

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED EQUALLY UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1859.

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### Select Poetry.

**Muddy Judge Ye of Each Other.**  
Muddy judge ye of each other,  
Be to condemnation slow,  
The very best can have their failings,  
Something good the worst can show.  
The brilliant sun has spots of darkness,  
On his radiant front, they say;  
And the clock that never goeth  
Speaks correctly twice a day.  
Do not mock your neighbor's weakness,  
When his random whims you see,  
For perhaps he something like  
Every day beholds in thee.  
Folly leaves all our natures;  
Sondest metal hath its flaws,  
And the rigid stoic scorner  
Is no wiser for his saws.  
Every mortal hath his hobby;  
It may foolish seem to you,  
But, remember! Bright or dimple,  
You have got your hobby too.  
Let a fellow feeling warm you,  
When you criticize your friend;  
Honor virtue in his actions,  
In yourself his vices mend.  
Think not those whom mortals honor  
Are the best the earth affords,  
For no tongue of praise doth blazon  
For the deeds that God rewards.  
There are fish behind in ocean,  
Good as ever from it came,  
And there are men, unknown, as noble  
As the laurelled heirs of fame.  
Muddy judge, then, of each other,  
Be to condemnation slow;  
For the wisest have their failings,  
Something good the worst can show.  
The sun himself has spots of darkness  
On his radiant brow, they say;  
And the clock that never goeth  
Speaks correctly twice a day.

### Miscellaneous.

**THE TWO HOMES.**  
Two men on their way home, met at a street crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbors and good friends.  
"This has been a very bad day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that overshadowed their whole horizon.  
"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly; and the two men passed into their homes.  
Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a most fearful voice:  
"More trouble again!"  
"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.  
"John has been sent home from school."  
"What?"  
"Mr. Walcott partly rose from his easy chair.  
"He has been suspended for bad conduct."  
"Oh, dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott; "where to?"  
"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."  
Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed the unpleasant information as by the information itself, started up, under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been sent on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and this without listening to the explanations which the poor child tried to make him hear.  
"Father," said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased; "I was not to blame, and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."  
Mr. Walcott had never known his son to tell an untruth, and the words feebly rebuked upon his heart.  
"Very well, we will see about that," he answered with forced sternness; and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he went up.  
Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head and closed his heavy eyelids. Badder was his

face than before. As he sat thus, his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him: She held a paper in her hand.  
"Father," he opened his eyes; "here's my quarter's bill. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"  
"I am afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott, half in despair.  
"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money, to-morrow, and it mortifies me to be behind the others."  
Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.  
"It is mortifying," said Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply; "and I don't wonder that Helen feels annoyed about it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be done as well first as last."  
To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the heavy burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments Mrs. Walcott further said:  
"The coals are all gone."  
"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tons."  
"I can't help it; if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen, they are all gone. The girls had hard work to-day to scrape up enough to keep the fire in."  
"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room with a very disturbed manner.  
"So you always say, when anything runs out," answered Mrs. Walcott, rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone also; but I suppose you have done your part with the rest in using it up."  
Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seated himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes as at first. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he felt!  
The burden of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—there where only strength could be looked for on earth, no strength was given.  
When the tea-bell was rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.  
"Come to supper," said his wife coldly. But he did not stir.  
"Are you not coming to supper?" she called to him, as she was leaving the room.  
"I don't wish for anything this evening."  
"Why?" she said.  
"My head aches very much," he answered.  
"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or say anything is wanted." And she kept on her way to the dining room.  
When she returned, her husband was still sitting where she had left him, in the chair.  
"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.  
"No, I don't wish for anything."  
"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you had not a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"  
There was no answer. For there was not a shade of real sympathy in her voice that made the queries, but rather of quarrelous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood behind her husband, but as he did not seem inclined to answer questions, she turned away from him and resumed the enjoyment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea-bell.  
The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott.  
No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and a looking to him only that he might supply the means of self-gratification.  
No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged.  
He retired early, and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude in sleep which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber and disturbing dreams. From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarter's bill that must be paid, of the coals and flour that were out, and of the necessity of supplying Mr. Walcott's empty purse, he went forth to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections would have carried him through; but unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sank under it. The day that opened so unpromisingly, closed upon him a ruined and bankrupt man.  
Let us look in for a few moments upon Mr. Freeman, a friend and a neighbor of Mr. Walcott. He, also, has come home weary, dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe, and when he looked anxiously forward to see the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.  
As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling a pang shot through his heart, for the thought came, "How slight the present hold upon all these comforts?" Not for himself, but for his wife and children was the pain.  
"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded in the passage; ten quick pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting-room above, Alice, the eldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.  
"Are you not a little late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume at the moment a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him by letting the depression from which he was suffering become too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw quickly below the surface.  
"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired tenderly, as she drew his large arm chair toward the centre of the room.  
"A little headache," he answered, with a slight evasion.  
Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated, ere a pair of hands were busy with each foot, removing gaiters and shoes, and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There was not one in the household who did not feel happier for his return; nor one who did not seek to render him some kind office.  
It was impossible, under such a burst of heartiness, for the spirit of Mr. Freeman long to remain shrouded. Almost imperceptibly to himself, gloomy thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, and by the time tea was ready, he had half forgotten the fears which had so haunted him through the day.  
But they could not be held back altogether, and their existence was marked during the evening by an unusual silence and abstraction of mind. This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who, more than half suspecting the cause, kept back from her husband the knowledge of certain matters about which she intended to speak to him, for she feared they would add to his mental disquietude. During the evening she gleaned from something he said the real cause of his changed aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few leading remarks she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses and the propriety of restriction in various points. Many things were mutually pronounced superfluous and easily to be dispensed with, and before sleep fell soothingly on the heavy eyelids of Mr. Freeman, that night an entire change in their style of living had been determined upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one half.  
"I see a light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned himself to slumber.  
With renewed strength of mind and a confident spirit, he went forth the next day—a day that he had looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and confident spirit that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up, mountain high, before him.  
Weak dependency would have ruined all. Home had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world and conquered in the terrific struggle.  
"I see a light ahead," gave place to "The morning breaketh!"  
**Good Resolutions.**—Resolved, Never to do anything out of revenge.  
Resolve, Never to suffer the least emotion of anger to irrational beings.  
Resolve, Never to lose one moment of time but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.  
Resolve, to live with all your might while you do live.  
Resolve, To live at all times as you think best to your most devoted friends and then you have the clearest notion of the Gospel and another world.  
Resolve, Never to do anything which, if you should see in another, you should account a just occasion to despise him for or to think any way the more meanly of him.  
Resolve, Never to speak in narration anything but the poor and simple variety.  
Resolve, Never to speak ill of any person except some particular good call for it.  
**Scene in a Sanctum.**—Enter a large strong man with a cowhide.  
"Is the Editor within?"  
"Yes."  
"You?"  
"Yes."  
"I have come to settle with you."  
"Well (Editor draws a revolver).—Go on."  
"I have taken your paper a year."  
"Well" (capping the pistol).—  
"An article in your last week's issue, (Editor cocks the pistol,) convinced me that you needed—"  
"I deny your right to give it—therefore please be cautious, sir."  
"Give you what?"  
"A thrashing."  
"Why, no, my dear sir, I came to pay you my subscription in advance!"  
Of course no further disturbances was made.  
A Good "UN"—An "exquisite" young gentleman, who wished to make an impression, with a view to captivate her, upon a brilliant young lady, presented her the following high wrought compliment—"Madame, there are just two things in the world that I love, which are Oysters and Champagne; and I never see you without thinking of them." To which the grateful lady thus responded—"Sir, there are just two things in the world that I hate, which are codfish and potatoes, and I never see you without thinking of them!"  
An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition: "It was in dis way, as far as I member. Pust my fader died, and den my mudder married again, and den my mudder died, and my fader married again, and somehow, I doesn't seem to have no parents at all, no home, nor nuffin."

**A Stubborn Stripping.**  
"Once upon a time," a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, entered the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass., for a little share of education, which is doled out at this Temple of Minerva at economical prices. At that time—we know not how it is at present—the boys and girls are kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day, this Vermont stripping who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum—he was *cute* on ephyring—he thought it nothing more than fair that he should take toll for his valuable services; accordingly he threw his stalwart arm around the rosy damsel and gave her a sly but rousing smack which startled the whole assembly. "Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.  
The delinquent appeared, his face glowing with blushes like a red hot warning pan—and looking as silly as a ninny.  
"Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue. "I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution."  
The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line toward the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye—calculating how many strokes of his small ferule it would take to cover the large number of square inches which it contained.  
"Jedediah!" at length, he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now, sir, if you will say that you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."  
"Sorry," exclaimed the youngster striking an attitude of pride and indignation; sorry! No, sir! I am not. And I will do just so agin of I hev a chance. So, put on, old feller, just as hard as you like. By the jumpin' Jo-hosi-phat! I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom kum, afore I'd be sorry at that—by thunder I would!"—*Boston Post.*

**A Rich Scene.**  
An occurrence took place last week, in this city, says the New York correspondent of the Boston Ledger, that caused no little merriment and any amount of chagrin. A large and miscellaneous amount of trunks, packages, boxes, etc., had accumulated at the Adams Express Co's office, which the agent was desirous of clearing out:—A very large crowd gathered, and the bidding was very animated, as it was the first sell of the kind that had taken place. As the bidders became possessors, the excitement grew intense and a rush would be made expecting to see the owner open his parcel. In most instances the buyer would hold on, and keep the satisfaction of the bargain to himself; but occasionally an opening would occur, either to create a good laugh or dissatisfaction among the crowd. One of the first to make his purchase was a party who had a small package nicely sealed, which, on opening it, proved to be a gold watch and chain, for which he paid four dollars and a half. This was a perfect stool, for all similar packages were run up to almost incredible amounts. After a hot contest, a package similar in size was purchased by a gentleman for \$13 50, who with eagerness opened it, exposing to the crowd a daguerrotype of a sentimental girl, which originally cost fifty cents each. Two mysterious looking packages were sold at seven dollars and fifty cents each, which, on being opened, contained each two bottles of Dr. James' whose sands of life have nearly run out, and many even more ludicrous bargains. One party expended something over a hundred dollars, obtaining for it four dollars in value, and I am told he has sued the firm for restoration.

**As Deacon A—**on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B—, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged; the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with, "Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like to have a glass of good old Jamaica this morning? Thank you kindly," said the deacon, at the same time beginning to dismount, with all the deliberation becoming a deacon; "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."  
Once upon a time an old lady sent her grandson to set a turkey. On his return the following dialogue took place:  
"Sammy, how you set her?"  
"Yes, Grandma."  
"Fixed the nest all up nicely?"  
"Mighty fine, grandma."  
"How many eggs did you put under her?"  
"One hundred and twenty."  
"Why, Sammy, what did you put so many under her for?"  
"Grandma, I wanted to see her spread herself!"  
An old sailor, whose nose had been chopped off by a sabre cut, happened to give a few cents to a beggar, who exclaimed in return: "God preserve your eyesight!"—"Why so?" inquired the veteran.—"Because, sir," he replied, "if your eyes should grow weak you could not keep spectacles on."

**Relics of Revolutionary Times.**  
There is in old Connecticut a work of art of some merit, whose history is not without interest. It is an image of the god Bacchus, which was carved by three prisoners of war, who were lodged in Windham jail in 1776, and who afterwards made their escape, went to New London, and crossed the Sound to Long Island, which was then occupied by the British army. The image, which was the creation of the genius of these prisoners, was presented to a widow Cary, who kept a public house on Windham Green, now owned and occupied by Mrs. Joseph Huntington, and put up as a sign in 1776. It was afterwards removed to the old Fitch tavern, on the site of the brick building occupied until recently, as a public house. Mr. John Fitch having married widow Cary, it was afterwards sold by the heirs of Mr. Fitch, to Lucius Abbe, who kept the Stamford house in 1827, on condition that it should be well cared for, and was elevated on a branch of the old elm, where it remained until 1856, the stand having changed hands many times during that period until 1840, yet all the masters and mistresses took good care of the ancient worthy. In 1840 it came into possession of Mr. Zephna Curtis, who during his life complied with all the conditions of his transfer. The *Williamian Journal* says: "On the death of Mr. Curtis there seemed to be no one to care for its welfare, and one day, getting tired perhaps of its elevated position, and drowsy withal, fell to the ground, breaking its arm, and otherwise injuring it. Mr. Cummings, our old Windham Express man, picked it up and made a purchase of it from the heirs of Mr. Curtis, brought it to our skillful but mute surgeon, Mr. M. S. Bowditch, of Williamstown, who set its arm and put it in good repair. Thence it was taken to the establishment of Messrs. Rice Brothers, where their cunning artist, Mr. Charles Lille, has clothed it in a span new dress, and although more than three score years and ten had passed since its creation, it appears as fresh and young as ever."—*Buffalo Express.*

**Mysteries of the American Lakes.**  
Lake Erie is only 80 feet deep, but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 391 feet below the tide level of the ocean, or as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the bottoms of Lake Huron, Michigan and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three great upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron and Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and accounts for the fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalists to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.  
Upon this the editor of the *Scientific American* remarks: "Are salmon and herring found in the lakes and rivers above the Falls of Niagara? If so it affords strong grounds for supposing there is a subterranean communication between Ontario and the upper lakes; if not, we can see no grounds for such conclusions."  
**Wheeling One's Self.**—Going to dinner the other day, we saw a little fellow about two years old, sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. It struck us that many people in this world were often caught in the same act, and we shall think hereafter:—When we see a business man trusting everything to their clerks, and yet expecting to get along—his sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. When we see a professional man better acquainted with everything else than his profession, always starting some new scheme, and never attending to his calling, his wardrobe and credit will soon designate him as sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. When we see a farmer with an over abundance of "hired help," trusting everything to their management, his fences down, implements out of repair, and land suffering for want of proper tillage—too proud or too lazy to take off his coat and go to work—his sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself.

**Now let me tell you a secret!**—a secret worth hearing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to happiness is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lesson; the apprentice when he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment, when he gains that he sighs for.

An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at a village squire's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said:  
"Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartets excellent?"  
"Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate."

**MAKING VINEGAR.**—Vinegar, according to a writer in the *Genesee Farmer*, is cheaply made. We publish his recipe:—To eight gallons of clean rain water, add three quarts of molasses; put into a good cask, shake well and add two or three spoonfuls of good yeast cakes. If in summer, place the cask in the sun; if in winter, near the chimney where it may be warm. In ten or fifteen days add to the liquor a sheet of brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper will in this way form what is called "mother," or the life of the vinegar.

A negro slave, placed by his master, a Northern's jail in Lexington Kentucky, for sale, last week, made a deliberate attempt to swindle his master by cutting off his own fingers, with a view to detain or prevent his sale. A few days after he further swindled his said master by taking the lock jaw and dying.

Down on the "eastern shore" of Virginia there is an editor, who is also his own composer and pressman, who makes occasional voyages along the coast of Norfolk as captain of the schooner Polly, who preaches on Sunday, teaches school on week days, and still finds time to take care of a wife and sixteen children.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the Captain of a vessel kept a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves shore.

It is thought to be quite creditable the disciples of Faust, that there is not a Printer in the New Jersey Penitentiary, and only one in the Legislature.

When one sin is admitted, it is generally found that it has a companion waiting at the door, and the former will work hard for the admission of the latter.

The man who went into a Quaker meeting with a hammer to break the silence, was bound over to keep the peace.

What an important personage would be a topographical engineer if he could honestly exclaim, "I'm monarch of all I survey!"