

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.

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Miscellaneous.

From the New York Ledger.
THE LOST WILL,
—OR—
THE PEARL AND THE LILY.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Two young girls sat in a plain, small, and simply furnished apartment. The room was cozily warmed by a grate fire, for a small stove that stood upon the hearth, with the cooking utensils and plain service of white china that were arranged in a dresser upon one side of the chimney, denoted these uses; while a few books, a piano-forte, and implements of sewing also indicated that it was parlor and sitting-room. An open door beyond this opened a neat chamber, with its white bed and toilet. And these two narrow rooms, on one of the upper floors of a lodging-house, were the sole home of the two sisters.

They were hand-somely dressed in mourning gowns, and the air of refinement, as well as some small articles of luxury, indicated that their present dwelling was far below what would be the condition in which they had been reared.

And, in truth, this was the case; and as they sat together, on this first evening they went to their new home, they might well be pardoned if their thoughts went back sadly to the home which they had left. Spacious rooms, with their luxuries, appointments, flower-poteries, music, were but the fit surroundings for such as they. It was not strange that their indifference to their new discomforts or content with bare walls and narrow passages, or the noise of strange feet in the uncarpeted passages, or all the thousand things which to them bespoke their fallen fortunes. Yet, on that night, was strong enough the struggle before her: the strife for bread, and the poor but sufficient needs of their altered station.

Margaret and Lillian Bruce had known plenty in their childhood, but that was long ago, and remained to them only as a memory. Their father had left them, when scarcely more than infants, to the care of a widowed mother, who, with scanty means, had reared them tenderly and well. She, too, died while they were yet children; Margaret, the eldest, scarcely ten years of age. But her dying wishes were cheerily obeyed by the promise of their wealthy grand-uncle, Mr. Emanuel Bruce, to care for them as for his children. And with that faint breath had commended them to him.

Mr. Emanuel Bruce had well fulfilled his promise. Immediately after their mother's death, the little girls were removed to Fairmount, the residence of their uncle, and in the home they passed the years of their youth. Every luxury that wealth could purchase was at their disposal. Their wants were anticipated, their wishes were the laws of the household, while they were the pets of their uncle, and dearly loved by their invalid aunt. With the exception of two or three years at school, their lives, from the day of their first removal thither, had been passed at Fairmount.

Margaret was eighteen when she was recalled thither on the death of her aunt, to take her place at the head of the household. Lillian had never been separated from her, and therefore accompanied her home, to finish her education there, under the charge of a governess.

The mansion which, with all its magnificence, had been gloomy in its stillness, during the lifetime of the long-suffering invalid, now grew brighter with the presence of these lovely girls. When the year of mourning had passed, and its doors were opened for visitors, Fairmount became the resort of the elite of the neighboring country, and the sisters were by common consent, toasted as the belles of the country.

Margaret, fair, stately and serene, was known as the "Pearl of Fairmount"; Lillian, more modest, of that soft and fragile style of countenance which flowers are the fittest type, was named the "Lily." Margaret was her mother's comfort and companion, the mild and sweet-lavored sister of her character, fitting her for such a relation, even to one so many years her senior. But Lillian, petite, graceful, and beautiful, was his pet, a child to set upon his knee, the recipient of caresses and bon-hons, her life passing without care or responsibility in the perfumed atmosphere of household affection.

One day the two sisters went, hand in hand to the old man's library. They stood before him, flushing and downcast, waiting to be questioned, not daring to speak the secrets their blushing revealed. Even Margaret, so self-possessed, was as very a child as little Lillian on this occasion. But her uncle had not believed unimpaired certain indications, that her love had gone beyond the household circle. He was not utterly unprepared for her case, nor entirely unwilling to aid its utterance. Nor, when it was told, did he refuse to sanction the promises she had made to Arthur Lovel, the young clergyman of the parish, whom he loved almost as a son.

But that his Lily should dream of love and marriage was an idea not so readily comprehended. The child, the baby, that sat upon his knee, could she have a woman's heart, giving out after other loves than his? Propositions!

The whole thing appeared to him in a light so ridiculous, his wonder and surprise were so genuine, but so unflattering to Lily's new assumed importance, as Mark Carrington's feelings, that she burst into tears, and sobbed and panted in something as much like anger as was possible to one of her gentle temperaments.

be false at heart, though outwardly he had the form and features of an Apollo. And he knew that the country more than once had rung with the story of his mad pranks, and that whispers of deeds dishonoring his manhood had privately circulated.

At first he refused to consent to the marriage, refused to see Mr. Carrington when he came to plead his suit, tried to reason and to coax Lillian out of what he deemed a childish preference. But all in vain. All the wisdom of all the elders is but useless words, when opposed to the unthinking, undisciplined passions of youth. Lily loved Mark; he craved the portion of her uncle's property, which, as co-heiress with Margaret, was understood to be designed for her.

But at last Lily's tears won the old man's consent. He would not listen to Mark's entreaties for an early marriage, but made his assent conditional on a delay of two years.—Lillian was young, and two years might produce some result to save her from a most unhappy fate. Alas, little did he dream that that result would be!

Margaret's quiet joy in her new hopes had meanwhile, been greatly marred by the sight of Lillian's sad face. But now that it had grown radiant again, now that her voice rang out once more in musical tones and melodious laughter, the expression of her intense happiness, the last shadow left Margaret's brow. And Arthur Lovel looked upon the precious "Pearl" he had won, and saw her again in all her calm serene beauty.

His was a toilsome life. His large parish, with widely scattered inhabitants, full of the abounding needs of a poor, rural population, formed for him a most arduous field of labor. Margaret had always been his coadjutor in all his parish work not strictly clerical.—When he should wear this pearl upon his bosom, he felt that still more would his toil and cares be lightened by her ready and constant sympathy, her efficient aid and counsel.

He well knew that it was a humble fate to which he was about to consign her. But mutual love, mutual hopes, and mutual faith like theirs depend not on external circumstances, or high station, for their full and happy fruition.

Very happy were all at Fairmount, and looking forward with the brightest anticipations, when suddenly the storm broke upon them. One blow—a stunning stroke—and their fair fabrics crumbled to ashes.

The family were aroused at daybreak by screams and the ringing of bells. Hurried feet were heard in the passages, doors creaked and slammed—there was all the confusion of some unexpected and fearful event. Lillian and Margaret, summoned from sleep, hurried to their uncle's room. A silent, awe-struck group was already gathered there. Every eye turned upon the still sleeper, lying there amidst the rich drapery of the bed.

Margaret was the first to approach him; she laid her hand upon his own—there was no answer from the silent lips, there was no answering clasp from the chill hand. He was dead! In the silent night-watches the mes senger called him, and the spirit of Emanuel Bruce had gone forth into the unseen life.

Days passed. The dead had been interred with all the pomp and ceremony that befitted his vast wealth. Then came the bustle of men of business; then came the greedy heirs. There was searching among all the repositories for the will which the deceased had made. His lawyer had drawn it, scarce a month before; it had been properly executed, and, by its provisions, Margaret and Lillian were sole inheritors of his wealth.

But no will could be found. In vain was the protracted search. There were heirs-at-law, nearer of kin than the orphans—a brother and sister, with whom the deceased had for years held no intercourse. The property, in the absence of any will, was undoubtedly theirs. They came at once and entered upon possession. The orphan girls, so lately looked upon as heiresses of all the wealth around them, suddenly found themselves homeless and penniless.

True, Mr. John Bruce pompously offered them a home in his house, until the marriage of which he had heard should take place; and his sister, though careful to say that young people annoyed her, ungraciously seconded the invitation. Mr. Carrington and Mr. Lovel were called to a council, for the girls could not decide, without their advice and approval, on any plan.

Unknowingly they had produced a test for the characters of these men. Carrington had wooed the heiress. All Lillian's sweet beauty went for beauty, all her lovely traits were powerless to bind him to his promised allegiance. With many awkward excuses, for he had the grace to be ashamed of himself, he contrived to make Lillian understand that he no longer desired the proposed alliance. She proudly assented to the dissolution of the engagement, and he departed, feeling, if he might judge from his appearance, like a man who had committed a most dishonorable action.

But the pure gold of Lovel's character came brightly through the trial. His home, the humble parsonage, awaited its mistress, he said. And he urged her consent to an immediate marriage, that both herself and Lillian might have its "after and protection."

Ken Lillian found herself the inmate of the poor home we have described!

Margaret's accomplishment now became the means of her support. Lillian lent her efforts to aid in this work, and in the cares of the household, but they were feeble and uncertain. She drooped like a flower upon which the storms have beaten. The "Lily" was fading beneath the rude breath of misfortune. She had loved with all the power of her being, and when love was crushed, the very spring of life was faded away.

Slowly, slowly, she faded away. And Margaret, watching her decay with sad anxiety, had still another sorrow. Arthur was in failing health. A neglected cold had produced dangerous symptoms. She saw him but seldom; but each time she noted changes, increased pallor, or the warning hectic flush, or the sharp, quick cough and hurried breathing.

It was a sad fate, that of this young girl, to see those she best loved fading from her sight, and feel herself powerless to aid them. But still she steadfastly kept on her appointed path of labor and duty.

So, slowly passed the summer months. On a glorious summer night Lillian died. The withered petals of the crushed Lily fell away. Her pure soul exhaled and went to heaven.

When the funeral passed into Fairmount churchyard, the young pastor did not come forth to meet it. Prostrated by illness that seemed mortal, he lay within hearing of the tolling bell that sounded a dirge over Lily's new-made grave.

Most gladly would Margaret have devoted herself, henceforth, to him. But she could give but brief space to her desires. Lily's long illness had left heavy debt on Margaret's hands. The poor cannot afford the luxury of indolent grief. She was forced to return to the scene of her labors.

Daily came little notes from Mrs. Lee, Lovel's housekeeper. They cheered the lonely, toiling girl, for they mentioned his apparent improvement. But the physicians were not deceived. They suddenly ordered him to a southern climate, as the only means of prolonging his life. Suddenly the news of his contemplated voyage came to Margaret.

Mr. Lovel earnestly begs you to write to him, at once, dear Miss Margaret," wrote Mrs. Lee, "and if possible, to come and see him. If only for an hour, before he leaves home."

The first shock of this announcement over which she sat down to write the letter for which she knew Arthur was longing. She opened her desk, an ancient one, of some rare inlaid wood, which had been the property of her uncle. The last time she looked upon him in life, beset over it, engaged in writing. After the establishment of the heirs-at-law, Margaret had found this desk, thrust away among other things regarded as useless lumber, in the garret of the mansion. She had reclaimed and converted it to her own use.

With hurried fingers she now searched its receptacles for implements of writing. Her hand struck a slight projection in one of the compartments of the desk, which she had never noticed before. Suddenly a tiny door flew back, disclosing a narrow drawer, in which lay some closely folded papers.

The door will be found! Margaret read eagerly to satisfy herself of this, and then, laying aside Arthur's letter, she went out and sought the residence of the lawyer who drew it, fortunately near her own. He was absent and would not return until the following day. She was forced, therefore, to curb her impetuosity. She would not tell Arthur of the discovery until she could tell him whether it were valuable. So she wrote him that she would be with him on the third day, and then waited with what patience she could.

In due time Mr. Templeton, the legal gentleman, returned. He at once pronounced the will genuine, and found with it the schedules of the property which he had himself prepared.

Margaret only waited for the confirmation of her hopes. She set off to carry the tidings to her lover. He had already set out to the seaport, whence he was to embark. She followed him thither, and casting herself into the arms that opened joyfully to receive her, assured him that she would never leave him more.

"My post is by your side, Arthur," she said, "as your wife I must go with you, and she met no refusal. They were married."

It so chanced that contrary winds detained the vessel, and Margaret and Arthur spent the first week of their married life in it.

"I almost think you might safely take your husband home again," said the physician, on the morning they sailed. "He has improved wonderfully. Had happiness been among the elements of materia medica, I would have prescribed it for him. Unfortunately it was not; and you, I think, will have the credit of his cure."

KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH.

And it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the temple of Jerusalem, that he called upon him the chief architects, the head artificers and cunning workmen in silver and gold and in wood and in ivory and stone—yes, all who aided in working on the Temple of the Lord, and said unto them:—

"Sit you down at my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief-workers and artificers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat and drink and be merry. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Is not the skilful artificer deserving of honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatteness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the feast chamber. Then Solomon, the King, was wroth and said:—"What manner of man art thou?"

And the man answered and said:—"When men wish to honor me they call me Son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt, and in truth thy servant desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why came you thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the Temple are invited?"

"Please ye, my Lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were to dine with the King of Israel?"

Then, he who carved the cherubim said:—"This fellow is no sculptor."

And he who inlaid the work with pure gold, said:—"Neither is he a workman in fine metals."

And he who raised the walls said:—"He is not a cutter of stone."

And he who made the roof cried out:—"He is not cunning in cedar wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of joining pieces of strange timber together."

Then said Solomon:—"What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?"

"When the Son of the Forge heard this he was in no way dismayed; but, advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said:

"O King, live forever! The chief men of the workers in wood and gold and stone, have said that I am not of them and they have said truly. I am their superior, before they lived; I created, I am their master, and they are all my servants." And he turned him around, and said to the chief of the carvers of stone:

"Who made thee the tools with which you carve?"

And he said, "The Blacksmith,"

O Tar! The Printer's Christmas.

"Is the editor within?"

"Your servant sir."

"A package. Charges, thirty-eight cents." Happened to have just the amount. Paid Expressman, and then, with a nervous hand proceeded to examine the mysterious box.—The cover is removed, when our eyes were gladdened with the sight of a fine fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a bottle of champagne; and the next and last, a huge demijohn, marked, "O Tar." What in the world is O Tar? It must mean Old Tar; but what in the world induced any one to send us either old or new Tar? We hav'nt got any wagon, and as for getting up a bonfire for the benefit of the Republicans, we are not in the humor. We have it. We will sell it to the livery man. Called on him, and he said he did not see Tar, but grease; on his feet a very good humor still wondering why it was sent to us. Resolved finally to draw the cork. Did so. It was, a Tar. Smelt of it. Knew by the smell it wasn't Tar.—Tasted of it, and became fully satisfied that it wasn't Tar. Tasted again, and then drew up a resolution declaring, in the most emphatic terms, that it wasn't Tar. Tasted again, and then entered the resolution among the regular proceedings, to make it sure that it wasn't Tar. Tasted again, and began to feel happy. Tasted agas, and felt very rich. Tasted again, and soon became very rich, and resolved to give our cottage to a poor widow, and purchase the elegant mansion over the way to denote our office to Jabe and buy out the New York Ledger.

The "devil" a \$20 gold piece for Christmas, and promised him a round hundred for New Years. Bought a \$5000 pair of nags and a sleigh cushioned with scarlet velvet, and decorated with gold and pearls. Ordered from the South, a darkey driver and postman whose face shone like a glass bottle under a direct sunray. Went over to the "Union" and told Fred, to send every poor family in town a barrel of Julian Mills Flour, and nameless other articles to render them comfortable. Bought all the wood in the market and ordered it sent immediately to the fore-said poor people. Gave each of the Clergy-men in town a thousand dollars—adopted fourteen orphan girls—and fifteen orphan boys—run round and paid all our debts (what printer on earth ever done that?)—kissed (before we thought) a pretty girl who called to wish us a merry Christmas (somebody looked unpleasant when this happened) settled the matter by ordering a thousand dollar shawl, and a set of furs costing an equal amount—put on our slippers, (imagining that we heard music) did hear music, for somebody came near being kicked out of bed. Alas! we had only been dreaming!

—Sandy Hill Herald.

"TAKE A CHAIR."—An English gentleman stopped at a public house late one night, and was lucky in obtaining the only spare bed. Presently, when he was on the point of retiring to rest, a Norwegian lady also arrived, intending to spend the night there. What was to be done? Like a gallant Englishman as he was, he immediately offered to give up his bed to the "unprotected female," who was mistress of a little English. "Many thanks, but what will you do sir?" "Oh! I will take a chair." At this answer, the lady blushed and darted out of the room, and in a few minutes her carriage was driven off in the darkness. What could be the meaning of it? The landlady soon after looked into the room, with a knowing sort of look at the Englishman. He subsequently discovered the key to the enigma. The lady thought he said "he would take a share" and was, of course, mightily offended. So much for a smattering of a foreign language. Doubtless from that day forward she would quote this incident to her female friends as an instance of the natural depravity of Englishmen.

I wonder.—When a young man is clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, smokes 'foine segars,' drinks 'choice brandy,' attends balls and the like, I wonder if he does it upon the avails of his clerkship?

When a young lady sits in the parlor all day, with her lily white fingers covered with dishes, I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work in the kitchen?

When a daron of the church sells strong butter, recommending it as excellent and sweet, I wonder how he can do it.

When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if he will not by and by, go four times?

When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten her life a dozen years or more, besides making her miserable while she does live?

When a young man is dependant upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say toward the top for instance!

When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading it, but neglects to pay for it, I wonder?

Young people fall in love just now, whether they will or not. The weather is so cold they freeze together in spite of all exertions to the contrary

At a Fourth of July celebration in Marion county, Illinois, a young lady offered the following toast: "The young men of America: Their arms our support. Our arms their reward"

"Will you take something?" said a teetotaler to a friend, whilst standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the expectant reply. "Well" said the teetotaler "let's take a walk"

A Funny Scene.

We happened to be at our depot a few days ago, when the mail train arrived from Bristol. As it moved off in a hurry, we observed a young gentleman standing upon the track in the rear of the train, bareheaded, and with evident disappointment depicted on his countenance. Remarking that a passenger had been left, a by stander; with a knowing wink, replied that the bare-headed man upon the track and a young lady upon the train had intended to stop at Abingdon, with the design of committing matrimony. The young lady was in charge of her mother, who was taking her eastward from Bristol to prevent the marriage. The young couple had arranged the matter thus: The expectant groom, without the knowledge of the mother, was to come as far as Abingdon in the baggage car, and then, about the time the train was to start he was to run to the back platform of the rear car, where his lady was to be standing, and as the train moved off he was to lift her down and let the incorrigible mammy go on, with ample time for reflection upon the uncertainty of human calculation. The arrangements were understood by the Engineer, who was to move off as rapidly as possible as soon as the hatless gentleman disappeared behind the train. The mother, however, having seen him making his way to the rear of the car, looked round for her daughter, and seeing her about to pass on to the platform, rushed towards her and grasped her tightly by the clothing, just at which moment, the lover having reached the signal spot, too! too! sounded the whistle, and away went the train, with the mother holding on to the daughter, and the young gentleman, as before remarked, standing bare-headed upon the track, looking very much as if he had let a bird go.—Abingdon Virginian.

Ancient Ship-Building.

The ancients seem to have outdone all succeeding attempts at ship-building, the Leviathan of 1855 alone excepted. Some of the galleys on the description left us, were superb. Ptolemy Philopater had one built which was four hundred and twenty feet long, and twenty-eight broad, and required a compliment of four thousand rowers, four thousand sailors, and three hundred soldiers; but that of Hiero, constructed by the renowned Archimedes, consumed wood enough to build sixty large galleys, and was fitted up in a style that throws the most splendid of our vessels into a wide distance. There was not only a banqueting-room, bath, library, and a spacious gymnasium, finished and furnished with the most admirable skill and costly material, with stables, fish-ponds, mills and gardens, but there was a Temple of Venus, fitted up in a gorgeous style, the floor being inlaid with precious stones, and the walls of cypress wood, ornamented with choice paintings and statues. The warlike appointments of this marine monster were on a corresponding scale of formidable grandeur. The vessel was surrounded by iron bulwarks, like a rampart, massy, and strengthened with eight towers; and there were machines sufficiently powerful to project a stone of three hundred pounds weight, or a dart seventeen and a half feet long, a distance of half a mile.

A Brain and Nerve People.—Some one who appears to comprehend the American people, physically speaking, says with no little justice:—"The Americans are in fact becoming nothing else but brain and nerve. Fat and fibre are only valued as they sell in markets, and muscle is only thought of as it pertains to our draught animals. Our stimulating climate and our fast habits make us so nervous, that life is becoming to us one continued spasm. Our movements are like those of a dancing jack. Even our postures are so intense that they fatigue us as much as our business. The so-called rest which we begrudgingly give ourselves, wears us as much as our work. We cannot bear to have another called more "smart" than ourselves, and we will die and be buried, rather than not become as rich as our neighbors. There is ever the same unsatisfied spirit of restlessness, whether we go abroad or stay at home. Nobody shall travel faster or see a given number of objects in a less number of hours than ourselves, no matter at what cost of money or health. There is no impossible Alpa that he will not climb, or no deep cave of earth or sea, that he will not explore.—There are none who shall grow numb before ourselves on the highest frozen peak, and there shall be none who can hold their breath longer under water. When the guide is not looking, there is no King's throne or people's chair, which we will not sit. There is nothing within the scope of human ability which we will not undertake, and when we boast of what we have accomplished, there are none who shall draw a longer bow."

During a recent trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings:

Among the witnesses was one, as verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross examination the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

"Mr. witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir, several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who these persons are."

"Waal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

The witness was dismissed, while the judge, jury, and spectators indulged in a hearty laugh.

M. M. White