

# 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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It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease or disturbance of the bodily functions, and with the aid of a good tonic and the exercise of plain common sense, they may be able to regulate the system so as to secure permanent health. In order to accomplish this desired object, the true course to pursue is certainly that which will produce a natural state of things at the least hazard of vital strength and life. For this purpose, Dr. Hostetter has invented a medicine of this kind, which he has named, and which is not a new medicine, but one that has been tried for years, giving satisfaction to all who have used it. The Bitters operate powerfully upon the stomach, bowels, and liver, restoring them to a healthy and vigorous action, and thus, by the simple process of strengthening nature, enable the system to triumph over disease.

For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaints, arising from a morbid action of the Stomach or Bowels, producing Cramps, Pressure, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these Bitters have no equal.

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**DRUGS DRUGS!**  
OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S. BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, BANDAGES, WINES, GINS, FLUID,**  
Cutlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, Snuff, and other articles usually kept in a drug store.  
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RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large Assortment of American Pocket-knives, (Every knife warranted,) by  
GEORGE HUNTLEY,  
No. 10, 1859, St.

## Select Poetry.

[From the Missouri Democrat.]

### DYING IN THE DARK.

BY CORNIE WILLIAMS LEWIS.

See, the lamplight on the window  
Flutters down in golden lines,  
Penciling up the rambling heiges,  
Pinning jewels on the pins,  
Painting now upon my pillow,  
Resting from its ribald route,  
Falling fainter, fainter, fainter,  
God! O God! the light is out!

Pulsing through the dreary darkness,  
Comes the wild and winging wind,  
And its restless, wild fingers,  
Quick the curtains white unbind,  
Of 'tis fearful to be lying  
With these eyes so glazed and stark,  
And to feel that I am dying,  
Dying, dying in the dark.

I can hear the rushing river,  
And I know that shadowed light,  
Weave golden gateway over,  
Each soft waftlet in its flight,  
Ah! could but one gleam now reach me,  
But one little, tangled gleam,  
That has sifted through the lilies,  
And is wailing on the stream.

Of in sound of humming voices,  
Of in sound of drumming feet,  
While each lamplight casement slanteth,  
Burnished bars across the street,  
To be drifting, to be drifting,  
In a shivering, fragile bark,  
Towards that gloomy "shoreless ocean,"  
Drifting, drifting in the dark.

There's a time-worn way-side cottage,  
Hark! 'tis sobbing at the pane,  
Little Daughter! see I'm coming!  
Through these shifting sheets of rain,  
Weeping on thy little apron,  
Sending but thy shadow out,  
Or daisy bells to meet me,  
In my weary, homeward route.

But my limbs grow numb and trembling,  
And I hear a rushing stream,  
Is there a name to bear me over?  
Pity me, O God!—I dream—  
All the tide is going, going,  
Ere the trilling of the lark,  
Will the stifken-movings loosen,  
And a boat drift in the dark.

—Miss Tucker says it is with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do flame, they burn prodigiously.

**A Token of Good.**—Those who ought to know, says that there has been less finery and ornamental gew-gaws sold during the present season, than during the same period of any year since the great panic of 1856. We have been an over-dressed and over-decorated people, but we are from past reverses beginning now to cut our coat according to our cloth.

—It is the part of wisdom to do great things without a fuss. When Solomon, the wisest of men, built his wondrous temple, no sound of saw or hammer was heard therein.

—An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled ballot-boxes on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear, that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

—Mrs. Swissholm, the strong-minded editor of the St. Cloud (Min.) Democrat has received the legislative appointment of Surveyor of Logs and Lumber, which some persons are disposed to regard as a good joke. The lady says nobody can insult her by the offer of what will bring honest wages.

**A poor fellow says.**—"In an evil hour I became addicted to drink. From that moment I have been going down, until I have become an outcast—a loafer—a thing of no account; fit for nothing else on earth but to be a member of Congress."

**Toil and time at grisu school-masters** but a flash of hope can make them beautiful even as a sunbeam on the rude mountain hill side.

**"Mr. Conductor, does the rail-road stop here?"**  
"No Marm, the cars stop here, but the railroad goes right on to Albany."  
The scene closes with a green parrot patting a blue covered book on the back.

## Miscellaneous.

### Seth Woodsum's Wife.

BY JACK DOWNING.

As Mr. Seth Woodsum was mowing one morning in the lower laying field, and his eldest son, Obediah, a smart boy of thirteen opening the mown grass to the sun, Mr. Woodsum looked up towards the house, and beheld his little daughter Harriet, ten years of age, rushing towards him with the greatest speed. As she came up he perceived that she was greatly agitated; tears were running down her cheeks, and she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

"Oh father, she faintly articulated, mother is dreadfully sick; she's on the bed, and she shall die before you get there."

Mr. Woodsum was a man of sober, sound mind and calm nerves; but he had, what sometimes happens in this cold and loveless world of ours, a tender attachment for his wife, which made the message of the little girl fall on his heart like a dart. He dropped his scythe, and ran with great haste to the house. Obediah who was at the other end of the field, seeing the unusual movement of his father dropped his fork, and ran with all his might, and the two entered the house almost the same time. Mr. Woodsum hastened to the bedside, and took wife's hand. "My dear Sally said he what is the matter with you?"

"What is the matter?" echoed Mrs. Woodsum, with a plaintive groan. "I shouldn't think you need to ask what is the matter, Mr. Woodsum. Don't you see I'm dying?"

"Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you were dying. What is the matter? How do you feel?"

Woodsum, without waiting to make further inquiries, told Obediah to run and jump on the horse, and ride over Dr. Fairfield, and get him to come over as quick as he can come. Tell him I am afraid your mother is dying. If the doctor's horse is away off in the pasture, ask him to take our horse and come right over, whilst you go and catch his."

Obediah with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth, flew as though he had wings added to his feet, and in three minutes time he mounted upon "Old Gray," and was galloping with full speed towards Dr. Fairfield's.

"My dear," said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his head upon the pillow, how do you feel? what makes you think you are dying? And he tenderly kissed her forehead as he spoke, and pressed her hand to his bosom.

"O Samuel," for the generally called his Christian name, when under the influence of tender emotions; "I have pain darting thro' my head, and most all over me; and I feel dizzy, and can't hardly see; and my heart beats as though it would come through my side—I'm sure I can't live till night; and what will become of my poor children; and she sobbed heavily, and burst in a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not bring himself to believe that his wife was in such immediate danger of dissolution as she seemed to apprehend. He thought she had her earnest and positive declaration that she should not live through the day, sent a thrill through his veins, and a sinking to his heart; but that language had power to describe, Mr. Woodsum was as ignorant of medicine as a child; he therefore did not attempt to do anything to relieve his wife, except to try and soothe her feelings by kind and encouraging words, till the doctor arrived. The half-hour which elapsed, from the time Obediah left till the doctor came seemed to Mr. Woodsum almost an age. He repeatedly went from the bedside to the door, to look and see if the doctor was anywhere near, and as often returned to hear his wife groan, and say she was sinking fast, and could not stand it very many minutes longer.

At length Dr. Fairfield rode up to the door on Mr. Woodsum's "Old Gray," and with saddle bags in hand, hastened into the house. A brief examination of the patient convinced that it was a decided case of hypochondria, and he soon spoke encouraging words to her; although she was considerably unwell, he did not doubt she would be better in a little while.

"Oh Doctor, how can you say so?" said Mrs. Woodsum, "don't you see I'm dying? I can't possibly live till night; I'm sinking very fast, Doctor, and I shall never see you rise again. My heart sometimes almost stops its beating now, and my feet and hands are growing cold. But I must see my dear children once more; do let them come in and bid me farewell." Here she was so overwhelmed with tears and sobs as to prevent her saying more.

The doctor having administered the drugs in such cases made and provided, is followed out by Mr. Woodsum, all anxiety to learn the real danger of the case. He is assured that it is only an attack of hypochondria; and the good lady herself ere long recovers.

Again and again, however, is our friend Seth summoned from the plow, and the doctor from pills, to administer consolation and relief in her dying hour, and again and again does she recover. We give below the story of Death's Last Assault.

At last the sober, saddening days of autumn came on Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his fall work, which had been several times interrupted by these periodical turns of despondency in his wife. One morning he went to his work early, for he had a heavy day's work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbors to come with two yokes of oxen and plow to help him break up an old mowing field. His neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plow the whole field.

Mr. Woodsum was driving the team, and his neighbor holding the plow, and things went on to their mind, till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was "dreadfully sick," and wanted him to come as quick as he could for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum without saying a word, drove the team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perplexed. Although he felt persuaded that the danger was imaginary, as it had always proved before, still the idea of the bare possibility that this sickness might be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he laid down his good stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle trespass awhile, walked deliberately towards the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his own imagination had added such wings to his speed that he found himself moving at a quick run. He entered the house and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her own estimation almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken leave of her dear children, and only waited to exchange a few words with her beloved husband. Mr. Woodsum approached her bedside and took her hand tenderly as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of approaching dissolution, different from what he had witnessed on a dozen former occasions.

"Now my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly, the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time to stay with you. But I hope you shall feel resigned to the will of heaven. I would go cheerfully, dear, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think my dear, she continued with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind, good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant to all of you?"

She paused and looked earnestly in his face. "Well, I've sometimes thought of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

Why, yes, said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it since you have had spells of being very sick. It makes me feel dreadfully to think of it, I don't know but it might be my duty."

"Well, I do think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can get the right sort of a person. Everything depends upon that my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about whom you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; "don't you give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes, said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one I have thought for some time past I should probably, marry, if it should be the will of Heaven to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression more of earth than heaven, returning to her eyes.

"Who is it, Mrs. Woodsum? You haven't mentioned it to her, have you?"

"Oh, no, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; "but, my dear, we had better drop the subject; it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is. I never could die in peace until you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about, and it don't appear to me that it would be best to call names," said Mr. Woodsum.

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness, and was leaning on her elbow, while her searching glances were reading every muscle in her husband's face.

"Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it!"

### Be Gentle at Home.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere in which love is not abused for furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, father or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, and to those who love him the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would dare to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the holliest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to women in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to their own household. Things out not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his heartstone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and true ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

**Human Nature.**—An Eastern paper tells a good anecdote of an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that cold compound of incompatibles called "human nature." It was on a Christmas Eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl as she hugged her shivering servant. "It's terrible cold to night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wholebarrow, fill it full of wood, pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip." These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed both inside and out. And now the trusty old Scip was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again: "Stop, Scip. You need not go now. The weather has moderated!"

**Gen. Washington and Washington Irving.**—Mr. Irving himself once saw Gen. Washington. He said there was some celebration going on in New York, and the General was there to participate in the ceremony. "My nurse," continued Mr. Irving, "a good old Scotchwoman, was very anxious for me to see him, and held me up in her arms as he rode past. This, however, did not appear to satisfy her; so the next day, when walking with me in Broadway, she espied him in a shop she seized my hand, and darting in, exclaimed in her bland Scotch, "Please your Excellency, here's a bairn that's called after you." General Washington then turned his benevolent face upon me, smiled, and gave me his blessing, which," added Mr. Irving earnestly, "I have reason to believe has attended me through life. I was but five years old, yet I feel that hand even now."

**How to Open Oysters.**—"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "and why nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's that?" inquired Straight.

"Scotch stuff," answered old Hurricane very sentimentally. "Scotch stuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their life out."

"I know a genius," observed another, who has a better plan. "He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of love—sometimes a marvellous stock transaction. As he proceeds the 'natives' get interested—one by one they gaze with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gaze, my friend whips 'em out, peppers 'em and swallows 'em."

"That'll do," said Straight, with a long sigh—"I wish we had a bussel of the bivalves here now—they'd open easy."

**Miss Callings—Semex.** Conductor, who is that imperious, disdainful, and highly-ornamental young lady, who wears golden mantles, and glories in a golden cross? The skirts of her charity covered several adjacent sinners, and at her ingress, she created a vacuum, if not a sensation, and was followed by a whirlwind.

**Cox—Miss D. Meador, Sir.** Cox.—The other, who? The one that giggled, and with a sneer, nudged the fat to look at the poor woman holding in her arms the sick baby.

**Cox.—Her cousin, Sir, Miss B. Havivour.** Cox.—But, that neat, comely, tasteful girl who initiated the movement to make room for the poor woman; and then looked so kindly at the mother that both she and her babe smiled—who is she?

**Cox.—That, Sir, is Ann D. Corum.** Cox.—Truly she is not miss named. But hold up, Conductor; I'll step off here. [Exit Old Fogie.]

—The Duke of Wellington, gives orders one day during his campaign, for a battalion to attempt rather a dangerous enterprise—the storming of one of the enemies' batteries of St. Sebastian—complimented the officers by saying that his was the first in the world. "Yes," replied the officer, leading on his men, "and before your lordship's orders are finally executed, it will probably be the first in the other world."

—A Connecticut chap announces that next spring he intends to cross the Skutucket on a rope with two men hanging to his hair, one on each side. He is now busy, day and night, letting his hair grow for that purpose.

### Woman's Advantages.

Some of the advantages of women over men are as follows:  
A woman can say what she chooses without being kucked down for it.  
She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband goes to work.  
She can go into the street without being asked to treat at every saloon.  
She can paint her face if it is too pale, and powder it is too red.  
She can stay at home in time of war, and can get married again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixins if too thin.  
She can eat, drink and be merry, without costing her a cent.  
She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt all over until he warns the public by advertising not to trust her on his account.

—The New York Journal of Commerce, in copying the address of the National Union party of New York, containing sentiments worthy of general approbation, says very admirably:  
"We wish this new party entire success, as against the Republicans, or any other sectional party, but not against the Democrats, who are the only true National Union party of the country, and have earned their character by years of fidelity to the constitution and the Union under the most discouraging circumstances—often preferring defeat in a just cause, to victory at the expense of principle and patriotism."

—Tom Hood mentions the case of an old Jew, who had let a large sum of money and charged interest upon it at nine per cent.—The borrower reconverted and at last asked the usurer, if he did believe in a God; and where he expected to go to when he died?  
"Ah," said the old Hebrew with a pleased twinkle of the eye and a grin, "I have tho't of that too—but when God looks down upon it from above, the 9 will appear to him like a 6."

—It is better to love a person you cannot marry, than to marry a person you cannot love. This is a short text to a long sermon, which human experience will continue to preach "until the last syllable of recorded time."

—Tough, majam; tough, did you say? said an irascible boarder, to the landlady, as he was trying to carve what was ostensibly chicken. "Yes; and were I to give my opinion on the fowl, I should say it was old enough to have scratched up the seeds of original sin, when they were first planted."

—A Ranger paper relates that a violent party politician was, the other evening in the company of ladies and gentlemen, bantering an old maid on her state of single blessedness. In the course of his remarks he said "It is really unaccountable, Miss S., how a young lady of your virtues and accomplishments could never get married." "It is by no means unaccountable," she replied. "Unlike you sir; (he is notorious for his political tergiversations) 'unlike you, sir, I go for principles—not men."

—Are you a skillful mechanic? "Yes, sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost anything in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly, just put up your foot and I will split in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less preparation."

—A wag says that in journeying lately, he was put in an omnibus with a dozen persons, of whom he did not know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after, the omnibus was upset. "And then," said he, "I found them all out."

—An exchange paper says, the best cure for palpitation of the heart, is to leave off hugging and kissing the girls. If this is the only remedy that can be procured. "We for one say, let 'er palpitate!"

—The Delinks Herald reports the arrest of Adam Rounder for attempting to kill August Parber by letting him drop to the bottom of a thirty-foot well, and throwing rocks on him.

—A Young Lawyer, whose ambition did not stop short of the seat of Chief Justice, was undergoing an examination, and was asked what penalty he would attach to the crime of arson. He replied with profound gravity and deliberation: "Arson; arson; I would make the fellow pay a hundred dollars and marry the girl."

—The Allentown Democrat says there "will be six eclipses this year—two of the sun; two of the moon, and two of the Republican or Opposition party. The two latter will occur in October and November—one of which will be visible in Pennsylvania, and the other all over the Union."

—Put Her Through, Bub"—A poor, drunken wretch went to hear a Universalist minister preach. The preacher argued that no matter how degraded or abandoned a man might become, he would still be saved. The drunkard became more interested in a doctrine which left him room for hope. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of the argument, the minister's mind became clouded and confused, and he commenced blundering and staggering as though about to break down. The drunkard, seeing this, arose, and supporting himself against the wall cried out—"Put her through, bub, or I'm a goner!"

—How quietly might many a one live, if he could care so little for the affairs of others as he does for his own.