

# Democrat and Sentinel.

M. M. O'Neill

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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## Select Poetry.

### THE UNKNOWN BATTLE FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field  
In every human breast,  
Where two opposing forces meet,  
And there they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight;  
'Tis only seen by One,  
Who knows alone where victory lies,  
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,  
Their chief of demon form;  
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,  
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,  
Whole troops watch night and day,  
Swift to detect the weakest point,  
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force,  
Is but a little band—  
Yet there, with an unquailing front,  
These warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of god-like form,  
Of countenance serene,  
And glowing in his naked breast,  
A naked cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,  
Point to that wondrous sign,  
And gazing on it, all receive  
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,  
A truth as great as aere—  
'Tis to be victors, they must learn  
To love, to suffer, and endure.

That faith sublime in wildest strife,  
Imparts a holy calm—  
For every deadly blow a shield,  
For every wound a balm.

And when they win the battle-field,  
Proud toil is quite forgot—  
The plain where carnage once had reigned  
Becomes a hallowed spot—

A spot where flowers of joy and peace  
Spring from the fertile sod,  
And breathe the perfume of their praise  
On every breeze—to God.

## Miscellaneous.

### MOUSE INFLUENCE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

'Who's that, I wonder,' said Mrs. Seaburn as she heard a ring at the basement door.

'Ah—it's Marshall,' returned her husband, who had looked out of the window and recognized the grocer's cart.

'And what have you sent home now, Henry?'

But before Mr. Seaburn could answer, the door of the sitting room was opened, and one of the domestics looked in and asked—

'What'll do the demijohns, mum?'

'Dem-johns,' repeated Mrs. Seaburn.

'Let them set in the hall, and I'll attend to them,' interposed the husband.

'Henry, what have you sent home now?'

The wife asked, after the domestic had gone.

'Some nice wine, Cora, and a little choice old brandy,' replied Henry.

Cora Seaburn glanced up at the clock, and then looked down upon the floor. There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was very evident that something lay heavily on her heart.

Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bell cord, and the summons was answered by the chambermaid.

'Are George and Charles in their room?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Tell them it is school time.'

The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting room, with their books under their arms, and their caps in their hands.

They were bright happy, healthy fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their rosy faces, and the light of free conscience gleaming in their sparkling eyes.

George was thirteen years of age, and Charles eleven, and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them. The boys kissed their mother—gave a happy 'good morning' to their father—and then went away to school.

'And you only have it in the house, and serve it to your friends, and drink it yourself because others do?'

'I do it because,' said Mr. Seaburn, hesitating some in his choice of language—'because it would appear very fanatical not to do it.' This last was spoken emphatically.

'But,' pursued Mrs. Seaburn, with the calmness and assurance of one who feels the sustaining influence of right, 'you would not do what you were convinced was wrong, out of respect to any such considerations, would you?'

'You know I would not, Cora. This question of temperance, I know, is a good one in the abstract, and I am willing to live up to it as I understand it; but I am no testotter.'

'Henry,' said his wife, with an earnest look into his face, 'will you answer me a few questions—and answer them honestly and truly, without equivocation and evasion?'

'Bless me, how methodically you put it, Cora. But I will answer.'

'Then—first, do you believe you, or your friends, are in any way benefited by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? That is—do you derive any real good from it?'

'No—I can't say that we do.'

'Do you think the time has ever been, since we were married, when we actually needed wine in the house, either for our health or comfort?'

'Why—I think it has administered to our comfort, Cora.'

'How?'

'O—in many ways.'

'Name one of them.'

'Why in the enjoyment of our guests.'

'Ah, but I am speaking of ourselves, Henry—of you and me, and your own little family. Has it ever ministered to our comfort?'

'No—I can't say it has.'

'And it was banished from our house today, and forever, as a beverage, should we suffer in consequence?'

'Certainly. What would our friends—'

'Ah—but stop. I am only speaking of our own affairs, as shut in from the world, by our own freeds. I want all extraneous considerations left out—Should we, as a family, suffer in our moral, physical, or domestic affairs in the total absence of this beverage?'

'No—I don't know that we should.'

'Then to you, as a husband, and a father, and as a man, it is of no earthly use?'

'No.'

'And it would cost you no effort, so far as you alone are concerned to break clear from it?'

'Not a particle.'

'And now, Henry,' pursued the wife, with increased earnestness, 'I have a few more questions to ask: Do you believe that the drinking of intoxicating beverages is an evil in this country?'

'Why—as it is now going on, I certainly do.'

'And isn't it an evil in society?'

'Yes.'

'Look over this country, and tell me if it is not a terrible evil.'

'A terrific evil grows out of the abuse of it, Cora.'

'And will you tell me what good grows out of the use of it?'

'Really, love, when you come down to this abstract point you have the field. But people should govern their appetites. All these things may be abused.'

'Yes. But will you tell me the use—the real good—to be derived from drinking wine, and brandy?'

'As I said before—it is a special custom, and has its charms.'

'Ah—there you have it, Henry. It does have charms, as the deadly snake is said to have, and as other vices have! But I see you are in a hurry.'

'It is time I was at the store.'

'I will detain you but a moment longer, Henry. Just answer me a few more questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; think of all the domestic circles you have known, from your school boy days to the present. Run your thoughts through the various homes where you have been intimate. Do this, and tell me if, in any instance, you ever knew a single joy to be planted by the hearth-stone from the wine cup. Did you ever know one item of good to flow to a family from its use?'

'No. I cannot say that I ever did—not as you mean.'

'And now answer me again. Think of those homes once more. Call to memory the playmates of your childhood—think of other homes—think of the firesides where all you have known dwell—and tell me if you have seen any great griefs—planted by the intoxicating bowl upon the hearthstone?'

Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed between him such grim spectres of sorrow and grief, that he shuddered at the mental vision. He saw the youth cut down in the hour of promise—he saw the grey head fall in dishonor—he saw hearts broken—he saw homes made desolate—he saw affections wither up and die—and he saw noble intellects stricken down! Good Heaven!—what sights he saw as he unrolled the canvas of his memory!

'Henry,' whispered his wife, moving to his side, and winding one arm gently about his neck, 'we have two boys. They are growing to be men. They are noble, generous and warlike-hearted. They love their home, and honor their parents. They are here to form those characters—to receive those impressions—which shall be the basis upon which their future weal or woe must rest. Look at them, O, think of them!—Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of life before them. Shall they carry out from their home one evil influence? Shall they, in time to come, fall by the wayside, cut down by the Demon of the Cup, and, in their dying hour, curse the example whence they derived their appetite? O for

our children—for those two boys—for the men we hope to see them—for the sweet memories we would have them cherish of their home—for the good old age they may reap—let us cast this thing out—now and forever!'

Cora kissed her husband as she ceased speaking; and then he arose to his feet, but made her no reply.

'Henry, are you offended?'

'No,' he said. 'He returned her kiss, and without another word, left his house, and went to his store.'

How strangely did circumstances work to keep the idea his wife had given him alive in his mind. That very morning he met a youth—a friend of one of his wealthy friends—in a state of wild intoxication; and during the forenoon he heard that Aaron C— had died at sea. He knew that Aaron had been sent away from home that he might be reclaimed.

After the bank had closed, and as Henry Seaburn was thinking of going to his dinner, he received a note through the Penny Post. It was a note from a medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home, and he stopped there.

'There is a man in one of the lower wards who wishes to see you,' said the doctor.

'Does he know me?' asked Seaburn.

'He says he does.'

'What is his name?'

'He won't tell us. He goes by the name of Smith; but I am satisfied that such is not his true name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lucid intervals, but they do not last long. He has been here a week. He was picked up in the street, and brought here. He heard your name, and said he knew you once.'

Mr. Seaburn went to the room where the patient lay, and looked at him. Surely he never knew that man! There must be some mistake,' he said.

The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes, such bloodshot, sunken, uncerthly looking eyes.

'Henry,' he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow. 'Is this Harry Seaburn?'

'That is my name.'

'And don't you know me?'

'I'm sure I do not. And he would have said that he did not wish to, only the man seemed so utterly miserable that he would not what little feeling he might have left.'

'Have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry—your friend in other years—your chum in college?'

'What?' gasped Seaburn, starting back aghast, for a glimmer of the truth burst upon him. 'This is not Alec Lombard?'

'All that's left of him, my Hal,' returned the poor fellow, putting forth his wasted, skeletal hand, and smiling a faint, quivering, dying smile. 'Ah—Peter Peccati!'

'Alexander Lombard?' said Henry, gazing into the bloated, disfigured face before him. 'You wouldn't have known me, Hal?'

'Good heavens—no!'

'I know I am altered. Ah, Hal, *sic transit gloria mundi!*'

'But, Alec,' cried Seaburn, 'how is this? Why are you here?'

'Rum, Hal—Rum! I'm about done. If I wanted to see you, they told me you lived not far away; and I would look upon one friend before I died.'

'But I heard you were practising in your profession, Alec, and doing well.'

'So I did do well when I practised, Hal. I have made some pleas; but I've given up that.'

'And your father—where is he?'

'Don't mention him, Hal. We've broken. I don't know him. He taught me to drink! Aye—he taught me—and then turned the cold shoulder upon me when I drank too much! But—I'm going, Hal—going, going!'

Henry Seaburn gazed into that horrible face and remembered what its owner had been; the son of wealthy parents; the idol of a fond mother; the favorite at his school, at play, at college; a light of intellect and physical beauty; and a noble, generous friend. And now—Alec!

'Alec, can I help you?'

'Yes, and the poor fellow started higher up from his pillow, and something of the old light struggled for a moment in his eye.—'Pray for me, Hal. Pray for my soul! Pray that I may go where my mother is! She won't disown her boy! she couldn't have done it if she had lived. Oh! she was a good mother, Hal. Thank God, she didn't let me see this. Pray for me, pray—pray! Let me go to her!'

Not one word had he spoken to his wife all the while, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting-room, where his boys were at their books, and took a seat on one of the tete-a-tete. He called his wife and his children about him, and then he told them the story of Alexander Lombard.

'And now, my loved ones,' he added, laying his hand upon the heads of his boys, 'I have made a solemn vow that henceforth my children shall find no such influence in their home. They shall never have occasion to curse the example of their father. I will touch the wine-cup no more forever. What say you, my boys, will you join me in the sacred pledge?'

They joined him with a glad, gushing willingness; for their hearts were full, and their sympathies all turned, by a mother's careful love, to light.

'And you, Cora?'

'Yes, yes,' she cried. 'And may the holy lesson of this hour be never forgotten. O, God, let that rest, as angel of mercy, upon my boys! Let it be as a light to their feet in the time of temptation! And so shall they bless, through life, the influence they carry with them from their home!'

One of the Mayors.

The worthy Mayor of a Western city, well known to a host of admiring and warm friends had a case before him in the person of an individual taken up on suspicion of offering a counterfeit note of hand of a well known firm, for sale. He could not prove its genuineness, and was committed to jail until information could be had from the parties. When it came, it was entirely satisfactory; the note was good, and the young man's character was put beyond doubt. The Mayor had him brought to his office, and thus addressed him:

'Young man, it is my duty to congratulate you on being so fortunate, for had the note been a counterfeit, you certainly would have been sent to the Penitentiary; you may go, and let it be a lesson to you.'

The young man demurred to the sentence, it being proved that the note came directly into his hands from the makers of it, and he insisted that he had been badly treated by being put in prison several days, and his character assailed.

'Not at all,' says our worthy dignitary; 'you have had a fair investigation, and it is very fortunate for you that the note proves to be a genuine one; for assuredly you would have been sent to the Penitentiary if it had proved a counterfeit. Now go, and sin no more!'

He went—and our aforesaid Mayor cannot be made to see the transaction in any other light than as a fortunate thing for the young man that the note was genuine!

Self Evidently Drunk.

Old P., who resides at Okoloma Miss., is well known as one who never pays a debt if it can be avoided.

Has plenty of money, however, and is a jolly, rollicking old chap. Gets pretty drunk occasionally, when of course, some friend takes care of him. Not long ago he fell into the hands of a friend who held his note for a sum of money, and as it was a last chance, the friend dived into old P.'s wallet, took out the amount of the note where the money had been. When he awoke to consciousness, as was his wont, he took his wallet out to count how much money he was out. Finding his purse almost empty, he thundered:

'How in h—ll did I spend all my money?'

'You paid off that note I held,' answered the friend.

'Well,' muttered old P., quietly stowing away his wallet, 'I must have been very drunk!'

The Crops in the West.—The intelligent editor of the Cincinnati Price Current, just returned from a traveling tour in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri, makes a most interesting report in his paper of June 20th. He concludes:

'We made careful inquiry of farmers and those conversant with the districts through which we passed, and we must say that greater unanimity could not exist than we found in all the accounts given us. The fruit crop is generally a failure in the north-west.—Wheat excellent, that is the spring variety, which is generally the kind sown. Corn rather backward, but the stand excellent, and the breadth of land planted, immense, and should the remainder of the season prove favorable, not a doubt is expressed that the crop will be the most abundant ever gathered. The wheat in southern Illinois, and in portions of Indiana, is generally harvested, and also in Kentucky, the head long and the grain most superior, but the straw short and thin. Oats very good. Potatoes excellent, and in short, the farmers generally rejoicing at the bright prospects before them, and in the hope of an abundant harvest after a year of scarcity and suffering. I think the accounts from Iowa were more enthusiastic than any other State.'

PROBLEM FOR A MILKMAN.—If twenty seven inches of snow gives three inches of water, how much milk will a given cow yield, when fed upon turnips?'

Key.—Multiply the number of snow flakes by the number of hairs on a cow's tail, divide the product by the juice of a dry turnip, add to the quotient a pound of chalk, and multiply the sum by the hydrant.

'I say Jos, how d'ye do how's the folk?'

'Putty well, only the old man has got the mumps, and Sal has got an affection for some fellow—how's your's?'

'Oh, so well, except the old man, he's getting old and infirmal.'

'I don't suppose, was the word intended, but neither Joe nor his friend were "Dictionary people".'

Old Gassel says if he could have his choice of three things, he should choose first, plenty of tobacco, secondly a good stock of rum, and thirdly, he should choose some more rum.

Girls are too often taught in their early training and education that to get married rather than to be married is the chief object of their early years.

## NEW SERIES.

DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, in advance. ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.

Subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be obliged to discontinue his paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Persons subscribing for six months will be paid one dollar unless the money is paid in advance.

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NEW GOODS. THE UNDERSIGNED has just received and is now opening, a full supply of Goods suitable for the season, consisting of

DRY GOODS, MADE UP CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS. HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GROCERIES & C. & C.

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