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From the London Weekly Times.
The Printer's Song.

(FROM 'HUGHES'S SELECT POETRY'.)
PRINT, comrades, print; a noble task
Is the one we gladly ply;
'Tis ours to tell to all who ask
The wanderers of earth and sky.
We watch the thought, all glowing warm,
As it leaves the student's brain,
And place the stamp of enduring form
On the poet's airy strain.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round—
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh, where may its like be found?
Print, comrades, print; the fairest thought
Ever limned in painter's dream,
The rarest form e'er sculptor wrought
By the light of beauty's gleam.
Though lovely, may not watch the power,
Which our proud art can claim—
That links the past with the present hour,
And its breath—the voice of fame.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round—
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh, where may its like be found?
Print, comrades, print; God hath ordained
That man by his toil should live;
Then spurn the charge that we disdain
The labor that God would give!
We envy not the sons of ease,
Nor the lord in princely hall,
But bow before the wise decrees
In kindness meant for all.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round—
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh, where may its like be found?
'Tis well to have a Merry Heart.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
What'er the world may say!
Philosophy may lift its head,
And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw!
If life but brings us happiness,
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away, let others say
What'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly say
He's got the wealth of earth.
There's beauty in a merry laugh,
A beauty moral too—
It shows the heart an honest heart,
That's paid each man his due;
And lent a shore of what's to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And made the cheek less sorrow speak,
The eye weep fewer tears.
The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest wrath begin,
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
Its sunlight is within!
Then laugh away, let others say
What'er they will of mirth,
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

The Wife.
She knelt beside his dying bed,
By friends forsaken now,
And gently raised his aching head,
And wiped his fevered brow;
She paused not for the vanished years,
Which sorrow had made dim,
She thought not of her blinding tears,
Save those which fell for him.
She had been loved in earthly youth,
But love had long been gone,
And yet she mourned his vanished truth,
And brokenly lived on.
He was the father of her boy,
And could she think but ill
Of one so dear—her pride—her joy?
Ah, no! she loved him still.
And now deserted and despised
By those who caused his fall,
Her woman's heart, so little prized,
Forgave and pitied all.
The flower his haughty hand had cast,
To wither in its bloom,
The worn and wan was still the last
To deck his lonely tomb.
Carrying politeness to excess, is said
to be raising your hat to bow to a young lady
in the street, and allowing a couple of dirty
collars and a pair of socks to fall out
upon the sidewalk.

THE WARNING.

A THRILLING STORY.

My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the home so dear to him. He had made his last voyage and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown from a mere child and baby of my mother's for I was her youngest, into a rough, and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often wilful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days he said nothing to me about it.
It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat, and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field—a favorite playground for the children in the neighborhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.
"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play-ground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it, I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon, that if it were not a warning to you I should not speak of it. Listen, then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors."
"My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle loving woman, devoted to her children, and beloved by every body. I remember her pale, beautiful face—her sweet affectionate smile—her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her intensely; I was never happy apart from her, and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating a time with rude, rough boys, I lost, in a measure, my fondness for home and my reverence for my mother, and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it an indication of manliness to resist her authority, or not to appear to feel penitent, although I knew my conduct displeased her. The epithet I most dreaded was *girl-boy*. I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron strings, from a quiet, home-loving child I soon became a boisterous, my dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fireside attractive and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this but did not heed it.
It was an afternoon like this, that, as I was about leaving the dining-table, to spend the intermission between morning and evening school in the street, as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly but firmly, "My son, I wish you to come with me." I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet, and said to me, "We will take a little walk together." I followed her in silence; and as I was passing out the door, I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house, and I knew he was waiting for me. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy, but being some years older than myself, he exercised a great influence over me. I followed my mother sulkily, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow of this huge rock. O, my boy, could that hour be blotted from my memory, which has cast a dark shadow over my whole life, gladly would I exchange all that the world can offer me for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no, like this huge, unsightly pile, stands the monument of guilt forever.
My mother being feeble in health, sat down and beckoned me to sit beside her. Her look, so full of tender sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit, but continued standing sulkily beside her. "Alfred, my dear son," said she, "have you lost all love for your mother?" I did not reply. "I fear you have," she continued, "and may God help you to see your own heart, and me to do my duty." She then talked to me of my misdeeds, of the dreadful consequences of the course I was pursuing. By tears and entreaties, and prayers, she tried to make an impression upon me. She placed before me the lives and examples of great and good men; she sought to stimulate my ambition. I was moved, but too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. I thought, "What will my companions say, if after all my boasting, I yield at last and submit to be led by a woman?"
What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she had said and suffered, failed to move me. She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached her own door.
"It is school time now," said she. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to tunk upon what I have said."
"I shant go to school," said I.
She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly, "certainly you will go, Alfred, I command you."
"I will not," said I, with a tone of defiance.
"One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes for future."
"I dare you to do it," said I, "you can't get me up stairs."
"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.
"If you touch me I will kick you," said I in terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.
"Will you go, Alfred?"
"No," I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.
"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me!—I raised my foot and kicked

CLIPPINGS.

The Man of Truth.

It requires stern integrity and high moral courage to withstand the temptations of worldly policy and selfishness. "To be honest, as the world goes, is to be one picked out of a thousand." Our will must be conformed to the high principles of immutable justice, or personal integrity cannot be maintained. "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall not be known." All persons must encounter difficulties; to overcome them is the prerogative of the pure and just. They who enter the furnace in faithfulness to themselves and the highest virtue, shall not miss the form of the fourth in the flames, but shall come forth unharmed, as the Babylonish captives were delivered through the infinitely greater calamity of apostasy. For turning aside from the true and safe path, Jacob was chastened to the end of his days. Peter was openly rebuked. Judas and Ananias are left on record, beacons as powerful in their doom as they should be powerful to warn. Man in his best state is weak, and needs to pray with David, "Let my heart be sound in thy statute, that I may not be ashamed. I will walk in mine integrity; redeem me, and be merciful to me."
Integrity is a lofty virtue, one that is a prime element in every trustworthy character. Solomon says, "A faithful witness will not lie; but a false witness will utter lies." A true man is moved neither by smiles nor frowns, neither pecuniary gain nor personal obloquy, to swerve from truth. He is actuated by the strictest law of veracity, and therefore is the man of trust.
"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; His tears pure messengers sent from his heart; His heart as far from fraud as heaven is from earth."
Consumption.
A modern writer, in an article relating to the frequency of this disease among us, and its character, says:
If there be a disease in this world of ills, which seems in a peculiar manner to fit its victims for the fate which human skill cannot avert, that disease is Consumption. To one who is full of life, and hope, and joy, the conviction that it has fastened its death-grasp upon him, the fearful certainty of its end will flash through him with a thrill of terror, more, doubtless, than that of most other diseases. Startling as it must be, indeed, to feel, for the first time, that there is a worm gnawing at one's vitals, whose greedy teeth no human skill can stay—startling to feel the certainty of disease whose end is surely death. But how soon does the spirit grow calm; and as he feels the disease tightening at his heart-strings, and his strength wasting away before it, how calmly, then, does the soul plume itself for its upward flight—how bravely, then, does it lean upon the bosom of its God—and when flesh and heart grow faint, and fall, how sweetly sinks to its final rest, the victim of Consumption.
"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently sinks the eve of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."
Rich Men in New York.
A correspondent of the Oswego Times thus speaks of three rich men in New York—one rich by inheritance, one acquired his wealth by merchandizing, and the other by humpbugging:
Stewart, the "merchant prince," Dr. Moffat and Wm. B. Astor, are monopolizing nearly the whole of Broadway, both above ground and under ground. They are generally reputed to be the richest trio in the city. Which is the wealthiest I can't say.—It appears from a statement made by the deputy receiver of taxes that Mr. Astor is possessed of property to the amount of \$2,600,000, and that his yearly taxes amount to the snug little sum of \$40,000. If that is all he is worth, Dr. Moffat is the richest man of the two; but the probability is that Mr. Astor is worth over \$3,000,000. Dr. Moffat's dwelling house, with its out-buildings, is valued at \$185,000, and he owns other property in this city to the amount of over a million and a half. Besides this he owns a bank in Wall street, and farms all most innumerable within a hundred miles of New York. His Life Pills and Phloxin Bitters yield him a vast revenue, which in addition to his rents and interest on money loaned, renders his income truly enormous.—Stewart is said to be worth \$3,000,000—He does a business of over \$2,000,000 a year, which must yield an income of \$200,000 per annum. Stewart is nearly 70 years of age, Astor is about 45, and Dr. Moffat is between 30 and 35 years old; so that the Doctor has the advantage of his rivals, most decidedly.
Mr. Paine, the water-gas man, has left experimenting on the water, and is now trying the air. The editor of the Worcester Spy says the apparatus for converting the atmosphere into a purer and better gas than can be furnished by any gas company, is now in complete and successful operation. It is small, and does not occupy any more room for a large house than a common gas meter. He says it is cheap, safe, and accessible to the use of all.
THE DARKEST HOUR OF ALL.—An "Old Revolutionary," who had been through all the hardest fights of the war of '76, once said that the darkest and most solemn hour of all to him, was experienced in going home one dark night from the widow Beas's, after being told by her daughter, Polly, that there was no earthly use in his coming back any more.

River News—Cholera, &c.

The Cincinnati Commercial of Saturday has news by the arrival of the steamer Gun. Gains from St. Louis and intermediate points. She reports a rise of about twelve feet in the Wabash, and a general swelling of the tributaries of the lower Ohio, but as the 'laying up' season is at hand, but little business is doing, and the rise of no great advantage.
The Gaines met the Pride of the West at Quarantine, below St. Louis, with much Cholera on board, several persons having died. The steamer Archer was along taking off those of the passengers who were not affected, and supplying the boat with the necessary medical assistance.
The steamer Grand Turk was lying at Ohio City, opposite Cairo, with several cases of cholera on board. Seven or eight persons have been buried at Cairo, and the Crew, in alarm had deserted the boat—thus compelling her to lay to for a new force. The disease first broke out among the emigrants on deck, of whom several died on the passage up; but on the day previous to reaching Cairo, several of the cabin passengers were seized with it, and three or four died. We could not learn their names.
Girls Beware!
Frederick Haver, who has been in jail since last April waiting his trial for bigamy, made his escape last night. He was sick, and to better his condition he was removed from his cell to an upper room in the jail from which he contrived to make his exit. From all we can learn, Frederick is a "Captain" among the girls; and for fear he may initiate himself into the affections of some 'em too soon again before the delicate state of his health would permit—we give the timely warning.
"O, dear girls, you'd better beware,
And never fall in love."
The Sheriff has offered fifty dollars reward for Frederick.—*Tusc. Dem.*
A PRITTY CORRESPONDENCE.—When Mr. Seymour was declared elected Governor of Connecticut, the news was telegraphed to P. T. Barnum, Esq., at New York, whereupon the following very pithy congratulatory telegraphic correspondence took place:
New York, May 8th, 1851.
Gov. SEYMOUR:—"Glory to God in the highest."
P. T. BARNUM.
HARTFORD, Ct., May 8th 1851.
P. T. Barnum:—"Peace and good will towards men."
THOMAS H. SEYMOUR.
A California widow publishes the following in a San Francisco paper:
Husband Wanted.—Whereas my husband has left me without any provocation on my part, I hereby advertise for a suitable person to fill the vacancy. The gentleman applying must have blue eyes, light moustache (my husband had black) an attractive gait, and a genteel figure. He must not be over twenty-five years of age, well educated, of unexceptionable morals, and agreeable address. It is requisite that his personal imbricatures should be limited, and his prospective prospect flattering. No gambler need apply. Address,
JULIA,
At the desk of this office.

How to Draw the Simmer.

Several years ago we were a resident of north western Louisiana, near the confines of Texas. The people there, as a general thing, were not much given to godliness, and cared about as little for their souls as they did for their bodies, being unconcerned as to the safety of either. A young itinerant preacher happened along in the neighborhood during this death of religion, and set about repairing the fallow of Zion in good earnest. But his success was poor. Not over half a dozen persons could be got together at his Sunday meetings, and he began to think the Lord was frowning upon his earnest and heart-felt endeavors to save the people.—Determined, however, to create an interest before leaving the neighborhood, he procured some printed handbills and had them posted up in every conspicuous place in the district; which led to the following effect:
RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Rev. Mr. Blany will preach next Sunday in Dempsey's Grove, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and 4 o'clock, P. M., Providence permitting. Between the services, the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region, for a purse of five hundred dollars.
This had the desired effect. People flocked from all quarters, and the anxiety to see the singular preacher, was even greater than the excitement following his challenges. He preached an excellent sermon in the morning, and after dinner he brought out his nag for the race. The purse was made up by five or six planters, and an opposing nag produced. The preacher rode his little sorrel and won the day amid the deafening shouts, screams and yells of the delighted people. The congregation all remained to the afternoon service, and its close more than two hundred joined the church—some from motives of sincerity, some for the novelty of the thing, some from excitement, and some because the preacher—in the unfringed language of the country—was a "—I good fellow." The finale of the affair, was flourishing a society as can be found in the whole region thereabouts.
LOAVES AND FISHES.—A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said a thing that was not true, they ought to whistle.—One Sunday, he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes; and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now a days, they were as big as the hills in Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced the words, when he heard a loud whistle.
"What's that?" said he, "who calls me a liar?"
"It is I, Willie McDonald, the baker."
"Well, Willie, what objection has ye to what I told ye?"
"None, master John; only I wanted to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in?"
Flood in the Mississippi.
The present rise in the Upper Mississippi, at last date, was within a few inches of the rise in 1826, (the highest known by the oldest settlers), and was still rising rapidly. There has been great destruction of property, but the extent is not yet known. In Illinois the water was over the floor of nearly every house, and every house in the town is untenanted. It was thought the water extended to the bluffs in low places, a distance, we believe, of about eight miles. Bloody and Duncan's islands are almost entirely submerged. The flood has caused much distress among the inhabitants of the bottoms of the Upper Mississippi and tributary streams, many of whom have lost their all, and only escaped with life.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*
Mr. Barnum has embarked in a new speculation. The New York Courier and Enquirer of Saturday, says:
"Among the passengers whom the Baldis will take out to-day, are those small prodigies of historic talent, the Bateman children, who are on their way to London, to fulfill an engagement with Mr. Barnum.—Their extraordinary precocity and the intrinsic merit of their performances were admitted by many discriminating persons as they made any engagement with Mr. Barnum, but their success was moderate only. When he recognized their ability, however, and brought them properly before the public, their own talents and his management soon accomplished what they could have hoped for. Their engagement with Mr. Barnum is for two years; he divides the profits with them, and guarantees fifty thousand dollars as their share. This arrangement is a large promise, but Mr. Barnum is accustomed to make such, and keep them."—*ibid.*
A RESISTOR COMESTATOR.—Jim was employed to cut wood by the day. The boss came along and found Jim lifting the axe as lazily as if it had just gone up the Mississippi, and accompanying every blow with a grunt.
"Slow work, Jim, slow work!"
"Boss, the Bible says we must use moderation in all things."
The boss was nonplussed. At dinner Jim plied his knife with remarkable industry. The boss reminded him of his morning text, but Jim was ready.
"I've been reading in the Scripture since, boss, that whatever the hands find able, to do, that do with all thy might."
Boss told Jim he was entirely too learned to chop wood, and therefore very politely requested him to take up his hat and walk.

Death.

In the temple of Juno, at Elis, Sleep, and his twin brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the genius of death is sculptured as a beautiful youth leaning on an inverted torch, feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of the ancient poets represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of nature was like the light of the stars, beautiful, but faintly cold! Strange, that in later days this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the "land of the great departed, into the silent land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing. Such is the special rider on the white horse—such is the ghastly skeleton, scythe and hour glass, of the reaper, whose name is DEATH.
Kissing done by Rule.
Some young lady, whose nature has doubtless made perfect, lays down rules for kissing. We give her own words:
"There is as much difference in kisses as in individuals, and I am sure I should not like to be kissed by every one. No indeed, for some would give such an overwhelming smack it would almost deafen me. Now kissing can be done by rules, one or two of which I will give. The head should always be turned slightly to the right, as such a motion gives grace, and prevents the obscuration of the olfactory organs. The lips should then be pressed closely and sweetly together, as you sip the nectar of the long kiss, but no smack should be heard. I speak particularly on the subject, because I consider kissing a part of our nature, and because few people appear to understand the value of a kiss, and the manner in which salutation with the lips should be rendered."
HOME.—The mere sentiment of home, with its thousand associations, has like a strong anchor, saved many a man from shipwreck in the storms of life. How much the moral influence of that sentiment may be increased by making the home all it should be, and how much an attachment is strengthened by every external sign of beauty that wakens love in the young, are so well understood, that they need no demonstration here. All that which the heart can attach itself to in youth, and the memory linger fondly over in riper years, contributes largely to our stock of happiness, and to the elevation of the moral character. For this reason, the condition of the family home, in this country, where every man may have a home, should be raised till it shall symbolize the best character and pursuits, and the dearest affections, and enjoyments of social life.

Death by Drowning.

Mr. Wm. Watkins, aged 36 years, and a number of other persons, were engaged fishing with a seine in the Tusawassa river near Zear, on Saturday last, when they ventured into the deep water, and Mr. W. was unfortunately drowned. A son of Mr. Bond, Reed was also in great danger of his life, but was rescued by Johnathan Hiler. This unhappy event should teach persons who are not good swimmers, to be more cautious in venturing into deep water. Mr. W. was left a widow and a large family of children to mourn their sudden bereavement.—*Tus. Democrat.*