

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, AUGUST 10, 1864.

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JOSEPH McDONALD.
April 13, 1864.

The New Yankee Cook Book.

(From the Philadelphia Age.)

It is beginning to be a grave question with the mass of people, not what they shall eat, but whether they shall eat at all. Those of our laboring population who have not been given to the grave or the hospital, in the prosecution of this abolition war, are left at home to contend with the wolf which hangs about the poor man's door—to face the spectacle, as horrible as carnage, of starved wives and ragged children, clamorous for the bread which there is no money to buy. Of the thousands of millions which this war has cost, and for which the laborer is taxed, not a penny finds its way into his pocket. New England contractors and manufacturers daily grow more rich on the price of blood, and the mass of people who work for their bread, hour by hour, grow poorer and still more poor, marching steadily downward from common poverty to downright beggary, and from beggary straightway to starvation. The worst has not yet come, but it is fast coming. Four years ago every house in the land was flooded with Abolition tracts, demonstrating that slavery in the South operated to degrade labor and to keep down the wages of the free workmen of the North. Many a poor man whose family sat around a well spread board, whose wages sufficed not merely to support them in comfort and to dress them in neatness, but yielded a surplus to be laid by for a rainy day, was seduced by these lying appendices to his passions and his pride, to vote for Abraham Lincoln. He has now had four years of that glorious and millennial rule which the Abolitionists pictured out for him in their campaign documents.—

If he has been fortunate enough to escape the fangs of conscription, if he has not bled and roiled like his brother or son on some fruitless battle-field of the South, if his wife is not yet a helpless widow and his children orphaned beggars, if he has been respited from these horrors until another call for troops summons him to the bloody shambles of Abolition—he has been reserved for a fate not much better.

It is a fact that even the bold mendacity of the Abolitionists dare not deny, that the means of living, of purchasing commonest necessities of life, (its smallest luxuries are out of the question,) are fast getting out of reach of the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. Butter has been given up by the poor man long ago. Butcher's meat, with the exceptions of the pieces which in Democratic days were fed to dogs and cats, has become a luxury hopelessly out of his reach. Tea and coffee are practically as far beyond the capacity of his purse as Champagne or Johannisberg. The pipe that soothed his intervals of rest must be put away. The time is at hand when he must either feel like a beast on the offal of the markets, or not feel at all. His wages it is true, have nominally advanced but he is paid in depreciated paper, not worth forty cents on the dollar, and the miserable rags which are counted out to him for his week's work, are the only cheap things he ever sees. Well may he cry out in his distress:

Oh, God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

This state of things is truly alarming. The sufferings and cries of some nations may be stillied by the bayonet—a generation reared from infancy on crusts, may patiently eat crusts to old age—but a people like ours, habituated to the comforts of life, fed in plenty on its meats and fruits, cannot be trained to starve in decent submission, or to the beggars in loyal felicity. The mutterings that are to be heard now in every workshop and on every street corner forebode a storm which is assuredly coming, and which cannot long be delayed. God help the heads on which his lightnings break!

The Yankees are not unmindful of this state of things, not forgetful of the fact that we are indebted to them for its existence. They have made a good thing of this war. The treasures of all the rest of the land have been poured into their yawning pockets. They have done their fighting chiefly by proxy, and under pretence of elevating the black, are represented in the field to day by hordes of miserable negroes, kidnapped from the plantations of the border States, and marched off to be butchered for the "Sons of Pilgrims." They are hounding on the war because it pays them in money and costs them nothing in blood. They are richer, better fed and more independent than at any period since the Mayflower spilled its load of malignants upon Plymouth Rock.

But this crafty people are wise enough to see that the general distress among the poor, which is becoming more manifest every day, bodes them no good. It may culminate in revolution, which might result in their fatal and ignominious expulsion from a Union which they now find so profitable. At any rate, if not alleviated or subdued, this distress may, by the fierce and determined union of the masses, stop the war, which would be to New England a stoppage of the slices of the River of Life.

Recognizing these alarming facts, apprehending this distress and the dire discontent it is breeding, the Yankees have hit upon a most cheap and notable plan to diffuse general content among the people, and to reconcile the poor man to his cold bones and mouldy cheese parings. This plan we will now proceed to unfold.—Every day some new scheme appears in the Yankee newspapers for making weeds palatable and garbage delicious. Learned philosophers publish statistical tables, showing, in the most conclusive manner, and from actual experiment upon factory children and their daddies, that the cheapest things are invariably the most wholesome and digestible, and that the health and happiness of the laborer are precisely in proportion to his dinners. This strange discovery, which slumbered through all that long and dark period in which the Democratic party controlled the Government and kept the Union safe, is enforced every day by the published lucubrations of some fresh philosopher who has discovered the fattening properties of some new fragment of offal.

It seems that our people, as lately as the Administration of Mr. Buchanan, have been gorging themselves with deadly poisons in the shape of beef-steaks, butter, eggs and fowls. These and other fat dishes with which the laborer used to regale himself, it has been demonstrated by the New England sages, had a tendency to make him bloated and pimply, to bloat his brain, disqualify him for work and heat his blood up to a turbulent and revolutionary point. The diet which these good men, through their representatives in Congress, have compelled him to resort to, although at first unpalatable, are perhaps so at last, has a tendency to repress compulsion, to thin the secretions, to cool the temper, and to induce a loyal and submissive state of mind eminently necessary in these times of high taxes, quarterly drafts, and daily kidnappings. Thus, while the body of the workman is kept entirely free from any adipose incumbrances, the body politic is at the same time saved from fevers, eruptions, and convulsions which might rack it to pieces.

It would be laughable, if the facts which have inspired the Yankees were not so stern and gloomy, to watch these miserable shifts to which they have resorted to reconcile people to empty bellies. Greedy, gorged with Champagne and canvass-backs at Delmonico's, breaks out after dinner in a most touching exposition of the dangers of eating butter, and the disorders that lurk in meat, which startles the readers of the morrow's Tribune. A thousand squalid scribbles echo his cry. One philosopher levels his artillery at eggs, and another directs a murderous fire at poultry. Another still, at one fell swoop, lops vegetables from the list of things eatable. Our word for it, that nine out of ten of these varlets eat three enormous meals per diem, to say nothing of night suppers, and that the dish against which each man specially directs his eloquence, is the very one of which he eats the most.

Having thus reduced the poor man's bill of fare until they have left nothing on it fit for a civilized being to eat, they kindly furnish receipts for sweetening the contents of swill-barrels, and converting the sweepings of the market-stalls into appetizing dishes. The working man, who, in the days of Buchanan, sat down to meat, coffee, butter and vegetables, as he gazes at his bare board and empty plate, instead of these vulgar substantial, is now regaled with a little Boston tract, showing that he was bloating himself in those horrible times, and was little better than a ravenous beast. Thus as beggary approaches, the Yankees, who have brought him to it, kindly paint his benefices for him in rainbow colors, and have left him nothing to eat, kindly tender him an admirable sauce for making it palatable. Before many months are passed, so rapidly are the Yankees advancing in the discovery of printed panaceas for hunger, that we may expect to see articles like this crowding the columns of their newspapers:

[From the New York Tribune, Jan. 1st, 1865.]

Dr. D. was led to this important discovery by the reflection, that the Patagonians and other prosperous and athletic tribes of savages, make dirt a portion of their daily banquets, feed their children upon it and swallow it in large quantities, and with infinite gusto. This undeniable fact suggested to the Doctor a proposition equally undeniable, to wit, that inasmuch as the vegetable productions upon which we have been in the habit of subsisting all spring from the soil, the soil itself must contain all the nutritious elements which find their way into the plants which clothe its surface. In a word, an acre of good, stiff mud bears the same relation to corn, potatoes, peas and beans, that a bag of wheat does to a barrel of well-bolled white flour. Wheat is not flour, but the flour contains nothing which is not in the wheat. Mud is not corn, nor is it peas, but everything good in corn and peas comes out of the mud.

The benefits which must accrue to our working classes from this discovery will be seen at a glance. Henceforth the laborer need have no anxiety about butchers' meat or market money. He can laugh at high prices. Every clod on which he treads is a choice dinner of assorted vegetables. The muddy washings of the gutters will furnish him with a delectable soup, and should his stomach crave more solid sustenance he will find it laid by on our macadamized roads. We learn that Dr. Dunham has prepared a number of valuable recipes by which the poor man will be able to lead his expensive and convenient banquets a zest which the rich often lack over green turtle and Champagne.

[From the Boston Commonwealth, Jan. 14, 1865.]

A STRANGE FACT.

The glorious struggle for national existence and negro emancipation in which we are now engaged, has taught our people many priceless lessons, but none more precious than the sinful extravagance in diet in which we indulged in the blotted days of peace. Every day the researches of philosophy develop the nutritive properties of some substance which we used to squander or despise when papered and covered in the unwholesome flesh of animals. Dr. Whittier Dunham of Wrentham, Mass. has proved himself one of the benefactors of his race by his exhibition of the fattening power of dirt. But he has now found a rival in Prof. Winslow Parkinsine, of Harvard, who has discovered that the flesh of the common grasshopper (the jumping pest of modern civilization) contains 115 per cent of nutriment—a large excess over beef, mutton, pork and other indigestible garbage of the stalls. It has long been known that the Digger Indians, of California, one of the most sturdy and intelligent races of people upon the globe, following the uncurved instincts of nature, make the grasshopper their principal article of diet, and, in the absence of all other kinds of food, confine themselves rigidly to the flesh of this alert and nutritive insect. Grass itself is sometimes added to their banquets greatly to their benefit, and the acid juices which it contains having a tendency to subdue the somewhat rich and inflammatory state of the blood produced by the constant use of hopper-meat. Doubtless Professor Parkinsine is, in some degree, indebted to the Diggers for his precious discovery. We learn that Professor P. has compounded several rich soups and hashes by an admixture of proper quantities of grasshopper flesh with water and pulverized tan, and that they have been introduced at the "Soldiers Rest," in Boston, with great success. It has been found that half a bowlful of this appetizing dish suffices to satiate the most rugged veteran, and, in many instances, stout men have gone away appearing with a tenuous face. It is even alleged that in some cases the mere odor of these invaluable compounds has availed to relieve the conscript of his appetite.

With discoveries like these every day bursting upon us the laborer may well bid defiance to poverty and hunger, and can without serious privation give all of his earnings; instead of nine-tenths, for the support of the Government and the liberation and sustenance of the noble black. While he is at his day's labor, his children can with ease and benefit to themselves secure a haul of grasshoppers, and with such a meal before him and a glass of pure cold water to wash it down, what more can he wish? *God bless Abraham Lincoln!*

And so the world goes on—the war bleeds and beggars starve, and the Yankees of New England entertain us with editorial specifiers for emptiness and eggs. We remember, in our youth, being vividly diverted with the story of a penurious Yankee, who provided his horse with a pair of green spectacles, and imposed chopped shavings upon the poor beast for hay. This nation is like that poor beast. All the good things of this world have been stripped from us by the Abolitionists, and we are left to munch shavings for hay. The Yankees who have plundered us of our substance, kindly tenders us the green spectacles to freshen and brighten our dry forage—but even their spectacles are of that copper-rimmed quality with which Moses Primrose, at the fair, was diddled out of the good Vicar's colt.

"You want a floggin, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son—"I know it dad, but I'll try to get along without it," was the reply.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LABORER.

We learn that Doctor Winthrop Dunham, an eminent chemist of Weatherfield, has discovered that dirt—the pure soil upon which we tread—is convertible into a most excellent and wholesome article of diet.

A voice from across the sea—
Appeal to the American People
from the Society for Obtaining
the Cessation of Hostilities in America.
215 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. }
July 4. }

The society which has the honor to make this appeal, desires to approach you as friends and kinsmen, and in the name of humanity and religion. It represents, in fact or in feeling, the great bulk of the intelligent, reflecting and the dispassionate minds on this side of the Atlantic, and it hopes not to be considered impertinent or interfering or partial in the task it has undertaken. For in very deed, the conflict in which you are engaged is one which touches most deeply the vital interests of humanity and religion throughout the world.

In the first place, we would submit that Europe witnessed with pain the commencement, and has watched with the greatest anxiety the progress and development of the civil war. It has witnessed, also, in political silence, though far from indifference, the will, the energy, and the resource with which the war has been prosecuted on the one hand—the bitterness of feeling, the enormous pressure upon national finances, the slaughter, the devastation, and the failure which have characterized it on the other. The time has now come when reflecting people everywhere, ye, and in your own country too, stop and ask themselves to what purpose is all this waste? What gain can possibly accrue to any living being, save to the few holders of office and their personal friends, from a further continuance of this fratricidal strife?

In the next place, we would submit whether the future historians of Europe, or of America in calmer moments, will not ought not to exonerate the people of the seceded States from the charge of rebellion and treason, seeing they have understood the federal compact in the light in which the founders of the republic understood it. These unquestionably held that the States were sovereigns; even before the Constitution was written the States were proclaimed to be free, sovereign and independent States; and as such were recognised by the powers of Europe. [in your Magna Charta doctrines, laid down as self-evident truths, are that all rightful government springs from the consent of the governed, that all people have the right to alter, change or amend their form of government at pleasure.]

In the exercise of this right the people of almost every State have altered their constitution,—some of them we believe more than once,—and the right to do so has not been questioned. But we may go further, and ask the sober judgment of the North—to what end is this war waged? Suppose Northern arms to be successful in subjugating the seceded States, as the Constitution gives no power to hold them as conquered provinces. Success then would defeat the object of the war; for instead of restoring the Union and preserving your institutions, the triumph of your arms would overturn the one and destroy the other.

Such are the views and opinions which obtain on this side of the water, and which are daily taking deeper and deeper root. Moreover, the growing feeling in Europe is that war has been tried to its utmost, and that it has failed in the object for which it was undertaken.

We would further appeal to you, friends and kinsmen, by the cries of distress which come over the waters from both sections of your country, and also by the prayers which the war there entails upon the laboring classes here. In consequence of the restrictions which the war has laid upon certain branches of commerce, many necessary articles, especially clothing, have been doubled and trebled, and in some cases even quadrupled in value. It is estimated that the people of these islands, who, before the war, paid annually for certain goods consumed by them less than £25,000,000, paid last year not less than £48,000,000, with the probability of having to pay this year nearly £60,000,000. The scarcity of linen and woollen goods without causing a corresponding increase in the price of labor; so that the working classes in England, France, Belgium and Spain, are not only compelled to go more scantily clad, but to submit to a tax imposed upon their hard earnings to an enormous amount.

But turning from all considerations of a mere material to those of a purely social nature, we implore you to look upon that crowd of widows and orphans into whose once peaceful homes the avenging sword has carried death and desolation, and ask whether the moloch of ambition is not yet satiated? Is it not time that the destroying angel should stay his hand? So

strongly do the people of this country feel upon this point, that petitions have been, and are weekly being presented to Parliament from the counties of Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Cambridgeshire, Lancashire, Sussex, Shropshire, Warwickshire, Norfolk, Berkshire, Shropshire, Nottinghamshire, Kent, Wiltshire, Lincolnshire, Cornwall, Devonshire, Oxfordshire and Middlesex; from the counties of Dublin, Cork, Tipperary, Galway, Waterford, Queen's county, Sligo, Longford, Antrim, Roscommon, Cavan, Leitrim and Meath, in Ireland, setting forth that a strong and increasing feeling exists in the country that her majesty's ministers should, in accord with the sentiments of more than twenty millions of our people—tender to your government a friendly proposal to make this campaign the last. And we are not speaking at random when we say that the governments both of England and France are only awaiting a response from your midst to give effect to the humane wishes of the petitioners: and aid, if you will but consent, in establishing a permanent and honorable peace.

In the name of the many thousands we represent, and echoing, in the foregoing sentiments, the feelings and aspirations of your kinsmen in the old world, I have the honor to be,
By authority of the Executive Committee
Very respectfully yours,
F. W. THOMAS, M. A.,
Honorary Corresponding Secretary.

☞ A certain judge having been called on at a public meeting, for a song, regretted that it was not in his power to gratify the company. A wagg who was present observed, "He was much surprised at the refusal, as it was notorious that numbers had been transported by his voice."

☞ "Mr. Smith," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?"—"No sir; I held the candle for a man who did."—"Ah, the court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you."—"No, sir; I only threw a light on it."

☞ 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."

☞ One day a little girl about five years old, heard a preacher of a certain denomination praying most lustily till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother and beckoning the maternal ear to a speaking distance, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived never to God he wouldn't have to pray so loud?"—"Such a question is worth a volume on elocution in prayer."

☞ A farmer in a village in Hampshire, (England,) was invited to attend a party at the squire's, a few evenings ago, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said: "well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartets excellent?"—"Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em, but the pork chops were the finest I ever did eat!"

☞ He who has a high forehead will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life.
He who has a long nose will have the more to blow and the better to handle.
He that is bald will have no hair—but if he happens to have any, it will not be on the bald place.
Women who have curious eyebrows will, in all likelihood, have cyclones under them, and will be loved, if any one takes a liking to them.
☞ It is related of a certain New England divine who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the sower, in which occurs this passage: "And another said, I have brought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee I have excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come." He suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looked around on his hearers, said with emphasis: "The fact is my brethren, one woman can draw a man further from the Kingdom of Heaven than five yoke of oxen."