

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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Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside;
 As confessions of my love, she stepped—
 Then suddenly with timid eye
 She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace;
 And lending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 'twas a baneful art,
 That I might rather feel than see
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride!

Select Tale.

FEMALE COURAGE OR THE GERMAN HEROINE.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November, a light snow mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Rotweil, on the frontiers of the Duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comfort of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the North wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The inn-keeper and his wife had, for their own domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Kretzel, for such was her name, was a host in herself; house-keeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active, and good humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected around the stove. Father Hoffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events, of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was a little more than a gunshot from the inn-door; it was a tradition, unfortunately, but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration a gloomy veracity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travelers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was then their only reply. Suddenly the young Kretzel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, arose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused; alleging the loneliness of the place in the case of danger, but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Kretzel only requested that the inn door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal to prove on the morrow that she really had visited the spot, she walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, stepped forward, ready to take to flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed.—Kretzel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's foot struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought, she unlaced the horse, leaped on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued, but redoubting her speed, she reached the inn yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When

the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leather valve was attached to its saddle; Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the inn-keeper, his wife, their guests, all set out to the neighboring town, where they intended, after the service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure.—Kretzel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation, but this young servant-maid having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely elapsed, when there came a knock at the outer door, it was a traveler on horseback, who asked leave to rest a little. Kretzel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone; so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting he asked many questions about the inn and its owner; inquired whose horse it was that had attracted his attention so much; and in short acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him of her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length; at last after a few unimportant questions the traveler desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Kretzel rose to obey; but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up against the wall; the man, muttering imprecations advanced a few steps, groping his way. Kretzel, profiting by this movement, remounted the steps agile and noiseless, closed the door on the pretended traveler, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber to await her master's arrival.

Kretzel had not been many minutes secluded in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived two ill looking men who asked her what had become of a traveler who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the person whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was high deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity Kretzel looked around her, and her eyes fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it and pointed the muzzle out of the window, and cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers, for such they were, could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire arms when expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return in greater force. In spite of her fear our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Kretzel rushed to the door, and her face amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber whom Kretzel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured; and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering about without a captain were quickly taken or dispersed.

The burgomaster decided that the horse, and the valve, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to young Kretzel whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

BULWER ON THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

A few weeks ago Sir E. Bulwer Lytton delivered a lecture in Lincoln, which city he has for a number of years represented in Parliament, on the early history of Eastern Nations. He gave an outline of the history of the Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek and Jewish nations, and closed with the following powerful and dramatic description of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus:

"Six years after the birth of our Lord, Judaea and Samaria became a Roman province, under subordinate governors, the most famous of whom was Pontius Pilate. These governors became so oppressive that the Jews broke out into rebellion; and seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem was finally besieged by Titus, afterwards Emperor of Rome. No tragedy on the stage has the same scenes of appalling terror as are to be found in the history of this siege. The city itself was rent by factions at the deadliest war with each other—all the enemies of civil hatred had broken loose—the streets were slippery with the blood of citizens—brother slew brother—famine wasted those whom the sword did not slay. In the midst of these civil massacres, the Roman armies appeared before the walls of Jerusalem. Then for a short time the rival factions united against the common foe; they were again the gallant countrymen of David and Joshua—they sallied forth and scattered the eagles of Rome. But this triumph was brief; the ferocity of the ill-fated Jews soon again wasted itself on each other. And Titus marched on—encamped his armies close by the walls—and from the height the Roman general gazed with awe on the strength and splendor of the city of Jehovah.

Let us here pause—and take, ourselves, a mournful glance at Jerusalem, as it then was. The city was fortified by a triple wall, save on one side, where it was protected by deep and impassable ravines. These walls, of the most solid masonry, were guarded by strong towers; opposite to the loftiest of these towers Titus had encamped. From the height of that tower the sentinel might have seen stretched below the whole of that fair territory of Judaea, about to pass from the countrymen of David. Within these walls was the palace of the kings—its roof of cedar, its doors of the rarest marble, its chambers filled with the costliest tapestries, and vessels of gold and silver. Groves and gardens gleaming with fountains, adorned with statues of bronze, divided the courts of the palace itself. But high above all, upon a precipitous rock, rose the temple, fortified and adorned by Solomon. This temple was as strong without as a citadel—within more adorned than a palace. On entering, you beheld porticoes of unblemished columns of porphyry, marble and alabaster; gates adorned with gold and silver, among which was the wonderful gate called the Beautiful. Further on, through a vast arch, was the sacred portal which admitted into the interior of the temple itself—all sheeted over with gold, and overhung by a vine tree of gold, the branches of which were as large as a man. The roof of the temple, even on the outside, was set over with golden spikes, to prevent the birds settling there and defiling the holy dome. At a distance, the whole temple looked like a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles. But alas! the veil of that temple had been already rent asunder by an inexplicable crime, and the Lord of Hosts did not fight with Israel. The enemy is thundering at the wall. All around the city rose immense machines, from which Titus poured down mighty fragments of rock and showers of fire. The walls gave way—the city was entered—the temple itself was stormed. Famine in the meanwhile had made such havoc, that the besieged were more like spectres than living man; they devoured the belts to their swords, the sandals to their feet. Even nature itself so perished away, that a mother devoured her own infant; fulfilling the awful words of the warlike prophet who first led the Jews towards the land of promise—'The tender and delicate woman amongst you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness—her eye shall be evil toward her young one, and the children that she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitsness wherewith thy sneaky shall distress thee in thy gates.' Still, as if the foe and the famine were not scourge enough, citizens snatched and murdered each other in the way—false prophets ran howling through the streets—every image of despair completes the ghastly picture of the fall of Jerusalem. And now the temple was set on fire, and Jews rushing

through the flames to perish amidst its ruins. It was a calm summer night—the 10th of August; the whole hill on which stood the temple was one gigantic blaze of fire—the roofs of cedar crashed—the golden pinnacles of the dome were like spikes of crimson flame. Through the lurid atmosphere all was carnage and slaughter; the echoes of shrieks and yells rang back from the Hill of Zion and the Mount of Olives. Amongst the smoking ruins, and over piles of the dead, Titus planted the standard of Rome. Thus was fulfilled the last avenging prophecy—thus perished Jerusalem. In that dreadful day, men were still living who might have heard the warning voice of him they crucified—'Verily I say unto you, all these things shall come upon this generation * * * O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee, * * * behold your house is left unto you desolate!' And thus were the Hebrew people scattered over the face of the earth, still retaining to this hour their mysterious identity—still a living proof of those prophecies they had scorned or slain—still vainly awaiting that Messiah, whose divine mission was fulfilled eighteen centuries ago, upon Mount Calvary."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A WOMAN'S PERVERSITY.

The following beautiful story has been published in different forms, but in none so good as the original:—

Sir Hugo had reached his fiftieth year untroubled by passion save an ardent one for a flowing goblet. Instead of love passages, his delight was in tournaments whence he always returned victorious. At length he was flung from the saddle of his indifference by the beardless tilter love! He saw Angelica—the fairest maiden of the land—forgot his gray hairs, and, untroubled of the incongruity of a union between May and December, led her to the nuptial altar. Fortunately, Angelica was as modest as she was fair, and her firm virtue repulsed the numerous butterflies that swarmed round the opening flowers of her beauty. Sir Hugo knew the tried virtue of his consort, therefore she was to him dear and precious as the apple of his eye.

One morning he rode to pay a visit to a neighboring baron in arms, his honest squire Conrade trotting after him. Scarcely had they proceeded half way when the knight suddenly stopped, and cried—
 "Come here, Conrade; a most tormenting thought has just occurred to me. This is the very day that Father Nicholas comes to the castle to say mass for my dear wife and myself, and I am not at all inclined to have him in my abode during my absence; so gallop back, and desire your lady, in my name, not to admit the priest."

Conrade paused and shook his head as if in doubt, and replied, 'Excuse me, noble sir; but perhaps the lady Angelica, if left to her own discretion, will do what you wish.'
 "A curse on your perjuries!" exclaimed the knight; "I make all sure by giving, the order."
 "Do you think so?" replied the squire;—"now, I in my simplicity believe exactly the contrary. Take the advice of your faithful servant for once in your life; let things take their course, and give no order upon so delicate a point."

"A fig for your delinquency!" cried Sir Hugo angrily; "what absurd fancies you have got into your head to-day! Do you think an hour's task so very tedious?"
 "Oh! if it comes to that, sir," rejoined Conrade, "I have no more to say."
 He put spurs to his horse, and rode back to the castle.

Angelica saw him galloping up, and cried in terror from the window, "What has brought you back in such haste? Has any accident happened to my lord?"
 "None whatever, gracious lady," answered Conrade, "but the noble knight was apprehensive that some accident might happen you, if by any chance you took a fancy to ride Sultan."
 "I ride—I ride the large greyhound!" exclaimed Angelica, in utter astonishment. "I believe you are drunk or mad. It is impossible that your master can have sent us so ridiculous a message."
 "Aye, but he did though," pursued the squire; "and my noble master said at the same time, that he knew Sultan would bite terribly, not being accustomed to be made a pony of; and he therefore begs that you will not attempt to divert yourself in that way." Having said this, he again mounted his horse and galloped off to rejoin his master.

"Am I awake, or do I dream?" ejaculated Angelica. "The folly of Sir Hugo is so strange, that I am almost tempted to believe it all a wild dream. What does he mean? It is not enough that I have hitherto tried to read his every will and wish, and, when known, obeyed them implicitly; and do I deserve that he should stretch his power so far, and play the capricious, haughty tyrant?"

Now, I see that to be too submissive, too softly compliant, is not the way to treat him; the worm that crawls in the dust is trampled upon. But no, Sir Knight, it is not gone quite so far with us yet; in spite of you, I will ride Sultan; and you may thank yourself, as but for your message such a thing would never have entered my head."

Her soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed her that Father Nicholas had arrived, and was in the antechamber. "I cannot receive his visit to-day," said the consort of Sir Hugo, "for my lord is absent. Give this as my excuse to the reverend father, and beg of him to return to-morrow." "With all due respect to Father Nicholas," continued she, when left to herself, "he shall not spoil my pleasant ride. Now, if my pony were but here. He must have an easy gait, and his teeth I do not fear; he is as quiet as a lamb. Oh! how shall I delight in this two-fold pleasure of showing the surly old fellow that I care neither for him nor his orders, and of trying a pasture that is at least a novel one? There! every corner of the house resounded now her cry of "Sultan." "Here, boy! Sultan! Sultan!"

The immense but docile animal sprang from a bone upon which he was feasting, and was at her side in an instant. Carcassing him till she got him into a room, the door of which she shut:

"Now, friend Sultan," cried his fair mistress, "no growl, no bite, and all is safe."—With her snow-white hand she continued stroking and patting his huge back for some minutes, and then, in the hope that, if only through gratitude, he would comply with her fancy, she mounted her new steed. He showed his teeth a little, in some doubt what all that meant, but she soothed him again into a good humor and patient endurance of the novel burthen; but he thought this quite enough, and did not stir from the one spot. Angelica was naturally not much pleased with being thus stationary; she therefore gently goaded him with her leg, but no trot would Sultan condescend—he remained motionless as before, while something very like a growl escaped from his immense and fearless jaws. Out of all patience, she now exclaimed—

"You shall feel the spur, then, you lazy brute," and drove her heel into his side. He now growled audibly, but stirred not an inch; she repeated her blow. This was too much for canine patience; he made a spring, and as she fell full length upon the floor, he turned and bit her hand. The dismounted rider bedewed the floor with a few tears, and then sprang up to turn out of the room the uncourteous brute who had thus rudely shown how little he understood play.

Towards evening Sir Hugo returned and inquired with suspicious haste whether Father Nicholas had been there.

"Oh, yes, he was here," answered Angelica, "but I ventured to refuse his admittance." The knight cast a triumphant glance at his squire, and whispered him, "Now, old Wisdom, do you see the use of my orders?"
 Conrade, who, as may be supposed, had said nothing of the alteration he made in the substance of his embassy, shrugged his shoulders with a smile unperceived by his master, who had turned again to his consort, and first perceived that she wore a bandage upon her soft hand! He immediately inquired the cause.
 "Sultan bit me," said Angelica, "and it is all your fault, Sir Hugo," added she, sobbing.
 "My fault!" cried the knight.
 "Yes, your fault, and nobody's but yours," retorted his spouse. "If you had not sent me word by Conrade not to ride the nasty, mischievous brute, such a mad trick would never have entered my head."

In mute astonishment the knight hurried to seek an explanation from his squire, who had slipped away when Angelica began her complaint. "What message did you bring your lady?" demanded he.
 Conrade now confessed the truth.
 "Were those the orders I gave you, you scoundrel?" said the enraged Sir Hugo.
 "Certainly not," replied the squire; "but you will own that I have made my point good. You may now see how it would have been had I given your order about the young priest. My noble lady is a model for her sex, and almost an angel, but still she is a daughter of Eve, who meant to have bequeathed to all her lineal female descendants her own spirit of perverseness. And we have only to remember the Lady Angelica's pleasant ride upon Sultan, to be convinced that it had lost none of its vigor in the descent."

The editor of the Home Journal says, "Blessed are they who do not advertise, for they will rarely be troubled with customers."
 An honest man is the noblest work of God.

Choice Poetry.

GENEVIEVE.

Thoughts, all passions, all delights
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 Are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

In my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour
 Two midway on the mountain I lay
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonlight stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve!

The bandage against the armed man,
 The status of the armed knight;
 She stood and bemoaned to my harp,
 Amid the lightning light.

We agree both side the other own,
 My hope, my joy, my Genevieve,
 Before me best whenever I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

My eyes a soft and tender air,
 I sang an old and moving story—
 All a rule song that fitted well
 The ruins wild and hoary.

Believed with a fitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 Her will she knew I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

Old her of the knight, that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand;
 And that for ten long years he would
 The Lady of the Land.

And how she how he pined; and, all
 The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
 With which I sang another's love,
 I intercepted my own.

Believed with a fitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 And she forgave me that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
 Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain woods,
 Nor rested day nor night;

At sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darkness shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once,
 In green and sunny glade.

There came, and looked him in the face,
 An angel beautiful and bright;
 And that he knew it was a feud,
 This miserable knight!

How, unknown what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death
 The Lady of the Land.

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
 And how she tended him in vain—
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scars that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
 And how his madness went away
 Upon the yellow forest leaves,
 A dying man he lay.

And dying words—But when I reached
 That tender strain of all the ditty,
 That tender voice and pausing harp
 I startled her soul with pity!

Impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
 And made and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And how, and fears that kindly hope,
 An undistinguishable through
 Her gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love and maiden shame,
 And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.