

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, MAY 18, 1864.

VOL. 11--NO. 21.

DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Wednesday Morning, at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS, if not paid within six months; and TWO DOLLAR if not paid until the termination of the year. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at 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. Two do. Three do
1 square, (12 lines) \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1.00
2 squares, (24 lines) 1 00 1 50 2 00
3 squares, (36 lines) 1 50 2 00 3 00
3 months, 6 do. 12 do
4 lines or less, \$1 50 \$3 00 \$5 00
1 square, (12 lines) 2 50 4 00 5 00
2 squares, (24 lines) 4 00 7 00 12 00
3 squares, (36 lines) 6 00 9 00 14 00
1/2 a column, 13 00 22 00 20 00
One column, 15 00 22 00 35 00

Business Cards.

D. McLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. Dec. 9, 1863.-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria County Penna. office Colonnade row. Dec. 4, 1863

CYRUS L. PERSHING, Esq. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Cambria Co. Pa. Office on Main street, second floor over Bank. ix 2

MICHAEL HANSON, Esq. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Pa. Office on Main street, three doors East of Julian. ix 2

J. E. Scantlan, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA., OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, THREE DOORS EAST OF THE LOGAN HOUSE, December 10, 1863.-ly.

R. L. JOHNSTON, GEO. W. OATMAN, **JOHNSTON & OATMAN**, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Ebensburg Cambria County Penna. OFFICE REMOVED TO LLOYD ST., One door West of R. L. Johnston's Residence. [Dec. 4, 1861. ly.*

JOHN FENLON, Esq. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria county Pa. Office on Main street adjoining his dwelling. ix 2

P. S. NOON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO. PA. Office one door East of the Post Office. Feb. 18, 1863.-tf.

GEORGE M. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, Cambria County, Pa. OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW. March 13, 1864.

G. W. HICKMAN, B. F. ROLL, **G. W. HICKMAN & CO.**, Wholesale Dealers in MANUFACTURED TOBACCO, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SEGARS, SNUFFS, &c. N. E. COR. THIRD & MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA. August 18, 1863.-ly.

W. W. MAIR, JOHN S. DAVISON, **MAIR & DAVISON**, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN SADDLERY, CARRIAGE AND TUNNR HARDWARE & TRIMMINGS, SADDLES & HARNESS, No. 127, Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA. PAD SKINS, BEST OAK TANNED HARNESS, SKIRTING AND BRIDLE LEATHERS. June 17, 1863 ly.

Aracade Hotel, CORNER OF HIGH AND CENTRE STREETS, EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA. HENRY FOSTEL, PROPRIETOR. Sept. 16, 1863.

H. H. HOPKINS, ALTOONA, PENN. LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE 17th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT. Nov. 18, 1863.-3m*

Select Poetry.

On the American Civil War.

Each nanny has her billy goat,
Each poison has an antidote.
Each vision of the human brain
Might be a greater loss than gain,
If God to man did not dispense
That greatest blessing "common sense."
When fanatics on topmost wave,
Use people's time to rant and rave,
And talk about emancipation,
As if themselves composed the nation.
And they of all our choicest stock,
The only ones to teach the flock
How battles should be lost and won,
And negroes from their masters "run"
Inflated by false erudition,
They urge the country to perdition.
Each thinks himself the smartest man,
Himself most fit to lead the van,
Astride the Abolition horse
They speed along their bloody course.
But two who would the same horse ride,
Can never do it side by side.
The charger "war" is at his speed,
Now comes the struggle which shall lead,
None care what ills befall the nation,
That he may reach the highest station.
Thus will it be till common sense
Pitches these villains over the fence;
Then poisonous Abolitionary,
Will find its antidote, Democracy.

The Captain's Story.

When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship Petersam. She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before fore sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice was above the water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm region of the gulf stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury, for the shock was light; but I was very angry, and gave the look-out a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire, whether he could have seen the berg in time to escape it. My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and I had promised her that I would see him well treated, that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad. I soon made myself believe he had an awful disposition. I fancied he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and had resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I'd done with him. In reply he told me that I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of mizzen top gallant hal-yards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he'd get enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished to. I felt a strong inclination to throw him overboard, but at the moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most intelligent and faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him to bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me; the next time I spoke I ripped out an oath and intimated if he did not move I'd help him. "I don't hear you," he said, with an independent tone. "No words," said I. "I suppose I can't speak," he retorted moving slowly toward the companion way. His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar. "Speak to me again like that, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life," said I. "You may flog away," he replied firm and undaunted as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope, and beat him till my arm fairly ached; but he never winced. "How's that?" said I. "There's a little more life in me, you'd better flog it out" was the reply. And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and I sent one of my other men for my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to

to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down, and swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunctions of conscience for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. "But I'll do it," I said to myself; "I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation."

After supper I went to the hatchway and called out to him but he returned me no answer. At 8 o'clock I called out again, and again got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called to him once more. I heard nothing from, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make no reply, and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. He'll beg before he'll starve, I thought; and so determined to let him stay there, I supposed that he had crawled forward to the forecastle bulkhead, in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused, and threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down. At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me for sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice was above the water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm region of the gulf stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury, for the shock was light; but I was very angry, and gave the look-out a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire, whether he could have seen the berg in time to escape it.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and I had promised her that I would see him well treated, that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad. I soon made myself believe he had an awful disposition. I fancied he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and had resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I'd done with him. In reply he told me that I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of mizzen top gallant hal-yards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he'd get enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished to. I felt a strong inclination to throw him overboard, but at the moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most intelligent and faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

He answered me in a faint, weary tone; "Yes! help me! Do help me! Bring men and bring a lantern; the ship has sprung a leak!"

I hesitated, and he added, in a more eager tone, "Make haste, I will try and hold it till you come back."

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses.—Three of the timbers were completely worm eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken, and would burst in any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the plank before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw that the plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks, and spikes, and adzes, and with much care and trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak and averting the danger. The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long before we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the iceberg struck it.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell his story.—Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead lights, he looked about for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were very sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open place in the cargo and looked down and was sure that he saw a small jet of water springing up through the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few moments found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank, and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship be lost, and perhaps all hands perish. And he saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help. But he was too far away—so low down, with such a mass of cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached our ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talking to himself, and there he sat, with his feet braced, for four and twenty dreary hours, with the water spiriting all over and drenching him to the very skin. He had several times thought of going to the hatchway and calling for help, but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His limbs were racked with pain, but he would not give it up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come to him as I did. He answered that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself; he was ready to die; but he would save the rest if he could—and he had saved us, surely saved us.

The boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him all through his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms around my neck, and told me if I would be good to him, he would never give me cause of offense; and added, as he sat up again, "I am not a coward, I could not be a dog."

I never forgot those words; and from that hour I have never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men, that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license; but make my crews feel that they have a friend and superior in the same person. For nine years I have sailed in three different ships, with the same crew. A man could not be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth. And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of my fore-mast hands, my second mate, and the last time he sailed with me, he refused the command of a new bark, because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best the country ever afforded. Such, gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard.

A farmer in Canada recently lost his wife, and on the day appointed for the funeral, when the guests were assembled, he persisted in postponing the funeral.—Several sympathizers, who endeavored to reconcile him to a final leave of the loved remains, elicited from the distracted man the fact that he had been disappointed in the attendance of a professional gentleman to extract several teeth containing gold filling, which had cost him \$12 some years previous.

A Richmond paper says: A gentleman gave us for publication the following receipt for making good wholesome soup.—He obtained it of his landlord: Take three buckets of water, four onions, two long-legged collard leaves, and a small beef bone, and put them in a large pot, over the smoke. When the pot boils, stir with a tallow candle and add one pint of common salt, that has been used in pickling pork.

A celebrated philosopher used to say: "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

A Washington paper describes a beautiful young lady as having a face a painter might dwell upon. That would be a delightful residence.

Army Letter.

CAMP 115th REG'T PA. VOL., }
Near Brandy Station, Va., April 27. }

MR. EDITOR:—Having a few leisure moments this pleasant Spring morning I take the liberty of communicating to you a few passing thoughts, that ever and anon come forth during the quiet hours in camp. During the inactive part of soldiering camp life grows monotonous, and, too frequently, the mind indulges in gloomy reveries or dark forebodings, even leaving the participator feel to surrender to sad despair. So, in order to flank these mancoverings of the brain it is necessary to either read or write, when not in the routine of daily duty, and having thus concluded, my thoughts were first with the good people of the Allegheny Mountains—the place of my childhood, dearest friends and brightest prospects.

Feeling an interest in the welfare of the *Dem. & Sent.* and the integrity of Cambria's noble sons and daughters, whose virtuous actions have spoken in tones of thunder, I know no other medium than the pen. The country and soldiery owes her a mountain of gratitude for her decisive voice and punctuality in furnishing her quota of soldiers.

Reviews, inspection, cleaning and fixing up quarters has been the order of the several last weeks, preparatory to the important movement which we are daily anticipating, but entirely ignorant of its destination, or how it may terminate. Never before has there been so little room for speculations about any movement as the present. We never hear a word about moving from any official source, but "actions often speak as loud as words," and there have been sufficient preparations for a mighty move. Between the Engineers and Pioneer corps a great deal of corduroy road is laid, and many bridges erected over streams that might prove an obstacle in the coming movement.

The reviewing of troops by Lieut. Gen. Grant a few days since, was a grand display of American soldiery. It was supposed to surpass any previous one.

Court martials are being speedily prosecuted, and sentences put into execution. On the 25th ult. two sentences were put into execution in our (2d) corps. One in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. The one in the forenoon was hung, and the one in the afternoon was drummed out of the service. Unfortunately the latter was of our own regiment; not being sane in mind he took it merely as a piece of sport. There is much said about consolidating our Regt. with the 26th P. V., but as yet they have not accomplished their favorite scheme. It will cause much dissatisfaction amongst the boys of our Regt. to lose both colors and State number. Our regiment turned in its old flag to the State capital last winter in exchange for a new one, the old one being unserviceable. I judge were the old colors to be exchanged, ours would not be left in the shade of honor to any other one.

Some of the regiments' time is about expiring, and feel both disappointed and dissatisfied that they will have to remain until three years from the date of being mustered into the U. S. service, which will in some cases vary near two months from the date of enlistment, or from the time from which they were first payed.

The weather has been cold and wet generally, this spring, attended with several high waters, but of late it has become pleasanter, and now the ground is getting green with grass and herbage, and the trees in their foliage are presenting a beautiful spectacle.

For fear of trespassing upon your room I will close, with best wishes for the readers of the *Dem. & Sent.*

VOX.

How to Go It.—Go it strong in your praise of the absent. Some of it will be sure to get around.

Go it strong when you make love to a pretty widow. More people have erred by too little than too much in this particular.

Go it strong when taking up a contribution for charitable purposes. It will pay.

Go it strong when you make a public speech. Nine people out of ten never take any allusions unless it cuts like a short handle whip whip or a rhinoceros cowhide.

Go it strong when you advertise. Business is like architecture—its best supporters are solid columns.

Go it strong and pay the printer. Never grudge him his price. Recollect it is he who brings customers to your very doors, who otherwise would never discover your whereabouts.

To be cheerfully disposed at the hours of meals is one of the best signs of health.

The Two Babies.

A good story is related of our honest, good-natured old friend S.— "In the course of human events," S.—'s wife was blessed with a baby, which of course was a most wonderful child. S.— was in raptures, as he was in duty bound to be, and bragged considerably about his boy among his friends. One day he was overtaken near his door by a waggish neighbor, whom he invited to see the prodigy.

P.— demurred, alleging that he was in somewhat of a hurry—was no judge of the article, etc., but S.— would not listen.

"Oh, come in," said he "and I'll show you something that'll open your eyes; come, come along, don't be afraid."

Thus urged P.— consented, and in they walked. Mrs. S.— was apparently absent, but in one corner stood the cradle, in which was the ensconced and fast asleep S.—'s future hopes.

"There," said he, gently drawing down the quilt, "there's a boy for you!"

Saying which he gently lifted the slumberer out of his warm nest, and holding him out in both hands, continued—

"Talk about your boys—let em get up and beat this. What d'ye think of him—isn't he a specimen? That'll do pretty well for new beginners, won't it, eh?"

At this moment Mrs. S.— entered from a side room.

"Why, S.—!" said she, "that isn't our baby—it's Mrs. So and So's," (their next door neighbor) "She wanted me to take care of it a moment while she went out."

S.— was completely bewildered. "Isn't this ours?" he inquired innocently, looking first at his wife and then at P.— who stood ready to burst with laughter.

"No," said Mrs. S.—, decidedly.— "Here is ours," she continued, bringing from an adjoining room another infant wonder.

"Well, I declare," said S.—, "look first at one and then at the other, I have thought I could have made a mistake!"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A good woman is not thoroughly kno. before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness!

A countryman walking along New York found his progress stopped by a barricade of lumber, and he asked what it was for.

"O, that's to stop the yellow fever," was the reply.

"Eh? I have often heard of the board of health, but I never saw one before."

An Irishman recently handed in to the telegraph office a dispatch intended to inform another Emeraldler employed upon the works in a neighboring city of the decease of a friend. It read thus:—

"Barney, come home; I died last night."

"Some people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four bystanders, "waste their money in charity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families; but as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

SENSIBILITIES.—Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delicate luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if they are left to creep along the ground.

An exchange says, There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. The Louisville Journal adds, "And it grows on 'em as they get bigger." There now!

Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, nor labored to make a friend happy.

"See here, mister," said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was treed by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up all your nice apples."

Girls don't accept the hand of any man who tells you that he is going to marry and settle. Make him settle first and marry afterwards.

Some say the quickest way to destroy weeds is to marry a widow. It is no doubt a most agreeable species of husbandry.

The Boston Post says Count Carowski is about to perform two bold exploits, viz: get married and start a newspaper.

A coffin maker subscribed for a newspaper the other day, and wanted the editor to take his pay in trade.

The Round Table says "it is time that Congress understood that the people are disgusted with it."