

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.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD.

Peace to the ashes of the dead
Who for their country die;
Disturb not; 'tis sacred dust.
Their names shall never die;
Erep govern the nations heart,
Firm shall they ever stand;
A patriot hand whose praise shall sound
Throughout this much-loved land.

How gently, breezes of the night,
Softly your requiem sing;
Gaze them, ye starlight watchers bright,
Your star-sparkling beauties bring.
And weave around their resting place
A halo filled with light,
An emblem of their peaceful rest,
Calm, and serenely bright.

Angels have hailed each spirit fair
As from its mangled corpse
Rescued beyond the kings of earth
Nor knew the pang, remorse;
For they had acted well their part,
Died fighting for their land,
Their native land they loved so well;
Long may she ever stand.

ARTHUR GOODALL; —OR— LOVE OPPRESSION AND EN- TERPRISE.

By R. Hamilton.

(CONCLUDED.)

Time rolled on. For five years regularly I made my accustomed visit to the village of Rosecrag. But from the moment that I had parted with Arthur, I had never received from him the least intelligence. My friend, to whom he had delivered my letter, informed me that shortly after, that he had departed as a common sailor, on board a British cutter, to the coast of Egypt, and all traces of him were, from that moment lost.

Four Jessy still remained faithful to her vows, but year after year left a deep stamp of grief upon her lovely features. The ray hue of the cheek had changed to the paleness of the lily, still brighter never forsok her, its altar burned bright in her heart—her confidence in Arthur unshaken. She fondly saw in the prospective the sun of happiness, when her lover would return, when her constancy would be repaid by his affection and prosperity, and even if it were ordained that they should never meet again, still no other form should usurp his place in her heart, nay, even if he were forgetful of his faith, she would at least remain faithful to hers. In vain did her father importune her to forget him, and sweep of other lovers. Weasel, the hard-hearted creditor, was a man of wealth, and had offered for her hand. He, the oppressor of her lover's name, would she have sheltered a head in her bosom, she would she have linked herself to a festering corpse, than have wedded that villain of humanity. Well could she discern his animosity to Arthur—his black heart had hoped by his destruction, to obtain the hand which he well knew could never be his, while Arthur remained in her presence, but his villainy had recoiled with tenfold disappointment upon him, for she treated him with the most marked contempt. Still did he not despair. The once wealthy Mr. Williams, Jessy's father, had met with losses in the world, and was now greatly reduced. To avert the disasters, as they had approached, he had become occasion for a borrower of money from Weasel, who now, as a last resource to enable him to achieve his ends, that it was necessary that the same should be made good. He well knew that all the old man possessed could not cancel his obligations, and he thought that rather than Jessy would behold her father reduced to penury, she would yield herself a sacrifice. In vain did Mr. Williams expostulate, in vain did he sue for time, but—"Money is scarce," "creditors are pressing," "times are hard," "we must

have money," were the only answers made by Weasel—till at last, the old man saw nothing but beggary before him—the very home over his head was mortgaged to his unfeeling creditor, while he inwardly felt it was a fit retribution for his unjust and ungenerous conduct towards Arthur. Still did not Jessy despair; with that indomitable spirit, the characteristic of her sex, which ever rises as calamity advances, did she cheer and encourage her father to exertion. "Let him beggar us, my father—let him drive us forth into the world," she would say. "I am young—have strength my health and my reason, and under the blessing of God, possessed of these, no great calamity can befall us." But the old man felt himself incapable to exertion—his moral energy deserted him, and he could do nothing but weep and repose at his folly, which thus had surrendered him to his enemy.

At this very period I chanced to make my visit to Rosecrag, and during my sojourn was admitted to the full confidence of Mr. Williams. I saw, at once, the despicable design of Weasel, and although but ill prepared to assist the old man, yet I made a strenuous exertion, and succeeded in extricating him from his difficulty. He was now again in a fair way of doing well, while I also added much to the delight of Jessy, in waiting for her father's consent and promise to unite her to Arthur should he ever return. In about a week after this arrangement, I had passed an evening at the dwelling of Mr. Williams, and was on my return home. My way lay up by the side of a little copple which extended up the brow of the crag from which the village takes its name. It was a lovely night—a bright summer moon was sailing in a sea of silvery ether, bathing each crag and forest in its mellow softness, silence held her reign, and save the echo of my own footsteps, not a sound met even the breath of a zephyr among the drooping leaves, disturbed the holy moment.

As I passed on, the shadow of a human being flitted across my path, and at the same moment I heard a rustling on the copple. I was alone—out of the reach of any habitation, and for aught I knew, out of reach of human hearing. A thousand images of robbery and murder floated through my brain, and I expected every moment to behold some footpad advance, and call me to "Stand and deliver!" For an instant I paused, but feeling myself somewhat in the same predicament as Maelbeth, "that returning was as tedious as going o'er," I mustered up heart and proceeded on my way. As I passed the spot in the copple from which the shadow darted, I thought I perceived the figure of a man, but not being in a humor to court his acquaintance, I respectfully left him to his moonlight meditations. A few paces, at last brought me to the plain, and perceiving the path on every side around me clear, my courage returned, while curiosity led me to look back, to see if they were any signs of the mysterious personage. I was not disappointed, for I saw distinctly the form of Weasel; he was endeavoring to keep close to the copple, so as not to be discovered, but the clear moonlight shone so strongly on every object, that his intent was frustrated, and I was certain it was he.

On the next day, with the dawn I was awake, when looking towards the village I saw a thick black vapor heavily curling up into the gray welkin of the morning; it was directly in the situation of Williams dwelling, singular phenomenon took possession of my heart, while the recollection of Weasel added strongly to my suspicions. I lost no time, therefore in hastening to the village, but before I reached it, I was met by a peasant with the intelligence that Farmer Williams' cottage had been burned to the ground. I was paralyzed. My heart at once whirled. "Weasel is the incendiary!"

When I reached the smoking ruins, I found a group of villagers assembled, who were loud in their lamentations for Jessy and her father, while to my horror and astonishment, I saw the villain Weasel who was loudest in his disguised expressions of sorrow. He approached me in the most servile manner, and regretted that my kind endeavors in the cause of Mr. Williams should thus end so unpropitiously; I could not reply, but cast upon him a glance of indignation and scorn; at the same moment poor Jessy came running to me bathed in tears.

"O! sir," she cried, "I am so glad you are come; my poor father does nothing but weep and wished to see his benefactor, as he calls you. O, sir, this is a sad trial, but God's will be done." "Be comforted, my good girl," I replied. There is a balm for every wound, come lead me to your father.

She conducted me to a neighbor's cottage, in which the old man had found shelter after the conflagration. He was so overcome at my presence, that for many minutes he could not speak, and even when he had recovered his speech, he could only mourn the loss he had encountered. Not so Jessy—although affliction bore heavily on her, still she was collected enough to recount to me the details of the calamity, and which I found to have taken place shortly after the time I had so mysteriously discovered Weasel.

I lost not a moment in providing for the wants of Jessy and her father, and although almost a stranger in the village I speedily raised friends sufficient in the old man's behalf, to protect him from present want, and give prospect of a comfortable future. While I was thus busied, a circumstance occurred which impressed me still deeper than ever, that Weasel was the incendiary. Instead of generously contributing, as others, to the assistance of Williams, he was only anxious to fix the guilty deed on some one, and to this end, he had the audacity to affirm to me that he had beheld a young man of the village, for some nights previous to the burning lurking in the vicinity of Williams' dwelling. I listened to him with the most profound attention, and when he had finished, I fixed my eyes sternly on him, while I pointedly said,

"Do you know the Rosecrag Copple, Mr. Weasel?"

Had a thunderbolt stricken him, consternation could not more have done its work; he trembled violently—the blood forsook his face—his jaws fell apart, and he stood with a wild vacant glance fixed upon me. That he was known he felt assured. The arrow of conviction had entered into his soul; he was a creature in my grasp—a pitiful, guilty miscreant, at my mercy. I spoke not another word but left him a prey to his feelings.

In about a week from this time, one afternoon while I was seated at the door of the tavern of the village, a post chaise drove up, from which a young man, browned with the suns of a foreign clime and habited in an oriental costume, alighted. He requested to be shown to an apartment, and the master of the hotel he sent to him. Conjecture was soon busy as to his errand, while the news of his arrival spread like wild fire through the village. In a short time the bar-room of the tavern was crowded, and groups of persons were assembled around the door, curious to know who could thus mysteriously have come to Rosecrag. At length the landlord made his appearance with an air of pomposity, which showed that the personage with whom he had been closeted, was, in his opinion one of consequence. Questions on every side assailed him, as to the name and business of the stranger, but to all, he only replied by a shake of the head, and a look of the most mysterious character. At the same time he advanced towards me, and requested that I should accom-

pany him to the apartment of the new comer, who he said desired to speak with me. At first I hesitated, thinking the landlord might be laboring under some mistake, but on his saying that the stranger wished to see Mr. —, having observed me as he alighted from his carriage, I yielded to his desire and was conducted to his presence. At my entrance he rose, and respectfully saluted me by my name, and at the same time told the host to be expeditious in bringing hither Mr. Williams and his daughter, as he had business of great importance to communicate to them. The landlord left the apartment, and the stranger, gasping my hand with a burst of feeling, exclaimed,

"My friend, my benefactor." I started back in surprise. I had no remembrance of his form or features, and thought that he must be in error, but he quickly continued,

"You do not remember me? well, well, I do not wonder at it; burning suns and other climes have been at work upon my features, but thank Heaven I have not forgotten yours."

In a moment I recollected him, and returning the pressure of his hand, said,

"Is it not Arthur Goodall?" "It is the same Arthur Goodall, you once befriended, and who now, thank Heaven, can repay that debt of gratitude."

"You owe me nothing," I answered, "I am glad, however, to know that you have been prosperous."

"I have been prosperous. From the hour, sir, I parted with you. My story is a brief one. With the assistance of your friend, to whom your letter introduced me, I was relieved from immediate want, but finding that England was no longer a home for me, and that without my Jessy, I could not be happy, I went to sea. Chance conducted me to Egypt, where circumstances occurred to render my services of value to the Pacha. The work of a military engine, of great importance, by the death of the chief engineer had become useless. Luckily the knowledge I possessed of my former profession of a blacksmith, enabled me to repair the defect. In return, the Pacha bestowed honors and wealth upon me, and at length I am enabled to return and claim my Jessy, and hurl defiance at my oppressor."

At this moment the door of the apartment burst open and Jessy and her father appeared.

"Arthur, my own Arthur!"

"Jessy, my beloved Jessy!" he responded, and the next moment they were in each others arms.

The sequel can easily be inferred, in a few days the lovers stood at the altar of the village church. Their vows were hallowed by the blessing of the priest, and shortly afterwards, close to the cottage, of which Arthur, by Weasel's villainy, had been deprived, a splendid residence arose. There long and happy did they dwell, while children, beauteous as their mother, sprang like rose-buds from the parent tree. As for Weasel, fearing detection from the thought that I was aware of his act of incendiarism, and knowing the all hopes of his possessing his ever possessing Jessy, as well as dreading now to encounter Arthur in the pride of his plentitude and power, he abruptly quitted the village on the morning of the nuptials, and went no one knew whither.

—Husband, do you believe in special judgements of Providence upon individuals in this life?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do you, indeed? Did one of the judgements ever happen to you?"

"Yes, love."

"When was it my husband?"

"When I married you, my dear."

—Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow; your last speech is the one remembered.

The New Union Party—Desperate War Upon the Democracy.

Even before the last election we took occasion to warn our readers that the leaders of the Republican Party, satisfied that she could not withstand the shock of another contest before the people, had resolved to change its name with the hope of perpetuating its baneful existence. We also intimated that every seeming concession would be made to the so-called Union Democrats in the Legislature, in order to secure an anti-Democratic organization, as the starting point of the new party; and that Republicanism, in name at least, would be abandoned as effete and odious. These anticipations have been literally verified; and it is easy to predict that the State Committee of the "People's," or Republican party which meets in this place on the 22nd instant, will call a convention for the nomination of State officers in the name of the "Union Party," or at least make liberal propositions for an alliance with that frail office seeking faction which rejoices in the degeneration of "Union Democrats."

It is important that the true Democrats of Pennsylvania should be prepared in advance to meet the intrigues and arguments of this unholy alliance. It will arrogate to itself a monopoly of all the patriotism in the country, and direct its energies to convicting the Democracy of secessionism and disloyalty to the Union. It will attempt to brand every man as a public enemy who does not endorse every unlawful act of the present Administration. It will make the exposure of fraud and speculation a high crime and misdemeanor; demand unequalled approval of every arbitrary fraudulent proceeding undertaken in the name of the Union, and seek to stifle free speech and free press as necessary to the safety of the Nation. It is requisite to the existence of this party of the Constitution and the Union, shall be placed in the light of treasonable conspiracy against the Government, and we have abundant indications that no effort will be spared to accomplish this despicable object.

During the past year the Democratic party has encountered this sort of prosecution, and grown strong under it. At the last session they were but twenty-and Democrats in the House of Representatives, and at the present session there are forty six, all of whom were elected in the face of the storm of opposition, and in spite of charges of treasonable sympathies preferred against them by the Republican party. This fact shows that the Democratic party possesses an inherent vitality which enables it to survive the most virulent assaults of its antagonists and that its principles live in the hearts of the people. It has only to maintain those principles with unflinching firmness to become impregnable against any combination that can be directed against it.

The part assigned to the Philadelphia Press in the work of getting up this new "Union party," is to work upon the prejudices and patriotism of the "Douglas Democrats," and estrange them from the "Breckenridge organization," as the Democratic party is called by its enemies. That game, to use an expressive phrase, is "about played out;" and Mr. Forney has derived all the honor and profit that can be realized from hypocritical professions of attachment to the principles or memory of the great Illinois statesman. The sincere friends of Mr. Douglas, those who support him from honest convictions that he was right, and hope of reward, are among the most radical and earnest Democrats in the country, and most heartily do they despise all mercenary and trading politicians like John W. Forney. No honest disciple of Mr. Douglas, thoroughly imbued with his teachings, can have any political affiliation with the Republican party, or give any countenance to its principles. The last speech he delivered in the United States Senate, was an earnest

and powerful argument in favor of our promise and contained a solemn warning against the consequences of that mad war spirit into which the country was then rapidly drifting. The very last public speech of his life, wherein he pledged all his energies in support of the Government against the rebellion, was marked by expressions of the most resolute determination to resist the unconstitutional schemes of negro emancipation which he foresaw would be urged by the Abolitionists, and which a large and influential section of the Republican party are now laboring to bring about, with a zeal that they never displayed in behalf of the Union. No one who knows what the views of Mr. Douglas were, can honestly doubt that if he were now in the Senate, he would be the most able and outspoken defender of the Constitution against the enemies who treat its sacred obligations with disdain.—Those who love his memory and principles can never believe their convictions by political association with those who are sworn enemies of the Democratic party.

The attempt to stigmatize the great Democratic party as a treasonable organization, is the last desperate resort of political profligacy. Not to dwell upon the direct tendency of such a slander to give encouragement to the rebellion, shows the very lowest depth of meanness and depravity. While the Democratic party is directing all its energies to protect the Constitution and preserve the Union; while hundreds of thousands of its supporters wear the uniform and bear the arms of the Republic, it is base, despicable, infamous, for the political friends of the Administration to insist that no man can be a friend of the Government who does not endorse and applaud its every act. Free born American citizens cannot be made such subject slaves. We must listen to daily assaults upon the Constitution of the United States; we must see citizens imprisoned without authority of law, and newspapers suppressed by the exercise of arbitrary power; we must witness the most audacious and enormous frauds upon the Treasury; we must observe the public money squandered wickedly upon partisan favorites—and we are not good Union men unless we endorse these proceedings, or maintain a staided silence while the plunders ply their infamous trade.

The Democratic party has planted itself on the broad platform of the Constitution and the Union, and will maintain its organization for the defence of both against all enemies, whether they are rebels in arms or rebels in guise of patriots. We believe its principles are right and that their success is absolutely necessary to the perpetuity of the Government. Let the enemies of constitutional Democracy combine and bargain and change their party names as often as they please, the Democrats will stand fast to their organization. Those who are not with us are against us; and all we ask of the half-hearted and hesitating is, that they go to the enemy without unnecessary delay—stand not upon the order of your exit, but go at once.—*Patriot & Union.*

—A negro woman was relating her experience to a gapping congregation of her own color; among other things she said she had been to Heaven. One of the brethren asked:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"

She replied:

"Oh git out—'spose I go in de kitchen when I was dar."

WITTY REPLY.—"What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a gay dandy of her lover.

"I have nothing to give but my humble self," was the reply.

"The smallest favors greatly received was the merry response of the lady.

—Was it the egg or the chicken that first made its appearance on this terrestrial globe?