

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.

EBENSBURG, JUNE 3, 1857.

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Choice Poetry.

THE BAPTISM OF TEARS.

BY ELLEN C. BOWARTH.

Come, I will sing for thee a gentle lay,
Like those I sang thee of in happier hours,
And thoughts of thee like summer's golden ray,
Shall light once more my heart of withered
flowers.

Bring me the lute and I will wake again
Its tender notes to passions, hopes and fears;
Ah, idly dream, wild promise sadly vain,
Its every chord has been baptized in tears.

And I am changed; my sad yet tranquil brow
Doth crimson not beneath thee earnest gaze;
My hand doth tremble not to greet thee now,
As it hath trembled in our earlier days;

My cheek betrays no more the passing thought,
My eye the sudden trace of sorrow weeps;
Yet, O! how dearly was this calmness bought,
For every thrill hath been subdued by tears.

I may no more reveal by sudden start
My love for thee, when others speak by name,
For I have learn'd that last to veil my heart,
Though every inmost feeling be the same;

Nor shall I wildly grieve if thou forget
How I have loved thee, long and weary years,
Nor chide thee more in passionate regret,
For even thy love hath brought me bitter tears.

Thou hast more power than all things else to
move

My soul to tears, and yet not even thou
May'st read again my deep undying love,
By quivering lip, pale cheek or darken'd brow,
A sea of sorrow rolls its waves between

This greeting, and the clasp of earlier years,
And thy loved image in my heart hath been
Baptized and purified by burning tears.

BILL FURTHER FROM UTAH—LICENTIOUSNESS, OUTRAGES AND MURDERS.

We have before us a letter in the New York Times, dated "Great Salt Lake City, April 1 1857," from which we copy the following thrilling and startling extracts:—*Eng.*

Monday, March 9.—The carrier of the Southern mail brings news to-day of an attack on a party which left here a short time since for California, consisting of four men named Peter Tobin and two others. They had encamped about 75 miles below Parowan, the last Southern settlement on the Road to San Bernardino before coming to the new settlement of Los Vegas, where they were waiting for the mail to come up. The place selected for their camp was at the foot of a perpendicular ledge of rocks in the vicinity of some bushes. About 4 o'clock in the morning, the moon shining brightly at the time, the attacking party crept up and fired down on them from the top of the rock. Tobin was shot through the head, the ball entering close under the eye, passing diagonally through the nose and cheek, and lodging in his neck. He was also shot in five other places, and left for dead. The other men escaped into the bushes, one of them, however, having been shot in the back of the neck, and another having had two fingers shot off. When the party returned to the camp they found that Tobin was alive, and with the assistance of the mail party, who soon overtook them, they carried him along with them. From the reports it is somewhat doubtful whether he recovers.

This Tobin was orderly Sergeant in Capt. Morris' command, U. S. A., which served as an escort to Capt. Gunnison, when he was killed on the Plains. After his murder the command wintered at Great Salt Lake City and during their sojourn in Zion, Tobin at one and the same time, became imbued with Mormonism and impressed with the charms of Alice Young, daughter of the Prophet Brigham. He embraced the first object of his adoration, and was led to believe, by the wily prophet, that, in the fulness of time, he would be permitted to embrace the second; after serving out his enlistment he returned here last Spring, brimful of love and Mormonism, and figured extensively as employee and confidant of Brigham, and Professor of the Art of War, drilling recruits to serve in the expected collision between the United States and Mormonism, provided the incoming Admin-

istration does not shirk the question as the outgoing one has for the past four years. To return to Tobin, the current of true love with him, as with all heroes, ran with a ripple, and various reasons are assigned why the fair Alice took sanctuary in the arms of one Hiram Clawson, where some three or four doves had nestled before her. The gallant Tobin sought consolation in the society of a Miss Rock; but even the charms of love and consolations of religion failed to satisfy his ambitious longings. He found it best to make a journey to California.

In other words, as we say here, "the country became unhealthy for him." Unfortunately, however, he had been a "leech" too deeply initiated into the mysteries of Mormonism, to be permitted to leave the country, after his close intimacy with the Governor of Utah. When the attack was made the party were asleep, rolled in their blankets, and the bandits fired at their heads, but most of the shots were aimed too high. Their boots and shoes being at their heads, under the blankets, deceived the assailants as to their true position, hence their escape. They counted 56 bullet holes in their blankets, and what was quite significant, the balls were from revolvers of the navy size.

The Mormons here, in speaking of this transaction, wink their eyes to each other, and say, "The Indians are very bad on the lower road." There is no doubt but the attack was planned in this city, and that orders were sent from here to execute it. It was said publicly by the Mormons, immediately after the party left the City, that they would not live to get through California, and reports came in several days in advance of the mail that they had been killed. The bandits thought that they killed Tobin, and probably spoke of it to some person on their return.—The Mormons do not hesitate to publicly proclaim that no apostate shall be permitted to escape from their community "to tell their dead tales about them." We were disposed to regard those threats as mere expedients to frighten us, but are forced to the conclusion that they intend to carry them into execution.

With the mail that left for the States on the 1st inst., was Horace L. Eldridge, who has gone to St. Louis to take charge of the "State of Zion," and if possible re-light the Luminary, (a Mormon paper) which was extinguished last season for want of proper fuel.

Just before leaving us he had two young girls (sisters) sealed to him against their will and in spite of their tears and remonstrances. Their father was a bigoted Mormon, and compelled them thus to become concubines to a man who has several women in his harem already. He was too conspicuous a personage in the Church to be publicly thwarted, and the father inclined a deaf ear to their entreaties, and turned them over to a creature whose soul must be insensible to every generous emotion. What else could be expected from a devotee of Mormonism, whose religious belief is that woman should be the passive instrument for the gratification of men's sensual appetites, and who laughs to scorn the idea of her moral or intellectual worth.

Friday, March 13.—Last evening "our peaceful city" was thrown into commotion by an attempt, on the part of some persons high up in the Priesthood, to get away from T. S. Williams his daughter, who is not yet fourteen years of age. In order that you may comprehend the case I must give you a short sketch of Thomas S. Williams and his family. His father is one of the old Mormons, having been with them from the beginning of their career, and is, moreover, a conspicuous member of the Danite Band. His grandfather, old as he is, has been "sealed" to three young women, within the last three weeks. A few days since I met him coming from Brigham's office, with a young girl, apparently some sixteen or seventeen years old, to whom he had just been "sealed."

Joseph Young, the not-over-bright son of Brigham, returned last fall from a mission to England. As the son of the Prophet, he was flattered, caressed and almost worshipped by the faithful abroad, and has returned inflated with vanity near to bursting. He left a young wife behind him when he went, whom he has entirely neglected since his return, except to keep her locked up in his father's seraglio.—He has lately been "sealed" to two young women, one of them a daughter of one Grant, a brother of the late Jedediah. She is about seventeen years of age, and represented to be very amiable and lovely. She was most bitterly opposed to the marriage and begged and implored her father not to force her into the arms of a man whom she loathed and abhorred; but he was deaf to her entreaties, for the son of the Prophet must be gratified. Since she was "sealed" she refuses to associate with him and walks her room all night, her agony unrelieved by tears, in a state bordering on insanity.

Alice Young, the daughter of Brigham, who was last Winter "sealed" to H. C. Clawson, a pimp of the Prophet's, who had previously three other wives, a short time since packed up her effects preparatory to leaving her husband; but the storm has blown over, or was stilled by the voice of the Prophet. I am told that Clawson now seeks a younger sister to be "sealed" to him. The mother—Brigham's first wife—is almost beside herself with fear that he will obtain the father's consent to it.—Perfect happiness reigns in all the families in Utah.

A young woman, who forsook her friends in England and came to this country last Fall under the delusion that if she could only reach "Zion" her happiness would be completely insured in this world and in the next, was taken on her arrival into Brigham's family as his mistress, when the monstrous state of affairs was soon revealed to her. She was told that, instead of any hope of improvement, affairs daily were growing worse—when she

poor woman in her agony exclaimed, "Oh! I am lost! lost! lost!!!"

Monday, March 23.—A few days ago we received the news of the robbery of a man named Parrish, (a dissenting Mormon, who was intending to leave the Territory,) in Springville, a town about sixty miles south of here. Some men came to his premises in the night and took two span of horses and a wagon, with which he contemplated to leave the Territory this Spring. Hearing them moving his property, he went to the door, where he was met by a man who presented a pistol to his head, threatening to blow his brains out if he made any noise or offered any resistance. The next day he found one span of his horses in the stable of one Bullock, the Mayor of Provo. He claimed the horses, but Bullock refused to let him have them. He then applied to the Judge of the Probate Court, (a Mormon Tribunal, but the only Court left us since the forcible dissolution of the United States Court) for a writ of replevin, which the Judge refused to issue, and he could get no redress.

We have now received the report and particulars of the murder of Parrish and two other men. A party of five "apostate" Mormons Parrish, his two sons, Potter and Darger, having been stripped of all they possessed by Mormon process and open robbery, determined to leave the Territory at all hazards.

Being unable to procure teams, they started on foot and passed out of Springville in the afternoon. They had been watched, and as soon as they had started, several men were called out to assist in the affair. The party had hardly proceeded a hundred yards from the gate of the town before they were fired upon by a band of disguised Danites. Potter was killed outright, having been pierced by five balls. The murderers then rushed upon them, and cut Parrish's throat from ear to ear and ripped open his bowels. Other wounds upon his person showed that he struggled hard. His son, though severely wounded, ran about 80 yards, when he was overtaken, and his throat was cut and his bowels were ripped open. The other two men being a little in the rear escaped.

We have reports of others being killed, but have no positive knowledge, as the Mormons take care to hide from us every dark deed when they can help it. One of the Bishops the other day, in preaching to his congregation, said that he "would cut the throats of the apostates with as little compunction as he would go into a pen of hogs and butcher them." One of the "Seventies" said that at first he shuddered at the idea of killing all the apostates—men, women and children—but had become reconciled to it; that he was satisfied he would be saving them and assisting in building up the kingdom.

THE PURCHASE OF CUBA.—Mr. Soule is at Washington, and has probably been consulted in relation to the appointment of a new Minister to Spain. It is intimated that the purchase of Cuba will be attempted under the present Administration. A Washington correspondent, alluding to the subject, says:—

It is a matter as to which England and France will have something to say. Their consent and influence must be obtained as a necessary preliminary to a successful attempt to purchase Cuba from Spain. About one hundred and fifty or two hundred millions is all that the United States will consent to pay, or be bound for. They do not expect to pay it from the Treasury of the United States.—But the Cuban Creole plauters and slaveholders will promise to pay the money, as well they might, considering that by the immediate rise in the value of their property, they will make about the clever sum of seven hundred and fifty millions. But the United States must assume the payment of this sum, in annual instalments of twenty-five millions a year.

The next Congress is looked to as being more likely to favor this scheme than any one that has preceded it, or may soon follow it.

But there is not much probability that the matter can be brought to a head before the second session of the next Congress.

Meanwhile it will be necessary to overcome the scruples and misgivings of the South in regard to the effect of this measure upon their interests. To ruin all these sugar interests is of no account, for that will soon be done by the cultivation of the Chinese and African sugar cane. To withdraw their capital and labor from present employments, and leave these lands worthless, is a matter of little concern to most of the old Southern States, for the same process of depletion is now going on; the life-blood of the old Atlantic slaveholding States being drawn off rapidly towards the newer States. It is a question, therefore, before Texas and Cuba chiefly. Shall the old slaveholding States back up Cuba or Texas? I think they incline to decide for Cuba, because Cuba will never form but one State, while Texas, should it once be divided, will afford two non-slaveholding States.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—First Boy.—"Say, Bill, then you're getting a dollar a week now?"

Second Boy.—"Well, you might a know that, by seeing all the fellers come soapin' around me, that wouldn't a noticed me when I was poor."

Recapture of Children Stolen by the Mormons and Arrest of Elder Pratt.

[From the St. Louis Leader, May 21.]

About two months ago we published an account of the kidnapping of several children by the Mormons at New Orleans: The father, H. H. McLean, was absent at the time in California, and the mother, who had been deluded by the Saints, lent herself to the infamous scheme by which her own children were to be ruined. The kidnapers started with the children from New Orleans to go through Texas, Arkansas and the Indian Nation to the Salt Lake trail; but were fortunately intercepted by the father, who having heard of the affair, had returned and started in pursuit of them. The following is an extract from him to his friends in this city, and gives some of the particulars of arrest:

Fort Gibson, Cherokee Nation, May 7th, 1857.

Dear Friends:—I have just arrived from a sore tramp, on which I succeeded in coming up with Eleanor and the children, and have taken the children from her by force. I have placed Eleanor in charge of the United States Marshal, and have succeeded also in arresting Pratt, who is now in the guard-house of the Fort. The U. S. Marshal will start with his prisoners for Van Buren to-morrow, and I will, by a different route, in company of Capt. Cahill and lady, leave with the children for the same place. I arrested Pratt and E. J. on a charge of larceny—in stealing the clothing on the children when kidnapped—in value \$8 or \$10. This is the only way I could reach them in these Territories. When I fail before the U. S. Commissioner at Van Buren, I mean to have him arrested for having fled from justice from St. Louis, Mo., and get a requisition from the Governor of Missouri for him. You are fairly posted. See Strong, and inform me forthwith of the best manner of proceeding.

NATURAL ICE CAVE AT DECORAH, IOWA.—The mouth of the cave is at the foot of a high ledge of limestone rock set in a high bluff or bank of the Upper Iowa river, north of the town. The entrance to the cave is from the side of the hill, about forty feet above the level of the river.

An opening of about ten feet high and some six or eight feet wide, forms the entrance, which descends into the rock at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

The extreme length of this cave has never yet been explored, but it has been penetrated to a distance of three hundred feet in various directions. In the winter season this cave is warm and dry, but in the summer, fall and spring, it is bitterly cold, and the temperature of cold increases to an almost insupportable extent as it is penetrated to a longer distance. In the warm season, vast icicles are formed in this cave, by the continual drippings from the top and sides, and in sufficient quantities to supply a large city. At any time in the spring, summer or fall, any one with little labor could cut down several tons of the purest crystal ice in a day, and just as soon almost as it is taken out, it is replaced by fresh ice. At a party held on the side of the hill by the Decorah people on the fourth of July last, over eighty barrels of the solid ice were taken out, and scarcely any impression was made on the quantity in the cave.

The most singular feature of the cave is, that the hotter the weather becomes outside, the more intensely cold the atmosphere becomes in the cave. Persons going into the cave in the warm season are obliged to put on the heaviest clothing, and even then become badly chilled.

Can any philosopher of Dubuque or other cities explain this great phenomenon of nature? If so, let us hear their explanations.

Decorah at least will always have the luxury of plenty of fine ice, without any trouble laying it in.—*Dubuque Express & Herald.*

DEATH WARRANT.—Gov. POLLOCK has issued the death-warrant of DAVID STRINGER M'Kin, confined in our County jail for the murder of Samuel Townsend Norcross. It was read to him by jailor M'Clure, in a clear and audible tone, in the presence of Dr. D. X. Jarkin and one of his counsel, Mr. Jolly, and another person whose name we did not learn. The prisoner, during the reading of the warrant, evinced no emotion whatever, but a perfect indifference, asking no questions but whether it was the 24th of August? The day fixed for his execution is Friday, the 21st of August next.—*Holl. Whig.*

Crops at the south.—Great Scarcity. LOUISVILLE, May 14th.—Since the late rains, grain crops around here look quite promising. Same accounts from Louisiana and Virginia.

Knoxville papers say pretender is scarce, people cut trees to let the cattle eat the buds. Greatest want among the poorer classes.—Circuit Court, Jacksonborough, obliged to adjourn without sitting; could not get feed for the horses of Judges and Lawyers.

The Territories.

The following facts, in reference to the vast extent of the Territories belonging to the United States, are worthy of consideration. They are from the St. Louis Democrat:

"They suggest serious reflections touching the overwhelming preponderance of the North over the South when these Territories shall have been filled up with population as will inevitably be the case in the course of a few years more.

There are now for settlement the Territories of Minnesota, Oregon, Nebraska, Washington, New Mexico, Utah and Kansas.—These Territories contain, according to a compendium of the census of 1850, published in 1854, the following area:

Minnesota,	166,025 square miles.
Oregon,	185,040 " "
Nebraska,	255,882 " "
Washington,	123,022 " "
New Mexico,	207,000 " "
Utah,	269,170 " "

Total, 1,988,136 " "
Kansas, 111,798 " "
or 896,168,040 acres.

The first named six Territories contain 2,286,136 square miles, or 923,128,040 acres of land, and, as the total area of all the States and Territories belonging to the Union is 2,936,166 square miles, they comprise nearly one half of the whole. They run through some seventeen or eighteen degrees of latitude, and embrace many millions of acres of the finest land and mineral deposits and the finest climate and the finest rivers in the world."

No USE FOR TROWERS.—On the morning of the meteoric showers in 1833, old Peyton Roberts, who intended taking an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement the sky lighted up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once the world was on fire, and that the day of judgment had come.

He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then with a yell of horror sprang out of the door into the yard, right into the midst of the falling stars, and here, in his efforts to dodge them, he commenced a series of ground tumbling that would have done honor to a rope dancer. His wife being awakened in the meantime, and seeing old Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard, called out to him to know what in the name of sense he was doing, out there dancin' round without his clothes. But Peyton heard not—the judgment, and the long black account he would have to settle made him heedless of all terrestrial things, and his wife by this time becoming alarmed at his behavior, sprang out of bed and running to the door, shrieked out at the top of her lungs—

"Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean jumpin' about that? Come in and put on your trowsers."

Old Peyton, whose fears had nearly overpowered him, faintly answered as he fell sprawling on the earth:

"Trowsers, Peggy! what the hell's the use of trowsers when the world's a fire?"

Repeal is the Word.

Should the Main Line be sold under the infamous bill recently passed into a law by the Legislature and sanctioned by the Governor, the question very naturally arises in the mind is there no remedy for the people who have thus been so foully and infamously wronged? We think there is. The act is not one like unto the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. We are of the opinion that the next Legislature can repeal the law and resume the control of the Main Line. The Constitution, we are aware, inculcates the doctrine of the inviolability of contracts, and frowns upon any attempt to impair their binding effect. But the Constitution is opposed to all wrongs committed upon the rights of the people, and all fraud and dishonesty on the part of public servants. Laws which are manifestly enacted through the appliance of fraud and villainy, and in contravention of the popular will can have no countenance in the organic law of the Commonwealth. Fraud vitiates any contract, and we apprehend the fraud attempted on the tax-payers of the Commonwealth, by the passage of the bill, will vitiate the sale of the public works.

We shall have more to say on this subject hereafter. In the meantime let the Democratic press of the State speak out on this subject and make the repeal of the law an issue at the election in October.

THE RIGHT DAY.—The Legislature adjourned sine die on Friday—vulgarily termed "Hangman's Day." In our opinion, it was a very appropriate time for such a sort of political scoundrels to put an end to their official existence. The people are rejoicing that they are at last rid of this intolerable nuisance. A more corrupt or villainous body of men—we mean the majority—never before convened at Harrisburg. The K. N. Legislature of 1854 was a paragon of virtue compared with this. May we never look upon its like again.—*Lanc. Intel.*

HUMOROUS.

We find the following "Right Merrie Historie," in one of our exchanges:—

A certain mayden was beloved of a certain youth, but her father did much object to their union. So this youth did always seek to avoide ye old gentleman, and whenever that he came in sighte, did run swiftilye away, or did hid himself in some obscure place. Now, ye principalle reason why ye father did so much dislike the daughter's wooer, was that he did wear much bearde and an exceedingly great mustache upon his face; ye like of whyche, ye old gentleman did asserthe, was onely fit for ye faces of beastes whyche are hairy by nature. But ye youth yeclept Wax Green, of Tyrone City, shaved not. One day it chanced that ye father entered ye mayden's chamber, and as he came thero, did perceive ye young man to flee therefrom. So ye daughter, to seem innocent, did begin to search about for something, and did say,—"My father, have you seen my apron?"—

And ye old gentleman did answer in this wise:—"Have I seen your apron? Yes, I did see him run just now, and had he not, I had kicked him severely!" And ye mayden, albeit she sorrowed for her lover, did laugh much.

THE NEW CENT.—The Ledger states that \$50,000, six million pieces, of the "nicks" were paid out on Monday and Tuesday.—There are at present nine presses engaged in making the impressions upon this new coin; five mills are also in constant operation, forming the rim on the coin previous to receiving the impression. These last named machines are capable of making rims upon three various kinds of coins at the same time; at present, however, they are engaged upon the new cent exclusively. About one hundred persons in all are constantly engaged in the operation of the Mint, and at the present time the whole force are employed on the "cent." Each of the presses throw off eighty-six finished coins per minute. At this rate, working from 9 o'clock, A. M. till 3 o'clock, P. M., the nine presses throw off, each day, the sum of \$2,756 40 in cents, that is, providing the presses are kept going regularly.

OWN OF THE COIN.—A lot of backwoods-men were assembled, not long since, at a tavern "Out West," and were relating the largest kind of agricultural yarns. After a liberal statement of facts, one of the circle, who had but recently returned from that beautiful region, the prairies of Illinois, started the wonder if not the credulity of his hearers, by relating the following:

"While gathering the crop from one of those celebrated thousand acre fields, one of the men fell point downwards to the earth, and in consequence of its great weight, sunk to a considerable depth. It having been found impossible to extricate it by ordinary means, a stout yoke of oxen were attached to it, and after incredible exertions on the part of said oxen, assisted liberally by the 'gad' of the driver, the cob was drawn out clean leaving a well sixty feet deep, completely paved in the most thorough manner by the kernels!"

THE RAGE OF SPECULATION.—A letter in the last Dubuque Herald, written from the Osage Land Office, Iowa, says that there are about two thousand persons in attendance on the land sales, and that great competition exists between speculators and the settlers. This competition has been carried to bidding \$101 per acre for wild land. The settlers had held a meeting, and organized themselves into a club numbering seven hundred, and had determined that every settler should have the privilege of bidding off a quarter section of land, in addition to one quarter covered by pre-emption, at Government price.

A SENSIBLE FATHER.—The Sunday Atlas says a gentleman of great wealth in New York, but who has never cared to mingle much in fashionable society, recently settled \$15,000 a year on a daughter who had married to his satisfaction. In speaking on the subject to a friend the other day, he was willing to do the same by his other daughters, on one condition that they married respectable, upright and industrious young men. He did not care how poor they were if they were only of this description, and their character would bear investigation.

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen "Crabb's Tales?"

"Why no," she answered, "I didn't know that crabs had tails."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he, "I mean, have you read 'Crabb's Tales?'"

"And I assure you, Sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other, had tails."

An experienced farmer says he has found from experience that a heavy crop of buckwheat, followed by a crop of oats seeded with clover, will almost completely eradicate the Canada thistle.