

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.

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NEW SERIES.

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HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease or disturbance of the bodily functions.

Select Poetry.

THE SUNSET ISLES.

Thou I seek, with hurried footsteps, Once again the river's side, Gazing with an eager longing, Far across its glassy tide, Where its waters, like a crescent,

Miscellaneous.

DONE BROWN.

Soon after peace had begun to shed her benign influence over the European world, the British Lion reposed in glorious ease after the toll of a thousand battles, the principal cities of the empire—especially London, Dublin and Edinburgh—swarmed with military men of all rank, either retired from the service, or taking their pleasure or leave of absence.

One fine summer morning a very elegant looking person entered Mr. Brown's shop, attended by a footman in splendid livery, who displayed all that graceful tact and self-possession peculiar to the domestics of very great people.

As at least, thought John Brown, for he danced up to the stranger in one of those graceful steps which he had studied under M. Pettipas, when qualifying himself to pop the question to the accomplished young lady who afterwards became Mrs. Brown.

"My dear sir," said the stranger, sinking with graceful lassitude into the proffered chair, "I am desirous of looking at some plate—a small service, sufficient to dine a dozen or so—but of the most recherche pattern, if you please—aw Mr. Brown."

"Certainly, sir—with a great deal of pleasure, sir," said the delighted silversmith, as he directed two of his smartest shopmen to display the required articles on his highly-polished mahogany counter.

John Brown was profuse in bows and smiles, and grateful thanks to "the Castle people," for having sent him so amiable a customer, who must, he conceived, hold some high office in the vice-regal establishment, he even ventured to throw out a hint to that effect.

"Ah!—oh!—yes!" said the stranger, in a tone of happy indifference. "The Castle Staff—Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements."

John Brown had never heard of this title before, but the daily creation of new places was then so notorious in Ireland, that the circumstance occasioned no surprise in his unexpecting mind.

"Quite a new office, sir!" observed John Brown, smirking and rubbing his hands, with a smile intensely obsequious.

"Just so, Mr.—aw—Brown!" coldly responded the stranger, "Made expressly for me; in fact, by my friend, the Home Secretary."

Fervently did John Brown bless his stars for having sent him a customer of so exalted a station as to be intrusted with the control of those private disbursements, a fair portion of which he himself might henceforward look upon as his own.

"Try my other pockets, Richard!" said the stranger, "It must, of course, be in one of them."

"No, sir John replied," the footman, after trying all the pockets; "I can't find it anywhere."

"Duce take it!" exclaimed Sir John, with an air of amiable insouciance; "I must then have left it in his excellency's library table for I came here direct from the Castle."

"Pray, Sir John," briskly interposed the silversmith, with his most insinuating smile—"Pray don't trouble yourself any further on the subject, I shall do myself the honor of sending the plate to the Castle, and you can pay the little amount to the messenger; or, if desired, Mr. Brown a good morning; assuring him, with a sweetly-patrous smile, that he would not only send him the money for the plate as soon as he got to the Castle, but he would also recommend him warmly to his numerous friends, civil and military, both in England and Ireland."

"From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, Ireland did not contain a happier man than John Brown, after his morning's work—which he gratefully ascribed less to good fortune than to his own excellent tact and savoir faire. For an hour or two he strutted backwards and forwards in his shop, rubbing his hands in high glee, and cracking jokes with his shopmen; but, unable any longer to confine his happiness within his own breast he ordered his buggy, and drove to the residences of several of his friends, to whom, in the fulness of his joy, he related the transaction of the morning, and all his glowing anticipations therefrom."

"None of John Brown's friends had ever before heard of such an office as that of Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements. But this only confirmed Mr. Brown more strongly in the idea that he alone, of all the Dublin tradesmen, was selected for especial patronage by that high functionary. Some, it is true, advised him to be cautious in the matter, and to make sure of payment, at least for this first installment; while one, who aspired to peculiar sagacity, sneered so provocingly at the whole affair, that John Brown dropped a hint of trotting him out some fine morning to the "Fifteen Acres."

Having made his rounds of visits, and created, as he mainly received, a great deal of envy at his superior good fortune, our happy silversmith drove home to his snug little box on the Circular Road, where his fair helpmate received him with those diaphanous smiles—the husband's most delightful reward for all the cares and dangers that so incessantly beset his path in this troublesome world."

"At the fair hand of Mrs. Brown poured out for her *caro sposo*, that 'cup which cheers, but not inebriates,' and loaded his plate with some delicious mufins—toasted and buttered by her own delicate fingers—he gladdened her heart with a relation of his morning's adventure; in which he was never tired of singing, nor she of echoing, the praises of the "Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements."

ed sponge; "do you really think it ever will be." "Why not?" cried John, "didn't his grace, the Duke of Rutland, knight that fellow Baxter, merely for administering—hem—hem—hem."

"And lady Baxter is such a vulgar woman, too," observed Cecilia. "Ah!" said John, "you'll take the shine out of her, when you drive up to the Lady Lieutenant's drawing room in your handsome, elegant coach."

"Not the buggy, John," said Cecilia, with a look of determination. "Fiddlestick buggy!" exclaimed John. "You shall have the handsomest coach in Long Acre; for I am determined to have everything from London."

"Dear John," interrupted his wife, could it make it Lady O'Driscoll Brown or Lady Brown O'Driscoll? "I would sound so much better, you know."

"Well, my dear," replied John, who was all compliance at this climax of imaginary happiness, "I'll consult the herald-at-arms on the subject; and if it can be done for love or money, you shall be gratified."

"Here the anxious silversmith gallantly kissed his wife's hand, when she threw herself into his arms in the exuberance of her joy.

"And when you are introduced to her ladyship," resumed Mr. Brown, working out his picture of vice-regal felicity, "with all your jewels sparkling about you—"

"But no Irish diamonds, if you please," said the lady, with a warning shake of her fore-finger; "mind that, Sir John."

"They shall be all of the purest water and finest carat!" said the embryo knight. "Indeed, I have already made a large purchase—"

"Oh, then," said the lady, smiling sweetly on her considerate spouse, "that is why you sent me in such a hurry to-day for the money box."

"What do you say," cried John Brown, with a yell like a war-horn, and jumping up from his chair as if the tea urn had been upset in his lap.

"Good heavens, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, in a fright, "what's the matter?—Are you scalded?"

"Scalded be —," said Brown. "What is that you say about money?"

"The money you wrote for, my dear," replied Mrs. Brown, trembling; for she had never seen her husband in such a taking before, and began to think that, as the weather was intensely hot, he might have had a stroke of the sun, or been bitten by a mad dog.

"Money that I wrote for?" screamed John Brown. "Certainly, my dear," replied his agitated wife, "My dear Cecy!"

"Oh!" groaned the distracted silversmith, who now began to see the abyss into which he had so heedlessly plunged.

"You own handwriting and initials," continued Mrs. Brown. "Oh! oh!" sobbed her unhappy husband.

"And though you forgot in your hurry to address the note," said Mrs. Brown, "it is sealed with your own crest—a bantam cock proper, with your motto, 'Celer et audax.'"

"Oh! oh!" groaned the frantic silversmith; "Audax with a vengeance, but celer now no more!"

"And you direct me," continued Mrs. Brown, "to send you the money box from the cabinet in the back parlor."

"And did you do so?" shouted John Brown. "Certainly!" replied the terrified wife.

"Then I'm dished, by heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, flinging himself at full length upon the carpet. "Three hundred and fifty guineas gone, slap dash, as I'm a miserable sinner!"

"It was some time before Mrs. Brown could be made to comprehend the nature of this dreadful business; and many weeks before her poor husband could leave his chamber, so seriously was his health affected by this heavy loss, and his still heavier mortification—He did, however, in time regain something like his former equanimity, but not before he had been equanimity by his "good natured" friends to the verge of insanity; and to his dying day he went by the nickname of—"The Comptroller-General."

"Do the ladies play music at the west sir?" asked a young lady of a western green-looking customer.

"Oh, very universally, Miss," was the reply. "Indeed, I was not aware of that; do they use the piano mostly?"

"Never, Miss. The instrument that we have out our way is the Swinette, and the girls all play it."

"Oh, dear, I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell what it is, and how they play it."

"Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each one takes one of these under her arm and chews the end of his tail, and that brings out the music."

Western green was the lion for the balance of that evening.

Wouldn't You Up.

Joe Stetson was a wild, rollicking fellow who spent most of his time in drinking and speering, while his wife Polly, was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain occasion Joe left home, to be back, as he said, that night.

The next day passed but, about sunset, Joe came up in the worst condition imaginable—his clothes dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning; and his face presented more the appearance of a piece of raw beef than anything else.

"Polly," said Joe, "do you remember long Jim Andrews? Well, him and he had an awful fight!"

"Polly," replied Joe, "I tell you, you never did see such a fight as me and him had—When he clinched me I jerked loose from him, and then gin three or four the most sufficient likes you ever heard of. Polly, ain't supper nearly ready? I'm nearly starved."

"Do tell me who whipped, will you?" continued Polly. "Polly," said Joe, "you don't know nothin' about fightin'. I tell you we fought like tigers; we rolled and we tumbled—first him on top, then me on top—then the boys would pat me on the shoulder, and hollow, Oh, my! Stetson!"

"A good lady who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In confusion the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and a malicious mother of the sick children read with horror the following: 'Soak them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt; in a few days they will be cured.'

A gracious soul may look through the darkest cloud, and see his God's smiling on him as by a rainbow we see the beautiful images of the sun's light, in the midst of a dark and watery cloud. We must look through the anger of his correction to the sweetness in his countenance.

Good—The editor of the Elorado (Texas) Times has a child named Kansas. The editor of the Wedowee (Ala.) Mercury says he would be afraid to call a child Kansas, for fear it would never have any Constitution. But the Vicksburg Sun replies that Kansas has not lacked such a thing as a Constitution. If any thing had too much of the article, Topeka, Leecompton and Wyandotte all prove this assertion.

A boy got his father's gun and loaded it; but was afraid to fire; he however, liked the fun of loading and so put in another charge, but still afraid to fire. He kept charging, but without firing, until he got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother, hearing his tenuity, smartly reproved him, and grasping the old continental, discharged it. The result was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back. She promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the child cried out—Lay still granny, there are fire more charges in yet!

A Chinese Dinner.—During the visit of Mr. Ward, the American minister, to Peking, China, he was honored with a sumptuous dinner. Though only the three Chinese commissioners and Mr. Ward, his secretary, and two interpreters, were present, and sat down to it the supply was enough for at least one hundred, and the expense was estimated at \$1,500. It consisted of various dishes—bird's nests, shark's fins, heifer's testis, watermelon seeds, &c., &c., the whole amounting to no less than thirty courses.

Never Yield to Biddulee. Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of ridicule, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the time, and to make a point of morals, do it; however pedantic it may appear do it—not for insolence, but seriously and gradually, as if a man wore a big soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will be respected by the world, but (save that approval of your own conscience).

Cement for Broken China.—Take a very thick solution of gum arabic dissolved in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

The father of the child Mortara has arrived at Paris, and is prepared to make a determined demand upon the Congress of the Great Powers for the restoration of his child.

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