

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.

EBENBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, JULY 31 1861.

VOL. 8--NO. 34

TERMS:
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Select Poetry.
[From the Home Journal.]
A FANCIFUL MORAUCU.
BY FLEANSOR C. DONNELLY.
My lady's form—Kind fates, I thank ye much
For guiding me to where this relic lay,
From the contact of her rosy touch,
Her lips' pure impress and her breath's warm play.
Her taper fingers trifled with these pines,
Her dark, shy lashes drooped behind this screen,
And anxious blushed these painted Eastern blooms,
Whenever she blushed, like evening's sky serene;
Her sweet fan, grew sentient, breathe and tremble,
To cease a voice which shall my love's resemble.
To see an airy whisper, and unfold
The sweet, light nothings, which her lips have
said,
Her smiling o'er her brow her veil of gold,
How thy plume she bent her graceful head,
How low, clear laugh which left her mouth
A tremble in its rosy quietude,
How mock her breath, as fragrant as the south,
When pilgrim winds among its bowers intrude
Blower, sweet fan, and, in return, receive their
back-gate message which my lips may give
to thee.
Sparkle, thou mirror, limpid, pure, petite,
Set, like a dew-drop, in this rose bud frame;
On thy surface, in a transport sweet,
The rare, bright face which last across thee
came;
Smile the wondrous eyes, the brow Sapphic,
[From which banded tresses flowed away],
The smiling mouth, the bloom-enamored cheek,
The firm as fragile as a summer fay,
Sparkle, mute glass, yet misty with her breathing,
For whose dear sake this tender rhyme is wreath-
ing.
Smile! 'tis her step—advancing!—lo! she comes
From out the glamour of the twilight bowers,
The evening wind her loosened tresses combs,
And leads them with the fragrance of the
flowers;
Here, on this velvet cushion, where it fell,
Thy brilliant fan, sweet lady, I restore.
She sings. Ah! fate—it is a golden bell
Which chimes my curfew through the open
door.
Smile, dear fan, lie lightly on her bodice,
Breathe my message to the smiling goddess.

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.
A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.
"My boy, my poor blind boy!"
This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips
of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to
which a long and wasting illness had confined
her, and whence she well knew she was never
to rise.
Her son, the only child of her widowed heart,
the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt
beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow—for
now only, in a moment of solemn communion
with his mother, had she revealed the fatal
truth, and told him she must die. He had
watched, and hoped, and trembled for many
years, but never yet had he admitted to
himself the possibility of losing her. Her fading
cheek and sunken eye could not reveal to him
the progress of decay, and so long as the
voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered
him with promise of improvement, so long as
her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would
live.

He had been blind since he was three years
old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost
his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed
mother's face, her smoothly braided hair and
flowing white dress, was one of the few re-
collections entwined with the period before all
became dark to him.
The boy grew up, tall, slender, delicate, with
dark, pensive eyes, which bore no trace of the
calamity that had destroyed their powers of vi-
sion; grave, though not sad; dreamy, enthu-
siastic, and requiring his mother's care with the
deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first
years of his childhood, and also wherever his
education did not take them to London and else-
where, they had resided near a town on the
sea-coast, in one of the prettiest parts of Eng-
land.
Independently of the natural kindness which
very rarely fails to be shown towards any person
who is blind, there was that about both the
widow and her son which invariably rendered them
acceptable guests; for their intellectual resources
and powers of conversation were equally diver-
sified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied
much in order to teach her son, and thus, by im-
proving her natural abilities, had become a per-
son of no common stamp—her intellectuality,
however, being always subservient to, and fitly
shadowed by, the superior feminine attributes of
love, gentleness and sympathy; for heaven help
the woman in whom these gifts are not pre-
dominant over any mental endowments whatso-
ever.
When they walked out together, his mother
took his arm. He was proud of that, for he liked
to fancy he was some support to her; and many
pitiful eyes used latterly to follow the figure of
the widow in the black dress she constantly wore,
and the tall, pale son on whom she leaned confi-
dently as if striving with a sweet deception to
convince him that he was indeed the staff of her
declining strength. But gradually the mother's
form grew bent, her steps dragged wearily along,
and the expression of her face indicated increas-
ing weakness. The walks were at an end; and
before long she was too feeble to leave her bed,
except to be carried to a summer parlor, where
she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with
flowers twining round the casement, and the
warm sunbeams filling all things with joy, save
her forlorn heart and the anxious son who
incessantly hovered over her. Friends often came
to visit them, and turned away with a deep
sorrow as they noted the progress of her malady,
and heard the blind man ask each time whether
they did not think her better—oh surely a little
better than when they had last beheld her.
Among all these, no friend was so welcome or
brought such solace to the sick room as Mary
Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties
of the county, and the admiration and de-
light of all who knew her. Mr. Owen had danced
Mary upon her knee, and Edward used to weave
baskets and make garlands for her, when he was
a boy of twelve, and she a little fairy of six
years old or thereabouts, stood beside him, praising
his skill, and wondering how he could man-
age so cleverly, though blind. None of his
childish companions ever led him so carefully as
Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his
mental superiority. She would leave those games
of her playmates in which his blindness pre-
vented him from joining, and would listen for hours
to the stories with which his memory was well
stored, or which his own imagination enabled him
to invent.
As she grew up, there was no change in the
frank and confiding nature of their intercourse.
Mary still made him the recipient of her girlish
secrets, and plans, and dreams, just as she had
done of her little griefs and joys in childhood;
asked him to quote his favorite passages of poe-
try, or stationed herself near him at the piano,
suggesting subjects for him to play, which he
extended to her bidding. Bright and blooming
as Mary was, the life of every party, beam-
ing with animation and enjoyment, no attention
was capable of rendering her unmindful of him;
and she was often known to sit out several
dances in an evening, to talk to dear Edward
Owen, who would be sad if he thought himself
neglected.
And now she daily visited the invalid—her
 buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her
increasing sufferings, but still diffusing such an
atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her,
that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at
her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were al-
ways raised to her bright face, as if he felt the
magic influence it imparted.
His mother had noticed all this with a mother's
watchfulness; and, on that day, when, strong in
her love, she had undertaken to break to him the
fact which all others shrank from communicat-
ing, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague
wild hope she had always cherished of one day
seeing her his wife.
"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man
"Dearest mother, in this you are not true to
yourself! What! Would you wish to see her
in her spring-time of youth and beauty sacrificed
to such a one as I?—to see Mary, as you have
described her to me, as my soul tells me she is,
tied down to be the guide, and leader, and sup-
port of one who could not make one step in her
defense; whose helplessness alone, would be his
means of sheltering and protecting her! Would
you hear her pined—our bright Mary pined—
as a blind man's wife, mother?"
"But Edward—if she loves you, as I am sure
she does—"
"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals,
as a sister loves a brother, as you love me!
And for this benignant love, this tender sym-
pathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads
upon; but beyond this—were you to entreat her
to marry your blind and solitary son, and she in

War Fever in Baldinsville.
BY ARTEMUS WARD.
[From the Home Journal.]
MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.
BY AN IRRITABLE MAN.
Early in the Morning.
"There must be different regulations in this
house, my dear," I said, re-arranging my pillow,
after a vain attempt to gain a short nap. "for I
won't endure any longer having the children wake
me so early in the morning. If they will get up
before daylight, they must remain in the nursery,
and not come into our room with their laughter
and shouts of 'good morning.' The fact is, if
there be one thing I dislike more than another, it
is to be aroused from my slumbers with cries of
'good morning,' for it is anything but good to be
thus disturbed."
"But you must allow, my dear," rejoined my
wife, "that it is very pretty in the children to do
this. Then that little three year old one, who
always adds to her 'good morning,' a 'wish you
merry Christmas'—can anything be more child-
like and beautiful?"
"Oh, it's all well enough," I said; "but I
don't see the use of it so early in the morning.
If she would say it at night, when she goes to
bed, I could better appreciate it. It has always
been a matter of wonderment to me why children
will wake with the birds."
"The reason is very simple," my wife answer-
ed, "it is because they go to bed with them. No
sooner do you come home in the afternoon, than
you begin to tell the children it is time for them
to prepare for bed; and, even when you are in
the best of humor, you don't seem contented un-
til they are safely ensconced in their cribs. Now
if you were to go to bed at six or seven o'clock,
as they do, I think you would also wake up as
early in the morning."
"Perhaps so," I replied; "but what would be
the object for me to go to bed so early?"
"Why, as you tell the children," my wife said,
maliciously, "to make you grow."
Now, I am rather short; but I think my age
warrants me in presuming I shall never be any
taller, so that when my wife answered as she did,
it provoked me. Although naturally an irritable
man, I have the faculty of controlling my temper
when I think it is desirable to do so, and, on the
present occasion, I contented myself with silently
wishing my amiable spouse in Jericho. Seeing
I made no answer, my wife continued:
"If it were not that the children woke you,
you wouldn't get up till ten o'clock. Notwith-
standing they wake you thus early, you don't rise
until the bell is rung for breakfast, and then I
have to call you, over and over again, until my
breath is almost gone, and I haven't strength left
to serve the coffee."
"I should not think it required a great deal of
strength to open the faucet of the coffee-urn, es-
pecially as I have heard you complain that it
often drops of its own accord, and allows the
coffee to run at will."
"Oh, no, well, make as much sport of me as you
like; but don't complain if, when you go to
breakfast this morning, everything on the table,
including the coffee, be cold; for, positively, I will
not call you. If you won't get up when the bell
rings, why you can lie abed and eat a cold break-
fast after the others have finished."
"Very well, my dear," I said, "have it your
own way, though if I can't have in this house
my breakfast, and a hot one at that, any hour I
may wish it, why, I can get it at Delmonico's,
when I go down town. On the whole, I think I
should prefer, for a change, to do so. I should
not have to wait on the children, carving tough
steaks, nor will you have to turn out coffee for
me."
"Well, do you know," said my wife, "I really
believe you would like to do that. I think you
would actually enjoy taking your meals away
from your family. You wouldn't mind anything
about the expense of such proceedings, so long as
it was for your own gratification; but if I should
do so, you would declare it the height of foolish-
ness. Why, if I stop at Mendes' and get a cup
of chocolate some day when I am wearied out,
with shopping for you and the children, you
think it extravagant, and I never, indeed, hear
the last of it."
"Well, but chocolate is such abominable stuff,"
I said, "it sticks up one's mustache so. I cannot
imagine how any one can like it."
"Fortunately," my wife said, "I have no
mustache to be soiled with it, and, besides, I like
chocolate."
"Very well, if you like it," I said, "I am sure
I have no objections to your drinking it; but
don't, for gracious sake, be recommending it to
me, for if there be one thing I dislike more than
another, it is chocolate."
"But I have not recommended it," my wife
replied, "though I think it would be better for
you than the strong coffee you now use. Coffee
makes you nervous and irritable."
"I am not irritable," I said, "and I doubt if
a more even-tempered and amiable man does, or
ever did, or ever will exist, than I am."
"My father," began my wife; but I interrup-
ted her with declaring that I didn't wish to hear
a word about her father, or his amiability. My
wife put her handkerchief to her eyes.
"No!" she exclaimed, "you never will permit
me to say a word about my dear father. If he
had known, when he resigned me to you, that you
would have treated me in the harsh manner in
which you do, he never would have given his
consent for you to marry me."
"Then ours would have been a runaway match
my dear, that is certain; for you were so deeply
in love with me that all the fathers in Christen-
dom couldn't have kept you away from me."
"Oh, yes, you may say that," my wife said,
smiling in spite of herself; "but if you think
such light talk is going to make me forget your
unkind expressions in regard to my father, you
are much mistaken. I only wish I had known
as much when I married you as I do now."
"I really wish you had," I replied, "for then
I should not experience the annoyances which
your lack of housekeeping knowledge has brought
upon me. If, when we were first married, you
had known as much of cooking as you now do,
how much better I might have lived. What
delicate light biscuits I should have eaten, in-
stead of the heavy ones I have been obliged to
devour! What juicy meat I might have carred
in place of the overdone joints I have had to
dissect! What—"
"Never mind," interrupted my wife, "going
any farther into the subject, for the knowledge I
regret not to have possessed, has no reference to
any housekeeping accomplishments. I refer to
your irritable disposition, which, if I had been
aware you possessed, would have deterred me
from ever marrying you."
"Good gracious! my dear," I exclaimed, "you
don't say so! How glad I am that you didn't
find it out. Just to think that if you had known
as much about me nine years ago as you do now,
we would not have been married! What a narrow
escape I had of being a bachelor!"
"There it is again; make as much fun about
what I say as you like," said my wife; "sneer
at me as much as you please; but I guess that
one of these days you'll find I am in earnest."
"Well, my dear, all I can say is that I should
be very sorry to believe it. If I am irritable, as
you declare I am, perhaps there are some acts
of yours which serve to make me so; at all events
you must endeavor to bear with my humors, and
I will endure yours. But—don't you think we
had both better get up, for it must be nearly
eight o'clock, and at this season of the year I don't
care to lie abed any later."
And, rising, I left my amiable spouse to her re-
flections.
The Power of Music.
One stormy night a few weeks since, (says the
Albany Knickerbocker,) we were wending our
way homeward near midnight. The storm raged
violently, and the streets were almost deserted.
Occupied with our thoughts, we plodded on, when
the sound of music from a brilliantly illumined
mansion for a moment arrested our footsteps. A
voice of surpassing sweetness and brilliancy com-
menced a well-known air. We listened to a few
strains, and were turning away, when a roughly
dressed, miserable looking man brushed rudely
past us. But as the music reached his ears, he
stopped and listened intently, as if drinking in
the melody, and as the last sound died away,
burst into tears.
We inquired the cause of his grief.
For a moment emotion forbade utterance, when
he said:
"Thirty years ago, my mother sang me to
sleep with that song—she has long been dead,
and I, once innocent and happy, am—an out-
cast—a drunkard—"
"I know it is unmanly," he continued, after
a pause, in which he endeavored to wipe away
with his sleeve the fastly gathering tears. "I
know it is unmanly thus to give way, but that
sweet tone brought back vividly the thought of
childhood. Her form seemed once more before
me—I—I can't stand it—I—"
And before we could stop him, he rushed on,
and entered a tavern near by to drown remem-
brance in the intoxicating bowl.
While filled with sorrow for the unfortunate
man, we could not help reflecting upon the won-
derful power of music. That simple strain, coming
perchance from some gay and thoughtless
girl, and sung to others equally as thoughtless,
still had its gentle mission, for it stirred deep
feelings in an outcast's heart, bringing back
happy hours long gone by.
A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—The man who stands
upon his own soil, who feels that by the land in
which he lives, by the laws of civilized nations,
he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land
he tills, is by the constitution of our nature un-
der a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from
any other source. He feels—other things being
equal—more strongly than any other, the char-
acter of a man as the lord of an inanimate
world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which,
fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by
his power, is rolling through the world, a part
is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the
space on which the generations before moved in
its round of duties, and he feels himself connected
by a link with those who follow, and to whom
he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has
come down to him from his father.
They have gone to their last home; but he can
trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily
labors. The roof which shelters him was reared
by those to whom he owes his being. Some in-
teresting tradition is connected with every inclo-
sure. The favorite fruit was planted by his fa-
ther's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the
brook which still winds through the meadow.
Through the field lies the path to the village
school of earlier days. He still hears from the
window the voice of the Sabbath bell which
called his father to the house of God; and near
at hand is the spot where his parents laid down
to rest, and where, when his time has come, he
shall be laid by his children.
These are the feelings of the owner of the soil.
Words cannot paint them; they flow out of the
deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life
spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national
character.—Edward Everett.
The ladies of Mayville, Kentucky, recently
presented a pair of pantaloons to Miss Lucy
Stone, in due form. Miss Lucy accepted the
pantaloons, but says she would have done so with
a much better will if they only had had a man in
them.

As soon as I'd recuperated my physickil sys-
tem, I went over to the village. The peasantry
was glad to see me. The schoolmaster said it was
cheer to see that gigantic intellect among 'em
on't more. That's what he called me. I like
the schoolmaster, and allers send him tobacco
when I'm on a travelin' campaign. Such men
must be encouraged.
They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville,
as nethin' but a plank road runs in there twice a
week, and that's very much out of repair. So
my nabors wasn't much posted up in regard to
the wars. 'Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the
democratic ticket for goin on forty years, and the
war was a dam black republican lie. Jo Stack-
pole, who kills hogs for the 'Squire, and has got
a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet \$5
he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand up fight,
if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went
—sum was for war and sum was for peace. The
schoolmaster, however, sed that the Slave Oligar-
chy must cover at the feet of the North ere a year
had passed by, or pass over his dead corpse.—
"Esa perpetua!" he added, "and sine qua
non also" sed I, sternly, wishing to make a im-
pression onto the villagers. "Requiescat in
pace!" sed the schoolmaster. "Too true, too
true," I answered, "it's a scandalous fact!"
The newspapers got along at last, chock full
of Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't be-
lieve in coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove
by a file of Eagles of Liberty in his garrit, that
it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of
whisky and destroy our other liberties, but the
old 'Squire got putty riley when he heard how
the rebels was cuttin' up, and he sed he reckoned
he should scour up his old musket and do a little
square fight for the Old Flag, which had allers
bin on the tickle 'ed' voted, and he was too old
to bolt now. The 'Squire is all right at heart,
but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable
biler with steam than it used to be when he was
young and frisky. As I previly informed you, I
am Captain of the Baldinsville Company. I riz
gradually but majestically from drummer's secre-
tary to my present position. But I found the
ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced
to recruit. Havin' notised a general desire on
the part of young men who are into the Crisis to
wear epyllits, I determined to have my compa-
ny composed exclusively of officers, everybody
to rank as Brigadier-General. The follerin was
among the varis questions which I put to re-
cruits:
Do you know a masked battery from a hunk
of gingerbread?
Do you know a epyllit from a piece of chalk?
If I trust you with a real gun, how many men
of your own company do you speck you can man-
age to kill during the war?
Have you ever heard of Giral Price of Mis-
souri, and can you avoid similar accidents in case
of a battle?
Have you ever had the measles, and if so, how
many?
How are you now?
Show us your tongue, &c., &c. Some of the
questions were sarcastical.
The company filled up, rapid, and last Sunday
we went to the meetin house in full uniform. I
had a seris time gettin into my military harness,
as it was bit for me many years ago; but I fi-
nally got inside of it, though it fitted me putty
close. However, onct into it I lookt fine—in-
fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs.
Ward?" sed I, walkin into the kitchen.
"Know you, you old fool. Of course I do."
I saw at onct that she did.
I started for the meetin house, and I'm afraid
I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near
fallin over backwards; and in attemptin to recover
myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs,
and I fell in among a choice collection of young
ladies, who was standin near the church door, a
gein the soger boys come up. My cockt hat fell
off, and somehow my coat-tails got twisted round
my neck. The young ladies put their handker-
chiefs to their mouths and remarked: "Te, he,
while my ancient female single friend, Sary Pea-
sey, bust out into a loud lark. She exercised her
mouth so violently that her new false teeth fell
out onto the ground.
"Miss Peasley," sed I, gittin up and dustin
myself, "you must be more careful with them
store teeth o' your'n, or you'll have to gum it
agin!"
"Methinks I had her."
I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I
felt rather snoozy. I'm afraid I did get half
asleep, for on hearing the minister ask, "why
was a man made to move?" I sed, "I give it
up," havin a vague idee that it was a conundrum.
It was a unfortunit remark, for the whole meetin
house lookt at me with mingled surprise and in-
dignation. I was about risin to a pint of order,
when it suddenly occurred to me where I was,
and I kept my seat, blushing like the red rose
—so to speak.
The next morning I rose with the lark—
(N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, though. A
goak.)
My little dawter was excootin ballads, accom-
panying herself with the hand organ, and she
wist me to linger and hear her sing: "Hark,
I hear an angel singin, a angel now is onto the
wing."
"Let him fly, my child!" sed I a bucklin on
my armer, "I must forth to my Biz."
"We are progressin pretty well with our drill.
As all are commadant officers, there ain't no jel-
ousy; and as we are all excoedit smart, it ain't
worth while to try to outstrip each other. The
idea of a company composed exclusively of Com-
mandant-in-Chiefs originated, sence I scarcely
need say, in these branes. Considered as a idee,
I fatter myself it is putty heffy. We've got all
the tacticks at our tong's ends, but what we
particly excel in is resin muskets. We can resin
muskets with anybody.
Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the
aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!
We'll be chopt into sassage meat before we'll
exhibit our coat-tails to the foe.
We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but
our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wig-
gle! "Ever of thee," A. WARD.

To rob a man of his money is to wound
him in the chest.