

# 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.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camp allied,  
Grew weary of bombarding.  
The Dark Redan in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff,  
No longer held its thunder.  
There was a pause. The guard man said,  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."  
Then lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon—  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.  
They sang of love, and not of fame,  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."  
Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,  
Their battle eve's confession.  
Dear girl her name he dared not speak;  
Yet as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.  
Beyond the darkening ocean, burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.  
And once again a fair of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot and burst of shell,  
And howling of the mortars.  
An Irish Nora's eyes are dim,  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
An English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."  
Ah, soldier! to your honored rest,  
Your truth and valor bearing,  
The bravest are the tenderest—  
The loving are the darest.

### THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Not yet? The day would still come, dearest, delay it as I might, and is it manifold thus to shrink from what must and ought to be? I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the onset, what will be the result? I have arranged everything. Mr. Glen, our clergyman, has a cousin, an usher in a school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as companion and reader. Next week he comes; and then, Mary, farewell to Woodland!"  
"No, not farewell, for you must come here very often; and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me in your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for. And then our walks—oh, Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliff, sometimes together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my heart, and made me feel how cold and insensible I had been before."  
"Ah, Mary," said Edward, mournfully, "near you I am no longer blind!"  
The book she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color went and came, as she laid her hand timidly on his arm. Indescribable tenderness, reverence and compassion were busy within her soul.  
"Edward, you will not change in anything towards us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends—your mother's friends! Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your—sister!"  
"Sustainer, consoler, guide! Sister above all, oh, yes, my sister! Best and sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for

a moment within his own. Then, as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued, in an altered tone, "My sister and my friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be forever lost to me."  
She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing, tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.  
"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how you were determined to become a duchess at last?"  
"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at the table between me and the duke, Edward? Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were! But I, at least, know better now. I am not ambitious in that way any longer."  
"In that way? In what way then do your aspirations tend?"  
"To be loved!" said Mary, fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save of me—to be certain that, with all my faults and waywardness, I am loved for myself alone, not for—any little charm of face which people may attribute to me."  
Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him.  
"Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set up to be must be beautiful as the index of your soul. I have pictured you so often to myself; I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might look upon you! The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly light, which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."  
"Ah, Edward, it is better you cannot see me as I am. You would not love—I mean you would not think of me—so much."  
"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the ball to-night, I fancy I should never repine again."  
"The ball to-night! I had quite forgotten it. I wish mamma would not insist on my going. I do not care for these things any longer,—you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind."  
"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot-house flowers which have arrived here for us. Come, Edward, come and see them too."  
They were so accustomed to treat him as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, that they often did not appear to remember he was blind.  
The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donors name accompanied the gift. Suddenly one of the girls cried out, laughingly—"I have guessed, I have guessed! It is Edward. He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them on purpose for us. Kind, good Edward!" and they were loud in their expressions of delight—all except Mary, who kept silently aloof.  
"Mary does not like her flowers?" said Edward, inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.  
"No," she replied, sorrowfully, "it is the ball that I do not like, nor your thinking about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go."  
"Look at these lovely roses," said the elder sister, as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"  
"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Edward, eagerly, "and let me weave it for her. You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"  
"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary, gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow, usually so serene, as she moved so reluctantly away. "But it must seem such a mockery to you, poor Edward!" and then, without waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters, who were in great delight in their anticipations of the evening's amusements, silently betook himself to his task.  
Early after dinner, the large, old-fashioned drawing room at Woodlands was deserted. The momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three lovely daughters could find themselves at the ball. Edward was the only occupant of the room. Seated at the piano, on which the fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.  
"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart—how long this evening will be, without her voice, without her footsteps! And yet this is what awaits me—what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, in her sweet, childlike earnestness to teach her to repeat poetry, or give expression to her music. The welcome rattle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me. Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit

shrink when you contemplated this for your miserable son! How strange those last words! I thought of them to day, while I made her a wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting."  
"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company for a little while before we set out. You must be so sad! Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."  
She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness—her white dress falling all around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by nature's hand.  
The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man. He reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hand upon the flowery wreath.  
"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward, who lent his little help to its adornment."  
"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly? You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."  
"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow and hope exulting in your heart; when life smiles so brightly on you, and guardian angels seem to hover round your path!"  
He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him. She leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.  
"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment, until I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."  
"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember, my mother left her blessing there."  
"Was it only for you, Edward?"  
There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands; his lofty, self-denying spirit wrestles with himself; when, gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed round his neck, her head, with its glory of golden locks, is bowed upon his breast.  
Oh, Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself if I deserve it. Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this. I have been so unhappy; I have so long wished to speak to you—"  
"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength. Beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than language can express, you must not thus throw yourself away."  
He would disengage the arm that is clinging to his neck, but she nestles closer still.  
"Mary," he cries wildly, "remember! Blind, blind!"  
"Not blind near me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, here my resting place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."  
Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of that hour, nor never returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.  
This is no fiction, reader—no exaggerated picture. Some, who peruse this, will testify out of the depths of their hearts how, in fulfilling and admiration, they have watched Mary in respect and the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness; and when the music of her children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her motherly love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to defraud their father of a thought, or a smile, or the lightest portion of her accustomed care.  
No, dear Mary! Years have passed since she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses, so carefully preserved, have long since withered; but the truth and love which accompanied the gift are fresh and bright as then—rendering her, as her proud husband says, almost equal, even on earth, to those angels among whom, in heaven, he shall see her—SEE her, at last, no longer blind.  
In Bangor, Me., there resides a certain William S—, a teamster, who is noted for his jollity, and also for keeping late hours, as he usually goes home at 2 o'clock in the morning. Well one stormy night about a year ago, William concluded to go home early, and, accordingly, he arrived at his house at just midnight. In answer to his knock, his mother opened a window and inquired—  
"Who is there?"  
"William," was the reply.  
"No," said she, "you can't come that over me; my William won't be home for two hours yet." Poor Bill had to wait till his usual time.  
A young lady said, the other day, that she was sorry she could not fight in defence of her country's liberty, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an old maid, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as anybody could be called upon to make.  
Miss Que asked "the pleasure of Capt. Jones' company to tea." At the time appointed, the Captain, being in command of the Rifle Company, made his appearance with the whole of his company in parade dress.

## WANTED, A HOME.

BY PAULINE.

Among the advertisements in one of our yesterday's papers, you might have noticed the following:  
"Wanted, a home for a very nice little girl, with a lady, where she would be instructed in her book and sewing. She will be found perfectly useful, and she is an excellent little girl, and of decent parents. Please call at 375—street, fourth floor."  
Those who have no occasion for the services of such a little girl need not accompany me to the place in person. They have but to travel in mind to 375—street, and ascending the four weary flight of stairs, they will find themselves in a room forlorn enough, but scrupulously neat. Bare of furniture, to be sure, and of everything in fact that goes to make a comfortable home, but even in its desolate condition are the evident marks of a gentle and refined mind.  
And by the one dormer window sits the mother, the presiding genius of this meagre abode.—Pale and wasted to a shadow she is, and clad in the scanty, faded garb of poverty; but about her, as about her room, reigns that unmistakable air of which speaks the lady—not the conventional creature of fashionable life, all flounces, feathers, and folly, with a heart as hollow as her own empty cologne bottle, but the lady born, one of nature's gentlewomen.  
Patiently she struggled with the little ones left her, the offspring of the stout young laborer, who won her true affections, who, after scraping together a comfortable little home, was suddenly struck down by a fatal fever, leaving her to the mercies of a hard world with four helpless young things to provide for. Through all has she worked, and clothed and fed them as best she might, until the "hard times" of last winter and the gradually increasing hard times of the present summer have driven her up into the desolate garret.  
One by one of her pieces of furniture, relics of her happy home, when the mechanic father of her babies was alive, were obliged to go, and still she could not make any headway against the cruel pressure of no money and no work which bore so badly against her. Two of the little ones, Katie and Jimmie, the next to the eldest and the next to the youngest, have fallen the victims to disease consequent upon insufficient diet and impure air.  
A richly dressed lady, all satin and jewelry, has mounted the long stairway, and puffing and pouting, sits down in the only chair in the room to ask the anxious mother a few questions concerning the "nice little girl." The questions are hard and abrupt. The lady objects to her name, Isabel is not a proper name for a servant girl.  
"She was named when we had plenty around us, and when we did not dream of her having ever to go out to service," replies the sighing mother.  
The lady objects to the paleness and thinness of the little girl.  
"She will pick up and grow stout as soon as she has proper food and enough of it, patiently responded the mother.  
The lady objects to the age of the little girl.  
The mother sighs for an answer.  
But at length, the lady concludes upon taking her, is unwilling, however, to pay anything for the services of so small a girl, although she is willing to hear her read and spell "once in a while," and at the same time assuring her that "she shall be kept steadily enough at her needle."  
It will not do. The mother pleads for ever so little a week, and finally concludes that she cannot part with her Isy unless she can get a few shillings a week for her services.  
The stout lady goes off in a pet, muttering about the insolence of "them that hasn't a rag to their backs."  
The bundle of satin, selfishness and lace has no sooner gone than her presence is supplied by a plainly dressed Quaker lady, whose mild, serene countenance expresses nothing but love and human charity.  
This visit proves a true God-send to the needy widow. The "wanted home" is found. The little Isabel's pale cheeks will soon bloom out with the roses of health. The weary mother will find work enough to do at a fair price to keep herself and "baby." The "book" will be taught to the young Isabel, and wholesome precept and example taught with it. Let us bless God there is still some good left in the world, and let us pray that many more like the benevolent Quaker lady may be raised up to comfort the down-trodden and needy.  
—The death of a printer is thus described in an English paper: "George Woodsto of his profession, the type of honesty, the of all; and although the of death has put a . to his existence, every of his life was without a ."

## FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

### MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

BY AN 'BRITABLER MAN.

Seeing the Seventh Home.

"THERE it is again!" exclaimed my wife, in her most provoking tone, as I entered the house at a rather late hour on Saturday evening.  
"There what is again?" I asked.  
"Why, your staying out till midnight, and eating oysters," she replied.  
"Not an oyster," I said; "you are much mistaken if you think I have tasted of any. All I have partaken of since breakfast this morning has been a bite of the rations of our artist-soldier friend of the Seventh, and a sip of elderberry wine."  
"Has the Seventh regiment returned home?" asked my wife.  
"It has," I answered, "and a noble and hearty reception it received."  
"What time did it arrive?" my wife inquired.  
"Oh, about four o'clock," I said; "but the soldiers didn't reach the army till late in the evening. So I concluded to stay down town and welcome our friend."  
"Yes that is always the way," she remarked; "you think nothing of staying away from your family, witnessing all the military displays, while I am obliged to remain at home, and watch the children. And this evening while you've been enjoying yourself listening to pleasant conversation, I have been setting up for you till my head aches, and I am ready to fall asleep."  
"Then why," I said, "did you not go to bed?—Now, if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to have my wife sit up for me when I am out. I wish to gracious women would know enough to go to bed when they are sleepy."  
"I shall, probably," replied my wife, "follow such a course in future, for there is no telling what will suit you, I sometimes think I will endeavor to please you, but will do everything for my own gratification."  
"Very well, I replied, 'you suit yourself and, of course, I will be satisfied.'"  
"To-day, for instance," my wife continued you said you would be home early, and wished me to have dinner for you at five o'clock. I did have it ready for you, and what is more I had one which I knew you would like. Some of the dishes I prepared; but five o'clock came and my lord did not make his appearance. He was looking at the Seventh Regiment marching up Broadway, and never gave a thought to his poor wife at home, who was waiting dinner for him and worrying her life almost out because forsooth it was spoiling."  
"What! the dinner or the life?" I asked, cruelly.  
"Both, my lord," she answered.  
"Proceed my lady, your lord is all attention," I said.  
"I have nothing more to say," she added, "and now I think I will retire. Good night."  
"But," I exclaimed, "I have not been to dinner yet, and I don't think it would be justifiable for you to go to bed and leave me here to starve; if I were to be one thing I dislike more than another it is to be starved to death."  
"I think," she answered, "that there is very little fear of your ever coming to that pass. You know where the refrigerator is, and you can help yourself to anything you find in it. I am not going to set the table and get dinner for you after midnight. Besides, you told me, I think, that you had been dining with the artist soldier of the Seventh off of his rations. If that is the case, I don't see why you should want another dinner."  
"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "I only said I had a bite." You don't think I could make a meal off of salt corned beef and stale bread, do you?"  
"Why not if your friend, who is quite as partial, and accustomed to more delicate fare than you are, could?"  
"Oh, that is very well," I replied, "for you to say; but remember, he is used to it by this time while I am not. By the way, I brought home for your special delectation, a bit of the ration; referred to—there it is; help yourself!"  
"Well," exclaimed my wife regarding the meat with evident surprise and repugnance, "they have cut it the wrong way."  
"Oh," I replied, "I imagine it matters very little to the soldiers in which manner it is cut, if they get enough of it."  
"You don't mean to say," my wife added, "that our friend who paints such elegant landscapes, has lived on such food ever since he has been away?"  
"I mean to say," I replied, "that that bit of corned beef is an excellent sample of what the government provides for the soldiers. The quality of it, I am assured, is better than what is usually given out. If any private soldier has had better food than that, he has been obliged to pay for it out of his own pocket. I am inclined to think that some of our poor fellows don't get even enough of inferior rations."  
"Then they must have a hard time," said my wife, "and the government is to blame. I have a great mind to offer my services as cook to one of the regiments."  
"That would be extremely patriotic," I said; "but it seems to me that patriotism, like charity, should begin at home. And as I happen to be greatly in want of something to eat at this moment, I wish you would get it for me."  
"Can't you get it yourself?" she replied, "just as well as for me to go down stairs to the refrigerator at this late hour. I am tired, and half sick, and don't feel as if I could take a single step more than is absolutely necessary."  
"Very well, I answered, 'I will get it myself; but I do not see the use of your sitting up for me,

if you won't get me anything to eat when I come home. The fact is you have had your dinner, and now you don't care whether I have mine or not."  
"If you had been home at the hour you promised to be," said my wife, "you would have had a nice dinner; but now, I really do not much care whether you have any at all. Besides, I think it very injurious to eat just as one is going to bed. You would rest much better if you would go without eating, and your appetite for breakfast would be good."  
"That is certainly the coolest proposition I have had made to me to-day," I said. "Go to bed without my dinner! You might as well ask me to go without my breakfast after I get up in the morning. No, the fact is I am hungry, and I want my dinner. I didn't get any down town, for I knew you would find fault with me if I did, and compute the number of loaves of bread, quarts of milk, pairs of shoes, stockings, and gloves for the children, and bonnets and silk dresses for yourself, that the money for my dinner would have purchased. No matter if my dinner had only cost fifty cents, you would have made a wonderful ado about it, and I should have had the dyspepsia on account of it. I have grown wiser than when I was first married, and have learned, if I would enjoy peace in my home, not to eat dinners away from my own mahogany."  
"I am certainly pleased," my wife said "to hear you speak thus; but I should like to have you act up to what you say. I have not seen a week since we were married, but that you have dined out once, if not oftener, in it. You have taken dinner down town twice, to my knowledge this very week, and I am not certain that you have gone without your dinner to-day. At all events it seems hardly probable. As for me how many times let me ask, have I dined away from home in the nine long years we have been married? I don't think it has been a half a dozen times, and yet you find fault with me for not getting dinner at midnight."  
"Really," I said, "I do not see the relation between the first part of your sentence and its conclusion. I can't understand what your dining out has to do with getting dinner for me at this hour."  
"That is always the way you seek to avoid an explanation with me. If the grammatical construction of any remark doesn't please you, why I can't help it. You can arrange it to suit yourself, while you are getting your dinner; but for my part, I will bid you good night, for I am going to bed."  
And she went.  
**A Western Wedding Fee.**  
A minister settled in one of our frontier western villages, in which the primitive manners of a pioneer life had been smoothed and polished by refinement and cultivation, was seated in his study one day, endeavoring to arrange the heads of his to-morrow's discourse, when his attention was called by a loud knock at the door.  
"Won't you walk in?" asked the minister politely.  
"Very much obliged, squire, I don't know but we will. I say, you are a minister, ain't you?"  
"Yes."  
"I reckoned so. Well you see, Betsy and me—that's Betsy, a fast rate sort of a gal, anyhow—"  
"Oh, Jotham," smirked the bashful deity.  
"You are now, and you needn't deny it. Well, Betsy and I have concluded to hitch teams, and we want you to do it."  
"You wish to be married."  
"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, before you begin, let us know what is going to be the damage. I reckon tisn't best to go to bed."  
"Oh, I never set any price. I take whatever they give me."  
"Well that is all right; go ahead, minister, if you please, we are in a hurry, as Joe's got to finish platin' the potter patch afore night, and Betsy she's got to fetch the butter."  
Thus adjured, the minister at once commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few moments.  
"Kiss me, Betsy," said the delighted bridegroom. "You are my old woman, now. Ain't it nice?"  
"Fust rate," was the satisfactory reply.  
"Hold on a jerk," said Jotham, as he left his bride abruptly, and darted out to the gate where the wagon had been left.  
"What's your husband gone out for?" asked the minister, somewhat surprised.  
"I expect it's the sassaiges," was the confused reply.  
Just then Jotham made his appearance, dangling in his hand a painful of the 'sassaiges,' which he handed to the minister, with the grin of one conferring a favor.  
"We aint got much money," said he, "and so we thought we'd pay you in sassaiges. Mother made 'em, and I reckon they are good. If they aint just you send them back, and we'll send you some more."  
The minister expressed a gratitude which he was far from feeling—"sassaiges" being anything but a favorite dish with him, and the happy couple withdrew, supposing that they had done everything in order.  
The minister has since made a rule to exclude "sassaiges" from the 'list of articles' he is willing to receive as wedding fees.  
At a party recently given in Bucks County, five young ladies here weighed, and the aggregate weight was seven hundred and seventy-two pounds—average, one hundred and fifty-two pounds each. They raise heavy crops in old Bucks.