do?"
"Who? what?"
"The Know-Nothings."
"Know-Nothings?" says a native.
"Know-Nothings."
"Well, I'd give a f'pence to know," continued the native, "what in sin it's all about?"
"Oh, you haven't seen 'em, eh?" says a jolly, round-visaged, bright-eyed individual, who, with other strangers, and natives of East Nutmeg, were gathered in a knot about the depot, discussing the topic which had in a single night come, saw, and took the town. Haven't seen 'em?"
"Seen who?" says the native.
"The Know-Nothings."
"Know-Nothings! Wal, I kinder calc'late I hav, a few."
"O, you are one of 'em, eh?"
"Look a here, squire, of you don't want to be squatin' cross-legged in you heap o' sand I calc'late you'd better not say my education has been neglected in any such a way."
"Not at all, my dear friend, I only predicted that you were a—that is, hang it—I mean, do you know what's out?"
"Yes; I'll tell you what's out, squire."
"Good; what is it?"
"A writ agit Josh Pruden for breakin the Sabbath all tew finders, playing keards in Deacon Dinkle's barn."
"Pshaw!" said the jolly man, "I don't mean that sort of work; I suppose you are like the rest of these Know-Nothings, too sly—eh, to be caught?"
"Squire, don't you chaw?"
"Yes," said the jolly man.
"Hand us your tobacco, then."
"Yes, I don't chaw."
"Git out! gettin' kinder sharp-set, too, I calc'late—Now look a here, squire, I gin tew expect you from York."
"I s'pect you are correct in your remarks."
"Wal, I knew you was; can tell you fellers a mile off; yes, can, by kingdom. Now, I calc'late there's somethin' goin' on, that's a fact—all firedest row around this yer town, this mornin', 'bout somethin' a feller never heard."
"Ah, that's what I was coming at. Now, they say, you've got a new invention—a new fangled society, or a new order, party, or something that's bound to get Christendom in an uproar; how is it?"
"Eh, yes; when they goin' to begin it, squire?"
"O, you git out; sly dog, aint you one of 'em?"
"What! them fellows that's goin' to raise sin and break things?"

"I don't know; I only ask you—" continued the squire; "I only ask for information, you see."
"Wal, naow, look a here, a feller never made much by dod-rotted ignorance in this land of universal liberty and general education, and a feller hates tew come right down and confess he don't know nothing, that's a fact; but, squire, I've got tew acknowledge the corn, a-and it's no use talkin'; but darn my buttons tew apple sass, of I went, as poor a feller as I be, gin jist ten shillins and upwards tew know what's kinder busted round here."
"Would you?"
"Wouldn't I? By golly, squire, I guess your critter kin jist tell us all about it?"
"I'm jist the man that can."
"I know you be! Grea-a-t kingdom, let's hear all about it."
"His-s-h," said the humorous man, "I've been sounding you."
"You don't say so?" echoes the citizen of Nutmeg.
"Yes, sir; we have to be cautious."
"Eh, yes," abstractedly responds the Nutmegger.
"Can't speak out to everybody?"
"So."
"Yes, sir; now I know you're a good egg."
"Aiggs?"
"Good egg—sound to the core!"
"Sound? wouldn't wonder, never aintin' but once in my hull life; then I had the darndest scratchin' time you ever did see, I reckon. Ever had the itch, squire?"
"Never, thank you."
"O, not at all, squire, you are quite welcome, as Uncle Nat said, when he shot the Injun."
"Well, sir, now I'll give you a whisper, an idea of what's up; and if you love your country—"
"Me?"
"The land of the free, and the home of the brave!"
"Grea-a-t Fourth of July!" pitch in the big links, squire.
"Our own dear native land!"
"That's the ginger! got it squire!" says Nutmeg.
"Now, sir, jist follow me over o' the hotel; so—take a chair. Here we are—now, I'll give you the secret. You see this is a grand society."
"Eh, yes."
"And the greatest secrecy is to be adhered to. Now rise, hold up both hands, high above your head, so; now swear—"
"Swear? can't dew it, squire—agin my religion."
"Are you an American?"
"Am I? I ains noblin' else, by Bunker Hill."
"Will you stand by your country?"
"Will I? Yes, sir; till Gabriel toots his horn!"
"Then swear that you will stand by the American Eagle, the stars and the stripes, and never reveal the secrets."
"Fourth of July, and Bunker Hill" chimes in the excited Yankee.
"That's it, good, good egg," said the humorous man, "Now, sir, you are one of us, you are a Know-Nothing!"
"You don't say so?"
"Yes, sir; now we have some mysterious signs and countersigns, by which you can tell a brother of the society. When you see a man looking at you with his right eye slant, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar, should he be smoking, in the left side of his mouth, —you may know he's a Know-Nothing."
"Eh, yes."
"Well, then, you go toward him, and shut your left eye, ro; you bite your thumb, of the left hand, if he bites—"
"Bites?"
"Yes, if he bites; if he is really one of 'em he will say something in a grumbling tone—something like 'what do you mean?' or 'do you mean that for me?' Then he bites, you see; then you advance close, and say, slowly 'nix a weed in cully!"
"Dutch, aint it?"
"Well, not exactly, it is our language. He will then say, 'what do you mean?' mind, he will be very apt to say that, once or twice, sure. You reply, 'nibs, don't forget, 'nibs—tag his nibs cully!"
"Nibs—eh, yes."
"Nibs, cully, hop's nibs? You then approach close up, shut the right eye, grasp his hand, and put your forefinger alongside of your nose, so. He will then up and tell you all about it."
"Ac will? How many fellers in this town have joined this society?"
"O, hundreds; nearly everybody you meet are members; it's raising the greatest excitement imaginable."
"Beats Millerites? I was one of 'em."
"Beats everything out, sir. Now, here's the oath: you swear by this emblem—elevating a boot jack."
"What, a boot jack?"

"Yes, it looks like a jack, but it aint, it's a blind, a mystery; we swear by this. You put your forefinger on your nose, shut one eye, and swear never to reveal these, our secrets, so help your Independence day! Now, tonight, there will be a crowd near the depot, about dark; when the crowd moves, you follow; they will take you to the secret chamber where you will learn more particulars. Now scoot."
"Eh, yes," and Nutmeg left.
He had just got into the street, when a veritable sign met his eyes. A long-legged, double-fisted fellow, with but one eye in his head, stood gaping around, with hands in his head; up goes Nutmeg, shuts his eye, and pokes his thumb between his molars. The man with the closed eye, looked daggers with the other, and by the twitching of his lips seemed to be speaking, or doing something like it, inwardly.
"Nix a weed in cully," says Nutmeg, advancing.
"What in yaller thunder d'ye mean?" says the one-eyed man.
"Nibs—stag his nibs, cully, bow's nibs?" continued Nutmeg, advancing, and placing his finger upon his long sharp nose, and grabbing at the stranger, who, mistrusting the movement no good, drew off, and put in such a "soul paw," that Nutmeg doubled up and went down all in a heap—cobble!
"Goll darn you, aint you one of 'em? why didn't you say so?" hawls Nutmeg, travelling into the hotel to find the Professor of Know-Nothingness, and settle his 'hash.' But the Professor had suddenly left for the city. Nutmeg was wanting since to see him.

The First Sabbath of the Pilgrims.

It was in December 1620 that the ship Mayflower, which brought over the first emigration of Puritans, anchored on the wild New England shore. There were none to show them kindness, or bid them welcome. A boat was sent from the vessel to explore the coast, and seek a favorable landing. She was manned by the bravest hearts and stoutest arms. The cold was severe, and the spray froze as it fell on them; making their clothes like iron coats. No convenient harbor was yet discovered.
After some hours of hard sailing, a storm of sleet and snow sets in; night is at hand, the swells, the storm increased, the rudder splits, the mast bends and breaks and the sail falls overboard. The frightened pilot would have run the boat ashore in a cove full of breakers. "About her!" shouts one of the sailors, "or we are lost." They hasten to obey their order; the boat rises over the surf, and is soon under the lee of land. It is dark, and the storm rages furiously. Hungry and wet, cold and tired, the men creep ashore, and after much difficulty kindled a fire. When morning dawned, they found themselves on a small island at the entrance of a harbor, which proved to be Plymouth harbor; and here they spent the day, from their fatigue, and repair their boat.
The next day the Sabbath. Time was precious, it was late in the season and their comrades in the ship might suffer anxiety on their accounts; everything demanded haste, but they remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy. "All labor was put aside, and on a frozen ground in a chilly air, under a frowning sky, without shelter and almost without food, they spent the day in divine worship and holy rest. Here is a picture of the first observance of the Sabbath in New England. There are Carver and Winslow, and Bradford and Standish, honored names among the Puritan fathers. They do not ask to be excused from the obligations of religious duty, even under circumstances so pressing and unfavorable. The Sabbath and the God of the Sabbath, have claims upon them superior to anything besides. Strict and unfinishing obedience to Bible law, is the rule of their lives.
These were puritan principles, and it was these principles which gave excellence and honor to the New England forefathers, and which now give to her institutions their moral power. Let not their children prove unfaithful to them.

Our Jim, of the Boston Post, perpetrated the following on the marriage of Thos. Hawk, of Mansfield, to Miss Sarah J. Dove:
It isn't often that you see
So queer a kind of love;
O what savage he must be
To Tommy-Hawk a Dove!

An English jury, in a criminal case, it is said, brought in the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

A mile or so from town, a gentle man met a boy on horseback, crying with cold—
"Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" said our friend, "that's the way to get warm."
"It's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze."

One of the Mean Men.

Many instances have been cited of meanness, and several persons have been held up as examples, possessing that quality in a superlative degree. One of the most "eminent" men of this class that we ever knew, was a "boss carpenter." He had, of course, a youngest apprentice, on whom his meanness was contracted, like the rays of the sun converged by a burning glass.
The boy, whom we will call Joe, and who was very cunning and shrewd wital, was obliged to submit to much rigor as regarded the severity of his labors and scantiness of his clothing and food. One evening Joe was supping on the fragments of a repast that had been set before some guests—the good wife had "company"; that afternoon—and he committed the enormity of applying a lump of butter that was left on his plate to a chunk of gingerbread which he was about to swallow. Alas for poor Joe! his master opened the kitchen door just as he was opening his mouth, and before he could swallow the delicious morsel his crime was detected.
The indignant master was struck aghast at first by this species of juvenile turpitude, but he seized the young epicure by the hair of his head and gave him a numismatic beating.
Joe went to bed sorrowing, but comforted himself with the reflection that he was fourteen years old, and had but seven more years to be flogged for eating of buttered gingerbread.
Joe was ingenious, and before he had composed himself to sleep that night, he formed a plan of revenge upon his master.
According to that plan he arose early next morning, and as he was hurrying on his clothes he muttered;—
"I'll fix a story on to the old feller: I'll raise a laugh agin him; I'll learn him how to lick me like blazes!"
As soon as Joe was dressed, he rushed into the streets, and ran towards the principal hotel, bawling lustily, and simulating the most clamorous grief. As he tore along the streets, bellowing like a yearling bull, and rubbing his eyes with a dingy pocket-handkerchief, he naturally attracted the attention of every person within sight or hearing. By the time he had reached the front of the hotel quite a crowd was ready to intercept him, as he made a feint to rush by.
"What's the matter?" cried a dozen of voices.
"Oh dear! Oh dear! it's so dreadful!" bellowed Joe, twisting his countenance into the similitude of a baked apple.
"What's so dreadful?"
"Oh, my master's dead—died sich an awful death too—O dear!"
"Your master's dead—awful death! How did it happen? Stop your confounded bellowing, and tell us about it."
"O, dear!" said Joe, his voice broken with sobs, "you know what a small soul my master had, what an old feller (sob) he was for money (sob). Well, it appears that somebody (sob) had suthen agin him, (sob) and went last night—Oh, dear! oh dear! it's so awful!"
"Look here, young man; stop that crying and tell the story."
"Wal, my master, he used to sleep with his mouth wide open, a snoring (sob) and somebody went last night and baited the steel trap with a fourpence, and set it on his pillar, and *ketchid his soul afore mornin*, and left his body in the bed! Boo-hoo-hoo. O, dear."
And with this Joe made a break through the astonished crowd and disappeared around a corner, while the welkin was ringing with shouts of laughter.
Joe's master did not hear the last of his awful decease for a long time, and those who knew him best declare that Joe's story was no myth, and that the longer his body walks about, clutching greedily everything that the law allows him, the stronger evidence he gives that he is troubled with no such incurable ailment as a soul.

Sensible to the Last.

Brown had been long on a sick bed, was frequently delirious, and now obviously approached his end. His old friend Smith had come a long ride in the cold December air to visit the dying man, and bid him a solemn "good-bye" before his departure to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Smith enters the house carefully, inquires after the health of Mr. Brown and hopes he may be no worse than when he saw him last.
"Oh, sir, he is very low—he can't hold out much longer."
Smith—(Who sits near the door, blowing his cold fingers)—Is it possible? I am sorry to hear it. Would you have any objection to my speaking a word with him?
Mrs. Brown—Oh, no—but he's out of his head and wouldn't know you. (Here Smith approaches the bed—sick man looks at man and exclaims—"Mrs. Brown give that man a glass of hot toddy—he's cold.")
Smith—(delightfully)—You say, Mrs. Brown, he is out of his head, but that remark of his strikes me as a very sensible observation!

Miscellaneous.

Proverbs for Women.

When cats wash their faces, bad weather is at hand; when women use washes to their complexion, it is a true sign that the beauty of their day is gone.
Many powder their faces that their skin may seem white; it is a poultice that flours an old hen, that it may pass for a tender chicken.
The stepping stone of fortune is not to be found in a jeweller's shop.
How many women have been ruined by diamonds; as bird-catchers entice the lark from heaven to earth with sparkling glass.
Like the colored bottles in a chemist's window, is the rouge on the cheek of a maiden; it attracts the passers-by, but—all know the drug they advertise.
Choose not your wives, as you do grapes from the bloom on them.
He who marries a pretty face, only, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fire-side blaze.
The girle of beauty is not a stay-lace. This is the only excuse for tight-lacing;—a good house-maid should have no waist.
When a maid takes to spaniels and parrots, it means that her beauty has gone to the dogs and that henceforth her life is a *biden* to her.
The mouth of a wise woman is like a money box which is seldom opened, so that much treasures come forth from it.
Store up the truth, O woman! Be charitable unto thy fallen sister. Imitate not the stags that chase from their herd their wounded companion.
The wise wife opposeth wrath with kindness. A sand bag will stop a cannon ball by its yielding. A good woman, is like a common fiddle, oge only makes its tone sweeter.
Self-Confidence is a good deal of an institution. A brass face is about as sure to lead to a golden pocket, as it is to show up an empty brain. Still self-confidence isn't always associated with brass or brainlessness. We commend the modest style to everybody and his relations.
From the ranks of the bar have sprung the noblest defenders of innocence—the earliest and most steadfast champions of right and freedom. From the ranks of the bar, also, have sprung nearly every candidate for the gallows since the world began.
The more good deeds people perform, the happier they feel. Give a poor widow a nourishing breakfast, a pretty girl a kiss and a "love of a shawl," an old fool a little flattery, and the contribution box about a couple of dollars, and you'll feel as happy as a piece of animated calico in the honey-moon.
It's the little troubles, says a writer, that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile, than a feather—*even with artillery*. Forty little debts of one dollar each, will cause you more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.
He who knows the world will not be too bashful, and he who knows himself will never be impudent.
It is good to have one's practical sense of the world's nothingness refreshed and stirred up anew by the sight of a deathbed.
Self-examination is generally self-hypocrisy. It is a tribunal where culprit, witness, advocate, and judge, are all engaged in one interest—to pervert the truth.
Give your children fortune without education, and at least one-half of the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. Give them education, and they will be a fortune to themselves and their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honour—they can never spend nor lose it; and through life it ever proves a friend, in death a consolation.
BACKBITER—"What is the meaning of a backbiter?" said a reverend gentleman during an examination at a parochial school. This was a puzzle. It went down the class till it came to a simple little urchin, who said, "Praps it is a flea!"
SCHOOL KEEPING—"First class in mathematics, stand up. What is simple division?"
"Please, sir, I know. Breaking Bob Smith's cake, and eating half yourself."
"Right! What is compound division?"
"Hooking the whole of Bob Smith's cake, and dividing it between yourself and brother."
"Right again. Now go out of doors and put your head against something cold, to keep your nose from bleeding."
A lady, on being asked to join the Daughters of Temperance, replied that she intended to join one of the sons in the course of the week.

ITEMS.

Daniel Chandler, of Concord, N. H., has been sentenced to the State Prison for life, on conviction of having altered a switch, which caused a train of cars to be thrown from the track of the Concord railroad.
It is now assumed in England that the ship Lady Nugent, which, last spring, went from Madras, with troops for the British army in Burma, was lost in the Bay of Bengal, with all on board, over four hundred persons. Nothing has since been heard of her.
On Thursday night, Adams & Co's Express Office was entered in Wilmington, Del., and robbed of 2,200.
Kenedy's clock factory at Hartford, (Ct.), was burned on the 20. inst.—loss \$20,000.
There were three deaths from yellow fever on Thursday, and three on Friday in Savannah. There was no deaths from the epidemic in Augusta.
There was \$15,000 insurance on the life of Edward Sandford, Esq., who was lost by the wreck of the Arctic.
A deserted husband in Baltimore advertises his wife as having left his bed and board, and offers a reward of fifty dollars to any man that is white, and has never been convicted of stealing, who will marry her and take her to California.
Miss Jennie Bear, an amiable young lady in Ohio, recently hung herself, having been disappointed in a love affair. She could not "bear" it any longer.
A Madrid correspondent, describing the interest the poor classes take in a bull-fight says, that a week or two ago a man actually cut off his wife's hair while she was asleep, and sold it, in order to raise money for the fight.
Dr. George Buchanan, of Hillsdale, Ohio, killed himself, the other day, by an overdose of morphia, while suffering from an attack of cholera moriosa.—It would seem that he was a little inclined to give large doses of that medicine, as he had a short time before been arrested for mal-practice, in causing the death of a child by it.
There is an old man in Paris, who follows the novel trade of throwing himself under the wheels of omnibusses, in order to get hurt and be paid for it, and has within the last five years received more than \$20,000 for broken legs alone.
Dr. Thayer has been indicted for murder in the second degree. An intemperate man, named Lesan, fantastically dressed, rode up to the doctor's house, near Belfast, Maine, and began to rant him upon some delicate domestic matters—Dr Thayer having married Lesan's wife, after she had obtained a divorce—when the doctor pulled Lesan from his horse, breaking his thigh, of which injury he is alleged to have died.
Jacob Maeser, a tavern keeper at West Wheeling, was robbed on Sabbath last, while he and his wife were at church, of about \$2,600. The sum of \$1,300 in gold, with a certificate of deposit of \$1,000 in the Savings Institution, and a considerable amount in banknotes, were taken from a desk in a drawer of which Mr. M had left his key.
The *Somerset Democrat* of the 18th inst. says: We learn that an affray occurred near the Sand Patch Tunnel, in this county, on Saturday evening last between a number of the Irish employed there; which terminated in a severe beating by them of Chauncey F. Stoner and Jacob P. Hutzell, of Greenville township. Stoner died of his wounds early on Monday morning, and officers were immediately despatched to arrest the perpetrators of the act. It is said that the beating of Stoner and Hutzell originated from their interference in the Irish quarrel. Hutzell is considerably injured. We have no doubt the guilty parties have been permitted to escape, as no arrests have yet been made.
A fire at Louisville on Thursday, destroyed property to the amount of \$50,000.
Graham's saw mill, at Fredonia, Pa., was destroyed by fire on Saturday Loss, \$60,000.
The "Niagara Mail" of the 18th inst., says that the large three masted vessel, the Ocean, with a very valuable cargo, was totally destroyed by fire on the 17th inst., in the harbor of Port Dalhousie; loss estimated at \$200,000. Port Dalhousie is the harbor for St. Catharines, about eleven miles from Niagara.
A DASTARD OF THE ARCTIC.—The New York papers state that one of the escaped seamen of the Arctic shipped on board the Atlantic on Saturday. Just as the steamer was about to sail he was discovered by Capt. West, who took him by the collar and marched him ashore, saying he wanted no such men to go to sea with him.