

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL, AND HARRISON COUNTY FARMER.

VOLUME 18--NO. 12.]

CADIZ, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1851.

[TERMS--\$1.50 A YEAR.

Sentinel & Farmer.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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ALLEN, GILES & BLAIN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One dollar and fifty cents if paid during the year, or two dollars and a half after the year expires. This rate will be strictly adhered to. Any person procuring five responsible subscribers to the Sentinel, will be entitled to a copy for the same length of time, free.

ORDER OF EXERCISES, For the Sabbath School Celebration, in Cadiz

July 4th, 1851.

1--Opening Ode by the Scholars.

Anniversary of Independence.

We come with joy and gladness,
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let a note of sadness
Be mingled in our lays:

For 'tis a hallowed story,
This theme of freedom's birth;
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear--
Proud man shall rule no longer,
For God the Lord is near;

And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

And then shall sink the mountains,
Where pride and power are crowned,
And peace, like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.

O, God we would adore thee,
And in thy shadow rest;
Our fathers bowed before thee,
And trusted and were blest.

2--Prayer.

3--Ode by the scholars.

Anniversary Hymn.

We now to Christ, the Saviour King,
Our ancient tribute pay;
In sweetest hours here we sing,
For his life-bearing ray;

Oh, let the heavenly chorus rise,
On this our festival day;
And wake the concord of the skies
With this our joyous lay.

Another year has run its round,
Since last we gathered here;
And still the precious gospel sound
Invites our listening ear.

But many Sabbath hours are gone,
Of kind instruction given;
Oh, may the lessons we have learn'd
Guide us to Christ and Heaven.

4--Reading the Declaration of Independence.

5--Ode by the scholars.

Ode for the Fourth of July,

ARRANGED FOR THE CADIZ SABBATH SCHOOLS.
Tune--"Hail Columbia."

To thee our lov'd Columbia's friend,
Our song of joy to-day we raise--
Oh! from the heavenly courts descend,
And bless our heartfelt sacrifices,
And let us still enjoy thy grace:

While through the land fair freedom's song,
Our own dear parents raise to thee,
Our accents shall the notes prolong,
We little children too are free.

Firm united let us be,
Still to guard our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

The past with blessings from thy hand,
Have been most richly scattered o'er,
As numerous as the countless sand,
That glitter on the ocean's shore,
To tell us of thy wondrous works,
O! may the future be as bright,
Resplendent with the glorious light,
Of liberty and happiness.

Firm united let us be,
Still to guard our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

While thus we praise thy mercies great,
In Heaven we place our only trust--
May truth and virtue still prevail,
May truth and virtue still prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail,
Which would our freedom souls enslave;
Dear Lord prepare us for the skies,
And fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Teach us to die, so that we may
With joy behold the judgment day.

Firm united let us be,
Still to guard our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

6--Address by the Rev. JAMES KEAR.

7--Hymn by the congregation.

Love to the Church.

Tune--"Firth."

I love thy Zion, Lord,
The house of thy abode,
The church, O blest Redeemer saved,
With thy own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye
And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny;
These hands let useful skills forsake,
This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her we;
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

8--Address by the Rev. JAMES KEAR.

9--Hymn by the scholars.

Thanks to God.

Tune--"Martin."

Father! from thy throne above,
Smile upon us in thy love;
Happy children of the free,
Grateful songs we raise to thee.

Thanks for Sunday Schools so dear,
Where we're taught thy word and fear,
From that holy book of thine,
Fill'd with precious truths divine.

Saviour! mid all earthly strife,
Through the cares and ills of life,
May the precepts thou hast given,
Guide us in the path to heaven.

10--Closing address.

11--Closing ode by the scholars.

Vacation Song.

Away over mountain, away over plain,
Vacation has come with its pleasures again,
Where young steps are bounding, and young hearts are gay.

To the fun and the frolic away, boys, away,
Away! away!

To the fun and the frolic, away, boys, away.

The fresh breezes revel the branches between
The bird springs aloft from her covert of green;

Our dog waits our whistle, the fleet steed
Our boat safely rocks where we moored her last fall.

Our boat safely rocks where we moored her last fall.

Where the clustering grapes hang purple,
The pastures and woods where the ripe berries grow,

The broad trees we'll climb where the sunny fruits rest,
And bring down their stores for the lips we love best.

Love best, love best!
And bring down their stores for the lips we love best.

Dear comrades, farewell! ye who join us no more,
Think life is a school, and fill term-time is o'er,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

In heaven, in heaven,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

12--Benediction.

13--Punch says--to resuscitate a drowned Yankee, search his pockets.

14--"Samba, where did the Mexicans suffer the most?" "Why, in de feet" (defeat).

15--"If you have any doubt whether you should kiss a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and 'go in'."

16--"Billions and remittent fevers ought always to trouble people who forget to pay the printer."

17--Fanny Ellsler's reception at Moscow was the most splendid to be found in the history of fopdom.

18--"We may glean knowledge by reading, but the chaff must be separated from the wheat by thinking."

19--The woman who reigns the queen of the ball-room, is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children.

20--"Tiberius, how do you make an H?" "Why as to that, I generally place a horizontal beam between two upright posts."

21--"If 'time is money,' a man ought to be worth something pretty handsome after serving ten years in the state prison."

22--A barrel of pop-corn exploded in Troy, on Wednesday, tearing away the handle of a basket, and slightly killing two boys who were sitting on it.

23--Mrs. Partridge thinks that there will be such a profusion of travelling, bimely, that we can go anywhere for nothing and come back again.

24--An editor down south, who served four days on a jury, says he was so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

25--Mr. Sayton, a Mormon missionary, writes that two large establishments are fitting out in London for the city of the Salt Lake.

26--Music is a great substitute for muscle. March a soldier out of breath on "Rosin Castle," and the very moment the band strikes up "Yankee Doodle," he is just as good as new.

27--If you would pass for a culprit; all that is necessary is to look like one. In the opinion of most jurors the man that hangs his head deserves hanging. Carry up, then, justice is as easily humbugged as girls.

28--The last number of the Boston Commonwealth says that a large number of highly accomplished and patriotic ladies of that community were to appear in the Turkish costume during the coming anniversaries.

29--The interior of Dunker Hill Monument is to be used to demonstrate the rotation of the earth on its axis, by repeating Foucault's experiment with a pendulum 216 feet long. Mr. Bond and Mr. Horsford, of Cambridge, will superintend it, and the public will be admitted by paying a small fee.

30--Gen. Hinton, the mail robber and Whig stump, is now a runner for a hotel in Havana. A citizen of Circleville, Ohio, says and recognized him there a few weeks since, but the General protested that his name was Henton. He said he had heard of a General Hinton in Ohio, who he understood closely resembled him, but they were no relation.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE WOLVES.

Or, THE BLACK FIDDLER.

BY G. W. WEBBER.

The Wolf, besides being the most ubiquitous of our predatory animals, is the most active, tenacious, and difficult of extermination. It is everywhere. It fills in the chimneys of desolation. Its savage grinning head peers through all the broken glooms of our stern wildernesses--a ghoul-like presence--hidings, gaunt and fierce! It knows no sympathies, and we give it none. Yet there is one dull incident with which my boyhood was familiar, which seems to indicate a certain susceptibility to the softer emotions--or more refined sense, at least.

In the early days of the settlement of South Kentucky, there was a great trouble with the wolves. The large grey wolf of the more wooded northern and middle districts greatly abounded in the heavy forests of the Green River Bottom, particularly in the neighborhood of Henderson, which is situated on the Ohio, not far below the mouth of Green River. The barn-yard suffered to a great extent, in way of pigs, calves, &c., from their depredations, which frequently, in mid-winter, were even carried to the audacious extreme of attacking human beings.

Indeed, it was no unusual thing for the belated footman, at such times, when they were pressed by hunger, to find himself surrounded by a herd of them in the woods. Some striking stories of hair-breadth escapes, and desperate venture, belong to this period and condition of things. No one of them ever made a stronger impression upon me than the adventure of old Dick, the fiddler.

He was "a good old fellow for nothing, darkey," as the word went in the neighborhood, whose sole merit consisted in his fiddling--but, by the way--singular as this merit was--it is really constituted him by far the most important "gemman ob color" within forty miles around. The fact is, nothing of any interest could occur without his presence. It was as important--skinny as it was--as the very face of the man in the moon--beneath whose auspices the corn-shuckings, the weddings, the "break-downs" and "fiddling" dances of the neighborhood were conducted.

Old Dick, who was the property of one of the Hendersons, from whom the town and country take their names, was esteemed by his good natured and wealthy master as decidedly a privileged character. He had his time pretty much to himself, and no one pretended to interfere with his disposal, as his master humorously styled him a "necessary nuisance" to the neighborhood, because he kept the dummies in a good humor by his fiddling. Now Dick had most strongly developed the strongest and most marked traits of the fiddler, the world over, namely, punctiliousness and punctuality. Upon either of these points he was peculiarly irritable, nay, even ferocious. With all the proverbial timidity of the "child of genius," Old Dick was as savage as a hyena at any improprieties of etiquette which might chance to turn up during the sable orgies over which he presided; but nothing caused him so far from "the dummies" in his own person, as the intervention of any unusual or accidental cause of delay which prevented his being on hand in time. Poor Dick! But the story I have to tell of him will explain.

On the occasion of a grand wedding festival among the colored gentry of neighboring plantations some six miles distant, Old Dick was, of course, expected to officiate as master of the ceremonies. It had been an unusually severe winter, and a heavy snow lay upon the ground on the evening of the wedding, which was a long tailed blue, with its glittering gilt buttons, and mounted the immense shirt collar, by the aid of which the dignity of his official character was properly maintained, the ancient Apollo sallied forth, fiddle in hand, to dare the perils of the distant way alone; for the younger darkeys had all gone to the frolic hours before, with a haste and eagerness altogether unbecoming its importance.

The moon was out, and the stars twinkled right merrily overhead, as the spry old man trudged away over the crisp and crackling snow. The path, which was a very narrow one, led for the greater part of the way, through the dark shadows of a heavy bottom forest, which yet remained as wild as when the Indians roamed over it, and was untraversed by a wagon road for many miles.

The profound and dreary solitude of the way could not have failed to impress any one who was not either more or less than human, except under condition of entire pre-occupation in one absorbing thought, such as now held absolutely the body and soul of the old man in the strained tension of an anxious hurry to reach the seat of occupation in exact time.

He was gazed at every step with the maddening vision of the expectant ranks of social gentility, rolling the whites of their eyes and stamping their stocking feet upon the puncture floor, impatient of his delay; for the truth was, that he had lingered too long over the polishing of those brass buttons, and the setting of that platitude of collar, and he now first became conscious of it, as he had come forth beneath the moon and perceived its unexpected height above the horizon.

On he dashed with unrelaxing energy, heedless of the black shadows and hideous night cries in the deep forest. Wolves were howling around him in every direction, but he paid no attention to sounds that were so common. However, he was soon compelled to give more heed to these animals than was by any means pleasing or expected.

He had now made nearly half of his journey, and the light opening ahead through the trees, showed him the "old clearing," as it was called, through which his path led.

The wolves had been getting exceedingly noisy for the last miles; and to the indescribable horror of the old man, he could hear them gathering about him in the crackling bushes on either side, as they ran along to keep pace with his rapid steps. The woods were now so thick with them, that he was literally alive with them, as they gathered in yelling packs from far and near.

Wolves are cautious about attacking a human being at once, but usually require some little time to work themselves up to the point. That such was the case now proved lucky for poor old Dick, who began to realize the horrible danger, as a dark object would brush past his legs every few moments, with a snapping sound like the ring of a steel trap; while the yells and yappings of the gathering wolves increased with terrible rapidity. Dick knew enough of the habits of the animal to be aware that to run would insure his instant death, as the cowardly pack would be sure to set upon him in a body, on the instant of observing such indication of fear.

His only chance was to keep them at bay by preserving the utmost calmness until he could reach the open ground before him, when he hoped they might leave him, as they do not like to attack in the open ground. He remembered, too, that an old bull stood in the middle of the clearing, and that thought that he might reach that haven gave him some comfort.

The wolves were becoming more audacious every minute, and the poor old soul could see their green eyes glaring fire death upon him from all the thickets around. They rushed on more boldly, one after another, snapping as they went past in closer and closer proximity to the legs--indeed, the frightened fiddler instinctively thrust at them with his fiddle to turn them aside. In doing so the strings were jarred, and the despairing wretch took some hope to his shivering soul, when he observed the suddenness of the sound caused the wolves to leap aside with surprise. He instantly drew his hand across the strings with vehemence, and to his infinite relief they sprang back and aside, as if he had shot amongst them.

Taking immediate advantage of this lucky diversion in his favor, as he had now reached the edge of the clearing, he made a break for the hut, raking his hand across the fiddle strings at every jump, until they fairly roared again. The astonished wolves paused for a moment on the edge of the clearing, with their tails between their legs, looking after him; but the sight of his flying form renewed at once their savage instincts, and with a loud burst of yells they pursued him at full speed. Alas! for the unlucky fiddler, had he been caught now, it would have been all up with him, even had his fiddle continued to shriek merrily underneath the feet of the Paganini ever gave forth. He had broken the spell by running, for had they caught him now, they would never have paused to listen, had he been an Orpheus in reality.

Luckily the old man reached the hut just as the wolves were at his heels, and slamming the rickety door behind him, he had time to climb out on to the roof, where he was comparatively out of danger. I say comparatively, for the perch he now occupied, was too rickety rather than desirable, except by contract with the immediate confederates which he had secured, he had escaped Paganini ever gave forth. He had broken the spell by running, for had they caught him now, they would never have paused to listen, had he been an Orpheus in reality.

The wolves were now very ferocious, and thronging the interior of the hut, leaped up at him with wild yells of gnashing rage. The poor old fellow was horribly frightened, and it required the utmost activity of motion to keep his legs from being snapped by them. Wild with agonized terror as he was, poor old Dick had managed to cling to his fiddle through it all, and remembering that it had saved him in the woods, he now, with the high energy of desperation, drew his bow across the strings, and sent forth a most shrill and piercing cry, which he endeavored to avoid their steel-like fangs. An instant silence followed this sudden outburst, and Dick continued to produce such frightful spasms of sound as his hysterical condition conceived.

This outbreak kept the wolves quiet for a moment or two, but old Dick soon learned to his increased horror that even wolves are too instinctual to stand bad fiddling, for they commenced a renewal of the attack, as soon as the brutes owned the sultry position of the fiddler, and more especially when the head of a large wolf was thrust up between the boards of the roof, within a few inches where he sat. He gave himself up now for a gone darkey, and with the horrid exclamation: "Dress us--who dar?"

He fell to fiddling Yankee Doodle with all his might, unconsciously, as the dying swan is said to sing its own requiem in its closing moments. With the first notes of the air commenced a renewal of the attack, as soon as the brutes owned the sultry position of the fiddler, and more especially when the head of a large wolf was thrust up between the boards of the roof, within a few inches where he sat. He gave himself up now for a gone darkey, and with the horrid exclamation: "Dress us--who dar?"

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