

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, JULY 20, 1864.

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CYRUS L. PERSHING, Esq. Attorney at Law, Johnstown, Cambria Co. Pa. Office on Main street, second floor over Bank. ix 2

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R. L. JOHNSON, GEO. W. OATMAN, JOHNSTON & OATMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Ebensburg Cambria County Penna. OFFICE REMOVED TO LLOYD ST., One door West of R. L. Johnson'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.

MICHAEL HASSON, Esq. Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Pa. Office on Main street, three doors East of Julian. ix 2

G. W. HICKMAN & CO., Wholesale Dealers in MANUFACTURED TOBACCO, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SEGARS, SNUFFS, &c. N. E. COR. THIRD & MARKET STREETS, PHILADELPHIA. August 13, 1863-ly.

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Describe Symptoms in all Communications. Cures Guaranteed! Advice Gratuit!
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. ASK FOR HELMBOLD'S. TAKE NO OTHER.
Cut out the Advertisement and send for it AND AVOID IMPOSITION, AND EXPOSURE.
March 9, 1864-ly.
The Life and services of General Grant, for sale by JAMES MURRAY.

Profanation of the President's Grounds by a Negro Pic-nic.
The 4th of July, 1864, witnessed what no other day in the annals of our country ever saw. On that day the negroes of Washington city assembled in large numbers on the grounds south of the President's house, and there beneath the very eaves of the building erected by white men for the residence of the Chief Magistrate of a nation of white men, made a nation's park the chosen scene of their feasting and revelries, under the sanction of that nation's President.

The incident bears a terrible significance from the circumstances connected with it, and the horrible condition into which the country has been placed. Here in the Capitol of the country, on the banks of the Potomac, within the grounds surrounding the country's Chief Magistrate, assembled a vast herd of negroes to enjoy themselves in the gayeties of a pic-nic. The warm July sun, beaming in a cloudless sky, shone upon them, protected from the fierceness of its rays by the leafy branches of the thickly clustering trees. The breezes from the blue Potomac cooled their dusky brows. The fountains sparkled in the glittering sun for their delight. Their hearts were cheered by the gayeties of the occasion, and joyously excited by the thought that in front of them was his house who, to bestow upon them such pleasures, had steeped the country to the very dregs of the bitterest cup of woe ever held to a nation's lips.

And but a few miles away from them, beneath the hot glare of Virginia suns, and in the stifling atmosphere of Virginia swamps, rendered still more horrible by the decaying corpses of thousands of their comrades, toiled and fought the noblest of the land. No trees to shelter them—no cool river breezes to refresh them—no fountains splashing music on the air for them. Parched with heat and worn with toil—their hearts saddened by recollections of their noble comrades whose dead bodies filled every mile of that terrible march from the Rappahannock to the Appomattox—visions of the happy Fourth of July stealing over their minds—this noble army of white men—the very flour of the land—were hurling themselves fruitlessly upon almost impregnable fortifications at the commands of a head long, and unreflecting leader, for what? That the negro should have the privilege of enjoying himself socially and pleasantly on the Fourth of July in the public grounds of the Nation's Capital.

The question may be pertinently asked, for what are we now fighting, and to what are we tending, when such disgraceful scenes may be witnessed as the legitimate result of the efforts of those entrusted with the management of the war? We see the country torn and rent, tears in every mother's eye, agony at every father's heart; the proud prestate of the great Republic perhaps forever gone; constitutional liberty and law ruthlessly immolated upon their own altars, and contemptuously trampled in the dust; the last and the brightest hope of humanity withered in the grasp of cowardly tyranny, like flowers in the frost of an autumn blast; law, order and security beneath the iron heel of a foully corrupt despotism; with the insane cry still going up for the continuance of this infernal dance of death; and as compensation for all these, we have the proud elevation to social and political equality with American freemen of a race indelibly stamped by the hands of the Creator with the mark of degradation—of a race whose finest instincts are a coarse brutality, and whose highest inspirations are a beastly sensuality. Great God! is this a compensation for the innumerable horrors of the sacrifices the groaning country has made for the past three memorial years? Is this the restored and happy Union the Republican party promised us should emerge from the fiery furnace of this unholy war? Or is it but an experiment on the part of these blood thirsty and visionary fanatics to overturn the immutable laws of physical nature, and by destroying all that is dear to man, attempt an improvement on the work of the Almighty?

It is well that the people should ponder these things. It is well that they should think deeply upon the fact of negro enjoyment of the delights of life purchased at the expense of thousand of lives and countless millions of money. It is well they should ask themselves crushed into hopeless poverty by the unendurable weight of public debt—their sons dragged off by the conscription like sheep to the shambles—their recollections of past glory and their hopes of future greatness alike buried in the inexorable ruin to which all things are tending, merely to increase the pleasures of and inferior race which a true and immutable instinct of our nature has pronounced unfit for any relations with white men but those of a servile type. And it is especially well that the people should ponder these things when this party whose policy inaugurated the existing horrible condition of affairs—in whose treacherous embrace Union and Constitution have perished, and who, in the name of Freedom, assassinated Liberty at the very foot of her altars—who pulled down the temples of constitutional devotion, and dedicated graves to the worship of the falsest and foulest heresies that ever disgraced the political religion of a nation—who have proved most terrible to the country the truth of the old Roman maxim of "whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad"—when this party, we say, come before the people, and gravely demand that people's support because the country's salvation rests solely with them, it is well that they should deeply meditate this glaring inconsistency—this worse than suicidal policy—this horrible but legitimate result of Black Republican teachings.

It cannot be that the people will support them. God, in his justice, has another and a more merciful destiny for America. The people of the country are too intelligent to be deceived longer by Abolition sophistries—too earnest to pay them any heed—too patriotic to hesitate a moment in their attempts to hurl this dynasty out of power. With the Divine blessing surely upon our holy enterprise, we shall raise the standard of Union and Constitution, so dear to all patriotic hearts, and in November next announce to the bleeding and dismembered Republic the joyful tidings of peace, happiness and restored Union under the just and beneficent sway of the time honored and true cherished Democratic principles.—Washington Union.

The new Reconstruction Proclamation.
President Lincoln has issued a proclamation consisting of a virtual declaration of his superiority to Congress, and his independence of Congress, in all matters connected with Reconstruction. The President has a plan of reconstruction, promulgated by him in December last, at the opening of the session. The two houses of Congress have a rival plan, inconsistent with his, and exclusive of his, which took the form of a bill regularly passed and presented to the President for the customary approval. Which shall prevail? Shall Mahomet go to the mountain, or the mountain come to Mahomet? The President declares to the country that he will not yield, and that Congress must. Had he signed the bill, the new states which he, on his sole responsibility, has pretended to erect in Louisiana and Arkansas, would fall to the ground. This obvious consequence of the bill he proclaims to the country, and assigns as a reason for refusing his signature.

This is the most extraordinary treatment ever bestowed by the executive head of a government on the regular act of a legislative assembly. A veto, is a legitimate exercise of authority conferred by the Constitution; but a veto, when the two houses do not overrule it, is supposed merely to arrest the action intended by Congress, not to substitute the will of the executive for the joint will of the Senate, House and President, as Mr. Lincoln assumes to do by this strange proceeding. The subject matter of the bill which Mr. Lincoln refuses to sign, is clearly within the domain of the legislative department of the government. Mr. Lincoln himself virtually admits that Congress has power to prescribe the method of reconstruction. By what right, then, does he not assume merely to arrest the will of the two houses (which he may) but to substitute his will in such a way as to clothe himself with the whole legislative authority? Neither the Senate alone, nor the House alone, nor the President alone, can wield the legislative authority. The two houses can wield it alone, in spite of the President, if two-thirds of each so determine; but the President has no power but a qualified negative, which Congress can overrule—and yet Mr. Lincoln instead of awaiting the action of Congress, anticipated it—and now when Congress has acted, he denies to it even that poor shadow of power which consists in a veto on his unauthorized proceedings. He can arrest the will of Congress, but Congress cannot arrest his, even in a matter which unquestionably belongs to the legislative department of the government. Congress passed an act which declares their disapproval of the President's unauthorized reconstruction measures, and he proclaims to the country his purpose to persist in those measures in defiance of their disapproval.

Mr. Lincoln does worse even than this, he superadds insult to usurpation. After vetoing an act of the two houses by communicating his objections, not to them, as the Constitution requires, but to the country (which looks like supercilious appeal from the agent to the principal) he graciously condescends to adopt the plan of Congress in States where it may not interfere with his own, and where the people may chance to prefer it. That is to say, that while it shall have no force anywhere as being the will of Congress it may prevail in some States as having the permission of the executive. If it is a bad plan why does he permit its adoption at all? If it is a good plan why does he veto it? Whether it be bad or good, what right has he to substitute a different and inconsistent one which the representatives of the people have officially condemned. If the President could not sign this bill, the very least he could do, in consistency with the respect he owes to Congress, was to withdraw his own plan, which that body, to whose province the whole subject matter belongs, had intended to set aside. But to appeal to the people to support him in taking out of the hands of Congress a subject committed to them by the Constitution, is a very bold stride toward despotism. To partially permit it as an act of concession, what Congress had commanded as a general law, is of a piece of Cromwell's driving out Parliament at the point of the bayonet. The mildness of the method merely marks the difference between a man of cunning and a man of courage.—If Mr. Lincoln is so independent of Congress that the two houses cannot obstruct his will, Congress has ceased to be anything but a sham. His virtual veto is nothing, but his persistence in his own unauthorized plan when Congress has con-

The Making of New States.
The Lincoln Administration, in order to make new States, to give Lincoln electoral votes, did several very extraordinary things. Everybody knows that a mere boy, a scrivener of the President, ("Private Secretary" is the phrase) was made a "Major" in the U. S. Army and despatched to Florida to order an invasion and a battle there which cost us some 1,500 lives and several hundred prisoners at Olustee—of which this mere boy became a hero (ironic.)
The next most extraordinary thing to work up Lincoln's electoral vote, was bringing into our union of States, several Territories—none of them with a population as large as a New York ward—whereby such great States as New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio were to be equalized in the United States Senate with these unsettled Territories—which were to have two Senators in Congress as well as New York. Nebraska was one of them in which (census of 1860) she had 28,841 people, and but slightly increased now, in consequence of emigration to Idaho and other places more west. But the Convention to create a Constitution for Nebraska, preparatory to admission into the Union, recently assembled at Omaha—and this Convention wisely and well, and rapidly, too, in fear of being overridden by office-seekers for United States places, voted not to come into the Union, and so President Lincoln is disappointed at least for one year.

The Nebraskians "calculated" that it was cheaper to be supported by Uncle Sam than to support Uncle Sam, and hence they have declined to come into Union, until the Union frees itself a little from debt.
Joubert de Lamballe, in the Paris Hospital, has the reputation of loving the knife and saw; he loves to hew and hack the poor patient brought to the hospital, to show off his skill. After one of his last operations, the resident stood looking at the two pieces of mortality lying on the surgeon's table. "What are you doing sir?" sharply asked the surgeon. "I was waiting for you to point out which piece is to be put to bed, and which is to be buried."

An Irishman went into a telegraph office, the other day, and earnestly called out; "I want a crane shirt sent by telegraph from Manayunk immediately." He was referred to the "clothes-line telegraph."
Hullo, there, what's your hurry? where are you going?
"Going, I'm running for an office!"
"What office?"
"Why, the Squire's office. Blast it, I'm sued!"
Home Tooke, when asked by Geo. III. whether he played at cards, replied, "I cannot, your Majesty, tell a king from a knave."

demned it, and his affecting to permit on his authority, in some cases, what Congress intended to command in all cases, on their authority, are ominous indications of the determination of Mr. Lincoln to release himself from all congressional as he has already done from all constitutional control.
When the revolutionary pot begins to boil, a great deal of scum and dirt is thrown to the surface, a fact which explains the notoriety enjoyed at this moment by that clerical ruffian, Parson Brownlow, whom the *Advertiser* pronounces to be "sound on the goose."—After this endorsement it may be a matter of curiosity to know what his sentiments are upon the great issues before the country, and the character of the "goose" on which he is "sound." We have the pleasure, therefore, of laying before our readers a few feathers plucked from the goose's tail, in the shape of some extracts from a speech delivered by Mr. Brownlow in New York on the 23rd ult.:
"If I had power, sir, I would arm and uniform in the federal habiliments every wolf and panther and catamount and tiger and bear in the mountains of America; every crocodile in the swamps of Florida, and South Carolina; every negro in the Southern Confederacy, and every devil in hell and pandemonium.
"This war, I say to you, must be prosecuted with a vim and a vengeance, until the rebellion is put down, if it exterminates from the face of God Almighty's green earth every man, woman and child south of Mason and Dixon's line. (Cheers.)
"You have not felt the effects of war in the Loyal States, but you are going to now. I know that little man Grant—he is the right man in the right place. I am willing to see Richmond captured by him; but if I had my choice, I should choose that Richmond and Charleston should be taken alone, by negro troops, commanded by Butler the Beast.
"Sherman has the finest army in all the world—not less than 150,000 all told. He is gradually advancing into the heart of the Southern States. He will take that country. Grant will take Richmond. And we will crowd the rebels, and crowd them until I trust in God we will rush them into the Gulf of Mexico, and drown the entire race, as the devil did the hogs in the Sea of Galilee.
"When we come out of the war we will come out with 500,000 or 600,000 of the best soldiers, who have their hands in a little longer as not. Then I am in favor of giving old England a turn. (Cheers.)
"We can whip the Southern Confederacy; we can take in France and England and the whole civilized world, and I want to carry it on till we whip all of God's creation.
If the annals of civilized man have anything to show more detestable and infernal than this, we should like to know it. The reporter of the New York *Tribune*—a paper eminently "sound on the goose"—is responsible for the "cheers" appended to the above, and we have no doubt that he made a true report, the audience was undoubtedly "sound on the goose" also.—Boston Courier.

Some truths—John Brown has halted for a fu daiz for refreshments.—You kant gudge a man bi his religion enme more than you kant gage his shirt bi the size of the collar and ristsbands.
At a recent exhibition of a menagerie, an elephant was seen to pick up the loose hay with his trunk, when an Irishman exclaimed: "What sort of a baste is that atin' hay with his tail?"
A little girl returning from church where she saw a collection for the first time in her life, related what took place, and among other things she said, with all her childish innocence: "That a man passed around a plate tied had some money on it, but I didn't take any."
A schoolmarm, in England, has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules, she stands them on their heads and pours cold water into their trousers leg. Query:—how does she punish the girls?
A doctor's house should have blue pill-lars in front.
The best of friends fall out. Our teeth are no exception.
A woman had better not marry a widower, if she finds that he is a widower by trade.
A man who counts a woman in the starlight, probably expects to get a wife in a twinkling.

From the World.
The new Reconstruction Proclamation.

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