

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.

EBENSBURG, SEPTEMBER 29, 1858.

VOL. 5, NO. 46.

A DANGEROUS ROAD; OR, How I Captured Seven Robbers.

A SKETCH OF PRARIE LIFE.

BY JOHN KENNEDY.

It was towards evening that I travelled slowly across the prairie, to give my horse time to cool from the intense heat of the sun, which we had endured a few hours before.

My saddle-bags were heavy from the weight of coin I carried in them. I was en route for a land office, at which I was to enter land, not only for myself, but for others.

I observed a horseman ahead of me, and travelling slowly in the same direction as myself. I was not very anxious for company, and therefore did not hasten my pace, but kept at a slow gait. The man ahead of me slackened his speed, and seemed determined I should overtake him. I accordingly slackened mine. He dismounted to fix something about his saddle. I stopped to observe the landscape. He attempted to mount. His horse was fractious, and mine was perfectly docile. At length he reached the saddle. I dismounted, my rigging was out of order. He dropped his rein, and left his horse to graze. I examined my pistols and looked well to my knife. He cast a long look at me, and then rode forward, at which I mounted and pursued my journey. His conduct had been suspicious. I was fully aroused to a sense of danger. Could the man mean harm? or was he anxious for company to while away the monotony and loneliness of the route?

For a mile or two he kept at a very respectable distance, and I began to think I would not be troubled with his immediate company. Suddenly his horse wheeled towards me. His movement was executed so rapidly, and was so unexpected, that I was at a loss how to act. But as self-defence is one of the first laws of nature, I found the first suggestion which came to my mind, and with it came my pistol.

"Peace," said he, at the same time holding his hand up before him; my horse took fright and ran away with me.

"Indeed?" I replied. "What a curious horse." I thought to myself, while I carefully surveyed the animal—and a noble beast he was.

"It's very handsome travelling alone over these prairies, and their wild sauciness almost frightens me. I had half a mind this morning, to order until I met with company."

"You are a stranger in these parts," I remarked, as I closely scrutinized the man's features, and particularly observed every part of his clothing and equipments.

I observed nothing suspicious about him, but on the contrary, he seemed to be like myself—a traveller. His only reason was pleasant, his manners affable and unassuming. In short, our acquaintance was soon complete, and I thought I had misjudged the man. He was on the same business, travelling to the same place, and intended to put up at the same hotel where I intended to do so.

In addition to other facts, he informed me he had five thousand dollars in actual cash in his saddle-bags, which he was going to invest in lands. In return for his unsolicited confidence, I acquainted him with the amount in my possession, at which he expressed no surprise, but rather intimated that it was a small amount.

"I wonder if there is any danger of robbers?" said he, as we were approaching a small clump of trees, which were thickly studded with underbrush.

"I should think not," I replied.

But his remarks had awakened in my mind a suspicion, and I kept my eye intently fixed upon the woods, which lay to the right of us, and close to which our road ran. I saw this troubled my companion, and he tried by every possible means to divert my attention to some other direction. This only continued my suspicions, and taken in connection with the manner in which he came into my company, destroyed all the confidence of honesty I had a few moments before reposed in him.

We now reached the dense part of the woods, and I noticed he rode more closely to my horse's head, and glanced uneasily towards the timber; but at the same time watched me closely.

I passed my hand behind, but no sooner was it beneath my coat than he seized the rein of my bridle in one hand, and with the other pointed a pistol to my breast.

"Another move, and you are a dead man! Your money, sir," he demanded.

"Ah! a highway robber," said I, gazing upon him in wonder. "I supposed as much, but you were too sharp for me."

"I know it," he replied. "We all have to be sharp in this western country; we have a fast world out here; but your money, and save me the trouble of pulling this trigger?"

"Well," thought I, "I may be even with you yet."

"You will spare my life if I give you all my money?" I asked, pretending to be scared almost out of my senses. Perhaps, though, it was not all pretended, for I confess I felt kind of light about the heart, and my hair moved on my head as if its electricity was all positive, and each respective hair wished to get as far away from its fellows as possible.

"I will spare your life, though it is contrary to my rules; I have and will follow the motto: Dead men tell no tales!"

part with the honest earnings of a life of severe toil, without receiving any compensation.

"I will give you your life," he replied; "and if you do as the rest of mankind do—prey upon your fellows for gain—you will soon make up the amount you may accommodate me with. Come, be hasty, I have more work before me."

I moved forward in my saddle, and drew up my saddle-bags, and then fixed myself again in my seat.

"Just hold that," said I, drawing out a bundle of shirts and handing them to him. He immediately replaced the pistol, and taking the bundle, held it very patiently.

"Please hold that Bible too, my money is in each end, and of course the bottom article."

I again thrust my hand into the saddle-bags, but this time drew out a long pistol, and instantly it was at his breast.

"Move, or make the least noise," I fairly screamed with excitement, "and I will blow you through the heart."

With my left hand I fastened the rein of his bridle over the horn of my saddle, and with my eyes staring him full in the face, I reached forward with my left hand and removed his pistols—two large revolvers.

He turned pale when he found himself disarmed, and with a sickly smile, said, "You have been too sharp for me."

"Yes," I replied; "this western country is a fast country, and I have been a little too fast for you."

Still holding the pistol to his breast, I replaced the articles as best I could in the saddle-bags and adjusted them with all their contents in their accustomed place; I then released the bridle rein, and still leveling the pistol towards him, I rode forward, and when at a respectable distance, I put my horse into a canter.

"We'll meet again?" he yelled after me, shaking his fist menacingly.

It had become quite dark when I approached a small house, standing alone on the prairie. I rode up in front of it, and dismounting, fastened my horse to a stake, which seemed as if driven in the ground for that purpose. I saw a light through the door, which stood slightly ajar, and on approaching it, heard several voices in conversation. I rapped against the casing and immediately a burly-looking individual made his appearance.

"Can I stop all night?" I asked, scrutinizing him as well as I could in the light which shone dimly from a candle.

"Well, stranger, I reckon you kin, if you put up with such fare as I can give you."

"I am no way particular," I replied, "so I am protected for the night."

"Well, yes, that's all right, jist walk in, and I'll take care of your horse."

I did walk in, with my saddle-bags on my arm, and there sat two men—great muscular-looking monsters, with stiff black hair, coarse savage features, and long dirty beards.

I took a seat and waited patiently for the return of the landlord. When he came in I thought I noticed something strange in his conduct, and he watched me rather closely, and seemed very anxious to get a glance beneath my coat.

"You'll have supper, I reckon," he said, stepping before me, and endeavoring to make a bow.

"No, sir," I replied harshly, for I saw in the actions of the man that which convinced me I would not eat a second one. Though hungry, I would not hurry, yet I would not risk my life to quell the cravings of my stomach.

My reply took the landlord by surprise, and after gazing at me a moment, he walked sullenly away.

I asked to retire, when the landlord picked up a short piece of candle, and lighting it, bade me follow. We ascended a close narrow staircase, at the head of which was a door and through which we entered a room.

The furniture of the apartment was anything but inviting, especially the bed.

mistaken? and dare I risk my head low enough to take a peep? Would it be judicious to fire, and if no one was there, alarm the host? I was about to withdraw the pistol when I detected a light suppressed breathing. At this discovery a thrill passed through me like an electric shock, and my heart palpitated anxiously.

"One half minute more to make your appearance," said I. "or I fire."

An interval of silence, then of shuffling, and the head of a man peered from beneath the bed, followed in snake-like order by the body.

"Ha!" said I, "you were prepared to cut my throat; I'll save you that sin by making a hole through your head," as I pressed the pistol close to his forehead. He dropped upon his knees in an imploring position, but not a word escaped him.

"I then took the case from off the bolster on the bed and drew it over him, and, fortunately, it was long enough to partially confine his legs. I then cut a place through which he could breathe and tumbled him into one corner.

I drew my bed against the door, and secured it otherwise, as best I could. I placed my arms in a convenient position, of which I had a goodly supply—three revolvers and a large knife. I then took a seat upon the bed, and patiently awaited the result of my preparations.

My candle had burnt out, and I, despite all my exertions to the contrary, had become sleepy, and several times I caught myself nodding.

A rustling in the corner warned me my captive was making efforts to free himself.

"Keep quiet," said I, "or this knife will find the way to your heart."

In about a half an hour after, I heard a gentle rapping upon the door. No answer being made, a voice said in a whisper: "Tip, tip, is it done?"

"Yes," I whispered back.

"Let me in, will you?"

"Not yet."

"Well hurry."

"Directly."

During this time I was rapidly considering what course to take or how to manage the affair. Should I admit this man, how could I secure him? Ah! the bed cord, why not think of that before. I instantly threw the clothes off the bedstead, and loosened the cord, and then pulled the remainder of the bed away from the door.

"Come in," said I, as I opened the door. The man stepped confidently in, and as he did so, I placed the muzzle of a pistol in his face, and warned him not to utter a syllable or he was a dead man. Holding the pistol with one hand, I wound the rope around his hands, until they were fast, then laying the pistol down, I securely tied his hands and feet, and set him down.

In a little while I saw a light ascending and approach the door. The same signal was given as before, when I opened the door, and the landlord entered with a light. His consternation was the most ridiculous, as he beheld me with a pistol at his breast, bidding him be silent. I then tied his hands and feet and with an admonition to keep silence, set him upon the floor.

They kept coming, and I binding them over to keep the peace, until I had six in the room, and by the dim glare of the candle they presented a ludicrous appearance.

After a long pause the seventh man came, and when I let him in, it was my companion who had travelled with me on the prairie, and who had tried to rob me.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, starting back confounded at what he saw, "you once escaped but not now."

"Yes, and now," said I, pressing my pistol close to his face, "be quiet or your head will go to atoms in a twinkling." I secured him without any further trouble and seated him among his companions.

At length day dawned, and when the light was perfect, I took my first prisoner from his sack and tied him hand and foot and then left them, cursing and swearing at each other's cowardice. I went on to the next town, from which officers were sent out, and the gang of robbers taken to prison. But this capture broke up that gang, and if they ever commenced operations again, it was in some other locality.

Ode to Frazier's River.
O, frazier river virgin land
Were gold crops out as thick as punkens
and Provisions air, not too be had at
hardly any price
ime down on you lik a cart load of brix
and shoredly wood
cut my lucky—or I mean my styx
Ony I haint the fundz to travel outer
Onse I git awaa
from this beer place
dod-darn'd if ever I goas rummin
round this Terrakotens world agin—
no Sirree Hoss! fly—
for the star-spangled banger forever shall
wave
were the drinks are one bit and the gold by-
ers shave

LOVING VS. LIKING.—The distinction between loving and liking was well made by a little girl six years old. She was eating something at breakfast which she seemed to relish very much. "Do you love it?" asked her aunt. "No," replied the child, with a look of disgust; "I like it. If I loved it I should kiss it."

Choice Poetry.

PEBBLES IN THE SEA.

AN OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less,
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May become the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings;
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Even swelling out of stone,
There are purple buds and golden
Hidden, crushed and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses;
Love and prospers you and me,
While He values thrones, the highest,
But as pebbles of the sea.

Man, unpraised above his fellows,
Of forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men;
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men in thought, and men by fame,
Claim equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-dlad rills,
There are feeble inch high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling bells alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lurches up his voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with lovefulness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
Where there is a sunny right;
God, whose whole-hearted voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

In Hugh Miller's posthumous work entitled "The Cruise of the Betsy," we take the following interesting account of the Cave in which the whole people of the Island of Eigg, one of the Hebrides, were smothered to death by a neighboring clan, the McLeods:

"We struck a light, and, warning ourselves through the narrow entrance, gained the interior—a true rock gallery, vastly more roomy and lofty than one could have anticipated from the mean vestibule placed in front of it. Its extreme length we found to be two hundred and sixty feet; its extreme breadth twenty-seven feet; its height, where the roof rises highest, from eighteen to twenty feet. The cave seems to have owed its origin to two distinct causes. The trap rock on each side of the fault-like crevice, which separates them are greatly decomposed as if by the moisture from above; and directly in the line of the crevice must the surf have charged, wave after wave, ages ere the last upheaved of the land. When the Dogstone at Dunolly existed as a sea stack, skirting with algae, the breakers on this shore must have dashed every tide through the narrow opening of the cavern, and scooped out by handfulls the decomposing trap within."

"The process of decomposition, and consequent enlargement, is still going on inside, but there is no longer an agent to sweep away the disintegrated fragments. Where the roof rises highest, the floor is blocked up with accumulations of bulky decaying masses, that have dropped from above; and it is covered over its entire area by a stratum of earthy rubbish, which has fallen from the sides and ceiling in such abundance that it covers up the straw beds of the perished islanders, which still exist beneath, as a brown mouldering fell, to the depth of from five to eight inches. Never yet was tragedy enacted on a gloomier theatre. An uncertain twilight glimmers gray at the entrance, from a narrow vestibule; but all within, for two hundred feet, is black as with Egyptian darkness. As we passed on with our one feeble light, along the dark mouldering walls and roof, which absorbed every straggling ray that reached them, and over the dingy floor, rags and damp, the places called to recollection that in Roman story, hung and carpeted with black, into which Domitian once thrust his senate, into which Domitian read their own names on the coffin-lids placed against the wall. The darkness seemed to press upon us from every side, as if it were a dense jetty fluid, out of which our light had scooped a pallid or two, and that was rustling in to supply the vacuum; and the only objects we saw distinctly visible were each other's heads and faces, and the lighter parts of our dress."

"The floor, for about one hundred feet inwards from the narrow vestibules, resembles that of a charnel-house. At almost every step we came upon heaps of human bones grouped together, 'as when one cut-throat and cleaveth wood to the earth.' They are of a brownish, earth hue, here and there tinged with green; the skulls with the exception of a few broken fragments, have disappeared; for travelers in the Hebrides have of late years been numerous and curious; and many

a museum—that at Abbotsford among the rest—exhibits a grinning skull, its memorial of the Massacre of Eigg. We find, too, further marks of visitors in the single bones separated from the heaps, and scattered over the area; but enough still remains to show, in the general disposition of the remains, that the hapless islanders died under the walls in families, each little group separated by a few feet from the others. Here and there the remains of a detached skeleton may be seen, as if some robust islander, restless in his agony, had stalked out into the middle space ere he fell; but the social arrangement is the general one.

"And beneath every heap we find, at the depth as has been said, of a few inches, the remains of the straw bed upon which the family had lain, largely mixed with the smallest bones of the human frame ribs and the vertebrae, and hand and feet, feet bones; occasionally, too, with fragments of unglazed pottery, and various other implements of rude housewifery. The minister found for me, under one family heap, the pieces of a half-burned, unglazed earthen jar, with a narrow mouth, that, like the sepulchral urns of our ancient tumuli, had been moulded by the hand, without the assistance of the potter's wheel; and to one of the fragments there stuck a minute pellet of grey hair. From under another heap he discovered the handle of a child's wooden porringer (bicker,) perforated by a hole still bearing the mark of the cord that had hung it to the wall; and beside the stove lay a few of the larger, less destructible bones of the child, with what for a time puzzled us both not a little—one of the grinders of a horse.

"Certain it was, no horse could have got there to have dropped a tooth—a foal of a week old could not have passed itself through the opening; and how that single grinder, evidently no recent introduction into the cave, could have got mixed up in the straw with the human bones, seemed an enigma somewhat of the class to which the real in the bottle belongs. I found in Edinburgh an unexpected commentator on the mystery, in the person of my little boy, an experimental philosopher in his second year. I had spread out on the floor the curiosities of Eigg, among the rest, the relics of the cave, including the pieces of earthen jar, and the fragments of the porringer; but the horse's tooth seemed to be the only real curiosity among them in the eyes of little Bill. He laid instant hold of it; and, appropriating it as a toy, continued playing with it till he fell asleep.

"I have now little doubt but that it was first brought into the cave by the poor child amid whose mouldering remains a Mr Swanson found it. This little pellet of gray hair spoke of feeble old age involved in this wholesale massacre, with the vigorous manhood of the island; and here was a story of unsuspecting infancy amusing itself on the eve of destruction with its toys. Alas for man! 'Should not I spare Ninevah, that great city,' said God to the angry prophet, 'wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left?' God's image must have been sadly defaced in the murderers of the poor inoffensive children of Eigg, ere they could have heard their feeble wailings, raised, no doubt, when the stifling atmosphere within began first to thicken, and yet ruthlessly persist in their indiscriminate destruction."

"Some hundreds of years ago," says Mr. Wilson, "a few of the McLeods landed in Eigg from Skye, where, having granted misconducted themselves, the Eiggites strapped them to their own boats, which they set adrift in the ocean. They were, however, rescued by some clansmen; and soon after a strong body of the McLeods set sail from Skye, to revenge themselves on Eigg. The natives of the latter island, feeling they were not of sufficient force to offer resistance, went and hid themselves, (men, women and children,) in this secret cave, which is narrow, with an exceedingly small entrance. It opens from the broken face of a steep bank along the shore; and, as the whole coast is cavernous the particular retreat would have been sought for in vain by strangers.

"So the Skye-men, finding the island uninhabited, presumed the natives had fled, and satisfied their revengeful feeling by ransacking and pillaging the empty houses. Probably the moulders were of no great value. They then took their departure, and left the island, when the sight of a solitary human being among the cliffs awakened their suspicion and induced them to return. Unfortunately a slight sprinkling of snow had fallen, and the footsteps of an individual were traced to the mouth of the cave. Not having been there ourselves at the period alluded to, we cannot speak with certainty as to the nature of the parley which ensued, or the terms offered by either party; but we know that those were not the days of protocols. The ultimatum was not satisfactory to the Skye-men, who immediately proceeded to 'adjust the preliminaries' in their own way, which adjustment consisted in carrying a vast collection of heather, ferns, and other combustibles, and making a huge fire just in the very entrance of the *Cave of Death*, which they kept up for a length of time; and thus, by 'one fell swoop,' they smothered the entire population of the island."

PRESERVING FRUIT WITHOUT SUGAR.—To preserve fruit fresh for winter use, put in bottles, fill them up with cold spring water; tie down with a bladder tightly; put them in a kettle or copper of cold water up to the neck of the bottles, with hay to steady them; let them simmer for a quarter of an hour, but not boil; let them cool in the water; wipe the bottles and put away in a cool place. On no account open them till wanted for eating.

The best way to treat slander is to let it alone and say nothing about it. It soon dies away when fed on silent contempt.

THE DESPOTS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

"It is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous To use it like a giant."

There are few human beings who do not covet power. It appears to be one of the great desires of the mind and heart. Men toil for it day by day and year by year, and not a few waste health, risk reputation, and even peril life in its acquisition. If we look into the busy world, we shall find the multitude constantly engaged in an effort to secure position, place, fortune and power. And strange as it may appear, the cases are rare in which, when acquired, these are not misused or abused. We are all more or less disposed to play the despot. How frequently does it happen that an individual who in his early years was poor, dependent, meek and humble, becomes a changed being as step by step he acquires wealth, and with it influence and power—so changed, indeed, that he cannot recognize his former friends, and even his own original character is lost in the metamorphosis. We can conceive of nothing more narrow, selfish and paltry. Another fault of erring human nature, and it is one that is frequently indulged, is to disdain and deny parentage, associations and origin, however honest and honorable, because connected with poverty. The poor fool who thus fancies that he elevates himself at the expense of truth and integrity, is only contemned and despised by the intelligent and high minded. The abuse of power in every case, should be regarded as a crime. In the first place, it indicates ingratitude to Divine Providence, for the blessings and immunities conferred; and in the second, it exhibits a selfishness, a vanity, and a tyranny that are every way culpable and deplorable. We can imagine nothing more despicable than a domestic or a social despot—an individual who delights in making others miserable, simply because he is in a condition to do so with a certain degree of impunity. The slave driver who scourges his victim for every trifling offence, is scarcely more culpable, for wounds may sometimes be inflicted as well by the tongue. Hearts, too, may be lacerated by words, far more readily than bodies by blows. The temper is sometimes more scathing and fatal than a double-edged sword. We believe that many a spirit has been broken through its agency, that many a life has been made wretched, and that many a gentle being has been sent to a premature grave. The abuse of power in such cases is not only cruel, but it is criminal. And, although it is natural for us to turn with horror from detailed accounts of the execution of some convicted homicide, we fear that there are many domestic despots who, by a cool, wanton, and systematic mode of torture, gradually break down the constitution, sap the strength and shorten the lives of the very beings they are bound to watch over and protect. Can anything be more terrible than this description of tyranny? Can anything be more awful than this fearful manifestation of temper? In some of the earlier ages, poisons were administered as a punishment, usually, with the object of putting away some relative, friend, or associate, who had become troublesome, or whose estates were coveted. The mode was deliberate, monstrous, and murderous, and yet the victims suffered without knowing the hand that prepared the fatal draught. But the despots of domestic life are not only seen and known, but their blows upon the mind and heart are felt hourly and daily, and are often borne in sorrow and in suffering, rather than resort to an open rupture or a worldly exposure. Such miscreants and tyrants deserve to be scourged, scorned and execrated wherever discovered, for they abuse the position and pervert the privileges that have been confided to them for beneficent purposes. How happy is the contrast, when power, however great, is employed wisely, kindly, courteously, and benevolently; when it is regarded as a gift from the Almighty, a trust or a boon, and is used accordingly! It then, indeed, becomes a blessing, and is the source of many other blessings. So, too, in relation to wealth.—The individual who, having accumulated an immense fortune, hoards, worships, and fails to employ it judiciously, is false to his trust. Instead of making the means thus acquired subservient to useful and benevolent purposes, he becomes the slave of his own resources, a curse instead of a blessing to his fellow creatures, and a miserable victim to avarice. Those upon whom high power has been conferred, or great riches, are also surrounded by corresponding responsibilities. They have in some sense been elevated above their fellow beings, and have had an extraordinary mission confided to them; and as they are faithful or faithless, so will they enjoy sympathy, respect, confidence and friendship among their fellow creatures, and so will they be adjudged in the world beyond the grave.

GENERAL WALKER AGAIN.—The Washington telegraph correspondent of the New York Express says—

The Government has just scratched its eyes open, and found out that Walker, the filibuster, has been, and is about. The report to them now is, that Walker leaves the Gulf coast to meet a filibuster force to be landed in Nicaragua on the Pacific side. Arms and ammunition have already gone. The new line (sometimes called Joe White's) steamer put into Savannah for coal, is here believed to be put in for that kind of coal called filibusters. The intended onset on Nicaragua is now found to have roots wide and deep.

The Penna. R. R. Co. have contracted for the building of six Sleeping Cars of the Woodruff patent, to be run on this road when completed.