

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BARRIAGES OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1860.

VOL. 7—NO. 16.

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Select Poetry.

The Land of Dreams.

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 Its cloudless skies are lighter
 And fairer are its flowers,
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 In union close and sweet,
 More fond and true than ever,
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 And the slave upon his pallet,
 Holds a scepter in his hand,
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 "He couldn't do more if he was speaking to a woman," said the spinster applying her eye to a hole left purposely in the white curtain. "The man is mad about flowers, I do believe, and she is a touch beyond him, if such a thing can be. Ah, there she comes— and dressed in blue gingham, too. I wonder what her morning gowns cost her through the year? And her slippers—oh, mercy, there they go right through the wet—well there—"
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DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!!
 JUST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S. BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
 Spices, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs,
BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, FLOID,
 Cigars, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, and other articles usually kept in drug stores.
 R. S. BUNN, M. D.
 Ebenburg, Pa., May, 4, 1859—24—ly.

THIS WAY.
 JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large and splendid Assortment of American Pocket Knives. (Every knife warranted,) by
 GEORGE HUNTLEY.
 August, 10, 1859, 2t.

BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECUTIONS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Taking the Census.
 In endeavoring to take the census for the government, the marshals occasionally met with such difficulties as well might deprive them of their own senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place in Canal street—
 "Who is the head of this family?"
 "That depends upon circumstances. If before 11 o'clock, it's me; 'husband—if after 11, it's meself."
 "Why this division?"
 "Because, after that hour, he's drunk as a piper, and unable to take care of himself. Let alone his family?"
 "What is his age?"
 "Coming next Michaelmas he will lack a month of being as old as Finnigan. You know Finnigan?"
 "No, I don't know Finnigan; and if I did it would not help matters. Is your husband an alien?"
 "Och, thin he's alling intirely. He has rheumatics worse than old Donnelly, who was tied double with them."
 "How many male members have you in the family?"
 "Niver a one."
 "What, no boys at all?"
 "Boys is it? Ah, murther, go home. We have boys enough to whip four loves for breakfast."
 "When were you married?"
 "The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Ameriky. Ah, well I mind it. A sunshiner day never glided the sky of ould Ireland."
 "What was the condition of your husband before marriage?"
 "Divil a man more miserable. He said if I did not give him a promise within two weeks he'd blow his brains out with a crow-bar."
 "What was he at the time of your marriage a widower or a bachelor?"
 "A which! A widower, did you say?—Ah now go way wid your nonsense. It's the likes of me that would take up with a second hand husband? Do I look like the wife of a widower? A poor devil all legs and consumption, like a sick turkey. A widower! May I never be blessed if I'd not rather live an ould maid, and bring up a family on butter-milk and 'ptatics."
 Here the dialogue finished up, the marshal coming to the conclusion that he could 'make more' next door. Whether he did we will probably know at some future time.

How a Toad Pulls off his Pants.—A writer in the North Carolina Farmer tells the following:
 About the middle of July, I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave, I hoed around him. He appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides, rubbing downwards. He appeared so singular, that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs his skin began to burst in open straight along the back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked down all his skin on his sides and hips, then grasping one hind leg with his hands, he hauled off his pants the same as any body would, then stripped his other leg in the same way. He then took his cast off catcule forward, between his fore legs into his mouth, and swallowed it; then by raising and lowering his head, swallowing by his head came down, he stripped off his skin underneath until it came to his forelegs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, he drew it from the throat, and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed to be an agreeable one, and occupied but a short time.

An ould woman, who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of a unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day very cleverly 'sold' by her worthy spouse who, like many another we wot of, had got tired of her eternal 'I told you so.'
 Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed: "Oh, wife! wife! what—what—do you think? The old brindle cow has gone and eat up our grindstone!"
 The old lady was ready, and hardly waiting to hear the last word, screamed out at the top of her lungs: "I told you so, you old fool! I told you so! You always would let it stand out-a-doors!"

Worldly prosperity is a much greater drain upon our energies than the most severe adversity; there is no spring, no elasticity; it is like walking through life upon a Turkey carpet.

"I wish I could have seen your great feat," said a lady to a gentleman who had met with a hazardous adventure in Africa.— "There they are, madam," said he pointing to his pedal extremities.

There is a chap in jail, in Chicago, who is awaiting trial for having married and deserted eleven wives—trials enough, without any extra one, says the Boston Post.

The other day a yankee gave a beggar woman a couple of cents. "Two cents!" exclaimed she, "take them back, sir; I asked for charity; I can't do anything with two cents." "My dear madam," said the polite