

**Democrat and Sentinel.**  
  
**M. HASSON, Editor & Publisher.**  
**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1864.**

**S. M. Pettengill & Co.**  
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**Democratic Ticket.**

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**Morality of this Administration.**  
 The Divine Nazarine in giving instructions on the Mount of Olives, to his hearers, told them among other beauties, that "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." Has this doctrine become obsolete, or is it as immutable as its author? None will deny the authenticity of the doctrine. The Dynasty at Washington cannot be called the children of God, they are not peacemakers—they are blood-thirsty in the extreme, they have mutilated and butchered over one million of the flower of the American people without one single effort to terminate the slaughter. And now it is the same old song, more men, more money, and more taxes. The profligate destruction of human life has destroyed the whole system of American labor, and left very few able-bodied men to till the soil. The wasteful extravagance of the present administration is appalling. From the days of George Washington's inauguration to the day of the inauguration of the present incumbent, there was spent something over fourteen thousand million of dollars, and now the appropriations for this dynasty is over forty thousand millions, according to the last census, before there was any destruction of property, it would take the whole of the northern property, real, personal and mixed to liquidate this debt. We may be told the country is prosperous, money is plenty, so it is, but it is the hectic glow of a consumptive patient, the sure harbinger of death. Surely men will soon open their eyes to the inevitable state of things that now exists in this once free and happy land. No man but a maniac could think that this country could stand this war much longer.

There are no peacemakers in this Administration. Truly, they shall not be called the children of God. Their treason, their insanity and wickedness is more to be pitied than blamed, they are spell-bound and controlled by the demon of Abolitionism, and are not free agents any more. Providence has abandoned them to their own wickedness and folly, for "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." The Southern States have sought for a recognition in vain from all nations of Europe, but their nationality is recognized by Lincoln's leader in the House of Representatives, who declares that the Union of our fathers is dead and never again can be revived with his consent. And they still tell us we are fighting for the Union.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Are the men of this generation clean of heart who are hovering around the public treasury watching for the drippings that fall from this great plundering machine. Those shoddy robbers of the public treasury who are turning the blood of their fellow-citizens and the tears of the widows and orphans into money to enrich themselves, regardless of the affliction of their unfortunate country, are certainly not clean of heart, they are wallowing in the mire of their own corruption, and will not relax their grip on the public treasury until they are forced from it by some means or other.

Are those Republican members of Congress who billet their doxies on the Treasury Department as clerks and get the Government to pay them salaries. Are they pure of heart, no, Hell must be filled with such purity of heart.

"Thou shalt not steal." This Administration is a den of thieves. They steal everything that is portable, from a piano down to a wooden leg. Indeed some of our Republican friends stole a gum-elastic leg in Fredericksburg, that was said to belong to a lady there, and this wanton depredator for his dexterity in thievery was shortly afterwards rewarded with a lucrative government office. There are a great abundance of pianos gracing the parlors of the North stolen from the South. Even the library's of the war preacher of the North have received large accessions from the stolen literature.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," that is thou shalt not lie. This administration is the most lying of all ages and nations. There is one other government that probably might compare with this, but it is not of earth, and its ruler is called the father of lies. Lincoln, Seward, Stanton and the whole fraternity of those at the head of affairs, lie as gracefully as if they had been brought up at the feet of his Satanic majesty. Before this unholy administration got into power an American gentleman was expected to tell the truth and to tell him he lied in his presence was generally answered by a blow, but now the whole country is become so degenerate that falsehood from high places is become the order of the day. To look for the truth in the Republican newspapers now, would be as nonsensical as to look for the state of the weather in last years almanac. So that the high-toned truthful bearing of the country is gone, perhaps never to return. This moral decay of the country is to be regretted as much as its physical. Truth, honor and public virtue has been wasted away, as well as our blood and our treasure by this unholy government of ours.

"Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not covet thy neighbors goods, nor his ox, nor his ass nor his man-servant nor his maid-servant" &c. We find every command in the decalogue trampled under foot by these blood-thirsty minions of power as well as they have trampled on the constitution of our country. We suppose that this cannot be successfully denied, but we suppose they will justify it by the plea of military necessity. This plea is as silly and untenable as their acts are gross and diabolical. It may be that the Divine author and disposer of nature has handed over this government for a season to his Satanic Majesty or that he has permitted him for a season for his own wise purposes to have an undue influence over this unfortunate dynasty. Let us however trust that righteousness may yet reach their blindness, and that the Lord will soon again take the country under his divine protection, by infusing into their minds a knowledge of their iniquities and folly. The Democracy of the country will have to do their part. The country is dying by inches and if they have it not mortally wounded before the next election, we must make a grand effort to restore it, though it never can be what it was, it is like a stout athletic man who has had a violent fever, he may be restored in some cases though almost always leaving some marks of the disease lingering in his constitution. So it must be in the constitution of our country, if the Democracy do get it healed up, it will for a long time have some tender points where it has been so vitally stabbed by the Abolitionists.

Never quit certainty for hope.

**War News.**  
 The news from the army of the Potomac is not very encouraging. Petersburg is not yet taken, and we don't think it will be taken. It is said by the New York Tribune that General Grant appreciating the great labors of his white and black troops fighting by day, and entrenching by night, has added to their comfort a whisky ration. Now we don't wish to be understood as having any personal objection to a whisky ration if we were in the army, but we think it looks like infusing a false spirit into men to make them fight, when in sober seriousness they would not attempt it. We see men in bar-rooms, when they are intoxicated are very often more beligerant than they would be if they were confined to hard tack and water rations. On the whole Grant deserves a great deal of credit for discovering that men will fight better drunk than sober, but we think that this great discovery must be attributable to the towering genius of the President. He made a visit to Grant's army last week and of course something sublime would be the consequence. He did not even go alone but took his son along, and it is fair to suppose that the son will be a perfect reflex of the old gentleman in genius and talent, you can't expect him to "swap horses in crossing a stream."

Our impression is that Grant is loosing his men and making no headway in the capture of Petersburg or Richmond. He has now divided his forces and sent one part of them to destroy the railroads south of Richmond and has the other part of his army facing the enemy. This may be a perilous manœuvre, but let us hope for the best.

Sherman's army is not in any more promising condition than Grant's. He is kept at bay by Johnston and is in a very unenviable position. On the whole the situation of our armies north and south looks rather gloomy.

**ACCIDENT.**—George Attee, an elderly man, who was a watchman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was killed on last Friday evening on the curve between Gallitzin and Cresson. He was meeting a locomotive crossing on the track where he was walking, he stepped off to the other track and a train of cars coming the other way killed him immediately, he was badly mutilated. Within the last few years many men have been killed nearly in the same manner and in the same place.

**Dispatch.**  
 We received the following dispatch from the Conemaugh Division of our home army, and hasten to lay it before our readers, as its importance demands. It appears that their victory at the bridge was complete, and will go far towards the closing of the war in that locality.

**HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT.**  
 WILMORE, June 28, 1864.  
 To Major-General Gillan, Munster:  
 DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that we have had a battle with the enemy, in our Department, near Rager's Run, the result of which has been entirely satisfactory. The enemy came into town in force, on Saturday evening last, and after skirmishing for a short time, took a position on the bridge at the south end of town, and endeavored to bring on a general engagement by calling us copperheads and daring us to mortal combat, a challenge which we accepted, and made a charge on them and succeeded in driving them to Rager's Run, where they rallied. We charged again, and this time routed them entirely, with the loss on their part of several chip hats, suspenders, etc. I regret to have to inform you that we lost two of our best men, one is wounded in the shoulder, with a knife, and the other in the arm, they are however doing well, and will be fit for service in a few days. Considering that we were outnumbered in the engagement I think it must be considered the most glorious affair, of the war, as we routed them completely. I think we will have no further trouble with them during this campaign.

At some future time I will give you a list of those of our command, whom I would recommend for promotion for gallant and meritorious conduct.

I have the honor to be, General  
 Your's Respectfully,  
 D. REGULATOR,  
 Gen. Commanding.

**Correspondence.**  
 JOHNSTOWN, June 27, 1864.  
 DEAR COLONEL:—Presuming that the news from this locality would be of interest to your numerous readers, and well knowing your comprehensive view in relation to your position as a journalist. I take advantage of a leisure hour to add my note towards making your journal a county newspaper.

The week just past has been sultry and hot in the extreme, and the warm breath of the night and evening air gave but little relief to the tired and parched laborer of the day, in and about our mills and workshops. The universal cry is for rain, and many orisons, no doubt, go heavenward laden with the petitions of suffering mortals for relief of that kind from the bounteous hands of Providence.

Friday and Saturday last were what is popularly known as "pay day" at the mill, and the inevitable consequence, (as has been demonstrated by the past) was a universal spree, and the usual number of fights incident thereto. On Friday night we passed a beer saloon in which there was a dance and several fights going on at the same time apparently as a matter of course, as neither party—the fighters or dancers appeared to interrupt the other.

On Saturday evening there was a number of knock downs, but no serious injury to any one resulted—at least nothing more than a black eye or bloody nose. During those two days the saloons done of course an extraordinary business. Some idea of this may be inferred from the fact that it is estimated that not less than a hundred thousand dollars are disbursed monthly by this mammoth manufacturing corporation known as the Cambria Iron Works.

Our city was the scene of at least one successful robbery, and an attempted one during the week. The facts as I learned them are these: An "American citizen of African descent" was observed to be making an effort to get his hand into the wrong coat pocket,—the coat being on the back of one of our merchants. He was taken up and while receiving a hearing he was asked if he was drunk. He replied, "No sah, I can't say I was intoxicated, but I was slightly debriated." The Mayor fined him \$1.00, and in default of \$3.00 (he had but one) sent him to jail for twenty-four hours.

The successful robbery alluded to was perpetrated—according to my informant last night, and was to the amount of forty dollars, alleged to have been stolen from a merchant in town, by a suspicious-looking individual who has circulated about town for a couple of weeks past, and who has since decamped.

There have been a hundred other incidents worthy of record transpiring here during the week, but not wishing to impose on your space and columns, I will defer speaking of several improvements fill another time.

In the meantime, dear Colonel, continue to treat us to similar pithy and common sense editorials, like those that have made your paper interesting for the past few weeks, and we will be under additional obligations. Such articles suit the times and the hour? I am sure they affect the masses far more than the misera-ble attempts of many who try to grow eloquent in words and leave their columns destitute of matter.

Yours, &c., "CAL."

The three hundred dollars commutation clause, will be repealed in Congress to-day, so it appears from last night's papers.

**Postponement of the Chicago Convention.**  
 We were about to write an article on the postponement of the Chicago Convention, but we clip the following from the Philadelphia Age, that truthful and reliable Democratic paper of the State, and ask our readers to give the following remarks a careful perusal.

**THE MEETING OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION POSTPONED TILL AUGUST 29.**  
 At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Democratic Committee, held in New York on the 22d day of June, 1864, it was voted that, in deference to the desire of a large number of the leading members of the Conservative Union Democratic party throughout the country, the meeting of the Democratic National Convention be postponed to Monday, August 29, 1864, at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chicago.

**FREDERICK O. PEARCE, Secretary.**

"The National Democratic Committee have acted wisely in postponing the meeting of the Convention. This action was not only a just deference to the almost unanimous opinion of the Democracy of the Middle and Western States, but was that which suggests itself as proper and decorous to every man who feels that there is a higher duty in party than appropriation of spoils. The Democratic party could not afford to tarnish its fame by an exhibition of such gross indecency as has just been perpetrated by the late conventions of the Abolitionists, in huckstering and wire-pulling for places whilst thousands of their fellow-citizens are lying maimed and dying on the fruitless battle-fields of Virginia, and the question of our defeat or success is still an open one. No Democrat has time now to think of canvasses or of electioneering. His heart is with his suffering brother on the James River; his eyes are turned with an anxiety which permits no release of watchfulness on the end of that mighty struggle in which the fate of a continent is being decided. The present moment we all feel to be no time for making political nominations. Can a ward procession recall us from the deadly tramp of the armed contending hosts? Are we to be turned from the shrill reveille or the bugle blast of the thundering charge by a placarded omnibus full of droning trombonists? Amid the mighty events now transpiring, perhaps decisive of our fate, and that of our posterity, such sounds would jar upon Democratic senses, as the bliant voice of John Hook crying "Beef! Beef!" did on the soul of Patrick Henry, in the full fervor of his patriotic zeal. The time is too large, too full of big events, for such small aims, such subordinate interests. A display of personal selfishness beside an individual coffin is revolting to our sense of decency; how much greater is our disgust and abhorrence in such exhibitions over the grave of our country and our liberties.

The postponement of the Convention is, besides, another evidence of the deep foundations on which the structure of the Democratic party is laid. It has no one man to exalt, no individual to glorify at the expense of its principles and the nations interests. It is a matter of comparatively small moment to it what name is inscribed on its banners, for its cohorts rally under an undying principle. Its leader is sure to be faithful, for its followers would fight under no other: that they have chosen him, stamps his adherence to its creed, as the mint mark on the coin stamps its purity, it can well afford, therefore, to wait and watch the varying scenes of the great drama now being played before us—mighty movements, which each day create new relations, displace old opinions, form fresh phases and different combinations of circumstances. To have refused to acknowledge these elements, which go to the making up of a just decision on the questions which will come before the Chicago Convention, would have been to have willfully thrown away the conditions of success. The action of the Democracy is never at fault when it is not premature.

**Death of Tom Hyer.**  
 Tom Hyer, the well-known pugilist and athlete of former years, died at his residence in this city yesterday (Sunday) morning. For several years past he had been complaining, but most of the time had not been confined to his house. Hyer's first fight in the prize ring was with Country McCuskey, up the North river. He was whipped; afterward fought him again and came off victorious. At this time Yankee Sullivan was in his prime, and nobody supposed he could be whipped. Sullivan wanted to fight Hyer, but the latter did not care to. Finally however, they happened to meet at Sherwood's bar-room, near Park Place, on Broadway, and some taunts were thrown out, which resulted in a quarrel between the two men, and in Hyer giving Sullivan a thrashing. This led to a formal challenge, and finally the great event took place on Delaware Bay, where Hyer whipped Sullivan easily in sixteen rounds. This fight created an intense excitement in pugilistic circles, and many thousands of dollars were lost and won upon the event.

Of course it made Hyer a hero, but altho' he was in splendid health, from that time forth he kept away from the prize-ring. In his day he was regarded as one of the handsomest men that walked Broadway,

**They Way he did it.**  
 "Tom sought in vain, unhappy spark,  
 To gain a footing with her;  
 Until, at length, Central Park  
 He drove, and took her thither.

Too verdant he—too bashful she—  
 Till fortune did entice;  
 She slipped—he caught her on his knee,  
 And that, sir, broke the ice!!!"

We have a bit of advice to give, to any "bashful sparks" who should chance to see this, in place of driving to Central Park, drive to E. J. Mills & Co.'s, and not take her on your knee, but buy her a new dress from their stock of summer delaines and calicoes, that will be a sure way. They have just received a new stock, and can suit every one. Call and see them.

**D. R. C. S. Gardner,**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
 Teachers his professional service to the citizens of EBSBURG, and surrounding vicinity.  
 OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW.  
 June 29, 1864-tf

**Notice.** Letters testamentary on the estate of John H. Evans, carpenter, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned. Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to said estate to come and settle the same and those having claims against said estate to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES MYERS,  
 Executor.

June 29, 1864-6t

**Notice.** BY virtue of a writ of Vend. Expon. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale at the house of Patrick Sirels, in Loretto, on Saturday the Sixteenth day of July next, at one o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of J. Blair Moore, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, adjoining land of Thomas Parrish, Peter Kerrigan and others containing about forty-five acres (45) more or less, about twenty five acres of which are cleared having thereon erected a one story log house and a small log barn, now in the occupancy of Margaret Daily.

Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John J. Glass.

JOHN BUCK, Sheriff.  
 SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Ebsenburg,  
 June 29, 1864-4t

**Margaret Evans** by her next friend Robert Davis, vs. **David Evans.**

**IN THE COURT of Common Pleas of Cambria County,**  
 No. 16 June Term, 1864.  
*Atas Subpena in Divorce.*

To DAVID EVANS, the above named Defendant: YOU are hereby notified, that in pursuance of an order of Court in the above stated case, you are required to be and appear in your proper person before the Judges of the said Court, on the First Monday of September next, at Ebsenburg, to answer the petition of libel of the said Margaret Evans, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Margaret Evans, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of General Assembly in such case made and provided.

JOHN BUCK,  
 Sheriff.  
 Ebsenburg, June 29, 1864 4t