

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, MARCH 17, 1858.

VOL. 5. NO 18

TERMS:

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Professional Cards.

C. D. MURRAY,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
OPPOSITE CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
[mar17, 1858]

WILLIAM A. MURRAY,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
A FEW DOORS EAST OF E. BOB
[mar17, 1858]

J. C. MOON,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
IN COLONADE ROW.
[mar17, 1858]

M. D. MAGEHAN,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
"GADAMALLE ROW," NEAR THE
[mar17, 1858]

ABRAHAM HOPELAIN,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
CLINTON STREET, A FEW DOORS NORTH
[mar17, 1858]

M. SHANNON,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.
[mar17, 1858]

Dr. Henry Yengley,
Practising Physician, Ebensburg, Pa.
[mar17, 1858]

DENTISTRY.
A. J. JACKSON, Surgeon Dentist
[mar17, 1858]

DR. KERN & SHANNON,
Practising Physicians, Ebensburg, Pa.
[mar17, 1858]

How for Bargains.

Subscriber has just received from
East a large and splendid stock
of the following articles, all
of quality, Groceries such as
Coffee, Sugar,
Tea, and Syrup
Molasses, a little
of the best that has
ever been brought to
this town before. ALSO
Starch Corn which is very
delicious for food, in fact he
has everything that is in the
Grocery line. ALSO—A good assort-
ment of fancy stationary and no-
tations. ALSO—he has added to his
stock a good assortment of HARVEST
TOOLS, which is very important to the
farmer at this time, consisting of the fol-
lowing articles such as
SICKLES,
FORKS,
RAKES, &c., all of a good qual-
ity. ALSO—A good assort-
ment of DRUGS and
MEDICINES to
mention—
ROBBERIES, ALSO—
IRON, NAILS, and GLASS.
and use and examine for yourselves, you
will regret by doing so.
ROBERT DAVIS,
July 9, 1856. 37.
[mar17, 1858]

Choice Poetry.

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Macgregor, Macgregor, remember our foemen;
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lo-
mond;
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay;
Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away!"

Stern scowled the Macgregor; then silent and
sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan;
"Go, Malcolm, to sleep; let the clans be dismissed;
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must
rest."

Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been
slying,
Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-
Lyon;
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home, else they'll quickly
be here."

"The Campbells may come, as his promises
bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him;
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;
Thou know'st in the strife I was never belied,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man.
But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and my
all!

An oath which I cannot, and dare not recall—
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the
pile,
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

"Last night in my chamber, all thoughtful and
lone,
I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
When entered a lady with visage so wan,
And looks such as never were listened on man.
I knew her, O brother! I knew her full well!
Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long
she remained

So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while.
Though, proffered the Highlands, nay, all the green
isle,
With length of existence no man can enjoy,
The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly!
The three-throated paangs of last night to forego
Macgregor would give to the mansions below.
Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
The present to slay, and some respite to find,
I swore, ere the shadow fell east of the pile,
To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

"She told me, and turned my chilled heart to
a stone,
The glory and name of Macgregor were gone;
That the pine, which had stood for ages a bright
halo
Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
Should wither and fall ere the turn of my moon,
Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun;
That a feast on Macgregors each day should be
common,
For years, to the eagles of Lomond and Lomond.
"A parting embrace, in one moment, she gave;
Her breath was a furnace, her bosom a grave!
Then flitting elusive, she said, with a frown,
"The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!"

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind;
The dreams of the night have disordered thy
mind.
Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field—
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and
shield!
Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
When the lions of Dochard stood firm by his side.
This night the proud chief his presumption shall
die;
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood
will glue!
Thy phantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of
the night,
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light:
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sigh-
ed—
"No! not for the universe!" low he replied—
Away went Macgregor, but went not alone;
To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has
gone.
They cared the broad Lomond, so still and serene!
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene!
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was ap-
proaching;
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sang by the rill;
Young Malcolm at distance stood crouching in
silence,
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.
Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the
stream
A skill sailing light, where a lady did seem;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glowworm her wakelight, the rainbow her
boom;
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the
waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cas-
cade,

Speech of Hon. J. L. Dawson.

In the Democratic State Convention.

Mr. Dawson, on taking the chair, addressed the Convention as follows:

In taking the seat which your partiality has assigned to me, I must return you my hearty acknowledgments for the honor done me by your selection. The occasion is one of no ordinary importance; and from the number of tried men from every part of the Commonwealth, who I see around me, I doubt not that your action will be fully up to the line of a common duty.

It is also the occasion for mutual congratulations, as this is the first Convention of Democrats which has assembled at the Capital since the election of the present Chief Magistrate of the State. (Applause.) Elected by a majority of most flattering magnitude, he has, in that election, the seal of approbation of his past acts, and an earnest of a warm support in the new career upon which he has just entered, simultaneously with the inauguration of new constitutional reforms, providing additional guarantees for the rights of property and for the gradual and certain extinguishment of the State debt, and effectual security against similar improvidence in the future.

In addition to the regular nominations, in which, I trust, all will be well and for the best interests of the party, it is proper that we should give some decided expression upon the one question which, more than any other, is now agitating the country. (Applause.) This Kansas question—which events have in some degree complicated, and which, for partisan purposes, has become involved in perplexity until, to the imaginations of many, it seems fraught with portentous evils—is in fact a simple and plain one.

It is to be remembered that this Government is not a pure Democracy, such as existed in ancient times. It is a Government of written law. It is, in form and in fact, a representative republic. The popular will is ever ascertained and embodied into law through the legal action of the Representative. There can be no liberty without law.

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No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid;
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne by the waves of the sea.
Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the
glen;
The wild deer of Gairney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-
Gyle.

The fox fled in terror, the eagle awoke,
As slumbering he dozed in the shelves of the rock;
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew,
And screamed the night heaven till lost in the
blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her
touch.

He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did
glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" he bitterly cried;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but, strange though it
seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended
again,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly
away;
Macgregor is vanished forever and aye!

The Musician's Marriage.

After having passed the summer in visit-
ing the principle towns in Germany, the cele-
brated pianist Liszt arrived at Prague in
October, 1846.

The day after he came, his apartment was
entered by a stranger—an old man whose ap-
pearance indicated misery and suffering. The
great musician received him with a cordiality
which he would not, perhaps, have shown to
a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness
his visitor said, "I come to you, sir, as a
brother. Excuse me if I take this title, not-
withstanding the distance that divides us; but
formerly I could boast some skill in playing
the piano, and giving instructions I gained a
comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble,
burdened with a large family, and desti-
tute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I
came to Prague to seek to recover the rem-
nant of a small property which belonged to
my ancestors. Although nominally success-
ful, the expense of a long litigation has more
than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered.
To-morrow I set out for home—pen-
iless."

"And you have come to me? You have
done well, and I thank you for this proof
of your esteem. To assist a brother professor
is to me more than a duty—it is a pleasure.
Artists should have their purse in common;
and if fortune neglects some in order to treat
others better than they deserve, it only makes
it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium
by fraternal kindness. That is my system; so
don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only
discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt
opened a drawer in his writing-case, and
started when he saw that his usual depository
for his money contained but three ducats.
He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to
the open drawer.

"Here! Why, there is scarcely anything!"
"I know it, sir. If you please to remem-
ber, I told you yesterday that the cash was
nearly exhausted."

"You see my dear brother," said Liszt, smil-
ing, "that, for the moment, I am no richer
than you. But that does not trouble me. I
have credit, and I can make money start from
the keys of my piano. However, as you are
in haste to leave Prague and return home,
you shall not be delayed by my present want
of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and
taking out a splendid medalion, gave it to
the old man. "There," said he, "that will
do. It was a present made me by the Em-
peror of Austria—his own portrait, set in di-
monds. The painting is nothing remarkable,
but the stones are fine. Take them and dis-
pose of them and whatever they bring shall be
yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline
so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a re-
fusal, and the poor man at length withdrew,
invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven on
his generous benefactor. He then repaired to
the shop of the principle jeweler in the city,
in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miser-
ably dressed man anxious to dispose of mag-
nificent jewels with whose value he appeared
unacquainted, the master of the shop very
naturally suspected his honesty; and while ap-
pearing to examine the diamonds with close at-
tention, he whispered a few words in the ear
of one of his assistants. The latter went out,
and speedily returned, accompanied by sev-
eral soldiers of police, who arrested the un-
happy artist, in spite of his protestations of
innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said;
"afterwards you can give an explanation to
the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his bene-
factor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hast-
ened to the jeweler.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the ar-
rest of an innocent man. Come with me
immediately, and let us have him released.
He is the lawful owner of the jewels in ques-
tion, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are
you?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I don't know any rich man of that
name."
"That may be; yet I am tolerably well
known."
"Are you aware, that these diamonds are
worth six thousand florins—that is to say,
about five thousand guineas, or twelve thou-
sand francs?"
"So much the better for him on whom I
have bestowed them."
"But in order to make such a present, you
must be very wealthy."
"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."
"Then you are a magician?"
"By no means; and yet, by just moving
my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I
wish."
"You must be a magician!"
"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the
magic I employ."
Liszt had seen a picture in the parlor behind
the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers
over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspi-
ration, he improvised one of those soul-touch-
ing symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beauti-
ful young girl entered the room. While the
melody continued, she remained speechless
and unmoving, then, as the last note died
away, she cried, with irresistible enthusiasm,
"Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wondrous!"
"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?"
asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time I have had the plea-
sure of seeing or hearing him," replied she;
"but I know that none living, save
Liszt, could draw such sounds from the
piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a
young person of remarkable beauty, this ad-
miration could not fail to be more than flatter-
ing to the artist. However, after making
his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew,
in order to deliver the prisoner, and was ac-
companied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant
sought to repair it by inviting the two musi-
cians to supper. The honors of the table
were done by his amiable daughter, who ap-
peared no less touched at the generosity of
Liszt than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city seren-
aded their illustrious brother. The next day
the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants
of Prague presented themselves at his door.
They entreated him to give some concerts,
leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased
as a remuneration. Then the jeweler per-
ceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light,
may be more valuable than the most precious
diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house,
and to the merchant's great joy, he perceived
that his daughter was the cause of these visits.
He began to love the company of the musi-
cian, and the fair girl, his only child, certain-
ly did not hate it.

One morning, the jeweler, coming to the
point with German frankness, said to Liszt—
"How do you like my daughter?"
"She is an angel!"
"What do you think of marriage?"
"I think so well of it, that I have the great-
est possible inclination to try it."
"What would you say to a fortune of three
million francs?"
"I would willingly accept it."
"Well, we understand each other. My
daughter pleases you, you please my daugh-
ter. Her fortune is ready: be my son-in-
law."
"With all my heart."
The marriage was celebrated the following
week.

And this, according to the chronicles of
Prague is a true account of the marriage of
the great and good pianist, Liszt.

England and France; perhaps the other
European powers. If cotton is not indispen-
sable to the manufacturing prosperity of
New England, it certainly is to that of Great
Britain; nay, it is indispensable to her domes-
tic tranquility. Take away the cotton man-
ufacturers of England, her myriads of oper-
atives thrown out of employment and rendered
destitute, are from necessity ready to grasp
the sword of revolution. English statesmen
understand this well, and are ready to guard
against it, when occasion requires, by giving
protection to the cotton growing interest.—
They would, in a moment, unite with the
slave power to protect this great interest.

The only hostility which England has to
the American people, is to our Republican
example. Our close approximation to her
soil by means of the triumph of steam upon
the ocean, with our vast commercial inter-
course, and intimate social relations, spread-
ing Democratic ideas, though the mighty
agency of the press, excites throughout her
population a continued inquiry and restless
anxiety for enlarged privileges and Republi-
can institutions. This disturbs the quiet of
her Ministry, and the security of the Crown.
She struggles to ward off the blow, and to stay
the great progressive movement by the dis-
solution of the Union. She hopes to see this
effected though the agitation of the slavery
question. This accomplished a treaty of peace
and alliance would at once follow with the
Southern section—This would suit England
while it would be fatal to us. The Young
American would no longer instruct by exam-
ple. Her power and glory would be gone
forever, and the patriot left to mourn over
the melancholy catastrophe.

Nor would the line of separation deprive
the South of any advantages of locomotion,
or transportation which she now enjoys.—
Cast your eye over the map of the States, and
you see that every river west of the Hudson
to the Rio Grande has its outlet to the Atlan-
tic and the Gulf of Mexico through slave ter-
ritory.

On the other hand, in the event of the dis-
solution of the Union, what would be the
position of the North? Could she as readily
unite in the Constitution of a new Govern-
ment? There are numerous considerations
which forbid the idea. An inseparable bar-
rier to the formation of a common government
would present itself in the want of fellowship
which would be found to exist between the
States of New England, and those of the Ohio
valley, and of the upper Mississippi. The
New England character, intellectual and
learned as it is confessed to be, by its con-
stant inclination to novelty in politics, morals
and religion, and to its morbid love of forms,
has, ever since the landing of the Mayflower,
invested it with a peculiarity rendering it
alien from the tastes of its more Southern
neighbors. Then what will be the proportion
of influence assigned to New England in the
new government? Would her six little
States—comprising altogether a territory and
aggregate population no greater than that of
Pennsylvania—be allowed representation by
twelve Senators? Or would not Pennsylvania
and New York, and the rest, insist that two
Senators would be the fair allotment of all
New England?

Then again, how will you reconcile the in-
terests of New England, which is an manufactur-
ing, with the commercial interests of New
York, and the agricultural interests of the
West? While the former will be anxious
for high duties for protection, the latter will
be eager for free trade. Before embarking
on such a "sea of troubles" as that prospect
discloses it may be the part of true wisdom
to ascertain whether the evils of the present sys-
tem may not be tolerable, or whether, indeed,
they are ought more than the creatures of im-
agination released from the wholesome re-
straints of reason; whether they are not the
offspring of reckless ambition, of narrow
and selfish motives and contracted views, alike
unpatriotic, and destitute of every quality of
statesmanship.

But assume that the organization could be
made complete, what man of reflection will
say that any security can be found in any im-
aginary boundary, such as Mason and Dixon's
line? Border conflicts would be inevitable,
finally embroiling the adjoining States in dead-
ly strife, teaching again the lesson so often
taught by history, that the love of battle and
of conquest will prevail over civil organization.
The pursuits of peace, the simplicity of our
Republican habits and example, will then be
at an end. Our commerce, our manufactures,
the great line of our public works, compris-
ing the system of our national development,
and all the monuments of our national glory,
would decline and perish.

For our encouragement and guidance in
reference to this Kansas subject, we are not
without precedent. The past is fraught with
instruction. It will be remembered that
when, a few years ago, the attempt was made
to attach the "Wilmot Proviso" to all future
Territorial governments, the timid and nerve-
less hesitated, faltered, and many precipitate-
ly abandoned the National standard, whose
colors they had hitherto assisted to support.
A similar stampede once occurred among the
democratic members of the Legislature, when
the question regarded the removal of the
charter of the Bank of the United States.
Then the timid and nerveless abandoned the
post of duty, and at once vanished from their
places in the public esteem.

Again the same wavering was exhibited.
In the Convention, which, in 1854, met here
for the nomination of Governor. That Con-
vention failed to endorse the principle of the
Kansas Nebraska bill, adjourned prematurely,
and with a hurried step to escape the im-
aginary danger. In all these cases it has
been seen that the Democratic party sustain-
ed no permanent loss. Contending always
for principle and law, with a firm and deter-
mined step, it marched steadily forward,
without a stop or stagger, to the accomplish-
ment of its purpose. It is the party of freedom
and of progress. This review may suggest