

# 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 26 1861.

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**TERMS:**  
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.

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 publisher.

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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 newspapers, 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.

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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 neglect of a person to take from the office newspapers addressed to him, renders the Postmaster liable to the publisher for the subscription.

**THE LATE COLONEL ELLSWORTH.**

We have received many poetical tributes to the memory of the lamented young soldier, so early removed—so worthy of being held in honor and remembrance. The following which has reached us with the signature M. D. O., possesses considerable merit.—*Phila. Press.*

"Immortal!—the Memory of Ellsworth."  
"Immortal!—yes! thy name shall stand  
Enrolled among a Hero-band;  
And in each freeman's heart shall be  
A deathless memory of thee.

"Immortal!—Does a Patriot die  
When stops his breath—when dims his eye—  
When Fame begins—when glory's star  
Shines brightly o'er the field of war?

"Immortal!—William Jasper's name  
Shall be less deathless than thy fame.  
O! Monticello's walls he placed our flag—  
Thou hast torn down Disunion's rag.

"Immortal!—though God stop his breath,  
A Patriot is exempt from Death,  
He cannot die—Death has no claim  
On him who bears a Patriot's name.

"Immortal!—when this strife is o'er,  
And Treason leaves the field no more,  
Thy name shall be in sadness sung,  
From every lip, from every tongue.

"Immortal!—though thy voice no more  
Shall cheer thy soldiers as of yore—  
Though thy brave hand shall mourn their dear  
Lost, murdered Chief with many a tear—

"Immortal!—thou—like him of old,  
Whose glorious fall our Halleck told  
In words which moisten many an eye—  
Like him—'thou wert not born to die.'

**LITTLE THINGS.**—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of the ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; it's a promise, redeem it; it's a shilling, hand it over; you know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacredly, keep it to children; they will mark it sooner than to you; and the effects will probably be as lasting as life. *Mind the little things.—The Standard Bearer.*

—During the campaign of 1814, a young Norman conscript was standing at support arms. "Why don't you fire?" said his lieutenant, furiously.

"Why should I fire on these men?" replied the greenhorn; "they have n't done anything to me."

At that moment his comrade fell dead beside him.

"Lieutenant," said the rustic, beginning to wake up, "I believe these chaps are firing bullets."

"Of course they are, booby, and they will kill you."

With that the conscript began to blaze away, and fought like a tiger till the close of the action.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

## LICENSE LAW.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"For so much gold we license thee,"  
So say our laws, "a draught to sell,  
That bows the strong, enslaves the free,  
And opens wide the gates of hell;  
For 'public good' requires that some  
Should live, since many died, by rum."

Ye civil fathers! while the foes  
Of this destroyer seize their swords,  
And heaven's own hail is in the blows  
They're dealing—will ye out the cords  
That round the falling fiend they draw—  
And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill  
Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway,  
And while God says, "Thou shalt not kill,"  
Say ye, for gold, "Ye may—ye may?"  
Compare the body with the soul!  
Compare the bullets with the bowl!

Are ye not fathers? when your sons  
Look to you for their daily bread,  
Date ye in mockery, load with stones  
The table that for them ye spread?  
How can ye hope your souls will live,  
If ye can fish a serpent give?

O, holy God! let light divine  
Break forth more brightly from above,  
Till we conform our laws to thine,  
The perfect law of truth and love;  
For truth and love alone can save  
Thy children from a hopeless grave.

**PROVIDENCE PROSPERS HONESTY**

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

BY MRS. ST. SIMONS.

A poor boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of the rich merchant, Samuel Richter, in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms. "You will get nothing here," grumbled the man without raising his head from off his book. "Be off!"

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment that Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and re-asked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground. "Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he asked. The weeping boy turned, and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer, "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with this reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face. "But are you not ashamed," he asked, in a kind, though serious tone, "you, so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, and I am too little to thresh or fall wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my mother and my little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for alms. But alas! a single peasant only gave me a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this, and this hardens many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a piece of money, and said,

"There is a half a dollar; go to the baker's and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother, and your brothers, but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter. "And as he spoke he beheld the boy returning running with a large loaf of black bread in one hand, and some money in the other."

"There, good sir!" he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then being very hungry, he begged a knife, to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite upon it. But suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village, about four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and

much sickness in the family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbor, but before three weeks at an end, he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was with her four young children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He—the eldest—had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone at first, from village to village, then had struck into the high road, and, at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude.

"Listen, my son!" he began, "have you then really a wish to learn?"

"Oh, yes, I have indeed!" cried the boy.

"I have read the catechism already, and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution.

"Well, then," he said, "if you are good and honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat, and drink, and clothing, and in time earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly, "my mother all this while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house. This man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time Herr Richter directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done, Herr Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story and of the plans which he had formed for him.—The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the latter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years, Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting-room, in order to educate him for business. Here, as well as there, at the writing desk, as on the school bench the ripening youth distinguished himself, by the faithful industry with which he exercised both.

With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, and after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last year of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but by the aid of the noble Richter and her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love for him, he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When by care and prudence, he had gained over a hundred dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good, and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well that in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined, made him in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more with industry, still and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time, and three years afterwards he was taken by Herr Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profit.

But it was not God's will this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bed-side, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease, he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years in that of his beloved foster son. He had long looked upon them as his children. They understood him; they loved each other, and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly they solemnized their betrothal at the bed-side of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed especially to watch over the interests of their worthy owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining years, with the tenderest affection, until, in her two and seventieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers—now substantial farmers—into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. And in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of fortune and of honest industry, passed in peace from this world.

Psalm xxxvii, v. 37: Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

[From the New York Mercury.]

## THE PICNIC FEVER.

THE LAST EXPERIENCE OF DOESTRICKS.

Everybody has been, at some time of his life, afflicted with peculiar disease that attacks a rural community, and makes them run into the woods, and perpetrate that most dismal and elaborate form of all forms of human discomfort, known as a "picnic."

This malady which has never yet been described by physicians, principally prevails in the country—there being something in the air of the city that neutralizes the feasting malaria that breeds the picnic fever. This strange infection is most prevalent in small country villages about strawberry-time; and it generally attacks all the unmarried people in a single neighborhood on nearly the same day. It is incurable, and must always be permitted to run its course. If the old folks in the neighborhood where the disease appears are wise, they will at once provide the afflicted juveniles with a large quantity of sandwiches, cake, cheese, pies, lemonade and bottled ale, pack the young folks carefully into wagons (the boys and girls being equally distributed in each wagon) and hustle them off to the nearest shady cow-pasture, and let the disease culminate in a picnic.

Everybody in the country knows the effects of this fever—jealousies and heart-burnings for some, and engagements and weddings for others. In those places where the symptoms are well understood, it is brought to its culmination quickly, so as to have the crisis past, and get the patients progressing favorably, as soon as possible.

It has been proposed to put this peculiar summer-sickness to a good use in a meteorological way; for keen observers have often remarked, that there was never a picnic-party yet, where women were invited, that didn't get drenched to the skin by a driving shower before they came home. Accordingly, in seasons of drought, picnic-parties are resorted to for the purpose of bringing on rain and saving the crops—and the expedient has never been known to fail. In case there should be unusual doubt on the subject, it is only necessary to send with the party a newly-manufactured bride, attired in her wedding-clothes, and the rain is sure to come.

For all my many years' residence in the city, I have never been afflicted with the well-remembered picnic fever until a few days ago. I knew, and instantly recognized the dreaded symptoms; I eagerly sought out some of the fellows who had, like myself, formerly lived in the country—to my amazement, they were all singularly suffering; we saw in a minute that there was but one way to effect a cure;—"physicians was in vain," and all the drugs and medicines of William street couldn't help us. We looked at each other in blank amazement—each one fearing to state what all were well aware must soon be said: there was no other way, and so we agreed to face the music—not to flinch from the responsibility—to take the bitter dose like men, and to immediately proceed and have a picnic. But it should be a masculine affair—we were agreed to that; there should be no women; we would have no climbing into high trees for tossed-up bonnets, and no clambering down precipices for tossed-down gloves and slippers; we would have no ginger-bread and pound-cake when we wanted red herrings and cheese; and we wouldn't be fobbed off with weak lemonade

when we longed for cold rum-punch and bottled porter.

So we organized our party—ten of us; some to carry eating apparatus, in the way of spoons and forks; some to provide bread; some to see to the cold meat and mustard; some to attend to the cold fowls; some to look after the sandwich department; some to take care that the boxing-gloves and fells were not forgotten; some to be sure that the chess-board and the quois were brought along; and everybody had special instructions to see that there was "something to drink" in his own individual haversack.

When we parted to meet on the appointed day, at the appointed spot, on the Heights of Jersey overlooking the Bay and City of New York, then and there to cure ourselves of the Picnic-Fever.

At the hour, every man was on the spot except Jiniwink, who had stealthily sneaked out; we were a dismal set; we knew we must go through the farce of pretending to enjoy ourselves; so we began at once to unpack our stores.

Men don't seem to have the necessary genius to provide for a picnic without a great redundancy of some things and a corresponding scarcity of others: so we had ten salt-cellar, but no salt—though we had plenty of mustard; for each man—taking it for granted that every other man would forget that indispensable condiment—had brought at least half a pound; but we didn't have any mustard-pot, though we got along very well with a pickle bottle which was emptied.—Brown eating twenty-three full-sized pickled cucumbers, so that they need not be wasted; then we had provisions enough for six weeks' rations for a small army; we had plenty of silver forks and spoons, but not a carving knife, or any sort of a knife larger than a pen-knife.

Came to take an inventory, we had, on an average two cold roast fowls apiece, twelve pounds each of cold boiled beef, eight loaves of bread, four pounds of crackers, half a dozen Bologna sausages, besides a roast turkey and a whole ham to every three fellows, and a wash-tub full of eggs, and five bushels of potatoes—the contribution of Squills, who said he'd make a fire and roast 'em.

When we couldn't find anything that was very much wanted, it was at once discovered that that particular thing was to have been provided by the absent Jiniwink; Jiniwink was to have seen to the salt, to have got up some table-cloths, and to have brought some drinking-cups; and Jiniwink had certainly promised to have a sauce pan on the ground, and a big pot to boil potatoes in and a bail and a set of bats, so that we could have a little base ball; and Jiniwink was also to have brought a rope, so that we could have fastened it to a tall tree, and have had some gymnastics; and the unfortunate Jiniwink was to have attended to a thousand other little affairs which had not been attended to by anybody, because everybody asserted that Jiniwink had made those forgotten things his special and particular care.

We drew lots who should be cook; Bagley was duly appointed to that laborious but not lucrative situation. So we all dispersed to enjoy our selves—leaving Bagley to make a fire, roast the potatoes and the eggs, spread out the newspapers that were to do service instead of table-cloths, and call us when all was ready.

Some of us boozed, and got bloody noses and black eyes; some of us pitched quits, and got bruised shins; some of us climbed the trees and attempted monkey-tricks therein, and tumbled down and nearly broke our necks; some of us ran races, and stubbed our toes on unseen rocks, and stepped into unexpected pits, and rolled, and tumbled, and pitched about in the most miscellaneous and promiscuous style, to the great detriment of our wardrobe; soon Jones had torn one leg of his trousers nearly off, and Kicker had burst his coat open all down the back; great inquiry for needle and thread to repair damages; no needle no thread, all in Jiniwink's department, and Jiniwink not within five miles; then grand rush for pins; nary pin in the crowd; pins all in J.'s department, also.

In half an hour, tired, ennobled, dirty, hungry, and very dry, we sought the place where Bagley was to have the repast prepared; found Bagley, but no repast; Bagley had found a demijohn of cold punch, and somehow the punch seemed to have got out of the demijohn into Bagley—for, instead of having a fire built, he told us, in rather a mixed kind of way, that he had spent his time preparing a "splendid salad, six fillers." Looked at his salad, and found that Bagley, under the influence of demijohn, had gone to a little pond near the road, and gathered a liberal allowance of skunk's cabbage and pond-lily pods, which he had mistaken for lettuce and water-cresses, and which he had been trying to dress on a copy of the "Herald" for a salad-bowl; he had poured on about four pounds of dry mustard, and had substituted Bourbon whiskey and Jamaica rum for salad oil and vinegar

—these two non-forthcoming articles belonging to the department of Jiniwink.

We rolled Bagley over a few times in his own salad, then tied him, neck and heels, with his own cravat, and laid him out on the grass to dry.

Then we inspected our drinkables, and found that each man, after providing enough miscellaneous liquors for a crowd of a dozen, had put into his pocket two bottles of old Bourbon, so that there were twenty quarts of that favorite beverage on the ground, besides the other refreshments. The principle favorites were, however, the four demijohns full of cold punch. Every body liked demijohn; demijohn got to be an immense favorite at once; every body paid him particular attention.

We were still resolved that we must have a fire; so we set Jones to make it, while we conversed a little with demijohn. Jones also listened to demijohn's remarks; and, for fear he should lose some of demijohn's precious words, he put his lips immediately to demijohn's mouth, then Jones filled his pockets full of matches, and went to build his fire; he built his fire—two fires—three fires—half a dozen fires; in fact, Jones had been persuaded by demijohn to go on building fires and never stop. Jones went on, until he had set on fire four fences and a hay-stack, and was only collared by Biggs just in time to prevent him setting fire to a house wherein an old lady was sick of chronic rheumatism.

Then we worked an hour or two to put the fires out; we paid attention, at short intervals, to demijohn, which Jenkins, with great presence of mind, had brought with him all the while; then we thought we'd go and eat our lunch; got to the place where the lunch had been, and found that some enterprising boys of the neighborhood had carried off every identical thing that was cooked, had also taken charge of all our Bourbon, and were now busily engaged in peering each other with uncooked eggs and raw potatoes.

Charged on the boys, rather circuitously, owing to influence of demijohn; boys laughed and fired a few dozen eggs at us, which speedily made us look as if we'd all been dipped in raw eggs, preparatory to being fried; gave up chase after boys, and turned to consideration of the subject; our feast was all gone, there being nothing left but five bushels of raw potatoes, and they were scattered all over the surrounding landscape.

Paid attention to demijohn, and started for home, demijohn in attendance; trouble with windows, which broke as we came near them; trouble with street lamps, which also broke as we came along; trouble with policemen, who said we were inebriated; trouble with magistrate, who wouldn't be convinced that police were all wrong; trouble with each other in the station house all night long; and worst and hardest trouble of all, to find money to pay fines next morning.

Since this affair, I have more than ever looked upon picnicking as a demoralizing habit.

I have never seen demijohn since; but I have never yet heard of a picnic where he was not present, and generally with all his family. If I ever again feel the picnic fever, I shall go at once to the hospital, and beg to be bled and blistered till reason returns.

DOESTRICKS, P. B.

## HUMAN DESTINY.

Anything from the pen or tongue of Horace Mann, is sure to be read and treasured. In one of his lectures, "A few thoughts for a young man," we find the following golden statement:

"Man is not a savage or a pauper by the inexorable fatality of his nature. He is surrounded with every form of the truest and noblest wealth—wealth, or well-being for the body, wealth for the mind, wealth for the heart. He is not of pebeban origin, but his lineage is from God, and when he asserts and exemplifies the dignity of his nature, royal and patrician titles sink into nothingness, and sink to oblivion. Men were not created to perform twenty-four months bodily labor in twelve months of time, while the intellectual and moral improvement, which a single year might master, is spread over a life. The laws of nature and of God demand no man to live on a potato a day, but the productive powers are as much beyond all the demands of healthy sustenance, as the volume of the atmosphere which encircles the globe is beyond the capacity of human being. Men were not created to live in wigwags, nor in caves, but to rise up and live down in dwellings of comfort and elegance. Men were not created for mendacity societies, and sin-houses, and the galleys; but for competence, and freedom; and virtue; not for thoughtless puerilities and vanities; but for dignity and honor, for joy unspiced and full of glory.

—Go to thunder," is now rendered—take your departure to the abode of the celestial herding swine of Heaven's millinery.