

Democrat and Sentinel.

M. M. O'Neil

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1859.

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Select Poetry.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Oh, my heart is ever waiting,
Waiting for the May,
Waiting for the pleasant ramble,
Where the blooming hawthorn brambles
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way,
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,
Longing to escape from study
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging,
To the summer day,
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May,
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning;
Of sweet flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay,
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May,
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,
Throbbing for the sea side billows,
Or the water-wearing willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away,
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,
Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wistful warnings,
Moon-light evenings, sun-bright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away,
MAN IS EVER WEARY, WEARY,
WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Miscellaneous.

The Settler and Servant.

A TALE OF WESTERN VIRGINIA.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Just before the breaking out of this commonly known as Lord Dunmore's war, a man by the name of Parker settled in the western part of Virginia, on a small creek that empties into the Ohio. His family consisted of his wife and three children, ranging from five to twelve, and a negro servant. The place where he located was some distance from any town or station, and the scenery around him was wild and romantic, with lofty and heavily wooded hills sloping back from the valley. He brought his family here early in the spring, built himself a rude log cabin and by great exertion succeeded in planting a considerable patch of ground the same season.

One day near the close of summer, as Mr. Parker and his negro Tom, were at work in the woods, about half a mile from the dwelling, the latter, who had gone to the creek near by, came hurrying back, with an expression of alarm depicted on his black face.

"Well, Tom, what's the matter with you now?" inquired his master, suspending his work to look at the frightened domestic.

"Oh, Mars Jonas," answered Tom, in a quivering voice, looking fearfully around as he spoke: "I think I seed suffin down dere."

"You are always seeing something wouderful," pursued the other, but it generally turns out a very trifling affair. Did you see a black in the water when you stooped down to drink?"

"Oh, Mars Jonas, I seed suffin worsin dat. Don't larf Mars Jonas! Great Golly! I seed eyes in de bushes—'relese I neber seed suffin afore—nuffin—durin dis life!"

"Well, eyes are not apt to hurt anybody Tom," returned Mr. Parker, with a laugh; "I've seen a good many eyes in my time."

"Yes, but Mars Jonas, it is a difference what they's 'tached to?"

"That's very true, Tom. Well, what did your eyes belong to?"

"I tink de eyes I seed was 'tached upon de head ob a big Injun."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other appearing for the first time a little startled. "Why did you not say that you thought so in the first place you blundering fool? Pah! there are no Indians about here, except in your imagination. What makes you think it was an In-

"Case I tink de Injun was dar, dat's all," muttered the black, looking timidly around him. "I tink Mars Jonas, we had better go down to de house and 'tect Missus and de children."

"I believe it would be folly for us to do so," said Mr. Parker, for I am almost certain you have seen nothing at all. Still you have made me uneasy, I will go back; but if you fool me many times, look out for a tanning."

"Ise not de chile to fool you, Mars Jonas," said Tom hastily gathering up his tools whilst his master took up his rifle, which was leaning against a tree, and casting his eyes wistfully about him, proceeded to examine his priming. "No, Ise not de chile to fool you, Mars Jonas," pursued Tom quickly. "And if I didn't see de most horrible eyes—and dem ar eyes Injuns—den I neber need nuffin."

Mr. Parker now suggested that it might be as well to go down the creek, and make a search through the bushes; but to this proposition the negro excitedly demurred—saying that if they were Indians, they would be certain to shoot him before he could take them.

"That's true Tom," replied the other, "but I do not believe there are any Indians down here. However, as you seem so much alarmed, and as I am willing to admit the possibility of such a thing, we will return home."

Accordingly Mr. Parker and his servant set off along the side of the hill to a point where they could get a view of the dwelling, he carrying the rifle so as to be ready for instant use, and the negro keeping close at his heels, with the axes and other implements, and both looking warily at each other scanning every tree and bush.

Nothing occurred to justify the alarm of the negro until they reached the edge of the corn-field, which ran down to the house; when Mr. Parker was just in the act of reproving his servant for exciting his fears without cause, there suddenly came reports of three or four rifles in quick succession—instantly followed by wild Indian yells—and both Tom and his master dropped together, the latter struck by two balls, one in the side and the other in the leg.

"Oh my God! my poor family, he groaned, as he gathered himself upon his feet, and beheld the negro stretched out upon his back apparently dead, and the Indians with a savage yell of triumph, in the act of bounding forward to finish their work and secure the scalps of their victims.

Hastily staggering to the nearest tree, Mr. Parker now set his back against it, and drew his rifle, for the foremost and stood as it were at bay. Perceiving this, and knowing too well the certainty of the white man's aim—and also feeling themselves secure of the prize and therefore not caring to throw away a single life—the Indians immediately took shelter behind different trees and began to reload their pieces.

To remain where he was Parker saw now would be certain death in a few moments, wounded as he was, and continually growing weaker from loss of blood, it was vain to think of flight; and yet with death staring him in the face, and an almost maddening desire, for self-preservation, equally for his family's sake as his own, he felt that something ought to be done for his salvation, though ever so hopeless the attempt.

Looking quickly and searchingly about he perceived about ten paces distant an immense thicket, and believing if he could reach that his chances for life would be increased—as the savages could not make their aim sure without actually entering—he gathered all his strength and nerve for the effort, and ran forward to the spot, falling in the midst of the bushes just in time to escape two balls of the enemy, which at the same moment whizzed over his head. Seeing him fall and supposing their last shot had proved fatal, the two savages who had just fired, uttering yells of triumph, and flourishing their scalping knives, bounded forward to the thicket, but ere they reached it, Mr. Parker, who had succeeded in getting upon his knees, and his rifle to bear upon the foremost, pulled the trigger.

There was a flash, a crack and a yell at the same moment, springing some three feet in the clear fell to the earth. The Indian fell back dead at the very feet of his companion, who suddenly stopped; uttered a howl of dismay, and seemed undetermined whether to advance or retreat.

That momentary hesitation proved fatal to him also; for the negro who had been all this time feigning death, was really unharmed, now thinking there might be a possibility of escape clutched one of his own axes nervously, made two sudden bounds forward, the distance being about ten feet, and before the astonished warrior had time to put himself on his guard, brought the glittering blade down like lightning, cleaving the savage through skull and brain, and leaving him a ghastly and bleeding corpse beside the other.

"Dar take dat, you thieven red nigger," shouted Tom with an expression of demonic fierceness, "take dat ar, an don't say nuffin more 'bout shootin down white gemmen!"

The words were hardly uttered, when crack went the rifles of the other two savages, one grazing the cheek of the negro, and the other causing the right ear to tingle.

"Great Golly!" cried Tom, "dar dat was most near being de finishing ob dis chile, but you ain't got no more loads in you, you old varminters!" he added, shaking his fist in the direction of the savages, "spowee! you deest shoot any more afore us gemmen does!"

Then seizing the guns of the two slain warriors, rushed into the thicket, where Mr. Parker lay concealed, exclaiming—

"Mars Jonas, I hope you isn't dead yet, but two ob de Injuns are, and here I is wid dar two guns, dat only wants suffin in 'em to blow de oder two to de debil!"

"Ah, Tom," groaned Mr. Parker, as he lay on the ground, making every effort to raise his rifle which his failing powers would permit. "Thank God, you have escaped. I

feared that you had been killed at the first fire."

"Not 'zactly dat time, Mars Jonas; but dis nigger was dreadfully skeered, dat's de trufe, and secin' you drap, tought I'd just make 'em believe I's dead too, and would never know nuffin more durin' dis life. But when I seed you get away and shoot dat rascal dar, and de oder stop so 'stonished to look at him, I concluded I'd quit playing de possum, an git up an' do suffin, an I did it—dat's trufe."

"An' Mars Jonas," he pursued, bending down by his side, and speaking in a very sympathetic tone, "you is hurt bad—very bad—I know you is—ah! I's berry sorry; but you know I said dar was Injun eyes in de bushes." "You did, Tom; and had I then hurried immediately homeward it is possible I might have escaped, though it is equally probable that the Indians were on the watch to take as an advantage, in which case the result might have been no better than it is. Oh! that I was at home with my family; for they must have heard the firing here and be terribly alarmed, or if not they may have been off their guard and successfully attacked by another party, for it is more than likely these few have not ventured here by themselves—Ah! God forbid!" he ejaculated the next moment, fairly starting to his knees, "that they should have attacked and murdered them first! But no, for then I think we should have heard their cries, and then it is probable the savages would have wrapped the house in flames. I trust go home, Tom—oh! I must get home! But how? how?"

"Why, Mars Jonas, if he'll just let dis nigger tote you on his back he'll fetch you thers."

"But what of the other Indians, Tom?—have they fled or no?"

"Doesn't know—but guess dey am. I axed one of dem to stop—as he did—but I guess de oder did not want to."

"You are a brave fellow, Tom, for all," said his master, "and if I live I will not overlook this affair."

"Well, you see, Mars Jonas, I is one ob dem as goes in for prudence—for keeping out ob de fight, but when de fight does come I's dar—I is—durin dis nigger's life."

"Hist," whispered his master, as he carefully brought his rifle forward. "I think I see one of de Indians peeping around yonder tree. Ah! I am too weak to raise the gun. Get down here Tom, and let me rest it across your shoulder. There—that will do. Quiet now."

"Does you see him, Mars Jonas?" whispered Tom, after keeping silence half a minute. Scarcely were the words spoken, when crack went the rifles of both white man and Indian at the same moment; and then the latter, uttering a wild yell, was seen to run staggering from tree to tree on his retreat, while his companion, taking advantage of the opportunity, bounded forward and secured his person behind a large oak near at hand, keeping his rifle ready to fire upon his foe.

"Drop down, Mars Jonas," whispered Tom, and let dis chile fix him."

"Taking his master's hat as he spoke, Tom placed it on the end of a gun, and pushed it with some noise through the bushes a few feet in advance of him. Scarcely was it visible to the savage, when, believing it to contain the head of his enemy, he bro't his piece to his eye, and sent a ball whizzing through the middle of it.

Faithfully chucking at the success of his ruse Tom instantly dropped the hat, and making a thrashing among the bushes, uttered a few groans, and then kept perfectly quiet; and Mr. Parker, comprehending the design, kept quiet also, though managing meanwhile to reload his rifle.

But though he believed his shot had been effective, the wary warrior was resolved upon prudence and caution. First reloading his rifle, he next carefully reconnoitered the thicket; and then, finding all still, he suddenly darted from this tree to another, and from that to another, and so by a sort of semi-circular movement came up as it were in the rear of his enemies.

Still finding all quiet, he advanced cautiously to the bushes, and began to part them gently. In this direction the thicket extended some twenty yards from where our friends lay concealed; and with the assistance of Tom, Parker now got noiselessly into position to cover the advance of the savage. Then waiting in breathless silence till the Indian had so far advanced as to make his aim sure, he fired again. A sharp yell of pain, and a floundering among the bushes followed. Tom seized his axe, and at once bounded forward towards his fallen adversary.

The Indian was badly wounded, though not sufficient to prevent him from making use of his rifle, but fortunately for Tom, it only flashed in the pan with the muzzle fairly pointing at his heart, and the next instant the axe of Tom descended with herculean force and ended the work.

With a shout of triumph Tom now rushed from the thicket, without heeding the calls of his master, in pursuit of the only remaining savage, whom he could easily follow by his trail of blood. About a hundred yards from where he had been shot, he found him concealed behind a log, and in a dying condition. Tom leaped to make any defence, the Indian looked up at his enemy and extending to him his hand, said—

"How de do, brudder?"

"Jus dis way!" cried Tom, "dis is jus de way I does to all such rascals as you," and with the last word the bloody axe descended and was buried in the brain of the Indian—Tom now went back to his master and proudly recounted his exploits.

"Thank God we are saved!" exclaimed Mr. Parker, warmly grasping the hand of his faithful servant, "I owe my life to you, Tom."

"Spect de Lord fit on your side wid dis yere choppin axe," muttered Tom, as he coolly wiped the blood from his formidable weapon.

He then carefully raised his wounded master, and getting him upon his back, carried

him safely to the house, where both were received with tears of joy by the terrified family.

Mr. Parker's wounds proved not so serious as was at first supposed; and the night following he and his family were removed to the nearest station by a small party of scouts, who had been sent out to warn and protect the more exposed settlers against the expected incursion of the Indians, who as we have already shown, had just begun the work of laying waste on the border.

Mr. Parker finally recovered, though not in time to take any part in the sanguinary strife which ensued; and Tom, for his bravery, was given his freedom, and lived many years to boast of what he had done during his life, "merely jus' wid a choppin' ax."

ADDRESS.
OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

In pursuance of the published call of the Chairman, there was a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, at the Merchants' Hotel, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday last, ROBERT TYLER, Esq., in the Chair.—On motion, the permanent organization was effected by the appointment of Secretaries, viz: JACOB TURNER, of Westmoreland, J. G. FRIEZE, of Columbia, N. P. PETERMAN, of Pittsburgh, and JOHN HOGGSON, of Chester, and the selection of the necessary Sub-Committees.

After some time spent in considering the present aspect of the campaign, and the disorganizing movement of certain disapparently and reckless politicians, for a Convention to be held at Harrisburg, on the 13th inst., the following address was unanimously adopted and ordered to be signed by the Chairman, on behalf of the Committee, and published in the Democratic Journals of the State:

Fellow Democrats of Pennsylvania:
It is known to you all that the Democracy of the State recently assembled in Convention at Harrisburg, under circumstances of the gravest importance. The Convention met with a full attendance of Delegates, transacted its important business with despatch and with dignity, to the chagrin and consternation of our enemies, and the cordial satisfaction of our friends, and concluded its harmonious deliberations with the assured concurrence in the wisdom and efficiency of its proceedings, of the Democratic press and constituency in every part of the Commonwealth. Every intelligent and honest Democrat of Pennsylvania has