

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.

EBENSBURG, JULY 22, 1857.

VOL. 4. NO. 37.

TERMS.

DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL
Is published every Wednesday Morning at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. If not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no cut is allowed at Henry's discount. The paper must be sent to the editor. Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.
One insert in 100 lines, 50¢
2 squares, 12 lines, 1.00
3 squares, 16 lines, 1.50
8 lines or less, 1.00
1 square, 12 lines, 2.50
2 squares, 16 lines, 4.00
3 squares, 20 lines, 6.00
Half a column, 10.00
One column, 15.00
All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued until forbidden, and charged accordingly.

Choice Poetry.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

Let me go to my home, that is far off to the West,
To the scene of my childhood, that I love the best,
Where the tall cedars are, and the bright waters flow,
Where my parents will greet me, white man let me go.
Let me go to the spot where the catfish plays,
Where oft I have sported in my boyish days,
There is my poor mother, whose heart will overflow,
At the sight of her child, O! there let me go.
Let me go to the hills and the valleys so fair,
Where oft I have treated my own mountain air,
And there through forest with quiver and bow,
I have chased the wild deer, O! there let me go.
Let me go to my father, by whose valiant side
I have sported so oft in the height of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the muskrat foe,
To my father that chide me, O! there let me go.
And O! let me go to my dark-eyed maid,
Who taught me to love, beneath the willow shade,
Whose heart's like the lawn's as pure as the snow,
And she I've her dear Indian, to her let me go.
And O! let me go to my fair foster home,
And never again will I wish to roam,
And there let my body in ashes lay low,
To the scene in the forest, white man let me go.

THE MAIDEN'S RESOLUTION.

O, I'll tell of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white nor yellow,
But is altogether green!
Then his name, it isn't charming,
For it's only common "Bill,"
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.
He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think the gawkey,
Tumbled on his knees!
While the tears he follow wasted,
Where enough to turn a mill,
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will.
O, he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
But it seemed so very silly,
That I nearly fell asleep;
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think I will.
He was here last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away.
At the first I learned to hate him,
And I know I hate him still,
Yet he urges me to have him,
But I hardly think I will.
I am sure I wouldn't choose him,
But the very devil is in it,
And he says if I refuse him,
That he could not live a minute;
And you know the blessed Bible,
Plainly says we "must not kill,"
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather think I will.

THE WAY TO MAKE PIES.—An old lady in the country had a fancy for the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple pie. "La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you handle such a pie?"
"Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple tree and then shake the fruit into it."

Short Cuts.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A CURE FOR EXTRAVAGANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"So, Charley, you are matrimonially inclined, I perceive," remarked Henry Sprayes, as he seated himself in the comfortable bachelor apartment of his friend.
"No, what makes you think so?" replied Charley Walker, smiling over the more serious feelings that the question excited.
"Why, you call upon the Youngs' quite often enough to mean something."
Charles whistled an air from the opera. It was the favorite of one of the young ladies to whom his friend alluded—which, to those who have had no experience in matters of the heart, may seem to be a remarkable coincidence.
"Which one is it, Charley?"
"Humph! You cannot have noted any very pointed attentions, if you have not found out which of them is the unfortunate choice of this poor bachelor?"
"All the world knows that you call there once or twice a week; and I know no more than others. Is it Jane?"
"No."
"Lavinia, then, of course. Well, she is a splendid girl, and I envy you your happiness."
"Happiness? What the deuce do you mean by that? I haven't married her yet," replied Charles, frowning at his friend's getting ahead in his conclusions rather to fast.
"All the same thing."
"Not exactly."
"You mean to marry her of course?"
"I don't know. Perhaps it is only a flirtation."
"Don't do that Charley."
"I love her Henry. I will confess that, if you will not laugh at me."
"O my soul! I would do any such thing. A matter of this kind certainly deserves serious consideration, and I am not the man to make fun of a fellow."
"Thank you, Henry. I wanted to talk over the matter with you, but I was a little afraid you would laugh at me, if I attempted to be serious over it."
"I assure you I will not. Marry if you can see your way clearly to do so—Lavinia is a fine girl, beautiful, good-tempered, and has a hundred good qualities to one bad one."
The lover smiled the gratification he felt at these pretty words concerning the one he loved.
"I have no fault to find with her. She certainly has a good heart."
"She has; you might go farther and fare worse. For my part, I should be weak enough to fall in love myself, if I could support a wife."
"But your salary is larger than mine."
"Still it is too small to support a wife in these times."
"My salary is only twelve while yours is fifteen hundred dollars a year. Why don't you tell me I can't afford to marry?"
"That is for you to decide, for everything depends upon the habits of her whom you make your wife."
"This is my difficulty. When I consider the way the Young girls have been brought up, I look with a good deal of timidity upon the future. I was thinking as you came in, that I would not call there again for a month I am afraid I have gone a little too far already."
"Think well before you decide. Young, you know, has not much of a fortune with which to portion his daughters."
"One-half of my salary would hardly pay for the new silk dresses I have known Lavinia to have within the year."
"I dare say it would not. I wonder her father left her dress so much as she does."
"Mr. Young is one of the best men I ever knew. He is a true Christian. They say he gives away immense sums of money every year in charity."
"He is in good business."
"True; but I doubt if he has accumulated anything. Mrs. Young, I think, is of another stamp. She wants to be a fashionable woman, and, I fancy, her husband is rather opposed to following the mode. He is a peaceable man, however, and I suppose he would not have a stormy house as long as no moral point is at issue."
"I have been told that she is the master of the house."
"No, not quite so strong as that; though I think everything in the family would have been different if he had married another woman. You think, then, that I cannot afford to marry?"
"You certainly cannot support her in her present style of living."

"I believe I shall not call there again at present. You speak my own mind. I will go to-morrow and hint at my intention, so that there shall be no misunderstanding."
"Think well, Charley, and don't let me influence you too much."
Charles had given the matter a very careful consideration, and made up his mind that he could not marry Lavinia, without stipulating beforehand that she must abandon her extravagance in dress. It would have been an awkward stipulation, but it would have been madness to make a girl his wife who would ruin him in a single year.

But while Charles and his friend are considering the matter, we will make a call at the comfortable abode of the Youngs. Perhaps some of the lover's fine description of the lady dear may be falsified, but we can't help that.

It was not the most aristocratic residence in the city. Mr. Young had built and now owned the house in which he dwelt. It was all that a reasonable man could possibly desire; and thousands would consider a structure far less spacious and elegant, far less luxuriously appointed, all that they could require.

It was a cold day in January—a very cold day. Even the fierce blasts of hot air which the great furnace poured into the apartment produced no effect upon the thick coating of frost that clung to the plate-glass of the windows. The grate, too, was piled high with coals, and before it were seated the two daughters of the merchant.

The warm and pleasant apartment was a paradise of comfort. It would have seemed a very heaven to the denizens of the cellars and attics in the obscure quarters of the Puritan city—even without including the comforts which before the fire.

"I haven't a dress that is fit to wear," said one of the Misses Young.
It was Charles Walker's divinity who was thus poorly off for suitable garments; yet any person observing the elegant silk dress she wore would have deemed it a piece of exaggeration.

"Nor I either," replied the other hour; "I do wish Pa would be a little more like other folks in these matters."
"He says he cannot afford such a system of extravagance," added Lavinia.
"Extravagance! If he thinks we are extravagant I wonder what he would say to the Livingstons and Herberts?"
"Sure enough."
"But we must have some dresses."
"Your blue silk will do very well to wear to the ball, Jane."
"So will your green, just as well."
"Here is the room," and as she spoke, Mr. Young entered the room.

Lavinia placed the great rocking chair before the fire for him, and then brought his slippers.
"It is dreadful cold, isn't it pa?"
"Pretty cold."
"We were just speaking of something when you came, pa," said Jane.
"Indeed," laughed Mr. Young. "Are you sure it wasn't nonsense?"
"Each of us wants a new silk dress, pa," interposed Lavinia.
"It was nonsense, then."
"We need them very much."
"Do you?" and the father laughed at the preposterous assumption.
"I haven't a single dress that is fit to wear," added Jane.

"Nor I," chimed Lavinia. "I have been positively miserable all day, thinking about it."
"Have you?"
"I have, indeed."
"Miserable? do you mean so?"
"I do, pa; you don't know what it is to want a dress; you don't know what it is to be cut out and triumphed over by those who are no better off in the world than we are."
"I hope I never shall," answered Mr. Young, seriously, if not sternly.
"Besides, I expect to be invited to the ball next week," continued Lavinia.
"You can go, if you are."
"I have no dress."
"I thought you one for the last ball."
"But I cannot wear it twice. What would Mr. ———?"
"Mr. Walker," added Jane mischievously.
"What would any one say?" blushed Lavinia.

"No matter what they say, I cannot afford to pay for any unnecessary dresses again this winter. You ought to be thankful for the thousand blessings that are showered upon you. There don't let me hear about you being miserable about dresses again."
"But we must have them, pa!" exclaimed Lavinia, very seriously; and her eyes seemed to moisten as though a tear of disappointment was struggling for existence.

Mr. Young looked at her solemnly, for a moment. His heart was deeply pained to observe the evidence of discontent she had exhibited, and which were now more visible in her expression.
"I want you to go with me after dinner, girls," continued Mr. Young after a long pause.
"Where pa?"
"We will make one or two calls, and then if you wish to buy your dresses we will sit end to the master."

Neither Jane nor Lavinia asked any more questions, and after dinner they were ready to attend their father. A carriage had been engaged for the occasion, and they departed on what to the young ladies was a mysterious mission.

CHAPTER III.
"Where are we going, pa?" asked Jane as she glanced at the suspicious looking houses on either side of the street.
The carriage stopped before a miserable dilapidated old building, before Mr. Young had time to answer the question; and he handed them out of the vehicle.

"What have we come here for, pa?" asked Lavinia, shrinking back as her father proposed to conduct her into the old building.
"Come along, girls."
Timid and doubtful they followed him into the house, and upon the rickety stairs, more than once requiring the philanthropic merchant to resort to persuasion to induce them to proceed.

In the attic, to which the fat-cloth ladies succeeded with much difficulty in ascending, they entered the room.
"There was a woman and three small children in the room, closely huddled over a broken stove which did not perceptibly elevate the temperature of the apartment over that of the external air. They were all huddled together in a heap, that they might have the benefit of the mutual warmth thus engendered. They had piled the scanty stock of rags which their meagre housekeeping facilities afforded them, upon their persons."
The room was scarcely a protection from the extreme cold of the day. Great cracks in the windows, and around them, opened wide for the passage of the freezing blast, and the little group were shivering with the cold.

The young ladies shuddered as they gazed at the pale, blue, livid faces of the abject group, and the tears immediately flooded the eyes of the gentle, tender-hearted Lavinia. It was such a sight as she had never seen before.
"It was an Irish mother, and those were Irish children; but they were none the less susceptible to cold and hunger because they were Irish."
"Oh, father!" gasped Lavinia, "let us do something for them."
"With all my heart, my child. I can spend my money in relieving such sufferings as these, when I do not feel like buying silks and satins," replied Mr. Young.

He then questioned the woman, whose quivering form would scarcely let her speak.
"Have you anything to eat?"
"Not a thing," replied she; "sorra taste of anything we had but water since yesterday morning. I don't care for myself, but the child is perishing with the cold and hunger."
"Mercy!" exclaimed Lavinia. "Nothing to eat and shivering all night with the cold in this dreadful place?"
"My attention was called to this case of suffering as I was going home to dinner," added Mr. Young; "and I promised to attend to it at once. I thought I would bring you here and show you how insignificant was your misery compared with that of these people. And there hundreds no better off in this city."
"I will not ask for another dress, pa," said Lavinia. "Only, let us give these poor sufferers all they want."
"Nor I, pa," added Jane.

Giving joy to the woman and children by promising to send them fuel, food and clothing, they left the house; but not to go home, for Lavinia would not be satisfied till she had seen the poor sufferers fed, warmed and clothed. She and her father bought everything required, and returned to the house. A great fire was kindled by the merchant, while his daughters busied themselves in stuffing the cracks with cotton which they had procured for the purpose.
Lavinia's eyes moistened with gratitude that she had been able to do something for the sufferers, as she saw the ravenous appetite with which they devoured the hot dinner that was brought from the restorer. Then the "God bless you's" which the poor woman showered upon them were far better than silks and feathers. When they had done all they could for the poor people, they left them, with hearts swelling with grateful emotions to Him who had given them the means of blessing the widow and the fatherless.

When Lavinia entered that warm parlor in their father's house again, it seemed more like a paradise than ever before. She wondered that she had ever complained of anything. Why had she not been born to poverty and misery, like the poor woman they had just made happy? Why was her lot appointed in the midst of luxurious plenty, while hundreds were perishing with hunger and shivering with cold? God had been good to her, and it was but a small return for her to be contented when she had nothing to repine for.

Perhaps that pleasant parlor was none the less a paradise because Charles Walker was there, awaiting her return. Blushing with pleasure, she told him of the afternoon adventure; and the lover was so enraptured that he failed to give the hint which he had come to give. He called the next day, and the next, instead of "breaking off altogether," as he had proposed. Then he invited her to the ball. She promised to go, if he would not object to the dress. Of course, he would not; and she showed him her written resolution, not to have another silk dress for a year. It was a reform in the right direction, and Charles was rejoiced that he had not given the before-mentioned hint.

As they became better acquainted, Charles' only objection to matrimony was discussed, rather indirectly, it is true; but Lavinia had learned her lesson. For the year succeeding her first visit to the poor people—she had often made such visits alone, since—her expenses for personal apparel were inside of a hundred dollars.

At the end of another year, Charles Walker led her to the altar, and she became a true and loving wife. She was cured of extravagance. It was a remarkable cure. The remedy was totally at fault with Jane. It impressed her for a time, but its effect soon wore away.

Charles' salary is larger now than when he was first introduced to the reader; but so prudent is his wife that he lives within his means. It is true, she spends a great deal in charity, but her husband can afford that, charity warms the heart, makes a man a better friend, and a woman a better wife.

HUMOROUS.

STEALING WATER-MELONS.

A man in a country town took great pleasure in having a neat garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier than his neighbors, but thieving boys in the neighborhood annoyed him, damaged his trees, trampled down his choicest flowers and "looked" his choicest fruits. He tried various ways to protect his grounds, but his watch-dogs were poisoned, and set-traps caught nothing but his fattest fowls and favorite cat.

One afternoon, however, just at nightfall, he overheard a couple of mischievous boys talking together when one of them said:
"What do you say, Joe; shall we come the grab game over them melons to-night?"
"Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men before 12 o'clock."
The other objected, as there was a high wall to get over.
"Oh, pshaw!" was the reply, "I know a place where you can get over just as easy—know it like a book. Come, Joe, let's go."

The owner of the melon patch didn't like the idea of being an eaves-dropper; but the conversation so immediately concerned his melons, which he had taken so much pains to raise, that he kept quiet and listened to the plans of the young scape-graces, so that he might make it somewhat bothersome for them.

Ned proposed to get over the wall on the south side, by the great pear tree, and cut directly across to the summer-house, just north of which were the melons.
"Joe was a clever fellow who loved good fruit exceedingly, and was as obstinate as an ass. Get him once started to do a thing, and he would stick to it like a mud turtle to a nigger's toe. The other didn't care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them."
Now hear the owner's story:

"I made a needful preparation for the visit; put in brads pretty thick in the scuttling along the wall where they intended to get over; uncovered a large vat of water which had been filled for some time, from which, in dry weather, I was accustomed to water my garden, dug a trench a foot or so deep, and placed slender boards over it, which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords, fastened tightly, some eight inches from the ground. I picked all the melons I wished to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes of about the size and shape of melons, in their places."
The boys were quite right in supposing it would be dark, but they missed it a little in inferring that "Old Swipes" as they called him would be in bed. The old man liked a little rum as well as they, and the time came, from his hiding-place he listened:

"Whist, Joe! don't you hear something? I think it was very probable that they did, for hardly were the words uttered ere there came a sound of forcible tearing of stuffian."
"Get off my coat tail!" whispered Joe; there goes one of the flaps as sure as guns! Why, get off, Ned?"
And Ned was off, and one leg of his breeches besides, and then he was aching and oblong, and telling Joe that he believed there were nails in the side of the wall, for something had scratched him, tremendously and torn his breeches all to pieces."

Joe sympathized with him, for he said "half his coat was hanging up there somewhere."
"They now started hand in hand, for Ned believed he knew the way." They had arrived a little beyond the trees, when something went "swish" "swash" into the water-vat. A sneeze ensued, then the exclamation—"Thunder! that water smells rather odd!"
Ned wanted to go home at once, but Joe was too much excited to listen for a moment to such a proposition.

"Never heard anything about that cistern before, the old fellow must have fixed it on purpose to drown people in." Curious though, that we should both fall into it."
They pushed on again for the melons. Presently they were caught by the cords, and headlong they went into a pile of briars and thistles, and the like, which had been placed there for their express accommodation.

"Such a getting up stairs!" muttered one. "Needles and thistles! how they prick!" exclaimed the other.
They now determined to go more cautiously. At length they arrived at the patch.
"How thick they are, Joe!—come here! There's more than a dozen fat ones here!"
And down they sat in the midst of them and seemed to conclude that they were amply rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here, Joe," said Ned, "take this musk melon; isn't it a sock-dogger? Smash into it!"
"It cuts tremendous hard Ned. Ned, it's a squash!"
"No it isn't; I tell you it's a new kind.—Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed last spring."
"Well, then, all I've got to say is, that the old fellow got snoked in—that's so."

"I'm going to gouge into this water melon; halo! there goes a half a dollar! I've broke my knife. If I didn't know it was a water melon, I should say it was a pumpkin. Fact is, I believe it is a pumpkin!"
"What the boys did besides, while the owner went to the stable and unmuzzled the dog, and led him into the garden, we couldn't say—that they took long steps the onion and flower beds revealed in the morning."
They paid pretty dear for the whistle.—They had not tasted a single melon; they had got scratched, and fore their clothes; were as wet as drowned rats, and half scared out of their wits at the ravenous dog, and the apprehension of being discovered.

The next night the owner of the melon patch invited all the boys of the village, including Ned and Joe, to a feast of melons, on the principle of returning good for evil. This circumstance changed the boys' opinion of "Old Swipes," and his melons were never afterwards disturbed.

A BRACE OF BOY'S COMPOSITIONS.—A distinguished Georgian lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boys' school, and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:
"On Industry.—It is a bad thing for a man to be idle. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the site. The end.
Here is another:
"On the Seasons.—There are four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people like spring, but as for me give me liberty or give me death. The end.

"Will you have a Daily Sun?" said a newsboy to Mrs. Partington. "Will I have a Daily Sun? Why you little scraggy-grace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home? No indeed I guess I won't have a Daily Sun! My poor dead man used to complain most awfully when I presented him a yearly Sun! A daily sun, indeed! Begon, you little upstart imp!" And the old lady called for a turkey-tail fan to keep from swooning.

The following is said to be the private receipt of a funny editor "out West":
"Take one pint of whiskey, stir it well with one spoonful of whiskey; then add another pint of whiskey; beat carefully with a spoon and keep pouring in whiskey. Fill a large bowl with water, and whisk a servant set it out of your reach. Take a small tumbler, pour in two spoonfuls of water; pour out the water, and fill up with whiskey, and add to the above. Flavor with whiskey to your taste."