

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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TERMS: THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Friday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., at \$1 50 per annum, if paid in advance...

Select Poetry.

THE GRASS UNDER THE FEET OF THE GREAT. The following beautiful effusions, like all the productions of Mrs. Welby, is distinguished for purity and gentleness of thought, and a sweetness of expression almost inimitable... THE GRAVE OF LILLY DALE. BY MRS. WELBY. We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair...

Tales and Sketches.

LIFE AT THE FIVE POINTS. THE TWO-PENNY MARRIAGE. "Mr. Pease, we want to be married." "Want to be married—what for?" "Why you see, we don't think it is right for us to be living together this way any longer, and we have been talking over the matter to-day and you see..."

et, then the left, then back to the right, then he examined the watch-fob. "Why, where is it?" says she, "you had two dollars this morning!" "Yes, I know it, but I have only got two cents this evening. There, Mr. Pease, take them, it is all I have got in the world; what more can I give?" "Sure enough, what could he do more? I took them and prayed over them, that in parting with the last penny, this couple might have parted with a vice, a wicked, foolish practice which had reduced them to such a degree of poverty and wretchedness, that the monster power of rum could hardly send its victims lower..."

the coins into my wife's lap, with the remark, "Two pennies! Why, husband, they are eagles—real golden eagles. What a deal of good they will do. What blessings have followed that act." "And will follow the present, if the pledge is faithfully kept. Truly, this is a good result of a Two-Penny Marriage."—N. Y. Tribune. How to Win. Adversity furnishes us with strange bed-fellows, curiosity gives us strange acquaintances sometimes. It certainly was strange to me that I should be in a gaming-house one night not long ago knowing nobody, nobody knowing me, I looked about for somebody to be interested in... I say, stranger, may be you think you are mighty smart at cards, but I can beat the hind side of you at poker..."

From the N. Y. Musical World. A Sketch From Life, or The Age of Progress. Look into yonder window: what do you see? nothing new, surely?—nothing but what the angels have looked smilingly down upon since the morning stars first sang together. Nothing but a loving mother hushing upon her faithful breast a wailing babe; whose little life hangs by a slender thread: mortal lips have said, "the boy must die." A mother's hope never dies. She clasps him closer to her breast and gazes upwards:—food and sleep and rest are forgotten, so that that little flickering taper die not out. Gently upon her soft warm breast she woos for it baby slumbers; long weary nights, up and down the cottage floor, she paces, soothing its restless moaning. Sun's rise and set; stars pale; seasons come and go;—she heeds them not, so that those languid eyes but beam brightness. Down the meadow, by the brook, on the hill side she seeks with him the health restoring breeze. God be praised, health comes at last! What joy to see the rosy flush mantle on the pallid cheek; what joy to see the shrunken limbs grow round with health; what joy to see the damp thin locks grow crisp and glossy! What matter, though the knitting lie neglected—or the spinning wheel be dumb, so that the soaring kite or bounding ball but please his boyish fancy and prompt the gleeful shout? What matter that the coarse fare be hers, so that the dancier morsel pass his rosy lip? What matter that her robe be threadbare, so that his graceful limbs be clad in Joseph's rainbow coat? What matter that her couch be hard, so that his sunny head rest nightly on a downy pillow? What matter that her slender purse be empty, so that his childish heart may never know denial? Years roll on. That loving mother's eye grows dim; her glossy locks are silvered; her limbs are sharp and shrunken; her footsteps slow and tottering. And the boy? the cherished Joseph? he of the bold bright eye, and sinewy limb, and bounding step; surely, from his kind hand shall flowers be strewn on the dim downward path to the dark valley?—surely her son's strong arm be hers to lean on;—his voice of music sweeter to her dulc ear than seraph's singing. No, no!—The hum of busy life has struck upon his ear, drowning the voice of love. He has become a MAN! refined, fastidious!—and to his forgetful, unfilial heart, (God forgive him) the mother who bore him is only—"the old woman!" FANNY FERN. A Capital thing by Willis. A Washington correspondent of The Tribune having accused the President of dressing rather foppishly, and among other things of having "his hair curled and curled after the fashion of N. P. Willis," Mr. W. makes the following explanation in a note at the foot of an article in The Home Journal: "First, the humble head which His Excellency the President is thus authentically declared to have selected for his imitation, has hitherto known no external culture or embellishment beyond a daily souse in cold water—never, to my knowledge, having been touched by oil, pomatum, curling-fluid, curling-tongs, or other ungent, art or emollient. Second, it has never known even the luxury of hair-dresser, or barber, having been cut, from boyhood till now, whenever and wherever it was inconveniently long, by scissors in my own hands. Third, its daily officiation as a model for the President, (though it was wholly unaware, hitherto, of ever having been seen by His Excellency,) is performed without crest, plume or livery, it being known to my friends and neighbors by the covering of a straw hat—which straw hat, I may add, is now near the close of its wear for a second summer, and was bought in the village of Newburg for eighteen cents. "Dear friends of The Tribune (P. S.) I should like to be believed to grow old. Willing to serve my country in any way, I am honored of course to have the outside of my head chronicled as a copy for the President, though I would rather it were the inside that were a copy for the school-boy. If you will strew my secluded path with mistaken roars, however, I must be excused for such drops of otto biography as the truth compels me to distil." Noah was the first man who perpetrated a regular and authentic drunk, of which we have any record, although the antediluvians were doubtless entitled to the glory of the discovery. Brandy smashes were things, however, in which Noah never indulged, nor any of his ancestry. We find it recorded that "brandy was invented by Raymondus Lillius, a celebrated alchemist, who died in 1315; but for many centuries it was only used as a medicine, and chiefly as an external application." A CURIOUS BOOK.—Mr. Jefferson made an original book out of the New Testament, an account of which is given by him in a letter to John Adams, dated Oct. 23, 1813, when Mr. J. was seventy years old. He took two copies of the New Testament and cut out the sayings of the Saviour, rejecting every verse that was not evidently his; these he pasted in a book, and his compilation is described as covering forty-six pages. He wrote to old John Adams that this arrangement had pleased before him, "the most sublime and benevolent code of morals ever offered to man."—Boston Transcript. "The man who embraced a favorable opportunity, last week, emboldened by his success, attempted to embrace an old maid, but was put hors de combat, and came off with a black squash."

Tim McGowan. This gallant fellow lost his life in the Mexican war. He had lost an arm when a boy, by having the limb crushed under the wheel of a jamming car, in the "old country." His surviving brother, Dennis, never ceased boasting of Tim's exploits. In a Moyamensing barroom, the other evening, Dennis began on the old theme of the Mexican war, dwelling with particular emphasis on the heroic deeds of his deceased relative. "Well, brother, but ye ought to uv seen Tim at Ry-sack-a-dollar-pole-me, (Resaca de la Palma). He caught two Mexican blackguards by the cuff of their necks and kilt them both as dead as herrings, by knockin' their heads together." "How could that be," said a listener, "when your brother had but one arm?" "Blis yer soul," answered Dennis, "one arm hid he? That's thrice enough for ye, but thin ye see Tim forgot all about that when he got into a fight." A FREE FIGHT.—The following is a description of a free fight in Western Virginia, as related by one of the eye witnesses thereof. Premising that there was but one man struck, in answer to an interrogatory as to who he was, the narrator replies: "I reckon he war from low down on Guyan somewhere. Jes as they war jawin', a chap roled up on a clay-bank boss—I reckon he war Messenger stock, a screwin' sennil, a little mite bind o' both eyes—a peert lookin' chap enough, an when he got ferment the place, says he, "Is this a free fight?" an' they told him it war. "Well," says he, gittin' off an' hitchin' his old clay-bank to a swingin' limb, "count me in!" He hadn't more'n got it out, afore some one fetched him a lick, an' he drapt. He riz dreckly, with some decency, and ses he, "Is this a free fight?" an' they told him it ar. "Well," ses he, unbitchin' his boss, an' puttin' his left leg over the back leather, "count me out!" an' then he marveld. TRAVELLING.—A strong, lazy fellow, who professed begging to work, called on a gentleman in the city, and asked for "cold vittals, and old clothes." The man asked him what he did for a living. "Not much," said the fellow, "except travelling." "Traveling! Then you can travel pretty well?" "Oh, yes," said the beggar, "I'm very good at that." "Well, then," said the gentleman, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel." A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street in New York, to make some inquiries of his whereabouts: "Mon fren, what is ze name of zis street, eh?" "Well, who said 'twant'?" "What you call zis street?" "Of course we do." "Pardonnez! I have not ze name, vet you call him?" "Yes, Watts we call it." "How you call ze name of zis street?" "Watts street, I tote yer." "Zis street." "Watts street, old feller, and don't yer go to make game o' me." "Sacre mon dieu! I ask you one, two, tree, several times often, will you tell me ze name ov ze dam street, eh?" "Watts street, I tote yer. Yer drunk, sin' t yer!" "Mon little fren, vere you lif, eh?" "In Vandam street." "Eh, bien! You lif in von dam street, and you is von dam fool, by dam!" An excellent story is told of Judge Tappan, of Ohio, which illustrates the manner in which no "parleyism" works. After the new constitution was adopted, the Judge in conversation with several of his friends, strongly urged the election of Judges without regard to party. "Well, Judge, who would you select?" asked one. "Well," said he, "there is Ranney, a sound lawyer, and an excellent man; D. Q. Morton, of Toledo, another good one; Bartley has few equals in the State, and Caldwell everybody admires." "But Judge," they replied, "they're all Democrats—there's not a whig among them." "Them? Well—d—n—a Whig anywhere!" Table-talk or knocking may sometimes lead to embarrassing results, as proved by the following gossip current at Berlin: A party met the other night, and formed a chain, and when the "fluid" was in movement, a married lady present put the question, "How many children have I?" "Tap, tap, tap, tap," or four replied the table. "True, wonderful!" exclaimed the lady and all others. Presently her husband came in and asked the same question. "Tap, tap, tap," or two, was the answer. The effect produced by this may be better conceived than described.—This might be termed "scandalous table-talk." The other day, a small boy came tearing by our office with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a pepper-box, who stood nearly a quarter of a mile down the street: "Oh! Bill! Bill! git as many boys as ever you can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and come up the street as soon as ever you can, and there's a great big, large hogshead of lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash!" There is a young 'gent' in this neighborhood so intelligent that he can't find any person to converse with. Poor fellow! wonder when he'll take a trip.