

Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.

TO ONE SUPPOSED TO BE FALSE.

If yet to old affection true,
One chord in all thy heart remain—
If yet can fall some pitying dew
Upon a brother's pain—
If recollection's blotted sheet
Can yet reflect the days of old,
Oh let the cloud responsive be,
And memory's smile—
How closely once we twain were knit!
The soul—the spirit—move these yet.

Look back to days when hazel hand
With words and aims so fairly bound;
We wandered through a dreary land,
And such sweet solace found,
Our hopes the same—our hearts, at least,
With words to share—alas! not all—
One pleasure moving either breast,
And unto each one call—
From that dim land where all forgot
The strife that wars our human lot.

Oh, roses to me than wealth—then power—
The recollections of an hour
Blissed by friendly eyes;
Though warm, the heart has lost its tone,
The light withdrawn, the cloud unstrung—
With none to sympathize—alone—
Grey-headed, yet, wearily young—
The dreary drag, the maddening bowl,
Still offering Lethe to my soul.

Oh, tempters—in thy fatal arms
A life like mine, aught fifty close,
Some moments of delicious joy,
And then—the long repose!
And on my tomb let this be writ:
"The man below was weak—his brain
Had power that could not bend—
That could but feel with pain
A warm heart wither in his breast—
One passion swallow all the rest."

Tales and Sketches.

BAD BOYS.

A WORD FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, addressing a lad who stood before him with flushed face, and eyes resting upon the floor. "Did I not positively forbid this?"

To his father's angry interrogation, the boy answered not.

"Did you hear me, sir?"

Still no answer.

"William!" Mr. Wilkins laid his hand, with a sharp grip, on the boy's shoulder. The latter raised his eyes, that were moist with gathering tears, and fixed them, with an appealing glance, on his father's face.

"Why don't you answer me, say? Didn't I positively forbid your going with those boys?"

"Yes, sir," was faintly answered.

"And yet, after my prohibition, you went, thus acting from a deliberate spirit of disobedience."

Mr. Wilkins was much excited. He was rather a stern man; quick in his conclusions, strong of will, yet not intuitive in his estimates of character. William, his oldest boy, from his proneness to go wrong, had given him a great deal of trouble. To use his own words, he was "almost out of heart with him." His second son, Edward, was altogether a different lad. From his earliest years, he had been mild and obedient. If his parents forbade his going anywhere, the prohibition was never regarded as a hardship. Possessing an innate power to abstract pleasure from ordinary surroundings; content with the present good, whatever it might be; he had little temptation to wander from right paths. How different was the inherited character of William Wilkins. He had a quick mind, and a strong imagination, with egotism, excitability, and a love of sensual pleasures. Now, it nevertheless occurred to his father, that the marked difference between William and his brother Edward, was something for which the former was to be pitied, rather than blamed. He thought of the boy's perverseness as acquired or deliberate; not as the fountain sending forth bitter waters, because it possessed no innate sweetness. Every wrong act was set down as the offspring of a purpose to do wrong, instead of a yielding to temptation. And so, he had no patience with the lad, who, it may be remarked, was a better boy than had been at the same age.

The father was excited at his child's disobedience, and, rejecting all excuses, punished him with unexampled severity.

The mother's deeper love for her children made her wiser. She better understood the groundwork of William's character; could see further below the surface. When his father blamed, she only pitied; for she saw that in the boy's mind were often intense struggles with hereditary inclinations; and if he often fell, he sometimes conquered. With Edward, all glided on smoothly as a summer sea; for his impulses were to good rather than to evil. To obey was an instinct of his mind. Often did Mr. Wilkins unwisely hold up Edward as an example for his oldest son—the effect was to sow seeds of self-righteousness in the breast of the former, and anger towards his brother in that of the latter. Very differently, however, acted the mother. She never repelled her wrong boy; but, even when grieved and of-

fended by his worst faults, sought to draw him to her side and win his confidence. When he came weeping to her room, and angry with his father for the punishment inflicted, she said to him in a grieving, not a chiding voice—

"How could you do so, William?"

"I wasn't in any harm, mother," sobbed the boy.

"We only went over into Bailey's woods for some nuts."

"Still, you did wrong; for your father positively forbade your going with those boys."

"They're not bad boys, mother."

"That isn't the point, William. Your father's command must be your law. He has his own reasons, and they are good ones, for not wishing you to keep company with these boys. The wrong, on your part, lies in the disobedience."

"Well, I didn't intend to go with them, mother. When father told me not to do so, I meant to obey him. I always mean to obey him, for I know that is right. But sometimes I forget; and sometimes I want to do what he has forbidden so very much that it seems as if I couldn't help going wrong. It was so this morning. Last night I lay awake for a long time, thinking how nice it would be to go to Bailey's woods and get some nuts. It was the first thing I thought about this morning; and after breakfast I asked Edward if he wouldn't go with me. But he's never willing to go anywhere. He's always napping about home, or basking in a book. I didn't want to go by myself, for it isn't pleasant to be all alone in the woods. So, when Mr. Jones' boys came along, and said they were going to gather nuts, it didn't seem as if it would be very wrong to go with them—and so I went."

"It is very wrong to disobey your father, William," said his mother.

"I know it is. But I wish he wouldn't always be telling me not to do this, and not to do that, and not to do the other. I wouldn't go wrong, nor get punished half so often."

"But, if he sees danger in your way, my son, shall he not lift a voice of warning?" The boy did not answer. "There is danger in an association with those boys," said the mother.

"I never saw them do anything so very wrong."

"What would you say to boys who were guilty of robbing orchards and hen-roosts?" A red spot burned instantly on William's face. "Would you call that very wrong?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of such wicked acts have these boys been guilty; and into such wicked acts you may be led, my son, if you keep their company."

"Why, mother! Do you think I could be tempted to do such a thing?"

"You are easily tempted, William—too easily; and this is why your father is so strict in his injunctions. If he permits you to keep company with boys who rob orchards and hen-roosts, he has no security that you will not be led astray into commission of the same evils; or, if not actually guilty of such deeds, that you will be adjudged guilty, because seen in the company of those who commit them."

William looked serious, and stood for some time with his eyes cast upon the floor.

"Why didn't he tell me all this?" he at length asked.

"I'm sure, if I'd known they were thieves, I'd never been caught in their company. But that's just the way with father! He's always saying—'Don't do this, or don't do that.'—But never gives a reason."

"Hush, my son. It is not right to speak so of your father."

"But it's true, mother. If he'd told me, when he forbade my going with Mr. Jones' boys, that they had stolen apples, and robbed hen's nests, do you think I'd have been seen in their company? No, indeed. He would have saved me from disobedience and punishment."

Further remarks, of this tenor, the mother did not permit her boy to make. Their force came upon her mind with almost stunning effect.

At school, William was no favorite with his teachers. Too rarely, indeed, do we find the intellectual endowments, requisite for a teacher, united with those moral qualities that should ever be possessed by those to whom are committed the all-important work of educating the minds of young immortals. Unfortunately for William Wilkins, his teachers were men of no intuitive perceptions of character, and no useful regard for the well-being of others. The natural impulses, when they appear, should not excite our anger, but our pity. We should do all in our power to give the boy a moral strength to overcome in his daily temptations to wrong; and, when he does wrong, while we censure evil as evil, we should seek to inspire the youthful wrestler with cheerful hopes of final conquest.

"You startle my mind with new views on this subject," said Mr. Wilkins. "A light is breaking in upon me. But, where are teachers to be found who will regard their scholars with a wise and conscientious discrimination? Who will take these active, troublesome boys, and in patience and long suffering, help them to overcome their constitutional perverseness?"

"Such men are to be found," replied the gentleman. "They are not many in number, however. One I do know, to whom I induced my sister to send a lad who was always in trouble at Mr. Melleville's, and who was finally expelled from the school."

"And with what result?" eagerly asked Mr. Wilkins.

"The happiest to be conceived. In less than a week after he entered this new school, which is limited to twelve in number, both he and the teacher understood each other perfectly; and now the utmost confidence and good feeling exist between them. Deliberately, I am sure, my nephew would not, in anything, offend his preceptor. At Mr. Melleville's he was all the time under censure for disrespect to principal or teachers."

"How was so great a change effected?" enquired Mr. Wilkins.

"By a mild firmness on the part of the teacher in the beginning—an appeal to the boy's self-respect—and such a generous outpouring of good-will towards him, that he could not but feel that his

teacher was a true friend and not a tyrant. Affection for the officer led this man to become an instructor of youth. Love of children makes him accurate in his perception of their character, and wise in all that appertains to their real good. He never repels them by harsh or angry words; but always so shows them their faults that good resolutions for the future are awakened."

"I could only get my boy with him," said Mr. Wilkins, "how thankful I would be."

"There is a single vacancy, I believe."

"Is it in the city?"

"I am sorry for that," replied Mr. Wilkins. "I have always been opposed to sending children away from home."

"Not only a new school, but new domestic influences are often the best for a boy like your son," was answered. "Such a boy does not always find that consideration at home to which he is entitled. His faults are hereditary, and those from whom he inherits them, (pardon my freedom of speech, are not always the most patient and forbearing. In fact, the reaction upon us, of our own evils, in our children, is particularly annoying. Few parents can endure it."

How deeply rebuked was Mr. Wilkins by these words! A new light was breaking into his mind, by which he saw himself in a new position.

"I ought to meet my child's best friend," said he to himself. "I fear that I have been his worst enemy."

How salutary was the change that immediately took place. From Mr. Melleville's school, William came at once removed, and placed under the care of the teacher so strongly recommended.

The boy, when he learned that a new complaint had been made against him by Mr. Melleville, suddenly prepared himself for a sharp rebuke or severe punishment.

"William," said his father to him, "I have a note from your teacher, with renewed compliments."

The tone was not angry, and this created surprise. The boy looked up, half fearfully.

"I think we had better try a new school," added Mr. Wilkins, now speaking with something of cheerfulness in his voice.

William did not reply, but gazed wonderingly at his father.

"How would you like to go to Mr. Barclay?"

"At Westville?"

"Yes."

"Oh, very much," was answered in a quick voice and with a brightening face.

"You have heard of him?"

"Yes, sir. Edward Jones goes there."

"Very well. We will go out there to-morrow, and if Mr. Barclay has a vacancy, I will enter you in his school."

No more was said. Not a reference was made to the past, nor a hope expressed, at the time, for the future. The new life was entered upon in a cheerful spirit, and soon it was plain to all, that the wayward boy had come under the needed influence. He had now help and encouragement, not angry reproof, and worse than useless punishment. He was no longer compelled to adapt himself to all surrounding circumstances; but there was a judicious bending of circumstances to his case; and a wise guardianship over him, looking to the repression of evil and the encouragement of what was good. And so, instead of being warped and twisted through a false external pressure, he grew up into a goodly tree, bearing, in manhood, fair fruit in rich abundance.—*Ladies' Wreath.*

"I'm so sorry that to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From under your roof, oh mistaken but well-meaning Christian parents: from the lips of your child, when you compel to listen to two or three unattractive sermons, sandwiched between Sunday-schools, and finished off at night-fall by tedious repetitions of creeds and catechisms, 'till sleep reverts your weary victim! No wonder your child shudders, when the minister tells him that "Heaven is one eternal Sabbath."

Oh, mistaken parent! relax the over-strained bow—prevent the fearful rebound, and make the Sabbath what God designed it, not a weariness, but the "best" and happiest day of all the seven.

FANNY FERN.

Family Worship.

The following is related by a highly respectable Baptist minister of Kentucky:

He had just commenced preaching, and had, for a few years, been married and keeping house. He was in lamable circumstances, and of a liberal education—modest and retiring to a fault. It was with great difficulty that he could summon resolution to address a congregation.

Mr. Clay, in the discharge of his duties as a lawyer, came to the neighborhood of our informant. (I have forgotten Woodford county) to have surveys made of some land then in litigation. He was accompanied by another lawyer of note. They made the humble cabin of Brother B. their home. On the first night they stayed with him, his brother was reduced to great extremity. He was in the habit of fasting family weekly, morning and evening, but he trembled at the thought of doing so in the presence of guests so distinguished as Mr. Clay and his friend. His little children were becoming sleepy, and his wife, by significant gestures, suggested that the time for prayer had come. Brother B. hinted to his guests that "perhaps they would like to go to bed." But Mr. Clay with great politeness, said that "he did not feel at all sleepy, and unless it were intrusive, he would be happy to enjoy his society longer." Of course Brother B. could not object. Still, the matter of prayer could not be postponed without sending the children to bed in advance, which was contrary to his settled principles of procedure. At last, with considerable trepidation, he stated to Clay and his friend what was his usual custom, and said that they could stay and unite with his family in their devotions, or retire, at their option. Mr. Clay, promptly and with some feeling, replied that "they would remain by all means; that the earliest recollections of his life were associated with such exercises; that his father was a Baptist minister, and his mother was still a member of that communion, and that they had taught him to reverence the institution of religion, and none more so than that of family worship."

Brother B. then proceeded with his wonted exercises, but with much fear and trembling. He says that he never felt so much embarrassed in his life. When the season of prayer was passed, Mr. Clay approached him and said:

"Mr. B., never again feel the least hesitation in the discharge of your duty to look an account of your family. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his Maker; and he deserves only contempt who can exult in any other feeling than reverence for the sacred presence of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals; like your little children indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent upon Him for every blessing of life? We, and you are destined to the same grave, and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne and the beggar in his rags are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B., and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. For myself, I would rather know that the prayers of a pious man, no matter how humble his position in life, were ascending in my behalf, than to have the wildest applause of listening Senators."

Mr. Clay and his friend then retired for the night. Mr. B. says it was the best lesson of his life. He afterwards heard the great statesman in all the grandeur of his eloquence, but he insists that in no effort he ever heard, was he so impressive as on the occasion named.—*German Reformed Messenger.*

Teach the Woman to Save.

There's the secret. A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best Savings' Bank yet established—one that receives deposits daily and liberally, with no costly machinery to manage them, no matter how large a pleasant one, and if the woman would imbibe it at once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus many, when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competence, security in a stormy time, and a shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house, and makes her children it is for her to keep an account current for expenses. Probably not one wife in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself or family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save a handsome sum, if only made. Let the wife, therefore, then, take the idea—act upon it—and strive ever to—she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds, where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty—not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon all upon the women as well as the man; but it is a duty, we are sorry to say, that is cultivated very little, even among those who preach the most and regard themselves as examples in good matters. "Teach the women to save" is a good enough maxim to be inserted in the next edition of Poor Richard's Almanac.

Good.—There is a proposition about being made by a party of wealthy speculators, to apply to the New York city authorities for the lot of Crystal Palace, a third larger than the present one—in which it is their intention to exhibit the "idleness of all nations," instead of the industry.

Nothing but the following articles will be admitted:

Lazy men, professional beggars, loafers, filthy street congestion, and all who must bring a session with them, and dandies.

The country producing the largest prison will be presented with all the rogues now confined in the penitentiaries throughout the Union.

A young wife reconstituted with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct.

"My dear," said he, "I am only like the prodigal son; I shall return by and by."

"And I will be like the Prodigal son, too," replied she. "I will arise and go to my father's house," and she went.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.—A laughable illustration of the heading of this article occurred in Illinois lately, as will be seen by the following from the Peoria News: "Mr. B. was out hunting with his rifle, and in crossing the field of Mr. C., a Prodigal, C. threw a dog at Mr. B. Mr. B. was angry, while C. stood looking on, without attempting to call off his dog. B., getting out of patience, shot the dog, and he fell apparently dead. C., in high dudgeon, forthwith got out a warrant, and had B. arrested for killing his dog—swore to the killing, and was corroborated by two of his neighbors, who were present at the shooting. The magistrate fined B. ten dollars and costs, which amounted to about ten dollars more. B. paid his fine and costs, and when the parties got home from the trial, the dog had got home also, and was not killed. B. then got out a warrant against the Prodigal, and his two associates for perjury, in swearing that B. had killed his dog. They were frightened, made peace with B., paid him back his twenty dollars and ten more for his trouble, and no trial was had; and when the parties returned home from the last suit, lo! the dog was dead."

CALIFORNIA MILLIONAIRES.—Not the least of the many extraordinary novelties of California society is the wealthiness of some of its citizens, who, in four or five years of energetic attention to business, gold, stock, and more and then a little trickery, made honorable out there by success, are the possessors of property from which they enjoy incomes almost equal to the great millionaire fortunes of European Louis. It is said that the annual income of Samuel Brannon, Esq., is over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while that of J. L. Johnson, W. D. Howard, and several others, is but little if any less. In 1847-8 hundreds of lots in San Francisco were purchased for fifteen and twenty dollars that are now worth over a hundred thousand. All those who then bought lots, and had the sagacity to keep them, have grown rich. It is recalled that a California editor, that in the winter of 1849-50, a merchant of Valparaiso, named Brown, who left Albany, New York, some seven years before, made an investment of \$50,000 in certain corner lots in San Francisco, and on that investment enjoyed a yearly rental of \$747,000. His was not an unusual case either.

HOW KENTUCKY GOT ITS NAME.—The origin and meaning of the word Kentucky, has been accounted for in different ways, both ingenious and plausible. The latest analysis of the word Kentucky, that we have heard, we had a few days ago from the lips of an old hunter, now in the ninety-ninth year of his age. When Boone first came to that country it was inhabited exclusively by no tribes of Indians, but was the common hunting ground for all the tribes of the adjacent country. The rich valleys were covered with a champaign of grass, bearing a small berry, and which the turkeys came in countless numbers to feast. Thus it was enough for the whites to call it the land of *Cane and Turkey*. The Indians trying to pronounce the same words got into the *Kane Turkey*, from which it was abbreviated into *Kentuck*, and finally the name by which it is now known, *Kentucky—the land of Cane and Turkey.*—*Pottam Bouncer.*

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman, who was sadly annoyed by a turbulent neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel, at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly down in the chimney corner when next visited, take the tongs in her hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her lips gently snuff the tongs without uttering a word. A day or two afterwards, the good woman came again to her pastor with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effects of this new antidote for scolding. Her trouble had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs each time. "Why don't you speak?" said the turbulent, more enraged.

Snap.

"Speak!" said she.

Snap.

"Do you speak. I shall split myself if you don't speak!"

Snap.

And away she went, cured of her malady by the magic power of silence.

A STERLING FELLOW.—The following unique advertisement appears in a late number of the Liberator (Ky.) Post:

"I am an ill, and very unjustly, I think, and I am lonely and desolate, having nothing to while away the hours. I solicit a share of patronage in my line, viz: Tailoring; I will work very low—half price rather than be idle."

Lebanon Jail, Feb. 1853. A. STERLING.

He might have added as an additional inducement that he would always be found at home.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—They tell a good story of Lorenzo Dow, or a prominent preacher of his "school," to the effect, that riding once in a stage coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance, and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once humored their designs, by affecting a coarse and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them.

"Oh," said he, "that's my story; I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and when I am among fools, I talk foolish!"

WESTERN HYSTERIA.—A physician called upon to testify in regard to the physical effects of a severe whipping given to a servant girl, said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if a jackass had the skin of an alligator for an overcoat, and a piece of boiler plate underneath, and that jackass were to be flogged one half as bad as that woman whipped that child, all creation couldn't save the jackass from dying."

THEIR DESTROYED BY GAS.—In Salem, Lynn Portsmouth, Newburyport, and other cities where gas has recently been introduced, it is said, that valuable ornamental trees have been destroyed by the leakage of the gas pipes. By the escape of gas from broken pipes, it has been found that all trees within fifty feet of the leakage have been killed.

"When Pat Hogan first arrived in this country, he was told by some Yankee that many things in this country were larger than in Ireland—the rivers, the trees, &c."

Soon after Pat came to a field where a jackass was feeding, and seeing the animal suck up a pint of clover ears, Pat loudly exclaimed to his companions:

"Oh, Teddy, my boy, look! Oh, Jesus, what a rabbit!"