

M. M. Thiel

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, MARCH 20, 1861.

VOL. 8--NO. 15.

NEW SERIES.

TERMS:
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Advertisements must be marked with the name of the advertiser, or they will be considered as inserted for the publisher, and charged accordingly.

EDWARD GLASS,
No. 121 Broadway, New York.
Feb. 18, 1860--11.

WARD ASSOCIATION.
PHILADELPHIA.
The following is a list of the names of the members of the Association, as given by the Secretary, Dr. J. S. KILLENBOUGHT, No. 2 North Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Association, J. S. KILLENBOUGHT, Secretary.

BARAINS! BARAINS!!
NEW GROCERY STORE.
The undersigned would respectfully beg leave to inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has just received, at his store, No. 10 West of Davis & Lloyd's Store, a large lot of Groceries, which he will sell cheap for Cash, or country produce, and consists in part of the following articles:

COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES,
SOAP, CANDLES, CHEESE,
FISH, BAGS, AND THE
WORLD OF FLOUR AND CORN MEAL.
The undersigned has on hand a large and well selected stock of Groceries, and Stationery, Notions, &c., &c., and will sell cheap for Cash, or country produce, and consists in part of the following articles:

WAR IN MEXICO.
J. EVANS & SON,
This day received from the East, and following to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, a large lot of Groceries, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:

ABRAHAM KOPELSON,
Attorney at Law--Johnstown.
Office on Clinton Street, a few doors north of the corner of Main and Clinton.
Feb. 20, 1861.

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S
AROMATIC
SCHNAPPS
SCHEIDT'S
SCHNAPPS
TONIC, DIURETIC,
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC
AND
HYGICORATING CORDIAL
TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA.

I beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of the United States to the above Wines and Liqueurs, imported by Udolpho Wolfe, of New York, whose name is familiar in every part of this country for the purity of his celebrated *Scheidt's Schnapss*. Mr. Wolfe, in his letter me, speaking of the purity of his Wines and Liqueurs, says: "I will state my reputation as a man, my standing as a merchant, and the high repute in the City of New York, and all the Brandy and Wine Wholesalers, and all the Retailers, and all the Physicians, and all the Apothecaries, and all the Grocers in Philadelphia."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

What Came of Calling a Genuine Bill Counterfeit.
'What is the price of this dressing gown-sir?' asked a sweet faced young girl, entering the store of Hunter & Warner, in a city, and the street of a city which shall be nameless.

It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counters, read papers and yawned. The man to whom Alice Locke addressed herself, was jaunty and middle aged. He was head clerk of the extensive establishment of Hunter & Warner, and extremely consequential in his manner.

'This dressing gown--we value it at six--you shall have it for five, as trade is dull to-day.'

'Five dollars!' Alice looked at the dressing gown longingly, and the clerk looked at her. He saw that her clothes, though made and worn genteely, were common enough in texture, and that her face was very much of the common line. How it changed! now shaded, now lighted by the varied play of her emotions. The clerk could almost have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her purse or pocket.

'The gown was a very good one for the price. It was of common shade, a tolerable merino, and lined with the same material. I think I'll take it,' she said; then seeing in the face before her an expression which she did not like, she blushed as she handed out the bill the clerk had made up his mind to take.

'Jennis,' cried Torrent, the head clerk, in a quick, pompous tone, 'pass up the bank detector.'

Up ran a tow headed boy with the detector, and up and down ran the clerk's eyes from column to column. Then he looked over with a sharp glance and exclaimed--'That's a counterfeit bill, Miss.'

'Oh how pale the sweet face grew! 'Counterfeit! Oh, no--it cannot be!--The man who sent it could not have been so careless; you must be mistaken, sir.'

'I'm not mistaken; I'm never mistaken Miss. The bill is counterfeit. I must, presume of course, that you did not know it, although so much had money has been offered us of late, that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it?'

'Mr. C---, sir, of New York. He could not send me bad money,' said the trembling, frightened girl.

not what I should have done. She, by giving lessons in music and French, and by writing for periodicals, has kept me, so far above want.'

'You shall never know what, my old friend,' said the cashier. 'It was a kind Providence that sent your daughter to me. There's a place in the Bank just made vacant by the death of a valuable clerk, and it is at your disposal. It is in my gift and valued at twelve hundred a year.'

Pen cannot describe the joy with which this kind offer was accepted. The day of deliverance had come.

On the following morning the cashier entered the handsome store of Huntley & Warner, and asked for the head clerk.

'Sir,' said the cashier sternly, 'is this a bad note?'

'I think not, sir,' said the clerk, stammering.

The cashier went to the door. From his carriage stepped a young girl in company with her daughter.

'Did you not tell this young lady, my ward, that this note was counterfeit? And furthermore, did you not so far forget your self respect, and the interest of your employers, as to offer her an insult?'

The man stood confounded--he dared not deny it, he could say nothing for himself.

'If your employers keep you, sir, they will no longer have my custom,' said the cashier, sternly. 'You deserve to be horsewhipped, sir.'

The firm parted with their unworthy clerk that very day, and he left the store disgraced, but rightly punished.

blows mine own bellers again, I beats mine own iron, and strikes mit mit mine own hammer. I says to mine self, Wilhelm Von Schweitz, do yer own blowin' and let der boliticians do theirs.'

The Astonished Meddler.
What is more intolerable than an officious intermeddler with other people's affairs? One of the most busy of this tribe was travelling in the cars not long ago, and exercising his talents in a manner at once amusing and mischievous.

'Hallo!' cries Mr. Meddler, to a discreet old gentleman, just as the train was leaving a way station. 'wake up and step lively! This is the place you want to get out.'

The old man had barely time to, put his tottering legs on the platform of the depot, when the train was put in motion.

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Mr. Meddler, on returning to his seat, which was next the one which the old gentleman had occupied--'Good gracious! the old fellow has gone and left his carpet bag!' So he kindly threw it out of the window.

Half an hour later a young man came in from another car and enquired for a missing carpet bag.

'It was on this seat,' said the stranger, pointing to the spot where the old gentleman had been sitting.

'Good gracious!' again cried Mr. Meddler, 'why! I thought that carpet bag belonged to the old fellow who got out a while ago, and so I threw it out of the window after him, 'cause I 'sposed he'd forgot it.'

'The deuce you did!' said the stranger, with a scowl, 'how came the old man to leave train?'

'Why,' said Mr. Meddler, 'I thought I heard him say he was going to Middleport, so when we came to the depot I told him he was there, and had better get out. That's how it was.'

'You had better have minded your own business,' said the young man rather sharply; 'that old gentleman was going to Middleport to see a dying son, who will now be dead and buried, probably, before his father can get there. That's one of the results of your officious intermeddling with things that don't concern you. And that carpet bag is my carpet bag, and has got my wedding suit in it. I was to have been married to night, if it hadn't been for you. You've done me a funeral and spoiled a wedding with your d--d nonsense!' And so he had, sure enough.

Dealing with Thieves.
The following true story is told of Jacob Shaaf, Esq., a merchant of Portsmouth in former times:

An Incident of the Mexican War.
As General Scott's army was marching triumphantly in the City of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on the eminence at the right, and advanced with slow and measured tread, until they met the army at right angles--

The guide or leader of the procession was a venerable priest, whose hair was whitened with the frost of many winters. He held in both hands a contribution box, upon which there was a lighted candle, and, when within a few feet of the army, the procession halted.

As the army proceeded, many a true believer in St. Patrick dropped some small coin or other into the old priest's box. And when it was observed that a soldier was searching in his pockets for something to bestow, the old priest would step forward and hold his box to receive the donation. Ultimately there came along a tall, gaunt limber sided, gauder looking Yankee, who, on seeing the good priest, thrust his hands into the very depths of his breeches pockets, as if in search for a dime, or something of the kind. The priest, observing this movement, advanced as usual, while Jonathan holding forth a very greasy looking roll of paper, commenced very deliberately unfolding it. The old priest anticipated a liberal donation, and put on an air of the most exquisite satisfaction. Jonathan continued to unroll piece after piece of twisted smoking tobacco. He next thrust his hand into another pocket, and drew forth a clay pipe, which with the utmost deliberation, he proceeded to fill, by pinching off small particles of the tobacco. When this was done, having replaced his tobacco in his breeches pocket, he stepped forward and lighted his pipe by the old priest's candle, and making an awkward indication of the head, (intended, perhaps, for a bow,) he said "much obliged to ye, 'Squire," and proceeded on his way, rejecting.

Faith and Fidelity.
An English paper has the following--"A short time ago, a dog well known to the railway officials from his frequent travelling with his master, presented himself at one of the Fleetwood, Preston and Longridge line. After looking round for some time among the passengers and in the carriages, and laid himself down under the seat. Arriving at Longridge he made another survey of the passengers, and after waiting until the station was cleared, he went in the railway Station Hotel, searched all the places on the ground floor, then went and made a tour of inspection over the adjoining grounds; but being apparently unsuccessful, trotted back to the train and took his old position just as it moved off.

On reaching the Station from which he had first started, he again looked around as before, and took his departure. It seemed that he now proceeded to the General Railway at Preston, and after repeating the looking round performance, placed himself under one of the seats in the train, which he had singled out of the many that are crowded popping in and out, and in due time arrived in Liverpool. He now visited a few places where he had been before with his master, of whom, as it afterward appeared, he was in search. Of his adventures in Liverpool little is known; but he remained all night, and visited Preston again early next morning. Still not finding his missing master, he, for the fourth time, "took the train," this time, however, to Lancaster and Carlisle, at which latter place the sagacity and faithfulness of the animal, as well as the perseverance and tact he displayed in prosecuting his search, were rewarded by finding his master. Their joy at meeting again was mutual.

The Heart.
Let any one, while sitting down, place the leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely abandoning all muscular power over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway away forward and back through limited space at regular intervals--Counting the number of these motions for any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the heart. Every one knows, that at a fire, whenever water from the engine is forced through the hose, and if the tendency is to straighten the hose, and if the bend is a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart--When the leg is bent, too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood running through the arteries tends to straighten them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg, allowed to.

Without such outer demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

'Senator C---, in one of his first efforts at the bar undertook to compare his client to a ship; and in his argument went on to illustrate her getting under way, heaving up anchor, unfurling sails, heaving, etc., and after using up what few sea phrases he understood, he found that he had got his ship where he could not handle her, himself in nearly the same predicament.

The Court said bar saw the dilemma he was in, his friends anxious through fear, and hupponeis inwardly chucking at his evident embarrassment and probable defeat. At this critical juncture in the fortunes of both himself and his ship, he turned to let us come back into port, I will never go to sea again! He started his argument anew, and succeeded, and from that time never went to sea again; and to this early lesson may, no doubt be attributed his present eminent standing.

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