

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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Lorena.

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again,
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have
been;
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh,
Oh! the sun can never dip so low
As down affection's cloudless sky.
A hundred months have passed Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
The mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months—'twas flowery May,
When up the hill's slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day.
And hear the distant church bells chimed.
We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell,
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prospered well.
But then 'tis past—the years are gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms,
I'll say to them, "last years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storm."
The story of that past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat,
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat;
I would not cause a moment's regret,
To wrangle in your bosom now,
For, if we try we may forget,
Were words of time, long years ago.
Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet,
They touch some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret,
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke,
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty, stern and pressing, broke
The tie that linked my soul with thee.
It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past,
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future—Oh! thank God,
Of life this is so small a part.
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

Remember Me.

BY GERTRUDE GREY.
Oh not in youth's bright spring time
When skies are bright and o'er me
When with flowers fair and sweet
My path is strewn before me;
Not when upon my cheek
The glow of health you see,
When life and joy are in my eye—
Not then remember me.
And not when bright-wing'd Hope
Sheds her mystic radiance round me,
When in life's garish noonday
Summer friends surround me;
Not then when Fortune smiles,
When my heart is light and free,
When earth is but a fairy land—
Not then remember me.
But, O, when friends forsake me,
When all is lone and dark,
When wintry storms o'er take me,
Tossing my foundering bark;
And when my cheek is fading—
When Hope's bright day-dreams flee,
When sorrow my brow is shading,
Then—then remember me.

Always have a good stock of patience laid by, and be sure you put it where you can easily find it.

The Wandering Jew. LEGEND OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

In the year of Our Lord 1200, the Bishop of Siewick was travelling through the country of Wittenberg, on his way to Hamburg, to visit the small city of Salem one of his friends, Francis Eysen, a learned philosopher and theologian. After the usual compliments were passed, the conversation having turned on preaching, Francis Eysen remarked, that in fulfillment of duty, he was to preach on next Monday, the feast of the Three Kings or Magi, and that he would be very anxious to have all the company present. It would afford me the greatest pleasure, said he, and if you would remark any fault in my sermon, I would take it as a mark of the greatest friendship to have it pointed out and corrected.

The day of the sermon being arrived, the friends kept their promise, and were seated right before the pulpit. During the sermon the Bishop of Siewick beheld a very old man, with a large, flowing white beard, who seemed to take the most marked interest in the discourse. Every time he heard the name of Jesus, he struck his breast violently, and uttered deep and bitter groans of despair. The Bishop, thinking that the old man may have been oppressed with some overwhelming grief, commissioned one of his servants to watch him, and invite him to the house of Francis Eysen, after church. The stranger readily complied with the Bishop's invitation, and seated himself among the numerous guests. At first he hesitated to reply to the Bishop's question, but, on being pressed by the guests, the Wandering Jew, for it was no other, touched with the warm hospitality of the German, consented to relate his history. We will let him now tell his own story.

The narration of his boyish sports unfolds to us an ingenious and touching legend on the origin of the wood of the Holy Cross. I was born of the tribe of Neplatali, in the year 3962 of the creation of the world, three years before King Herod put to death his two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, by order of the Emperor Augustus. My name is Ahasuerus. My father was a carpenter by trade, and my mother earned her livelihood as a seamstress. She was constantly employed on the vestments of the Levites, which she embroidered with perfection. My parents taught me how to read and write, and when I was of a more advanced age they gave me the Book of the Law and the Prophets to read. Besides these books my father had another, large, very old one bound in parchment, which he inherited from his ancestors, and in which I have often read many wonderful things: some of which I will tell you briefly, because they are intimately connected with my own personal history.

After our first parents, Adam and his wife, Eve, had two children, Cain and Abel, they believed that one of these two children would be the Messiah, and that he would pardon them their sin of disobedience. This hope soon vanished, for Cain killed his brother Abel, whose death Adam bewailed for one hundred years. At last, having had several sons and daughters afterwards, and seeing that the time of his death was near, he called his young son, Seth, and said to him, "Go to the earthly paradise, and request the angel Gabriel, who guards its gate with a flaming sword, to permit me to enter once more before I die, its beautiful enclosure. Seth, who was quite ignorant of this fact, went thither according to directions, found the angel and delivered his message. But the angel answered him thus:—'Neither your father nor yourself nor your posterity, can ever enter the earthly paradise; but by the grace of the Redeemer to come, you, may be celestial.' Having said this, he allowed him to see at a distance this elysian place of beauty, where his father and mother once had dwelt, and where they committed the sin of disobedience. When Seth had beheld this charming abode he was quite astonished, and afflicted with such sudden grief that he burst into tears. His sorrow was keen and intense, he was going away downcast and broken-hearted, when the angel called him back and said to him:—'Your father will soon die; here are three kernels of the fruit of the forbidden tree, take them, and when your father is dead place these three kernels on his tongue, and bury them with his body.' Seth then departed, and fulfilled exactly all the commands of the angel.

I should here remark," said Ahasuerus, "that in the same place where Adam was interred, there grew up, some time afterwards, three trees, which bore fruit of the most beautiful appearance the eye

ever beheld; but they were very bitter, and nauseous and gritty. They were not edible, and for this reason the trees remained there unvalued and undisturbed. When our ancestors were led away captive into Egypt, Moses saw a burning forest in the place where he spoke to God, and from this same forest he took the rod with which he performed so many prodigies. As, for instance, changing this rod into a serpent, in the presence of Pharaoh—opening a passage through the Red Sea—drawing water out of a rock, and many other miracles, which you may read of in the Holy Scriptures. When our fathers came into the Holy Land, they began to build cities and castles to defend themselves from their enemies. These same trees above mentioned were still in the same place, on the mountain where the city of Jerusalem was built, and remained there, outside the walls of the city, until the royal prophet, David, after the death of King Saul, surrounded them with a wall, and built a home for himself near them, because their fruit was extremely beautiful to sight. One day, having gathered three of these apples, he divided one of them into two parts, and found in it nothing but earth. In the second, he found the word Chaschecab, written, which is, interpreted—'He accepts this through love.' In the third he found all the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which the royal prophet had predicted in the Psalms.

In fine, to be brief: after different wars between the kings of Israel and other countries, the city of Jerusalem was utterly razed to the ground, after it had been several times sacked. The palace of David was on the aforesaid mountain, and the trees removed from the city about a quarter of a league, and they remained entire until Antipater, the nephew of King Herod, threw down the palace and the trees, in the year 3930, to render the summit more spacious as a place destined to put malefactors to death. The palace was called Golgotha. The trees were then taken to the city of Jerusalem and planted against a wall, near the Temple, where I have sat a thousand times, and played joyously with my young companions. These are the very trees which were used in making the cross on which our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified.

Ahasuerus paused here, overwhelmed with the memoirs of the past, and silence pervaded the whole company. The idea of making the Saviour be put to death on wood that grew from the kernel of the fatal tree, whose fruit seduced and ruined the author and posterity of the human race—the still more ingenious idea of making this kernel grow out of the ashes of our first parents, has always appeared to us the most pathetic, the most artistic flight of imagination in the poetry of the middle ages. We will see this idea more polished still, when the author, narrating the passion of Jesus Christ will show us the cross, made from the tree planted on the tomb of Adam, and nourished with his substance, raised on this same tomb, and the blood of the divine Redeemer flowing down to, and reanimating, the ashes of our first parent. But we must return, for a few moments, to the history of the wandering Jew. It contains some very interesting mythological details.

Ahasuerus nine years old, when he heard his mother and father saying that three kings had just arrived in Jerusalem, in search of a new born king, whom they desired to adore. He ran after them, and overtook them just as they were entering Bethlehem. He describes them such as all the paintings of the middle ages represent them. The two first, large and strong, the third, of black complexion and African features. From this time till the flight into Egypt, the story Ahasuerus contains nothing of importance that we have not recorded in the Gospel. But the voyage of the holy family across the desert is full of wonderful circumstances, borrowed, without doubt, from some apocryphal gospel, which has not come down to us; for, with some exceptions, we have not found these facts in any of the known writings.

"When the holy family had commenced their departure for Egypt," said Ahasuerus, "Mary, looking behind her, from time to time, perceived several soldiers in hot pursuit. She became so alarmed that she would have fallen from the humble ass on which she traveled had not Joseph supported her. They took to conceal themselves quickly beneath a large oak that was close by; and no sooner were they under the oak, than its branches, of their own accord, lowered themselves forming with its thick foliage a secure shelter. The soldiers of Herod passed by in pursuit, little thinking that the holy family was so near. When the assassins of the Innocents whose

feast your Church celebrates, had disappeared, the branches of the oak lifted themselves into their natural position; and the holy family pursued their journey undisturbed. On the day following, they entered into the dreary, inhospitable desert of Egypt. And as they had travelled a long and cheerless journey, they determined to halt for the night. But just as they had come to this conclusion, two furious robbers rushed from their hiding place, violently seized Joseph and Mary, with her beloved infant, and dragged them, trembling, to the cave where they lived. Arrived there, breathing vengeance, they asked the poor captives, fiercely, who they were, whence they came, what their business was in such inhospitable wilds? Poor Mary trembled for their fate. At this trying moment the infant Jesus looked up into the robber's face with such an innocent, such a smiling mien, that the stern hearts of these lawless men were instantly subdued, and they unbowed Joseph, and treated Mary with gentleness and respect. One of them ordered his wife to fetch clean linen for the infant Jesus, and bring refreshments to Joseph and Mary. The wife of this robber had an only beloved child, in the last stage of dropsy; and, after having bathed the infant Jesus and dressed him in new linen, she did the same with her own drooping son. But no sooner did she bathe her own drooping child in the water in which Jesus was cleansed, than he was instantly and completely cured. The robber and his wife were delighted and astonished at the sight of such a miracle. Joseph and Mary were more kindly treated, and received the dwelling for their accommodation. Next morning the good robber invited them to breakfast, helped Mary to get ready, conducted them in safety to the high road, and wished them a happy journey. At parting, he addressed these words to the infant Jesus:—'Lord, I firmly believe that thou art more than man; for, though willing, I had not the heart to kill you. You are the first person who ever left my cave in safety, and for this, Lord, remember me and the miserable life I am leading. He rushed away, bathed in tears. This is the same robber who, according to the testimony of the Holy Virgin, who was crucified with Jesus on Calvary, and who said, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.'

"About noon, on the next day, the holy family reached the outskirts of the lonely desert. Mary, exhausted with the long journey and the burning rays of the sun, was seized with the most excessive thirst. Seeing a shady tree, a distance off in the desert, she said to Joseph, 'Let us rest for a while in yonder shade, for I feel weak and thirsty.' After they were seated, Mary lifted up her eyes, and seeing that the palm tree was loaded with beautiful dates, expressed a wish for some to allay her hunger and thirst. 'How can you have such a desire,' said Joseph, in astonishment, 'when you see it is impossible to reach them at such a height? What is troubling me,' said he, 'is to get some water, which is beginning to fail us, and I know not where to find any.' In these straits, the infant Jesus, with a cherub smile, looked up into his mother's face, where resignation to Providence had already reduced the appetite of nature, and spoke to the tree thus:—'Palm-tree of the desert, lower thy branches, and cool with thy fruit my mother's thirst.' And immediately the fig-tree bowed his lofty head down to the feet of Mary, who, with Joseph, refreshed themselves with the well-timed gift. In the meantime, the tree still remained bent, awaiting the commands of the infant to rise up again, erect and majestic. Jesus spoke again thus:—'Palm tree retire now, and become a companion to the trees that bloom in the paradise of my father. Loosen thy roots, and let the refreshing fountain that sparkles there concealed, gush forth for my mother's comfort.' The palm tree opened up its roots, and immediately there bubbled up a limpid and delicious spring. The hearts of Mary and Joseph were gladdened at this sight. They drank and knelt down to return thanks to Almighty God. As they were leaving this place, next day, the infant, turning to the palm tree, said, 'I ordain that one of thy branches be carried by angels, and transplanted in Paradise; and it is my will, that hereafter, the brows of all who come off victorious in the battles of God, be encircled with a crown of thy foliage.' Hence, the palm branch has become the symbol of victory and success. After these words a seraph was seen to detach a branch from the top of the tree, and then soaring up into the azure firmament, the angel-chorus hymned forth in their enrapturing melodies—

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.

"After a short stay, the holy family again resumed their journey. Egypt is distant from Judea a journey of sixteen days. On their arrival in Egypt, all the false gods of the country fell from their pedestals, wherever the holy family passed. The Egyptians, seeing this, hastened in great multitudes to adore the holy family. The philosophers, however, railed at and rebuked them for prostrating themselves in worship before people who, they said, were human beings like themselves. To whom the simple minded countrymen answered—'Our own gods have fallen down in their presence, and should not we do the same?' Having sojourned for a considerable period in Egypt, an angel appeared to Joseph in his sleep, and commanded him to return to Judea where King Herod had just died a miserable death."

We will not at present follow Ahasuerus, narrating all the details of the boyhood of Christ, although they contain some of the most charming incidents of domestic life, and which we may, perhaps, commit to writing at some future time. We will hasten on to the recital of the Passion, where the author introduces the frightful biography of Judas, the second type of the deicidal Jew; and will relate in the simple but energetic language of our biographer, Ahasuerus.

BIOGRAPHY OF JUDAS.

"I have now come," continued Ahasuerus, "to the genealogy of Judas. His father was descended from the tribe of Reuben. A gardener by profession, in his spare hours he planted and cultivated a considerable orchard of his own. When his mother was pregnant with Judas, she had a terrible dream one night, that she brought forth a child, with a crown glittering with gems and precious stones in his hands; which, after admiring a few moments, he flung to the ground and broke in a thousand pieces. Then she thought in her dream, that she saw this same child, with demon passion on his brow, stealing mawares, like a tiger on his prey, and felled with one blow of a heavy axe, his own father to the ground. She saw him then, after this awful parricide, bursting in through a window of the holy temple, breaking all the holy ornaments, stealing the most valuable, and then rush away to hide his sacrilegious robbery.

"His mother started from sleep, affrighted with such a terrific dream, and related it to her husband, who, in alarm sought everywhere for some person to interpret the dream. At length he was told that he would have a son who would murder a king and his own father, and would be guilty of villainy of the blackest dye, to gratify the grasping avarice that would reign in his heart.

"The poor father on hearing such an awful prediction, became sad and inconsolable. At length to escape the threatened catastrophe, he and his wife resolved to put the infant, as soon as born, in a basket, and float it down the river. They put their plan into execution. Judas was only ten days old when he was consigned by his father to the waves of the Jordan, a river that disembogues itself into the Dead Sea. The basket which contained Judas, driven by the winds, drifted toward the Island of Candia. The king of the island, walking with his wife along the sea shore, perceived the basket floating in the water, and ordered it to be fetched in, to see what might be its contents. On opening the basket, they were astonished to perceive a beautiful infant, gasping for sustenance, and on the point of death. Refreshment was immediately administered, and he was brought to the palace to be raised as the king's son. When he was six years old he gave him the name of Judas, for he knew by the clothes found in the basket, that he was a Jewish child.

"Judas received the same treatment as the king's only son. This young prince was one year older than Judas. When they reached a more mature age, the prince observed that Judas was accustomed to pilfer and steal jewels, money, and any article of value that his skill could enable him to conceal. The prince complained of him to the king, his father, who immediately sent for Judas and had his pockets carefully searched. The prince's complaint was too true. They found him on his person money, jewels of great value, rings, and other valuable ornaments he had stolen from the prince and the queen. The king got quite enraged, and whipped him severely.—'Begone, instantly!' said he, 'know that you are no son of mine; you are a foundling, rescued from a watery

grave, and, through charity raised at our court.' On hearing this stunning sentence Judas was stung with rage, and resolved to take deep revenge. Thinking the young prince was the cause of all his misfortunes, he prowled about the palace, thirsting to imbue his hands in his blood.

The opportunity was not long wanting. The young prince, a few days after the occurrence mentioned above, was seated beneath a clustering vine, enjoying all the beauties of the gorgeous sun-set, whose sinking rays tinged with gold the mountain's top, and sparkled in a thousand gems on the waveless sea, before he plunged down into his evening bath. The calm unruffled sea throwing back the golden tints of the setting sun—the beauty of the azure sky undimmed by a single speck of cloud—the cooling breeze, laden with the fragrant perfumes of the summer twilight—the universal repose of nature above and around, reflecting back the bliss and glories of their creator, held the young prince spell-bound to the spot, almost entranced at the Elysian beauties of the scene. It was a time, and a spot where none but the holiest thoughts should obtrude—a scene that might well soften the most savage heart. And the prince feasting his soul on the sublime spectacle dreamt of peace and happiness. But it had the contrary effect on Judas, from his hiding place. His dark brow grew darker still, as he viewed the smile of innocence that lit up the features of his former brother, and he clutched his axe with a deathly grip, to make sweeter of the fatal blow. He forgot all the joyous pastimes of his youth, spent in the endearing bonds of brotherly love; he tore from his memory the tender caresses of the loving queen. He thought only of his deep disgrace—his high hopes blasted forever, and his scowling eyes looked the base murder, over which he gloated in his heart. He crept noiselessly along the ground, like a serpent stealing on its victim, till within a few feet of the unsuspecting youth, and with a single stroke the prince's head, severed from his trunk, rolled muttering on the ground. Looking around a few moments, for fear of detection, he fled to the sea-coast, where he embarked in a vessel bound for Egypt. From Egypt he went on foot to Jerusalem, where he insinuated himself into the good graces of a wealthy nobleman, who retained him in his service. As he had been circumcised, he was taught the law of the Jews, and the customs of Israel. "He was not long in this employment till his master sent him to purchase some apples, and pointed out the house where he was accustomed to get them. It was no other than his father's house, but Judas was completely ignorant of the fact. Wishing to gratify his love of money, and in order to keep the price of the apples for himself he climbed over the garden wall, and began to fill his basket with apples. His father, who was passing by at the time, happened to see him and, running up, called him a thief, and ordered him to give up the apples he had stolen. 'How dare you,' said he, 'come into the garden of a poor industrious man, to rob him of the fruit of his honest labor? Begone, instantly, vile thief, or you shall be punished to the rigor of the law.' Judas, maddened at the insulting epithet, and alarmed at the threat of legal punishment, rushed on his father with clenched fist, struck his helpless gray-haired sire to the ground, kicked and bruised him, till he left him half dead in the garden. Snatching up his basket full of apples, he stealthily crept over the orchard wall, and hastened home. His mother being informed, by an eye-witness to the scene, of the author of the brutal assault, hid a complaint next day before his master that her husband was at the point of death from the violence of his servant, Judas. He was arrested and tried; but, by cunning and perjury he received the lenient sentence, that if the husband should die, he should marry the widow, according to the law of Moses. His father gradually grew worse and, after a brief struggle gave back his spirit to his Maker. and Judas, in punishment of his awful crime, solemnized the incestuous marriage rite with his own mother. He then received the surname of *Isariot*, which signifies in our language, *murderer* or *homicide*. He lived for a long time with his mother, whom he continued to treat with the most abusive language and savage violence.

"The poor wife and mother's heart sunk daily within her at the infidelity and course conduct of her new husband, and she fretted away her health insensibly. Coming home one day, half intoxicated, and infuriated at the loss of a precious diamond, which with great skill and ruse he had possessed himself of, he vented the

[Continued on Fourth page.]