

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.

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The Southern Press.

Reconstruction--The New Union.

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

Mr. Callhoun proposed, as the means of preserving the Union from the war which now desolates it, that the Executive Department of the Federal Government should be reposed in two agents instead of one. His dual Executive was derided; but the wisdom of his proposition, no less than his patriotic love for the Union of which he was charged with being the determined enemy, is now apparent to all. Two Presidents—the one for the North, and the other for the South, with the concurrence of both to every law—would have prevented the election of Mr. Lincoln, and made the Southern States secure of all the rights within the Union. But that remedy can now do nothing more than point out an analogy. The war has created the necessity for two Presidents, two Congresses, two Judiciaries, in fact, for two nations. Each independent, but not necessarily indifferent to the welfare of the other. The domestic affairs of the two sections should be managed separately and exclusively by the authorities selected by the people.

If our enemy would but consider the abolition of slavery among the people of these States in its practical bearing, the utter impossibility of accomplishing it would be apparent to them. If no principle was involved, if no interest was at stake, how could four millions of free negroes exist among eight millions of whites? The institutions of the States of the Confederacy and those of the Union are based upon different and opposite principles; the former upon negro slavery, and the latter upon white freedom. The necessities of each require a separate Government, the good of both would be promoted by two governmental organisms, and the power and influence of all, undiminished by the separation, would always exist in aid against an assailant of either. The American continent, for American civilization, is as much a Confederacy as a Federal sentiment, and, notwithstanding the passions excited and aroused by this war, the peoples of the two sections must ever lean more on each other than on any other nation. Our conquest only could make us the ally of a foreign power against the United States. Subjugated, the people of the Confederate States would become the Ireland, the Poland, the Hungary of the American continent, welcoming any and every enemy of the United States as their friend and deliverer, and ready at all times to reopen the contest. But as an independent nation the closest alliance that can unite the peoples should exist between them, and an insult to one would be an offense to the other.

The "national unity" of an empire or kingdom may be preserved by conquest, but force belongs not to constitutional governments. Compromise is the only principle by which popular governments can perpetuate their existence. When the appeal to arms was made the peaceful remedy of compromise was made impossible; and now four years of war has so widened and deepened the gulf that separates the two sections, that they can never be again united in peace. Intoxicated by sudden and partial success, Mr. Lincoln may imagine that our conquest is within his power and means. No words of ours can be more convincing than four years of war, but in the interest of humanity will the sober thought ever dispel the delusion that by conquest, by arms, by war, a "lasting peace" can be made between the parties in this disgraceful conflict? We regard this "explanation" by the editor of the Washington organ, referring as it does to the example of Mr. Raymond for its justification before the party, as a step toward a "lasting peace." It abandons the negro entirely, and points to Mr. Greeley as ready to forego philanthropy and "freedom" for "national unity." When partisan frenzy and fanaticism thus reduce their extraordinary demands, the more reasonable and sensible mass of the people, who are bearing all the burdens, enduring all the sufferings and making all the sacrifices, will not long continue the war for the shadow of "national unity." That people, as well as our own, will soon see the folly of attempting to live together after such a war. They will soon learn that in an offensive and defensive alliance of the two nationalities against the world, with separate governments for domestic affairs, lies their true and real interests, as well as the "road to lasting peace."

Love at First Sight.

"You have dropped your glove, Miss?"
"Thank you," replied Lucinella in a bewitching tone of voice, and having taken her glove, she took her seat in the car which she had entered, and then gazed at him who had restored her lost kid.
He was a scrappy, lank individual, who was evidently of no common rank in society. Dumas' last novel and a late number of the London *Punch* peeped out from the ample pockets of a loose, short-skirted, dark green jacket; a broad blue stripe adorned his glistening green unmentionables; and his shapeless traveling hat was jauntingly stuck on one side of his head. A mild monstache gave expression to a countenance neither strictly Roman, Grecian, Saxon nor Jewish, but combining the stern nose of the first, with the chiselled lip of the second, and uniting the fair complexion of the third, with the sparkling eye of the fourth. An immensity of standing collar hid his almost invisible whiskers, and the ends of a bold Joinville cravat-tie floated over his shoulder. In his hand was a knowing headed cane, and as he gazed at Lucinella through his eye-glass, (keeping the other convulsively closed,) that damsel's mind, in reply to a question from her heart, admitted him to be the creature of her dreams.
"Chough!—chough!—chough!—chough!—ku—ku—ku—ku—u!"—off rattled the Fall river train, and before it was out of sight of the State House dome, the Unknown had offered Lucinella, his "Dumas." What saw she upon the cover, written in large English running hand? The name of "Lord Somerset Plantaget." Her heart surrendered at discretion.

When the train arrived at Fall river the Unknown waited upon Lucinella on board the "State of Maine." She now admitted that she was Quixotish in leaving her uncle's house in Beacon street, and declared had a kind Providence not given her a protector she "should have died." The Unknown felt a throb of joy. His fate was sealed, and then he thought she had spoken of Lowell, and wondered how much factory stock her father owned.
"This evening" the bounteous tea table in the lower cabin of the "State of Maine" has been cleared away—the gallant steamer ploughs her way through the phosphorescent waves—the light houses on shore twinkle as do the stars—and a miserable German band are giving bad notes for good copper coin in the saloon.
Upon the further extremity of the promenade deck near the flag-staff, stand two individuals. They stand closely, so closely that the breath of the one moves the dark ringlets of the other. Their hearts are closer still. Apparently discussing the merits of the novel loaned by the youth to the maiden while in the cars, each is imbibing and imparting the delicious poison of love. He is ardent, and she is only as coy as becomes a prudent maiden. Her hand lies fastened in his, and ever and anon he presseth her little fingers.

"But whereabouts in New York do you reside, love of mine?" pleaded the unknown.
"Never mind," replied Lucinella playfully, "perhaps I may tell you before I go away, that is, if you are very good."
"But in what part of the city—tell me that?"
"Never mind!"
"But I do mind."
"Do you?"
"Yes!"
"Ah!"

But the conversation of lovers has ever been deemed uninteresting to the world, nor dare we flatter ourselves the above will prove an exception to the rule. Suffice it to say that ere the lovers "turned-in," their throats were plighted. The Unknown felt joyously as he crawled into berth number ninety-four.
"And thus it is," he said, "that I, who have escaped so many hundreds of similar perils, amid the song and the dance, the lights and the music, the drawing-room and the dining-room, the lecture and the lyceum, fall a victim to the Fall river line. (price four dollars,) and to a maiden of whom I knew nothing. Such is life. "Omni!" he exclaimed, quoting Greek, "Omni!" But after a pause he added, "Ti d'Omni: and I wonder if the darkey has taken my boots." Then he drew his curtain, went to sleep, and dreamed that Lucinella's father owned half of Lowell, and quarter of Lawrence.
"Soft as a bride, the rosy dawn
From dewy sleep doth rise,
And, bathed in blushes, hath withdrawn
The mantle from her eyes;
And, with her orb dissolved in dew,
Bends like an angel softly through
The blue pavilioned skies."

The "State of Maine" is paddled through the troubled waters of "Hell-gate," and the lovers are again side by side on deck. The maiden has permitted the Unknown to escort her to her residence under a pledge that he will not get out of the carriage there. And as she says "there," her eyes shoot love-glances of hope which make the youth's heart blood swell like Ned Kendall's bugles.

The shot-tower is passed by, and the navy-yard, and the boat rounds the Battery.
"Carriage, sir?"
Lucinella is safely seated in a hack, on the rear of which her trunk is safely strapped. Her handbox is within on the front seat, and now is the time that she discloses her abode, else where shall that fiery Jehu be told to hasten?
"Towards Union Square?"
The heart of the Unknown rejoiced. His conquest was a worthy one. The moments fled faster than the horses trotted, and they were soon above Canal street.

"What number in Union Square, dearest?"
"Not exactly in the Square, but in University Place!"
"University Place!" a strange coincidence.

The lover's face lengthened.
"Number sixteen please!"
"Number six-x-t-e-e-n!" repeated the Unknown, aghast, and his face grew still longer.

"Yes, dear!"
"Are you quite sure it is sixteen?"
"Certainly, my love, I remember it plainly, because I once committed to memory the sixteenth psalm of David."

The lover consigned the sixteenth psalm to a warm region, where the royal author himself consigned a great many of his enemies.
"Have you any objection to that house, dear?" inquired Lucinella.
"Eh!—why—do you know that I live there?"
"You Lord Somerset Plantaget?"
"Oh! it was a mere joke. My name is Thomas Tompkins, and I am clerk in father's store. I've been on to Boston a collecting."

"What!" screamed Lucinella. "Then you are the son of the lady I'm going to live with as a help. Her mother didn't tell me, when she got me to leave the factory and come here, that there was a young man in the house. How nice!"
"Stop!" roared Thomas the ex-Plantaget to the driver, and opening the door he jumped out. He has not been heard of since. Some suppose that he has gone to California.

The moral of course is, that you should be properly introduced before you commence love-making.

A SNAKE STORY.—The Orleans (New York) *Republican* relates that one day last week ex-Comptroller Larozo Barrows discovered, in a building belonging to him, a small snake suspended by the neck under a shelf. On examination, the suspension proved to be accomplished by nothing more substantial than the threads of a spider's web.

The main web or nest of the spider was just under the shelf, perhaps two and a half feet from the floor. From this depended a cable formed of a number of strands, and from this hung the snake. The upper half of the snake's body seemed to be wound around with the tiny thread, which was so tightly drawn about his head and throat as to prevent the reptile opening its mouth. Having thus secured him, the spider seemed intent on drawing his prey up to his net, and when discovered had so far succeeded as to have half the length of the snake from the floor.

The snake manifested its dislike of the treatment by occasional violent struggles in which he would spring from the floor and exert his utmost power to break his filmy bands. The struggles were very complacently and unconcernedly watched by the spider from his nest above. The snake was about a foot in length, and the spider was by no means a large specimen of his species. The apparently unequal struggle was witnessed by more than one hundred persons during the day, attracted by the report of the singular contest. But that the cable was accidentally broken by a person who entered the room, the spider would have undoubtedly have drawn the snake to his den. This singular case presents double room for wonder—first at the "strategy" of the spider in getting his coils about the snake, and second at the wonderful strength evinced in drawing up a reptile at least one hundred times his own weight.

Address of Gov. Bigler.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION.—I am greatly honored in your selection of me to preside over the preliminary deliberations of this body. My acknowledgments for this high compliment, and for the kind greetings just extended to me by this vast concourse of my fellow citizens, will be best manifested by a proper discharge of the duties of the position to which you have called me.
It is not expected, nor would it be fitting in one assuming the temporary Presidency of the Convention, that he should enter upon any general discussion of the many interesting topics suggested by the unhappy condition of our country. A brief allusion to the occasion and purpose of our assembling is all that will be necessary. No similar body ever assembled in America, with mightier objects before it, or to which such a vast proportion of the American people looked with such profound solicitude for measures to promote the welfare of the country and advance their individual happiness.

The termination of Democratic rule in this country was the end of peaceful relations between the States and the people. The elevation of a sectional party to authority at Washington, the culmination of a long indulged and acrimonious war of crimination and recrimination between extreme men of the North and South, was promptly followed by dissolution and civil war. And in the progress of that war the very bulwarks of civil liberty have been imperilled and the whole fabric brought to the very verge of destruction. And now, at the end of more than three years of a war unparalleled in modern times for its magnitude and for its barbarous desolations,—after more than two millions of men have been called into the field on our side alone,—after the land has been literally drenched in fraternal blood, and wailings and lamentations are heard in every corner of our common country, the hopes of the Union, our cherished object, are in no wise improved. The men now in authority, because of the feud which they have so long maintained with violent and unwise men of the South, and because of a blind fanaticism about an institution of some of the States, in relation to which they have no duties to perform and no responsibilities to bear, are utterly incapable of adopting the proper means to rescue our country,—our whole country—from its present lamentable condition. Then, gentlemen, it is apparent that the first indispensable step to the accomplishment of this great work is the overthrow, by the ballot, of the present Administration, and the inauguration of another, in its stead, which shall directly and zealously, but temperately and justly, wield all the influence and power of the Government to bring about a speedy settlement of the national troubles on the principles of the Constitution and on terms honorable and just to all sections, North and South, East and West; one which shall stand unflinchingly by civil and religious liberty; one which, instead of relying solely on its own peculiar dogmas and doctrines and the ravages of the sword, shall cheerfully refer the national troubles to the people, the fountain of political authority, and to the States under the forms of the Constitution; one which shall have no conditions precedent to the restoration of the Union, but which shall diligently seek that result as the consummation of permanent peace amongst the States and renewed fraternity amongst the people.

Gentlemen, we have been commissioned by the people to come here and initiate steps to accomplish these great objects; to select an agent and the agencies in this good work. That the task will be well performed I have unflinching faith; and that the people may sanction and God may bless these means to the desired end, is my sincere prayer.

Something for our Lady Readers.

The use of toilet preparations, in the form of powder, paint, lotions, and other deleterious compounds, is becoming fearfully common, especially among girls who have no sort of excuse for such an act of folly. These artificial aids to vanity and display were formerly supposed to be confined to the devotees of fashion and dissipation in our cities, and especially invented for women who having passed the age when freshness of youth could charm and attract, strove by false and adventitious arts to preserve the admiration which had become necessary to their existence. Now, however, the race of young fresh complexioned girls is almost extinct. Instead of daily renewing and preserving their beauty by early rising and assisting "ma" in getting breakfast, or by other active exercises, plentiful ablutions, temperance in eating, drinking cold water, and wear-

ing thick shoes and clothing that covers the neck and shoulders, they rapidly lose their youth in late hours, eating pastry, drinking strong coffee, half washing in warm water, wearing paper-soled shoes and low necked dresses,—and finally destroying what little is left of freshness and bloom by the application of insidious poisons that dry up the remaining and vital powers of the skin, and if they do not communicate disease, prevent the natural action of throwing off waste and superfluous matters through the pores.

Young girls do not look at this matter seriously at all, they think it their own affair, with which no one else has any business. But this is not so; their future husbands have an interest in it. It is nothing less than a swindle, for a girl to become a wife, and have her apparently youthful face to become prematurely old, yellow and wrinkled under the coat of red and white; and what a revelation for a young husband, of hypocrisy, deceit and female art! From that moment the sacredness of his confidence and trust are gone; his young pure wife, whom he thought angelic, is a thing of shreds and patches, and he sighs and thinks what a delusion is woman, and makes up his mind to his fate.

Vanity of an Ape.

An eminent French artist possesses a monkey, very intelligent, very ugly, but an immense pet of her owner's. Madame-moiselle Nominie, however, possesses all the defects which the cynic considers to be particularly feminine. She is lazy, inquisitive, excessively addicted to sugar plums, fruit cake, &c., fidgety, disorderly, touching everything, breaking everything she touches, daubing her master's pictures, twisting the necks of his wife's canaries, and having once upon a time pulled every feather out of a splendid parrot, in imitation of the cook, who she had seen the day before picking a fowl. A short time since the artist, having to go out, and dreading lest Nominie should perform some new piece of mischief during his absence, betought himself of a method of furnishing her with something to do until his return. He accordingly took the monkey on his hip, dressed her in a gay gown which had served as a model in one of his pictures, in which figures a marquis of the time of Louis XV., pointed her cheeks white and red, with a black patch under one eye, powdered her head, hung a string of beads around her neck, and then, having seated her on the floor, in the corner of the atelier, put a small looking glass into her hand, and left her, not without sighing, and promising himself not to be long away. But instead of returning early the artist was unexpectedly detained, and only got home the next morning. He rushed to find everything upside down, and half his pictures spoiled.

"I really must get rid of Nominie," said the artist to himself, as he anxiously unlocked the door of the studio, "for I cannot let my work remain in the little wretch's mercy!" But to his surprise and relief he found her sound asleep, exactly where he had placed her, and holding the looking glass in her hands. Not a thing had been touched by her in the artist's absence. "The fact is," continued the cynic, "that the ugly little beast, as vain as her sex entitles her to be, had been so enraptured with her own beauty, and that of her finery, that she had remained through the entire day, absorbed in the contemplation of her charming sex in the little hand glass. "Now tell me," he added, triumphantly appealing to his listeners, "does anybody believe that a male monkey would have passed a whole afternoon in gazing at himself in a mirror, and can anybody doubt, after such a proof to the contrary, that vanity is not the ruling passion of the female sex?"

An old bachelor editor says there is something eminently human and life like in the following ear dialogue betwixt a man and his wife:

"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?"
"Quite, thank you, dear."
"Sure there is plenty of room for your feet?"
"Quite, sure, love."
"And no cold air from the window by your ear?"
"Quite certain, darling."
"Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."