

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.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1863.

VOL. 10--NO. 52.

DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL
is published every Wednesday morning, at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per six months; and TWO DOLLAR if not paid until the termination of the year. No subscription will be received for a longer period than six months, and no arrears will be at liberty to discount until all arrears are paid, except by the option of the editor. Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.
One insert'n. Two do. Three do.
[12 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1.00
[24 lines] 1 00 1 50 2 00
[36 lines] 1 50 2 00 3 00
3 months. 6 do. 12 do.
[12 lines] \$1 50 \$3 00 \$5 00
[24 lines] 2 00 4 00 6 00
[36 lines] 3 00 6 00 9 00
[12 lines] 4 00 7 00 12 00
[24 lines] 6 00 9 00 14 00
[36 lines] 9 00 12 00 20 00
Half a column. 15 00 22 00 35 00

"No Irish Need Apply."
The other day as I walked out
Upon a wild goose chase,
I saw an advertisement
About a decent place,
I knew well that the place would suit,
But I can't tell you why,
The lady said, did you not read,
"No Irish need apply!"

It is my country you dislike,
I really can't tell why,
But you lose your senses
When you say, no Irish need apply!

You talk about your soldiers
But tell me if you can,
If the bravest of them all
Are not true Irishmen?
When this Rebellion first broke out,
"We want men," was the cry,
"No Irish need apply!"

If 'tis my country you dislike, &c.
Of Generals and of Statesmen, too,
Old Ireland can boast;
The Poets, too, well known to you,
Are Universal Hosts;
There's Campbell, Moore and Conner,
And Goldsmith, by the by!
Where will you find their equals?
"No Irish need apply!"

Just take a trip to Ireland,
They'll treat you like a man;
The whiskey they'll pour into you
As long as you can stand,
With heart and hand they'll welcome you,
Then tell me the reason why
Our ears offend with that dirty cry,
"No Irish need apply!"

"GOLLY USE FREE!"—On Thursday, about nine o'clock, parties around the Round House were startled by the loud cry, "golly use free—dey don't get me again." A search revealed a sable son of Africa, clad in blue shoddy, armed with a Springfield rifle and fixed bayonet; and all the panoply of an American soldier. When he recovered his breath and had time to answer the numerous questions of his curious fellow-countrymen, he told them that when he enlisted, the colonel promised him all sorts of good things; "but," added he pathetically, "when dey got me in de barracks I found dat I was no better dan de white trash, and so I left, and here goes for Catham."—*Windsor C. W. Record.*

[From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.] The Public Ruin--Who Must Pay?

The rare delusion has possessed an unthinking public that, *some way*, this war is feeding itself. The infamous class of newspapers that deceive the public, points to the activity and the luxury prevailing in the North States, as evidence that our prosperity is not even unfavorably affected by the war. The fundamental truths of political economy are not abstruse, yet they are not generally understood. The nomenclature of public finance, by its pompous pretensions, imposes on the unwary, and leads them to consider the matter one too deep for common men to fathom. Let us simplify affairs a little.

The territory embraced, or held; by the late United States, presented a vast unoccupied acreage, giving room and verge for industry profitably to develop. No healthy man or woman was compelled to be idle, except by temporary mismanagement, which speedily corrected itself. The population was engaged in producing. The bounties of earth and of climate were such that production was in excess. Hence rose a class of non-producers, living on the proceeds of wonderfully enhanced values, and consuming, without producing. Luxuries multiplied, and the preparing of these opened new fields for industry and enterprise. Accumulated production, and the desire to live without manual labor, drew the fortunate, and those that aspired to be such, to cities, to live on the labor of others. Necessity, at brief periods, came in to correct such excesses, and, every few years, a new brood pushed out to occupy vacant lands, and to replenish the demands for production. Thus, with nothing harder than individual discomfort here and there, the general resources of the people of the United States went on augmenting. At length, in their self-conceit, they thought they had solved the tangled problem that Providence has appointed for men to be exercised with. They thought they had taken a bond of fate, and could flourish without farther care of God, or regard for the laws He has established in the order of nature.

The breaking up of the Union between the States, changed the relations of their peoples from harmony and mutual advantage into hostile and warring States. That portent found the granaries and storehouses of the country groaning with the accumulations of years of unexampled prosperity—our fields full and pouring over with the elements of exuberant supply.

The war between the States cut off the mutually advantageous commerce between their respective peoples. For two and a half years, it has taken from a million to a million and a half of men, from a Northern population of some twenty millions. One million, at the least, of these men were producers, not mere consumers of productive industry. Yet, so prodigious was the surplus of accumulated production, that its holders found rather a benefit than an injury in the revulsion. With those were not holders—with many classes of the poor—there was, two years ago, wan misery. But this tended, chiefly, to recruiting the army, while women, children, and men incapacitated for war, were huddled out of sight, to groan and die. The appearances of prosperity were kept up.

But, who have been paying for this? From a million to a million and a half of men, out of a population of twenty millions, have been turned from producers to non-productive consumers. Add to this that, while at least one million of these soldiers were producers, only a minority of the twenty millions were of the actively producing classes. Add, farther, that this million and a half have not merely been idle consumers, but have been turned into active destroyers of what were, lately, elements of our common prosperity. Add to this the waste of war, and the embezzlements of public property by another army of unprincipled and greedy speculators in contracts. Add to this the extra-

vagant outlay and consumption that these beggars, put on horseback, have been indulging in, involving frightful exhaustion and waste of real values. Add to this the increasing crowds of maimed and diseased, and of helpless widows and orphans. Who is to pay—who is now paying—for all this?

They tell us that the war is self-supporting, because they are incurring no foreign debt. The funds are advanced at home, and so, they assure us, the money raised is "only changing hands." An imbecile, who thinks he owns nearly two millions of dollars worth of property, said that in the street the other day. The immense outlays in artillery, small arms, powder, forage, and quartermaster's stores are only "changing hands." Well, they do change hands very often. Lee captures Meade's trains, now and then, and Bragg made a swoop on Rosecrans' supplies! It is all in the family, however; but who pays?

Barring what is stolen by contractors and their official accomplices, the munitions of war are expended, consumed, made an end of. The powder, when fired, is mostly expended in smoke, or in propelling round shot to batter brick-and-mortar Fort Sumter, or to plough up more scientific earthworks. Sometimes it avails to kill somebody, lately a citizen of the United States. Is this a provident way of values "changing hands"? Who pays? Why, the accumulated capital of the country is paying for it, and is becoming rapidly exhausted in doing it. Look at what the banks have done, and are now doing. The banks are institutions into which capitalists put part of their wealth, which means gold—the universal measure of value. "The Government," as Lincoln, Seward, and Shin-Plaster Chase call themselves, have induced and pressed the banks of New York to loan to them more than these banks can lose, without ruin. They are now pressing the Banks to loan them all the rest of their capital—once the equivalent of gold—and take paper promises to pay, instead of real values given. The alternative of the banks is, forthwith to break and wind up in debt to their depositors and creditors, or to protract the agony and lose everything at a date slightly more distant. As they are cowardly affairs, they will probably put off the evil day, and shut their eyes to the utter ruin before them.

Values are simply "changing hands," are they? The farmer parts with his wheat and Indian corn—with his bullocks and his sheep, and his swine—with his butter, his vegetables, &c., &c., and takes home—what? Promises to pay! Promises made by whom? By the agents of a certain artificial and delegated form of Government called a "Union," for definite and limited purposes, of States, each one of whom claims for itself, according to the constitutional law, ultimate sovereignty! How do those agents come to have any authority? By the Constitution! Is the power they are now executing constitutional? Do they pretend that it is?

The farmer, then, takes home, in return for his hard-earned values, the promises of agents that have, confessedly, exceeded their powers. I give an agent power to collect floating debts. Some one is foolish enough to give him title to real estate in my name. *Caveat venditor*, says the law. The seller runs his own risk. I never authorized my agent to meddle in real estate.

As the farmer for his produce, so the owner of other values, takes these promises to pay. The merchant takes them for his wares. He paid gold for his goods, or he once owned gold, or its equivalent, and now he parts with these for an obscure promise to pay, or rather an acknowledgment of debt—for they no longer even promise to pay—of agents that have trampled on the Constitution by which alone they have any authority! The owner of real-estate congratulates himself that "prices are sustained," and he parts with lands and houses, taking as his price

the same acknowledgments of transgressing agents, that they owe thus much.

We dare not blame the prudence of any one having values in these States, if, becoming frightened at the certainty of approaching ruin, he exchanges those values for greenbacks or "bonds," and, the same day, at the ruling rates, gets what gold he can for the paper, and gets that gold out of the country before "the Government"—Abe, S. P. C. & Co.—seize his gold as a "military necessity," exchanging for it some further "certificates of indebtedness."

On what does this "currency" depend? The Administration has substituted its promises and its certificates that it is in debt for the gold that capitalists owned. Capital has thus been made a partner and supporter of this new-fangled "Government," unknown to our ancestors. If it happens that, next year, or a year or two later, the peoples of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan should conclude to "let the Union slide," in the classic language of Major-General Banks—should the peoples of these and other States, acting each in their highest, unalienated and inalienable capacities as organized and sovereign communities, determine to disown and discard the Federal agency that had, without constitutional warrant, incurred overwhelming debts—should they by simply refusing to recognize or send Representatives to Congress, or Electors to Colleges for the choosing of a President, let the Federal power lapse, with nothing to depend on but its army, and that army made up of people of the States, and paid only in Federal greenback paper—if these things should happen, what would be the fate of those foolish moneyed bumpkins who have exchanged their gold and their real values for the shimplasters of Messrs. Lincoln, Seward and Chase?

Reduced to simple terms the matter stands, that capital, a cowardly thing, and handled by a low order of intellect, places its hopes in the artillery and bayonets of a usurped Administration of Federal Government. Capitalists feel and see that what they have loaned to these Washington people are "permanent investments!" They do not hope ever to get back their capital. So they try to comfort themselves with thinking that this capital can be made a funded stock, on which they can draw interest. They make consolatory reflections on the British debt—forgetting two things; first the essentially different constitution of English society, and, second, that the government of England is not, like that of the United States, an artificial arrangement, drawn up on paper, and agreed to by States having a distinct and natural sovereignty independent of paper Constitutions. In the end, the reliance is not on constitutions, not on law, not on right, but on the brute force of armies! Their only hope is that capital will be able permanently to hire soldiers enough to stand with bayonets pointed at the breasts of the laboring classes, to compel the latter to keep at work, at starvation prices, so as to pay the interest on the two or three thousand millions of dollars that capitalists have loaned to Lincoln, Seward and S. P. C.

We can tell these capitalists, whose intellects, by addition to money-hoarding, have been blinded to a higher order of ideas, that their hopes are vain. They have put their trust in lies, and have made falsehood their refuge. The overflowing scourge will assuredly carry them away. We hope, but we are not assured, that enough of the political virtues of our forefathers remains to save free institutions among us. But, if not, the despotism that is to succeed is, in no case, going to be founded on the vulgar, ignorant, shoddy class, who, because they keep carriages, and bedeck themselves with expensive gew-gaws, fancy that they can form an aristocracy.

As sure as the sun continues to shine in the heavens; as sure as muscle con-

tinues to grow on the brawny arms of the sons of toil, so sure is it that the money-getting bumpkins who have loaned their money to usurping sharpers, pretending to administer a Government, will lose their "investments." The moneyed fools, who trusted agents exceeding their commissions, will forfeit all of their advances, except such as they push off on other fools. The States—that is, the people of each State—as an organized community, will, not for devotion to the ideal of high principle, but as a legitimate plea for getting rid of an intolerable debt, and of intolerable taxation, repudiate the Federal power as having exceeded its functions.

We appeal to no once-supposed higher advance in the scale of political liberty, which we used to claim for Americans. We simply say that sophists, like Seward, are mistaken in supposing that this people have fallen so much below the level of their European ancestors. The most despotic of European powers dares not, at this day, so trifle with the inalienable rights of a people. Americans will learn now, and will vindicate their rights.

Story of a Sailor.

Four years ago I left the port of Boston, the master of a line ship bound for China. I was worth ten thousand dollars, and was the husband of a young and handsome wife whom I married six months before. When I left her I promised to return to her in less than twelve months. I took all my money with me, save enough to support my wife during my absence, for the purpose of trading, when in China, on my account. For a long time we were favored with a prosperous wind, but when in China sea a terrible storm came upon us, so that in a short time I saw that the vessel must be lost, for we were drifting on the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered the men to provide each for himself, in the best possible manner, and forget the ship as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck—a sea threw me upon the rocks senseless, and the next would have carried me back into a watery grave, had not one of the sailors dragged me further upon the rocks.

There were only four of us alive, and when morning came we found we were on a small uninhabited island, with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of my suffering there; suffice it to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known. We were taken to Canton, and there I had to beg; for my money was at the bottom of the sea, and I had not taken the precaution to have it insured.

It was nearly a year before I found a chance to come home, and then I, a captain, was obliged to slip as a common sailor. It was two years from the time I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of its streets, when I met my brother-in-law. He could not speak, nor move, but he grasped my hand, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"Is my wife alive?" I asked.
He said nothing.
Then I wished I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead; but he very soon said:
"She is alive."
Then it was my turn to cry for joy. He clung to me and said:
"Your funeral sermon has been preached for we thought that you were dead for a long time."

He said that my wife was living in our cottage in the interior of the State. It was then about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me within 25 miles of my wife. Leaving the cars, I hired a boy though it was night, to drive me home. It was about two o'clock in the morning when that sweet little cottage of mine appeared in sight. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and gently knocked

She opened the window and asked—
"Who is there?"

"Sarah, do you know me?" said I.
She screamed with fright, for she thought me a ghost; but I told her to unfasten the door and let me in for I wanted to see my wife. She let me in and gave me a light, and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay one child whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face. Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time—I did not make any noise, for I dare not wake her. At length I imprinted a soft kiss upon her cheek. Her eyes opened clearly as though she had not been sleeping. I saw that she began to be frightened, and I said—
"Mary it is your husband."

And she clasped me about the neck and fainted.
But I cannot describe to you that scene. She is now the happy wife of a poor man. I am endeavoring to accumulate a little property, and then I will leave the sea forever.

A not very skillful mason was employed to build an oven, which he completed in his usual style. The first time it was used, the whole structure tumbled into ruins, and the owner having found the mason, the following conversation occurred:
"I have some news for you."
"Ah! What is it?"
"The oven you have built for me has fallen down."
"Oh that is nothing new—if it had fallen up that would have been news indeed." In spite of his vexation, the owner had to laugh at the mason's coolness, and left him to seek a good workman to rebuild the oven.

While at Berryville, Virginia, writes an army correspondent, we established our lines, and all persons residing within them were required to take the oath of allegiance. An intelligent "countersub" wishing to go through, on learning the requisition, very innocently asked:
"What is de oath?"
"You must swear to support the Constitution," replied the marshal.
"Why," said Sam, "I can't hardly support de ole woman, times is so dreadful hard!"
The marshal let him pass.

A DOCTOR SOLD.—Dr. Spooner was walking down the street the other day, when he saw two boys on the sidewalk apparently searching for something. One of the lads remarked just as he reached them, "Well, five dollars is worth hunting after."
So the doctor stopped and searched awhile. Finally he got tired and said to the boys, "Have you lost a five dollar bill?"
"No sir," said they, "but we don't know but what we could find one."
The doctor left the lads in a hurry.

A WHOLE NAGER.—At a recent negro celebration, an Irishman stood listening to Frederick Douglass, who was expatiating upon Government and Freedom, and as the orator came to a period from the highest political heights, the Irishman said:
"Bedad, he speaks well for a nager."
"Don't you know," said one, "that he isn't a negro? he is only half negro."
"Only a half nager, is he? Well if a half nager can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nager might beat the prophet Jeremiah!"

"Ah Doctor how is my wife today?"
The Doctor shook his head and said: "You must prepare for the worst."
"What!" exclaimed the alarmed husband, "is she likely to recover?"

A lady who had boasted highly, at a dinner party, of the good manners of the little darlig, addressed him thus: "Charley, my dear, won't you have some beans?"
"No!" was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant cherub.
"No what?" quizzed the lady.
"No beans," replied the urchin.

A man on West is so stingy, that he holds his breath when the tailor is taking his measure for a suit of clothes, so that it take less cloth.
A great fortune in the hands of a fool is a great misfortune.