

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.

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THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

She is modest, but not bashful;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple—ripe and mellow;
Not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing and now shy;
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maiden is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb;
Are you thoughtful? how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out;
She can lure and catch and play you
As the angler does the trout.

You old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty
With the love locks in your eyes,
You may practice all your lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

BEECHNUT FARM; OR THE DEEP DARK SHADOW.

BY EMMA EGGLESON.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"It may be wrong," she murmured as she let down the window shades, lighted her lamp, and drew her chair and workstand near the fire. "It must be wrong for me to cherish these presentiments, and yet, oh, Herbert, I wish that you were here."

The nimble fingers flew swiftly over her sewing, and no sound was heard save the faint ticking of the great clock in the corner, and the moaning of the wind in the fir trees, as the storm beat against the windows with soft rapidity. Yet amidst this outward stillness, a tumult raged wildly within her heart.

Slowly and distinctly the thoughts of Ellen Chapelle went back into the records of the past, gathering up scenes and events that had long ago transpired and were indelibly stamped on her memory. She thought of herself as a laughing child, a gay maiden, and a happy bride. Six years before, when Herbert Chapelle had bestowed on her his heart and hand, not England's queen could have felt her heart swell with a prouder and happier emotion than she. But a serpent had crept into the bow of roses her fancy had created. In an unlucky hour her husband returned the village hotel near his father's homestead, and on the day its then honest possessor transferred his claim to Mr. Willard, Herbert Chapelle's temptation commenced.

Mr. Willard was a man of unsettled principles, cool, calculating, and with sordid passions, over which he enforced no restraint or self-government. His love of gain induced him to throw out a bait for his young and unsuspecting tenant, which he did by introducing, at first, a friendly game of cards, just for the amusement it afforded. In a short time they began to play for cigars, beer, or cider; then small stakes of money were put up, Mr. Willard taking care that his victim should be the winner, with but few exceptions, and thus, step by step, Herbert Chapelle was drawn into the vortex and embarrassment, almost unconsciously becoming what he would once have despised—a gambler.

Not until it was too late did his wife find out the true state of affairs, and then, with many promises of reform, her husband pleaded forgiveness. But Ellen Chapelle felt that those pledges were weak and frail, and trembled for the future of the being whom she ar-

dently loved. And she was right. Noyes Willard possessed a powerful influence over his weak-minded tenant, and he wielded it with despotic hand. The snare that he had woven for the feet of Herbert Chapelle was subtle and firm, and all efforts to escape seemed unavailing.

But at last, to the glad surprise of Ellen, her husband yielded to her urgent solicitations and started for Boston, to accept an offer held out to him by an uncle of his, who was residing there, of a situation in the mercantile establishment of which he was senior partner. Noyes Willard had ever disliked Mrs. Chapelle. There was something in her undaunted bearing that seemed to imply a firm defiance of his power, and it aroused the pride of his revengeful nature.

Thus it was, that, when her kind and loving husband left her alone, he refused to accede to any terms of settlement that would release her from the contract, obliging her to remain at the hotel; and, by a thousand petty annoyances, contrived to render her stay as unpleasant as possible.

But, although Ellen Chapelle felt that she was in need of her husband's presence and protection, she uttered no complaint to him. Her letters were penned with a careful avoidance of anything that might disturb him, and were filled with cheerfulness and confidence in the happiness of the future, sentiments that were growing to be almost a mockery of her feelings. Often, when some new evidence of the evil character of her persecutor was revealed to her, she would shudder at the thought of threats uttered by Mr. Willard in a moment of passion; and, to-night her fears and anxiety returned with twofold force.

"I will ruin Herbert Chapelle for time and eternity." These words seemed to be echoed by every moan of the increasing blast, and again Mrs. Chapelle sighed. "Oh, Herbert, I wish you were here. And for what?" she exclaimed, with sudden impetuosity. "Would his return add to his safety? He is farther from Noyes Willard than I, and no vain, threatening words can injure him. It is folly to indulge the whims of an overwrought imagination till such preternatural visions of dread and evil are pictured before the mind; I will do so no more." And, resolutely turning towards the table, she took a magazine, and, inserting a penknife in the uncut leaves, opened them, selected an interesting tale, and began its perusal. Yet, still the storm howled fiercely through the caverns of the black and starless sky, waking a dim foreboding in the heart of Ellen Chapelle that it was an omen of a tempest to come that was more bitter and relentless than the simoon of the desert, withering all before its blast.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT a mile distant from the village of Holly, on a winding mountain road, lay the broad acres of Beechnut Farm. The estate had for years been in the possession of the Southwick family, and received its name from the border of beech trees that extended entirely around it. The house was built of grey stone, and a tall, square edifice, flanked by a long wing on either side, and ornamented in front by an upper and lower balcony, surrounded by carved iron railings. The windows were arched, and shaded by blinds painted a dark grey, and matching in color with the walls of the house, while the enclosing yard was fenced with a high wall of stone, on which hung thick, heavy masses of wild ivy.

From a child James Southwick had known no home but Beechnut Farm. There he brot his youthful bride when their wedding was over, and there his four children were born. William, the eldest, was twenty-two years of age, and a true type of noble manhood. With the same frankness and generosity that characterized the whole family, he possessed a complete power of self-control, to which all other emotions were subjected. Unlike him, Frederic, who was three years his junior, governed his conduct by the impulses of his quick, impetuous nature, yet with one fault, he united a playful and affectionate spirit, that rendered him a favorite among his friends and acquaintances. Towards his sister Cameron he manifested an attachment that assumed the form of idolatry, and in his angry moods it was the touch of her soft hand, and the reproof from her tender lips that reached his heart, and checked the tide of passion that was throbbing there.

Only seventeen years had flitted over the head of Cameron Southwick, yet, in the record of the soul's life, she was numbered far older, and this was half revealed in the grave sweetness of her beautiful face, in the depth of her far-reaching eyes, and the conscious firmness of her step. To know, to do, and to suffer—these, the elements of true heroism, were written upon her brow. To know the path of duty, to walk therein with unflinching tread, performing its requirements with cheerfulness; and to suffer the consequences that might follow, let them come as they would—

all this seemed stamped in the lineaments of her countenance to be brought out more fully in the developments of time.

Carrie, the youngest, was an invalid, a pale, sweet-voiced girl of fourteen, but so delicate and fragile that she appeared several years younger. There was something mysterious in the illness of this child, that indicated disease of mind as well as body. Strange fits of fright and agony would seize her at times, succeeded by unconsciousness, and then followed by hours of delirium, in which she would talk incessantly of deep shadows and the darkness of a night that hung over her with dreadful blackness. Moaning and shivering with terror, she would continue to rave until nature became exhausted, and then she would sink into a sleep which, influenced by powerful opiates, would continue for a number of hours. When she awoke she was calm and rational, and would remain quiet, though weak and nervous, until some sudden excitement was brought to bear upon her mind, when the same scene would be enacted again.

All the night following the day on which Mr. Willard had so frightened her, the poor child lay tossing on her couch, and calling in wild tones for each member of the household, that she might be assured of their presence and safety. Frederic and Cameron watched over her pillow, anticipating her wants, and soothing and suffering, until the grey winter morning gleamed over the hill-tops, when she became more quiet. For some time she lay in silence, and then raised her little white hand. In an instant Cameron was bending over her.

"What is it, Carrie, darling?" and she pressed her soft lips compassionately to the forehead of her sister. Carrie smiled feebly, and whispered,

"The shadow, the deep, dark shadow; its almost gone, and soon it will be quite passed away. Sit by me, sister, and put your hand on my head. I am going to sleep now."

She closed her eyes, but in a moment started and raised her lids.

"I am going to sleep," she repeated, "only a few moments, and then the shadow will be all hidden by the sun. Tell Fred to be careful, oh, so careful, and keep in the sunshine."

Cameron nodded in token of assent, and, overcome by fatigue, Carrie soon fell into a sound slumber.

The door softly opened, and Mrs. Southwick stole in, a look of anxiety resting on her features. Frederic arose to meet her, and, as he stood by her side, replying to her inquiries concerning Carrie, their similarity in face and gesture was striking and remarkable. The young man's face was but a copy of his mother's; the same fair complexion, straight nose, and arched brows; the same dark wavy hair, save that where the mother's was streaked with bands of silver, that of her son was glossy and brown, and the same expression that dwelt in Mrs. Southwick's deep blue eyes were faithfully mirrored in the countenance of Frederic.

"She is sleeping at last," she sighed, as she approached the bed. "Oh, after such a night of torture, rest must be doubly sweet to her overtaxed nature."

Cameron glanced up at the tiny clock that ticked upon the mantle shelf, and said, in a low voice,

"The fever and delirium have lasted eleven hours longer than usual and I have increased the strength of the opiates, as the doctor directed. She has never had but two attacks before this, that were so violent, and nothing but a long, undisturbed sleep can restore her to perfect consciousness."

"Let me sit by your side, while you endeavor to get some rest, my dear child," said Mrs. Southwick, affectionately. "Your pale face shows plainly that you need it."

"Thank you, mother," replied Cameron, with a faint attempt to smile. "I will most gladly relinquish my place to one who can so well supply it, but I shall insist that Frederic accompanies me, for he is as tired as I. He has not allowed himself to take one moment of rest, or a mouthful of refreshment, and a strong cup of coffee is just what he needs to sleep on."

"Very well, my love," said Mrs. Southwick. "You should both go at once, as I told Sabrina to get you a hot breakfast, and it is no doubt ready by this time. Frederic, put some more coal on the grate before you go, and give me the written directions sent up by the doctor last night, so that I can administer Carrie's medicine if she should wake before you return."

Noislessly obeying her requests, Frederic left the room, followed by Cameron, and drawing her hand within his arm, he conducted her to the sitting-room, where a small table, spread for two, awaited them. Taking her place at the head, Cameron poured out the fragrant coffee, and flavored it, saying, as she did so,

"I see that Sabrina has exerted her skill to prepare a tempting breakfast for us, Fred, and we shall be ungrateful if we fail to partake of it with hearty appetites."

"I know it," returned Frederic, "but I have no inclination to taste even a morsel—To tell the truth, Cameron, the effect produced on Carrie by meeting Mr. Willard has quite astonished me. Do you know she says she has met the shadow face to face, and it is a breathing reality?"

"Yes," replied Cameron, "and in her delirium twice she repeated correctly the message sent to father."

"It is strange," said Frederic, thoughtfully, "that, yesterday, Mrs. Chapelle should have been so fearful of the power of this man. It is very much unlike her, and I doubt if she would feel so to-day upon sober, second thought. She questioned me closely of the past life of our parents, inquiring if Noyes Willard had not received some deep and lasting injury at the hands of my father."

"And what did you say?" asked Cameron, earnestly.

"What should I say but that I had no knowledge of any acquaintance existing between either of my parents and this revengeful piece of fury who goes about the country venting his rage in mouthfuls of spiteful threats, until his removal to the village? I had never thought of the possibility of such a thing before, nor do I now entertain serious suspicions of it! And yet it may be that he has met father before his marriage, and seeks to wreak vengeance upon him for some trifling altercation in school boy days."

"Frederic," Cameron spoke, in a low, firm voice, "do not, I entreat you, mention the supposition of Mrs. Chapelle to either of our parents, for it is a subject that would give them pain. That there has been cause for enmity between this Willard and our family I do not doubt. Nay, I know that there has been, from what my mother has said to me; but farther than this, I have not questioned, nor has she told me; and so perfect is my faith in her that I know it is best for us all that she be kept a secret between the parties concerned."

"You are right, Cameron. If our father and mother choose to withhold anything from our knowledge we have no right to question their conduct or motives; and I pledge my word that I will not presume to doubt their wisdom by seeking to become acquainted with that which they would hold secret from their children."

"That is spoken like my own impulsive brother," said Cameron, smiling, as they arose from the table. "Are you going to Dr. Lawson's, Fred?"

The young man shook his head.

"Not to-day, Cameron. The storm will be an excuse for my non-appearance at the office, and I can afford to spend one day from books and medicine for your own and mother's sake, as I know you will esteem it a rare treat to enjoy my good society."

Cameron joined in the low, musical laugh that followed his last words, and calling Sabrina to clear away the table, she bade her brother good morning, and the two separated to retire to their rooms and court repose.

Overcome by fatigue and anxiety, Cameron slept long and heavily, and it was near the middle of the afternoon when she awoke. Hastily dressing herself, she went immediately to Carrie's chamber, and, upon finding that the sick child still slept, proceeded to the dining-room to prepare a meal for her mother, who was still watching the pale-faced sleeper.

Frederic was standing by the window equipped in his warm overcoat, fur gloves and cap, and turned quickly around as she entered.

"Where are you going?" asked Cameron, in surprise.

"Read and see," was his brief reply, as he placed a note in her hand. She unfolded it and read:

"MY FRIEND FRED:—If you can leave home, please come to me at once, as I am in trouble. Every one has left the house to-day on account of a ghost who visited us last night, and I am left alone. I suspect the phantom is an invention of Noyes Willard's, but cannot fathom his purpose."

Cameron smiled at the abruptness of the epistle, and smoothing out the crumpled paper, gave it back to her brother.

"You will come back soon, won't you, Fred?" said she, earnestly.

"As soon as I can," was his light reply, as he drew his coat collar closer about his neck, and struggled through the snow-drifts that were piled up in the front yard. The gate was shut and barricaded with a huge bank of snow, and, without trying to open it, he scaled the wall and took the beaten track for the village. But even here the drifts were almost impassable, and when he reached Holly he was thoroughly fatigued by his walk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—A pleasant jest in time of misfortune is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

[FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.] MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

BY AN 'WRITABLE MAN.

My wife has a headache.

"What in the world is the matter with you now my dear?" I said to my amiable spouse, who, on my return home from business, I found with a white handkerchief tied about her head, while a strong scent of camphor prevailed the house.

"I shouldn't think you would have to ask what is the matter, for you know I have one of my terrible headaches," my wife replied.

"Well I am very sorry to hear it," I said.

"Of course you are very sorry to hear it," she answered, "for you think I will not be able now to attend to getting your dinner."

"Don't my dear," I said, "worry about dinner. There is no necessity for you to go into the kitchen, that I am aware of, for the cook can get dinner just as well as if you were there to direct her."

"But the cook left me this morning. I would have you understand, because I would not allow her to make fresh coffee for her breakfast. She said that which we drank was not strong enough for her."

"Well never mind it," I answered, "I am glad she is gone. She is very wasteful and extravagant."

"Oh, it is easy enough for you to say 'never mind it,' and you are glad she is gone; but you don't have to get into the kitchen and prepare the meals, till another cook arrives; but I don't intend to do it."

"I am sure I do not wish you to, my dear," I said. "I had much rather go without both breakfast and dinner than for you to go into the kitchen and prepare them."

"You say so," said my wife, "but you don't mean it. You would rather have me slave to death, and burn myself up over the range, than go without your dinners. And now, when my head aches so that I can hardly see, I have got to go and get dinner for you."

"But I tell you, my dear," I replied, "that you need not. I am not hungry, and I can do without any dinner to-day."

"Then you must have dined down town—That is the way you like to serve me. When I am just ready to get a good dinner for you, and have puzzled my brains all day thinking of what you would like to eat, you come home and tell me that you have no appetite, and have been to dinner."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "if you want to get a dinner for me, get it. I won't stop you."

"Of course you wouldn't stop me," she answered. "You'd let me get a dozen dinners for you in one day, even when you had no appetite to eat any of them."

"You are certainly, my dear," I said "the most unreasonable woman I ever met. Now I tell you distinctly, you may get me a dinner or not, as you please—do which ever you think best, and I shall be satisfied; but if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is being obliged to go without my dinner."

"Of course," chimed in my wife, "if I failed to get dinner for you to-day I should never hear the last of it. You pretend not to wish me to get it, but if I didn't, I think there would be an exciting time in this house. The innocent children would suffer, I know, and I would be put down with all kind of expressions. I knew you were vexed the moment you entered the room—The ejaculation you made the moment you entered the room, and accented the camphor, convinced me, that even if the hateful way in which you threw your gloves into your hat, had not been sufficient. Then, too, when you drew off your boots, you let them fall heavily on the floor, as if it delighted you to make my poor head ache more. Oh! you men are cruel to your wives, and you take pleasure in being so."

"Well, never mind," I said, "saying anything more about it. The fact is, I have decided to have my dinner, and if I can't obtain there I will go where I can. It seems to me you make a great fuss about a headache—In my opinion a headache is the lightest of all malaises. Quiet and cold water bandages are better than camphor and loud talking, which are the usual accompaniments of headaches in this house. Listen! if you lie down on the lounge, and won't speak another word to-night I'll get my own dinner."

Instead of following my advice, my wife began to weep. Now, if there be one one thing I dislike more than another, it is to see a woman in tears. I essayed to soothe my wife, but she would not be soothed.

"If you choose," she said, "to make sport of me and my headache, I cannot prevent it; but you'll be sorry for it by and by. I sometimes think we shall not live together much longer."

"Now my dear," I said, "don't speak so; your health is pretty good, notwithstanding these troublesome headaches. I think, indeed, we may both live many years yet."

"Oh I have no doubt," she replied, "but that we shall both exist a score of years longer only I think it doubtful if we live together. You treatment of me is so cruel, that I fear we shall separate. And I am sure none of my friends would censure me for it, if they only knew what I suffer and endure. For nine years I have borne with your irritability, hoping, that as you grew older, you would overcome it; but on the contrary, it seems to increase upon you, until now there is scarcely an hour passes, when you are in the house, but you are fault-finding and caviling at something. You can't endure to know that I am sick, even though I don't complain, and keep my sufferings to myself."

"Well, now suppose we separate," I said, "who will take the children?"

"I think," said my wife, evincing considerable feeling, "that the children ought to go with me. In the first place you do not know how to take care of them. Your idea of domestic government is very erroneous, and besides, you would be apt to treat them cruelly."

"Very well," I don't think I should care to be troubled with children. You might have them and welcome, I would be freer without them, and would go and come as I wished, not be obliged to consult their comfort in any degree. Why, I should be quite a bachelor again should I not?"

"You seem to enjoy the idea so greatly," my wife said, "that I am not certain whether it would not be conferring a happiness on you for me to obtain a separation. At all events I won't do it at present."

"Nor at any other time, in future, my dear," I said. The fact is I am hasty and irritable, but then I get over it in a minute. How does your head feel now, love?"

"I declare," said my wife smiling, "it is entirely gone. I think you must have nagged me and drawn it away."

"I think I frightened it away," I said. "My suggestion that we separate evidently had a good effect on you."

"But you didn't suggest it," my wife replied, "it was I who spoke of it."

"Well, it is all the same," I said, "you or I, for we are both one, you know."

"I really believe," she added, "that you do not intend to vex me as you so often do; but you must acknowledge that you are provoking at times."

"Certainly," I answered, "I'll acknowledge anything you may desire."

"Now that is provoking," she said, "and I don't want you to do it."

"Very well, then," I said, "I'll not do it; but I deny that it is provoking."

"But I tell you it is, it provokes me," my wife said.

"Well then," I said, "I'll say nothing more about it. But what about dinner? Are we to have any to-day?"

"Well the truth is," my wife said, "there is a chicken pie in the refrigerator, which, with the vegetables Katy has cooked, will perhaps suffice for to-day."

"Nothing can be better," I answered; "and if you will only have a chicken pie for dinner when you have a headache, why I don't care if you have one every week."

"Which do you mean," asked my wife smiling, "the pie or the headache?"

"Oh, the pie, of course," I said; as for the headache, I trust you will never have one again as long as you live."

And we went to dinner.

POPULAR ERRORS CORRECTED.—Do not use avocation for vocation; the latter signifies occupation, employment, business; the former signifies whatever withdraws or diverts us from that business.

It was impossible to suspect the veracity of this story; it should be, truth of this story; veracity is applicable to persons only.

I had rather walk; should be, I would rather walk; had denotes possession, not will or desire.

I doubt not but I shall be able; should be, I doubt not I shall be able.

He was too young to have felt his loss; should be, to feel his loss.

I seldom ever see him now; should be, I seldom or never see him now.

Do not say rather childish, rather satirical, as the termination *ish* and the word rather have the same; such expressions, though very common, are tautologous.

I expected to have found him; should be, I expected to find him.

I intended to have visited him; should be, I intended to visit him.

I hoped you would have come; should be, I hoped you would come.

I rode in a one horse shay; ought to be, one horse chaise; there is no such a word as shay.

He can write better than me; say better than I.

When two things are compared, we must say the elder of the two, not the eldest, the richer of the two not the richest; my brother is taller than I, not the tallest.

Though who is applied to persons, and which to inanimate things, yet to distinguish one of two or more persons, which must be used: Which is the happy man? I not who; which of these ladies.

The observance of the Sabbath is a duty; it should be, the observance of the Sabbath is a duty; observance means remarking or noticing; observance, keeping or obeying.

A child of four years old; should be, a child four years old.

The negligence of this leaves us exposed; it ought to be, the neglect of this; negligence implies habit; neglect expressions of an act.

No man had ever less friends; should be, fewer; less refers to quantity.

Be that as it will; should be, as it may

The above discourse; should be, the preceding discourse.

The then ministry; should be, the ministry of that time.

All over the country; should be, over all the country.

Provisions were plenty; say plentiful.

I propose to visit them; should be, I purpose to visit them.

—Why is the union like a crab apple? Because to be worth anything it must be preserved.

—A friend can be often found and lost but an old friend can never be found.