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, PA. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12 1861. VOL. 8—NO. 27.

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 subscriber will be allowed to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editor.

Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.

		One insert'n.	*Two do.*	*Three do*
square,	[12 lines]	$ 50	$ 75	$1 00
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3 squares,	[36 lines]	1 50	2 00	3 00
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4 lines or less,		$1 50	$3 00	$5 00
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¼ of a column,		10 00	12 00	20 00
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☞ All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The courts have also repeatedly decided that a postmaster who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the refusal of a person to take from the office newspapers addressed to him, renders the Postmaster liable to the publisher for the subscription.

Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

A gentleman just arrived in this city from Louisville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. He informs us that 2,500 Secessionists are Stationed there, for the express purpose of overawing the Union men. It is a part of their business to engage in quarrels in saloons, and in street fights, with all who are not friendly to secession. Two men were shot last week for no other offence but speaking words of loyalty to the Federal Government.

The house of the celebrated, bold hearted, and out spoken Parson Brownlow, is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago two rank Secessionists went, at 6 o'clock in the morning, to haul down the Stars and Stripes from Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of sixty-three, saw them on the piazza, and rushed out and demanded their business — They replied that they had come to "take down them d——d Stars and Stripes." She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presenting it said, "Go on! I'm good for one of you, and I think for both."

"By the looks of that girl's eye, she will shoot," one remarked. "I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said the other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady, "get more men, and come and take it down, if you dare!"

They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down. But on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible, than see their country's flag dishonored, the Secessionists retired.

When our informant left Knoxville, the Stars and Stripes still floated to the breeze over Parson Brownlow's house. "Long may they wave!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

SPEAK WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative Paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box which, when opened, fill every house with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission, like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion.

It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

—The man that don't advertise has got his store hung all around with shingles and pieces of barrel heads, inscribed in lamp-black with "Fruit Pertaters," "Korn Meel," "Flower," "All Kinds of kountry produce," "Kaliker, and Kandles, For Sail hear." He says, "That ar's no sense in noospaper advertising, so long as a man is smart enuff to tend to his own business, and kin stand at the door and holler she allers is."

Select Poetry.

WAITING FOR HER LOVER.

Every eve, when I'm returning
From the labors of the day,
As I pass a lonely cottage
That is falling to decay,
I behold a patient woman
Through the little window pane,
Looking, with an air expectant,
Down the narrow, grassy lane.

White as snow her scanty tresses,
Wrinkles on her thoughtful brow,
And her cheeks are furrowed deeply
With the lines that Time can plow.
Seventy winters, long and dreary
From their heavy clouds have shed
Flakes of never changing whiteness
On the patient woman's head.

Fifty years ago her lover
Stood beside her in the lane,
Saying, as they parted—"Hannah,
Sunday night I'll come again;
Let me see you at the window,
As I hasten up the lane—
God be with you, dear, remember,
Sunday night I'll come again.

But before that precious evening,
Sweeter to that maiden's mind
Than a bed of early violets
Kissed by gentle April wind,
Came to bless her with his presence,
Longingly for which she sighed,
He, the most beloved lover
That e'er blessed a maiden—died.

Well-a-day for loving Hannah,
When they told her he was dead,
Her devoted mind forever
From its shattered mansion fled.
Gentle as an April sunbeam,
Patient as a mother's love,
Hopeful as the earnest Christian
Who has moored his hopes above.

She through all these fifty winters
Hath believed herself again
Loving and loving as of old time,
When they parted in the lane.
Every day to her is Sunday,
And, behind the window pane,
Every eve she sits and watches
For her lover, down the lane.

MY MATRIMONIAL DREAM.

Quiet and lovely as the old statue that stands and looks at the dark naked roof continually in an old church; but not so happy. My wife—for I am married, gentle reader, would that I were not—has gone to the theatre. I have rummaged out some letters, sad and bitter remembrances, and read them through and through, and now it strikes me that the world should and ought to know some of my misfortunes. So it shall; and may it profit by the lesson.

One autumn day last year, I believe six months ago this very week. Charles Cowley and I were sitting in my counting-house, cracking walnuts and bad jokes. Our talk was of sundry things; and at last it turned, as it often did, upon Charley's bride, for he was never tired of hearing of her, and I was always willing to give him pleasure. It's just my way, and the world's, too; everybody first and self afterward. But I have learned a lesson; though I have said so before. In my turn, Crowley began to tease me about my old bachelor habits; the primness of my room; the polish of my boots; and other signs as unmistakable; and spoke of little Emily, whom people, and—and, in fact, I thought, and she thought, too, was just the wife for me. We tired of this, however, and sat spoiling our teeth in silence when, at length, he burst into a laugh, and pulled a paper from his pocket.

"Arthur," cried he, "I have it. Here's the London Journal, and there's (and he quoted from it) 'Alice B——, twenty, fair, with beautiful eyes, splendid teeth, Grecian nose, and considered very pretty, has £600 a year in her own right, and wants to meet with a young man, who must be dark and tall, to whom she would make an affectionate and loving wife.' Now, then, write to her, and your fortune is made. Think of £600 a year, all safe, safe as a bank—if you try. Come, consider your whiskers."

And we laughed in concert. He handed me the paper, which I took with a "pish," but looked at, notwithstanding. Cowley went on teasing me some time longer, and then left me, and the paper, too, and went home to his fireside, and wife, and to happiness.

Now, to tell you the truth though the world did not know it, I was engaged to as pretty a little girl as ever you saw, with such a sweet face and loving blue eyes, which were more charming for me than all else. Oh, what a fool I was! The remembrance almost drives me mad.

Well if I didn't write to this London Journal, just "in fun," and sought for a meeting with this Alice. For a week I waited; but there was no notice. A fortnight, still none. At length there was a request that Leonard G——, for that was the name I had adopted—would address "Alice B——, post office, Rugby."

I thought it a good joke, so I sat down and wrote to her. I described the color of my eyes and hair, the shape of my nose, my height and the state of my teeth, and—let me see; no, I don't think I did my weight. And I said what a fond husband I would make; and I told her how her £600 and my £600—for I thought it would not do to seem poorer than she—would keep us in such a handsome way, with such a nice carriage and servants and ponies, and I don't know what. And I grew quite enthusiastic on the selectness of the society in which I visited, and the great folks I knew; and I remember that I remained her "ever deeply attached Leonard." O! how I laughed when I finished the letter, but it was a hollow laugh, though the wall and hosiery cupboards rang again. O, dear! the memory almost—I can hardly get on; but I will not let my feelings overcome me.

I posted my letter and then went and saw Emily, who was starting next morning, for rather a long visit—very long I thought it then—to a fashionable watering place. What a pleasant night we had, and how she played and sang to me, and said how soon I should forget her, and then she laughed and looked so pretty for she did not think I would; no, not for a moment. And those blue eyes of hers looked bluer and more lovingly when they reflected my own, and I gazed into her lovely face. But I was not quite happy. I felt I had done wrong; and more especially when I kissed her as I said good bye. It was the last, last time.

Three days after a letter came from Alice, full of romantic allusions to birds, of love and kindred hearts, mutual attachments and unknown passions; and smelling uncommon strong of patchouli; and ending with a request that I would meet her at Rugby on the following Monday at one o'clock, near the bottom of High street, where she would walk with a sprig of myrtle in her hand, and she hoped I would carry a thin stick.

I do not know what evil spirit tempted me but I went to Rugby. "Just for the fun of the thing," and I walked up and down High street expecting her for upwards of an hour. At length, I saw a thin, fair, grey-eyed girl coming around the corner, with a sprig of myrtle. I was very nigh running away; but I didn't. We neared each other, she spoke, and called me Leonard.

"Miss Alice," I exclaimed.

"The same, dear Leonard; how late you are. Here's my sister coming." And she introduced me and continued, "I am so fond of you already; are you not Emily?"

This appeal to her sister recalled to my memory my angel love; and I stammered out something about nothing in earnest, and it being all a joke. Certainly she was quite in earnest; and did not mean it for a joke at all. She knew that marriages were made in heaven, and ours among the number.

She never thought—though I have often—how many marriages notices must have changed their envelopes in the act of coming down.

This was getting awkward; and I asked if she lived near, as I wished to have a few serious words with her.

"To be sure," and she simpered "dear, dear Leonard, how glad mamma will be to see you. We live just around the corner."

I wish a mighty chasm had opened then, as one did in Rome once, that I might have offered myself a sacrifice to my own love, as Curtius did for his country; but alas! it did not. I was aroused from my reverie about Rome and Emily and Curtius and myself, by Alice's teasing me, and saying I did not look much like a lover.

If she had said that I did not feel like one she would told the truth; and she did, may be, as it was.

"O! here's mamma," she exclaimed, as we reached the door, in front of which, a tall matronly-looking woman stood, partly hiding from view a brass plate, endorsed,

"Oakes Plumber," Alice B——! Oakes. Who ever spelt Oakes with a B? Hoax! enough I thought.

"Won't you walk in, sir?" said mamma. I did—into the parlor, I suppose, for there was a sheet of fancy pink and white paper in the grate; and shepherds and shepherdesses, looking very stiff and dirty, and in awkward positions—not near so awkward as mine, tho'—on the mantle-piece, over which hung an oil painting of Mr. Oakes—as I afterward discovered—in an elaborate gilt frame, covered with yellow gauze to preserve it from spot and blemish.

And there was a great deal of fancy net work lying on the table; and a piano stood in the corner of the room, the floor of which was covered with a very gaudy carpet.

These things I noticed while Alice took her bonnet off. When she came she thanked me for the many letters I had sent her. My letters! I had only written one. But she had several written in a cramped hand writing, which I told her were not mine. It seemed another had written to her. I tried to escape saying how sorry I was that she had been put to the trouble she had about me. But she wasn't; and if I wanted a wife, which I must do—or why had I come?—she would love me, oh! so tenderly. And she threw herself into my arms and began to cry.

Did you ever have a weeping girl in your arms, young fellow? I hope not, for you must have made a fool of yourself if you ever had. At least I did, thoroughly.

Papa came and welcomed me, and I cheered up a little, and trusted to my luck to get off, scott free. We passed a very curious night, very, very different from that night with Emily. Nothing in the way of conversation, but remarks about the heavy state of the lead market and the dullness of the weather.

I retired late to my inn, having nicely escaped a sentimental scene in the hall; and intending to run away next morning. I slept soundly in that determination. I awoke early, dressed, breakfasted, and was just getting into the omnibus, when the father stopped me and asked for a word in a private room.—What he said, I need not tell you. I got into a passion, so did he. At last he threatened to expose me and ruin my trade forever. Was I to tamper with a young and innocent girl's affections for nothing? No, indeed I wasn't; I was touched to the quick. In an hour we left the room together; and I have never looked up since. In three weeks I married Alice.

Emily, I heard was taken ill, and in three months married Cowley's brother. My customers and friends, when they knew all, which they did as soon as the babbling tongue of scandal got in full play, left me. My business declined rapidly. My wife, whose £600 a year proved to be a capital of £1· 6s. 4d., rates me and taunts me, and cries, and goes into hysterics, and gets money out of me for some poor deserving relative of hers—who would do anything for me I suppose, in the way of eating and drinking and spending my money—out each long day; and I have no quiet moment except when I am asleep in the garret by myself; for I lie there as my best bed is occupied by my wife (laugh!) and her 'dear sister Emily.' I am going to poverty quickly, and have no hope, no one to pity me.

As I said before, my wife is at the theater, Hark! there she is at the door. She must not see this. I sit and pretend to be asleep. She enters and touches me and says:

'Arthur, asleep on your wedding night?'

I was indeed; and had a wretched dream, while Emily, my own dear, little Emily had been disrobing at the hotel in Covent Garden, where we spent our wedding night. We had just arrived; and whilst she was up stairs, I had scanned the last sheet of a London periodical, full, as it always is, of matrimonial paragraphs; and tired as I was, I had gone to sleep with the paper in my hand and a love paragraph in my memory.

I told my wife, my own dear wife, about my dream; and we often laugh at its remembrance even now, and when I am tired or grave at all, she sits down at my feet, crosses her little round arms upon my knees, and asks, in such a laughing way, if I am thinking of Alice B.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perishes if once it be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange they escape so long, than that they all perish suddenly at last. We are surrounded by accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life, is pregnant with death—health is made to operate its own destruction! The food that nourishes, contains the elements of its decay; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before your eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors perish among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts, that our knell shall, perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world!

☞ "My motto through life," says J. J Astor, "has been, work and advertise. In business, advertising is the true philosopher's stone that turns whatever it touches into gold. I have advertised much, and for every one hundred dollars invested in this way I have realized a thousand."

Some one blamed Mr. March for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that's just the difference between a man and a jackass, the jackass can't change his mind, and a man can, it's a human privilege."

Wonderful Log Rolling out West.

An Englishman who was lately travelling on the Mississippi River told some tough stories about the London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive 'humph', and then remarked that he thought the western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

'How so?' inquired the Englishman, with surprise. 'Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?'

'Not a great deal. I undertook to set up a business at the Des Moines Rapids a while ago, but the rascally peggies stole everything I had, and finally a Welsh miner run off with my wife.'

'Good Gracious!' said the Englishman, 'and you never found her?'

'Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it.'

'Worse! Why, what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?'

'Stealing his children, I should say,' said the implacable Case.

'Children?'

'Yes, for a nigger woman who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and sloped and joined the Ingins.'

'Great heavens! Did you see her do it?'

'See her? Yes, and she had'nt ten rods the start of me; but she plunges into the lake and swam like a duck, and there warn't a canoe to follow her with.'

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another nog of all-go-all, while Case smoked his cigar and credulous friend at the same time, most remorselessly.

'I—I sha'nt go any farther West—I do think,' at length observed the excited John Bull.

'I should not advise any one to go,' said Case quietly. 'My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country.'

'What business was he in, pray?'

'Lumbering—and a saw-mill.'

'And they stole his lumber?'

'Yes, and his saw-logs too.'

'Saw logs?'

'Yes. Whole dozens of fine black walnut logs were carried off in a single night—true, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it; had men hired to watch his logs, but it was all of no use. They would whip 'em away as easily as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the river, out of the cove, and even out of the mill ways.'

'Good Gracious!'

'Just to give you a idea how they can steal out here,' continued Case, sending a sly wink at the listening company, 'just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?'

'Never.'

'Well, my brother one day bought an all-fired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the but and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log, anyhow, and hired two Schoolmen to watch it all night.—Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey, with them, snaked the log up the side hill above the mill, and built a fire, and then sot down on the log to play keerds, just to keep awake you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keerds and drunk whiskey all night, and, as it began to grow light, went to sleep a straddle of the log. About a minute after day light, George went over to the mill to see how they got on, and the log was gone!'

'And they sitting on it?'

'Sitting on the bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the but end, which pinted down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it right out, leaving the bark and the Southern setting a straddle of it, fast asleep.'

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cigar stump into the spittoon, and looking at his watch, said he thought that he would go on deck and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

THE BRIDE.—I know of no sight more touching and charming than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar.

When I thus behold a lovely girl in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her father and the home of her childhood—and with the implicit confidence and the sweet self-abandonment which belongs to women, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor and obey, till death do us part,"—It brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth—"Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*Irving.*

Andrew Jackson's Three Swords.

Jackson's life, says the New York Times, was full of opportunities for the display of patriotism and courage, if not always of practical wisdom and calm statesmanship. He was certainly, to an unexampled degree, an object of popular idolatry. Tennessee presented him with a sword; the citizens of Philadelphia gave him another; and the riflemen of New Orleans endowed him with a third.—We mention only these among the hundred other testimonials that honored his active career or graced his retirement, because they have a history connected with the present as well as the past—a history which, were the dead permitted to speak, would evoke a voice of indignant denunciation from the old hero's grave.

By his will, Gen. Jackson bequeathed the first of the three swords to his nephew and adopted son, Andrew Jackson Donelson;—the second to his grandson, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and the third to his grand-nephew, Andrew Jackson Coffee. The clause relative to the first runs thus—

"Seventh—I bequeath to my well beloved nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, son of Samuel Donelson, deceased, the elegant sword presented to me by the State of Tennessee, with this injunction, that he fail not to use it in support and protection of our glorious Union, when necessary, and for the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should they be assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors."

Where is Andrew J. Donelson now, and to what use is he applying this legacy of his great kinsman, consumed to his presumed patriotism, accompanied with so solemn an injunction? In the ranks of rebellion, fighting against "Our glorious Union!" Among "domestic traitors," battling for the overthrow of "the constitutional rights of our country" through the destruction of the Constitution itself. Again—

"I bequeath to my beloved grandson, Andrew Jackson, son of Andrew Jackson, Jr., and Sarah, his wife, the sword presented to me by the citizens of Philadelphia, with this injunction, that he will always use it in defence of the Constitution and our glorious Union, and the perpetuation of our Republican system."

And where is this Andrew Jackson, honored by his patriotic grandfather, and whose is the sword intrusted to his keeping? It is rusting in its scabbard at home, while treason is hewing at the Constitution, and the cannon of rebellion thundering against the Union. The degenerate grandson is himself on the side of the traitors, aiding by his influence and his money the conspirators who are thus in arms against both, and who are battling for the overthrow of our "republican system."

And again—

"To my grand-nephew, Andrew Jackson Coffee, I bequeath the elegant sword presented to me by the Rifle Company of New Orleans, commanded by Capt. Beal, as a memento of my regard, and to bring to his recollection the gallant services of his deceased father, Gen. John Coffe, in the late Indian and British wars, under my command, and his gallant conduct in defence of New Orleans in 1814—15, with this injunction, that he wield it in protection of the rights secured to the American citizen under our glorious Constitution, against all invaders, whether foreign foes or fratentine traitors."

Where again is Andrew Jackson Coffee, and in what cause is he wielding the gift of his benefactor? He too is among the traitors, and the sword placed in his hands for the "protection of the rights secured to the American citizen under our glorious Constitution," is pointed at the hearts of loyal men and wielded for the destruction of that "glorious Constitution" that he was so solemnly enjoined to defend.

Such is thus far the melancholy history of these three swords, each the legacy of a great man to his kinsmen, and such the uses to which they are applied. If facts were wanting to illustrate the commonplace touching the degeneracy of the successors of great men, how abundantly are they furnished in the story of this will and its consequences?

Be kind to the Aged.

Age when whitening for the tomb, is an object of sublimity. The passions have ceased—hopes of self have ceased. They linger with the young, they pray for the young while their spirits are looking beyond the grave—and oh! how careful should the young be to reward the aged with their fresh warm hearts, to diminish the chill of ebbing life. The Spartans looked upon a reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what suffering they may have endured; or how much of it may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonable and disposed to find fault or murmur? Allow not bitter anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, while in the spring time of life, where more fierible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? then render it cheerfully, forget not that the time may come when thou mayest desire the assistance from others, that thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it is not hard if much is required at thy hand, lest when age sets its seal on thy brow and fills thy limbs with trembling, others may wait unwillingly, and feel relieved when the coffin-lid has covered thy face forever.—*H. W. Beecher.*

CUP CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup molasses, one cup butter, one cup eggs, five cups flour, one teaspoonful saleratus, spice to your taste.

DIGNITY.—An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.