

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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Choice Poetry.

WOULD BE A MOONBEAM.

A maiden in the moonlight
Was sitting all alone;
The shadow of the rose tree
Across the green bank thrown;
And graceful as a lover,
The quiet moon had placed,
A beam, just like a fond arm,
Around her beautiful waist.
Sometimes with silver fingers
It touched her raven hair;
Sometimes it touched her bosom
As if its heaven were there;
Or glanced from cheek to forehead,
Or mouth and chin caressed;
Or silent sank beside her
And kissed the ground she pressed.
Some wish they were a fairy,
But no such wish have I;
I'd rather be the moonbeam,
My heart's beloved one night!
To chase away the darkness,
To dwell within her sight,
And, whilst I lived, to make the world,
To her a world of light.

THE HAUNTED GRAVE.

"Never but once was I frightened at anything like a ghost," said Timothy Tyles, "and then I was frightened for certain. I was living on the Upper Mississippi at the time, but that makes no difference. I'll tell you how it was.
"One night, about 12 o'clock, I heard some one rapping at my door. 'Who's there?' I asked.
"Mosier," replied a voice from without, "I thought I'd stop and see if you wouldn't go and watch the coal pit till morning. I am not very well, and having been up all last night, I think I had better try to get a little sleep.
"Now I knew Mosier very well—knew he was burning charcoal about half a mile up the river; and not only that, but I knew he had a real pretty girl, and that I had taken a great notion to her. So up I jumps, hauls on my clothes, and was ready to be off in a few minutes.
"You will not be afraid to stay by yourself, will you Tim?" asked Mosier, as we were about separating, for he lived still further down the river.
"Afraid?" exclaimed I. "No, what should I be afraid of? I have never yet seen anything worse than myself.
"O, I did not mean to say you were cowardly Tim, but I thought you might be lonesome perhaps; and if you thought so, that I had better wake up the Dutchman, who is staying at your house, and try to get him to go with you."
"I assured him that I needed no company, and started for the coal-pit. The night was very dark, and I must confess that I did feel a little squeamish, but I could not tell why. There was the grave of an Indian by the side of the path which I must travel to reach the coal-pit, and it had been reported that wonderful sights had been seen there.—Perhaps this was the cause of my unpleasant feelings.
"I tried to whistle my spirits up, but it was all no go. The nearer I approached the dreaded spot, the worse I felt. When I had reached the cliff of rocks around which I should turn a few paces, and be right at the Indian's grave, I felt my hat raise on my head, and then it seemed that myriads of little demons were dancing through my hair, and playing at leap-frog up and down my back and over my shoulders, and humming queer noises in my ears. I stopped, and began to think seriously of beating a retreat. Just

then the fair image of Jane Elizabeth Elvira Mosier flitted across my fancy, and I said to myself, 'This will never do! Go back and let the old man's coal-pit burn up? Why, it would settle the hash with me forever.—The next time I went to visit Jane Elizabeth Elvira, he'd up and kick me out of the house; besides,' reasoned I, 'what have I seen?—What kind of an excuse could I make? No sir-ee, I'll go through or 'bust a biler.' If there's anything at the old Indian's grave I'll not see it, for I'll not look that way."
"Thus saying, started on at a rapid pace. The rocks were rounded, and keeping my eyes bent on the ground, I had nearly passed the grave, when a bright light blazed across the path just before me. Before I had time to think, I looked up, and oh! great Jupiter! what a sight! A monster with a head about the size of a half-bushel measure, was standing upon the Indian grave. Its eyes, as large as cocoa nuts, were rolling in its great head, and glaring frightfully at me. From between its huge teeth bright jets of fire flashed and blazed across my path, like streaks of miniature lightning. In fact, its entire head seemed to be one great red ball of fire, with small pieces of the sun set in it for eyes.

"While I stood gazing, completely stupefied with horror, it made a low bow to me, and then raising itself erect, it shook its head and rattled its teeth together most frightfully. Then I fancied that I saw it take a few steps toward where I was standing. This rather roused me to a sense of action, and in the next instant I was bobbing down along the river bank a little swifter than was usual for footmen to pass that way. At every leap I imagined it was grabbing at my coat-tail, for when I started, I thought I heard it right at my heels. Reaching home, I did not wait to open the door, but throwing my weight against it bursted it in. The Dutchman, who was sleeping up stairs, hearing the rippit, and supposing the house was besieged, came down with a chair drawn, and crying at the top of his voice, 'Robbers! thieves! murder! robbers! thieves! Inehens! Oh, nine Got!'
"Seeing nobody but me, he settled down. All in the family were aroused. I told my story in as few words as possible. Some believed it—others laughed at me, the Dutchman in particular. He said I 'vos own cowardly boy,' and 'got fright' at my own shadow—that there was no such thing as a ghost, and that he would willingly go right up to anything of the kind that would be shown him.

"You would not have went to this,' I said, still trembling.
"Peshure I would! Shust go back mit me, and let me see der place, and I'll show you if I wou't."
"I refused at first, but being urged by the family, and thinking of Jane Elizabeth Elvira Mosier, the coal-pit, and of being kicked out of the house by the old man, I reluctantly consented.
"We started back, the Dutchman gassing along about his bravery, and about how he had unravelled many a ghostly mystery, and I trembling from the effects of my fright, but saying nothing. In due time we reached the cliff.

"Now, just around this rock is where I saw it," said I, stopping and turning back, for the path was not broad enough for us to walk side by side, and he was following close at my heels.
"Oh, go on," said he, it makes nothing. I sh not afraid of ter tifle."

"We went on. We turned around the rock. I looked, and there it was, blazing and flashing just as I had seen it before. I turned to the Dutchman to see what effect it produced upon him, when lo! he was not there! A glance down the path revealed him streaking like a comet around the rock. This frightened me worse than ever, and so I set out after him as swift as my locomotive powers would carry me. Being rather the swiftest runner of the two, I passed him just as we reached the mouth of the long lane which led to our house. He was fairly hoing it down, and grunting every jump loud enough to have been heard a hundred yards.

"I had not been long in the lead before I heard a kind of thumping and tusseling just behind me, and in the next instant the Dutchman cried out, 'Help! murder! Oh, mine Got! it ash got me! Tea tife has got me! murder! murder!'
"Up to this time I had been running faster than I ever ran before, but when these sounds reached my ear I doubled my speed. It seemed to me that Death was right at my heels, and nothing but the greatest exertions on my part could save me. In the twinkling of an eye I was in the house, where, to my utter astonishment, I found Mosier, laughing and splitting his sides. The truth at once flashed across my mind. It was a trick, and a rich one at that. In a short time the Dutchman came limping up, and then the laughing commenced in real earnest; but you

may be certain that the Dutchman and myself took but little part in it.

"The phenomenon of the ghost was easily explained. Mosier and some of the fellows at the coal-pit had scooped out a pumpkin, cut hideous looking eyes and mouth in the rind, and then setting two candles in it, had fixed it upon the Indian grave. A long string was attached to it, so that one could stand off and pull to make it move. It was indeed a frightful curious looking thing. The awful scare which the Dutchman got while coming down the lane, was occasioned by his having run over a cow that was quietly sleeping in the road. As she jumped up her horn accidentally caught in his clothes, and the poor fellow had no other thought than that the devil had him for certain.

"We got over our scare, but I did not hear the last of it as long as I remained in that region."

BILL JENKINS' TROUBLE ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF HIS MARRIAGE.

BILL JENKINS was a very modest man; and although he had mingled with the world at barbecues, bar-rooms, and at many of the *et cetera* places where men may occasionally be found—yet he was very modest, very—whenever placed in the company of ladies. He trembled whenever a pretty girl would speak to him, and felt like a culprit at the stand when called upon to see "Miss So and So home." Bill could never explain or account for this most singular timidity. He would sing, frolic, and be as wild as a Rover, among men, but a petticoat would unnerve him instantly.

Lucy Ann Liggins had "set her cap" for Bill, and it was determined to "lead him or die." Bill, to tell the truth, loved Lucy, and was as miserable out of her company as he was timid in it—but, as to "popping the question," that was impossible. Lucy knit purses, hemmed handkerchiefs, worked shirt bosoms, and gave them to Jenkins, as well as several gold rings, but still Bill would not propose. Lucy declared to him repeatedly that she loved him, and that she was miserable when he was absent from her, and her happiness in life depended upon being his wife—but Bill was dumb. At last Lucy was determined that he should "hear thunder," and when he next visited her, after some preliminary soft talk on her part, she very affectionately said:

"Billy, my dear, when are you going to ask me to marry you? for I want to get my dress ready."

Bill fainted on the spot, and hartshorn and water were applied for half an hour before he was finally restored.

"What has been the matter, Miss Lucy?"

"Oh, nothing much; you fainted when you were about to ask me to marry you—but I told you yes—and, oh! how happy we will be when we are married! I will love you so dearly; and as you said next Tuesday, why, I am willing the wedding should be then—my dear Billy, how I do love you!"

"I am willing, Miss Lucy," was all that Jenkins could articulate, while Lucy almost kissed him into fits. What a glorious victory!

Here we ought to stop, but justice to our narrative requires that we should proceed to the finale.

The next Tuesday had come, and Jenkins was trembling at the approach of evening something seemed to harrow up his mind, and to no friend, even, would he communicate his deep distress.

"You are not afraid, certainly, to go up and get married—why, to marry such a beautiful, charming and intellectual being as Miss Liggins, I should wish that time would fly like news upon the electric telegraph line; cheer up, Jenkins—cheer up!"

"Oh," replied Bill, "you don't know what distresses me. I can go up and get married—that is easy enough; but there is something—I know it—I feel it—I am satisfied of one thing I never will be able to do, unless Lucy will assist me."

"Explain yourself," replied his friend, "and if I can, with propriety, I will endeavor to render you comfortable."

But Jenkins could not explain. He dared not; it was timidity; he saw the Rubicon before him and he knew he could not pass it; but he was determined to get married, and trust to luck and Lucy.

The night came, and they were married. All were merry, the laugh, the song, the chat, and the dance made up a lively party until midnight—they commenced to disperse; and at one o'clock, Bill Jenkins was left "solitary and alone" in the hall. Lucy Ann had retired, and her bridesmaids were off in a distant room. Bill was now at the point where he thought his courage would fail him. His situation was a peculiar one. He was not certain which was Lucy Ann's room, although he had been told, and even if he had known, he could not go to it.

The watchman cried "past two o'clock," and yet Jenkins was still alone, and apparently engaged in perusing an old almanac, which, by chance, had been left in his coat pocket. An old female darky, who resided in the family, had been prevailed upon by the ladies, who noticed Jenkins' bashfulness, to show him his bedroom, and she accordingly introduced herself to him in as modest a style as she well could.

"Mr. Jenkins," said she, "past two o'clock."

"Oh, yes, I know it, I'm going home in a few minutes. Old woman, where's my hat?"

"It is in Miss Lucy's room, sir—you can get it there if you'll go in, Mr. Jenkins; why don't you go to bed?"

The old woman seized hold of Jenkins and pulled him along until she got out of the hall, and all his gaze was fixed for a moment upon the entry door; but she was determined to put him in Miss Lucy's room, and, after violent efforts, succeeded.

There he stood, with the knob of the door in his hand, but the old darky had been smart enough to lock the door outside. Lucy pretended for some time to be asleep, but that sort of gammon would not answer; at last she said:

"My dear Billy, what is the matter?"

"I want my hat!" screamed Jenkins, and Lucy, knowing his modesty, leaped out of bed, and, after caressing him for some time, Billy went to bed with his clothes and boots on, and trembled till morning.

How Jenkins, subsequently, succeeded in getting over his bashfulness, can be known by application to his dear Lucy Ann.

Reader, strange as it may appear, there are Jenkinses all over the world, but the freemasonry of wedding life draws the curtain before the eyes of the uninitiated. Going to bed on the first night after marriage, must be among the most delicate situations in life. Ask your married neighbor how it was with him. We have no experience exactly in that way.

The Democracy of Old Westmoreland! ELOQUENT SPEECH OF WILLIAM A. STOKES, ESQ.

On Tuesday, the 17th inst., the Democracy of Westmoreland county held their Convention to nominate the candidates for county offices. The Convention placed in nomination the following excellent ticket, which as a matter of course will be elected next fall:

For Assembly, Robert Warden, of East Huntingdon township, and Mathew Shields, of Salem township.

For Register and Recorder, Edward J. Keenan, of Greensburg.

For County Treasurer, Jesse Kilgore, of Mt. Pleasant township.

For County Treasurer, Samuel M'Lain, of Donegal township.

For Poor House Director, Samuel Zimmerman, of Adamsburg.

For County Auditor, Daniel H. Davidson, of Unity township.

After the nominations were made, the Convention adopted a series of admirable resolutions, breathing the true spirit of National Democracy, among which we find the following:

Resolved, That the Democratic citizens of the County of Westmoreland represented in the Convention, adhere with inflexible fidelity to the ancient landmarks of the party—discard all novelties, which are calculated to breed contention and dangerous discord proclaim as the cardinal maxim of their political creed—the equality of all men before the law, rigid adherence to the Constitution, strict accountability of all public servants, economy of the people's money, the unimpaired preservation of the popular power, opposition to monopolies and special legislation, the co-ordinate rights of the States of the Union, and their absolute sovereignty in all places where there is not an express delegation of power to the Federal Government.

Resolved, That we approve of the legislative course of our Representatives, H. D. Foster, Samuel Hill and John Fausold, and commend the signal ability and unflinching firmness with which they vindicated the honor and interests confided to their care.

Resolved, That we approve the conduct of our delegates in urging the claims of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Will. A. Stokes, for a nomination as Judge of the Supreme Court, and cordially thank those delegates who voted for him.

While we deeply deplore the result which deprived the State of the services of a man whose integrity, talents and learning would have adorned the Bench, we will, by a strenuous effort to increase the Democratic majority in Westmoreland, prove our paramount devotion above all personal predilections to the principles of the party.

Will. A. Stokes, Esq., was then called upon for a speech, and the call was received with shouts of approval. His address, which we copy from the Greensburg Democrat, was the eloquent, feeling and hearty outpouring of a truly magnanimous and manly heart.—The natural disappointment of an unsuccessful candidate for a high judicial position, which his brilliant talents would have adorned, had

no influence upon the enlarged intelligence of his intellect, and the pure principles of which he is an illustrious defender; but he spoke out, unaffected by jealousy and disappointment in the slightest degree, and is first and loudest in his eloquent and effective support of the nominees of the Convention. Mr. Stokes was never more powerful than now, and his great abilities are honestly devoted to the support of the Democratic party. This magnanimous appeal to the people of Westmoreland is wholesome reading, full of instruction to all members of the party, and we expect to see it re-published in every Democratic paper in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Stokes said:

Gentlemen of the Convention:—I understand the meaning of this hearty and prolonged salutation, and I thank you for it. I am proud to express my gratitude to the Democrats of Westmoreland. Our great and glorious country is dearer to me now than ever. Providence has blessed us with the richest gifts, fertile soil, healthy climate, beautiful scenery, exhaustless mineral treasures—a people brave, hardy, industrious and honest. What more can we desire? That only which is within our command—the reassertion of our ancient political faith by our ancient and magnificent majority. If any of you think we are not well treated—that, to be a Westmorelander, is to be a victim of falsehood and faction, here is our remedy—give two or three thousand Democratic majority, and we shall again hold our just place in the Councils of the party, as proud as the proudest, and as certain as the most secure. Let us have our redress by beating the common enemy—never by harboring a harsh thought of our political brethren. All true Democrats are bound together by the sacred ties of political affection. Our ends and interests are identical. Our action must be harmonious. All enjoy alike the glory of our great victories—the triumphs of truth, of justice, and of order; the assurance of security, of prosperity, and of the perpetuity of our free institutions—the sacred legacy of our ancestors, which we are bound, by the most solemn obligations of duty, to transmit, unimpaired, to our posterity.

Before these truths—and they are the breath of political life—how small are all personal considerations—how unimportant is any man. What matters it who is considered the most worthy of the constitutional trusts, when their effective vindication is to be found only in the continuous ascendancy of that Democratic spirit which rightly interests and boldly applies the stern principles of human right in organized government.

The Harrisburg Convention has presented to the people candidates every way worthy of support. I speak from personal knowledge, when I say that Gen. Packer is a wise, experienced, energetic and discreet statesman. It is safe to say that his administration will be pure, his policy sound; that, supported by a legislative majority of radical Democrats, corruption will be driven from the Capitol, and the wages of iniquity will cease to be paid by public plunder.

Mr. Strickland was appointed an Associate Judge by Governor Shunk, one of the purest patriots that Pennsylvania ever produced. I was present when this appointment was discussed and determined, and well recollect that fearless integrity was the element of all others in his excellent character which decided the case.

Mr. Strong is from Berks—glory enough for any man. I knew him nearly twenty years ago. A lawyer equal to any antagonist and any cause—calm, clear and sound. He wisely pursued his profession with undivided devotion, until his industry made him independent of courts and clients. He then went to Congress, and sustained there the high reputation he has acquired at the Bar.

With Judge Thompson, it is my misfortune to have but slight acquaintance; but every one knows his high reputation for talent, learning and industry. He has been a successful actor on no small theatre, and is eminent both professionally and politically.

All the gentlemen are of spotless character, enlarged experience and decided ability—fit for and worthy the positions for which they are candidates. They are the legitimate choice of the party—and thus they are your choice and mine—mine in a special manner, because I was a candidate before the Convention, and am therefore bound, by the highest considerations of personal honor and political fidelity, to exert myself to the utmost to increase the splendor of our certain victory. There is no sacrifice or merit in this, for I became a candidate, as many of you know, against my own views and wishes; and I am quite content to remain where the judgment of the party has left me—a private in the ranks of our Republican army, ready hereafter, as heretofore, to give battle to the hostile fragments of discordant parties which seek to mar our peace. Free from the cares of official responsibility, I can enjoy the

sweets of home, the innocent pleasures of rural life, the society of my neighbors, and absolute personal independence. No, gentlemen, my only regret is for your disappointment, and for my inability rightly to evince my gratitude to the devoted friends who gave us their generous support. I am sure you will allow me to say that Westmoreland will remember their kindness to one of her citizens, and will repay them if it is ever in her power.

It is at least in our power to prove, by unwavering devotion to the party, that we merit the confidence of our friends. And how proud is the position of that party! What is it but the embodied patriotism which has guided the destinies of the Republic from feeble infancy to the maturity of National manhood—which made our homes happy, our rights secure, our arms triumphant—which has insured domestic tranquility, and protected us from foreign violence—which has carried us in safety to the highest point of earthly prosperity—which has demonstrated the capacity of man for self-government—which has taught tyrants to tremble, and warned with hope the hearts of the oppressed throughout the world.

We know no new political faith. We stand where stood the founders of our freedom—on those principles which have united the wise and good from the beginning until now, and which will remain the shield of the nation until the salt of Democracy shall have lost its savor, and the days of the Republic are numbered.

Since the sages of the Revolution proclaimed the immortal maxims, which are our true bond of concord, factions without number have sprung up, withered and died. Every crude political notion, every sectional interest, has had its supporters; at one time religious faith has been reviled, at another the accident of birth has been deemed a crime, now exaltation of the negro is the temporary test, the Constitution is disregarded, the very name of Republican is degraded. Amidst all these ever shifting phrases of folly, we remain on the firm platform erected by our fathers.—The Democratic creed—unaffected by locality, unchanged by time—the same yesterday, today and forever. Heavens holy truth for man's social happiness, it is lifted far above the passion and prejudices by which reason is blinded and error strengthened. It holds out no bribes to particular interests, no favors to any exclusive class. It proclaims, in the language of one of its heroic champions, that "the blessings of government, like the dews of heaven, should be dispensed to all men—alike to the high and the low, the rich and the poor."

It breaks down the barriers raised by tyranny, and fraternizes citizens so that they become one great national family, full of love and hope.

In doing this it commands us to sacrifice our personal preferences to lay all minor differences on the altar of our country's greatness, to say "everything for party—nothing for men."

No man is a true Democrat who will oppose the party. He who fails to give hearty support to the candidates when once nominated wages intestine war, and is a traitor more dangerous than an avowed enemy. It is by absolute and effective union on party candidates, that Pennsylvania has so often shone conspicuous in the constellation of Republican Sovereigns. This was the means by which she made JEFFERSON President and discarded British influence, by which she made JACKSON President and purged country of usurpers, by which she made BUCHANAN President and saved the Constitution.

Be it ours, my fellow-citizens, by our labors in the common contest, to preserve the purity of our principals, to rescue our State from bondage, to defend our free Constitution, to elevate still higher the Democratic faith, which is the glory of this country and the hope of humanity throughout the world.—God to our keeping has committed the sacred flame of liberty. Let us be true to our trust that our path through life may be illuminated by its rays, that our children may possess the heritage of freedom, that the Nations may rejoice in the light and life of the Democratic truth.

Impressed with these solemn considerations, before which all present personalities sink into insignificance, let us go to our respective homes, and endeavor to diffuse, in all parts of our country, the high political morality of a party, pure in its origin, action, sentiments and tendencies. Let us cultivate the spirit of concord among ourselves, and charity toward our opponents. Let reason reign, and truth will be invincible.

Black pepper, dusted on cucumber, melon and other vines, when the dew is on, is said to drive away the striped bug, and will do no harm to the plants.