

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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TERMS:

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MRS. BROWN STOUT!

THE VICTIMIZED BACHELOR.

June 1.—Having just learned that my present landlady is about to retire from the service, having accumulated during her ten years' experience as keeper of a boarding-house an ample fortune, a circumstance which, taking into consideration her high rates of board and very indifferent fare, I do not consider at all strange—in view of all this, I find myself under the very unaccountable necessity of seeking new quarters. There is nothing I dislike so much as going the rounds of the lodging house keepers for such a purpose. In the first place, my extreme diffidence, for I am a very modest man, renders it disagreeable, and I am likely to take up with a poor one at last, from my inability to say no, when the advantages of a place are set forth by the voluble tongue of the proprietor.

I think, therefore, that it will save trouble, in lieu of applying to place myself in the attitude of the one applied to. In other words, I think I will advertise for board. In that case, I shall have a variety of chances offered, the best of which I can make a selection of.

Let me see. How shall I express it? After all, there is a good deal in the expressions. Shall I say that "a gentleman of limited means is desirous of procuring a commodious boarding place on easy terms?" That would prevent the asking a high price, but I am afraid it would cut off all applications from those who could offer reasonable accommodations.

On the whole, I think the following will be as good a form as I can use:

"A single gentleman is desirous of procuring board on reasonable terms. A quiet house indispensable. Letters may be addressed to A. G., Box 110, Post Office."

There that contains the whole in a nutshell. Neat and concise. Nothing remains but to make two or three copies, and forward to the newspapers, and then await the result, whatever it may be.

June 3. My advertisement only appeared yesterday for the first time, and already I have always eleven letters directed "A. G., Box 110 Post Office."

One of them purports to be from a lone-widder, who ever since the death of her dear departed Flannigan has had to struggle with the cold-hearted world for support, and would be willing to board the single gentleman on the best in the market, and an elegant cook she is, for the small sum of four dollars a week, but if the generous-hearted gentleman is willing to give five, she has n't the ill-manners to refuse it, not she.

Irish all over! If my name is Green, (I believe I have n't announced it before,) I am not verdant enough to take up a diet of "prates" out of compassion for a lone-widder. No, Mrs. Flannigan, difficult as is the task, I must refuse your application.

There is nothing worth notice about the other applications, if I except the following with which I am, on the whole, most favorably impressed. It is frank and to the point.

"Mrs. Brown Stout has observed in the papers an advertisement for board. Mrs. B. S. is not a professed boarding-house keeper (heaven forbid!) but having an apartment which she does not use, at all, would be willing to receive as an inmate a gentleman of character, which she feels assured in the case with the advertisement. Mrs. B. S. not being a professed boarding-house keeper, as she has before had occasion to remark, cannot offer such sumptuous fare as may be found in our first class hotels. She would make no unusual parade for Mr. G. if he should conclude to become a boarder, but would treat him in all respects like one of the family. The absence of other boarders, and the smallness of her own family, may be regarded as sufficient assurance that the house will be quiet.

"In regard to terms, Mrs. B. S. is satisfied that considering the peculiar advantages of the situation socially, being treated as a member of the family, Mr. G. will not consider seven dollars per week exorbitant. Mrs. B. S. may be seen at her residence at 136—street. Early application desirable."

Evidently Mrs. Brown Stout is a woman of refinement and gentility. I like her frankness, in warning me not to expect such fare as may be found in our first class hotels. Of course I do not. Certainly I have never met with it at any of the boarding-houses of which it has been my fortune to be an inmate. As Mrs. Brown Stout remarks, it cannot but be a

quiet house, since I shall be the only boarder. As to the price, I did not think of paying over six dollars a week, that being the price I pay at present.

However, as Mrs. B. S. remarks, the advantage of being treated as one of the family is no slight one. It is so long since I have been regarded in any other light than as a person who has a stipulated amount of attention for paying a stipulated sum, that it will be quite refreshing to be treated thus.

I believe I can't do better than to call on Mrs. Brown Stout, and if appearances strike me as favorably as I anticipate, engage board there.

Ten o'clock. Bless me! I did not think it was so late. I will call to-morrow.

June 5. I may now consider myself fairly domiciled at the house of Mrs. Brown Stout.

She is a lady of imposing appearance, being quite as large as her name led me to expect. She seems in some respect to have tastes quite oriental, since she is in the habit of wearing a turban of bright colors. This may be, however, on account of her reluctance to wear a cap, and intended as a substitute for it.

When I introduced myself to her she remarked;

"Mr. Green, I am happy to receive you into my family. We have never taken boarders before. We do not consider you as a boarder. We shall look upon you and treat you as a member of the family, and I trust I will look upon yourself in the same light."

Very kind indeed to a stranger!

"Mrs. Stout," I commenced—"Brown Stout, if you please," interrupted the lady. "Stout is a vulgar appellation, add Brown to it, and, mark the difference, it becomes aristocratic. For this reason, I always wish so to be addressed by my full name."

"I beg pardon," said I in some confusion, "I was about to say, Mrs. Brown Stout, that your kindness to one with whom as yet you are wholly unacquainted, almost overpowers me, but I trust that I shall not like the adder turn to sting my benefactor."

The figure used in conclusion I regard as rather felicitous on the whole.

"In regard to your room," said Mrs. Brown Stout, "I cannot give you a front room, as there but two, one of which I use myself and the other I reserve for company. There is, however, a back room directly behind, which commands a delightful view of the—ahem? of the back yard. It is, I conceive, a little dark, and if you were a stranger, I should deem it necessary for me to apologize somewhat for putting you in it, but as one of the family I think I may venture."

Of course I assured her that I should be satisfied with any arrangement she might choose to make.

The room is a little dark. I confess, and the furniture rather old and scanty. I am writing this on the wash-stand, there being no dressing table which would be rather convenient for the purpose, or indeed any table at all. I am seated on the side of the bed, the only chair being taken up with a pile of Mrs. Brown Stout's articles which she has not removed as yet.

Frankly, in regard to accommodations, I was better off in my former place.

But then, as Mrs. Brown Stout remarks, it's an inestimable advantage to be treated as one of the family.

June 6. Until to-day I had not seen, with the exception of Mrs. Brown Stout, any member of the family of whom I am henceforth to be treated as a member.

I had considerable curiosity on the subject, as was not unnatural, but it has now been satisfied.

There are two other members of the family—viz. Alphonso and Cordelia.

Of Alphonso I need not speak at great length. He is, I believe, an Ensign or Cornet, or something in the military line. At all events, he has a precious pair of whiskers which impressed me not a little.

As to Cordelia, she is a young lady of perhaps twenty-two. She looks rather faded. At least her hair does, being of—I can find no better descriptive term than tow color which is to be a common proverb, "more useful than oriental. I should think she was rather insipid, but perhaps it is ungenerous to my kind-hearted and considerate entertainer to hazard such a conjecture.

The introduction was very pretty and feeling. "Mr. Green," said Mrs. Brown Stout, taking my arm, "let me introduce you to the other members of my family—my son Alphonso and my daughter Cordelia, who will henceforth look upon you as a member of our happy family, entitled to share in all its privileges, and in our mutual confidence."

"Proud of the honor of making your acquaintance, Mr. Green," said Alphonso, twirling his moustache.

"I am delighted," said Cordelia, curtseying, "to find that my ma has with her usual good taste selected one who I judge

from his appearance will become a valued member and an ornament of our household circle."

Is it not pleasant, after being tossed about in the world so long as I have, to come at length into the company of such delightful people, whose constant anxiety it seems to be to make you happy?

June 8. When I came down to dinner to-day, I found merely a dish of sausages in the centre of the table, with vegetables. This was followed by rice pudding.

"Our family, Mr. Green," remarked Mrs. Brown Stout, "are very plain in their tastes. They do not believe in luxurious living. It is condemned in the Bible.—Cordelia, my dear, after dinner, you may find the passage in which mention is made of riotous living—and frowned upon by our own organization, and of course also by all physicians. We regard it therefore as a sacred duty which we owe to our hearts to abstain from indulging in what otherwise might serve to gratify our palates. Considering you as a member of our family, we do not feel obliged to deviate from our usual course."

Of course I said that I trusted that she would not on my account.

At the same time, I am free to confess that if there are two dishes in the world for which I cherish a distaste, they are sausages and rice pudding.

However, I smothered my dislike, (it would have been very ungrateful in me not to have done so,) and bolted a sausage, and swallowed two or three spoonfuls of the rice.

When inquiries were made as to my poor appetite, asserted that I was subject to dyspepsia, a misrepresentation which I trust will be pardoned when the motive is considered—an unwillingness to wound the feelings of my fair entertainers.

June 9. No improvement perceptible at the dinner table. To-day we had fried liver in the lieu of sausages, and rice pudding over again.

I was again troubled with dyspepsia, which prevented my eating much; feeling hungry afterwards, I repaired to an eating-house, where I made up for my forced abstinence by a plate of roast turkey, &c.

I wouldn't have Mrs. Brown Stout know it for the world. In fact I couldn't enjoy my dinner so well, being apprehensive that my presence might be detected by some friend of the family, and so come to the ears of Mrs. Brown Stout.

At tea-time, Mrs. Brown Stout read from the evening paper that Madame Sontag was to give her last concert in the city that evening.

"How I should delight to go," said Cordelia. "Wont you carry me, Alphonso?"

"Impossible," said he, "I have agreed to go in company with some of the officers of my regiment, and of course it wouldn't do for me to be accompanied by a lady."

"What a pity," said Cordelia, in a tone of the greatest disappointment, "I would go alone, but it would not look well, and rather than incur public remark, I will forego the pleasure."

"It is a great pity," remarked Mrs. Brown Stout.

"If," said I, with some little embarrassment, "I could be of any service as an escort, it would give me great pleasure to accompany the young lady."

"May I go, ma?" said Cordelia, eagerly.

"Certainly, my love," said Mrs. Brown Stout; "since Mr. Green is kind enough to offer. If he were a stranger, I should say no; but being a member of the family, it's perfectly right and proper."

Accordingly went out and procured tickets, for which I was obliged to pay a considerable premium.

I am not particularly fond of music myself—I blush to record it; but the consciousness of doing Cordelia a favor, reconciled me to sitting out the evening.

"My dear sir," said she, "how can I ever repay you for the gratification you have this night given me."

"Only," I replied, rather felicitously I think, "by treating me as you have hitherto done, as a member of the family."

"Kind, noble heart," murmured Cordelia. I felt not a little flattered, as may readily be supposed.

July 10. I have now been domiciled at Mrs. Brown Stout's for upwards of a month. During that time I have been invariably treated as a member of the family.

In my last entry I mentioned going to hear Sontag with Cordelia. I have been with her to various places since. Somehow, her brother or always has some other engagement which prevents his going with her. I suppose he has a great many duties to attend to, and that explains it.

I can't say our living has improved. Certainly, the Brown Stouts do live very plain indeed. I don't see how they can bear it themselves. For my part, I almost always have to finish out my dinner elsewhere.

The other day I saw some strawberries coming into the house. I congratulated myself on a probable improvement in the living—but they haven't appeared on the table. It can't be possible that the Brown Stout's live plainly in public, and purchase delicacies in private. I can't for a moment believe it. Still it is rather mysterious about those strawberries.

July 12. I am perfectly overwhelmed. I hardly know where I am, or what I am about. Mrs. Brown Stout has just been to see me in my room, and on such an unexpected subject.

"Mr. Green," said she abruptly, "may I inquire what are your intentions in regard to my daughter Cordelia?"

"Good Heavens! madam," said I, "what do you mean?"

"Mr. Green," said she, "do not evade me in that manner. You must know the poor girl is in love with you."

"Really, I never remarked it," said I, and I am truly sorry for it."

"This will not do, Mr. Green. Ever since your arrival, you have paid systematic attention to Cordelia, striving in every way to gain her affections. You have succeeded too well."

"In what way?" I inquired.

"Do you ask?" she replied. "Have you not carried her to concerts, and other public places? Have you not accompanied her to parties, and escorted her home? Have you not led everybody to expect that you were strongly in love with her?"

"On my soul, madam, I never meant any such thing. Beside, you will do me the justice to remember that I only volunteered on such occasions when she expressed her regret that her brother could not accompany her. In fact, if you will oblige me to say it, when I received unmistakable hints that such another would be acceptable. You will also permit me to remark that you have always requested me to consider myself as a member of the family, and that in that capacity it was quite proper for me to accompany Miss Cordelia."

"Mr. Green," said the lady, "I perceive that you are an unprincipled trifler with ladies' hearts. But your base subtleties shall not avail. Alphonso!"

Alphonso rushed into the room with a loaded pistol.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, "make reparation for your crime, or I forthwith challenge you to combat—deadly combat—muzzle to muzzle."

"Give me till to-morrow," said I, trembling, "to consider the subject. At present I am so overwhelmed that I am not myself."

I am alone now but not free from agitation. I am timid, constitutionally, and cannot fight Alphonso. On the other hand I do not wish to marry Cordelia. There is but one alternative—I must fly. To-night, when darkness has enveloped the earth, I shall steal from the house with such of my worldly possessions as I can get into a carpet-bag, and take the earliest train out of the city.

Alas! when I came here on the footing of a member of the family, I little thought that they intended to make me so in reality.

Henceforth, when I engage board anywhere, I shall stipulate as an indispensable condition that they shall not treat me as a member of the family!

DOESTICKS ON A BENDER.

The following sketch is from the New York Post—the editor of which pronounces it "one of the cleverest specimens of American humor" he has yet seen. The edition of the Post containing it was speedily exhausted, and it became necessary to republish it on Saturday. If some folks, who get on a bender want to see themselves as others see them, let them read "Doesticks on a bender."

Dear Editor:—I have been to Niagara, you know—Niagara Falls—big rocks, water, foam, Table Rock, Indian curiosities, squaws, moccasins, stuffed snakes, rapids, wolves, Clinton House, Suspension bridge, place where the water runs swift, the ladies faint, scream and get the paint washed off their faces; where the aristocratic Indian ladies sit on the dirt and make little bags; where all the inhabitants swindle strangers; where the cars go in a hurry, the waiters are impudent and all the small boys swear.

When I came in sight of the suspension bridge, I was vividly impressed with the idea that it was some bridge, in fact, a considerable curiosity, and a considerable bridge—took a glass of beer and walked up to the Falls—another glass of beer and walked under the Falls; wanted another glass of beer, but couldn't get it; walked away from the Falls, wet thro', mod; triumphant, victorious, humbug; sir, all humbug, except the dabbiness of everything; which is a most certainty, and the cupidity of everybody, which is a diabolical fact, and the Indians and niggers everywhere, which is a Satanic truth.

Another glass of beer—twas forthcoming—immediately—also another, all of which I

drank. I then proceeded to drink a glass of beer, went over to the States, where I procured a glass of beer,—went up to stairs, for which I paid a sixpence, over to the Goat Island, for which I disbursed twenty-five cents, hired a guide to whom I paid half a dollar—sneezed four times at nine cents a sneeze—went up on the tower for a quarter of a dollar, and looked at the Falls—didn't feel sublime any, tried to but couldn't—drank some beer, and tried again but failed—drank a glass of beer and began to feel better—thought the waters were sent for and were on a journey to the —, thought the place below was one sea of beer—was going to jump down and get some, guide held me; sent him over to the hotel to get a glass of beer, while I tried to write some poetry; result as follows:

O thou (spray in one eye) awful (small lobster in right shoe) sublime (both feet wet) master-piece of (jimmoney, what a lie) the Almighty. Terrible and majestic art thou in thy tremendous might—awful (orful) to behold, (cramp in my right shoulder) gigantic, huge and nice. Oh, thou that tumbled down and risest up again in mystic majesty to heaven—thou glorious parent of a thousand rainbows—what a huge, grand, tremendous, infinite, awful terrible, and old swindling humbug you are, what are you doing there you rapids—you—know you've tumbled over the rocks and can't get up again to save your puny existence: you make a great fuss, don't you?

Man came back with the bee, drank it to the last drop, and wished there had been a gallon more—walked out on a rock to the edge of the fall, woman on shore very much frightened—told her not to get excited if I fell over, as I would step right up again, it would not be much of a fall anyhow; got a glass of beer of a woman and another of two small boys with a pail—fifteen minutes elapsed when I purchased some more of an Indian woman and imbibed it through a straw; it wasn't good; had to get a glass of beer to take the taste out of my mouth; legs began to tangle up, effect of the spray in my eyes, got hungry and wanted something to eat; went into an eating house, called for a plate of beans, when the plate brought the waiter in his hand I took it, hung my beef and beans up on a nail, eat my hat, paid a dollar to a nigger, and sided on the step walk; bought a boy of a glass of dog with a small beer and a neck on his tail, with a collar with a spot on the end; felt funny, sick; got some soda water in a tin cup, drank the cup and placed the soda on the counter, and paid for the money full of pocket; very bad head-ache; rubbed it against the lamp-post, and then stumped along; station house came along and said if I didn't walk straight he'd take me to the watchman; tried to oblige the station house; very civil station house, very; met a baby with an Irish woman and a wheelbarrow in it, couldn't get out of the way, she wouldn't walk on the side walk, but insisted on going on both sides of the street at once; tried to walk between her; consequence collision, awful, knocked out the wheelbarrow's nose, broke the Irish woman all to pieces, baby loose court house handy, took me to the constable, jury sat on me, and the jail said the magistrate must take me to the constable; objected; the dungeon put me into the darkest constable in the city; got out, and here I am prepared to stick to my original opinion—Niagara was humbug! non excelsa, non indignus admirandi

Yours unquestionably,
Q. R. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

Family Jars.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of minute meats, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles, all home-made,
Jars of cordial elder wine,
Jars of honey, superfine;
Would the only jars were these,
Which occur in families!

One of the German Almonacs remarks that "A young girl is a fishing rod—the eyes are the hook, the smile is the bait, the lover is the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried."

An Asiatic chief being asked his opinion as to wine, remarked that he thought it was juice extracted from a woman's tongue and lion's heart, for after he had drunk enough of it, he could talk forever and fight the devil.

A French author says, "when I lost my wife, every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good."

There is a man down East so tall that he is obliged to get up a ladder to pull his hat on; and when he goes to bed he is obliged to shut up his legs like a pair of pen-knife blades.

A Frenchman in a Free Country.

When I lived in la belle France, sare, zey used to say to me, you should go to America. Dat one great conatree where everybody do just as zey like.

Zat please me, so I pack up my box and go aboard zis sheep, and pretty soon after a long time, I land in ze America.

A porter seize my trunk wheder I want him or no, and carry him off. So I have to run after him, and try to get it away. Tell him I report him to the *gens d'armes*. 'Zis be a free country,' he said, 'and I want a quarter dollar.'

I gave it to him, for I very much afraid I lose my box. As I go along ze street, a man spit tobacco juice and it fall on my coat, and I say to him, 'Sare, you have soil my coat. You should take out your *mouchoir* and wipe him off.' But he only laugh, and say, 'Zis is a free country.'

I saw a man cruelly beat his little boy with a poker, so my heart fill with compassion and I say to him, 'Sare you are one bad man to hurt zat little infant so wia ze poker.' 'Go about your business, you rascal,' sez he, 'I guess zis is a free country.'

A little while after I met a great big Irish Paddy, wia what you call a *shillalee*, in his hand. He came up to me, point at a little ribbon, which I wear in my waistcoat, and said, 'Be jabbers, are you one of zem bloody know nothings?' 'Sare,' said I, 'I here shall tell you I not bloody at all.' 'Are you a know nothing?' he said. 'I don't know what it mean, so I say,' 'I don't know,' 'Ah?' he exclaim, 'you don't know, you know nothing! I will make you to know zat zis is a free country, as free for me as for zis,' and wia zat he raise his shillalee, and lay it on my head.

I run away very much frighten. Mon Dieu! zat ever I should come into a free country, where everybody do just as they like, and no body to stop zem, I shall sail in the next ship for France. I don't want to live no more in a free country.

The Eastern Question.

The War in the East does not seem to be progressing quite as well as was anticipated. When Admiral Napier departed for the Baltic, it was his blasphemous boast, that "in three weeks he would be in St. Petersburg or Hell." Those weeks have ranged themselves into months; and, unless some unforeseen circumstance should take place to quicken his movements, they may even be lengthened into years. And yet, no great advantages have been gained by the English and French. In fact, all the fighting that has been done, was by the Turks, and, in one instance, by the French. Little or no credit has rebounded to the arms of Great Britain; yet, if Russia is beaten, England will receive the praise. When Napoleon fell at Waterloo, the English claimed the honor to which they were not entitled; so they always do. It was well for Britain's soldiers then, that an army of Prussians was within hearing; and it was well that the prayer of Lord Wellington, "Oh! that Blucher or night would come," was answered, or there had been a different story as to how "Englishmen" conquered at Waterloo. As long as Turkey had to fight Russia single handed, she had our sympathies. We could even have seen France sidher, and yet extended a heartfelt wish that her Czar should be beaten back; but to hear England—base, perfidious England, her hands yet red with the blood of the inhabitants of China and India—with the recollection of the cowardly, vacillating, and cold-hearted policy which bound her arms when Poland cried for liberty, and which still held her when Hungary raised her bleeding head and begged, in piteous tones, for succor, still fresh before us—prating of right and "protection to the weak against the strong," is more than we can bear without almost bidding a hearty welcome to the news of an English defeat. With these recollections before us, we can utter no prayer of God-speed to her armies.

"I am going to the Post Office Bob, shall I inquire for you?" "Why, yes, you may inquire for me if you have a mind to, but I don't think you'll find me there."

A Quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed, but if it be thy desire to hit the little man in the blue jacket point thine engine three inches lower."

Some malicious persons assert that the letters M. D., which are placed before physicians' names, means "Money Down."

HIT ME NOW.—A scuffle between some Irish laborers once took place on a narrow bridge, and a battle royal ensuing, one of the Hibernians was very *antely* knocked over the bridge. While he was floundering about in the water, he loudly exclaimed to his opponent—"Ooh, you spalpeen, come and hit me now, if you dare."

A Bad Sign.—To see all the color in a man's face at the tip of his nose.