

Democrat and Sentinel

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DREWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1854.

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TERMS: The DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Friday morning...

Select Poetry.

OUR LITTLE SLEEPER.

With white hands folded o'er a sinless breast, The little sleeper laid him down to rest.

Tales and Sketches.

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

Setting a Gentleman. TISE, I have some important business to attend to, and which at present, engrosses all my thoughts...

St. Paul's as he moved on steadily, surely, slowly, and as it would only appear to move to one watching for the end; yet the end did come...

"Yes, I have; but I'll fix it; you kin 'tend on me," he answered; and I was somewhat relieved when the old man announced to me, in so determined a manner, that he would "fix it."

From the Athenaeum. Funeral of a Buddhist Priest. A young priest—a mere boy—came running breathless one morning into the house where I was staying...

knocked their heads many times on the ground. At this particular moment, the whole scene was one of the strangest I had ever been my lot to witness...

I am going to be marryd the moment Peggy arrives; and Father Flail sez he'll marry me for nauthin, barrin a pecee uv the kakle nothin more...