

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.

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NEW SERIES.

TERMS:
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Choice Poetry.

OF EMIGRATION.

By Mrs. H. M. B. ...
The sun is shining on the shining sea,
The wind is blowing from the west,
The waves are breaking on the shore,
The birds are singing in the trees,
The flowers are blooming in the fields,
The children are playing in the park,
The old man is sitting on the bench,
The young man is walking with the girl,
The woman is looking at the clock,
The man is talking to the woman,
The child is running in the yard,
The dog is barking at the door,
The cat is purring on the floor,
The horse is galloping in the field,
The cow is grazing in the pasture,
The sheep are bleating in the flock,
The pig is rooting in the mud,
The chicken is clucking in the coop,
The turkey is gobbling in the pen,
The duck is quacking in the pond,
The goose is honking in the lake,
The swan is swimming in the river,
The fish are jumping in the water,
The birds are flying in the sky,
The clouds are drifting in the air,
The sun is setting in the west,
The moon is rising in the east,
The stars are shining in the night,
The world is full of life and joy,
The future is full of hope and light,
The past is full of memories and pain,
The present is full of love and grace,
The end is full of peace and rest,
The beginning is full of faith and trust,
The middle is full of struggle and fight,
The whole is full of God's great light.

Select Tale.

[From the London Family Herald.]
T H E

STOLEN BASKET OF JEWELS.

In the winter of 18—, while ascending the Nile with a Frenchman named Gardet, in pursuit of adventure, we had occasion to stop at the town of Ombut. Gardet was a Frenchman by birth, and had been my companion for three years, through all my Asiatic wanderings, and mutual attachment having arisen, he now considered himself an inseparable associate of mine. He was a man shrewd by nature, of undoubted courage, but so glib of tongue that I never breathed to him about plans until they were ready for fulfillment. Of myself all the reader need know is, that I had been traveling in Egypt and Asia; spoke the language fluently, and flattered myself that I understood Oriental manners and character pretty thoroughly.

As we always made it a point to pay our respects at least to the Governor, we at once went to see the Governor, Achmet Bey, a fine looking Oriental, a Turk by birth, although as he told us, a resident for twenty years in Egypt. We found him in his palace, about half a mile from the river, seated on a divan of beautiful needle work, before which was one of the finest and most gorgeous of Persian mats. On his right was a long narghileh. He rose as we entered, received us with cordiality, and bestowed on us every attention that infernal politeness could devise.

After smoking with him for some time, and conversing on Egyptian topics, he showed us many curiosities, and all of his accoutrements; among these was a saddle, richly mounted with silver, which was presented to him by the Pasha of Egypt. While examining its workmanship attentively, I noticed a small pocket on one side which seemed to be filled with coin. Observing that it had attracted my attention, the Governor who had worn an anxious countenance throughout our visit, notwithstanding his cordiality, remarked that he had lost the key to it, or he would be pleased to show me the contents, which he also valued as being the Pasha's gift. He then handed the saddle to an attendant, and making a sign to my companion to follow with me discreetly, he looked my arm in the end, after glancing at my face, as though he read in it the probability of my being trustworthy, and apparently concluded that I was, condescended to me that he had been robbed.

After raising to me the effect produced by this announcement, he said, "About a week ago my brother, who resides at Stamboul, sent me a small iron safe, curiously bound with Damascus steel, and filled with brass. It was a gift long promised me, and I priced it to many persons but owned it before few, but they should so envy the contents as to steal it from me."

"And what did the box contain?" I asked.

"That which I most valued," he replied, "was a silver ring, set with the most beautiful opal ever beheld. There was also jewelry of countless value, some of them presented to my brother but far more than I gave remained. There was also a key to the saddle pocket at which you were just now looking. What was my consternation to find this morning that it was gone stolen from beneath my head while I slept! And now," he continued, dropping his voice still lower, "I want you, who are famed for your shrewdness, (talking to an acquaintance of mine) to discover the thief, if you try and fail. But I know you will succeed; and if you do succeed, one-third of the jewels you are the means of restoring to me shall be your own."

He paused as he reached the palace, and entered. I determined to undertake the recovery for him; the reward would enable us to continue our wanderings for at least another year in my dear-by-by East.

"I consent," said I, when he was again seated, "to try my powers to have returned to you the treasure you have lost."

Achmet rubbed his hand with delight, and already congratulating himself on his success, bade me ask anything of him I needed.

"I want," I replied, "a permit to go anywhere I please through your town, and to enter any house through your domain; and, finally that you say not a word to any one concerning your loss."

He readily promised secrecy; he had been too much chagrined to mention it before, and gave me the paper I wanted. I told Gardet that I should remain in Ombut for a few days and requested him to leave with the boat at night for Upper Egypt, and remarked that I would overtake him on horseback in four or five days at the most. I further requested him to give out that I was on board, and to make any excuse he pleased for my non appearance. I rejoined Achmet Bey, and desired him to show me the room from which the safe was stolen. It was in the second story, and could only be reached by passing through two smaller chambers. Having reached it I desired to be left alone; and now began to survey.

The room was sixteen feet square—on the east and west sides there were no openings. The walls were walled, and hung with red tapestry; but for economy, this was stretched tightly along the wall. The ceiling was composed of beams, on the upper side of which planks were fastened. There was apparently no opening communicating with the loft above. A lounge covered with damask, occupied one portion of the room, while ottomans of various patterns were deposited in the corner. On the north side was the door of entrance. This I examined carefully, and found upon the wooden bolt, which could be drawn only from within, no mark of violence not even a fresh scratch. On the south side of the apartment were two windows—small, it is true, but still of size sufficient to admit

the ingress of an ordinary sized man. One was latticed—the other had the lattice removed. I examined both the sills—there was no rubbing of the paint, and no sand remaining which could have been brought there by the foot of an intruder.

I was puzzled. The floor yet remained to be examined. It was of red and blue tile and appeared solid throughout; there were no marks of footsteps upon it and in some places the dust had accumulated undisturbed. I now descended and was met by Achmet. I put on an expression of intelligence, but declined conversation and to his question, "Any trace yet?" I simply replied, "Wait Allah will not let wickedness go unpunished."

It was now nearly dusk, yet I began to reconnoitre the exterior of the palace. It was of an oblong form, and its greatest length was from east to west. There was but one tree very near it, and that was a gigantic palm, which towered twice the height of the palace, at about a yard's distance from its walls. I next examined the windows of the chamber from below. There was a blank wall to their very sills. I then searched the ground for indications of the use of a ladder; and in so doing found the marks of feet beneath the window, which had no casement, and from this mark a single track led off to the village. But in these tracks there was one peculiarity, which was particularly observable from the leamy soil; all the heel prints were deeper than those of the toe. It now became dark, and I re-entered the palace.—To avoid questioning, I immediately retired—not to sleep but to think.

And now let me trace the conclusions to which I came. I argued that the thief was one of those to whom the treasure had been shown; that he must have been courageous, to have taken that which an armed man most prized from beneath the pillow on which he slumbered, he must also have been athletic, to place sufficient confidence in himself in case of discovery. I further reasoned that he must be of the higher order, to know that a few shining stones were of immense value, and to have been permitted to view them by Achmet Bey. Next, to the question, "How did he enter?" I argued after this manner: He assuredly did not get in at the window; for the foot prints all pointed away from it, then as the heels were deeper, he must have taken three steps backwards, to mislead an observer from his true mode of exit; and he made the counterfit of a cap, to further that impression; ergo, he must have been a cunning man.

I now returned in fancy to my scrutiny of the room; all was examined except the ceiling and it was next to impossible that he had entered from the walls, floor or window—he must have come from the roof. But one other mode presented itself, and that I at once dismissed. It was this: could he have been hidden in the room? There was no place for concealment, except behind the tapestry, and this, as previously stated, was so closely connected with the wall, as to make the hiding of a man impossible.

I now summed up the result of these few words: The box was stolen by a cunning fellow; he entered by the roof, and probably departed by the same way; the thief must be of the higher rank. After which conclusions I dismissed all other thoughts from my mind and slept.

The next morning I examined the roof by means of a pole, and soon found a board that yielded to my pressure. I pried one ottoman upon another, and with ease moved the plank entirely. On one side of the adjoining plank I discovered a small piece of blue cashmere, or more shoddy it is true, but from its two important things—I was right in my conjecture that the thief was of high rank, for the material was costly; and second, that the man whoever he was, was dressed in a blue robe. So easily was the cashmere, that I at once concluded that he would continue to wear the robe, notwithstanding the rent, so I now had to look for a man, who wore a robe or mended robe. I drew myself up into the loft where I found a piece of palm rope made fast to the rafters above, long enough to have materially aided aegress, and I availed myself of it to descend again to the apartment.

I now went around the building once more and satisfied myself that the palm tree was the means of attaining the roof. But from its size, it must have been a man of extraordinary frame who could grasp it. Beneath it were foot prints, but whether of the thief or not, it was immaterial to me. My chain of evidence was thus far complete. My host met and inquired what progress my discoveries, and I asked him for the key of the box. This he produced and gave into my possession. He asked if there was anything else I desired.

"All I now want," I replied, "is a full suit of Turkish clothes so that I may pass as one of your relatives from Stamboul, and then I can almost insure your success."

He furnished me with what I desired, and I was soon arrayed in the rich garb of a merchant prince. One remark, however, which he made while I was disguising my suspicions as to his ultimate intentions towards me—he earnestly desired me to give up his keeping my revolving pistol. This I declined, and only took greater care to keep on my person, as well as the two silver mounted flint locks, (which by the way, often far do not go off, than prove availing), that he gave me to complete my disguise. Thus attired, and armed with pistols, pass and key, I went to the rule blacksmith of the place, feeling sure the thief would employ his assistance in opening the casket, and asked him if he could make me a key like the one I at the same time presented to him.

"What will you take for this, which I now hold," was the brief reply.

"I have been trying to make one of a similar pattern for the last two days, but I cannot succeed," said the smith, and Abdallah Effendi has promised me eight piasters if I succeeded in opening the box for him."

"Who is Abdallah Effendi?" I inquired carefully.

"Hill! here, here he comes!" said the smith. "Let no one know I told you that he had lost the key to his box, for I promised by Allah to keep silence."

Giving the man a nod, as much as to say, "I'll keep your secret, and will return directly," I left his shop, taking the key with me. Going into the bazaar with me, I could observe Abdallah Effendi at my leisure, without being myself perceived.

There stood the man I wanted; tall, of a Herculean frame, with little deep black twinkling eyes, dressed in a deep blue cashmere robe, whether for or not I neither saw nor cared, so firmly was I persuaded of his identity with the thief as he stood talking to the one-eyed blacksmith, Hassan El Kebir, with all the earnestness and watchfulness of a man who has to confide a secret to a second party, and who fears discovery therefrom. He soon left the shop, and I followed him a little distance to his house, which he entered.

Returning to the palace, I told my host that the culprit resided near the Jews' quarter, in the neighborhood of Abdallah Effendi, or as he was sometimes called, El Sherief, from the fact that he was one who claimed descent from the Prophet. I requested him to send Abdallah on a fool's errand, I cared not where, alleging as my reason, that I did not want him to see me peering around his neighborly door. The reason was, I dreaded his wrath on discovering that he was over-reached. The next day, Abdallah having been sent to Malakot—Heaven only knows on what pretext—I went to his house, and had penetrated to the door of his harem before I met with any opposition. This was guarded by a single eunuch, to whom I read my pass from the Governor; and, at the same time, to quicken his comprehension, slipped into his hand a twenty piaster piece. A good deal of argument and another gold piece carried the day, and like Don Juan, I entered the harem—that tabooed spot—by strategy. Knowing from its sacredness that it would be the place of deposit, I had calculated on finding the casket there, and I was not mistaken.

The room was a large one, walled and adorned with fine carpets, and a mere cursory *tour d'oeil* would dream of finding there. Three of the wives of Abdallah were in the room and two of his children. The exclamation and then the repeated cries and screams they made at my intrusion, caused me to fear that the guard would forget the favors paid, and returning to his duty, kill me.

I succeeded, however, in quieting their fears, by informing them that I was a relative of him and had instructions from him to present personally to them an order (here I showed my pass—an old deed would have done as well, for I knew they could neither read or write) for the iron box which he had purchased two days before. They whiskered together, looked at me, and then at the pretended order, and finally decided to give me the box. Accordingly they withdrew it from its concealment beneath the ottoman on which they sat, and gave it to me. I took it quietly, and appeared in no hurry to leave, and to tell the truth I was not; for such divine beauty I had never witnessed before, and for I never shall again,) sipped a glass of Sherbet, gave them the order to show their husband, and quietly putting the box under my robe, reached Achmet Bey's in safety, and placed my prize, unknown to any one, securely in my apartment. Towards evening I packed my European clothes, and then took them to a thicket outside the town, to the south. I then returned, opened the box, selected my third of the jewels, and then replaced it under the ottoman.

The next morning at daybreak I took the horse Abdallah had placed at my disposal, and riding to the thicket, fastened my bundle to the saddle-bow, and left the horse in charge of a boy, giving him directions to await my return. I then walked home. After our morning meal I told Achmet that I had every reason to believe that we had been successful, and proposed to walk with him. I took care to see that my host had not his pistols with him, as I feared he would regret the loss of so large a portion of his jewels when again within his grasp. We conversed pleasantly until we reached the thicket, where I mounted my horse, talking rapidly all the while, and threw the key a distance.

"And now, mine host," said I, "Allah be praised! Let me tell you that I have found your casket. With the saddle key, it is beneath the ottoman in the room from which it was stolen. Guard it better this time."

"But your reward?" inquired Achmet, evidently growing anxious.

"Have I not this robe, this horse, and these pistols?" said I.

"But were you not to have one-fourth of the jewel?" said Achmet.

"You told me one-third at first," I replied, "and fearing that my share might be but an eighth, or perhaps none, if left to your bounty, I have helped myself to a full third. The remainder, with your opal ring, are safe at home, and now, Allah be with you!"

So saying, I spurred my fleet Arabian, saw Achmet feel covetously for his trusty pistols, and then run towards the palace, as if to make sure of the remnant of the jewels.—The only excuse I could ever frame for Abdallah's theft was the extreme beauty of those for whom he evidently designed the treasure.

For myself, I reached Gardet in safety, and amused him with a recital of my adventure. Instead of returning by the Nile, we went across the desert by caravan to the Red Sea; and after a year's further trial, the cost of which was defrayed by certain jewels, ever to be remembered, I returned home, bringing some of the finest specimens of the contents of the casket of Achmet Bey.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

From the Pittsburg True Press.
The Future Home of the Mormons.
Our readers have been informed of the rumors about respecting the probability, that the next attempt permanent settlement by Brigham Young and his followers would be out of the United States. It has also been stated that they would probably seek some island not held by any government. New Guinea or Papua, one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago—broad enough and fertile enough to support a larger population than we now have in the United States, its area being stated at 270,000 square miles, equal to the extent of France and England combined—is fixed as the point of destination.

A letter from Washington to the N. Y. Daily Times, alleges that in June, 1847, Captain Gibson, of Dutch East India celebrity, submitted a plan to the Mormon delegate, Mr. Bernhisel, for the emigration of his constituents in Utah to the island of New Guinea, that it was cordially approved by the chief sultans of Salt Lake city, and that, with their approbation, Mr. Bernhisel submitted to the United States government, in February last, a proposition entirely based upon it. The letter goes on to say that President Buchanan rejected the project, but that subsequently Capt. Gibson succeeded in interesting in the matter some members of the Cabinet and certain leading southern members of Congress, through whose influence the President was induced to change his attitude and to appoint a Commission. Of course it is understood that Capt. Gibson's claim against the Dutch for damages, in consequence of the seizure and confiscation of his vessel, and the imprisonment of himself, are understood to have something to do with this, as the Southern Congressmen who undertook the case after the President's first rejection of the proposal, were the original friends of his indemnity claim.

The Philadelphia says:
We know but little of New Guinea. Some say it was discovered by Portuguese navigators about three and a half centuries ago; but the Spaniards claim that their captain, Savaira, first touched upon the coast and gave his name, to the northern section thereof, in 1528. (Cites a number of navigators afterwards visited it, sailing along its shores, which are indented with good harbors, but none explored its interior, which to-day is an unknown land. In 1828, the Dutch took formal possession of it, but no nation has made any settlement of consequence. It lies just south of the Equator, and extends 1600 miles in length, till it is separated from New Holland only by Torres Straits. It has around it numerous smaller islands.

Its population is estimated at half a million—though from what data, we do not know. The people are in a barbarous state, and are a mixture of Malay, Jewish and Negroes. One class lives by fishing, and are skilled in the use of boats which are built of good sized second live in the woods of the interior, and a third are in villages on the sea coast—industrious negroes of the highest forms. They have commerce with the Chinese and other Asiatics and probably with Africans.

If New Guinea is not too hot, it would make a perfect Mormon paradise, and that depends very much upon the interior. Unlike New Holland, which has a very dry atmosphere, New Guinea is extremely humid, and while it may be hot on the coast, the island, where mountains are seen topped with snow, may be a temperate cool region.

The Home Mother.
Some one writing for the *Masonic Mirror*, has drawn a picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother:—
"We must draw a broad line between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flirts from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as heartless as herself—she who, forgetful of the task assigned her, neglects those who have been given to her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusement. Not so with our home mother, blessings be upon her head. The heart warms to see her daily routine of pleasant duties.

How pleasantly she sits day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for use and adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness. How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes glow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands, in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but she can warm the nits and overshoes, or the comforters around their necks.

There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep—may, for that matter, she could not—if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortably before they slept. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator as she looks on those sweet, blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, utters a good night kiss on each rosy mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for the little nestling bird, in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend and the wild winter howls around its head. It needs no longer her tender care. A nightjar arm enfolds it! It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right and bends meekly to the hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left to love. How tenderly she guards them from danger, and with what a strong, unflinching love she watches by their bedside when they are ill.

Blessings on the gentle, home-loving mother. Angels will look with love upon her acts.—Her children will rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment.

Franklin seized lightning by the tail, held it fast, and tamed it. Morse put clothes on it, and taught it how to read and write and do errands.

You may read this line if you like.

[From the Lancaster Intelligencer.]
"Too Young!"
This is the cry of several of the Opposition journals against William A. Porter, the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court.

When the elder Pitt, at the age of 25, became Prime Minister of England—and he proved to be a head and shoulders taller in intellect and power than any of his contemporaries—was accused, to use his own language, of "the atrocious crime of being a young man," he contented himself with wishing that he "might be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not one of those who are ignorant in spite of experience." Mr. Pitt only uttered the sentiment of all sensible men—that neither age nor youth in itself makes fitness or unfitness for station, but that qualification is, and should be, the only criterion. An old goat is none the more venerable for his grey beard. Instances innumerable occur in the history of our own and other countries, in ancient and modern times, where youth showed itself infinitely superior to old age. Alexander the Great had conquered the then known world before he was 30 years of age. Napoleon defeated the armies of Austria, commanded by her most distinguished and veteran Generals, at the age of 27. Washington was appointed to the chief command of the Revolutionary army at 43. Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury when but little past 30. Henry Clay was elected to the U. S. Senate at the age of 29. The late Chief Justice Gibson, of this State, was appointed to the Supreme Bench when not more than 30. William Bigler was elected Governor at 38. Judge Knox was on the Supreme Bench at 35. Sumnerfield was the most eloquent and impressive pulpit orator at the age of 24. And so we might go on and enumerate, *ad infinitum*, the names of distinguished soldiers, statesmen, divines, etc., all of whom made their mark on the country and the world's history long before they had reached the meridian of life. We admit that many men do not reach their full powers of intellect and experience until they are sixty or upwards—but, on the other hand, many are older in these respects at 30 than their contemporaries at 60.

Judge Porter, the Democratic candidate, is 37 years of age, at least seven years older than the late distinguished Judge Gibson when he went upon the Bench. It is admitted on all hands, by political friends and opponents, that he is a man of superior intellectual powers and of great legal learning and ability. Such is the judgment of those who had business before the Supreme Court since he has been a member of it. Kind and amiable in his deportment to the members of the Bar, and of high moral character, he is, in all respects, a model Judge, and, with a few years experience, would take rank with any of the able Jurists who have preceded him at the head of that Court. That he will be elected is, we think, beyond doubt.

Ever Changing yet ever the Same.
The chameleon party are about to undergo a new transformation. A writer in the Trenton American details some of the facts as follows:
"It is evident that the 'Opposition' snake is again about to change its skin. This has come to be a yearly operation with the animal, and ceases longer to excite surprise.—A month ago it was all 'Anti-Lecompton'—to-day it is all 'tariff.' With all its shameless treachery to principle, and all its change of tactics, it is the same dirty party of expediency, marshalled by the same wretched crew of place-hunters.

After twenty years of uninterrupted prosperity, the country finds itself in the midst of one of those business revolutions which are the inevitable consequences of extended trade and commerce, with which human laws are inadequate to prevent. The enemies of the Democratic party, ever on the alert for political capital, are now proceeding to press this new element into their service. But will the country trust these restless and unprincipled Schemers? Who stood higher in the old Whig party as the advocate of a protective tariff, than Ashmun of Mass., and Vinton of Ohio? And yet, only two years ago, these men, in conjunction with other leading men of the protective policy, organized themselves into a regular lobby association at Washington, with the avowed object of admitting into the lowest interest for a high tariff duty free. They sent circulars to all the mammoth railroad corporations, offering their services to lobby for low duties or no duties, for a stipulated hire. Look at the revelations of the late tariff investigating committee, and you will find the great Thurlow Weed receiving a \$5000 fee for laboring in the cause of free trade, against one of the great agricultural interests of the East and West. And yet, this man, in his editorial capacity, is clamorous for high duties! I ask again, can the country trust such a gang of exposed and convicted political hypocrites? With them, the welfare of the country is secondary to personal aggrandizement."

RETORT CONTROVERT.—Roger Sherman's retort upon Randolph is one of the few witticisms that will not die. Roger Sherman was a representative in Congress from Connecticut; his business in early life had been that of making shoes. John Randolph, who had Indian blood in him, rose, and with his usual sound, said: "I would like to know what the gentleman did with his leather upon before he set out for Washington?" Mr. Sherman replied, imitating the same squeak, "I cut it up, sir, to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas."

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

You may read this line if you like.