

ALLEE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

ARY 15, 1855.

EP INTO SEBASTOPOL.

had no difficulty in deciding the marriage, notwithstanding the manner in which the lident of the Morning Herald, ense was obtained, was a valid one, and that,

consequently, the husband was entitled to the possession of his wife. He therefore directed that she be given into his charge. Schonberger immediately approached her, placed her arm under his, and they left the court-house together, surrounded by a large crowd of persons who had been anxiously awaiting the re-sult of the contest. Thus, it appears, that although, 'Jordan is a hard road to travel,' Schonberger, by the aid of perjury, has sucatthough, 'Jordan is a hard' road to travel, Schonberger, by the aid of perjury, has suc-ceeded in getting over it." The Enquirer adds: "When Judge Clopton announced his de-cision in favor of restoring to Schonberger his

nessed in the halls of justice. The applause was as noisy and disorderly as it was dis-graceful."

A Dropped Letter.

The following letter, written by a Know-Nothing member of the Massachusetts Logislature, we clip from the Boston Post

Boston, Jan. 16 1855. Sox Jous :-- I have too much legislative work to come home on Saturday night as I said I would-so you must mind the farm; I have managed to get on a good many com mittes so as to be come popular by having my mame printed oftener in the papers and I manage to say something occasionally and I have seen my name 3 times printed in the daily bee. American principles is looking up some here in Boston and we are going to discord all foreign eliments in our government (by the way have the barn door painted over with some other color besides Spanish brown I dont like anything Spanish.) The gevernor has made a lick at the foreign malitia and disbanded all the companies. (Dont use any more British oil for your decfness for I have thrown away that box of Russia salve your mother put in my trunk to rub my rumatic leg with use American phisic it is the best.) We are going to have the latin lingo taken of more British oil for your decfness for I have thrown away that box of Russia salve your round his form, stalked sternly and nashry out of the room. The one had suffered his passion to gain the hidden in his hands. Then heaving a deep sigh that sounded of despair, he staggered inding place to save his father, even then stern and inflexible, he be-the the function of the truth 1 truth for in a mood like that. The other though an unhappy greed, had father, even then stern and inflexible, he bethe butcher he is of a foreign extraction. A that the Judge was compelled to tell it on friend asked me to go to the Athaneum and see the library and pictures but I was told nearly all the pictures are painted by the old masters as they are called—and these I am told are, with out exception all foreigners beside many of the books are in foreign langunges so it is contrary to the spirit of princi-ples to visit such a place I was going to see Banvards great painting of the holy land which is making some stir but a native artist told me it was painted with Venetian red Dutch pink and Naples yellow while all the skies were Prussian blue too much of the foreign eliment to be interesting to me. By the way speaking of paint have the front blinds which I had painted with French green last fall painted some other color other than I mentioned above. Stop he Zions Herald and take the Yankee privateer in its place. Give my Marseills vest to dick the plowman and tell him to stone Jip the scotch terrior off the farm and to kill that Maltese cat. from your effectionate father.

governing his powers in the case, and said he all attired and ready for the party, called on had no difficulty in deciding the marriage, the Judge, when he was saluted on his entrance with-

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"See here, that shirt has not been sent yet!" "Oh!" says C. pulling out his watch, "it is not time yet, it lacks a quarter to the time, for I told her to have it here by half past six." The couple chatted away awhile, when resently a timid knock at the door was heard. Judge A jumped to open it, when a little girl asked if that was Judge A

"All right, my nice little Miss, and strai, ht. way began to prepare for domning the much coveted warment, remarking, "It is well made

"Oh! yes; I knew she would not disappoin

you in any respect." By this time the Judge had commenced pulling it over him. He pulled and pulled, as yard after yard passed, and still his head was enveloped in the shirt. He complained of it's size, but his friend told him he had got It twisted, but to hurry on as 'twas time they were at the party Again he set himself to the task, and by hard struggling got through, finding himself enshrouded in a shirt five

yards long and four broad, covering all over the floor with its ample drapery! "In God's name!" said the judge, in aston-isument, "What is this the woman has sent "What is it I say?" It was with much difficulty that C

could restrain his laughter, but approaching his enshirted friend and pulling the huge col-lar down, so that he could see his face, he "What a silly, stapid woman! I told her to get just enough to make three shirts; instead of making three she has put the whole

NEW SERIES.

H

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Thursday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pai, at \$1 50 per annum, IF PAID IN ADVANCE, if not \$2 will be charged. IN ADVANCE, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously in serted at the following rates, viz: 1 square 3 insertions, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 1 square 3 months, 3 00 1 " 6 " 5 00

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Select Bortry

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY G. D. PRENTICE. Tis sad-yet sweet-to listen To the soft wind's gentle swell, And think we hear the music Our children knew so well; To gaze out on the even, And the boundless fields of air, And feel again our boyhood wish To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness That cling around the past-And from the tomb of feeling Old thoughts come thronging fast-The forms we love so dearly,

In the happy days now goue, The beautiful and lovely, So fair to look upon.

The bright and lovely maidens Who seemed so formed for bliss, Too glorious and too heavenly For such a world as this! Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming In a sea of liquid light, And whose locks of gold were streaming O'er brow so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine In the spring-time of the year-Like the changeful gleams of April They followed every tear! They have passed-like hope-away-

" Father !" "Son !" After fifteen years of separation, their whole greeting was comprised in this! The word fell coldly on the sung man's heart, and he paused as if to nerve bimself to proceed, but words came not, and he stood irresolute. times le to

BOP The Related Charmenters

morta

"Well !" choked the parent, " what bringe

rear you? did I not love you onco? and did you not betray my love, squander my sub-stance, and now you come to burthen me?" "No! not burthen; I sought pleasure too eagerly, and have wasted the means you gave. I have been self-willed, but have been pun-I have been self-willed, but have been pun-ished. Years have passed ever me, and have seen me grovelling in poverty, living with criminals, and when I had most need of com-fort, my wife and child laid low, starved! Father, starved! I sat and saw them, as day by day their flesh wasted and their voices grew weak, and I could not help them, I could only share their wants, my soul thirsteth, but for one word of kindness." "Which you shall never have " thundered

go, and may my heaviest-go, ere I curse you-go!" with a bitter earnestness words cannot express, the miser hissed out these words, and drawing his wrapper more closely round his form, stalked sternly and hastily

in his dark eyes, and a visible agitation in his | ed his residence before the mob. Quickly he had the doors closed and the shutters barred, and opening a secret trap that consended a deep well he let himself and his treasure down to a place of sufety. On came the rolling crowd, the leader now co

EBENSBURG, FEB

S OF GOVERNMENT, LEVE THE DEWS OF HEAVER, SEOULD BE I

ng with f rious gestures to divert them

red at the d On they came with exulting shouts, and thundered at the door. Long they batter ineffectually, till at length a ruffian, more pro-ident than the rest, obtained an axe and do the door posts down. The obstacles removes the crowd poured in and ran from room to room Desks rifled of their contents, broken furn ture piled on the floors, and ourthing torn fro

"Fire! save yourselves!" A rush took lace; seven people on that awful night were rampled to death, and many more bore to trampled to death, and many more bare to their dying day sad traces of their crimes. With savage cries they watched the climb-ing flames, and marked the thick folds of smoke, roll suddenly from the roof which fell with a tremendous crash. At that moment a with a tremendous crash. It's that the tu-prolonged shrick of agony rose above the tu-mult, which sent the blood curdling through

share their wants, my soul thirsteth, but for one word of kindness." "Which you shall never have," thundered the old man; "heir of my name, but traitor to my hearth, end in the folly which you have begun. You have done without mc for fifteen years; good! . I will do without you for life; go, and may my heaviest—go, ere I curse death !

They laid them side by side. Thus father and son, who had journeyed by such different ways met in one grave at last. The one had suffered his passion to gain the

n the camp, on the 7th, thus de-appearance of the town of Sebas-he condition of the Russian defend from Ovens: still, the defences are four times nd more vigorous than the first day fire. I know this statement may

letters unpopular with a certain set, ee nothing but victories and causes tion in all we do; but nevertheless, the truth, and I am confident that te my assertion even in the

int beyond all

quat post, within 200 yards of the Russian batteries and close everlooking the town and barbor. It is perfectly easy to approach this place now for a covered way has been con-structed to it, and both sides have comparatively speaking, ceased firing for some time. One large barrick inside the walls, against which our fire, as against a government build-ing, has been particularly directed, is riddled in every part, and most of its roof destroyed The same is the case with about sixty or sev-enty of the houses nearest to the walls, but beyond this nothing has been done. Had any

beyond this nothing has been done. Had any of the principal mansions more to the centre of the town been injured, it would be easily seen, as most of them are detached, and all are white as suow, and instantly show a shot mark. The splendid structure which we call the "Parthenon"—the Government house and, indeed, 19-20ths of the buildings show

no trace of injury. The streets which I could see, and which of course, were those nearest to our batteries were all in a most enviable state of cleanliness and good order. In these were numerous bodies of troops lounging about unconcernedly, with their muskets piled upon the pathways. Many civilians passed constantly to and fro,

Oh! many a heart is mourning That they are with the dead.

Like the bright buds of summer They have fallen from the stem-Yet oh-it is a lovely death To fade from earth like them !

And yet-the thought is saddening To muse on such as they-And feel that all the beautiful Are passing fast away! That the fair ones whom we love, Grow to each loving breast, Like tendrils of the clinging vine; Then perish were they rest. And can we but think of those

In the soft and gentle spring, When the trees are waving o'er us, And the flowers are blossoming ! For we know that winter's coming With his cold and stormy sky-And the glorious beauty round us Is blooming but to die!

Selert Cale.

[From the Manchester S. S. Magazine.] BARNETT THE MISER.

In the town of N -----, up a passage lead-ing to the Bridle-smith-Gate, there lived a man of age, but though his hair was somewhat first. sprinkled with grey, and his form was some-what bowed, he had the energy of a younger man, and a frame that seemed of iren His brow was lofty and gave an idea of intellect, but the hard lines of his face and compressed lips bespoke craft. His dwelling was an old mansion which had

seen better days; seeluded on all sides from public gaze its gloomy courts and still gloomier chambers accorded well with the character of its occupant, whilst the iron-bound shutters testified to the care he had taken to secure the testified to the care he had taken to secure the treasure he was said to have amassed. For Barnett was reputed to be rich despite his elo-quence on "hard times," " dear food," "loss-es in business." He seemed to be chanting a perpetual dirge in honor of poverty; but the world never believes a man while he pleads her, anless he wears her livery unmistakably. Otherwise it shakes its head and smiles skep-tically, but then it treads him under, and passes on its way! Thus Barnett had got the reputation of being rich, and he certainly depasses on its way! Thus Barnett had got the reputation of being rich, and he certainly de-served it. There were many in that town who could have told of bankrupteies he had harried on, widows he had plundered, and orphans he had stripped of all, —legally of course (for respectability respects law) but forgetful of a higher command than any man-made statute, from the great Law-Giver of all 1

expression to the discontent then prevalent in amongst the working classes. A hasty step was heard upon the stairs.— li The miser clutched his pistols and listened r with all his might. Soon a young man stood s within the room; still handsome, but worn with debauchery and want, an unsettled gleam

him into debt, and his creditors attacked his father, who, furious at his son's delinquencies, forbade him to see him more. He was then forced to seek a precarious existence in a neighboring town. There he married, and brought boring town. There he married, and brought upon himself increased burdens. But toil and penury did the work of time; premature age crept upon him. Bereft of home, hope and family, he threw himself upon a mercy that never existed, upon an affection that never was. It had ended in this !

And return we to the miser. What words can paint the struggle within his breast? A last faint spark of natural feeling strove with the mist of selfishness. The hope of having one to care for him amongst the thousands that cursed his name tempted him to forgive. The hate he had cherished for so long strove as

hate he had cherished for so long strove as furiously. Suddenly were heard along the passage steps and voices, "Who lives in this dismal house?" said ene. "The miser," replied another, and they passed away. A black soowl gathered over his face, a sneer curled his lip, his better feelings were blotted out for ever in the storm of better these method culled up. He had taken of hate these words called up. He had taken named Barnett. He was about sixty years to himself seven other devils worse than the

> Whilst thus he sat full of evil thoughts, the townspeople, excited by want and ill-advice, were in open rist, and their hoarse cries went were in open rist, and their hoarse cries weat up to heaven, mingled with the smoke of the buildings they had fired. In their midst, a man of middle age was the most eager in ur-ging them on. Some said he was a govern-ment spy, some a starving weaver, and others some fiend in human shape, so impervious to danger did he seem. Few could have recog-nized in his matted locks and smoke stained lineaments the miser's son, who seemed to seek a refuge from his misery in extraordinary exertions.

A great flame, shooting high into the air. and from its elevating position illuminating the country round about, told that the castle was attacked The miser started at the glare, was attacked The miser started at the glare, hastened out, and beheld the devouring ele-ment as it swiftly darted up the noble pile, and crowned it with a brief but dreadful glory. The fitful flashing of the fire gave a terror to the scene, which the uproar of the mob increased

Hark, high above the din ! "To the miser's the had known that there was much miser's be had known that there was much misery in the town, and that the people were almost des-perate, but this he had never counted on. He had watched the misfortunes of others with all ! Secure in this legality, and bouyant in the recollection of the riches it had gained him. Barnett sat, on the evening that my tale com-mences, taking his solitary supper of porridge (he had achieved a bargain and indulged ac-cordingly;) a dead silence reigned in the streets, for the populace had degerted them for a great meeting outside the town, to give expression to the discontent then prevalent amongst the working classes. indifference and even joy, for the scene chimed in with the turnalt of his own soul; but now, when the blow was about to fall upon his own

Yes he would save them ! Better to lose I is in possession, he got out a warner to in a charge of obtaining goods under fall on a charge of obtaining goods and the set of the s

spected by none. The very rabble looked down upon him with contempt and abhorrence. He had used the intellect God had given him to unworthy ends, and to an unworthy end it had brought him. His wealth went to the general coffers of the state, and his name was handed down to posterity as " Barnett the The tremendous extent of the new redoubts

German Brides.

Mr. James Brooks of the New York Ex-

press now in Europe, in a recent letter, says: "The Germans, by the way, have a queer way of making "Brides," and of doing some other things in the courting and marrying way, which may interest you, perhaps. When a maiden is betrothed, she is called "Bride," and so continues till she becomes a "Wife." All the while she is engaged, she is a "Bride." The lovers, immediately upon betrothal, ex-change plain rings, which are worn ever afterwards, until death parts them. The wowan wears hers on the third finger of her left hand, and the man his on his - hand. When the "bride" becomes a "wife," her ring is

the men ran at large unmarked. "O, that is dreadful," said she, more than balf shocked. "Think, there is Frederick, my husband—only twenty-four; so young, so handsome; and all the girls would be taking him for an unmar-ried man, and be making love to him. O, it is dreadful! is it not? How can you do so in your country ? I would not live there with Frederick for the world." Thinking over the reasoning of my fair Viennese, I could not but come to the conclusion, with her that in her country, there was more security for the wife; and that, therefore, her custom was bet-ter than ours. But would there not be a re-bellion among the men in America, if the wives bellion among the men in America, if the wives there were to thus put a public stamp of "pro-perty" upon their husbands at every step they took? The Germans have other agreeable customs in their silver weddings (silberne huchzeit) the twenty-five years of wedded life, and their golden weddings. (golden huchzeit) fifty years; but of these so much has been written, that I can probably write you nothing new. If I ever get time, I will consecrate a whole chapter to you on German Courtships and German wedded life—but this letter is just now medley enough. just now medley enough.

A LOVER'S STRATAGEN. - A marriage was A LOVER'S STRATAGEN. —A marriage was consummated out West, recently, under very peculiar circumstances. The father of the bride was violently opposed to the marriage; and on the day appointed for its celebration, posted "No admittance" on the gateway lead-ing to his house, and stationed a young man with a musket to enforce attention to the orwith a musket to enforce attention to the o dinance from the expectant bridegroom.-Finding he could not accomplish his objec without resorting to force or stratagem, and remembering that his hely love had a ring of his in possession, he got out a warpant for he on a charge of obtaining goods under full pretences, had her brought before a magin trate, who after the lover had withdrawn h And AND

protected by a deep ditch in front, with regu-lar abbattis and rows of stockades and chevaux de fries From this fact along it is evident that they are guarding against, and, there-fore, fear an assault. But it is principally of the north side that I wish to speak.

and batterics which I saw thrown up all around the city, did, indeed, astonish me. Every space from the circular earthwork and martello tower, (the latter now a mere pile of rut-bish,) round to the sea near Cape Constantine, is one long line of redoubts and batter-ies. Maita, Gibralter, or the lines of Chatham-all is one, would be far more vulnerable than these formidable intrenchments, covered than these formidable intrenchments, covered with infantry pits, and deep ditches in front, and protected by scraped banks, stockades and masses of cannon. I have seen many of what are called first class fortresses, but the present aspect of Sebastopol might vie with

and the man his on his — hand. When the "bride" becomes a "wife," her ring is transferred to the third, finger of the right hand, and there it remains. The husband always wears his ring just as the wife wears hers, so that if you look upon a man's hand you can tell whether he is mortgaged or not. There is no cheating for him ever after—no coquetting with the girls as if he was an un-married man; for lo! the whole story is told by his finger-ring. A Viennese macried lady was much amused when I told her that in our country we only "ring" the women, but let the men ran at large unmarked. "O, that is dreadful," soid she, more than half shocked. "Think, there is Frederick, my husband—only On our extrome left, the French push the which did the French so much injury, is still, I regret to say, almost as strong as ever.— However, with regard to this latter opponent, our allies speak most confidently of being able to dispose of it when they wish. On this point I shall only say that I think their con-jectures are well founded.

A MARRIAGE LIGENSE FRAUDULENTLY OR

A MARGINGE LIGENSE FRAUDULENTLY OB-TAINED.—A SCENE IN COCUT.—The Richmond Enquirer gives the following as the sequel to the Schonberger case, which has afforded so much food for gossip in the Virginia papers: "The case of Lewis Schonberger vs Pat-rick Jordon, to obtain possession of his (S.'s) wife, alleged to be foreibly and unlawfully detained by J., the father, came before Judge Clopton, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, on Sat-urday last at the State court-house. Mr. El-lett, clerk of Henrico court, testified that he had issued a license for the marriage of Schon-berger to Miss Jordon, on the authority of a written order from S., presented by a man named Hughes, who solemnly swore that Miss Jordon was twenty-one years of age; and the Rev. Philip Courtney stated that the parties came to his house, on Church Hill, on Sun-day night, the 21st inst., and were married under said license. Thomas P. August, Esq., day night, the 21st inst, and were married under said license. Thomas P. August, Esq., counsel for the bridggroom, maintained the informality and trickery in obtaining the fi-cense, and the failure to obtain the consent of the parent, did not vitiate or render null and void the marriage; and W. W. Crump, Esq., counsel for the father, claiming the obildson the ground that she was only eighteen years of age, argued that a parent, under the laws of Viriginia, was entided to the services and guardianship of his infast child until he had given his consent to the marriage, or until she had been married under a logal and logitimate and not a false and corrupt license. "Judge Clopton, after the argument of counsel had been submitted, read the law

The Judge's Big Shirt.

The story goes that, on a certain occa Judge A-----, then cn a visit to Raleigh, N. C., was notorious for leaving home without the necessary precautions of carrying along a second shirt. While here he was invited to a second sairt. While here he was invited to attend a gay and fashionable party, to be giv-en the following evening, at the residence of Judge B______ The visiting Judge was ter-ribly perplexed about a clean shirt for the seribly perplexed about a clean shirt for the se-casion, and while resolving in his mind how he should possess himself of the desired arti-cle, (in those days ready made shirts were not as now, articles of merchandise,) when he was called on at his room by Mr. C—, another limb of the law, but not a Judge. After pas-sing the usual compliments, Judge A— re-marked—"See here, C—, I have just been invited to attend a party to-morrow night, and I havn't a clean shirt for the occasion"—ho-ping, no doubt, that his friend would proffer ithe loan of one of his. But being a hit of a

the loan of one of his. But being a bit of a wag, and relishing a good joke amazingly, he concluded to have a little fun, and at the same time learn his judicial friend a lesson concerning his negligent custom. " Oh !" said he, "there's no difficulty about that. I can have you one made."

who is perfectly prompt and reliable, and I can vouch for its being ready." "All right then, if you'll be sure and at-

tend to it.'

"You may depend on it," said the Judge's friend. 'It shall be here by half-past six to-

friend. 'It shall be here by half-past six to-morrow evening." C_{----} , in going home that night, called at the lady's and ordered her to go to S_{----} 's store, get nine yards of bleached domestic's and three yards of linen, and make a shirt of it for Judge Λ_{----} , and deliver it at his room, on the following evening at half-past six pre-cisely, and obarging her particularly there was to be no disappointment, and not to deliver

himself, for unfortunately he carried the big shirt home, and Mrs. Judge wanted to know what tremendious big woman's shift that was in bis trunk? He had to out with it; and it being told by himself, Mr. C. felt at lib-erty to tell it also; which he does sometimes to the infinite merriment of all who hear him

ABSENCE OF MIND-AND CLOTHES .- The following anecdote of our innocent French Canadian, is from Mrs. Moodie's recent work A couple of young ladies were walking one fine summer evening along the west bank of the Moira, and the narrator, in stooping over the water to gather some wild flowers that grew in a crevice of the rocks dropped her parasol in the river. A cry of vexation at the loss of the article of dress, which is expensive, and almost indispensable beneath the rays of a Canadian sun, burst from her hps, and attracted the attention of a young m whom she had not before observed, who was swimming at some distance down the river .-He immediately turned, and dexterously catch-ing the parasol as it swiftly glided past him, swam towards the ladies with the rescued article, carried dog-fashion, between his teeth.

In his zeal to render this little service he forgot that he was not in a condition to appear before the ladies; who, startled at such an ex-

traordinary apparition, made the best of their time to fly precipitably from the spot. "I have no doubt," said Miss —, laugh-ing, "that the good-natured fellow meant well, but I was never so frightened and confounded in my life." The next morning the parasol was returned at the street door, with "Jean Baptiste's compliments to the young takes." So much for French Canadian gallantry,

Hogarth's Red Sea.

Hogarth was once applied to by a miserly old nobleman, to paint on his stair-case a re-presentation of the destruction of Pharaoh's Hosts in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became quite dis-satisfied The miser was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last Hogarth, out of all patience, agreed to his patron's terms. Within a day or two. the picture was ready. The nobleman was surprised at such expedition, and immediately called to examine it. The canvas was all over

"Zounds?" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sca." "But where are the Israelites?"

"They are all gone over." "And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned

The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill.

A Shy Youth

