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# EW SERIES.

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## FADED FLOWERS.

The flowers I have seen in the wildwood Have since droop'd their beautiful leaves, And the many dear friends of my childhood, Have slumbered for years in their graves,

But the bloom on the flowers I remember, Though their smiles I shall never more see, For the cold, chilling winds of December, Stole my flowers-my companions from me.

The roses may bloom on the morrow, And many dear friends that I've won. But my heart can part with but sorrrw When I think of the ones that are gone. Tis no wonder that I am broken-hearted. And stricken with sorrow should be, For we've met, we've loved, and we've parted My flowers-my companions and me.

How dark looks this world and how dreary, When we part from the ones that we love, But there's rest for the faint and the weary, And friends meet with loved ones abeve. But in Heaven I can but remember. When from earth my proud soul shall be free, That no cold, chilling winds of December,

Shall steal my companions from me.

## THE LOST DEEDS.

A parting glance around the office, to assure himself all the desks, closets and iron safes are properly secure for the night, and the solicitor's confidential clerk locks up and prepares for home. With coat buttoned to the throat, and hat drawn over his eyes, Mark Edwards turns his steps towards home, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and drizzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and buffet him,

as he vainly hails omnibus after omnibus to its place. The old escroitre stands as they 

## EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19 1861.

Democrat and Sentinel.

" Only my brother George," Fanny au- The packet must have been stolen. But how? swered in a low voice, and Mark, frowning, turns away and picks up a book.

the torment and trouble of his wife's family ; always in difficulties, no sooner rescued from one scrape, than rushing headlong into another ; sometimes invisible for months, and suddenly re-appearing to levy contributions on any relative able or willing to assist him. his visits; but then Fanny is so tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the

prodigal's ultimate reformation, that her husband has not yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his wishes, although he knows where his wife's brooch went, and why she wears that old vervet bonnet. Fanny seems to guess what is passing in his mind, by her coming softly to his side, and stroking his hair, and pressing her hps to his forehead, but neither of them say anything, and Mark leisurely prepares for his task of copying. While he has gone up stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra candle, and ensconces herself in a corner with her work-table, regretting as she does so, that her " poor boy" must be bored with this odious writing when he ought to be resting. However, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three steps at a time. to ask, rather angrily, why she has moved his

packet without mentioning it. With astonishment in her looks, his wife depies having done so, and hurries with him to the spare bed-rocm, asserting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of before. What will poor Mark do? And what

When ? By whom ? Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted when " My brother George" is his aversion, and a tap at the door announces a visitor, and that visitor proves to be her father.

To him the affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the papers or give any clue which might lead to their recovery. To Fan-Mark has seriously contemplated forbidding ny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit, and her half made endeavor to conceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affection for her husband, tell all she knows.

> But now the father interposes. To tamely hear both of his children openly accused of such a crime is more than his rather irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counteraccusation that Mark has, for some unworthy end, removed the parcel himself. Words no w become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, not lessened, by this championship, and she weeps so bitterly and pleads so earnestly with both, that Mark, more touched than he would like to confess, abruptly leaves them to shut himself in his chamber After some hours, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up stairs, and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in an uneasy slumber. Her father persuades her to rest too, but poor Fanny shakes her head. and still sits by his side, leaning her head on his shoulder, and feeling more forlorn and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel

## [From Godey's Lady's Book.] WHAT DID HE LEAVE !

#### BY T. S. ARTHUR.

. That's a large funeral. I counted thirtytwo carriages.

. Yes, sir. It's the funeral of Mr. Ellis. He died very rich.'

' How much did he leave ? 'A large amount of money, sir; I don't know how much Some say half a million of dollars !'

. His death is considered a great loss to the community. I presume ? 'Loss, sir?' The man to whom I was speaking looked up into my face with the air of one whose mind was not exactly clear as

to my meaning. . Yes. A man of his wealth must have been a very useful man."

'Useful ? I don't know that he was particularly useful. He was rich, and didn't care much for anybody but himself.'

'Still, with his ample means,' said I, 'even though earing only for himself, he must have been the promoter of large industrial enterprises, through which many were benefitted.' The man shook his head, doubtfully.

What did he do with his money ? "I never heard of his doing anything with

it, particularly,' was the unsatisfactory auswer.

it productive. Was he in no business ?" No, sir."

. What, then, did he do with himself?" 'Oh, he was always about after bits of property that had to be sold. He was sharp for bargains in real estate.'

'Ah, I see how it was. Then he did find use for his money ?

'In that way he did But, when a piece to hear the boy read.' of property came into his hands, there was will become of her if he persists in believing an end to its improvement. He let other 'Admirable. I never heard of a wiser invest-

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and two in the afternoon, these poor children received instruction. He was their benefactor, and hers also ; for it was one of his sayings, that we must make the right hand help the left hand. His means of doing good were small, and so he made them go as far as pos-

. He was a noble fellow ?' said I, in admiration of this poor rope-maker.

· Tom Peters-yes; there was fine stuff in his composition, if his hands were dark and bony, and if his clothes did smell of pitch and resin

. He has left tender and fragrant memories." 'He has, sir. That long line of funeral attendants are all true mourners. There is no sham there !"

'Aud what else did he do with his money ?' I asked, growing interested in the rope-maker. 'He bad two dollars a week, still, for dispensation.

'Yes. Let me see. For one thing, he paid a boy half a dollar a week to read two hours every evening to a poor blind woman ; and in order that this reading might not be given to a single pair of cars alone, he took care to have the fact known, that as many as chose might come and listen. The consequence was, that more than a dozen persons met, every evening, in the blind woman's room, to hear what was read This suggested to Tom the way in which another half dollar might be usefully invested. The men in the . Money must be used to in order to make rope-walk were mostly in the habit of spending their evenings in taveras. Tom found another lad who was a tolerably good reader. and paid him half a dollar weekly to read aloud two hours, each evening, for such of his fellow-workmen as he could induce to assemble for the purpose. He began with three ; soon increased to ten ; and when I last heard of the matter, over twenty men met nightly

'Admirable !' said I, with entbusiasm .-people improve all around him, and thus in. ment. And he had one dollar left ?' 'Yes.' . How was that disposed of?' In ways innumerable. I cannot recount them. The good Tom Peters managed to do with that dollar is almost fabulous; not, of course, as to magnitude, but as to variety .--It seemed to duplicate itself, like the widow's oil and meil, whenever drawn upon. You were always hearing of some good acts in which a dispensation of money was involved. Of a poor woman helped in making up her rent; of a dainty sent to a sick neighbor; of a pair of shoes to a barefoot boy in winter; or of a book to a child. Why, sir, Tom Peters has left behind him enough good deeds to

publisher for the subscripion.

## From the Knickerbooker, for May.] ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

researcher reading some few months ane of our New Hampshire exchange sweet Home," as he turns the corner of the an account of the death of a citizen pathey five years of age. The last words will I veteran wore, "I want to see mothlast hear dead more than forty years! dung lines. "Rock me to sleep," sent the knocker. in old friend and correspondent now

ord, turn backward, O Time in your flight | sionately ; " and how late you are !" -me a child again-just for to-night ! come back from the echoless shore, magain to your heart as of yore : out new forehead the furrows of cur e, the few silver threads out of my bair ; av slumbers your loving watch keep-... to leep, Mother, rock me to sleep

and, they backward, O swift fide of years! many of tail, I am weary of tears : without recommense, tears all in vain, then and give me my childhood again ! service weary of dust and decay, a of the going my soul wealth away. moduling for others to reap ; the bulker, Mother-work me to sleep !

fille hallow, the base, the entrue : n, 0 Mother t nov heart-calls for you ! a summer the grass has grown green. and and fided, our faces between : altern in for your presence again; -from the allence so long and so doop--the to deep. Mother, rock me to sleep b

any heart in the days that are flown, We like mother love ever has shown : dier worship abides and endures, . fd, unselfish, and patient, like yours : this a mother can charm away pain he strowing soul and the world-weary the soil calm o'er my heavy lide creep.

tac to sleep. Mother-rock me to sleep !

det your brown hair, just lighted with gold, a your shoulders again as of old ; a fall over my forehead to-night, ing my eyes from the flickering light . th! with its sunny-edged shadows once

y will throng the sweet vision of yore; agly, softly its bright billows sweepa me to sleep, Mother-Rock me to sleep !

ther, dear Mother ; they ears have been long last I was hushed by your luliaby song ; hen again!-to my soul it shall seem nhood's years have been only a dream ; to your arms in a loving embrace, your soft. light lashes just sweeping my

hereafter to wake or to weap home the preceding evening. to Fanny's own confession, but this young every week left over for investment. He did the to sleep Mother !- rock me to sleep!. " return home. A Goop Rune-A man who is very rich How many times he has asked forgiveness man. Where are the papers? not put this in the Savings Bank; nor buy How is it his welcome is not such a smiling Who wrote these lines? They are brim now, was very poor when he was a boy. is not recorded ; but Fanny is a true woman, tumble-down houses for the poor to live in at one as it usually is? Fanny's spirits seem Receiving for reply a torrent of tears and rent of fifty per cent. on their cost; nor take When asked how he got his riches, he replied, of tears; and we envy not the man who quick to resent but easily appeased ; and Mark protestations, he flings himself on the sofa, "My father taught menever to play until my depressed, and her eyes look as if they had read them without emotion. up barren lots to hold for an advance in price. has taken George and George's affairs in hand consequent on neighboring improvements -- work was finished, and never to spend my and tries to steady his nerves to the consebeen clouded with tears. No; his investments were made in a different money until I had earned it. If I had but so heartily, that the young scapegrace is pequences of this extraordinary loss. Mean-"Have you had any visitors to-day?" while, Fanny goes and institutes an unavail- tually improving, and there is even some hope one hour's work in a day I must do that the A modest old maid, visiting a newly spirit, as you shall see. her husband carelessly inquires as he sips his ' First, he paid, regularly, every week, to first thing, and in an hour, and after this I amed friend recently, saw her husband's of Fanny's belief in his total reformation being search in every box and cupboard and a poor woman in his neighborhood, who had was allowed to play, and then could play with tes. at lying on the bed, exclaimeding realized. two children to support, and who could not leave them to go out to work in families, the of an unfinished task before my mind. I ear-The hesitating " No" is so faintly pronoun- drawer where it could be possible to find such <sup>10</sup>, mercy, a man's shirt on your bed ! a parcel, although it would puzzle her to exa thing on my bed would give me the ced that the young man, hitherto pre-occupied -Aunt Betsey has said many good things, sum of three dollars, as teacher of little foys by formed the habit of dolag everything in plain how it could have withdrawn itself from among the rest, that a newspaper is like a with business, looks up. "That ' No' sounded like 'Yes." Who the secret drawer to take refuge elsewhere, wife, because every man should have one of and girls, whose parents were unable to send time, and it should because every man should have one of and girls, whose parents were unable to send time, and it should because every man should have one of and girls, whose parents were unable to send time, and it should because every man should have one of and girls, whose parents were unable to send time, and it should because every man should have one of and girls. them to school. Two hours in the morning, so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." cry likely," responded the wife, "unless At last she returns to the parlor in despair. his own. has been here ?" ille was in fri<sup>29</sup>

makes no trouble of these out-of-door inconveniences, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well covered tea-table, bright fire, and, best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his reurn. The picture is so pleasant, that he cheerily breaks forth into a line of " Home,

street where stands his own trim little domi-Mrs Edwards is peering into the darkness ny ! Are you playing a trick to tease me ? through the folds of the musin curtains, and | Remember, if I cannot produce those papers,

iteus has just been called to mind by has the door open before Mark's hand touches

from his early home and friends in far- little matron, brushing the rain-drops from are." his bushy whiskers, and kissing him compas-

> Edwards looks up at the clock as he strug- here ; perhaps they have slipped behind the gles out of his dripping coat. "I am late drawer." indeed," he answered ; " but Mr. Pleadwell has started on his trip to the lakes this after-

noon, and there were a great many things to attend to before he went. And look here, Fanny, this packet contains some valuable deeds and securities which will be called for ceived. by the owner in a few days. In the mean-

while I have to copy one of them, but don't place them with safety?"

Fanny suggests his desk, but that is the first acticle a burglar would be likely to med- besides, as she ventures to remind him, the die with. The wife's checks pale at the idea locks have not been forced, nor is aught else of such a visitor, and she considers. " That old escreitre in the spare bed-room, will not had entered the house. In uncontrollable that do ??

"Mark still besitates. "I had so many the room, while Fanny, unable to proffer adinjunctions to be careful, and not let them go vice, or any reasonable conjecture, watches out of my possession, that I am afraid of even him in trembling silence.

that." Fanny reminds bim that there is a secret drawer in it. " Don't you remember," she

asks, " what trouble we had to find it ?" "Ha ! the very place !" So his wife carries the candle for him, and the valuable packet is deposited in this hidden receptacle. Its only contents are a few highly scented letters, tied together with a piece of ribbon, which Fanny, loughing and blushing, confesses are Mr. Mark Edwards' love effusions before marriage, carefully preserved to be a | for she is forced to own that it was the want witness against him when he becomes old and ] of money. "And you told him that I had

Perhaps it was a restless night and unplea- ingly. With a crimson face, she angrily desant dreams which made the clerk so uneasy -even in the hurry of the next day's workknowing that he had not visited the escroitre before leaving home in the morning to ascer-

He pooh-poohs the idea as it presents itself,

nor was the sceret drawer open ; and there,

undisturbed, lie the love letters ; but the small brown paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the official seal, is gone ! The husband, suspecting he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of ter-

" Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fan I am a ruined man ! It would be worse than the loss of money ; that I might replace, but "What a night for you, love !" says the those I can not. Tell me at once where they

> "Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself. They must be

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked. Hanmer and chisel is soon fetched, and the back of the escroitre is soon knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain upper-

Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife down stairs, and commences questioning her, feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I Where is the key? On the ring; it has not been out of her possession. Has she been out ? No. Is she quite sure of that ? Quite ; missing, as would have been the case if thieves agitation, the bewildered young man paces

> Suspicions crowd in upon his mind ; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Robert's brother, and regrets uttered, even within his hearing, that a respectable young man like Mr. Edwards should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwelt upon. He pauses before his wife, key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes, and and sternly demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house. That brother of hers ! What a speech ! All Fanny's sisterly feelings are in arms, and she falters, these papers in the house," Mark cries accusnies it. She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. As if likely she would do so ! Or if she did, would George,

poor foolish fellow that he is, steal up stairs,

Fanny.

ing papers?" Their little servant-maid away with a feeling of relief that he hears the sigpresented itself to his mind on bringing it lowing them. So, after supplying his own serener spirit and, I trust, a nobler life-purnal for closing, and feels he is at liberty to for a holiday-no one in the house, according humble needs, the rope-maker had five dollars

ber guilty ?

Equally bewildered, and almost as unhappy as his daughter, Mr. Roberts tries to soothe her with promises not only to seek George, and bring him to exculpate himself, but to forgive Mark's hasty speeches and assist him in investigating this mysterious affair. So at last, Fanny begins to feel more comforted, and to wish her father to leave her; but, tired as he confesses himself, he cannot quit lie benefit.' her in such trouble, and they continue to occupy the same position by the fire till night has long given place to morning, and Mr. Roberts' eyes close involuntarily.

A footstep overhead startles them. "It is only Mark," says Fanny, after a moment's istening. " Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer."

In the modern six roomed house every sound is distinctly audible, and they hear him enter the chamber where stands the now shattered escroitre. After a short pause, he is heard slowly descending the stairs, and his and smoothes her disordered hair.

As he enters the room, Mr. Roberts lays his hands on his daughter's arm "Look, child, look !" he whispers ; and Fanny sees with astonishment that her husband is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love letters.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well filled book-case, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the History of England which grace the highest shelf; then he draws out a number of loose magazines, hidden there because of their un- affection They had too much policy to quartidy appearance; lays the old love letters quite at the back of all, replaces the odd numbers, returns the volumes to their shelf. carefully putting them even, locks the glass ture,' said 1. doors, and is stalking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakened him, snatches the wondering, he sees her eager fingers drawing Hume and Smollet from their proud position and in the fender ; the once treasured "Belle Assemblee" are scattered in all directions, the highly prized love letters receive the same usuage, and then, from behind all the rest, Fanny triumphantly takes out the small brown paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the official seal. Crying and laughing

being kissed ad libitum. tain with his own eyes the safety of the papers and rob his sister's home ? Impossible ! . You knew him ? . Yes, sir, knew him well He was a rope- leave ?' pressing itself home to my thoughts. Little explanation was needed. The young " Impossible," Mark retorts, " without he maker, working his ten hours every day, and "Let it be good deeds rather than money ?" in charge. man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety reearning just nine dollars a week. But those I said, half aloud, in the glow of earnest feelpossessed the key." garding his trust, had led to his cautiously nine dollars seemed an inexhaustible fund for ing, and went back again into the living, "It has not been out of my pocket," sobs remembering that one key is in his own posrising in the night, and unconsciously transgood He had no wife and children of his busy, stirring world, to take up the laboring session and the other on his wife's housekeepfering the packet to what he afterwards reown to love and care for. They went, years our which I had laid down, in weariness, for ing bunch ; but it returns so often, that it is "Then where," asks Mark, " are the missago, to the blessed land where he is now fol- a brief season, and bend to my work with a membered as the first hiding place which had

crease the value of what he owned ; so that he graw richer and richer every day, without putting his hand to anything. or benefitting anybody.'

. This was your million man ! And so, all he has left are these property accumulations?" 'AiL'

. Then his death is not regarded as a publie calamity ?' 'No, indeed, sir ! It is considered a pub-

· How so?

'He has a couple of sons, and a couple of sons-in-law, who will scatter much faster than he saved. The moment they come into possession of his estate, it will be divided, and lots of ground, which ought to have been improved years ago, will be sold and covered with handsome buildings, thus giving trade and industry a new impulse. Why, sir, he has been a dead weight on our town for years ; growing richer and richer through other peo-

ple's enterprise, and yet not adding a building himself, or in any way serving the common good.

of carriages, that death had taken, in this inwife raises herself from her reclining position, stance, a valued, and now lamented citizen." . Mere ostentation, sir. But nobody is de-

ceived. There are plenty of idle people, who are pleased to ride in funeral carriages. Old Eilis will be put away with a graud flourish ; but that will be the last of him The black makes all the mourning, sir.'

. But, surely,' said I, . his children are no without natural affection ? You do not mean to say that theirs is only the semblance of

. It is my opinion, sir, that they are glad in their hearts. Why not? He stood, hard and unyielding as iron, between them and the wealth they desired to possess. He was cold, sour tempered, and repulsive ; crushing out, by his manner and conduct, all natural rel with him, of late : though the time was, when hot words were said to pass between then

. There are no gleams of light in your me-

'I copy from nature, and can only give what I see,' he answered. . There are deep valleys where the sunlight never comes, as well as golden tinted landscapes."

'I see another funeral,' said I, looking towards a distant part of the cometery. 'There to assume an inglorious one on the hearth rug are but two carriages ; yet I see a long line of mourners on foot. Do you know who they are burying ?

Yes. ' Not a rich man. · No."

"There is no need of asking what he has left It is the burial of a poor man."

. Yes, of a man poor in this world's goods ; but, so far as his means went, he was princein one breath, the happy little wife is the next by in his munificence. His death, sir, is a moment in her husband's arms, kissing and public loss.' The man's face brightened as he spoke

endow a whole calendar of saints." 'So I should think, after what you have said of him."

'And yet, sir, remember, he only carned nine dollars a week.'

'I remember that. very distinctly,' I answered. 'Yes, sir, his death is indeed a publie calamity. It is no figure of speech to say that his grave will be watered by tears."

None, sir, none. He will be sorrowed for "I thought," said I, " from the long array by hundreds, and his memory will be greener and more fragrant as the years pass by. He built his own monument before he left us-of good deeds."

I parted from the stranger ; and as I walkof from the cemetery. I said to another man who stood by my side while I looked at a fine piece of emblematic statuary.

They have been burying a rich man ?"

'Yes,' he coldly responded.

What did he leave !

Nothing but money. They have been burying a poor man, also."

'Tom Peters.' A light broke over the man's face.

But he had not even money to leave," said L

.But something far better,' answered the man, in a tone of rebuke.

· What?

Good acts, which, like good seed, will readuce themselves a thousand-fold. Tom Peters earned just nine dollars a week ; Edward Ellis, Esq.'-there was cutting contempt in his tone-'was worth, it is said, a million of dollars ; yet the humble rope-maker dil, while living, a hundred times the most good with his money, and leaves an estate that shall go on increasing, in value through countless years fini the estate of old Ellis will not pass to the third generation. Tom Peters had the true riches, sir, that are imperisbable. People ask, when a man like Elis dirs, "What property has he left benind him ? But when one, like our good ropemaker, pastes away, the angels ask, 'What good deeds has he sent before him? That the difference, sir, the immensurable differen to between the two men. One, in giving, made himself rich ; the other, in withholding, became miserably poor; so poor, that his memory is green in no man's heart.

I turned from the cometery with some new impressions stirring in my mind, and the question, 'What kind of a legacy will you