

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.

THE SUNDAY IN THE CHURCH

It sweetly stole through tinted pane
With mild and mellow light,
And stayed within the sacred fane,
As though it loved the sight.

It played on childhood's cloudless brow,
In warm and rosy rays,
And gave the mother's pallid cheek
The bloom of other days.

It touched the old man's silver head
With snail's softest hue,
And followed o'er the hallow'd foot
A peaceful rainbow threu.

It lit the sculptor's classic group,
On monumental stone,
And lingered long with faith and hope,
And round the mourner shone.

It o'er the blessed altar hung
And crown'd the priest with gold;
A royal robe the surplice seem'd,
And fell in purple fold.

More bright than Aaron's breastplate glow'd
The holy book of God,
And gems bestrew'd the very floor
Whereupon the people trod.

Even thus the spirits living light
With all our lives surround,
And we that heavenly gifts may seek
Within the Church's bound.

Then come by foot and altar come,
With faith and works of love,
And darkest days shall brightly beam
With radiance from above.

BEECHNUT FARM; OR THE DEEP DARK SHADOW.

By ERMA EGGLESON.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The strange expression of his face alarm'd Cameron, and in answer to her inquiry of what caused it, Frederic dropped his face into his hand and groaned.

"It is all over with me, Cameron, the worst has come and I am ruined."

"What do you mean Frederic? Oh, tell me, is there some new evil about to happen?" exclaimed Cameron, apprehensively.

"The village hotel is burnt to ashes, and in three hours officers of justice will be here to arrest me for setting it on fire."

"There are no witnesses that can prove it," said Cameron speaking against her own convictions.

Frederic sighed.
"If it is tried the suit will certainly go against me," said he, slowly.

"And what will be the consequence?"
"A term of confinement in the States prison."

"It cannot, it shall not be!" cried Cameron, springing from the bed with a sudden energy. "I will go to Noyes Willard myself, and urge him to stop this inhuman persecution."

"No, Cameron, you must do no such thing," rejoined Frederic gloomily. "It would not be of the slightest use, and worlds would not tempt me to have you personally exposed to the enmity of that man's insulting tongue. There is a way to avoid this disgrace, and, before I will be taken by officers again, I will do it."

"What is it?" asked Cameron.

"I will destroy myself. They shall never take me alive."

"Oh, Fred, my darling brother, has it come to this, that you speak so firmly of self murder? Have you forgotten your love for our father and mother, for William, and poor little Carrie, whom such a shock will certainly destroy? Have you forgotten your affection for me, your confidant and companion for youth? Is there no confidence in God left in your soul? Do not think of that, my brother. Put the possibility of such a thing as far from your mind as Heaven is from earth, and find some other means of deliverance from the power of this man."

Cameron spoke vehemently, and with an earnestness that touched her brother's heart. She paused for a reply, but he did not speak, and she resumed.

"Will money bribe Mr. Willard to settle this affair?"
Frederic shook his head.

"Then only one course is open for you to pursue; you must leave Holly under cover of darkness, and go to some place where he cannot follow you," said she resolutely.

"I have thought of that but cannot do it. I have not money enough to support me till I could get into some kind of business."

"How much will you need?"
"I think I could get along with fifty dollars," said Frederic, thoughtfully "and I have ten towards this amount."

"Forty dollars," mused Cameron. "Father's funds are rather low at the present time, and he has a considerable amount to pay for the stock that he bought last fall; so we must not expect it from him. But I can get it for you, Fred, I can, and I will if you can secrete yourself somewhere till night."

A gleam of hope illuminated Frederic's face as he met the encouraging glance of his sister.

"Heaven bless you, Cameron," he ejaculated, "and if I am ever ungrateful of your devoted, self-sacrificing love, may all the emotions die out of my soul, and my heart become petrified within me."

"We have no time for words, Fred," said Cameron, as she imprinted a kiss on her brother's forehead; "but must act immediately. If you know of any place where you will be secure from discovery to-day, seek it at once, and leave the rest to me. I will procure clothing and money for you, and meet you to-night in the maple hollow."

"And who will tell my parents and William?"
"I will, if you have not time; but haste! oh, haste!" cried Cameron, with excitement, "or all my efforts will be too late. I will bring William with me to-night, and perhaps you can come and bid father and mother good bye. We will tell you if you can do so with safety."

Frederic arose and fastened his coat.

"There," said Cameron, bringing a cloak and hood from an adjoining closet, "these may be of some service to you as a disguise. They belong to Sabrina, and the cloak is very long, so that it will almost conceal your whole body. Where will you go?"

"To the coffin cave," answered Frederic as he took the articles and put them on. "I can take the route across the six acre lot and escape notice; for if any one should see me, they would think it was Sabrina going home. You know her mother lives in that direction, and she often goes that way when she spends her Sundays at home."

He laid his hand on the door knob, but Cameron arrested his departure by pronouncing his name.

"One moment," said she with tearful eyes, "tell me, is there any hope for your acquittal if you should be brought to trial?"

"None whatever. Dr. Lawson says the case is hopeless. I was found in the woodshed, whither I had been attracted by the blaze of fire, and several of Willard's friends say that they stand ready to swear they saw me apply a lighted torch to the dry wood. Thus you see that, although I am innocent, the law will pronounce me guilty, and punish me accordingly."

"Then go without delay, and may God help us to evade this calamity as best we can. They cannot find you to day, for, save you and William, no one but me knows of the existence of the coffin cave; and to-morrow must find you beyond their reach."

Without a word, Frederic traversed the hall that led from Cameron's room to the staircase, and descended the back stairs, passed through an ante room that led to a side door in the left wing of the house. He met no one, and hurrying across a field that lay back of the old mansion, he was soon lost to view amid a cluster of beech trees, that stood upon the summit of a steep slope, a quarter of a mile distant.

Cameron followed him to the door, and, after watching till he was out of sight, went to the dining room in search of her father and mother. To her surprise she found that they had taken Carrie, who was much better, and gone away to visit her uncle, Mrs. Southwick's only brother, who lived five miles from Beechnut Farm. This Sabrina told her, and when she inquired for William, she learned that he had gone up the mountains, in company with his dog and gun, to hunt for game.

"Your mother went to your room to tell you she was going away, but she found you asleep, and she told me not to disturb you, as you had a bad head ache. Do you feel better now?" said Sabrina, as she proceeded to take a baking of mince pies from the old fashioned brick oven."

"Yes, I do not suffer any pain now," replied Cameron, and, as she left the kitchen she thought, she would have to work alone, as William was not there, for all the support poor Fred could lean upon in his difficulties.

Decision and promptness were two prominent traits in the character of Cameron Southwick, and she at once called them into action. A few months previous her wealthy uncle had presented her a superb silk dress pattern, and it lay uncut in one of the drawers of her mahogany dressing case.

Cameron remembered that the only daughter of the principle merchant in Holly had expressed great admiration for this piece of silk, and wished to get one like it; so she determined to dispose of it and thus procure the necessary means to defray her brother's travelling expenses. At any other time this might have been deemed no small sacrifice, as it was, she regarded it without regret, feeling thankful that she could aid Frederic in any way. Folding the dress in a neat package, she arrayed herself in a warm riding habit, and stepping into the kitchen again, informed Sabrina that she was going to the village, and would not be back within two hours. Then she went to the stable, and, saddling the only remaining horse there, she led him to the horse block, mounted, and rode hurriedly away.

CHAPTER VII

It was near the middle of the afternoon when Cameron returned to Beechnut Farm; and here she found Sabrina in a state of intense excitement. The officers of justice had been there, and after a fruitless search for Frederic, had gone away to look elsewhere, leaving the faithful domestic highly indignant at their audacity in declaring Frederic guilty of a crime that she averred he never committed.

"They are coming back this evening, Miss Cameron, and one of them says he will stay all night, so that he can see when the young man comes home," said she.

"Which way did they go, when they left?" asked Cameron.

"Towards neighbor Coles," answered Sabrina.

"Thank God they will not find him there," thought Cameron, as she sank back upon the sofa and loosened the strings of her felt riding hat. A quick, short rap on the front door reached her ear, and before she had time to answer it, Hattie Grey, with her face flushed and her eyes blazing like fire, her dress in wild disorder, and her arm in a sling stood in the center of the room, panting for breath.

Cameron arose from her seat and advanced towards her with a look of inquiry.

"Tell me lady, am I at Beechnut Farm?" questioned the young girl, hurriedly.

"You are," replied her companion.

"And you are Miss Southwick?"
Cameron bowed assent.

The girl took one step forward, and said, with eagerness—

"Lady, I come to you for shelter and protection. I am the ward of Noyes Willard, and his cruelty has driven me from home. For two weeks Miss Southwick, I have been kept under lock and key in a dismal attic, because I threatened to expose the villainous projects of this man; and during that time my only food has been rye bread, while I have been obliged to drink sour milk as a substitute for water. Look," and showing up the sleeve of her maimed arm, displayed a place below the elbow where the delicate flesh had been lacerated. "For along time I could not sleep in such a place, but, last night, I was so overcome with fatigue that I slept until the rats had gnawed this wound in the arm, when the pain awoke me. To-day I made my escape, and they tracked me to the woods, but I got clear of them there, and came here for safety. Will you afford it to me? Tell me, Miss Southwick, or must I go on? For I never will return home to Noyes Willard."

The large mournful eyes of the young orphan looked pleadingly into Cameron's face, as she awaited her reply, and the color died out leaving it very pale.

"I will be a sister and a friend to you, Miss Grey," said Cameron gently; "and if it is possible, will secrete you from your unnatural guardian. But we must waste no time, for you are exposed to the possibility of discovery any minute. Come with me," and she led the way to her room, followed by Hattie, who paused to look out of the hall window, and see if any one was approaching.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed when William Southwick arrived at home, warm with fatigue and perplexed by doubts and anxieties concerning Frederic. A neighbor had imparted to him the news of his brother's escape from the officers, and the nature of the accusation brought against him, but further than this he knew nothing of the events of the day.

"I will be a sad blow to our parents," said the young man, when he had listened to a recital of Frederic's escape.

Cameron gazed earnestly at his troubled brow,

"Do you think it wrong for Fred to go away in this manner," she asked.

"No. His circumstances place him in a position which gives him only a choice between two unpleasant courses: To stay and meet his fate, which will be a very disgraceful one, or to leave his friends and home under the mask of secrecy, and with the stigma of suspicion attached to his name. Poor Fred! The social scales are not balanced in his favor."

A low, painful cry smote painfully on Cameron's ear, and she turned quickly towards the window.

Her father was coming up the walk, with Carrie in his arms, and before the gate stood the horses and carriage, from which Mrs. Southwick was alighting. Farther back sat Noyes Willard, on a splendid grey horse, that was impatiently striking his iron bound hoof upon the gravel, and champing his bit, uttering a low neigh as it strove to free itself from the rein.

In an instant William and Cameron comprehended all. The child had been frightened into convulsions at the appearance of this man, for whom she entertained feelings of the strongest terror; and as her little form was laid upon a couch, the sight of her pale sweet face brought a torrent of tears from Cameron's eyes. The scene that followed was but a copy of the many that had preceded it, and the midnight hour had struck before Cameron found a moment of release from the care of the child. Then leaving Hattie Grey to watch over her, the brave girl made a few necessary preparations, and eluding the vigilance of the officer who was sitting in the dining room, she proceeded down the back staircase, out at the side door and across the field to a clump of trees, when the moonlight cast a flickering shadow between each branch. William was awaiting her here, and the two went on in silence.

Far up the mountain back of Beechnut Farm, lay a ridge between a ledge of rocks and a group of maple trees. Descending this ridge, the brother and sister found themselves in a deep hollow, harbored on one side by tall rocks over which hung matted screenings of evergreens, and the other by a hill they had just left, while farther back huge maples rose against the sky, shutting out a view of everything except the moon and stars.

"Here," said Cameron pausing, "there is no chance of discovery. Listen! is not that Fred's signal?" and she grasped her brother's arm as they bent forward to catch a repetition of the sound. It was a trill of a nightingale, and as William heard it he replied with the note of a whip-poor-will.

A branch of evergreens parted from above what seemed to be an impenetrable rock, and a head was cautiously thrust out, while Frederic scrutinized the two figures standing down in the ravine. Satisfied that they were William and Cameron, he slowly emerged from his hiding place and swung himself down by the aid of the ivy vines, walking rapidly till he reached their sides.

"Heaven be praised! you have come at last," he said in a low voice. "I had almost given up in despair."

Hastily explaining the cause of their detention, Cameron placed a purse of money in her brother's hand, and, without trusting herself to speak a good bye, pressed a kiss upon his brow, and turned away in silence while William lingered a few moments to give Frederic a few parting admonitions.

"You must go to Winchester, Fred, and get aboard the train there, for there is less danger of your being tracked to that station. And remember, we shall expect a letter from you right off. Good bye, my boy."

"Good bye, Will," said Frederic, wringing his hand. "Watch over Cameron, and see that no evil befalls her, and carry my love and adieu to father and mother. Good bye."

Drawing his coat collar up, Frederic Southwick dashed aside a tear as he walked away, leaving his brother still remaining in the ravine.

Once again in her little chamber, and Cameron experienced a reaction of feeling. While there was something for her to perform she worked cheerfully without dwelling upon the sorrows that encompassed her; but, now that Frederic had gone, she looked forward with despondency to the future, and, in the midst of her fitful slumber Carrie tumbled upon her pillow and murmured—

"The sunshine! oh, will it never come again? Take me away, or I shall die under the shadow—the deep, deep shadow."

CHAPTER VIII

The week following Frederic's departure was an anxious one to his friends, and a time of great excitement in Holly. The surrounding neighborhood and country was strictly scoured by Willard's friends, no traces were found of the accused, and the rage of his enemy knew no bounds.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FANNY FERN ON SOUS-IN-LAW.

Fanny Fern (Mrs. Parton) having lost her eldest daughter in marriage, makes the following reflections, by her rather significant. When she penned them "Doesticks" (Mr. Thompson) had probably just declared his intentions:

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters, surprises me. That is done every day does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, eighteen or twenty years of your life, combing her hair and washing her face for her! It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that it is to be the end of all. What if you were married yourself? that is no reason why she should be wrenched away into a separate establishment, just as you begin to lean upon, and feel proud of her; or at least it stands to reason that she should be wretched her through the measles, the chicken pox, scarlet fever and the whooping cough, and had her properly baptised and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short lease-time before she goes. He seems to be of a different opinion, he not only insists on taking her, but on taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objection to him, not the least in the world, except when the world is full of girls, why couldn't he fix his eye on the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to get rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as berries; why need it be this particular pair? Don't she have meat, and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of a certainty, for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one? You put all these questions to her and she has the audacity to ask if that is the way you reasoned when father came for you. You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of the question. But she gets around you for all that; and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with—"Well if I must, I must," you just order her wedding clothes, muttering to yourself the while, dear, dear, what sort of a fist will that child make at the head of a horse? How will she know what to do in this, that or any other emergency?—she who is calling on mother fifty times a day to settle every trifling question! What folly for her to set up a house for herself. How many mothers have had those foreboding thoughts over daughter! And yet that daughter has met life and its unexpected reverses, with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish fear had not been kissed away by lips that alas! may be dust, when the baptism and womanhood come upon her.

A Teaching Incident.

What parent on reading the annexed extract, can fail to reflect on the lesson it suggests? How important that when the parent has departed, the example may, be such as the child may be thankful for. To watch for and train the budding thoughts of any child, is one of the noblest offices that father or mother can fill. Truly hath it been said that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, strength has been ordained." What could greater strength to that widowed heart, than such a scene with her little daughter.

She knelt at the accustomed hour to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for care during the coming night; then as usual came the earnest God-bless dear Mother—but the prayer was stilled, the little hand unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeful sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child. "I said little prayer for father any more!" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after the mother's name, for he had said it at must come first, and now to say the familiar prayer and leave her father out! No wonder the thought seemed too much for the childish mind to receive.

I waited for some moments that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and with a voice that faltered almost too much for utterance, she said—

"Oh mother, I cannot leave him all out, let me pray, thank God, I had a dear father once!" so I can still go on and keep him in my prayers."

And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child. Remember to thank God for the mercies past, as well as the blessings for the future.

HOW VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA VOTE WHEN IN THE FIELD.—The following is the act of the Legislature authorizing the Militia and Volunteers of the State to vote at general elections when called out of the State in the service of their country:

Provisions in case any of the Militia or Volunteers shall be in actual service at the time of General Election.

Section 43. When ever any of the citizens of this Commonwealth, who are qualified as herein before provided, shall be in actual service in any detachment of militia or corps of volunteers, under a requisition from the President of the United States or by the authority of this Commonwealth, on the day of the general Election as aforesaid, such citizens may exercise the right of suffrage at such places as the commanding officer of the troop or company to which they shall respectively belong, as fully as if they were at the usual place of election. Provided, That no member of any such troop or company shall be permitted to vote at the place so appointed, if at the time of such election he shall be within ten miles of the place at which he would be entitled to vote if not in service as aforesaid.

Section 44. The proceedings for conducting such elections shall be, as far as practicable, in all respects the same as herein directed in the case of general elections, except that the captain or commanding officer of each company or troop shall act as judge, and that the first Lieutenant, or the officer in command, shall act as inspector of such election, so far as shall relate to such company or troop; and in case of the neglect or of such officers, or either of them to serve in such capacity, the officer or officers next in command in such company or troop shall act as judge or inspector, as the case may be.

Section 45. The officer authorized to perform the duties of judge shall administer the proper oath or affirmation to the officer who shall act as inspector, and as soon as such officer shall have been sworn or affirmed, he shall administer the proper oath or affirmation to the officer who shall act as judge, and such officer acting as judge, shall appoint two persons to act as clerks and shall administer to them the proper oath or affirmation.

Section 46. The several officers authorized to conduct such election, shall take the like oaths or affirmations, shall have the like powers, and they as well as other persons who may attend, vote, or offer to vote at such election, shall be subject to the like penalties and restrictions as are declared or provided in this act, in the case of an elections by the citizens at the usual place of election.

Section 47. Within three days after such election the judges thereof shall respectively transmit through the nearest post office a return thereof, together with the tickets, tally list of voters, to the Prothonotary of the county in which such elections would have voted if not in military service, and the said judge shall transmit another return of such election to the commanding officer of the regiment or battalion as the case may be, who shall make general return, under his hand and seal, of the votes of all the companies or troops under his command, and shall transmit the same, through the nearest post office to the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Section 48.—It shall be the duty of the Prothonotary of the county to whom such returns shall be made, to deliver to the return judges of the same county a copy, certified under his hand and seal, of the list of voters so transmitted to him by the judges of the election in the companies or troops aforesaid.

Section 49. The return judges of the proper county or counties in which the volunteer or militiamen aforesaid, may have resided at the time of being called into actual service aforesaid, shall meet on the second Tuesday of November next after the election. And when two or more counties are connected in the election, the meeting of the judges from each county shall be postponed in such until the Friday following the second Tuesday in November.

Section 50. The return judges so met shall be included in their enumeration, the votes returned, and thereupon shall have been given at the usual place of election.

LIME.—Did gardens are frequently unproductive through being manured year after year with the same kind of manure and growing the same crop. In such cases the vegetables are rank in growth and ill-flavored.

Potatoes and other watery roots are liable to disease, and the beans and peas unproductive, and cauliflowers and cabbages subjected to club disease. When such is the case, use no manure for a couple of years. The first spare ground you get, trench it two feet deep if the ground will allow of it, and thoroughly mix with the earth, as you turn it over, a good dressing of fresh slacked lime, the fresher the better. My plan is, when the top spit is thrown to the bottom of the trench, to throw over the hot lime and fork it in, and to repeat the dose of lime over the lower spit thrown to the surface. Employed in this way, lime acts as a complete renovator of old and over manured soils, as the produce afterwards will show. The second year I repeat the lime dressing forked it in instead of digging the ground, as by that means the lime becomes more completely mixed in the soil. I add also the surfacing of road scrapings, if the ground is heavy or inclined to be so. By these means, giving up manure for two years, I have succeeded in bringing an old garden soil, which would possibly grow nothing, into a first class soil, producing good crops and of the best quality.—Turner's Florist.

GRAPES.—Out-door grapes that are in good health, may have the points of the main shoots pinched off. We are decidedly opposed to much interference with the summer growth in hardy grapes; we are also much inclined to believe that constant manipulation is a necessity, and its absence an evidence of neglect, so that the plants are frequently killed with kindness. We have seen good crops of Catawbas from vines managed in strict accordance with the rules implied in carrying out the short spur system of pruning. We have also seen that under such management a good crop is more the result of incident than design, and will fail in four seasons out of five, with any grape now in cultivation.

If the vines are heavily cropped, much assistance may be given them by a thorough application of manure water. A healthy well drained, rather poor soil seems best suited to the vine, and in no way can stimulants be better applied than in a liquid state, while the fruit is swelling.—Farmer & Gardener.

RASPBERRIES are becoming an important crop and receiving the attention they eminently demand. It is now received as a fact that the Allen is a very superior fruit, but requires to be grown contiguous to other varieties, the flowers are deficient in pollen, and but a few set fruit, unless so placed.

Where new plantations are contemplated, the soil should be well pulverized, deeply worked, and put in a fine condition. They are a permanent crop, and should not be hurriedly or carelessly planted. The soil may receive a dressing of manure, if much in want of it, but we prefer to apply manure on the surface in the spring, which acts as a mulching during the summer, and enable the plants to perfect a heavy crop.

NO HOPE FOR PRINTERS.—When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered the young man had a hankering after her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know about giving her daughter to a printer; there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she wasn't certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for his support upon the profits of the third and this was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to be so in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now, when the census shows the number to be 15,067.—Patriotic News Letter.

THE Mormons are raising a considerable quantity of cotton the present season, and are erecting a cotton factory in Parowan, Utah Territory.

There is a man in East Bridgewater, Mass., 64 years old, who weighs 326. He has never stopped growing since he was born.