

# 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, JAN. 8, 1862

VOL. 9--NO. 5.

## Select Poetry.

### WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,  
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,  
When evil deeds come back to sight,  
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;  
Alone with the spectres of the past,  
That come with the old year's dying gleam,  
Three ghastly ones shadow dark and vast,  
The shadows of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,  
The opportunities never sought,  
The good resolves that every day  
Have died in the impotence of thought;  
The slow advance and the backward step,  
In the rugged path we have striven to climb;  
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,  
When we talk of Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been?  
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,  
Sitting our need to win,  
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;  
Shaking from our thought that the world could do;  
Fearing night but the touch of crime;  
Languid, struggling, all seasons through,  
And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years?  
Who shall hold back the ebbing tide  
That flows us remorse, and shame and tears,  
And washes away all things beside?  
Who shall give us the strength, O' God now,  
To leave forever this holiday time,  
To shake off this cloth from heart and brow,  
And battle with Wasted Time.

The years that pass come not again,  
The things that die no life renew;  
Not even from the rust of his creaking gears,  
A golden truth is glimmering through  
That to him who seizes from years away  
And turns away with strength sublime,  
And makes each year outside the last,  
There is no Wasted Time.

## THE STEP-MOTHER.

By Mrs. F. A. S.

Where is that light and buoyant step  
That bounded so lightly forward, and with  
eyes that claimed the letter as her own?  
There is the same graceful form, only more  
developed by years; the same blinding eye,  
the same long rimples, only a shade deeper,  
and the same red lips that called for  
the same and many exclamations of joy; but  
he will not start forward, the cares but  
to be felt, for her thoughts are upon the past  
of a childhood of six years ago that very  
day. Oh, what would she not give to be  
able to explain as then, a new mamma to  
love!

Not one of those three ladies moved, al-  
though the post-boy repeated the words, for  
they well as Minnie were thinking of six  
years before, and a curl of satisfaction play-  
ed around the lips of Lottie, while tears  
ran down Emma's eyes, and Minnie sat like  
a statue in stone. The boy gave the  
wheel into the room and went off  
without the strange conduct of the  
post-boy presented.

Suddenly Minnie's eyes rested upon the  
woman and hastily she took it up. Yes it  
was Mrs. Pierce, and she eagerly  
began to talk. The old smile parted her  
lips and she broke forth from her  
eyes and once again the old laugh resound-  
ed merry and clear as before, and she  
said:

"Lottie, Frederic will be here in a few  
days."  
Oh, how the heart of Mrs. Pierce throbbed  
at the sound of that name, for was it  
not that which they had so long and so many  
times talked of and longed for, the visit  
which was now to take place? and Minnie,  
with her arms around her neck, would ask  
her to love him for her sake; but now she  
would not wish it.

Frederic Mason was a friend of Mrs. Lam-  
son's, and had visited her many times dur-  
ing the last two years of Minnie's stay  
there. He was four years older than Min-  
nie, and their young heads were put to-  
gether to study out many of the hard ques-  
tions which must have taken her long to find out  
without his help. And so those young  
heads had learned to love before either dream-  
ed of such a thing, and the evening before  
his departure for home he had received from  
her the promise that if he could gain the  
consent of her parents she would become in

time his bride; and need I add that for that  
purpose he was now coming. Little did  
she dream whom she would find him to be;  
but let the future reveal.

Minnie stood with her arms twined around  
the neck of Lottie, the joyous expectancy  
of her looks betokened the anticipated ap-  
proach of some welcome and honored guest,  
which indeed was no other than Freddie  
Mason. The carriage which had been sent  
to welcome the stranger was soon at the  
gate, and the youth sprang lightly from the  
seat, and clasping Minnie in his arms, show-  
ered kisses upon the now blushing girl.—  
Taking him by the arms she led him into  
the house where he greeted Lottie in the  
same boyish manner he had Minnie; then  
Col. Pierce came in for an introduction.

Oh, how quickly a noble soul can find  
response in another equally as noble. So  
it was with Freddie Mason and Col. Pierce,  
for when the latter left the room he was so  
well pleased with the young man that, had  
he asked the question that he had come so  
many miles to ask, he would have received  
a happy response and in the same manner  
as when he did ask.

"But where is your beautiful mamma, ma-  
ma?" Lottie was exceedingly curious to see this  
fair Mrs. Pierce."  
"Oh, you shall see her soon, never fear,"  
reassured Minnie.

But, although it was said lightly, her love-  
liness looked of anger pass over her face  
but said nothing. Lottie saw it and smiled  
triumphantly.

Yes was soon announced and they retir-  
ed to the hall, where he was introduced to  
Mrs. Pierce by the Colonel.

The moment he raised his eyes to those of  
Emma, Freddie turned deadly pale, and  
deep emotion shook his frame, but soon re-  
covered himself, as he found she did not re-  
cognize him; but in the evening, when  
Minnie and Lottie went to their rooms to  
arrange their toilet for the evening, he ap-  
proached her side and curiously said—

"Do you not know me, Emma? Freddie  
St. Armond, your long-lost brother?"

"Freddie!" was all she could say, for  
this sudden joy was too much for her, and  
she fainted in her brother's arms. He was  
just carrying her almost senseless body into  
the library as the two girls came down  
stairs.

Minnie screamed and would have rushed  
to her step-mother's aid, but Lottie held her  
back, saying—

"No, do not go. What but to make a  
scene has she fainted in his arms? Oh, Min-  
nie, I fear you will have trouble there!"

Freddie, she knew not where to turn;  
she was completely in that girl's power.

That night, after they had all retired to  
their respective rooms, Lottie, feeling as  
though something which might be impor-  
tant to her was going on, stole noiselessly  
down the softly-carpeted stairs and paused  
before the drawing room door. It stood apart  
sufficient to see Freddie in a kneeling  
position, with his dark curly hair half con-  
cealed in the lap of Mrs. Pierce. This was  
enough. She sprang up stairs, but not be-  
fore she heard the words "brother and sis-  
ter" pass between them; "but," she thought,  
"Minnie shall not know the relationship  
they bear another."

Quickly she sprang to the room, and tak-  
ing Minnie by the hand, without saying a  
word, led her down to the drawing room  
door, and then and there, in whispered tones  
made her promise not to say a word or  
speak at all, lest they might hear her. The  
promise was made, and as they are going to  
Helen let us also, to what is going on with  
in.

"Oh, Emma, Emma. Why did you give  
me up as lost? Why did you not think  
there might have been a possibility of my  
returning? But tell me, dearest, do you  
love this Col. Pierce? He is, I know, a kind  
husband, a noble man, a kind father. Let  
us appeal to him for what we were just talk-  
ing of, and I know he will find some way  
of settling this matter and ease your hearts.  
Yes, Emma, I say our hearts, for whilst  
yours is troubled is not mine also? But  
dearest, no one can know what my feelings  
were when I came here and found you thus.  
I felt that I must see you alone and talk it  
over before we let any one know it; but I  
fear the Colonel will miss his fair bride, so  
good-night, my beautiful and darling Em-  
ma."

They waited only to see the kiss which  
was given to separate them for the night,  
then with a bound they sprang to their own  
rooms.

Minnie with quick and hasty steps, walk-  
ed her chamber floor until after midnight,  
with these words upon her lips—  
"He is false! he is false! he is false! Oh,  
my father, she has deceived you, and he has  
deceived me! Repeating them over and  
over until with exhaustion she sank upon  
the bed and fell asleep.

Lottie in her room, also walked the floor,  
but a look of triumph, of victory, broke  
over her face. Thus was her revenge work-  
ing complete. She knew Minnie would tell  
her father the whole proceeding of the  
night, and she doubted not the Colonel  
would turn them both from the house;  
then could she exclaim, "Behold my victory!"  
and in her happiness she seized her pen and  
added all the particulars of the day to the  
journal which she had kept ever since she  
came to Forrest Grove, and she also noted  
the many things that she must do on the  
following day, then placed it in its usual  
place, under lock and key. Better for  
these, Lottie did not note they bold  
plottings, for by that only can thou be  
trayed.

Morning dawned, and the family were all  
brought together at the morning meal, but  
a more disconsolate looking assembly never  
before assembled at the table of Mr. Pierce.  
Not a word was spoken except a cold good  
morning, except by the Colonel and Lottie.  
The former saw something was the matter,  
but said nothing, confident that the day  
would clear it up. Lottie saw it and was  
pleased.

After breakfast, Frederic sought Minnie,  
who was awaiting him in the parlor.

"Beautiful Minnie, what troubles you  
this morning? Surely you should tell your  
promised husband all your sorrow, if in-  
deed there be any, for I have a pleasant  
surprise and a happy secret to disclose."  
"Mr. Mason it is already disclosed. You  
are free from your engagement with me,  
from this moment."

With a cold nod she flew rather than  
walked from the room and went directly to  
Lottie's room. Not finding her there in the  
excitement of the moment she took up a  
pretty little book which was lying upon the  
table. What is it that causes her eyes to  
flash, her lips to quiver and her whole body  
to sway to and fro? Ay! she has found  
the fatal journal, which Lottie in a moment  
of anxiety to know what was going on be-  
low, had foolishly left lying exposed, and as  
she reads on through the dark deeds of Lot-  
tie, and reads her joy over what she terms  
her triumph, a cry, loud and strong, and  
the exclamation, "I have been deceived!"  
caused those down below to rush wildly up  
stairs—the Colonel and wife, Frederic and  
Lottie.

Yes, she had found that which Lottie  
would have given her life to prevent, and  
as she read page after page did she see how  
cruelly she had wronged that lovely being  
whom she had been allowed to call mother.  
Oh, how she longed to rush forward and  
on bended knees beg forgiveness for her cruelty;  
and as she heard the steps upon the stairs  
she exclaimed—

"Oh, my beautiful mama, my own dear  
Freddie, you as well as myself have  
been deceived!"

Lottie with a cry of anger, rushed forward  
and would have snatched the journal from  
Minnie, had not Frederic reached and taken  
it first.

Then and there was all revealed. Em-  
ma and Minnie in each other's arms, forgot  
and forgave the past. Freddie and Minnie  
again renewed the broken engagement,  
while the Colonel looked on with tears of  
joy rolling down his face; and then Freddie  
began his story. It was simply this;

"At the age of ten, I started from my  
home to cross the river and go to school.—  
The vessel was burned and almost within  
sight of the shore, and every person was re-  
ported to have perished. But I escaped  
with one other man named Mason, friend  
of Mrs. Lamott's. I was educated by Ma-  
son, who was a wealthy man, and took me  
as his adopted son, whom I lived with un-  
til he died. I remember my sister and my  
father, my mother having died when I was  
a little child. I remember sister Emma  
who was two years older than myself. I  
knew her by a scar across her cheek, which  
although very slight, still could be recog-  
nized. It was by that alone that I knew her.

"No wonder you should faint, after find-  
ing a brother whom you supposed to be  
dead," said Minnie.

"They were all there as of the family  
as father died before Emma was married."

The day ended a happiness to all save  
one—that one was Lottie; her reign was  
over. They said nothing to her—her mor-  
tification was enough. She returned home,  
with shame upon her clear transparent  
brow. They let her depart in peace, for  
they had no wish for revenge; their joy at  
finding her was sufficient.

Freddie's haughty spirit was subdued; she  
reluctantly home a weak and submissive girl.  
"But why need we go on? The reader  
can picture better than my feelings can de-  
scribe, the joy of the reunited hearts of  
Emma and Minnie.

About two months after these events a  
letter was handed Lottie as she stepped in-  
to the house. She ran her eye over it and  
finally it rested upon the list of marriages,  
and one instantly fixed her attention. It  
ran thus: "In this city, at Forrest  
Grove, by the Rev. Mr. W. W., Frederic  
M. St. Armond, Esq., to Miss Minnie, only  
child of Col. D. L. Pierce, of Forrest Grove.

No flash of anger escaped from these  
black eyes of Lottie. No, no, she was in-  
deed a different girl. And when the bridal  
party stopped at her home to see her, all  
seemed forgotten, and an invitation was left  
for her to again visit Forrest Grove, the  
future home of Col. Pierce and his lovely Em-  
ma, Frederic St. Armond and his darling  
Minnie—the husbands and wives, the father  
and mother, the sister and brother.

Lottie never again visited Forrest Grove,  
although a friendly letter is often sent with  
the kind invitation, for none need fear the  
quick pleasant Lottie Clinton; but she can-  
not be induced to revisit them, but her  
name is often mentioned, and always in love  
and pity for the Lottie Clinton of the past,  
and with love for the Lottie Clinton of the  
present.

### What's the Matter.

A Renegade.—James Redpath, formerly  
a correspondent of the Tribune, and a man  
known as belonging to the most progres-  
sive school of Abolition philosophers—a  
man who has been charged with having  
done as much as any other to foment dis-  
cord between different States of the Union—  
now comes out in a public acknowledgment  
of past errors, repudiating the mischievous  
doctrines disseminated in former days, and  
announces his retirement as a political editor  
until such times as he shall have attained  
a clearer and more human and Christian  
view of the duties of the freeman to the en-  
slaved. Here is Mr. Redpath's card, pub-  
lished in the *Vine and Palm*, a newspaper  
devoted to the promotion of Haytian col-  
onization:

A preparatory Word.—Having become  
sincerely convinced that many of the polit-  
ical doctrines that I have advocated in my  
writings are dangerous and abhorrent to the  
higher insight: his unworldly policy for  
example of inciting the States to insurrection;  
—which I have urged repeatedly and with  
barely mistaken zeal—I wish to announce  
here that I shall retire from any partici-  
pation in the political management of this  
journal, excepting for the purpose of retract-  
ing past errors, until such time as I feel  
that I have attained a clearer and more hu-  
man and Christian view of the duties of the  
freeman to the enslaved.

"I shall confine myself exclusively to the  
editing of the outside pages of the paper.  
The name of the acting editor will be duly  
announced. The articles signed with an  
asterisk (\*) were mine; of these I will retract  
many, my associates who indicate their  
respective writings by the initials L. and  
by the marks †, ‡, and §, are alone responsible  
for their thoughts thus labelled. I repudiate  
my war doctrines utterly and forever."

JAMES REDPATH.  
This frank acknowledgment is certainly  
very noble in Mr. Redpath, and if it is  
a passage of a general conversation from the  
Abolition ranks there is more hope for the  
country.

### POTOMAC AND BUTTERMILK.

An amusing story is told by some Dubu-  
que boy of the "Iowa first" about the  
changes a certain password underwent about  
the time of the battle of Springfield:

One of the Dubuque officers, whose duty  
it was to furnish the guard with a password  
for the night, gave the word Potomac. A  
German on guard, not understanding exact-  
ly the difference between the P's and P's,  
understood it to be "Potomik," and this  
being transferred to another was trans-  
ferred to another was corrupted into Butter-  
milk.

Soon after the officer who had given the  
word wishing to return through the lines,  
and, approaching the sentinel, was ordered  
to halt, and the word demanded. He gave  
"Potomac."

"Nicht right—you don't pass mit me  
dis way."

"But that is the word, and I will pass."

"No, you stand!" at the same time plac-  
ing a bayonet at his breast in a manner  
that told Mr. officer that "Potomac" didn't  
pass in Missouri.

"What is the word then?"

"Buttermilk, d— you!"

"Well then, Buttermilk, d— you!"

"Dat is right; now you pass with your  
self about your business."

## THE RAGGED SOLDIER.

### A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLU- TION.

Just at the close of the Revolutionary war  
there was seen somewhere in one of the small  
towns of central Massachusetts, a ragged and  
forlorn looking soldier coming up the dusty  
street. He looked around on the corn-field  
tasseling for the harvest, on the rich bright  
patches of wheat for the side, and on the  
green potato field, with curious eyes—so at  
least thought Mr. Towne, who was walking  
leisurely behind him, going home from the  
reaping to his supper. The latter was a  
stout farmer, dressed in home made brown  
linen trousers, without suspenders, vest or  
coat. The ragged soldier stopped under the  
shade of a great sugar maple, and Mr. Towne  
overtaking him stooped also.

"Home from the wars?" he asked.  
"Just out of the British clutches," replied  
the man. "I've been a prisoner for years,"  
he rejoined suddenly. "Can you tell me who  
lives in the next house? are you the owner  
of it?"

"No," replied Towne, "Tompkins lives  
there. That house and farm used to belong  
to a comrade of yours, as I suppose; his  
name was Jones, but he was shot at Bun-  
ker Hill, and his widow married again."  
The soldier leaned against a tree, "What  
kind of a man is he? I mean what kind of  
people are they there? Would they be likely  
to let a poor man have something to eat?"

"If Tompkins is out you'd be treated first  
rate there. Mrs. Tompkins is a nice woman  
but he is the surliest cur that ever gnawed a  
bone. He is a terribly early neighbor, and  
he leads her a dog's life. She missal it mar-  
rying the fellow, but you see she had a hard  
time of it with the farm. Jones went off  
soldiering and when my son came back he  
said he was dead—he saw him blowing to  
death on the battle field—she broke right  
down, and this Tompkins came along and  
got into work for her, and he laid himself  
out to do first rate. He some how got on  
the blind side of us, and when he offered  
himself to her, I advised her to take him,  
and I am sorry I did it. You had better  
come home with me. I always have a bite  
for a poor fellow that has fought for his  
country."

"Thank you," kindly returned the soldier,  
"but Mrs. Tompkins is a distant—a sort of  
old acquaintance. The fact is, I used to  
know her first husband, and I guess I will  
call there."

Mr. Towne watched him as he went up  
to the door and knocked and saw that he  
was admitted by Mrs. Tompkins.

"Some old sweetheart of hers, may be,"  
said Mr. Towne, nodding to himself—"He  
comes too late; poor woman, she has a hard  
road to hoe now." Then Mr. Towne went  
down home to supper and we will go in with  
the soldier.

"Could you give a poor soldier a month's  
fare to eat?" he asked of the pale, nervous  
woman who opened the door.

"My husband does not allow me to give  
anything to travelers," she said in a fright-  
ened way, "but I always feed for soldiers  
coming back, and I'll give you some supper  
if you don't be long eating it," and she wiped  
her eyes with her white and blue checked  
apron, and set with alacrity about provid-  
ing refreshments for the poor man, who had  
thrown himself in the nearest chair, and  
with his head leaning on his breast, seemed  
too tired even to remove his hat from his  
face.

"I am glad to have you eat, and would  
not hurry you up so for anything," she said  
"but you will eat quick, won't you? for I  
expect every moment he will be here."

The man drew his chair to the table, keep-  
ing his hat on his head as though he belong-  
ed to the society of Friends but that could  
not be, for the "Friends do not go to the  
wars. He ate heartily of the bread and but-  
ter and cold meat and how long he was  
about it!

Mrs. Tompkins filgated. "Dear me," she  
said to herself, "if he only knew, he would't  
be so cruel as to let Tompkins come and  
catch him here." She went and looked from  
the window uneasily; but the soldier gave  
no token of his meal coming to an end. Now  
he is pouring vinegar in the cold cabbage  
and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those  
away in his hand. Oh, dear, how slow he  
is! I haven't any teeth! At last she said  
boldly: "I am very sorry to hurry you, sir,  
but could't you let me spread some bread  
and butter, and cut you some slices of meat

to carry away with you. My husband will  
use abusive language towards you if he finds  
you here."

Before the soldier could reply, footsteps  
were heard on the door stone at the back  
door, and a man entered. He stopped short  
and looked at the soldier as a savage dog  
might look. Then he broke out in a tone  
between a growl and a roar.

"Hey day, Molly, a pretty piece of busi-  
ness! What have I told you time and again  
Madam! You'll find you had better mind  
your master. And you, you lazy, thieving  
vagabond, let me see you clear out of my  
house and off my land a good deal quicker  
than you came on the premises!"

"Your house! and your land!" exclaimed  
the soldier, starting suddenly up, erect and  
tall, dashing of his hat with a quick fiery  
gesture. His eyes flashed with lightning,  
and his lips quivered with indignation as he  
confronted the astonished Tompkins. The  
latter was afraid of him, and his wife had  
given a sudden nervous shriek when the  
soldier first started to their feet and flung  
off his hat, and had sunk trembling and  
half fainting in a chair, for she recognized  
him.

"You hadn't any business to interfere be-  
tween me and wife," said Tompkins, sulk-  
ily, covered by the attitude of the soldier.

"Your wife!" exclaimed the soldier, with  
the very concentration of contempt expres-  
sed in his voice, and pointing to him with an  
indignant finger.

"Who are you?" asked Tompkins, with an  
air of effrontery.

"I am Harry Jones since you ask," re-  
plied the soldier, "the owner of this house,  
and this land, which you will leave this very  
hour! As for Molly, softening his tone, he  
turned to the woman, now sobbing hyster-  
ically, "she shall choose between us."  
"O, Harry!" sobbed she, while Tompkins  
stood dumb with astonishment, "take me,  
take me!"

With one step he was at her side, holding  
her in his arms. "What did you mean treat-  
ing this poor child so? Did you think be-  
cause she had no earthly protector that there  
was not a God in heaven against you?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever  
truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like  
a beaten spaniel.

The next day had not passed away before  
everybody knew that Harry Jones had come  
home alive and well to rescue his melancholy  
wife from a worse constraint than that of a  
British prison; but what they all said, and  
what Harry said, and what Molly felt, I  
must leave you to imagine, for here the leg-  
end ends.

The Hannon or New York.—There are  
preparations for one thousand guns for the  
defense of the Harbor of New York, but  
there are not one thousand guns ready, and  
a long time must elapse before they can be  
supplied. Some five hundred good guns,  
however, are in place in the inner and outer  
harbor, and two hundred others of an in-  
ferior quality. The Government is pro-  
cessing the work as fast as possible.—Ex-  
press.

The Detroit Free Press, in noticing the  
complaint of the New York Tribune, that  
we have not called upon four millions of  
negroes to help us put down the rebellion,  
says:

"There is a mass of population in the  
United States, amounting to some hun-  
dreds of thousands, friendly to the Tribune  
establishment, ready to work for it, who are  
also more or less black, and who are all of  
the same race, but as a class are regular in  
intelligence to the four million above men-  
tioned, and yet, except in some unimportant  
moral employments, we don't let the Tribu-  
ne have even called for or accepted the ser-  
vices of one them, as pressman, type setters,  
correspondents, editors or business men  
about their establishments. If the Tribune  
philosophers will give us a good reason we  
will give an equally potent reason why the  
Government does not require the services of  
the four million referred to by the Tribune."

A WOMAN FIGHTING SER.—Quite a funny  
incident occurred in Washington recently,  
going to prove that in spite of all vigilance,  
the rebellion spies often escape detection.—  
A horseman clad in a sort of cavalry cos-  
tume, with a heavy overcoat and slouched  
hat, had been noticed for some time dashing  
about the city in rather a suspicious man-  
ner. At last the authorities felt themselves  
warranted in arresting him; and some day  
early, one morning, when trotting down Pen-  
sylvania Avenue, he found himself sudden-  
ly surrounded by a file of soldiers, and was  
carried off to prison. But the funniest part  
was to come. The investigation that fol-  
lowed resulted not only in the discovery of  
important papers, but also the fact that the  
gallant cavalier was a woman. How long  
she had been at the game it is impossible to  
guess.