

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.

M. M. O'Sullivan

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1860.

VOL. 7--NO. 9.

TERMS:
DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, in advance. ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.
No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be allowed to discontinue his paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.
Persons subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.
One insertion. Two do. Three do.
12 lines \$ 50 75 \$ 1 00
24 lines 1 00 1 50 2 00
36 lines 1 50 2 00 2 50
3 months 5 do. 12 do. 15 do.
6 months 10 do. 15 do. 20 do.
1 year 20 do. 30 do. 40 do.
Advertisements must be marked with number of insertions desired, or they will be sent until forbidden, and charged accordingly.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease of the stomach and bowels; but, by the aid of a good tonic and the exercise of common sense, they may be able to so adjust the system as to secure permanent health. In order to accomplish this desired end, the true course to pursue is certainly that which will produce a natural state of the system, at the least hazard of vital strength and health. For this purpose, Dr. Hostetter has introduced to this country a preparation bearing the name of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which is not a new medicine, but one which has been tried for years, giving satisfaction to all who have used it. The Bitters operate powerfully upon the stomach, bowels, liver, restoring them to a healthy and active action, and thus, by the simple process of strengthening nature, enable the system to triumph over disease.

It is the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaint, arising from a morbid action of the stomach or bowels, producing Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these have no equal.

It is the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaint, arising from a morbid action of the stomach or bowels, producing Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these have no equal.

It is the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaint, arising from a morbid action of the stomach or bowels, producing Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these have no equal.

It is the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaint, arising from a morbid action of the stomach or bowels, producing Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these have no equal.

It is the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaint, arising from a morbid action of the stomach or bowels, producing Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these have no equal.

It is the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaint, arising from a morbid action of the stomach or bowels, producing Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these have no equal.

Select Poetry.

The Icicle and the Snow Drop.

An icicle, so runs my tale,
Hung from a cottage wall;
Below, there lived a snow-drop pale,
Sheltering her petals small.
The icicle all solid seemed,
And hour by hour he grew;
Rightly the passers by, he deemed,
Turned round his form to view.
He chanced to look upon the ground,
And there the snow-drop spied,
Just peeping through a snowy mound,
And spake he in pride—
"Look up, small thing, a wondrous sight
Is hanging o'er your head;
See me in growing splendor bright,
While thou art nearly dead."
Such talk he held, when lo! a breeze
From southern quarters came;
And soon the air had ceased to freeze,
All moist he felt his frame.
Drops from him fell upon the flower,
While sunshine came in gleams;
Refreshed, as by a gentle shower,
She sprang to meet the beams.
But fears within his bosom woke,
He trembled to his fall,
Till with a sudden bound he broke,
And dashed against the wall.
And rolled into the kennel soon,
All wet with mud and mire;
No form was left to him by noon,
I saw him there expire.

But first he groined out, "Look on me,
(I speak to one and all.)
Great was my pride; now learn from me
That pride will have a fall.

Miscellaneous.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife, and a cheerful home—
—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with nitted brow, and moody aspect.

"Not a word was spoken by either, Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step."
"Come," she said at last, with a side-glance at her husband.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting.

"What a question, Mary!" he repeated as he stood before her.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make, and had he offered the light of praise or commendation? Had he told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife!" The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eye fell upon the newspaper which lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence.

"A kind cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sun through."
Mr. Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her and taking hold of the bosom upon which she was at work, he said, with a voice carefully modulated with kindness—

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."
Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor the motion of her head as she ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw she leaned a little towards him. He has broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays and already straggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly, "and I have heard it said more than once that a good wife Andrew Lee must have."
Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there something in the expression of her eye that puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting.

"What a question, Mary!" he repeated as he stood before her.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."
"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face.

"With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."
How easy had been the work of Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand around the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

An Adventure on the Carr.

There were five of us—yes, five as happy fellows as ever were ever let loose from college. It was "vacation," and we concluded to make a trip to the Falls. We got aboard the cars at N—, and were soon traveling very rapidly toward our destination.

We had just seated ourselves and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, and who should it be but our old friend Fred B—. After the common salutations—"how are you, old fellow," ect. had passed, Fred said he had some business for us to attend to.

"Out with it, old chum," said we; "anything at all will be acceptable, so let us have it."
"Well, boys," said Fred, in a very confidential tone, "this next car there is as 'lovin' a pair as it was ever my lot to see,—they are going down to H— to get married, and now if you can have any fun over it, just pitch in. They must be cared for, and I don't know who can do it better than you."

In a moment Fred was gone, and we set our heads together, to form a plan for taking care of the lovers.

"I have it boys," said Bill Severs; "we must make that girl think that her lover is a married man."
"That's it, Bill—that's it," said we, not giving him time to finish the sentence.

"That he is a married man and the father of children," said Bill.

"That's the game, boys, now let us play it out."
It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly, I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. The girl thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, had taken a seat on his knee; and he, for the purpose of protecting her, of course had thrown his arm around her waist; and so they sat, in real, soft lovers' style.

All this I gathered at a glance. Stepping up to them, I said:
"Why, Jones, what in the duce are you doing with this girl?"
The girl arose hastily and seated herself on the seat.

"See here, stranger," said the fellow, "you're a mite mistaken; my name ain't Jones."
"Why, Jones," said I, "you certainly haven't left your wife and children, and tried to palm yourself off for a single man here?"
"I tell you my name ain't Jones; it's Harper. It never was Jones; 'taint a gon' to be nuther."

I merely shook my head, and passed on to another seat to see the rest of the fun. The girl looked "wild" after I sat down; but Jones alias Harper, soon convinced her that I was mistaken.

"Why, Jones, you here? How did you leave your wife and babies?"
"Now see here, stranger, you ain't the fust man that's called me Jones to-day, an' I reckon I must look awfully like him; but I ain't Jones, an' mebbe that, you cussen't call me Jones. I hain't got a wife nor babies either but this ere gal an' me is going to splice, an' then you can talk about my wife, and I wouldn't wonder but what in the course of time you might talk about the babies, too; but you mustn't call me Jones!"

This retort brought forth vociferous laughter from the spectators, and also brought blushes to the face of "the gal that was gon' to be spliced."

"Ab, Jones," said Gregg, "you will regret this in the future. I pity your wife and children, and this poor girl!"
"So, Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones is it; an' you've been foolin' me, have you?—Well, we ain't spliced yet an' I don't think we will be soon," said the girl, and her eyes fairly flashed fire.

"Jane, Jane," said Harper, "don't you know I'm Bill Harper? That ain't a darn drop of Jones blood in me, I'll prove it to you."
At this moment, Jeff Jackson, Bill Jevvers, and Jim Beyers entered, and of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stopped up to him, and said:
"Why, Jones, what is all this fuss about?"
This was more than Harper could stand. He leaped upon a seat.

"Now," said he, "my name ain't Jones, an' I can lick the feller that says it is."
By this time we had got to H— and our friend Fred came into the car and made Harper keep quiet. The girl that wouldn't be "spliced" requested Fred to help her on the train that was going back to N—, which he did, and the notorious Jones, alias Harper, followed her. We learned afterwards, that he proved himself to be Bill Harper, instead of Bill Jones, and he and his gal Jane "got spliced."

Stereoscopic Spectacles.—Prof. Wharton Jones has made an important optical discovery, which, while advantageous to persons of weak eyes, will be prized by all who appreciate eyesight. It is a form of spectacle glasses whereby paintings and engravings appear as stereoscopic pictures; that is, the figures and objects are seen in full relief and roundness. The glasses may be fitted and worn as ordinary spectacles, or in an opera glass, and with an effect as surprising as it is delightful. To frequenters of picture galleries—to antiquaries fond of studying Gothic architecture, and the features of old ruins—the new glass will be as a double vision. A machine has been made for grinding the glasses, and we hear that they will shortly be on sale.—*Chambers Journal.*

Great Wedding at St. Louis.

The St. Louis Republican comes to us with a full and very able report of the great wedding of Mr. Timothy McKilgubbin and Miss Sophia Simblegoot, of that city. One paper alone employed nineteen reporters to procure the fullest particulars of the affair, stimulated by this enterprise, no doubt by the uncounted influence of the happy bridegroom, and his rather novel choice of one of the fair daughters of the Rhine, together with other circumstances too wearisome to enumerate, which made this wedding an event of remarkable hugeness, justifying the papers in giving all the interesting particulars.

Timothy McKilgubbin, is a native, as his name would indicate, of one of the cantons of Greece. His mother never had but one child—a boy—and by a coincidence, Timothy was the child. He was exceedingly young at the time of his birth, and is, consequently now in his forty-third year.

The splendors unmatchable of the bride's trousseau are thus faithfully given:
One green and red cotton dress, singleskirt, illustrated with a representation of the Harper's Ferry invasion, and a correct likeness of Ossawatimic Brown.
One striped ditto, with two flounces and a tuck (antique).
One plain barred gingham, trimmed with black tape (new).
Four Alabama silk hemmed chemises, plain.
Three nocturnal robes, same material.
One crimson flannel skirt, quilted.
Two crimson flannel skirts, unquilted.
One seamless cotton bathing ditto.
One heavy calico ditto (three ply).
One expansion skirt.
One expansion skirt (more so).
Another of the same kind.
Three pair white cotton * * * * *
One pair calf brogans (No. 8).
One pair kip.
Indian rubber overshoes.
One pair woolen mits.
One bonnet, straw.
One ditto, gingham (sun).
Two cotton handkerchiefs, hemmed.
One red silk ditto.
One corset, fastened in front.
One corset, fastened behind.
Four pounds cotton.
Three pair worsted stockings.
Three pair white cotton ditto.
Nice best steel hair pins.
One pair gutta percha garters.
One hundred copies *Missouri Republican* (for bustles).
One fine-tooth comb.
Sixteen bottles Macassar oil.
Two boxes scented charcoal dentifrice.
One pair braces.
Half-dozen leather shoe-strings.

The following anecdote, from Harper's Magazine for July, illustrates the indefinable position of certain wavering latter-day politicians:

"During the agitation in 1812, relative to the declaration of war with Great Britain, it is well known that the subject met with a strong opposition in the New England representation in Congress, as well as in a great portion of the people in that section of the country. Meetings expressive of hostility to the bill were held throughout those States, and it was proposed that the good people of L., should manifest their pacific spirit and 'define their position.' A public demonstration was agreed upon, and old Parson M., being considered the 'man for the times,' was called upon by a committee appointed for that purpose, with the request that he would prepare an address appropriate to the occasion.

"The parson did not yield a ready compliance, but illustrated his reply in this wise:
"I once knew," said he, "a widow lady in Scotland who had an only son. Upon him she had expended much to enable him to acquire an education. He was absent from home for a long while attending school. Having completed his course of studies, he returned to his good old mother. 'Come home, said she on the night of his arrival home, and when they were about making preparations to retire, you've been a long time away from me, my son, and have studied much. I know you are a good lad, but I have never heard you pray. Try it, John; for ye surely must know how, with all the learning ye have got."
"Accordingly John complied—made a long and, as he supposed, satisfactory acknowledgement of his sins and unworthiness, and of his great indebtedness to his Maker.
"Well, mother," says John, 'how did it suit ye?"
"Pretty well—pretty well, John," replied the old lady, 'but why dinna ye gie the aid deil a slap or two?"
"Oh," says John, 'not I—not I, for you know, mither, there's one of us knows whose hands me may sometime fall into!"

Weighing the Evidence.—A correspondent gives the following which is worth telling as it will be new to most of you, if not all. A gentleman missed two pounds of very fine butter which he had kept for a special occasion, and charged the cook with having stolen it. She declared the Kitten had eaten it, and that she had just caught her finishing the last morsel. The gentleman immediately put the kitten in the scales, and found she weighed only a pound and a half. The cook thus confounded, confessed the theft.

In Delaware, Ohio, last week, Robert Lambert fled to parts unknown, with a young girl, leaving a wife and three children to rejoice at their great good luck in thus getting rid of bad rubbish.

When an Irishman first tried peaches, he said he liked the flavor, but the seeds lay hard on his stomach.

Coaxing up an Expression.

"Lovers, anxious to secure each other's shadow ere the substantial faded, stepped into the ambrotype car of our friend Williams, one day last week, to sit for their 'pictures.'—The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, "had got to be tuck fast, and real natural." He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist or two to his handkerchief, asked his girl if his shirt collar looked about X, and planted himself in the operator's chair, where he assumed the physiognomical characteristic of a poor wortal in a dentist's hands, and about to part with one of his eye teeth. "Now do look purty!" begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances. The picture was taken, and when produced it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, "jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles!" and as this was not an era in her suitor's history particularly worthy of her commemoration, she insisted that he should stand again. He obeyed and she attended him to the chair.

"La," she said, "you look all puckered up!"
One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last, growing impatient and becoming desperate, she resolved to try an experiment which she considered infallible and exclaimed:
"I don't care if there is folks around!"
She enjoined the operator to stand at his camera; she then sat in her feller's lap, and putting her arms on his neck, managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds, which revealed her expedient. When this "biling and cooing" had lasted a few minutes, the cunning gal jumped from Josh's lap, and clapped her hands, cried to the astonished artist:
"Now you have got him! put him through!"

Buckle, author of the "History of Civilization," which has been pronounced by critics the most remarkable book published in England during ten years past, has been sued for libel, in uttering blasphemous sentiments.

A young man named Roberts was engaged to be married in Germantown, Ky., last week and while on his way to the lady's home, was murdered by a former lover. The guests were all assembled, and their impression was that Robert had played false, until information of the facts turned their indignation into mourning.

The introduction of camels into the Southern States has been attended with great success. At a recent plowing match in Montgomery, Ala., the strength of the camel, compared with that of the mule, was tested. The result, in this particular case, was decidedly in favor of the camel.

The great popularity of Mr. Irving's works may be inferred from the fact that, during the past ten years, Mr. George P. Putnam, the publisher, has disposed of something over 600,000 volumes.

Bonner of the New York Ledger, now has four horses that cost him \$14,000, with which he takes a daily drive.

At the village of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, N. B. Boyden, receiver of public money was gaggled and the Government safe robbed of \$2,990.

The Chicago Herald says that the railroads centering in that city have determined to issue no more passes or half-fare tickets to clergymen.

The Morse telegraph patent expires in 1861, and will then be free to the public. It will cause considerable extension of telegraph lines, and will give rise to a great deal of competition.

Acavalcade of Winnebago Indians, gaily attired in fancy blankets, with leggings and blue, passed through Winona, Minn., last week, to visit their old stamping ground east of the Mississippi.

The great fight between Tom Sayers of England, and Heenan of this country, for the championship of the world, is finally arranged to take place near London on Monday the 16th of April. The stakes now up are £100 or \$500 a side, which will be doubled before the battle!

Mrs. Smither says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers bite their water on shore. In her opinion all the "bustins" is done by cooking the steam on board.

Three States have abolished the death penalty, viz: Michigan, in 1846; Rhode Island, in 1852; and Wisconsin, in 1853.

The speaker who got off at a remark, subsequently got on again.
—The man who over stepped the bounds of decorum, has footed it back.
—The young blood who went out on a lark, returned on the shoulders of two watchmen.
—The fellow picked up a living, had become round-shouldered.
—The man who has lost in slumber, found his way out on a night-mare.
—The man who walked against time, bruised his shins.
—The fellow who lost his balance, has employed several men to hunt it up.