

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UP ON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.

MY MOTHER.

Oh I remember when a girl,
I stood beside the old arm chair,
And twined around the graceful curl
That fell in ringlets from her hair;
I gazed upon her gentle face,
And thought that none was half so fair.
Oh memory's mirror still I trace
Affection's smile that lingered there.

And I remember when we met
At evening's hour, to kneel and pray,
How conscience smote me with regret,
When guilty of some wrong that day;
A strong impression then was given,
Which time nor chance could e'er efface.

My joys in life, my hopes in heaven,
These bright scenes may all be traced
To the dear mother who has been,
The angel who has been my guide.

Oh I remember when a child,
I kissed the tear from off her cheek,
And then the quaking tide,
That ebbed her so she could not speak,
As when I knew in after years
The feelings of a mother's heart,
I then I prized those hallowed tears,
Which she felt when we did part.

Oh I remember when you pain
As when you held my weary head,
How mother's love and hallowed name,
Awoke me from the dead;
Oh I remember how she wept,
When I told her of my sins,
And how she prayed for me,
Till I was brought to heaven.

Who has known a mother's love,
Can e'er forget her accents mild
Her tears, her prayers, must ever prove,
The tie that binds her to her child;
The world may use the offspring ill,
He may become debased and low;
But still the tie that binds her still,
Shines with love a brighter glow.

There's not a name on earth more dear,
Than that the tongue first learns to speak,
There's not a bliss more sincere
Than where we laid our infant cheek,
There's not a name where half the feeling grows,
And that which burns within her breast,
As there, the light still shows
How dearly friends she is the best.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

By Geo. R. Barch.

"All's well that ends well."—Shakespeare.
Let me introduce to the reader a
young lady of eighteen and, without en-
tering into a minute detail respecting the
details of which she was a possessor, I
considered enough to say that she was
amiable and virtuous, and all
the noble ideas assimilate of perfection
the female character, belonged to the
beloved heroine of my tale. This young
lady was the only daughter of the vicar
of H—, near which village I passed
one of the happiest days of my boy-
hood; the rural simplicity, the homely
manners of its inhabitants, and the good
spirit of hospitality which character-
ized them, are indelibly impressed on my
mind.

I shall not soon forget the excitement
caused by the event which I am about
to narrate and would remind the reader
of the incumbent of a secluded and
remote village was then not unfrequently
regarded with a kind of reverential
awe which might now be deemed absurd;
and those days when the rural vicar
was looked upon, in the more literal ac-
ception of the term, as the pastor of his
parish, and where the individual chanced
to be the possessor of those grand attri-
butes to human excellence, known as
piety and godliness, it cannot be some-
times a matter of surprise that such a man
should meet with the due reward of his
virtues, in the love of those whom Provi-
dence had committed to his charge.—

Thus the vicar of H—, was univer-
sally esteemed; the poor loved him for
his care with which he administered to

their wants; for the unassuming urbanity
which marked his deportment, and
threw a charm around him, inspiring the
most timid with confidence at his ap-
proach. His hand was ever open to the
wants of the distressed; and his heart
ever alive to the woes of others. If a
misfortune chanced to befall any one, he
would immediately repair to the village,
and give such assistance as the urgency
of the case required. I remember with
what zeal he would apply himself to the
task, and what heartfelt satisfaction
lighted up the good man's face when his
efforts were successful, as though it were
his own case, and on the issue depended
his individual welfare. The wealthy of
the district revered him for the exercise
of those acts of philanthropy which well
became the holy office he so worthily
filled, and for the independent nobleness
of soul which characterized his conduct
throughout.

From the contemplation of such a
character then, we were led to expect
the happiest results, in connection with
those whose moral and mental culture
had been achieved under such auspices.
Emily S had now attained to woman-
hood; and all the hopes of her father
were realized when he looked upon
her, and viewed in her beautiful person
the exact prototype of that which her
mother had been; and when he contem-
plated the lovely exterior, which con-
tained a mind and heart no less lovely,
as the fruits of those heavenly precepts
which had been instilled with so much
care, and he saw the hopes and anticipa-
tions of years so happily realized in the
attainment of his son's dearest wish his
heart swelled with gratitude to God, and
he felt animated with all a father's pride
and love, when he reflected that so much
beauty, virtue and excellence dwelt in
the person of his own child. The vicar
of H—, was a happy man—happy in
the possession of that which is wealth
indeed—a contented mind; and as the
father of that angelic being whose char-
acter was the model of his own. Reader
am I wrong to break in upon the har-
mony of this scene? am I wrong in al-
lowing the demon of discord to enter
this peaceful circle of happiness hitherto
unallayed.

Among those who were most regular
in their visits to the Vicar and his daugh-
ter, were two young gentlemen of the
neighborhood, cousins, the name of Daven-
port. The father of the elder was a
gentleman possessed of a very consider-
able fortune, and the proprietor of an es-
tate which was perhaps the most exten-
sive and valuable in the county. Edwin
Davenport, the junior of these two young
men, was an orphan, dependent on the
bounty of his uncle; his father, an offi-
cer, met his death while engaged in one
of the Peninsular campaigns, with his
regiment. These two young men had
lately completed their college education;
and, at the time our tale takes its com-
mencement, Edwin Davenport was about
to proceed on a continental tour, by the
desire of his uncle, who having great
interest, had procured the promise of a
lucrative government post, which was to
be conferred upon the young gentleman
in consideration of the services perform-
ed by his father during the war.

Edwin had long been acquainted with
the Vicar, and it was from this worthy
man he had received those instructions
which had formed the stepping stones to
his present high classical attainments.—
During his frequent visits to the par-
son's house, he had abundant opportu-
nities to become acquainted with the
mind and disposition of its lovely occu-
pant; and it did not require long to en-
able him to appreciate those virtues
which made her an ornament to her sex.

To say that these were the sole at-
tractions which awakened a feeling of
admiration in his heart, would not be do-
ing justice to his taste; admired those
adornments of the mind and heart,
which shone out so prominently in her
character, and he loved her for himself.

On his return from college he repaired
the following day to the vicarage, and
was welcomed with all the warmth of a
parent by the good old man, who with
tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks,
pressed Edward to his heart in an ec-
stasy of delight, and, suddenly quitting
him, in a moment afterwards he led forth
Emily from an adjoining apartment, who
ran forward to embrace her old compan-
ion; then, blushing, she hastily drew
back, as though she had gone too far,
she held out her hand, and advanced
with half averted look, to the young man
who did not require much prompting in
the affair, save the inward prompter,
love, which on this occasion constrained
him, to hold this beautiful girl in one
long, tender embrace, while the good
Vicar looked on with an improving smile
and blessed them as they stood.

"My dear children," said he, "you
are both good, amiable and virtuous;
you are fitted for each other. I love
you; your happiness is my happiness,
your welfare, mine. May your days
like mine, be peace, and when I leave
this mortal sphere, may my grey hairs
go down to the grave in the blessed as-
surance that I leave you in possession of
that calm enjoyment of a lot, where con-
tentment and true happiness are only to
be found by a life spent in the exercise
of virtue."

The day of Edwin's departure at length
arrived, the night preceding which he
took an affecting leave of the good old
Vicar, and made solemn protestations of
love for Emily, adding that whatever he
might have to encounter, or whatever
should befall him, while he had life, she
might rest assured of that which he knew
she valued beyond all else—his undim-
inished affection. She sobbed in the
fullness of her heart, as he pronounced
farewell; and the violent agitation of her
frame told the agony she felt. The scene
was a painful one, as all parting scenes
are; but more especially where the affec-
tions are concerned.

Some weeks had elapsed since the de-
parture of Edwin; meantime they had
received two letters dated from Paris, and
giving a glowing picture of that city,
and detailing all that he thought would prove
interesting, and containing renewed as-
surance of the warmth of his affection for
Emily, who dwelt on that part of the let-
ter which more particularly related to
herself, with an interest coeval with the
intense affection she bore that young
man. She read it, and read it again,
she moistened with her tears—she pressed
it to her lips, in the fervency of her
young heart's devoted happiness.

The visits of Charles Davenport, in
the absence of his cousin, became more
frequent and his behavior towards Emily
more marked. In a word, it did not re-
quire much penetration to discover that
he too had conceived a passion for her.
His visits were not discouraged, for it
afforded Emily an opportunity to ex-
pate on the merits of Edwin; and the
apparent zeal with which his cousin en-
tered upon the subject; the warm man-
ner in which he dwelt upon his numerous
merits, and the disinterested eulogy that
he heaped upon him, inspired the sen-
sitive girl with a feeling of unaffected ca-
re for his friend. Thus matters contin-
ued to go on for the space of several
months, during which time many letters
were received from the Continent, and
all these bore evidence of the unabated
affection on the part of Edwin; but
sometimes had elapsed since the receipt
of the intelligence, and Emily began to
feel a slight degree of uneasiness at the
protracted silence of her lover. On no
previous occasion had a fortnight gone
by without hearing from him, and al-
ready five weeks had flown. In the ab-
sence of a letter she grew sad, Her fa-
ther used all his energy to console her,
and described the many casualties that
were likely to interrupt a regular course
of correspondence; and it was with much

difficulty that he was enabled to effect
his object, in calming the painful throbb-
ings of her heart.

One morning the Vicar was seated in
his library, engaged in the usual occu-
pation which occupied his morning hours.
The servant entered with a letter; the
well known seal. He broke it—'twas
from Edwin. But how shall I depict
the good man's grief as he read it, and
found that part of the letter which was
generally devoted to the subject nearest
his heart, now occupied by frivolous mat-
ters connected with his travels, which
might have proved deeply interesting at
any other time; but his daughter—her
name was mentioned; her health and
all such common place subjects enquired;
but, will it be believed, the language of
the heart, love formed no part of the
letter? After the first surprise and
grief had passed away, the good man
brought himself how to account for the
change—it was inexplicable. "Edwin!"
the old man soliloquized—"my boy!"
he ejaculated. "Al! the world hath
changed thee, thy young heart was not
proof against its allurements. Would
to God I had warned thee more than I
did!"

He wept, and they were tears of real
sorrow.

"Oh, my child, how wilt thou meet
this unexpected change?"
But she did meet it; she met it with
comparative calmness, when her father
said, "Let us forget him, my child; let
us forget him; he was not worthy of thee
there is one more worthy.—Charles Dav-
enport, my child, has this morning told
me his passion for you. He loves you,
and I have long thought so; and the way
in which he spoke of his recent cousin
charmed me. He dwelt on his love for
you; and when he became fully aware of
his cousin's depravity, he wept; when
most men in his situation would rejoice
at the prospect afforded them for the ac-
complishments of their wishes."

Let it suffice then that Charles Dav-
enport gained thus far, that Emily con-
sented to be his. Deliberate villainy and
subtle treachery effected its design; but
her father thought proper to defer the
communication for a few days, until such
time as all parties might have time af-
forded them to deliberate with themselves
on the position of affairs.

One evening shortly after the events
just narrated, Emily was seated at her
favorite window, which commanded a
fine view of the high road that led to the
village, and of the adjacent scenery,
which abounded with picturesque beauty
and afforded ample food for the admira-
tion of a contemplative mind. She was
melancholy—sorrowing. These shades,
these lovely, secluded haunts, amid whose
sweet retirement she had spent the hap-
piest moments of her existence of him,
now—She arose from her seat; her brain
grew dizzy—her heart was full to burst-
ing, and she passed her little apartment
to and fro with hurried step, laboring
under an agony of excitement almost in-
supportable. "In a few days," she said
all will be over and I will be the wife of
another. Oh, the anguish of that moment!
The look of supplicating misery was ex-
pressed in those eyes, as she turned them
towards Heaven to implore that mercy
she so needed. "Oh, my Father," she
said, "bear with me! uphold me in this
hour of trial! I need thy strength. Oh
save me!" She sank, overpowered by
the intensity of her emotion, into the
chair beside which she stood. For some
moments she continued thus, with her
face buried in her hands, until her
thoughts were interrupted by the noise
of wheels; she gazed from the window,
and saw a travelling carriage enter the
drive. Her heart throbbed—she not
why. The carriage approached; she saw
a stranger seated therein enveloped in a
large travelling cloak. Another look—
she could not be mistaken. It was him

—Edwin! She lost all consciousness,
and sank back into the chair in which
she had been sitting.

The young man was astonished, at the
doubtful reception he met with; but an
explanation was asked for by the Vicar.
He was led to the study. The letter was
produced—the last letter. The astonish-
ment depicted on his face as he perused
it; the rage that filled his looks as he
concluded—astonished the good old man.

"My God, Sir," said Edwin, "this
is no letter of mine. You have been im-
posed upon—deceived. Some villainy has
been practised. Where is Emily?"

The old man returned leading the
trembling girl. She looked pale. He
ran forward to meet her.

"Stand back, Sir," she said firmly
waving her hand towards him. She
read there his unfeigned astonishment.

She saw the same Edwin that had left
her; and read in his eyes the same love
that she had ever seen there. Could
she have been deceived? She was. She
hesitated no longer. Oh, the impulses
of the heart. Ah, reader, have you ever
experienced such a moment as this; when
all the intense emotions of the soul have
been wrought upon, and beyond which
feeling would not carry you?

The afternoon was spent in the mutual
enjoyment derived from each other's so-
ciety, and in endeavoring to elucidate the
mystery which had led to so much un-
happiness. Charles Davenport had work-
ed all this, he had sent an emissary to
France; and he it was who had indited
that letter, in the hand writing of his
cousin, to win the affections of Emily,
in order to effect his own nefarious ends.
Charles was unable to meet his cousin,
he could not face the friend he had so
deeply injured, so basely betrayed, and
the treacherous author of so much vil-
lany, immediately on hearing of his ar-
rival (which had been quite unexpected)
left the parental roof and passed over to
France, where we shall leave him, a prey
to that remorse which a just reward to
infamy.

The Bridal morning. All was joy with
in and without the vicarage. The same
feeling that impelled the hearts of those
more nearly connected with the ceremony
about to take place, had communicated
itself to the worthy peasantry; they loved
them loved the Vicar, and all felt
deeply interested in the happiness of the
bride, from whom they had experienced
so many kindnesses. Garland were woven,
rings strewed the pathway leading to the
church porch, the bells of which rang a
peal out so loud and merry, so long and
welcome, such another had never been
remembered in the memory of the oldest
villager. Now came the bridal party.
The bride was habited in simple white,
unadorned by superfluous ornament. She
moved along trembling, gracefully. Then
beside, and bending over her with almost
jealous care, the bridegroom, Edwin,
looked as a bridegroom should look—
happy, proud, excited. The villagers
pressed forward; tears were shed, and
blessings were poured forth on either
side, as the happy pair moved on between
the avenues of happy faces that lined the
way to the entrance. Ah, there was
joy indeed! Squire Davenport gave way
to the bride. The Vicar stood by while
the service was performed by a reverend
brother; he could not himself have per-
formed the task.—

After the ceremony the bridal party
proceeded to the hall. The festivities
were got up on a very extensive scale,
and the good things of this life were large-
ly distributed among the happy peasantry
for miles around, and leaving her thus
happy, shall bid adieu to the Vicar's
Daughter.

—Children and fools, says the old ad-
age, always tell the truth.
"Mother sent me," said a little girl to
a neighbor, "to ask you to come and
take tea with her this evening."
"Did she say at what time my dear?"
"No ma'am; she only said she would
ask you, and then the thing would be of
her mind; that was all she said!"

—We heard a good story of the oc-
currence that recently took place at New
buryport, Mass. A servant girl in that
town went to Dr Snafford for advice de-
claring her ailment to be pain in the
bowels. The Doctor gave her a cathar-
tic and requested her to call in a few
days which she did. He asked her if
she had taken the medicine, to which
she answered in the affirmative. He asked
her,
"Did anything pass you after taking
it?"

"Yes, a horse and wagon and a drove
of pigs."
The Doctor collapsed remarking:
"I think you must be better."

DE RIDDER PLACE BOSS.

"Chen, you reckieber dat liddle
plack boney I pyed mit de bedlar next
week?"
"Yah, rot of him?"
"Notting only only I gits shewed bur-
ty pad."
"So?"

"Yah. You see in de vurst place he
ish plait mit bote legs, und very lame
mit ven eye. Den ven you git on him
to rite, he rures up pelint unt kicks up
pefore so vruney as a chackmule. I dink
I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt
no sooner I gits strattle of his pack he
gommence to helst up, shust so like vray
in-pain on a poststead, unt ven he gits
stone I was so mit up mit eefrydings
vinds adnself mitn areat parkvords.
He dink in vray hands vor de prida."
"Well, vat you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I fix him pottar as cham up. I
hitch him to de cart mit his dail vray
his hoot ought to go, den give him vray
two dozen unt mit de lutevay, he start
to go put soo soon he see de cart pelint
him he make packvards. Burty can
he scumbles pelint, unt sits town on his
hanches, und looks like he reel burty
shamed mit himself. Den I dake him
out, hitch him in de right way, unt he
goes off shust so goot as anypody's boy."

Yankee Worship in Richmond.

(From the Richmond Examiner Dec. 29, 1861.)
We had thought that we were incapable
of being taken by surprise by any new
display of indulgence or deference towards
Yankees by a government that entertains
such a high opinion of its own honor and
dignity. We were surprised to learn that
the doctor, his lady and son, are occupying very
conspicuous positions at the Arlington
Hotel. We are surprised to learn that
upon by the would be elite (a very fine
"would be," though, we suppose) of Rich-
mond, and that women of Virginia, with
such special pretensions, have been flocking
to see the Yankee family circle and to per-
form the degrading work of paying the
expenses of the members of our country
and State. If Mrs. Lincoln was only
being a court at the Spotswood, in her
adorned green silk and Illinois witchery,
we have no doubt that there are creatures
in Richmond who would bend their necks
to the sociable honor of licking a little
part of her presence.

IS THIS WAR?

On New Year's day we saw quite a
number of Northern men briskly prom-
ising our streets with prospects for Fort
Mifflin. They were making a number of
"puffs." Among them we noticed Dr King,
the Rhode Island "Non," at the Am-
erican House, at large, and as in as high
place as the Union men had been confer-
ring. There is a sordid aspect on many
of the faces that are seen in the streets,
and the belief prevails that if the war
waged in earnest was as doomed, that
Virginia and all the border States would
be eventually be reoccupied by the Federal
armies. But we differ in one respect with
the faint hearted. We think the Union
not submit, whatever may be the
consequences of others.