

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.

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Mary's Beauty.

BY GEO. F. MORRIS.

Where can it be, dear mother,
That Mary's beauty lies?
More silken are my tresses,
And brighter are my eyes,
The children through around her,
And strangers praise her grace:
There's not a creature in the village,
But loves her bonny face.
I know when day is breaking
She sees the forest stream,
And ever on returning
More beautiful doth seem.
Perchance its shaded waters
Some ancient charm retain,
And those who bathe at sunrise
Its virtues can obtain.
I'll be there to-morrow,
To try the waters too,
And wait until she cometh,
And see what she will do.
Young Ella reached the forest
While yet the stars were bright;
But scarcely had she hidden,
When Mary came in sight.
She lightly crossed the streamlet,
And paused upon the spot
Where rocks and twining branches
Had formed a quiet grove:
Unconscious of observers,
She knelt in meekness there,
And looking up to heaven,
Breathed forth a fervent prayer.
Then rising up in gladness,
She warbled forth a hymn,
And homeward bent her footsteps
While yet the light was dim.
Forth came the softened Ella,
Nor tried the streamlet's art:
She thought not of her features,
But of her erring heart.

The Illinois Stock Owner.

BY MRS. F. M. AMES.

Is a luxurious furnished apartment situated in one of our Eastern cities, a mother and daughter were seated. The mother was a fine looking woman of forty; the daughter, a dazzling beautiful girl of eighteen. The latter was intently perusing a letter.
Suddenly she looked up.
"Well, my child! What is it?" said her mother.
"Edward has met with reverses," was the reply, "that will force him to give up a residence here, after our marriage; and my home with him will be in Illinois."
"In Illinois! Is he going to turn farmer to recover his losses?"
"Hardly that, I think. His knowledge would be as limited as mine in that vocation, I am sure. No, it is stock-raising."
"Stock-raising! That is little better than a lottery."
"Well, I hardly know what he means. I will read you what he writes about it," and the treasured epistle was again drawn from its delicate enclosure.
"The change in my fortune," the letter said, "will make it necessary for me to decline the offer of partnership in the firm in your city, to which I before referred. And as I expect to deal in stock it will be best for my business if I reside in Illinois somewhere in Cook county, I think. And now, Emma, darling! dare I ask you still to share my changed fortune? I do not ask it as a right, but only by my deep love for you. Can you forego all

those luxuries to which you have been accustomed, and endure the privations incident to Western life? If you asked to be released from your engagement, I cannot blame you! But believe me, dearest, it will be the saddest word I have ever been called to hear; and I—"
"There, that will do, my child! Spare your blushes and my ears. And you will give him up."
"Mother."
It was a simple word of two syllables, but it told the parent more than hours of argument could have done. Still the mother seemed unwilling to give it up without an effort.
"Consider well what you are doing, Emma," she said. "You, who have been reared so tenderly. Hardly a wish ungratified."
"Do not, I beg mother, ask me to perjure myself! I promised to be Charles Leyton's wife. If he has been unfortunate there is more need than ever that I should keep troth with him. No. I will not add a woman's desertion to his other misfortunes."
"Well, my darling, neither I nor your father will seek to coerce you in this matter. I have done my duty in advising you. Charles Leyton is worthy of your love, whatever tricks fortune may play him."
The father said but little to deter her. But often she would detect an eager, anxious look from out his deep, thoughtful eyes, when he supposed himself unobserved.
The wedding-day was fixed by letter, as Charles could not conveniently return until just before marriage.
One morning, as the father was leaving, he turned to Emma, and, placing a roll of bills in her hand, said:
"There is something for your wedding outfit my child."
Emma took the bundle, and, looking in the dear, kind face wistfully, as she was wont to do when asking a favor, began to speak, and then hesitated.
"What is it, pet? Are you afraid there is not enough? If not you should ask for more."
"Oh! it is not that. I was thinking—"
"Well, of what were you thinking? You think of too much lately."
"Would you be displeased if I should get a plain muslin for my wedding dress? It would cost me much less, and would be far more suitable to my altered circumstances."
"Yes I should be very much displeased. You are my daughter yet, and shall be married as such. And then, if you must go and live in a cabin on the prairie, with a cattle driver, I shall feel that I have done my duty as a father to you."
This was more than the poor girl expected, and the tears came like summer rain.
"Tut, tut! What a silly chit she is!" And the father's hand was laid gently on her head, and lingered long and lovingly among the twining curls. "Charles will be wealthy yet. Men often acquire large fortunes in the kind of business he purposes to adopt. Besides, Emma, I have other daughters that will be wanting wedding dresses, perhaps, some day; and my first born must not go to her bridal in shabby attire. Trust all to your mother, my child, and be my own light-hearted Emma again, or I shall be sorry that I ever promised you to a poor man."

The wedding day came in due season. Emma had objected to the bridal tour. But her father and lover, after teasing her somewhat about her miserly attributes, overlaughed her objections, and three weeks after at Saratoga, a trip to the sea side, and a steamboat excursion around the lake to Chicago was at last decided upon.
Charles Leyton was proud—and well might he be—of the treasure he had won, and took no pains to conceal it from her in all those pleasant days. "She had sacrificed so much for him!" he said constantly.
The excursion on the lakes was delightful. The picture like island, umbrageous in their summer splendor—the glimpses of varied scenery along the shore—and the delicious like breeze—all combined to make this part of their journey seem a flight through fairy-land.
They reached Chicago on a beautiful August morning, and to the surprise of the young wife, the first persons they met on the landing were two young men, intimate friends of her husband, and who had officiated as groomsmen at their wedding.
A private carriage was in waiting, and the four were soon threading their way through the crowded city. On, on, past splendid hotels, almost palace-like in size and architecture. At length they reached a street lined with beautiful shade trees

and have no memory; so you will either break you promise or forget all about it."
A loud laugh expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor fool, *notus colens*, was compelled to lay down the cash. No one supposed he would come again, but he still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour.
The doctor received him with great gravity, and, addressing the audience, said—
"Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them on the honor of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the bystanders do not acknowledge the cure, and that I am fairly entitled to the reward."
The man sat down—was furnished with a glass of water—the doctor produced a box of flattened black pills; and to show that they were perfectly innocent, affected to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one to the man, who, after many wry faces, bit into it—started up, spitting and spluttering, and exclaimed—
"Why, hang me, if it isn't cobbler's wax!"
"There," said the doctor, lifting up both hands, "did any body ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a recovery? He is evidently cured of lying, for he has told the truth instantly; and as to memory, my good fellow," continued he, patting him on the back, "if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return you the money."

Soon after the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion, evidently a private residence. Emma was assisted from the carriage; and then her husband, without heeding her questioning looks, led her up the marble steps, and throwing open the door, gently pushed her from him into the vestibule, and in an instant she was clasped in her mother's arms, while her dear kind father stood by and coughed, and wiped his eyes, as if she had brought a cloud of dust that was filling his throat and blinding him. The mother took no pains to conceal her emotion, but murmured soft loving words, as only a mother could over a returned daughter.
Her husband and his two friends had followed her, and, as she looked first at one, and then at the other, she was perfectly bewildered. But her mother, without giving her any time for questions, led the way into a luxuriously furnished parlor, and, while the gentlemen seated themselves, and strove to appear perfectly at ease, with her own hands began unfastening the outer garments of the tired traveler.
"Mother! What does this mean? Am I dreaming? Is this your home?"
"No Emma it is your home, and will be so long as you can call your husband's house your home."
"This, then, from your kindness, my father?"
"No, my dear, I am sorry to say it is not. I should hardly be able to purchase a residence like this, without selling my own."
"Mrs. Leyton," said one of the gentlemen who had met them at the landing, "it belongs to me to confess and explain it all. About five months ago Charles Leyton fell heir to quite a large property in Chicago. My friend here, and I were with him when he was officially notified of the fact. We all commented freely on the freaks of fortune, and I remarked that had he lost a fortune instead of gaining one, some of us might stand a better chance to win the favor of a certain beautiful girl in our city that rumor was now giving entirely to him. The remark nettled him, and he challenged me the trial. Believe me, so confident was he of your truth, that I began to waver, and even offered to withdraw my assertion. But he insisted; and your father coming in at the time, learning the subject of discussion, his pride was aroused for his child, and the whole thing was arranged then and there. Your mother was in the secret. We have been defeated in the contest, and now willingly yield the palm to woman's devotion."
"And that statement about being a stock owner. Did you, Charles, did you—did you write me a—"
"Falseness? you would ask. No I did not—in words, at least. I wrote you of my changed fortune, but I did not say in what manner it was changed. I am a stock owner, and have hundreds of cattle on my farm. I have other business however, and that is in this beautiful prosperous city."
"And, father, my log cabin. Where is it?"
"This is it. And we are all your guests for a week, if you will entertain us so long. Your mother was suspicious of your unfeigned wings, and, enlisting your husband in your service, beguiled me into a promise to meet me in your new home."
The young wife could not forego a woman's right to put a little at the part she had unwittingly acted in. The little plot; but she had the good sense that this was not the time or place to do it; and with graceful dignity, she took her place in the well ordered household. And when the pleasant week had passed, her friends left her with the gratifying thought, that her "fines had been cast in pleasant places."

THE QUIZZER QUIZZED.
On a recent occasion of a medical professor delivering practical lectures to the public, a gawky lumbering clodhopper thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the doctor. He mounted the stage, and on being questioned as to his disorder, said very gravely—
"Why, I'm a liar."
"Sad disorder, sir, but perfectly curable," said the doctor.
"Well," said the man, "but I've a worse nor that, I've lost my memory."
"Quite curable, also," added the doctor. "But I must make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but pay down five shillings."
The man who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted, but the doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something.
"Besides," said the doctor, "how can I trust you? You say you are a liar,

and they are Anaks, each standing a good eight feet above the level of the floor, without counting to a slight wrinkle in the back which would give them a few inches more were it ironed out. Each has one foot perched on a suppositious rock, while the other rests on a paper tiger—they seem to have been backing against the tiger all the night through. One holds a golden apple in his hand, plucked from no one knows what Hesperides; the other grasps a golden wreath. They are spangled like harlequin, and bearded and mustached like bogus barons. A chronic lassitude rests on their features—probably occasioned by having been up all night. Before them is spread either a late breakfast or an early lunch, but they seem in no hurry to attack it. Undoubtedly they feel safe in the assurance that no one else will eat it.
Ranged around the wall, in convenient little sentry boxes, stand fudgy little gods, with splay feet. These be the common "Josses" of the concern. One of them is habited like a Christian martyr, and has the dolorous look of one condemned to be burned. The apprehension seems not entirely groundless, as a number of torches are lighted close to his feet. Should they burn on, the spectacle would be furnished of a baked tomato.
The worshippers in the parlous of the temple are not very devout. They loaf around and take all sorts of liberties with their gods, even to the occasional smouching of a tomcod from their breakfast table. There are dowagers with head dresses which tower up in crinigerous Babels, and damsels with eyes more clam shell than almond-shell shaped. There are male Chinamen having the look of Chimpanzees, and others dandified enough in appearance to stand as lay figures in barber's windows. Altogether, the picture is a motley one, and well worth seeing, but curious visitors should be vaccinated before entering the synagogue and carry smelling salts with them.
Were there time in this connection to indulge in speculation and reflection concerning this curious people who have moved their temples and gods in our midst and sat down amongst us, but of whom we really know so little, they were ample food for it. How long will they maintain their idolatrous worship in the full blaze of the light which a Christian community sheds? Or is it unfair to call them idolaters when these images which they make unto themselves are not made in the shape of anything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth? Will even an Iconoclast come along and send these puppet-dollies flying higher than any kite? Will these Thors finally be broken with their own hammers? Or will this people go chanting barbarous hymns through their noses and beating tom-toms to the honor of their tom-cods and tom-gods to the end of another century?

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
OUTLANDISH RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.
The San Francisco Bulletin, of September 16th, gives the following account of a visit to a Chinese temple in that city:
The Chinese are having a great time in their Temple, on Sacramento street just now. Evidently the festival is of a religious character, though whether the proceedings are to be devoted to canoning a mortgage on their church or to sending out pagan missionaries to win over Christian believers to Buddhism, is more than inquisitiveness itself has been able to ascertain. The dignitaries of their Temple are not at all reticent, but display a charming readiness to indulge in a conversation with visitors to which the only drawback is that neither understands the other's language. However, they themselves know what the celebration means and is intended for, and they being the principal parties concerned, no others have a right to complain.
The first thing which strikes the visitor on entering the vestibule of their sanctuary is a most ancient and fish-like smell, and if he approaches the altar he will discover that the breath of the gods smells strangely of stale salmon. Evidently their drink is not nectar, neither is it possible that their victual is ambrosia. The first object of Chinese adoration that meets the eye is a high and hilarious god, standing some seven or eight feet in his stockings, and flourishing a cigar in his left hand, like a Montgomery street swell. The attitude of this idol is not very graceful, while his legs widely spread apart, and the air with which he braces back against the wall suggests that he is under the influence of the rosy. Altogether, he has a convivial look about him, highly cheerful to behold, and the effect is heightened by horns, with serrated edges, which sprout gaily from behind his ears. His belly is modelled like a bass drum, but so nicely adjusted as not to seriously interfere with the even tenor of his whole conduct.
Passing on and ascending a narrow and fishy stair-case, we find a balcony, gay with flags and lanterns and illuminated with scrolls written in sinuous characters, probably pregnant with the wisdom of the immortal Kung-tu-tre, whom the Latins name Confucius. We may very well conclude that the books which lie open— but shut so far as our understanding is concerned—before us, are the *Solide Declaratio* and the *Concordia Formula* of their peculiar church. Here the sound of music is loud—reckless disciples crashing wild choruses upon immense gongs, while milder-mannered musicians kept up a rattling accompaniment on kettle-drums, blended with a symphony of shrill notes from the lips of cracked fifes. The gods stand in a row, though a much less noise brought down the walls of Jerico. In the temple, the gods, and worshippers are so numerous that one calls them no longer J. H. H. but J. H. H. You stumble over a little god on the floor, or precipitate your head into the stomach of the big one braced against the altar. The big ones numbered two, and face each other in a Gog and Magog style. In height

med over all the world, and its liberty-woven lines streaming and flagging "o'er the home of the brave" through sunshine and storm, shot and shell, the ensign of all America, the pride of the world forever!

Geographical Punning.
The Brewers should to *Mall-a-go*;
The Poets to rocks of *Silly*;
The Quakers to the *Friendly* isles;
The *Furriers*, all to *Chilly*.
The little squalling, bawling babes,
That nightly break our rest,
Should be packed off to *Baby-lyon*,
To *Lap-land* or to *Drest*.
Cooks from *Spi-head* should go to *Creece*;
And while the *Miser* waits
His passage to the *Guinea* coast,
Spentrifts are in the *Streits*.
Spinsters should to the *Needles* go;
Winchibbers to *Dorquidy*;
Gourmands may lunch at *Sandwich* isles;
Wags poke their fun at *Fan-dy*.
Musicians hasten to the *Sound*,
All mendicants to *Rome*;
And let the race of *Hypocrites*
At *Cant-on* find their home.
Lovers should fly to *Cape Good Hope*;
To some *Cape Horn* is pain;
Debtors should go to *O I O*, (Ohio),
Our sailors to the *Man*.
Bold *Bachelors* to the *United States*,
Maids to the *Ile of Man*,
The Gardencers should to *Batany* go,
And *Shoebucks* to *Japan*.
The *Quarrelsome* in *Ire-land*
Will find their proper level;
The *Pruders*, when he sets these lines,
May post of to the "*Devil*."
* A typographical expression.

REAL INDIAN-NUTTY.
A Spaniard having stolen a horse from an Indian, the latter convicted him of the offence by a very ingenious plan. He complained to a judge, who had the Spaniard, with the horse, brought before him. The prisoner swore that the horse belonged to him, and that he had always had it, so that the judge did not find himself in a position to convict. He was even about to return the horse to him, when the Indian said—
"If you will allow me, I will prove that the animal belongs to me." Immediately he pulled off his cloak, and covering the horse's head, asked the Spaniard of which eye it was blind? The robber was much embarrassed at the question, but, nevertheless, not to delay the court, he replied at hazard that it was the right eye. The Indian uncovering the head, exclaimed—
"The horse is not blind either of the right eye or the left."
The judge immediately decided that the animal was his.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.
The following beautiful apostrophe to the flag of our country, we find it in one of our exchanges. We do not know who is the author.
Most beautiful emblem of the world's proudest glory—American freedom!—Brightest symbol of a nation's honor!—Lowliest messenger that ever spread its graceful folds and wooed beneath its rainbow hues, stray children from the nations of the world, to the full enjoyment of a people's highest luxury, *Liberty and Independence!* Heaven's own blue dyes the groundwork of its glistening stars! Purity's white alternates with its blushing bars! Angel's smiles wreath its blood-bought stripes! God's blessing crowns its beauty; and the greatness of national independence, and the heroic glory of a Washington clings to its every thread. Floating over sea or shore; at home or abroad, nations yield it triumphant homage; its rainbow streamings as they appear in heaven's pure light, bear a nation's pride in every fold and a country's triumph in every star.
Proud hearts thrill and glow and bosoms swell, as its melting, mingling hues roll and wave in sight. The brightest honors of a world is in its starry firmament, and the noblest principle of Government nestles in its "red, white and blue." Truth and freedom it proudly bears on its beautiful folds to all the world; joy and happiness it carries from shore to shore. Welcomed with chant and song, hailed with anthems of delight the proudest, noblest flag that ever was flung to the breeze.
"Forever float that standard sheet" with its starry triumphs, its blending glory and its nation's pride. God keeps it there, high in the heaven's blue are with its sky-horse beauties glistening undim-

At a hotel table one day one boarder remarked to his neighbor—
"This must be a healthy place for chickens."
"Why so?" remarked the other.
"Because I never see any dead ones about."
An old bachelor says that marriage was instituted for no other purpose than to prevent men from sleeping diagonally in bed.
Ease and honor are seldom bed-fellows.