

# 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.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30, 1861.

VOL. 8--NO. 47

NEW SERIES.

**TERMS:**  
Democrat and Sentinel is published every Wednesday Morning at FIFTY CENTS per annum, in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY CENTS if not paid until the termination of the year.

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**Select Poetry.**

**WATCH! MOTHER.**

Mother! watch the little feet  
Climbing o'er the garden wall,  
Ringing through the busy street,  
Tapping at the school door,  
Now about the kitchen hat,  
Now round the fire-stove,  
Little feet will everywhere  
Tread them, mother! while you may.

Mother! watch the little hands  
Polling berries by the way,  
Milling laces in the sun,  
Tearing up the front of my  
New dress the question mark,  
"Why do these little hands  
These little hands may prove  
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue  
Babbling of content and will;  
Wagging and what is coming  
By the happy, happy child;  
Catch the word while yet unspoken;  
Stop the word while yet unspoken;  
This same tongue may yet proclaim  
Blessings in the Savior's name.

Mother! watch that little heart  
Beating soft and warm for you;  
Whispering lessons now impart;  
Keep that young heart true;  
Extracting every word  
Singing good and precious seed;  
Harvest rich when you see,  
Blessings for eternity.

**THE PRESENTMENT;**

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA

BY MARY W. JANNING.

Dear Wife:—How I am, thank fortune, on my feet again. You would have heard me in this had I spoken vessels at sea, and I would have been the earliest opportunity after our return. We entered Rio harbor on the night of April 10th and shall remain here for our journey until the 15th, which I will not prolong; and if we escape heavy weather, for the Charlotte is heavily laden and a tender.

At first, strong in hope and courage, the little band of seven, with whom he had made common interest, gathered together their effects—the provisions, chests of clothing and mining utensils which they had shipped from home; for in those early days, when men sought the gold region there were found there but few of the necessities and none of the luxuries of life, and it was a common thing for bands going thither to transport them; and then, with hired teams of cattle to carry their effects into the interior, they left San Francisco for the mining districts. A long and weary way was it, along a track but recently broken; through wooded forests, or toiling along over arid wastes under a fervid sun; fording streams, gushing down foamy cataracts from the Sierra Nevada's snowy summits, or perhaps dragging along for days without finding the tiniest rivulet or spring of water to slake their burning thirst. And at night, wrapped in their blankets they lay down to their slumbers upon the hard earth, with the solemn stars above, and a profound silence, unbroken save by the cry of some wild animal around them—dreaming all those long, long nights of their distant homes and the household treasures gathered there.

At last, then, the toilsome journey completed, they built their camp upon the banks of the blue rolling Yuba; brought pick axe and cradle, and toiled day by day, week after week under scorching sun rays; sifted the glittering dust from the black earth, and slowly, but surely, turned the bed of the river; left its rocky bottom bare to the sunlight which sparkled on glittering sand and ledgy hollows, and thus gradually, by the sweat of their brows amassed the "pile" which had been to each man the lure to win him from his distant New England home.

gers who turned out en masse. Meanwhile Capt S. 'kept shady' in his cabin, in accordance with the advice of Mr. Rice, I suspect, who sympathized pretty strongly with the aggrieved party; and when some of the most indignant of us lunged the above named worthy individual in effigy at the yard-arm, there were but few frowns, and no remonstrances from the officers. On arriving at Rio, we at once entered a complaint to the American Consul, who summoned Capt. S. before him, and administered a rebuke which he will be likely to remember for a spell or more, I reckon.

"But enough of complaints; we have weathered all our troubles, and despite oiled beef and musty biscuit, I have gained ten pounds by the operation, so you perceive I have not suffered very extensively; and at present, just within arm's reach, sits a basked heaped with oranges, which, tell Charley, are as big as his head, "more or less," and which I wish could be telegraphed home for his especial benefit.

"Well, on the 26th we set sail southward, and before many weeks I hope shall weather the Horn. We touch at Valparaiso, from which city I will write again; and then northward, westward, to California. As soon as we reach San Francisco I will despatch letters; you will hear from me often, so don't worry about me, but take care of yourself, my dear Mary. Remember this, for you must know how anxious I am about you; you are constantly in my thoughts and were it not for my bright anticipations I should blame myself for leaving you. Be sure and write me by every steamer, or get some of the folks to write. The steamers are quite regular, I suppose, and I almost begin to wish I had gone by that instead of a six months' passage round the Horn; but never mind, it is too late to wish now, and I don't despair of winning my pile in quick time after reaching California, if life and health are spared. But my sheet is full. Kiss Charley for papa; I send you a kiss on paper—not love to all the folks—and no good bye, my dear Mary, and God bless you, says, Your affectionate husband,

**HARRY EUSTACE.**

And as this letter warmed Mary Eustace's heart, warmed it and filled it with love, and peace and joy.

How like her Harry was it! full of his genial good humor, and honest, manly straight forwardness—just as he would have spoken could he have come back and told her all about it. It went direct to the lonely wife's heart, and brought her consolation. And he was well, and she could write to him and hear from him often. It did not seem such a weary way to that distant land, and three years was not such a long, long time after all!

So thought sweet Mary Eustace as she folded the letter, which she re-read daily, and lay it next her heart, and rocked her infant's cradle humming a low soft lullaby to the while.

**CHAPTER IV.**

Two years went by, and how faded the wanderer. The wanderer, who, after a passage of six long months, weary weeks of which the vessel which bore him lay off the dreary Cape Horn, buffeted by storms in sweeping from those southern seas—storm-tossed for long, long nights, and brief, darkened, scarce sunlit days; and during all that long perilous journey and the time which had elapsed since he set foot on the golden strand had constantly turned in spirit to "the world of love at home."

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Gold! gold! thou potent awayer of men's hearts wills, destined altar-stone to the devotee where the knee is bent—sbrine whereon are laid the gifts of youth, vigor, and the strength of manhood—Mecæa to the weary pilgrim—yellow gold, tainters of hearts, with baleful gleam and upas breath!

Alas, that for these home ties were riven, and long leagues placed between those who should never have been parted; alas for home-sickness clung to the wanderer like a shadow, stalking ever before him and at his side; a finger seemed

ever pointing homeward, and a voice repeating—"Home! home! why are you here? There are your dearest treasures!"

Oh, if he had but obeyed the voice! but "not yet not yet!" he answered, "not till my pile is won!"

And so he toiled on, gaining surely the price for which he had bartered the society of his dear ones; so the months shaped themselves into years; the summer sun rode high over the Sacramento valley, the melting snows sent down their tribute of icy rushing waters from the Sierra Nevada's summits, winter came and the rains fell, and anon the summer heats came round again, the Yuba's bed was turned, and Harry Eustace was fast becoming a rich man.

**CHAPTER V.**

Meantime how passed the years to Mary Eustace? As the time drew near for the return of her husband, did not her eye grow brighter, her footfall more elastic, and lingering over his letters, did she not count the few short months which must elapse ere he would be back saying, "soon, soon, will he be here?" for the third year of his absence had half waned to a close.

Yes, wearily she counted the waning months; her eye did grow brighter—ah! too bright for health; but her footsteps grew slower and heavier, for Mary had not seemed slough or well of late. But still her smile was as sweet as of old; her voice as pleasant, and at twilight she sung her little Harry to sleep, and told Charley stories of his papa who was coming home soon from that far off land of gold. But all this time her step dragged more heavily, her frame grew more feeble, and hope was dying out from her heart.

What did these changes portend? Ah, Mary Eustace knew what others did not know; that which would have struck terror into the hearts of her friends—that would have brought the husband of her youth home right speedily; for slow but surely she was dying.

The presentiment which had come to her heart when Harry left her was not false; too true alas! was the warning voice which then whispered in her ear—"We shall never meet again!"

Consumption fastened its icy grasp upon her. Day by day she felt the destroyer winding its chill fingers upon her heart, plucking thence every joy, withering every blossom; day by day she saw how it painted still brighter the lecture on her cheek, and added new brilliancy to her eyes, and while others were deceived, and said, "Why how well you are looking, Mary," she only shook her head and sadly smiled, for she knew she was surely walking a path, they could not tread with her.

But looking upon her two darlings, upon the bold brave Charley, a manly fellow of six, who still clung to the memory of the pony, and wished his papa would make haste and come home from California; and upon the little tottering Harry, a delicate, golden haired child, the boy of her love; looking upon them she strove to crush down her fears and bear up a little longer for their sakes.

"Oh if Harry were only here," she said one evening as she went to her room more than usually wearied and exhausted, feeling ill, both mentally and physically. "But how can I write him the truth—how can I tell him all? Oh, if he were here but come before it is too late."

At last the eye of affection could not fail to perceive the change. Her mother's heart grew anxious; relatives and friends all came with expressions of sympathy and kindness; medical aid was solicited, and Mary was pronounced an invalid. And the patient sufferer saw that it was useless to strive against the increasing debility.

A letter was despatched to Harry. "Do not alarm him needlessly, but tell him he had better be thinking of coming home very soon," said good old Dr. Grant. "I do not exactly understand Mary's case. Her symptoms are not wholly unfavorable, and I do not despair of bringing her up again—but we cannot tell, it is best that Harry should be here, but say it without alarming him."

And so a letter was despatched, telling him that Mary was not as well as strong as formerly, though Dr. Grant apprehended no imminent danger, but he should come home as soon as he could arrange his business to leave. But he must not be alarmed; summer was approaching and the warm airs might revive Mary. She had not been out much of late, had not taken much exercise, and her illness might be in a measure owing to that. At present nothing serious was apprehended.

So Harry's sister wrote, and in due time the letter reached him; but that letter aroused the wanderer. The spell was broken; a voice seemed to say, "return, and quickly. Why have you lingered here while your loved one is suffering? What if she should die, and you not there?—Oh, hasten!"

And the first homeward bound steamer bore him from the harbor of San Francisco. And all this time the hand of affection was striving to stay the hand of the destroyer; all the while the delicate, timid, and gentle Mary was getting weaker and weaker. Day by day she slowly sank, until the clear ones clustering around her couch could no longer be deceived; until old Dr. Grant shook his grey head, and murmured, "poor thing, poor thing!"

Suddenly there appeared a new phase in her disease. The brain grew weary, and wandered astray, wild, strange fancies crowded her mind, memory was a wail, unknown and unrecognized. Reason had failed.

The letters from Harry did not arouse her from this sad state, save sometimes in fitful intervals. Sometimes laying wan and weak upon her pillow she would fold and refold the closely written sheet, of his last written letter which read "I am

coming home," finger the bright golden eagles fresh coined from the mint, which had been sent home to her, with a vacant smile as an infant would play with some toy, and anon, at some moment when flashes of intelligence would break on the darkened brain, she would whisper, "he is coming, he is coming."

It was sad, pitiful, this disease which baffled the skill of the good old doctor—which day by day led the wife and mother nearer the gates of the Promised Land.

And then when the eye of affection saw that she could not longer be spared to them, there was but one burden on their prayers—"Oh, if he were only here, it is too late!"

**CHAPTER VI.**

WEARY, worn and footsore, a traveller wrapped himself in the folds of his thick California blanket, and lay down at night to slumber.

His garments were coarse and travel stained; an old Spanish sombrero covered his head from beneath whose drooping brim hung masses of thick black hair, a profuse growth of which almost concealed his well formed mouth and throat; his complexion was dark and sunburnt; a Spanish dirk and patent revolver hung from his belt; and altogether he looked the very personification of a Californian who had passed six summers of hard toil in the mines.

A passer by might have thought him poor and friendless, but in the belt which girded his waist, that rough, travel stained man carried his treasure—the precious ounces for which he had toiled three weary years, and at home in New England anxious hearts were wearily awaiting his return.

One other treasure that weary man bore secreted in his belt, which had suddenly become dearer to him than gold—the last letter his wife had written him, and ere he lay down to rest, he drew it forth and read its delicately written pages anew as he had done every night since he started on his home bound way. And then refolding the letter, Harry Eustace lay down to rest.

He was on the isthmus. Tropical richness was above and around him; deep blue skies, star-spangled, bent over him, and the luxuriance of glossy greenery was about him. All day long he had journeyed along the narrow beaten mule path which wound through tangled thickets bordered by a dense chapparal or hedge of thick undergrowth, and grand old trees with glossy dark green foliage and trailing banners of old grey mosses; all day long had he pressed on his weary way, heading out the feverish rays of a July sun, or the dangers which beset his path, where often some lone traveller like himself was sprung by desperadoes lurking in the way side thickets, plundered of their golden ounces, and left to die by the assassin's knife, far from home or friends—of these dangers, the traveller took no heed, for he was nearing his home.

With every succeeding step he became more impatient. While he lived on the land of gold he had been content, thinking only of his return as something in the future. His love had not grown cold, but he had said "I'll get a little more ere I go back," but now, every step that neared his home, brought fresh impatience with it. It seemed as if he could not bide by the time that should bring him home, as if he could scarce spare time for needful sleep or refreshments; and when he lay down to rest, with his hand clasped over his precious letter, his thoughts turned to his suffering wife.

And in the stillness of the night there came to him a dream, and in that dream a warning. An old withered woman, bent and haggard, with eyes that seemed to read mysteries, came before him, and with upraised shrivelled finger and stern voice said—

"Shall I open to you the book of fate?" Trembling with strange fears he whispered, "Tell me not of myself, but of those I love—of the distant ones. How is it with them?"

And the mystic Sybil replied:— "Haste thee, oh, haste thee, they are waiting. But nay, nay," and her sternness vanished as she spoke. "Nay, it is useless. They will be there when thy feet tread the old familiar pathway—all but one, and she the blessed beloved. Thou wilt not find her! it is too late!" and then, with out further word or gesture the wild weird visitor vanished.

Harry awoke with a start. It was deep midnight. Thousands of stars were twinkling like brilliant in the far off tropic skies; they had never seemed so distant, stars or skies, and then; the broad leaved palmettos stirred with a rustling whispering sound in the soft still wind—a wind which seemed to him but a continuous sigh, even a moan; and close by the green bank where he had made his pillow, a tiny rill of water dripped down over the long sword grass and glittered in the starlight like falling tears.

With a deep groan Harry buried his face in his blanket. "Oh, God! if this should be so!" he murmured. "If I should go home and not find Mary! If for this," and he smote his hand fierce and hard upon the belt which encased the gold dust, "if for this I have lost her!" and all through that long and terrible night, he was keeping a vigil with memory and regret.

For he knew that it was no dream which had lately flitted across his brain in his slumber; no trick of dainty "Robin Goodfellow," who weaves quaint fancies into the web and woof of sleep, and whispers strange imaginations into the dreamer's ear; it was no dream, but a "warning."

**CHAPTER VII.**

A STAGE COACH rolled up the long dusty street and stopped at the gate beneath the elms. There

was a stir and bustle of foot steps upon the gravelled walk, the driver took down two or three trunks in the entry, threw a large California blanket on the pile of luggage, and then turned mounted his box and drove away.

A sunburnt, foreign looking man dressed in a suit of black, with a Panama hat, bandaged with a broad black ribbon drawn over his eyes, stood in the low roofed entry with his hand on the latch of the door leading into the old fashioned parlor.

His fingers trembled as he essayed to lift the latch, his whole frame trembled, could he open the door, and not find her?

He knew all. In the railway car which brought him from the city, he met an old friend. This had not gone to him and said in so many words, "your wife is dead!" but he had wrung his hand, and whispered, "poor fellow! Eustace may God help you." And then told the whole story.

It was enough, Harry knew that his Mary was gone. He might go back to the old homestead, but he could not find her there; might look for the light of her young sweet face, but it should not illumine the darkness—they had hid it under the grave sod; he might pour out his golden dust, but not at her feet—the marble stone gleamed there; he might kneel and sob and pray—but she could neither see nor hear him—his lost Mary.

He had not wept, but a dull, aching pain was at his heart; and perhaps people thought he slept, as he sank down into the corner of the seat of the railway car, with his hat pulled down over his eyes; he had been strong then, for he was a man, and he must not weep before men; but, standing there in the entry of the low roofed homestead, he was as weak as a little child, his knees smote against each other and he leaned heavily against the partition wall for support.

Suddenly his own mother opened the door. She had not heard the coach stop from the low, back kitchen where she was at her household tasks; and on entering the parlor suddenly, and hearing the hand trembling upon the latch, supposing it was little Harry who had been out to his play in the yard, she opened the door and stood face to face with her son.

Mute she stood for a moment, gazing upon the tall, sunburnt, stalwart man before her; then as he staggered forward heavily into her arms, she clasped them about his neck, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry!" An hour later, when calmness had come, and with the home group all around him, Harry Eustace found strength to listen to the sad story.

With Charley, now grown to be a stout, brave boy, at his side; and the little golden-haired Harry, whose soft blue eyes were so like his Mary's, on his knee—the boy whom he had never seen, and who looked up shyly into his father's face and wondered who the great strange man could be, who clung to him so tightly, and kissed him often; dropping great tears upon his face meantime, and then gave him bright golden coins to play with. With his motherless boys clasped in his arms, Harry Eustace heard the whole sad story of the patient sufferer, who in her youth and beauty had meekly and uncomplainingly gone down to her rest.

"And this was the end of all. Alas! alas! "three years to grow rich in;" three years of lost love, years which could never return, during which bright eyes dimmed, footsteps faltered, and the grave rest was gained. Alas for it all.

Oh, ye who have household treasures, love them, cling to them, leave them never! Let not the love of gold part you; I tell you love is better than riches.

Time, the softener, has in a measure healed that wound in Harry Eustace's heart; other ties have taken the place of the old ones—for so it must be, that now hopes ever build upon the ashes of dead ones; but ah, the scar of that wound can never wholly disappear; and to day, one heart is heavier for the sorrow it has known—and, reading this, dark eyes will dim with tears for the memory of the "loved and lost," who for four long years had been quietly sleeping.

"Faun Fern says that it is just as sensible a move to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising."

"The Philosopher Frezer says, that a 'man without money is poor, but a man with nothing but money is still poorer.'"

"Instead of saying 'it is false' the phrase is changed to 'it is a telegram,'—and the charge remains quite as strong."

"The Chinese are queer people to go to market. A gentleman writing from Canton says 'A gentleman has just laid in his winter provisions—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull dogs.'"

"Ike," said a rusty old heathen of the desk "how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?" "Why," replied the young genius "they calculate one fourth of the distance and multiply by four." The desk worm fainted.

"Let ancient or modern history be produced they will not find a more heroic display than the reply of Yankee Stonington to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them: 'We want balls. Will you sell them?' Yankee Stonington replied, 'We want powder; send us powder, and we'll return your balls.'"

Subscribe for this paper.

## THE MAIDENS HOME.

BY SIR E. L. DULWIER.  
A cottage in a beautiful vale;  
A jasmine round the door;  
A hill to shelter from the gale;  
A silver brook before.  
Oh, sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,  
In mornings soft with May,  
And sweet in summer's silent glow,  
The brooklet's merry play;  
But sweeter in that lonely place,  
To God it must have been,  
To see the maiden's happy face!  
Thus blessed the home within.  
Without the porch you heard at noon,  
A voice that sang for gloe;  
Or marked the white neck glancing down,  
The look upon her knee.

## MRS. WOOD'S VISIT.

"It's a real shame, Maggie, that I've not visited you yet; but you must not think hard of me, for, I declare, I've set a day of every week since you have been in the neighborhood to go and pass a day with you. You know my family is large, and I have a great deal of sewing to do; but next Friday I have determined I will go, and take my work along. We are not half so sociable as people ought to be; but I can't get as much time to visit as I would like to have, and I declare, I believe this is the first time you ever were in our house."

I walked slowly home from Mrs. Wood's for I was busily thinking. The fact is, I thought her rather fast. We had not been in the village but a few weeks, and she had already called on us twice! That morning I had gone up street on an errand, and it being very warm I had stopped at Mrs. Wood's to rest a few minutes. I had not asked her to our house, and was entirely unconscious that we had received any slight from her and her children not having, as yet, spent the day with us, until she had informed us of the fact amid regrets and apologies. We were really in trouble about the unexpected visit, not that Mrs. Wood was at all unpleasant, but the children—I grew sick as I thought of them, for they were a noisy and unruly set.

Early on Friday morning there came a knock at the front door that echoed through the whole house. Trying to feel resigned, I opened the door, but it was with utter despair that I closed the door after Mrs. Wood and five small children. I took them to the sitting room, but heartily wished afterwards that by some means we could have stumbled into the kitchen.

"Well I've got here at last," broke in Mrs. Wood as she deliberately laid aside her bonnet.

"It is really too bad that I have left it so long; but as I told Maggie the other day, I have been so very busy."

We were scarcely seated when the children seemed to think some attention due them. "Mother, I want a piece," yelled Charley the second hopeful. "So do I," said another, "And me, too," chimed in a third.

"O the still; you certainly are not hungry yet," said Mrs. Wood, in a wining, coaxing way.

"Yes, I am, and I want a piece," replied Charley, with a defiant, impudent look.

"Well, then, ask Maggie right pretty to get you a piece," said the mother, as she picked the crying baby from the floor. I did not say anything, but in very good humor laid down my work and went to the pantry.

"And this is but the beginning of the day," I thought, with a sigh, as I took up my work again. The children became quiet while eating the bread and butter, and the baby went to sleep. Then Mrs. Wood drew up her bag and drew forth her work.

"Maggie, I want to make myself a light cloak from the pattern of your spring cloak; don't you think it will be a pretty one? and she gathered the goods up into folds to display it to the best advantage.

"Of course I thought it would make up well. But I have no pattern of my cloak, Mrs. Wood."

"Well, now, I'm real sorry for it; but perhaps you and I could cut one from the cloak. I have heard several times how handy you were about cutting anything you wanted to, and I just brought this goods along to day on purpose to get you to help me about it." And she smiled insistently.

"I never cut one without a pattern," I replied; and would not like to undertake it. I paid for my learning, too." I added, mentally, "Well, let me see your cloak, any how. I guess I can do it myself."