

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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Select Poetry.

The Absent.

'Tis midnight deep. I came but now
From the bright air of lighted halls;
And while I hold my aching brow,
I gaze upon my dim lit walls;
And feeling here that I am free
To wear the look that suits my mood
And let my thoughts flow back to thee,
I bless my humble solitude;
And holding all thoughts else begone,
I muse upon thy love alone.

Yet was the music sweet to night,
And fragrant spices filled the air;
And flowers were drooping in the light,
And lovely women wandered there,
And fruits and wares with lavish waste
Were on the marble tables piled;
And all that tempt the eye and taste,
And sets the laggard pulses wild,
And wins to care and dreads of sadness,
Were there—but yet I felt no gladness!

I thought of thee—I thought of thee!
Each coming change the music played,
Each fragrant breath that stole to me,
My wondering to a more triumphant maid;
The lovely women passed me by,
The wit full powers on my ear;
I looked on all with vacant eye,
I did not see—I did not hear.

The skilled musician's master tone
Was sweet—thy voice was sweeter far;
They were not eyes the lamp shone on—
The eyes I worshiped were thine;
The soft low hum of the guitar fall,
With silver harp and cello wine,
I only thought how poor was all
To one low tone from lips like thine:
I only felt how low will forget
Were earth's best joys where thou wert not!

BEECHNUT FARM;

OR THE DEEP DARK SHADOW.

BY EMMA FROBESON.

CHAPTER V—CONTINUED.

"Your Honor may not know that I am an orphan. My former home was in a town nearly fifty miles from here, and I came to Holly to reside with my guardian, whose name is Noyes Willard. On the day in which Mr. Holmes here has testified that he heard Frederic Southwick threaten to take Mr. Willard's sign, I was witness of a conversation between my guardian and the young man who is today accused of theft."

Noyes Willard leaned forward and fixed a fierce malignant gaze on the young girl, but she bore it unflinchingly, and proceeded.

"I there heard Mr. Willard declare that he would—"

At this moment the man exclaimed, hastily—

"Object to this testimony."

"Do not let this man interrupt me, sir," said Hattie Grey to the magistrate.

"Order! order!" roared through the room in a stern voice; and, baffled and maddened, Noyes Willard sank back into his seat and shaded his face with his hand.

"Let me repeat," continued Hattie, "that I heard Mr. Willard declare that he would devote life, energy and wealth, to the destruction of the family to which Frederic Southwick belongs; that he would stain his name with crime, beggar his father and ruin his sister. The same night I heard him instructing Mr. Holmes regarding the part he was to play to-day, or in his own words, telling him how to swear. The same night I saw Gerald Holmes take a ladder from my guardian's woodshed and walk away with it in the direction of the hotel at one o'clock. When he came back, I watched him, and he carried something up into the garret, stowing it away in an old pile of rubbish. I followed him down stairs and saw him go into his own room, checking, 'All right.' In the morning I went up into the garret and found the sign, with H. J. Chapelle's name printed on it in black letters. The ground was green, and the board was wrenched in getting it from the frame, so that it was split half way across. The silver colored stars around the edge were badly marked, as though a man had scratched them, and it looked as if it had been torn off from the post in a hurry. I could swear that it was the identical sign I had seen hanging before the hotel; but if your Honor wishes

corroboration on this point you have but to call Molly Briggs, and she will tell you the same, for I called her into the garret and she saw it. I have but one more thing to tell you, and that is that this man—the face of the young girl assumed a look of contempt as she pointed towards Baily, Frederic's counsel—"this man was bribed by Mr. Willard, this morning before the suit commenced, to remain quiet and let his opponent win the case. Two gold eagles bought him to sit like a bashful boy and see his client proved guilty of a crime that is a plot from beginning to end."

A sharp stinging hiss ran around the room as Hattie paused, and a voice from the spectators cried, "Detestable!"

Again the cry of "order," brought silence to the room, and the magistrate requested the young girl to go on. But the excitement that had sustained her and given color to her pale cheek, died away, leaving her mute and colorless as a piece of wrought marble, and not until he repeated his words did she reply. Then she drew her embroidered veil down over her face, and bowing, said, in a low voice.

"I wish to say nothing more unless I am to be cross questioned."

"You can take your seat young lady," said the judge, kindly; "you have done remarkably well for such a mere child, and I wish to call upon Molly Briggs, so that she can add strength to what you have said."

Hattie Grey turned and glided noiselessly to her seat, casting a glance at William Southwick, who sat gazing at her with an expression of admiration on his noble features, and blushing deeply as he smiled gratefully towards her.

The servant girl was called to the stand, and when she had completed her statement, after the usual formulas, the case was decided in favor of Frederic.

When the crowd was leaving the room, William Southwick pressed through 'till he arrived at the side of Hattie Grey.

"You have done that which merits my warmest thanks, as well as those of my brother, Miss Hattie," said he in a low tone.

"But have you not risked your own happiness in offending your guardian?"

She raised her long lashes from her pale cheeks as she gazed at the face bent down to hers.

"I have done right and am not afraid to meet whatever follows," she replied in a whisper.

The crowd jostled and pushed them together, in their eagerness to catch a second glimpse of the pale-faced girl who had so boldly dared to oppose her guardian; and feeling that all eyes were upon him, William pressed Hattie's hand, and said hurriedly.

"Good-bye, for the present, Hattie, I shall have to see you soon."

She nodded with a smile and they separated.

Grinding his teeth with bitter rage, Noyes Willard prepared to accompany his ward home. Had he dreamed that she was intending to denounce him and his accomplices, he would not have allowed her to come with him; and cursing himself and every one else for the unexpected turn things had taken, he assisted Hattie to enter the carriage, and for some time did not speak. When at last, the spires of Stafford were left behind them and they were rapidly drawing near Holly, he spoke in a choking and constrained tone.

"Harriette Grey! do you know what you have done? You have placed a gulf between yourself and the best friend you have on earth, and ruined your future enjoyment. I shall not let this act go unpunished; and in after years, when your dearest wishes are thwarted, you shall be made to think of this. Were you a man that had thus balked me, I should revenge myself with your blood. But you are a weak girl, and in my power—that is all I have to say."

"It is enough," replied Hattie, in a firm steady voice. "I recognize your power to thwart my wishes, but I doubt if you will for I have one friend who is strong enough to protect me from all evil."

"And that one?"

"Is God," she said reverently.

A scathing imprecation burst from the angry man, and grasping his whip, he urged the horses on by plying it over their backs with all his strength. The road was icy in some parts and extremely rough in others, and the animals grew restive under this harsh treatment. As they passed a hill where the road ran around its foot in a sudden curve, a part of the harness gave way; with a sudden leap the maddened horses, snapped the reins in two pieces, thus depriving Mr. Willard of all control over them. Dashing on over the road with dangerous speed, they went, and at the end of half a mile the frightened horses had cleared themselves from the buggy, after throwing both its occupants on the ground. Mr. Willard was injured but little; but when

he approached his ward he was frightened at her appearance. She was lying upon her side, motionless, and without life; and when he lifted her from the ground the slight form fell powerless across his arm. Hurrying to the nearest house, he carried her in, and restoratives were applied, while a messenger was sent to Holly for Dr. Lawson.

For a time all efforts failed to revive the insensate girl, and examining her head Mr. Willard found a dark spot on the left temple, caused, no doubt by the violence of the fall. With resolute energy he made the necessary preparations, and without awaiting the arrival of the doctor, proceeded to open a vein in her arm, feeling conscious that it would restore her to consciousness. And he was right in his conjecture, for in a few moments Hattie opened her eyes, and looked around her. An expression of surprise escaped her as she found her self in a strange place, and she involuntarily sought to raise her hand to her head. As she did so, a shriek of pain escaped from her white lips. One arm was slightly bandaged, and the other, with all her strength she could not move. For the first time her guardian inspected it, and in spite of his angry feelings towards Hattie, he exclaimed passionately.

"Poor child, you are badly hurt."

The arm was broken and the shoulder dislocated.

The brave hearted girl grew deathly pale, when this was told her, and burst into a passion of tears, from which nothing could arouse her until Dr. Lawson arrived. At the sight of his friendly face the orphan wept more violently, but when he sat down by the bedside and spoke to her in a tone to inspire her courage, she grew calm and quiet.

The operation of setting the broken arm and forcing the dislocated shoulder back into its place was necessary a most painful one, but Hattie bore it with the strength and resignation of a martyr, never flinching or struggling in the arms of those who held her, though she set her white teeth into her thin lips till they were crimson with blood, and when, at last, the arm was splinted and bandaged, she was so completely exhausted that she sank back upon her pillow, almost fainting with pain. Dr. Lawson administered a cordial and in a short time the young girl fell into an unquiet slumber. As it was impossible for Hattie to be removed at present, Mrs. Willard was sent for to watch by her, and the kind farmer, in whose house she had found a refuge, declared his willingness that she should remain there until she had fully recovered.

But alas! poor Hattie's heart wandered away to the time when a mother's love and care were hers, and she half longed to die that she might be with her parents once more. In her troubled dreams she again heard Noyes Willard say, "but you are in my power," and she sighed as she thought of the future.

RALPH GRAHAM lingered at Beechnut Farm until March winds were swaying the brown trees, and then began to speak of returning to his Southern home. But it was evident to all that he did not wish to go, and his friends fathomed his reason much quicker than his own mind could.

Cameron Southwick, with her sweet spiritual beauty had become, almost unconsciously, an object of deep interest to him; and, with a frank sincerity, he awaited an opportunity to tell her this and ask for a return of affection. Cameron, who had grown paler and more serious of late, seemed to strive to avoid him; and it was not until his patience was sorely taxed that he at last found her alone in the sitting room, one pleasant afternoon. He seated himself upon the sofa at her side and, a few commonplace remarks, ventured to introduce the subject nearest his heart.—

Plending with all the ardor and eloquence a fervent passion can inspire in young hearts, he could but hope for a favorable reply; but, in the midst of his appeal, a glance at Cameron's white face and trembling hands silenced him, and he cast a look of anxious inquiry towards her.

"Mr. Graham"—she tried to speak calmly, but there was a visible agitation in her voice—"I had not foreseen this until lately, or I should have prevented it. As God is my witness I have been innocent of an endeavor to encourage an attachment that must result in misery for us both—for it is utterly hopeless."

"Not utterly hopeless, do not say that," exclaimed Ralph, earnestly, "there can be no utter hopelessness to such love as mine."

"You do not know what you say, Mr. Graham," replied Cameron, sadly. "Between us there lies an impassable barrier, and our paths of life are traced in different ways. I can never marry you."

"Never!" repeated Ralph with sorrowful emphasis. "Oh, Cameron, I did not dream of this. I fancied that you entertained feelings towards me even stronger than friendship. Have I been deceived?"

He had risen and was standing before her with her both hands clasped in his, and his dark eyes reading her downcast face.

"I cannot answer you this question," she said, in a slow and calm tone. "Duty forbids it, Mr. Graham, and I can only say that I wish you well. Go from here and forget Cameron Southwick, except as a friend, for she can be nothing more to you."

He spoke coldly, Cameron, and yet you love me—I am sure you do. Only tell me this, and if I must be exiled from your presence it will be some small comfort to me in the lonely and bitter hours of my coming existence. Tell me that if Fate had not stepped between us you would have been mine in name, as I believe you are now in spirit."

Cameron raised her large blue eyes; mournfully resting them upon his face, she said falteringly.

"Mr. Graham—Ralph my dear friend, if it will lighten the weight of your sorrow to know that this parting is to me the most painful scene in my life, I will tell you that it is for I had wearily allowed myself to cherish for you a regard that should never have found a place in my heart, since it must be rudely torn from thence and cast aside amid the relics of the past."

"And what is it that must separate us?" demanded Graham, impetuously.

Cameron laid her hand upon his shoulder and rising, stood beside him as he sat upon the sofa. Her face was white as death, save two spots burning on her cheeks, and her lips were tightly compressed over her teeth, while from her eyes a strange lustre glittered as she bent toward to his ear. It was but a single sentence that she whispered, yet, as Ralph heard it, a groan burst from his full heart, and he dropped his head upon his hands for support.

"Heaven pity us both!" he murmured, "but you most of all my poor Cameron."

The sight of his grief, touched Cameron's heart, and tears sprung to her eyes as she said.

"Ah, Ralph, submission to the decrees of Providence is a hard lesson, but I learned it faithfully; and, until you came to Beechnut Farm, I could school my heart and cultivate cheerfulness. I shall again assume control over it when you are gone, and not but the memory of your sorrow will make me wretched. But I have a long story to tell you, that will explain the past, and the nature of the cloud that hangs over us."

She sat down by his side, and as the lengthening shadows announced the falling away of that sunny March afternoon, Ralph Graham listened to a tale that crushed all the bright blossoms of hope that had sprung up to brighten his soul's life and withered them like the frosts of winter.

Hours later when the stars were solemnly shining, and the pale moon arose like a sickly phantom in the sky, while the wind moaned in anguish as it swept by the room, Cameron Southwick bade adieu to the idol of her first love.

"You will never forget me, Cameron?"

"Never, Ralph Graham; my feelings will remain unchanged through time and eternity."

"God bless you, my noble hearted friend. Good-bye," and pressing the little hand that nestled in his own, to his lips, Ralph Graham gave one more look at the lovely face before him, a second time whispered, "God bless you," and then turned away.

He has gone; the last echo of his footsteps as he ascended the stair, died away, and Cameron was left alone with the bitterness of her grief. She sat by the window until the stars faded in the heaven and the morning approached; scarcely conscious of the lapse of time, and yet, as she measured them by the extent of her sufferings, each hour seemed an age.

At last she sought her chamber, but she could not sleep. At four Ralph Graham was to leave the Beechnut Farm for the rail road station, and he passed through the front yard, Cameron strained her eyes that she might penetrate the darkness that surrounded him, and obtain one last glimpse of his form. But she could not, and, leaning against the casement panes, she found relief in a flood of tears.

To join the family at breakfast and maintain her usual composure was no easy task for Cameron; yet she succeeded in accomplishing it so well that, for the pallid blue of her countenance, and the hollowness of her eyes, no one would have fancied that she was suffering in any way.

Immediately after breakfast she sought her own room, and, feeling to weak and feverish to sit up, arranged herself in a reclining position on her couch where she fell asleep.—She was aroused by Frederic's voice calling for admittance at the door, and in a moment he was seated by her bedside.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JENNIE WOOD.

THE CHILD HEORINE OF KENTUCKY.

BY CHARLEY LAWTON LOVELL.

One of the first settlers of Kentucky was Daniel Wood. Leaving a comfortable home in one of the Eastern States, he with his family, consisting of his wife and a little daughter about eight years of age, sought a home on the far western borders of Kentucky. Here he soon built himself a log cabin; and, assisted by a lame but faithful negro servant, who had accompanied him from the East, he soon had quite a patch of ground cleared, and began anew the life of a farmer combined with that of a hunter.

Prosperity smiled upon his efforts, and six months passed without anything occurring to mar the even tenor of his way.

It was a bright beautiful morning in June, Old Sol had just turned out from his couch and peeping over the hills, was bathing the horizon with his smiles; when armed with his trusty rifle, and a pack of skins strapped on his back, Daniel Wood issued from his cabin door. He was bound on a visit to a neighboring station, some fifteen miles distant, to sell his skins and purchase a new supply of ammunition and other little necessities and luxuries that were needed at the cabin. Pausing upon the threshold of his home, he took along and anxious look around.

"Keep a good look out, Molly," he said, turning to his wife, who was just behind him, and who had come to the door to bid her husband "God speed" on his journey. "Keep a good look out; although the red skins have not shown themselves yet, that's no knowing when to expect the varmints; and they might pop out on you afore yer knowed anything about it!"

"Never fear, Daniel," returned his wife, "there is no danger. The Indians have never been seen round here; besides we have done nothing to anger them, and I don't think they will interfere with us. But look to yourself, Daniel, the trail through the forest is a long one, and you know not what danger may surround you!"

"Never fear for me, Molly," answered the frontiersman; "while I have faithful Sallie here," and he lovingly patted the stock of his rifle—"it will be dangerous work for any redskin to come within shootin' distance of me; so never fear, but keep up a good heart—I shall be back before dark!"

And he pressed a kiss upon the lips of the burrow dame.

Just at this moment the burly form of lame Jake, the negro, made his appearance around the corner of the cabin, returning to his breakfast from his early labors in the field. For a moment he gazed upon the pleasant scene, his eyes glistening with delight and mirth, then he broke out:

"I golly, massa! Arn't you gwine to kiss old nig, too. 'Fore you goes? Yah, yah, guess you'd better! 'grets you'd better!"

And old Jake shook with suppressed mirth at his humorous conceit.

"Go 'long, you black varmint!" answered his master laughing. "Git your grub and then stay around the house till I come back; and take good care of your mistress and my little darling here."

And he patted the golden tresses of his daughter.

"Needn't tell me dat massa! needn't tell me dat. Old Jake look out for dem as long as he's got a bref of life in his ugly ole carcass, dat he will. Lor' bress you, massa, if one of dem ar led debbil cum 'round anywhar near old Jake, dey git fits, now, I tell you. If dis ole nig git one of dese yer claws on him, fogun gone, shure!" And Jake held up one of his mammoth hands.

"Good bye, massa; nebb'er fear Ingin, long as ole Jake's round?"

And with these words, old Jake disappeared into the house, whilst the pioneer also turned to depart, waving a last adieu as his manly form disappeared in the depth of the forest.

The sun had reached the meridian; Jake true to his master's orders, had remained in the cottage, and now helping to prepare the noon daily meal, Jennie, the golden haired daughter of the pioneer, was setting the dishes upon the table, while the matron herself, went forth to the little spring, some hundred yards distant from the cottage, to bring the pure cold water that was to be their beverage. Slowly she approaches the spring, her eyes anxiously cast around to spy any suspicious motion of a leaf or bending of a twig, for once or twice during the morning hours, she thought, or imagined, that she saw a suspicious movement of the undergrowth in the forest. She has reached the spring at last. Suddenly she stops. What is that in yonder clump of bushes? It flutters in the air like the gaudy plume of some forest bird, it is a bird's plume, but it rests upon the head of some painted savage. You would hardly have noticed it, but the eyes of the matron

are sharp—for not only her own life, but that of her darling child depended on her. Now for presence of mind. She must not let them know she has discovered them, and perhaps she may yet regain the house.

Calmly she fills her pale with water and and turns to retrace her steps. Already has she passed over one quarter of the ground between the spring and the house. "Will she reach there safely?" her heart throbs audibly. When—oh horror!—a savage and appalling yell strikes upon her ear; too well she knows its import; the savages have started in pursuit! She must reach the house before they do, or all is lost. She drops her bucket and starts on the race for life. Terror adds wings to her flight and she will distance her enemies. No; one burly savage gained her side; but he harms her not, but swiftly continues on towards the house. What means he by that manœuvre? Alas! her heart tells her too well—the house once in the possession of the Indians, all are at the mercy of the savage foe.

Loudly she orders Jake to close the door; but the negro stands with the handle of the open door in his hand, fierce determination depicted on his swarthy visage. The matron and the Indian gain the house together, and both cross the threshold at the same moment. But as Mrs. Wood passed her servant the faithful fellow calls to her:

"Bar de door, missus!" and with one spring he was upon the savage.

Jennie slams to the heavy oaken door as the rest of the Indians dash up to it. One of them more speedily than the rest gets his red visage caught between the door and the post, and thus prevents Mrs. Wood from getting the door securely closed; but the matron has, quick as thought, slipped the bar into its loop in one side of the door, and using it as a lever, presses the oaken barricade tightly against the body of the savage, and holds him there a prisoner, whilst his body protects the door from the assaults of his companions outside.

But how goes on the fight inside?

We left old Jake grappling with the Indian. For once the negro had found his match, and each clasped in the embrace of the other, had fallen to the floor. Now they rolled over and over from one side of the room to the other, and at last it seemed the Indian would be the victor. He had succeeded in getting the negro beneath him, and had drawn his knife to finish his enemy, when, with one great effort of strength, Jake, as the knife of the Indian was about to seek his heart, partially relieved himself, and seizing the savage by both arms, held him motionless—the knife suspended in the air.

"Ole nig got you now, you red cuss!" puffed Jake. "No use yer tryin' yer can't git away! Ole Jake ain't mub on his pins, dat's de truf; but jus' luf him git dese yer arms onto anyting and dey hol' tighter nor def to a ded nig—shure!"

And Jake spoke the truth; for though lame and feeble in his legs, his arms were strong enough to lift a ton. But Jake was in a bad fix; for, although he held the Indian immovable, he was himself a prisoner, and for some time he cogitated what to do. Mrs. Wood could not help him, for she had as much as she could do to keep the door closed against the Indians outside. If he had only seized the savage by the wrists he might have broken them, and so make him powerless; but unluckily he had caught hold of him about the middle of the fore arm, and with the savage writhing above him, it was impossible for him now to shift his hold with safety. What could he do? A happy thought strikes him. There is a sharp axe under the bed, could he but get that. But then, how could he use it? That was the question, and he took a tighter hold upon the Indian, that made him, stoic though he was, writhe with pain.

"I golly! you'll twist worse nor that, you debbil!" muttered Jake, as another idea worked its way through his wool. Then calling to Jennie:

"Come here, Miss Jennie. Dosen't git scart, child, he can't git away."

"I'm not afraid of him Jake answered the courageous child, as she stepped forward, her eyes flashing hate and anger on the savage foe. "What can I do to help you, Jake? Oh, I wish I could kill him!"

And she shook her little fist at the Indian.

"Ugh! Me kill, scalp you, bymeby, maybe" growled the savage, as he made another desperate attempt to free himself.

"Maybe you won't neither," answered the brave girl. "But what shall I do, Jake?—what shall I do?"

"I tell you Miss Jennie," answered Jake, hope beaming on his dusky countenance.—"Dar's an axe under the bed—mighty sharp one, too. Yah! yah! ole nig sharpen him up yesterday. Didn't know what for do—guess Indian find out posity soon. Well,