

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE WISDOM OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE Dews OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE SHED UPON THE JUST AND THE LAW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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The World Within.

Many tell us of the beauties
Of the world wherein we dwell;
Of the forest, rock, and fountain,
Of the crystal stream and dell;
Of the outward ties that chain us
With a holy binding spell;
Of the gentle word of kindness,
That invite us—that is well.
Still there's a world of beauty
Lies hidden from the view—
The sacred world within us,
With its varied shape and hue.
Who can read the happy spirit?
Who can paint the pleasing scene?
Are not thoughts that thus inherit
Brighter far than gems may seem?
Have not hopes more verdant foliage
Than the palm or forest tree?
Do not thoughts more gently ripple
Than a peaceful moonlit sea?
Though the storms of adverse fortune
On the outward world may frown,
Still the inward world may glisten
With a radiance all its own.
The rock majestic towering,
The cavern bounded shore,
May be matched in mind's imagining
Till time shall be no more;
The ocean's vast expansion,
With its fathomless abyss,
And treasures deeply hidden,
Are small compared to this.
The mind's insatiate longing,
With endless motion rife,
Knows no ending, nor a limit
Through the active path of life;
E'en then its powers expanding,
When this world no more is seen,
Proves the beautiful enduring
Of the world that dwells within.

IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

In Washington Irving's Life of the Great Patriot, lately published, the greatest pleasure is to be derived from reading his graphic and vivid pictures of Virginia life in 1759—63, and Washington's personal character and habits. These are unbacked themes, and when treated with such literary skill, they have a peculiar charm. The following extract will give some idea of that part of the work to which we now refer:—
"From a letter to his correspondents in England, it would appear that Washington had long entertained a desire to visit that country. Had he done so, his acknowledged merit and military services would have insured him a distinguished reception; and it had been intimated that the signal favor of government might have changed the current of his career. We believe him, however, to have been too pure a patriot, and too clearly possessed of the true interests of his country, to be diverted from the course which he ultimately adopted. His marriage, at any rate, had put an end to all travelling inclinations. In this letter from Mount Vernon, he writes: 'I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life; and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world.' This was no Utopian dream transiently indulged, amid the charms of novelty. It was a deliberate purpose with him, the result of innate and enduring inclinations. Throughout the whole course of his career, agricultural life appears to have been his *beau-ideal* of existence, which haunted his thoughts even amid the stern duties of the field, and to which he recurred with unflagging interest, whenever enabled to indulge his natural bias.
"Mount Vernon was his harbor of repose, where he repeatedly furl'd his sail, and fancied himself anchored for life. No impulse of ambition tempted him thence; nothing but the call of his country, and his devotion to the public good. The place was sacred to him by the remembrance of his brother Lawrence, and of the happy days he had passed here with that brother in the days of boyhood; but it was a delightful place in itself, and well calculated to inspire the rural feeling.
"The mansion was beautifully situated, on a swelling height, crowned with wood, and commanding a magnificent view up and down the Potomac. The grounds immediately about it were laid out somewhat in the English taste. The estate was apportioned into separate farms, devoted to different kinds of culture, each having its allotted laborers. Much, however, was still covered with wild woods

scamed with deep dells and runs of water, and indented with inlets; haunts of deer, and lurking-places of foxes—the whole woody region along the Potomac, from Mount Vernon to Belvoir, and far beyond, with its range of forests and hills, and picturesque promontories, affording sports of various kinds, and was a noble hunting ground. Washington had hunted through it with old Lord Fairfax, in his strapping days; we do not wonder that his feelings throughout life incessantly turned to it.
"These were, as yet, the aristocratical days of Virginia. The estates were large, and continued in the same families by entails. Many of the wealthy planters were connected with old families in England. The young men, especially the older sons, were often sent to finish their education there, and on their return, brought out the tastes and habits of the mother country. The governors of Virginia were from the higher ranks of society, and maintained a corresponding state. The 'established' or Episcopal Church predominated throughout the 'ancient dominion,' as it was termed; each county was divided into parishes, as in England—each with its parochial church, its parsonage, and glebe. Washington was vestryman of two parishes, Fairfax and Trurn; the parochial church of the former was at Alexandria, ten miles from Mount Vernon; of the latter, at Pohick, about seven miles. The church of Pohick was rebuilt on a plan of his own, and, in a great measure, at his expense. At one or other of these churches he attended every Sunday, when the weather and the roads permitted. His demeanor was reverential and devout. Mrs. Washington knelt during the prayers; he always stood, as was the custom at that time. Both were communicants.
"Among his occasional visitors and associates were Captain Hugh Mercer and Dr. Craik; the former, after his narrow escapes from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, was quietly settled at Fredericksburg; the latter, after the campaigns on the frontier were over, had taken up his residence at Alexandria, and was now Washington's family physician. Both were drawn to him by campaigning ties and recollections, and were ever welcome at Mount Vernon.
"A style of living prevailed among the opulent Virginian families in those days that has long since faded away. The houses were spacious, commodious, liberal in all their appointments, and fitted to cope with the free-handed, open-hearted hospitality of the owners. Nothing was more common than to see handsome services of plate, elegant equipages, and superb carriage-horses—all imported from England.
"The Virginians have always been noted for their love of horses; a manly passion which in those days of opulence, they indulged, without regard to expense. The rich planters vied with each other in their studs, importing the best English stock. Mention is made of one of the Randolphs of Tuckahoe, who built a stable for his favorite dapple-gray horse, Shakespeare, with a recess for the bed of the negro groom, who always slept beside him at night.
"Washington, by his marriage, had added about one hundred thousand dollars to his already considerable fortune, and was enabled to live in ample and dignified style. His intimacy with the Fairfaxes, and his intercourse with British officers of rank, perhaps, had their influence on his mode of living. He had his chariot and four, with black postillions in livery, for the use of Mrs. Washington and her lady visitors. As for himself, he always appeared on horseback. His stable was well filled, and admirably regulated. His stud was thoroughbred, and in excellent order. His household books contain registers of the names, ages, and marks of his favorite horses; such as Ajax, Blueskin, Valiant, Magnolia, (an Arab) etc. Also his dogs, chiefly foxhounds, Vatesin, Singer, Ringwood, Sweetlips, Forester, Music, Rookwood, Truelove, etc. * * * He was an early riser, often before daybreak in the winter, when the nights were long. On such occasions he lit his own fire, and wrote or read by candle-light. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea and three or four cakes of Indian meal (called hoe-cakes) formed his frugal repast. Immediately after breakfast he mounted his horse and visited those parts of the estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hands.
"Dinner was served at two o'clock. He ate heartily, but was no epicure, nor critical about his food. His beverage was small beer or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening, and retired for the night about nine o'clock.
"If confined to the house by bad weather, he took that occasion to arrange his papers, post up his accounts, or write letters; passing part of the time in reading, and occasionally

reading aloud to the family.
"He treated his negroes with kindness, attended to their comforts, was particularly careful of them in sickness, but never tolerated idleness, and exacted a faithful performance of all their allotted tasks. He had a quick eye at calculating each man's capabilities. An entry in his dairy gives a curious instance of this. Four of his negroes, employed as carpenters, were hewing and shaping timber. It appeared to him, in noting the amount of work accomplished between two succeeding mornings, that they loitered at their labor. Sitting down quietly he timed their operations; how long it took them to get their crosscut-saw and other implements ready; how long to clear away the branches from the trunk of a fallen tree; how long to hew and saw it; what time was expended in considering and consulting; and, after all, how much work was effected during the time, he looked on. From this he made his computation how much they could execute in the course of a day, working entirely at their ease.
"At another time we find him working for a part of two days with Peter; his smith, to make a plough on a new invention of his own. This, after two or three failures, he accomplished. Then, with less than his usual judgment, he put his two chariot horses to the plough, and ran a great risk of spoiling them, in giving his new invention a trial over ground thickly swarded.
"Anon, during a thunder-storm, a frightened negro alarms the house with word that the mill is giving way, upon which there is a general turn-out of all the forces, with Washington at their head, wheeling and shovelling gravel during a pelting rain, to check the rushing water.
"Washington delighted in the chase. In the hunting season, when he rode out early in the morning to visit distant parts of the estate, where work was going on, he often took some of the dogs with him for the chance of starting a fox, which he occasionally did, though he was not always successful in killing him. He was a bold rider and an admirable horseman, though he never claimed the merit of being an accomplished fox-hunter. In the height of the season, however, he would be out with the fox-hounds two or three times a week, accompanied by his guests at Mount Vernon and the gentlemen of the neighborhood, especially the Fairfaxes of Belvoir, of which estate his friend George William Fairfax was now proprietor. On such occasions there would be a hunting dinner at one or other of those establishments, at which convivial repasts Washington is said to have enjoyed himself with unwonted hilarity.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

BY RICHARD EVERETT.

At the latter end of August, 1777, Lord Howe, with an army of about eighteen thousand men, sailed up the Chesapeake Bay, and landed near Elkton. It was the intention of the British commander to march directly to Philadelphia, but he was delayed, from various causes, several weeks.
Washington at once divined that Howe's movement was towards Philadelphia; and accordingly he put forth every effort to raise a force capable of resisting him with some hope of success.

We will pass over the preliminary acts of the armies, their maneuvering, &c., nor will we dwell upon the superhuman exertions made by the Americans to retard the British force, and to bring into the field a respectable army. Leaving those incidental matters, we will turn at once to the 11th of Sept. 1777. It was about daybreak when the British army, eighteen thousand strong, in several columns began to move towards the American position. Washington had parted his army, which numbered about eleven thousand men—regular and militia—in several divisions around Chadd's Ford. Sullivan La Fayette, Wayne, Maxwell, were in command of different portions of the infantry. The artillery was directed by Knox, and the cavalry by the brave Pulaski.
The British van, under General Knyphausen, advanced directly upon the ford, and engaged General Maxwell, whose troops being militia were gradually driven back. Being reinforced, however, Maxwell's men charged the enemy so vigorously that they halted for a short time. The conflict was very stubborn, but the British rallied, and at last succeeded in driving Maxwell's forces across the ford. A heavy cannonade now commenced between the two armies without any definite result. The British lost some three hundred men, while to the patriots the damage was trifling. Knyphausen's attack proved to be a feint, for Cornwallis, with a strong division marched up the Brandywine river, crossed and moved swiftly down against Sullivan's division, whose duty was to watch the ford just above the point of Knyphausen's assault. Sullivan was nearly taken by surprise, so

sudden was the movement of the British General, that his army was not entirely formed for battle, when the British and German troops burst upon him. The patriots received the shock with firmness. The enemy's artillery being superior to the American, it soon made wide gaps in their ranks. The militia received several charges from the British regulars and returned them with great courage. Every exertion was put forth by Sullivan and his officers to encourage their troops. The carnage was dreadful, and not until an overwhelming force of the enemy came on, did the American stand. But under a volume of fire, slowly, first one wing and then the other began to waver. In vain did Sullivan, covered with dust and blood, attempt to stay his men. La Fayette on foot, hurried from rank to rank, and begged the soldiers to stand firm until death! But in vain!
The storm of battle poured over the field and both wings of Sullivan's army were hurled back, shattered and nearly destroyed. But the centre, some eight hundred men stood like a living wall. The resistless cannon ball plowed through their ranks, but they closed them up again. The German and the British grenadiers more than once charged in vain. Sullivan, La Fayette and Stirling toiled like heroes to make a final stand until reinforcements could come up. But La Fayette fell, shot through the leg; two of Sullivan's aids were killed, and the detachment reduced to a few hundred men were compelled to join their retreating comrades, and the whole body, in great disorder closely pursued by the victorious enemy rushed on toward the main army at Chadd's Ford.

Alarmed at the sound of battle in the direction of Sullivan's position, Washington sent Greene, with his division to give aid if necessary. His men were marching briskly along, when messengers from Sullivan told how fierce was the battle, and this was corroborated by the heavy cannonade, which every moment grew louder and louder. The truth flashed upon Greene in an instant—Cornwallis had attacked Greene's division! Orders were given to the men to march "in double quick time" were instantly given. The men responded with shouts, and it is a matter of history that Wayne's troops marched four miles in forty minutes.
About one mile from the battle field Wayne met the flying Americans. He opened his ranks, and allowing them to pass through, showed an undaunted front to the English, and received them with well directed volleys from his artillery. Count Pulaski with his splendid corps of cavalry, also charged in a gallant and successful manner upon the advancing squadrons, beating them back in a gallant style. Another battle now began, and continued until darkness came down upon both armies. The British could not advance, while the retreating forces of General Sullivan were gathered and re-organized—Although pressed very hard, Greene's corps holds its ground, and when night came on the two armies were very close together.
The British force being greatly superior to the Americans in every respect, Washington concluded not to risk another engagement, but that night his troops retreated, and the next day marched to Germantown.
Sullivan had been censured for negligence in allowing himself to be surprised by the British army, but he was cleared from any such imputation by a committee of investigation. The battle of Brandywine proved fatal to the American cause, although to the royal forces it was a dear victory.—Their loss over eight hundred killed, wounded and missing. The patriots lost in the same manner over twelve hundred men, more than two-thirds militia. Ten small cannon also fell into the hands of the enemy.
In this battle, Count Pulaski, the accomplished Polish officer, took a prominent part. He commanded the cavalry—a fine corps which he had drilled to perfection. When the pursuing columns of English came up with Greene's men, Pulaski charged upon their ranks (disordered by the pursuits) and cut down whole platoons.

SUICIDE IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.—Miss Clara Haskins was found dead in her bridal dress and chamber near Natchez, Mississippi, on the 27th inst. After being dressed by her bridesmaids she requested them to retire for a short time, and when they returned they found her laying lifeless upon her couch, with an empty phial which had contained prussic acid still clasped in her hand.—She had adopted the desperate alternative of self-destruction rather than marry a man she could not love in obedience to parental authority.

A young lady walking out one fine morning met the celebrated John Wilkes. "You see sir, I have come out to get a little sun and air."
"You had better, madam, get a little husband first," said Wilkes.

WE ARE TOO POOR TO PAY.
Yes, it was a lovely spot, that village graveyard! Such a one, I fancy, as inspired the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." There was less pomp and show than in our city burial places, but what of that, as Jeremy Taylor says, "We cannot deceive God and nature, for a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a sumptuous pall." So a grave is a grave, though it be piled over with sculptured marble.
Then that little girl! How her image comes up before me, bending over her mother's grave. I needed when she crossed, and was soon drawn towards the spot where she was kneeling. I approached cautiously—there was something so sacred in the picture of that child weeping at a new-made grave, that I feared my presence might break the rapture of her mournful musing. I know not how long I might have stood apparently reading the rude grave stone, had not the child raised her eyes and timidly said:—
"Our little Willie sleeps here. We's too poor to get a tomb-stone; we and the angels knows where he lies, and mothers says that's enough."
"Are you not afraid to be here alone?" I asked.
"Oh, no; mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets are in bloom yet."
How old was your brother? I asked, feeling interested in the little girl.
"He was only seven years old; and he was so good, and he had such beautiful eyes; but he could not see a bit."
"Indeed! was he blind?"
"You see he was sick for a long time; yet his eyes were blue and bright as the blue sky with stars in it, and we did not know he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked—'Is it a white rose, Dora?'"
"Can't you see, darling?" asked mother.
"No, I can't see anything. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark."
"Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind; but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his hand on our faces and feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry, for he could see God, and Heaven and the Angels. I'll see you too, when you go away from this dark place."
"So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep; and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here and buried him; and though we are too poor to get a tomb-stone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody'll trouble them. I know, when they learn that Willie sleeps here."

PERILOUS DESCENT IN A BALLOON.—Mons. Godard, with four other persons made an ascent in a monster balloon at Cincinnati, on Monday of last week. A reporter of the Times, who was one of the aerial voyagers, gives the following account of the descent:—
"Soon after Monsieur Godard had furnished the altitude from his barometer, he gave us notice that we were descending. By gesture, he ordered us to lay flat down in the bottom of the car, when he gave the word of command, and not to jump out of the car under any circumstances. Just then we struck a tremendous gale of wind, and it was evident that we were not only sailing furiously, but descending rapidly. It was so dark that nothing could be discovered, but our commander mounted the side of the car, cast out his anchor and waited the result. He commanded us to lie down, and we had hardly obeyed before we felt the car brushing over the tree tops. The anchor caught and held us for a moment, then we dashed with furious speed into an adjoining corn-field—a field, however, that was full of stumps. Suddenly the car was dashed with great force against a tree; then up we went, then down, now dragging on a fence, again striking a stump or a tree with great velocity, and again whizzing over the corn-stalks at a lightning gallop. Every man laid close to the bottom of the car except Mons. Godard, who stood up, holding upon the valve, all hoping that the monster would soon be controlled, and we landed safely on terra firma.
"Suddenly the balloon took a fearful leap and brought the car with a tremendous crash against a stump, half upsetting it. Mons. Godard's face struck the fence, and he was thrown to the ground. At the same moment, Colonel Latham and Mr. Hole were thrown head foremost out of the car. Mr. Belman and myself were left in the car alone, and relieved of the greater portion of its weight, we expected to bound again into the air. Mr. Belman, with great intrepidity, clambered up the car side and seized the valve rope, while Mons. Godard took hold of the rope swinging below. A furious wind at that moment swept past, the balloon made another bound, and dashed the car against a tall, heavy, dead tree. The blow knocked us insensible, and the next we knew we were lying with our back upon the ground, the rain beating in our face, our head crowded into one corner of the car, and the trunk of a tree lying across our body. We could not move. It appears that the netting caught in the tree we have mentioned, and so strong was the force of the wind that the balloon pulled it over on to the car, and the gas then escaping rapidly, the tree held the balloon secure."

THE BIRD HUNTER.
Lieut. Gibson's explorations in the valley of the Amazon presents to the reader many interesting features. We clip the following in relation to bird hunters:
There are a few individuals among the Creoles of Santa Cruz who understand the art of collecting and preserving the skins of birds with arsenical soap. They make their living by stuffing birds with cotton, to be boxed up and exported. The bird-collector differs from the bark-gatherer; he is found on the plains as well as in the woods; his ammunition is good powder, in small tin canisters, different sized shot, and a small quantity of quicksilver. The shot are for ordinary birds. He puts a few drops of quicksilver in a small piece of paper, and loads his gun with it instead of shot. The quicksilver knocks the humming-bird over, without tearing the skin or disfiguring the plumage; it stuns, and before the bird recovers, the sportsman has him in hand. After the hunter has collected some five hundred kinds, he then becomes difficult to please; he wants the beautiful little songster who sits at the base of the Andes, and sends forth his music before the rising sun. There are many birds who feed by night and sleep in daylight; some steal the eggs from their neighbors; others drive away the parents, feed and rear their young, or sit upon the eggs and hatch them for the rightful owner. All these birds we see around us have their regular hours for feeding, singing, bathing, roosting and sleeping.
We met a bird hunter in Trinidad; he had been at work two years collecting nest after nest of different kinds. He was of opinion there are over a thousand varieties of night and day birds to be found in the Madeira Platte, besides snakes, lizards, and any quantity of insects. Trinidad was his headquarters, from which he branched off in all directions during the dry season. His room was a perfect curiosity shop. The birds were rolled up in paper after being properly cured, and stowed away in large wooden boxes. Every day, at different hours, he went to the field; after days of labor, he would be seen returning with a single bird, differing from any in his room. He procures poisonous snakes by splitting the end of a stick to form a fork, which he places over the neck of the snake, and holds him until a gourd or bottle is fixed over his head, when he loosens his fork and the snake crawls into the cavity. He then corks the gourd and puts it into his pocket. After the snake starves to death, or is drowned in spirits, his skin is taken off, preserved, and stuffed, ready for transporting to the museums of the civilized world.
During the rainy season the bird hunter enters a canoe, and repairs to those places where the various animals are collected together. He obtains many species there, which would require a length of time to follow up, and fills his canoe with venison and deer skins.

WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.—It is a work of considerable difficulty to believe all the stories of vegetable life that come to us in the California papers. We can stand boots as long as a man's leg and thirty inches in circumference, onions as large as a peck measure, and cabbages weighing sixty pounds; but when they swear to a hundred and twenty bushels of wheat to the acre and potatoes weighing half a hundred we begin to hesitate. But their big trees are the wonder of the world. The Mammoth Grove is a forest of such monsters. Situated four thousand five hundred feet above San Francisco, it has come to be a summer resort of the people. The largest tree is ninety-five feet in circumference, and two are sixty-five feet in circumference, and three hundred feet high, and beautiful to look at. At the grove is a first class hotel. On the body of the big tree there is a house twenty-four by eighty, which contains two fine bowling alleys. The stump of this tree is intended for a ball-room!—[Buffalo Advertiser.]

CALIFORNIA FASHION.
We translate from the German Journal of yesterday:—
A few days since, a German was riding along Sanson street near Sacramento, when he heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shaken. He turned about, and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet-hole in it.
"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.
"Yes," replied the other party, "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."
"You must be mistaken says the German, I have owned the horse for three years."
"Well," says the other, "when I come to look at him I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir; won't you come and take a drink?"
The rider dismounted, and his horse, the two found a shaking saloon by, they both nobbed and drank together, and parted friends. That is the California fashion to make acquaintance.—Chron.