

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.

SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY WILLIAM W. WALDRON, A. B.

The passive moon, in silent course,
Through heaven's blue arch pursued its round;
She beamed on many a blanching corpse,
Upon Monterey's battle-ground.
As walking forth I saw a maid
Where bleeding warriors prostrate lie;
And, as among the dead she strayed,
Soft tears of pity dimmed her eye.

If one, perchance, retained his breath,
She gently raised his drooping head,
And then amid the scene of death
Peace hovered round his dying bed.
For there a guardian angel stood—
A being of aerial form,
Unmet to wade th' ensanguined flood,
Unfit to brave the battle's storm.

Sill, still, unscathed, she bore relief;
The bleeding warrior's scar she bound;
But ah! her ministry was brief,
Grim death another victim found,
For as the booming shots rolled by,
One not unskillful as the rest,
Drew from her soul its last deep sigh,
Ere stilled her palpitating breast.

And now she sleeps among the slain,
Unshriven, unknelt, and not unarm'd;
That heart will never thro' again
Which late a tale of pity burn'd.
Mark how her features still retain
Their native smile though robed in death
A bloom that lulled the warrior's pain,
That stammer'd for aye the parting breath.

Mid battle's roar we took the maid,
Her only dirge the martial drums;
Now, now, within the best she's laid,
Where grief, where sorrow never comes.
Sleep on, sleep on, until that day,
When to the pure heart is given,
A crown that never fades away,
A wreath that ever blooms in heaven.

*This poem was suggested by the following letter from an officer:

CAMP MOSTGOMERY, Oct. 7, 1846.
Hungry and cold I crept to one corner of the tent to get the sunshin'. I looked out, and saw at a short distance a female bring water and food to the wounded on both sides. I saw her lift up one to bind his wounds. I heard the report of a gun; the good samaritan fell—she was killed. Good God! this is war. The next evening I passed the body lying on the ground. I saw a friend buried in mud showers of grape shot falling occasionally a shell or two in powder, expecting that soon I would stand in need of similar offices from the hand of a stranger.

BEECHNUT FARM; OR THE DEEP DARK SHADOW.

BY EMMA EGLESON.

CHAPTER I.

The late December afternoon was hastily wearing away, while clouds of angry meaning sailed across the dull sky, and the wind swept over Green Mountains with a hoarse wail, portentous of a storm. It was in the year 1848. In the small parlor of a hotel, situated in the centre of a pleasant mountain village, two persons were sitting. The one a lady, tall, well-formed, and possessing a countenance of melancholy beauty, was seated near a window with her hands clasped and her needle-work lying idly in her lap, while her dark eyes were fixed upon the carpet at her feet. Her companion was an intelligent and noble-looking youth of nineteen, with dark, curling hair, and deep blue eyes, now bent eagerly upon a large volume that he held in his hand. For some time no word had been uttered by the two, but, at last, the lady raised her head and spoke abruptly.

"Frederic."

The young man started and glanced up with a look of inquiry, and a faint smile crept over his lips.

"I have a few words to say to you," continued the lady. "Can you lay aside your book for a few moments?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Chapelle," was his reply, as he closed the volume and laid it upon the table.

"Mr. Willard called here this morning," said the lady, gazing the youth full in the face.

"Ah! did he?" was the quick rejoinder.

"Yes, and he spoke of you, Frederic, in a way that led me to think there had been enmity between you. Have you ever given him cause for anger?"

"Never," said the young man, half indignantly. "In the short time that I have known him I have treated him, always, with the respect due to one so many years my senior, and occupying his position in society."

Mrs. Chapelle tapped nervously on the window pane with her slender fingers, and for a moment was silent; then turning her face away, she said, hurriedly,

"Do not think me impertinent in the question I am about to ask, Frederic; it is not to gratify idle curiosity that I desire this information, but for a purpose entirely different. Mr. Willard entertains a strange dislike towards you I presume you already know; but I doubt if you are aware that this dislike, when applied to your parents, becomes absolute hatred, and of a nature so intense that I have thought there must be sufficient reason for it."

"There may be, Mrs. Chapelle; but let me assure you that if such reason exists it is without my knowledge," returned the youth in a tone of calm sincerity.

"Theodore Southwick!"—the lady paused and fixed her deep, dark eyes upon the face of her companion—"have you never heard your parents speak of Noyes Willard as of one who had been wronged, and exasperated to retaliation by deeds that are written in his past life? Deal candidly with me, as I have ever dealt with you."

"Theodore Southwick!"—the lady paused and fixed her deep, dark eyes upon the face of her companion—"have you never heard your parents speak of Noyes Willard as of one who had been wronged, and exasperated to retaliation by deeds that are written in his past life? Deal candidly with me, as I have ever dealt with you."

"Mrs. Chapelle, you astonish me," exclaimed he, in surprise. "I have never heard my father or mother say anything that might indicate the slightest acquaintance with him up to the time of his removal to this place, which was two years ago, if I recollect aright."

Mrs. Chapelle nodded assent to the inquiring look that accompanied the last sentence, and a shadow of perplexity marked her brow as she again turned to the window.

"Did Mr. Willard assert that he had received any injury at the hands of my father?" asked the young man, anxiously.

"Yes; and he has sworn by all the powers of earth and Heaven, to avenge his wrongs upon all who bear the name of Southwick!—You may wonder that he ventured to say this to me, and so did I at the time; but second thought has convinced me that my own words called forth his angry threats, for I was pleading with him to release me from the contract that obliges Herbert to keep the hotel another year, and mentioned your father's name among the friends who had given me advice concerning the management of my affairs."

A flush of indignation crimsoned Frederic Southwick's brow.

"Is it possible that Noyes Willard will so meantly take advantage of your husband's absence as to hold you to the contract made three years ago with the former landlord and proprietor?"

"Not only possible, but quite true," said Mrs. Chapelle, quietly. "When Herbert first rented the place he intended to remain until the terms of the contract were fulfilled; but circumstances, at once imperative and unforeseen, have rendered his stay impossible—Had not the ownership of the hotel been transferred to Mr. Willard I do not doubt but we might have made arrangements that would have enabled us to leave in a satisfactory manner. As it is, Herbert has been obliged to leave me and go to Boston alone, hoping that I could settle with our unreasonable landlord and soon follow him; but my efforts are fruitless, and I despair of success."

"Mr. Willard has forfeited the name of gentleman by his conduct toward you," said the young man, contemptuously. "But as for his threats of vengeance upon the heads of the Southwicks, they are probably like the bark of a dog that has no teeth with which to bite. If I know my father, he is too just to injure any one maliciously, and too fearless to be frightened by empty words; so that I have no apprehensions of evil from this source."

Mrs. Chapelle sighed heavily.

"I do not cherish presentiments, nor do I believe in them, but something tells me that harm will come from this man's anger to myself and friends, and it seems to me that a cloud is resting over our future lives that will darken every anticipated joy and embitter the fountain of our earthly happiness, till the current of our lives become as wormwood."

"You are imaginative, Mrs. Chapelle," said Frederic, gaily. "No doubt we shall yet laugh heartily over these fears, that, if cherished, will render us extremely unhappy; so let us borrow no trouble on that score; if it comes, let us make the best of it, and it will be time enough then to think about it."

The reply that arose to the lady's lips was prevented by a knock at the door, and, as she proceeded to answer it, the sound of a low and

musical voice in the entry met Frederic Southwick's ear. At the same moment Mrs. Chapelle ushered in a young lady, warmly dressed and wrapped in furs, and with a smile the young man advanced to greet her.

"My dearest Camerone, I am at a loss to imagine who could bring you to town in such severe weather as this," said he, clasping her hand, and drawing her towards the fire.—"You must be nearly frozen."

"I am not in the least affected by the cold, though it is fast increasing, for I could not be while walking," replied the young woman.

"Is it possible that you have walked from Beechnut Farm?" exclaimed Mrs. Chapelle, as she assisted the young lady to remove her wrappings.

"Certainly," was the smiling answer.

"Bravo, my queen sister, my heroine, my fearless Camerone," ejaculated Frederic, gazing at her with admiration.

She was slender and graceful in form, with long black silken ringlets, that drooped around a face of once handsome and expressive. A clear, rich complexion, deep, dark blue eyes, shaded by long jetty lashes, and a perfectly shaped nose, with a mouth of exquisite sweetness, formed the contour of a style of beauty that was stamped with firm self-reliance and high intellect. And, as Frederic Southwick cast his eyes admiringly upon her, it is no wonder that she was the embodiment of all that is lovely. There is no affection more pure and holy than that which, when rightly cultivated, exists between a brother and sister, and this was the tie that bound the hearts of Frederic and Camerone Southwick together—a tie so closely interwoven with all that was lovely and endearing in their lives that it might not be severed even in death.

It would seem that the sight of their affection and happiness in each other's society called up sad thoughts and associations to the memory of Mrs. Chapelle, for she sighed heavily as she looked at the two youthful faces before her, and tears gathered in her dark eyes. But her sorrow was unheeded by Camerone, who sat with a smile of grave sweetness on her lips, listening to Frederic's lively sallies and witticisms; and if he observed it, there was not the slightest betrayal in his demeanor of such a fact. He only rattled on more lightly in the gay tone that he had assumed in his first greeting to his sister until Mrs. Chapelle left the room. Then, as if suddenly relieved from an irksome restraint, he arose and came to the young lady's side.

"What is it, Camerone?" he asked, earnestly. "Is there trouble at home?"

"Sit down and I will tell you," replied she gravely. He obeyed, and in a low voice Camerone resumed.

"We have been sadly troubled by an encounter with Mr. Willard this morning."

"Mr. Willard?" repeated Frederic, while a flush mounted to his forehead. "How has he dared to disturb you. By heavens! if this is his revenge he shall pay a severe penalty for it!"

"My dear Fred, dispense with excitement, and hear me through before you threaten," smiled Camerone. "I suppose you know that father started early this morning for the capital, on business of vital importance?"

"Yes; that is, I know he was intending to do so," said Frederic, thoughtfully.

"Carrie and I accompanied him to the depot in the single carriage. I of course acted in the capacity of driver," resumed Camerone after a moment's pause. "We were returning through Maple Hollow, and had nearly reached home when we met Mr. Willard. As I had seen him at uncle's I bowed, but he did not return it, nor in any way acknowledge the salute, till he had almost passed by; then he suddenly wheeled his horse and spoke in a deep, strange voice, 'Miss Southwick, tell your father for me that the clouds in the sky broken a tempest—the enemy would war before the time comes to destroy.' I was so startled that I did not at first think of Carrie; but, as he rode away, a low cry from her lips claimed my attention, and I saw that she was fainting; urging the horse to its utmost speed, I soon cleared the distance that lay between us and home, hoping to restore her to consciousness and soothe her excited mind before the effects were serious; but, no sooner did she revive than she evinced the most abject terror and anguish, calling for you, and insisting that some evil had befallen you, so that, at last, to relieve her anxiety, I promised to come for you and bring you home as quickly as possible."

"And that shall be very soon. Poor little Carrie! if my presence will have the slightest tendency to lessen her sufferings I shall be apply myself for going. But, Camerone, is there not a mystery in the manner and words of Noyes Willard that your mind cannot solve?"

Camerone hesitated for a moment, and then answered slowly.

"Yes; but the most mysterious part of it to me is the appearance of mother when she heard the singular message he delivered to me

this morning. She seemed nearly as much frightened as Carrie."

The low rustle of Mrs. Chapelle's dress announced her approach, and she smilingly entered the room.

"Tea is waiting, my dear young friends. Fred, lay your hat aside and escort your sister to the dining-room. Not a word," continued she, as Frederic was about to remonstrate. "I will not listen to a refusal, for it will be impossible for Camerone to go home supperless; and, as you are one of my regular boarders, I have a right to command you."

"But, my dear Mrs. Chapelle," interposed Camerone, "think how late it will be, and I must walk down, too."

"I have provided for that. Tom has already harnessed the old bay horse, and will carry you home immediately after you have dispatched your tea; so, now, all objections are overcome. And, indeed, should you start now you could not reach the Farm before the storm would be raging in all its fury."

Frederic turned to the window and gazed out upon the dense masses of clouds that were scudding wildly across the heavens, and at that moment a fresh gust of wind came sweeping by the house, rattling the casement and groaning in the crevices, while the fir trees in the yard writhed beneath its fierce breath, and tossed their creaking branches to and fro in weak submission to its power. A few flakes of snow were whirling in the air and descending to the darkened earth, and the tavern sign, that swung upon a lofty post outside the yard, flapped loudly against its support, threatening to fall upon the ground at the coming of the next blast.

"It is a wild night," said he, turning to his sister, "and you must not think of going home on foot; so, Mrs. Chapelle, we will accept your kind offer with much pleasure. We would both remain here until morning were it not for the illness of Carrie, which requires our presence and care," he continued, as the three passed through the narrow entry into the dining hall, where a tempting repast awaited them.

"Poor child," sighed Mrs. Chapelle, "she is a great sufferer."

Camerone's eyes were glistening with tears; she bowed, but her voice was so choked with emotion that she could not speak, and in subdued silence, the party took their places at the supper table. Mrs. Chapelle performed the duties of hostess with an air of abstraction that she seldom wore, and but little was said during the time occupied by consuming her dainty viands. Then, when Frederic arose from his chair, he signified his intention of proceeding without delay to Beechnut Farm; and, returning to the parlor, Camerone robed herself in her cloak and wrappings.

The storm had been fast increasing, and, as she bade Mrs. Chapelle good bye, and entered the sleigh, the snow was falling in tiny clouds.

"Good night, Mrs. Chapelle," said Frederic, adjusting the buffalo robes and tucking them securely around Camerone. "There is a faint prospect of your getting fastened into the house by snow drifts to-morrow."

"And if I do I shall expect you to shovel a path that will lead me out," replied the lady from the front door. "Good night." And as the bay horse started from the house she turned away with a smile lingering upon her features, but it faded away and gave place to a look of anxiety when she entered her lonely parlor, after going to the back kitchen to give a few directions to the one maid who acted in the capacity of the several she had formerly employed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRUSTING TO LUCK.—The poor deluded man who supposed a basket of provisions, which was placed at his door, by some wretched neighbor, was in answer to the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," was greatly to be pitied for overlooking the use of the means understood in that beautiful petition. But this extreme of his belief in Providence ludicrous as was the light in which it ceased him to appear, was wisdom compared with the notion of such as trust to luck. That was, at worst, a perversion of most consoling doctrine of "luck" has no starting point from anything but ignorance and folly of the sorriest kind—nay, worse than this, from atheism itself! For what is "luck" but another word for fate? The man who trusts to the one trusts to the other, endeavor as he may, to hide the fact from the world and his own heart. He who blindly trusts to luck chance fate, or even Providence in the sense above considered, is a simpleton. Providence helps him who helps himself. Your true man works as well as prays; and shrinks instinctively, from the very thought of such atheism as "trusting to luck," or chance.

Many persons complain of sour bread in summer; scarcely anything can be more unwholesome; this is easily avoided by slacking a lump of lime the size of your fist in three pints of water, which pour off and bottle.

Put six table-spoonsfull in the sponge just before kneading, if it is a pretty large batch.

—All is not gold that glitters.

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

BY AN UNRITABLE MAN.

The morning after.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" I asked my wife, when, after having finished my breakfast, I moved my chair back from the table, preparatory to reading the morning papers.

"Nothing," she replied, in a tone, however which clearly signified the reverse.

"But I know there is," I answered, "for you have scarcely spoken a word since I sat down to breakfast."

"I did not suppose," she said, "that you cared to have me speak. It does not seem probable that a husband, who will leave his wife alone an entire evening as you have done, could have any wish to hear her utter a word."

"A good deal will depend, my dear, under these circumstances," I replied, "as to what the subject of her conversation may be. If she be likely to find fault with him for having passed one evening out of—say a month away from home, why then I think she had better remain silent."

"Oh, you think so do you?" she exclaimed; "then all I can say is, that, so far as I am concerned, I will not have my tongue tied, but will tell you just what I think of such acts."

"Very well my dear," I said, "go on; I will listen. But first let me tell you that I think it very unkind of you not to sit up for me last night. A good wife will sit up for her husband, when he is out, until morning, if he come not home before. Then too, let me tell you, it is confoundingly unpleasant to find all the lights out and the very gas itself turned off, and not a candle or match to be found anywhere. If it had not been for the moonlight, which streamed in at the window I should have broken my neck, stumbling over the chairs, which it seemed to me, were purposely placed where I might run again them. Now, if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to break my neck stumbling over chairs in the dark."

"Well then, I must say you are a nice man," my wife replied. "I really had no idea that you were on the extreme state your own words imply. In the first place the gas was left burning, and, now that you have drawn my attention to it, I see that it is burning at this moment—please turn it off will you? In the next it was raining hard when you came home and consequently the moon was not shining. As for your not being able to find the candle and matches, why it would prove a matter of little consequence to one who could not tell gas-light from moonlight, though so far as the fact of the case goes, both the candle and the matches were in their usual place. Lastly as to your breaking your neck by stumbling over chairs, why all I have to say is, that I think you will be likely to live a thousand years before such an event occurs. What I most look at and regret, however, is that you are setting a most pernicious example to the children."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "what a woman you are to talk. Why the children were sound asleep when I returned, and if you didn't tell them, they wouldn't know whether I came home on my head or feet. I must say too, I think it was very wrong in you to pretend to be asleep, and allow me to stumble around in the dark, as you did."

"But I tell you, it was not dark," my wife replied; "I saw every step you took, and if you had broken your neck over the chairs, as you imagine you almost did, I should have been the first to have known it."

"I suppose you would have known it," I said, "even before I were aware of it myself."

"Very likely," she answered, "for you seemed to know very little. But suppose now, you tell me where you were last evening. You left the house, saying you were going to market, and would return in a few moments. I waited for you patiently till eleven o'clock, when I went to bed, and I know it must have been after twelve when you came home. I did not know but that you had been robbed and murdered, and I was really very much alarmed about you."

"You must have been exceedingly alarmed," I answered, "to have gone to sleep as you did. The fact is that if I dislike one thing more than another, it is to come home and find my wife asleep."

"You have said just the contrary," the amiable woman answered, "when you have found me sitting up for you. The truth is there is no pleasing you men. We poor women are scolded and curbed at every step in life by you lords of creation. Oh! I sometimes wish I were a man, if it were only to show you sex how to treat ours properly.—But you have not yet told me where you were last night."

"Oh, I went," I replied, "to hear Madame Bishop sing the Flag of our Union, and

I wish you were with me."

"I should have liked nothing better," she answered; "but you never asked me to accompany you. Well how were you pleased?"

"Oh, I didn't hear her," I said; "I met a friend who invited me to go and see the Clinton Guards drill. They are a splendid corps, my dear. I wish you had been with me."

"I wish I had," my wife replied; but remember you did not ask me. Tell me though how the Guards drilled."

"Well actually, my dear," I replied, "I didn't see them. My friend and myself thought we'd stop first and take some oysters at the Waverly; and while eating them we concluded we would go to the Winter Garden and hear Blake and Southern. Really, I wish you had been with us."

"I wish I had," my wife answered; "for, of course, you went to the Winter Garden."

"Well, no," I answered; "but what a woman you are to ask such questions. You'd make a good lawyer. I hope you are through at all events, for if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to be cross-questioned."

"But you have not told me where you went," she said. "So you didn't hear Blake sing after all?"

"Not exactly," I replied, "although we met a friend of my friend's, whose name was Blake, and with whom we took some more oysters."

"Oh, you took some more oysters, did you?" my wife ejaculated. "I noticed your appetite was exceedingly limited this morning.—Well, after these second oysters, where did you go?"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "I won't answer any more questions. I have patiently borne being catechised till you have extracted from me everything that I can tell about where I went, and what I did, last night; and I won't endure it any longer. If you want to know any more, you will have to see my friends and ask them."

"I am afraid, my dear," my wife replied, sadly, "that you went somewhere you would not care to have me know."

"Well you certainly are a most suspicious and foolish woman," I said, "to think your husband would go where he would be ashamed to take his wife. I only wish you had been with me."

"I truly wish I had," she said.

"The fact is my dear," I said, "that after the second plate of oysters, I started to come home."

"Well, you stopped and got some more oysters, I presume," my wife suggested.

"Yes, I believe we did," I replied; and then after that, some time—I don't know when, exactly—I got home. I am afraid I eat too many oysters, my dear, for I have quite a head ache this morning. Do you think that oysters, as a general thing, are as good in June as they are earlier in the season?"

"I don't think they are, especially too many of them," my wife replied with a sad smile; "and my dear, let me beg of you not to eat any more with your or your friend's friend.—Promise me that, will you?"

I promised, by kissing her on the cheek, as I smoothed the hair from her brow.

"And you will not go to hear Madame Bishop, or to see the guards drill, or to the Winter Garden," she continued, "unless you take me with you."

I said I would not, and then—why then, she kissed me.

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.—It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him.

"I'll lay wager I get an invitation from him."

The wager being accepted he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak to his master immediately, for he can save him a thousand pounds.

Out came the master. "What is that, sir, you can save a thousand pounds?"

"Yes, sir, I can, but you are at dinner; I will go away, and call again."

"Oh, pray sir, come and take dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over the family retired.

"Well, sir, said the man of the house—

"Now to our business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?"

"Well, sir, you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir."

"And you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?"

"I do, sir."

"Well then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

The master of the house rose in a passion and kicked him out of doors.