

# 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.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1860.

VOL. 7--NO. 22.

**TERMS:**  
The Democrat and Sentinel is published every Wednesday Morning at the rate of ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS per annum in advance. One Dollar and Seventy Five Cents if not paid until the termination of the year.  
A subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be allowed to discontinue his paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.  
Any person subscribing for six months will be charged one dollar, unless the money is paid in advance.  
**Advertising Rates.**  
One insert'n. Two do. Three do.  
[Table with rates for 12 lines, 24 lines, 36 lines, 48 lines, 60 lines, 72 lines, 84 lines, 96 lines, 108 lines, 120 lines, 132 lines, 144 lines, 156 lines, 168 lines, 180 lines, 192 lines, 204 lines, 216 lines, 228 lines, 240 lines, 252 lines, 264 lines, 276 lines, 288 lines, 300 lines]

**Iron City College**  
Cheapest! Best! Largest!!!  
\$35 00  
For Tuition in Single and Double Entry Bookkeeping, Writing, Commercial Arithmetic, Grammar, and English.  
[Table with tuition fees for various courses]

**Watches, Jewelry and SILVER WARE.**  
We would respectfully inform our friends, patrons and the public generally that we have now in Store and for Wholesale & Retail, at the lowest prices, a large and varied assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description of Diamond Work and other fine articles, made to order, at short notice. [Table with prices for various items]

**DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!**  
We have now in Store and for Wholesale & Retail, at the lowest prices, a large and varied assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Spices, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, Perfumery, and other articles, made to order, at short notice.

**WAR IN MEXICO.**  
D. J. EVANS & SON,  
Have this day received from the East, and are now offering to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity a well selected assortment of Mens' and Boys' Clothing, Also a large lot of DRY GOODS, consisting in part of the following articles, viz: SATINS, VELVETS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOB SKINS, SATINETTES, TWEEDS, JEANS, FLANNELS, MUSLINS, DRESS GOODS of every style, NOTIONS, A large lot of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, BONNETS, TRUNKS, CARPETS, SADDLERY, STATIONERY, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, FISH, SALT, &c., &c., together with such other articles as are usually kept in a country store, which they will dispose of very low for cash or country produce.

**THIS WAY.**  
RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large and Assorted Assortment of American Pocket Knives (Every knife warranted), by GEORGE HUNTLEY.  
[Table with prices for various pocket knives]

**LUMBER.**  
FINE POPLAR CHERRY AND ASH LUMBER, cut and sold by E. HUGHES.  
[Table with prices for various types of lumber]

**FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!**  
UNDERSIGNED WOULD CALL THE attention of the public to one of the greatest improvements ever made in COOKING, the burning of the GAS AND SMOKE, which means, is saved Fifty per cent of fuel.  
[Table with prices for various types of stoves]

**Marshall's Sale.**  
By virtue of a Writ of Vendition Exponas issued out of the Circuit Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and to me directed, I will expose to Public Sale at the United States Building, corner of Fifth and Smithfield Streets, in the City of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on **MONDAY THE 30 DAY OF MAY 1860,** at one o'clock P. M., All the right, title, claim and interest of Luke McGuire and James M. Dermitt, of and to a tract or parcel of land, situate in Clearfield township, Cambria County, adjoining lands of Murray Hoffman, Jr., lands of Bingham and Holliday, and others, containing seven hundred and seventy acres, more or less, about thirty-five acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a frame house one story high, two log houses, each one story high, and two stables, one saw mill, with the appurtenances in the occupancy of John Weakland and Samuel Witt. Taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Luke McGuire and James M. Dermitt.

**HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.**  
A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

**VALUABLE TANNERY FOR SALE.**  
The undersigned offers for sale the QUITMAN TANNERY, situate about three miles West of Ebensburg, and about 1/2 mile by Plank Road and Turnpike from the Pennsylvania Rail Road. A Branch Rail Road will shortly be constructed to Ebensburg. The establishment is one of the largest in the State, and is now in successful operation. The main building is 140 by 40 and wing 66 by 20 and the whole two stories high. A new ENGINE and BOILERS erected last summer and now in good order. There are all the necessary outbuildings on the premises, and dwelling houses for the Proprietor, Foreman and hands. Also a Blacksmith Shop. There is also an excellent Saw Mill in connection with the Factory. There are about 700 acres of land well timbered, which will be sold in connection with the Tannery. About 400 cords of Bark now on hand. Hemlock can be purchased at \$2.50 and Oak at \$4.50 per cord, delivered. The property will be sold low and on easy terms. For further particulars address C. P. MURRAY, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. Sept. 21, 1859--44-1f.

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**Miscellaneous.**  
**FIRE-FIEND OF THE PRAIRIE.**  
The haze of Indian Summer is on the landscape, and the face of nature begins to assume the cheerless aspect of autumn, the leaves falling before every breeze which rustle through the forest, and the tall waving grass being already dead upon the prairie.

Out on one of those extensive buffalo ranges, which lie between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, far beyond the regular footsteps of civilization, in an unsettled region so vast that you would require days to reach even a log cabin of a pioneer, there is a scene about to occur which may be worthy of your notice.

The stout and finely proportioned form of a trapper is seen in bold relief against the western sky, even after the ruddy tints of the retreating sun had vanished from the clouds in that direction, for he stands upon a small mound leaning against his rifle, and patting the head of his gaunt but intelligent dog, while he looks earnestly away in the direction whither the sun had departed.

Could you yourself ascend the knoll, you would perceive that there is a faint streak of light on the western horizon, with a silver edge; and it rapidly increases in size, as the old hunter gazes upon it, until even a person unacquainted with the Wild scenes of the West would have no hesitation in declaring the prairie on fire.

Immediately under this advancing wall of flame and curling smoke are dark and rapidly retreating forms, bounding onward and upward, till a portion of their outlines are distinctly seen against the ruddy light. Even as you begin to realize that these furious advancing shapes are troops of buffalo and other wild animals of the prairie, you also detect the first sounds of their heavy tread, and their noise increases every moment in volume till it seems as if a wild tornado is sweeping down to destroy all things before it.

For several moments the trapper regards the coming destroyer, with a calm look of unconcern on his features, and then he looks on every side, as if to see how large a number of animals are fleeing before the peril. But he has brought his gaze up to the spot where he is standing, has scanned the whole space in front of the fire, his quick eye rests upon the form of an Indian at no great distance on his left hand, who with his rifle against his shoulder, has sighted a huge buffalo, which is approaching at full speed.

In an instant the furiously advancing animal is near enough, and then there is a sharp report. The buffalo does not fall, but he reels and stumbles with one leg, in a manner which indicates that the leg is broken. Another report from a second barrel and the huge animal falls quivering on the plain, the bullet having struck him in the forehead.

The Indian sets up a shout of triumph and is hastening toward his game, when his eye rests upon the form of the trapper, who stands so unmoved and motionless—seeming the very statue of defiance. A wild exclamation of alarm escapes him, and he comes to a halt still gazing upon the object of his terror, and appearing to have lost all fears of the destroying element in the greater fear which the presence of that being aroused.

Down comes the wall of flame, and fleeing before it, those countless multitudes of animals of various kinds, all sheering off to the right or left of the knoll and bellowing loudly as they proceed. The Indian, too, by waving the blanket on the end of his rifle, has managed to split the rushing herd, and 'tis not long ere all of them have passed—but the fire is close behind them.

For one moment the Indian gazes upon the motionless form of the hunter, and then, violently startled by the proximity of the fire, he draws a huge knife, disembowels the buffalo, and encloses himself therein.

Down comes the whirlwind of fire, with the speed of a race horse, and soon sweeps over the scene, leaving a bare and blackened soil behind. But the Indian comes exultingly forth from the snug retreat, when the destroyer has passed and again looks toward the trapper.

"Liar!" cried the trapper, seizing the Indian, and shaking him with as much ease seemingly as if he had been a child.

"I have been making inquiries, Pako, my boy is living, and you know where he is. Speak!"

The footsteps of a number of horses, furiously ridden, now attracted the attention of the trapper, and he looked away in the direction from which the fire advanced. He saw a white horseman approaching with a woman seated with him on the saddle, and behind them half a dozen Daotchs in full pursuit.

"If you are only a mortal," muttered the Daotch, while the attention of his companion was fixed on the new comers; and having drawn his knife, he aimed a furious blow at his heart. But the wary trapper had not been so fully of his guard as the Indian had supposed, and so quickly as the leap from the cloud, defacing and consuming, so quickly did the Indian lie mortally wounded at the feet of his foe.

"Enough!" he cried, in a faint voice, "the evil spirit tempted me, or I should not have braved you. The prophets told me that you were my destined destroyer—feel that I was to attempt to give the lie to her words! But," he added, in a rapidly failing voice, "you would know where your son is. Listen—ha, ha! He is now near you, with six brave Daotchs in full pursuit; he cannot escape them; and you will both be destroyed, and I—ha, ha!—I shall be avenged."

He partially arose, pointing a brief instant towards the approaching fugitives, with a steady finger and a sullen look of triumph, and fell back—dead!

The trapper looked to see that both barrels were ready for the work of death, and then rapidly advancing toward the new comers. The pursuers were already so near the pursued that they could not refrain from a continual yelling, by way of expressing their joy, and the jaded horse of the fugitives exhibited signs of exhaustion that there was only too much reason in their yells of triumph.

But when the eyes of the Indians fell upon the trapper, they became as silent as death, and reigned in their steeds.

"They remember," he muttered, "how I have often met a large force, single-handed, and came off victorious; they will pause to consider. In the meantime—"

The trapper did not finish the sentence, for the horses of the fugitives fell to the ground and made no efforts to rise. The young man and woman arose apparently uninjured, and the trapper was soon beside them, looking curiously from one to the other, but finally resting his eyes fixedly on the face of the youth, who was eagerly regarding him in turn.

"The Indians!" cried the girl, and the cry called the attention of her companion in that direction. The pursuers were in full retreat.

"Saved!" exclaimed the girl, and she threw herself into the arms of her lover weeping with joy.

**A Beautiful Extract.**  
It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber.

But a dark night was abroad upon the earth. A mortal darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men like the cold and insufficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was known, his relations unto Heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that two forms of ethereal mould hovered about the land of God's chosen people. They seemed like sister angels sent to earth on some embassy of love, and the one of majestic stature and well formed limb, with her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an expressible gesture upwards, where light appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion while on the left reclined her delicate companion, in form and countenance, the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like a flower when moistened with refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting souls the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and the stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no one knew why he grieved for he lived in the practice of every virtue and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles; that the blind saw, the dumb spake, the dead lived, the ocean moderated its chafing tide; and the very thunders articulated, he is the Son of God. Envy assailed him to death. Slowly and thickly girded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned on his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies."

**Arald of Snakes.**  
In the course of the evening, our jolly joke-cracking company got, as usual on the subject of snakes. Many remarkable stories were told, some of which were interesting, while others were dry and dull. I can give you but one at present.

"We have the greatest coward about snakes up in Calhoun, that lives in America. He came from the East last Spring, and bought a farm close to where I live; and for the first six months in the country, I don't think he slept two hours a night, for he felt sure a snake would manage some way to get in his bed."

"He sowed a nice piece of oats, but the snakes prevented his harvesting it. I'll tell you how it was. When the oats got ripe, he was certain it was full of snakes, and that he'd get bit if he ventured over the fence.

"One day he concluded he'd take a look to see if there were many snakes in the patch so he got his old horse; and after leading him through the gap, and laying up the fence to keep the hogs out, he took an old sythe snathe in his hand to fight with in case of an attack, mounted the horse, and struck boldly out into the oats, holding up both legs as high as possible.

"He hadn't gone far when he saw a whirling big snake slipping along the oats after him. Away he went, round and round the patch, and away went the snake right along with him; some times at the side; sometimes behind and sometimes before. He couldn't get out of the lot because the fence was up and as the snake kept constantly with him, there was no chance but to leave the old horse, and try to keep out of its way. He went it in that way till every stalk of his oats was tramped down, and until the old horse was just about dead, when he discovered that he'd been running all the while from the shadow of his sythe snathe."—Hazel Green in Porter's Spirit.

**Trials.**—There are three things which never become rusty—the money of the benevolent—the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things that are easily done—to ally thirst with fire—to dry wet with water—to please all with everything that is done.

Three things that are as good as their betters—dirty water to extinguish fire—a homely wife to a blind man—and a wooden sword to a coward.

**The Quaker Ladies of Maine.**—Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law States, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men, to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove with the charge: "Mr. —, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing?" You nod acquiescence. She gently steps close up to you, lays her soft white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylvan-like form upon her tips, her rosy, snowy, leaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as Heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sweet, sugar, molasses, butter, eggs, strawberry, honeysuckle, sunflower, lily, baby-jumper, rose-bud, cream, tart, apple-pie, peach-peddling, apple-dumpling, gingerbread, nectar lips against yours, and (Oh, Jerusalem, hold us!) buses you, by crack! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition.—Exchange

**A Great Match Factory.**—A manufactory of friction matches has just been put in operation at Cincinnati by two wealthy citizens of that city. The cost of the buildings and machinery has been \$150,000, and it is the most extensive match factory in the world, except one in Austria. It will turn out and pack six thousand gross of matches in a day, at a cost but little removed from the raw material, and of a quality quite beyond anything the public has seen. An inextinguishable match, that no wind can blow out, is here made by an automatic machine; at the rate of two thousand gross per day, and so cheap that they can be shipped to Europe, where this kind are all made by hand.—Cincinnati Gazette.

"Half that, if you please."—When young Hodge first came to town, his father told him that it would be polite, when being helped at dinner, to say to the host, "Half that if you please." It so happened that, at the first dinner to which he was invited, a sucking pig was on one of the dishes. The host pointing with his knife to the young porker, asked, "Well, Mr. Hodge, will you have this, our favorite dish, or a haunch of mutton?" Upon which, recollecting his lesson, he replied, "Half of that, if you please," to the consternation of all present.

"What a blessed thing it is," said Mrs. Jones, to the widow Partington, one day during the late revival. "that so many poor souls are being called to be saved." "Dear me, yes," replied the widow, "I only wish that my dear late concert, Paul Partington, could have lived to see this blessed revival. He was a most eminent christian in his day and generation." Mrs. Jones, although I said it and have no doubt that he is now happy in Beulah's bosom." And as the old lady closed her eyes to get a glimpse of the spiritual vision, a loud scream of pain came from Isaac, who had got a hornet between his thumb and finger.

At a late trial the defendant, who was not familiar with the number of words employed to make a trifling offence, after listening awhile to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said: "Them ere allegations is false, and that ere alligator knows it."

"Papa, what does the editor lick the price current with?"  
"Why, he don't do it, my child."  
"Then he lies, pa."  
"Hush, Tom! that is a very naughty word."  
"Well, this ere paper says, 'Price Current carefully corrected,' and when I am corrected, I gets licked, don't it?"

At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. Between the rising and the setting of every sun, forty-three thousand souls are summoned before their Creator.—Death is ever busy, night and day, at all seasons, and in all climes.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—nice and delicate hands—but some what difficult to "keep going" when they get "running"—to parties and drygood stores.

**Bugs killed with Alum.**—Make a solution of alum as strong as water will dissolve, and apply it hot to places infested with bugs of any sort, in bedsteads, closets, or trees and plants, taking care not to apply it so as to kill tender plants, and the bugs will take a strong dislike to the locality. You may brush it in cracks and crevices in floors, ceilings, or walls of a room, or in holes and nesting places of these small vermin in plants and trees.

**Highest Peak of the Earth's Surface.**—Humboldt, in his "Aspect of Nature," states that the highest peak of the Earth's surface is Dwalagiri. It is 8,157 metres above the level of the sea. A higher peak since has been discovered, according to the "Annuaire," for 1859. It is Kanchingingha, on the western range of the Himalayas. It reaches the enormous altitude of 8,588 metres—about 28,200 feet.

**He is Base.**—And that is the one base thing in the universe, to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom; but the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, to somebody.

"That's my impression," as the printer said to a pretty girl when he kissed her— "And that's a token of my regard," replied the lady, boxing his ears.