

# 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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## Select Poetry.

### SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unworldly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread.  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"  
"Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work! work! work!  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's not for the love of a slave,  
A-king with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian's work!  
Work! work! work!  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work! work! work!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
And gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!  
Oh! Men, with sisters dear!  
Oh! Men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud, as well as a shirt.  
But why do I talk of Death?  
That phantom of grisly bane,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own.  
Because of the loads I keep,  
O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!  
Work! work! work!  
My labourer's wage is a bed of straw—  
A crust of bread—and rags—  
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I think  
For sometimes falling there!  
Work! work! work!  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work! work! work!  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.  
Work! work! work!  
In the dull, dreary light!  
And work! work! work!  
When the weather is warm and bright  
While underneath the eaves,  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show we their sunny backs,  
And twist me with the Spring.  
Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet;  
For only one short hour,  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal!  
Oh! but for one short hour!  
A respite, however brief,  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart;  
But in their briny drop  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders my needle and thread!  
With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unworldly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread.  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

## Tales and Sketches.

### From the American Union THE MISSES SCRAGGS! A BOARDING HOUSE SKETCH.

BY CARL CANTAR.

#### CHAPTER I.

The Misses Scraggs were ladies of a very uncertain age. Letitia called herself twenty-three, and Sophronia twenty-two, but if there is any truth in figures, not to say faces, theirs indicated that both were on the shady side of thirty.  
Their father was a professional man, dependent for support upon the income derived from his profession. His wife had long been dead and his family consisted only of the two young ladies I have mentioned. When he died, which happened at the time my story commences, the Misses Scraggs, having nothing left in the way of property but the house in which they were born and had since resided, were forced to look out for some occupation that would supply them with daily bread.  
Before going farther let me give a brief description of the Misses Scraggs as they appeared when seated in the afternoon in the old-fashioned sitting-room, waiting for visitors. Personally they did not belie their names. They were without doubt Scraggy. Pinched features and a pursed up mouth, a long neck and perpendicular form, were the chief characteristics of the twin. As

to temper they were most certainly not entitled to the epithets "gentle" or "dovelike." I think I would sooner compare them to the domestic animal said to be an especial favorite with "old maids."  
With such a galaxy of attractions it may seem passing strange to the thoughtful reader that they were still left to pine away in single blessedness "ungathered roses upon the ancestral tree," as Holmes styles it. Undoubtedly they would have changed their situation in life long before the date of my narrative if they had had a chance; a reason which I presume will be considered sufficient by the majority of my readers. This, I dare say, notwithstanding each of the ladies was in the habit of dropping mysterious hints about their sacrificing their own happiness for the sake of remaining at home to cheer the declining years of their father.  
I believe I have sufficiently delineated the characters of the two Misses Scraggs, who in every respect, mind, features, and disposition were as like as two peas.  
The funeral rites had been duly performed, and the Misses Scraggs made their appearance in mourning dresses of black bombazine, to show how deeply they were affected by their late loss.  
But it would not do to let sorrow "like a worm in the bud prey on their damask cheeks."—Worldly thoughts forced their entrance, and they were obliged to consider what to be done.  
"Have you formed any plans for the future, Letitia?" asked her younger sister one evening.  
"We must find some employment."  
"I don't know," said Letitia shaking her head. "There isn't much for women to do. We might do sewing, but we shouldn't have to work all the time, and not make a living at that."  
"Teaching?" suggested Sophronia.  
"I wouldn't do it for any money," said the other resolutely. "I don't like children and I never did. I wouldn't have the brats in the house, tramping over the carpets and running round the house making racket enough to raise the neighborhood."  
"Well, there's one other thing we can do—take boarders."  
"Boarders? Well, yes, I don't know but we might do that. There's something in it worth considering. In the first place it's more respectable, and wouldn't require us to work so hard, and again—"  
"What, sister?" inquired Sophronia, seeing that she hesitated.  
"Why I was going to say—that is—you know, now that father's dead, it wouldn't be so disgraceful to us to get married now, and if we should have any single gentlemen boarders they might propose, you know."  
"That's true," answered Sophronia, her face lighting up. "I didn't think of that; but as we are, as you say, left alone in the world there is no longer any reason why we should refuse offers. How shall we let it be known that we wish to take boarders?"  
"O, advertise by all means. Get pen and ink, and I'll draw up an advertisement now, for there's no time to be lost."  
Writing materials were procured, and Miss Letitia seated herself to the task. Not being used to writing it took her some time.  
"How will this do?" she asked at length, at the same time reading the following.  
"BOARDERS.—A few boarders can be accommodated at the dwelling house of the late Dr. Scraggs. The situation is pleasant and central, and every effort will be made to please such as choose to avail themselves of this chance of procuring a pleasant boarding-place. Address Misses Letitia and Sophronia Scraggs by mail or otherwise."  
"That will do capitally. O, it takes you, sister," said Miss Sophronia. "But wouldn't it be best to add a postscript, 'Single gentlemen preferred.'"  
"Very good," said Letitia emphatically. "I'll do it."  
And it was done accordingly, and the advertisement inserted "till forbidden" in a suitable newspaper. For the result of this plan, we must refer the reader to a conversation which took place between the sisters, two months afterwards.  
CHAPTER II.  
"Well, sister," said the younger, "I think our plan has succeeded very well. We've got six boarders, including a gentleman and his wife, two single gentlemen and two ladies."  
"Yes, so we have, and the only improvements I could suggest is that they might all be single gentlemen."  
"But then, sister—in! I can't help shuddering at the idea—if that was the case and two or three of them should happen to fall in love with one of us, something dreadful might happen."  
"To be sure, but we couldn't help that, you know."  
We shall here take the liberty to mention the names of the Misses Scraggs' boarders. There were Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, the latter an invalid, the former wealthy and therefore unconnected with any business. Miss Susan Tarbell, a young lady of twenty-five, who was embarked in the dress-making line, and Miss Mary Davenport, a young lady three or four years younger, who having no relations, and being obliged to board somewhere, thought she could do no better than become an inmate of the Misses Scraggs' establishment.  
The gentlemen deserve mention in a separate paragraph. Captain Fitz Gibbins, an officer on half-pay, who was by no means averse to narrate the incidents by flood and field, through which his military experience had led him, was flanked on the other side of the table by Mr. Andrew Farrington, a clerk with a good salary, in a large mercantile establishment.  
Such was the boarding establishment of the

Misses Scraggs. We may now pursue the conversation.  
"I think," said Letitia, "that I shall set my cap for Captain Fitz Gibbins."  
"And I for Mr. Farrington."  
"I think, Letitia, that the Captain is already struck with you."  
"What makes you think so?" was the eager inquiry.  
"I noticed when he passed the salt to you at dinner, to-day, he winked at you."  
"Winked at me?" said the indignant spinster.  
"Well, no, I don't mean winked—cast an expressive glance."  
"Yes," said Letitia, mollified by this view of the case; "that may have been so, and I, for my part thought I heard Mr. Farrington sigh, and directly afterwards he looked at you."  
"You don't say so," said Sophronia in a state of gratified excitement, gently rubbing her hands, "you don't say so. Wouldn't it be funny, though, Letitia, if they should marry us?"  
"I don't see anything funny about it. I think it would be perfectly proper and natural," said the more sedate elder spinster.  
This matters proceeded. Without intending it the two spinsters exhibited their partiality on all occasions for the favored suitors—those at least which they hoped would prove such. Letitia took particular care to help Capt. Fitz Gibbins first, and to the best the table afforded, while Sophronia attended quite as promptly to the wants of Mr. Farrington. Indeed, I am of opinion that the rest of the boarders were, without knowing it, indebted to the presence of these gentlemen for many little niceties which otherwise would never have appeared on the table.  
"How are you getting on, Letitia?" inquired her younger sister one day. "Has Capt. Fitz Gibbins proposed yet?"  
"Certainly not. No man of delicacy would after so short an acquaintance. But he asked if I wouldn't go to the theatre with him some evening."  
"Of course you said no."  
"Of course I didn't. Why should I?"  
"I thought you didn't approve of theatres."  
"No more I don't. But it wouldn't be fair to condemn a thing without seeing it," said Letitia, with an extraordinary assumption of liberality. "How are you getting along?"  
"Mr. Farrington asked me whether I ever attended concerts. I told him I did whenever I could obtain an escort. He looked a little confused, and then said if I could go to the opera, he would go with me some evening. I told him I should be delighted to go."  
"Well, that looks favorable. But, Sophronia, there's one thing I'm uneasy about. I think the Captain takes altogether too much notice of Susan Tarbell. The pert, conceited minx. Anybody that would ferry her must have a strange kind of taste."  
"Now you've mentioned it, Letitia, I'll tell you what I have thought. It seems to me that Mary Davenport is doing all she can to attract the notice of Mr. Farrington. She's a good for nothing hussy, and if it wasn't for losing three dollars a week board, I'd tell her so. I should think she'd be ashamed of herself."  
"They're artful creatures both of them. I knew it the first moment I set eyes on them," returned Miss Letitia, "and I hope the gentlemen will have more sense than to take any notice of 'em. Well, they say it takes all sort of people to make a world, and I expect it's the same with a boarding house. At any rate, if I find them playing off any of their artful tricks, I'll settle 'em. See if I don't."  
"Any one who had seen Miss Letitia Scraggs' countenance at that moment would not doubt that she would keep her word to the letter. It was expressive of the most determined resolution.  
Susan Tarbell and Mary Davenport roomed together. They had been confidential friends previous to their meeting at the Misses Scraggs' establishment, and, as such, were wont to communicate their feelings unreservedly to each other.  
"Did you ever see such ridiculous creatures as the Misses Scraggs?" asked the former, as they sat together about a week after their entrance as boarders. "In the first place they are perfect scoundrels, and yet I verily believe they expect to entrap Capt. Fitz Gibbins and Mr. Farrington into a delectation."  
"You don't say so," said her friend, "that would indeed be the height of absurdity. But what makes you think so?"  
"O, strikes show which way the wind blows, and their starchy smiles and would-be gracious looks and pointed attentions to the two gentlemen are not meant for nothing, I assure you."  
"Well, I thought they looked unusually silly whenever they looked at them, but I didn't think it meant anything."  
"Trust me for that, my dear. I'm a little older than you, and have seen considerably more of the world. If you want further proof, don't you remember that Miss Letitia offered the Captain the third slice of pie at supper to-night, while we didn't have the offer of more than one?"  
"Yes, I do remember it."  
"And that isn't all. Every day they are helped first and to the nicest parts, while we have to wait till afterwards. Not that I think they are to blame at all—the gentlemen, I mean—on the contrary I like them, but I do think the Misses Scraggs are making fools of themselves."  
"So do I, and I for one should like to out-generals them."  
"How?"  
"By monopolizing the attention of the gentlemen, and making them bite their lips with vexation."  
"I declare, that's a good idea. I'll set my cap for Capt. Fitz Gibbins."  
"And I for Mr. Farrington. Lord, how the

old maids will squirm. They'll look cross enough. I have no doubt, to turn cream sour if they ever supplied us with any, but there's no danger about their sky-blue milk—it isn't strong enough to turn sour."  
The young ladies at once commenced operations, by looking as fascinating as possible at the table, and exerting themselves to be social and good humored. Their plan succeeded in arousing the jealousy of the Misses Scraggs as they anticipated. They were quite furious, and none the less so, because the fear of losing their boarders obliged them to conceal their vexation. Their fury was brought to a climax when the two gentlemen one evening carried the two lady boarders to the opera, without even inviting the Misses Scraggs.  
CHAPTER III.  
"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."  
We have thus introduced to the reader's attention two sets of combatants, on one side Misses Letitia and Sophronia Scraggs—on the other the two boarders; both resolved in victory.  
The Misses Scraggs did not venture to exhibit their animosity openly. Nevertheless, they contrived to exhibit it in various ways. For instance, one night Letitia only put half as much sweetening as usual into Miss Tarbell's cup of tea.  
"I'll thank you for the sugar," remarked that lady after sipping her tea and finding it quite unsatisfactory. "I do not approve of bitters, for my part."  
"I thought," said Letitia, in a tone of affected softness, but which, nevertheless, was tremulous with fury, "I thought that you considered yourself sweet enough without any additional sweetening."  
"So she is," said the Captain with gallantry, a speech which he certainly would not have made if he had known what a concealed storm it gave rise to in the tranquil bosom of Miss Scraggs, which certainly was not diminished by Miss Tarbell's reply.  
"If that is the rule, some folks would have to spend a fortune, and not sweeten themselves after all."  
"That's a fact," said Mr. Farrington, laughing, for the poor man did not know that this shot was aimed at any one in particular.  
"La," said Sophronia, "how witty we all are to-night!"  
"You do yourself injustice, my dear Miss Scraggs," said Mary Davenport, sarcastically. "I'm sure no one will bring such a charge against you."  
"He! he! he!" laughed Sophronia, scornfully. "there it is again. Really I shan't dare to say a word again, Miss Davenport is so funny. I advise you to be careful, gentlemen," turning towards them, "nobody is safe in presence of such experienced shots."  
"The ladies are all, I believe, well versed in the use of Cupid's artillery," said the Captain, with his usual gallantry.  
The Misses Scraggs smiled, for here was a compliment in which they could share.  
"Really, Captain," said Letitia, smirking, "you are really too hard upon us."  
"By no means," said Mr. Farrington following his friends suit. "I'll wager there is n't a lady present but has pierced a dozen hearts."  
The Misses Scraggs were very much gratified. They tried to look as if they would like to deny the charge, but could not consistently with truth, while the lady boarders appropriated the whole compliment to themselves, thinking that the Misses Scraggs were only included out of courtesy. So the tea-table storm blew over after all.  
It was about a month after this occurrence that Miss Letitia Scraggs in passing the parlor thought she heard the sound of voices.  
Curiosity being from time immemorial a foible of the female sex, Miss Scraggs could not for her life help stopping to listen.  
What was her consternation when she found it was Capt. Fitz Gibbins holding a conversation with Miss Tarbell. The tones were low, but her curiosity sharpened Letitia's hearing, and she heard the following words.  
"Dear Susan, how best I am in your love—From the first moment I saw you I loved you."  
"But," said Susan rather mischievously, "there was a time when I thought you were held captive by the charms of our oldest hostess, the amiable and attractive Letitia."  
Miss Scraggs leaned forward more anxiously to hear the reply.  
"Letitia Scraggs? I would as soon marry a hyena, as such a compound of stiff virginity."  
Miss Scraggs moved softly away with her anger up to boiling point.  
"He's a regular double-distilled villain, and she's a hussy. O, the jade!"  
With this benevolent expression, Miss Letitia left the house, thinking a short walk might cool her fevered brow and soften down the intensity of her feelings. When she returned, her sister asked her facetiously.  
"How does the dear Captain do, Letitia?"  
"Do not mention the villain's name to me again. He's gone and proposed to that minx, Susan Tarbell. I heard him."  
"It is n't possible!" ejaculated her sister, in surprise. "Well he must have a queer taste."  
"And there's another thing I can tell you."  
"What is it? Tell me quick."  
"I met Mr. Farrington and Miss Davenport walking together. I pretended not to know them till they spoke, and then said, 'O, is it you. I did not expect to see you here. Well I am surprised.'"  
"How did they look?"  
"They blushed and said it was a fine evening."  
Letitia with a kind of savage delight, for misery loves company, watched the darkening brow of her younger sister.  
But Sophronia was destined to have her feelings wounded yet more severely.

Mary Davenport entered the room, appearing desirous to say something, but not knowing how to begin.  
"You've had a pleasant walk, haven't you?" said Sophronia crossly.  
"Exceedingly. The evening is very beautiful."  
"You went—alone!—alone, I suppose?"  
"No, Mr. Farrington accompanied me."  
"Very polite in him."  
"Yes, I suppose so."  
"I suppose you will be going out every evening now."  
"If it rains very hard I don't think I shall."  
"O, Mr. Farrington can get a carriage, in that case."  
"Well, if he chooses to go to that trouble, I will not disappoint him by a refusal."  
"Times have changed since I was a girl, that's certain. It was n't considered proper at that time for a gentleman and lady to walk and ride together constantly, unless they were engaged or married."  
"I do not know how it might have been twenty or thirty years ago, but it is considered quite proper now."  
"Do you mean to say," said Miss Letitia, sharply, "that it is twenty or thirty years since I was a girl?"  
"Really, Miss Scraggs, how suddenly you take me up. I did not say so, did I?"  
"Miss Davenport," said that lady, wrought up to a pleasant little excitement, "I shall be obliged to you and your friend, Miss Tarbell, if you would procure another boarding place after this week. I do not intend, in the first place, to take lady-boarders, and experience has assured me that it will be best to abide by my first intention."  
"That is just what I was going to say to you," was the unmoved reply; "about leaving, I mean. As Mr. Farrington and I are intending to be married Saturday—and I believe Capt. Fitz Gibbins and Susan intend to be united at the same time—we shall both keep house, and therefore shall terminate our board at that time."  
"Do you mean to say that you and Mr. Farrington are to be married?"  
"Certainly, is there any objection?"  
"Of course not; you will be well matched, and we shall be glad to get rid of you. If you could accommodate yourself elsewhere before, it would be a relief."  
When the spinsters were left to themselves, the stoical Letitia paced the room with long strides and compressed lips. Her more sensitive sister

From the American Union.  
**Lights and Shadows.**  
BY EMILY P. MERRICK.  
A way-worn traveller stopped by the waters of the Happy Valley, and sat down to weep; long she wept and sore.  
The gleaming trout darted and glided through the rippling water. The crane sang sweet to its mate from the cypress tree that drooped, dipping its pendulous boughs in the pellucid fountain.  
Sunshine and shadow, sorrow and gladness, were there, mingling and combining like the malleable with the harder ore.  
The eyes that gazed full of unspoken love and tenderness were undimmed, though they had seen the fading of many bright hopes; the blighting of many fair buds of promise, the wreck of a noble life.  
She sat, sublime in her desolation.  
A more than mortal beauty had settled upon the broad pale brow, scaled with the seal of many sorrows—lady in its expression of acquaintance with grief.  
It was noonday; but a moral midnight brooded over the soul of the watcher. Faith stood in the sunshine; but the mourner sat beneath the shadow of the funeral train.  
"Oh, waste and desolation of the heart! to what shall thou be likened? to the desert when the wild simoon hath swept its plume in heaps the slain, beneath burning sands which the arid sun scorches anew each day, and the fiery moats scathe the throat that breathes them, till even thy native traveller, the patient camel, falls, tormented, panting reckless? To the perpetual swell of the vast limitless depths of the ocean, which the eye of Omnipotence alone can measure? or to the un-comprehended and unceasing means, heard only in terminable forests, whose heavy darkness the wild birds shun; within whose tangled jungles beasts of prey make their lone lairs and slily reptiles breed and thrive among the unsummed brakes and rank moist herbage?  
"Life seems to me a monster, with eyes of fire, fierce claws and hissing hair. I strive to keep an incense of sweet-smelling savor, burning beneath me and the dire dragon form, wreathing garlands of many hues around it while the flowers and floating mists from the glowing center beguile me with a sense of warmth and brightness. Sometimes I weep at my toil of beauty, or the roses fire dies out and the roses wither, and there the stern star stands, glaring upon me in all its unweelcome reality; I would find shroud my face in the curtains of the grave, rather than meet that terrible and unknown life.  
The zephyrs were wooing the water-lilies, bending at her feet: the beautiful water-lilies—their brown coats folded about their pure white leaves, peeping so modestly from their green shelter—the amber petals softly glowing in the sunlight; for there was no shadow on the flowers. The mourner stooped with a glance of pleasure toward the white blossomed lilies; and gentle Faith who had stood aside watching; murmured in her own sweet voice.  
"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin. Therefore if God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you? O ye of little faith."  
Arise from the shadow of the cypress bough; let faith be your guide, and hope shall illumine your path.  
The weary traveller drank deep of the waters of the Happy Valley, and there where the sunlight falls on wave and lily-cup, she knelt and received from the hands of Faith a new baptism; and the soft dew of God's beneficence outwiped the stain and soil gathered from the dusty highway of life. Her soul was refreshed.  
"The darkness fleeth away, but joy cometh with the morning." Faith kept not her vigil in vain.  
DREAMS SOMNIOUS.—The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who starts our railroads, or steamboats, machine shops, and other factories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent; the more he gives, the more he feels like giving. We go for activity; in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. When death comes, he should find us sealing a mountain rather than sinking in a mire; leaving a whirlpool than sneaking from a cloud.  
A couple of young men in Cincinnati, seeking for objects to gratify their curiosity, strolled to the museum. Having viewed the specimens arranged in the different rooms, they seated themselves, and entered into conversation. Suddenly a bell rang, and the manager called out—  
"Please walk up stairs to the infernal regions."  
"Ah! that's a new idea," said one of the friends, "I always thought that the infernal regions were below."  
"The reason of it," said the other, "is very plain: the devil has the ascendancy in this city."  
Down East, there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night, he was aroused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at his door.—After some hesitation, he went to the window and asked—"Who's there?" "Friend." "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.  
"My dear fellow," said Beau Hickman to a waiter in a hotel, "I have respect for flies; indeed I may say I am fond of flies—but I like to have them and my milk in separate glasses, they mix so much better when you have control of both ingredients."