

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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Miscellaneous.

Review of the President's Message.

[From the New York World, Dec. 7th.]

Considering that the President whose fourth annual message is now before us, is to reside for four years more over the destinies of the country, through a period of difficulty and peril, it would gratify the national pride, even of his political opponents, if this document exhibited him as a statesman of good abilities. But we have not that consolation. A more tame, jejune, commonplace state paper never emanated from a man clothed with high responsibilities. It is, in the main, a tepid recital of certain points and statistics from the reports of the heads of the executive departments, in a style not better than is attained by every abridger of documents in a newspaper. It does not reach even the subordinate merits of method and proportion. The Navy, which has done next to nothing besides maintaining the blockade, occupies five times the space given to the Army; and the notice of our military operations is in two widely separated parts, as if the materials of the message had been tumbled together by accident. Faults of arrangement, however, are trivial when compared with poverty of matter. The brevity of the message would, under any circumstances, be a merit; but in this case the merit would have been more conspicuous, had it been still shorter. Succinctness resulting from closeness and condensation, is a very different thing from the penury of a barren intellect. The intellectual poverty of the message is in no degree atoned for by patriotic fervor or elevation of sentiment. It is amazing that a man called to be the chief actor in the most momentous civil struggle the world ever saw is lifted to no inspiration, if Mr. Lincoln understood his epoch, one would naturally expect that its grandeur would impress his imagination. But the message is as cold as it is feeble. We would not be understood by this criticism as implying that a state paper should ever be a rhapsody; but a mind deeply impressed easily stirs other minds to their profoundest depths without any breach of official decorum. Forecaasting sagacity and a vigorous grasp of the situation would be worth all the feeling in the world; but when a chief-magistrate cannot instruct and guide, it would be some partial atonement if he could inspire, electrify, or encourage. But in Mr. Lincoln's debility of intellect keeps company with a torpor and vulgarity of feeling. He never rises to the level, or even appreciates the propeties, of a great occasion. The course and scanty drapery in which he clothes his starveling conceptions is perhaps a merit; it can, at any rate, be said in his favor that his style matches well with his matter.

In each of his last two messages, Mr. Lincoln made a laborious effort to rise above the dead level of common-place, by the presentation of a project. But in both cases his feat of statesmanship was unsuccessful. In 1862 he expounded at great length a scheme for compensated emancipation in all the slave States, to be completed by the year 1900. This was the only salient thing in that message; but it was treated with contempt even by his own party. It did not live long enough to cry; so far as we can recollect, it never received the compliment of discussion in the body to which it was addressed. In 1863, he propounded another scheme, but, to escape the contemptuous treatment of its predecessor, it was cunningly devised to dispense with the congressional co-operation. This was the famous reconstruction project, in which he astutely argued that setting up new State governments and prescribing the qualifications for suffrage was a right which he could exercise in virtue of—the pardoning power! His own party in Congress was so far from acquiescing in this odd assumption, that it interposed and passed an act to supersede his plan; and when he vetoed it, the Republican chairman of the appropriate committee of the two houses gave him a public castigation in a paper marked by great force of reasoning and vigor of invective. Even the party convention that nominated him for re-election was prudently shy of endorsing his reconstruction project. Warned by these failures, he makes in the present message no attempt to turn his vehicle (no coach but a cart) out of the rut of trite common-place. He contents his ambition with dull abstracts of the reports of his secretaries, and servile echoes of the Republican press. With one or two significant exceptions, there is not a new idea in the message; certainly none that any mortal will remember when the message is a month old.

Such a document affords no scope for particular comment. It is beneath it. It is idle to confute what nobody will remember; and as for commendation, even the Republican organs will be at a loss where to bestow it. Mr. Lincoln holds out no hope of peace; he has nothing more original to say on this interesting subject than to reiterate and expand his Niagara manifesto. In a curious financial recommendation he deviates for once into originality; but it is an originality which is painfully suggestive of a low tone of moral feeling. We must indeed concede to Mr. Lincoln the possession of a perfectly balanced character; his conscience is worthy of his intellect, and his sense of decorum worthy of both. He gravely recommends that our government shall raise money from our citizens by corrupting their sense of pecuniary honor! He wants Congress to pass an act to protect the purchasers of government bonds from paying their honest debts! He gravely recommends that this species of property shall be placed beyond the reach not only of taxation but of creditors. This, from the President of the United States, is a creditable proposal! But when foreign nations, who never hit upon this refinement, shall see our government suggesting to our citizens a safe method of evading their private obligations, will they not be apt to infer that where such morality prevails, it will be an easy step to public repudiation! Private and public debts stand on the same ground of moral obligation, but the average conscience of men is commonly supposed to be the weaker in relation to public engagements. It is a spectacle as astounding as it is melancholy to see the chief magistrate of a great nation asking Congress to enable citizens to cheat their creditors out of their honest dues.

Neglected Penmanship.

A London paper says if any foolish lad, or still more silly teacher, should imagine that it is the sign of a vulgar and feeble education to write a good hand, the sooner schoolboy and pedagogue disabuse themselves of this mistaken idea the better. The highest circles of English society cultivate penmanship with care and success.

The Queen's handwriting is beautiful—flowing, and elegant, and feminine. Prince Albert's biographer compares the Prince to Goethe, who "would take inordinate pains, even in writing a short note, that it should be admirably written. He did not understand the merit of second best, but everything that was to be done must be done perfectly." The Prince Consort took the greatest interest in the calligraphy of his children, and few young people, we are assured, write more elegantly, and at the same time, more distinctly than the Princesses of England. Our highest statesmen have not thought it beneath them to cultivate a clear and distinct penmanship. Lord Palmerston's handwriting is free, firm, and considering his great age, by no means obscure. Lord Derby writes a capital hand—at once elegant and legible—an aristocratic hand, if there be such a thing. Earl Russell's is a smaller and more feminine hand, yet clear as his expositions of constitutional law, and as incisive in its style as some of his dispatches are biting, though rash, in matter. The Lord Chancellor writes a beautiful hand—firm, solid, and legal—such a hand as should have drawn up the Bill of Rights. Sir Hugh Cairns is a gentlemanly and clear hand. Mr. Cobden's handwriting is round, bold, and commercial—the hand of one who began life as a junior clerk in days when good penmanship was perhaps the rule rather than the exception among school boys of any ambition. Mr. Bright's is a somewhat smaller hand, rapid and flowing, yet legible. Mr. Gladstone's is a hurried and impetuous hand—the writing of a man whose thoughts flow so thick and fast that they outstrip the pen. Yet, he holds the quill in a firm grasp, and his letters are large and well formed. Lord Stanley's writing is by no means elegant, yet it is as distinct as large print. The Duke of Newcastle's long, well formed, and very distinct letters, would perhaps gain him the prize of calligraphy among living statesmen; yet his penmanship is inferior to that of the late Marquis of Wellesley, who wrote perhaps the best hand of his day. Considering how much writing the Governor Generals of India, during the last half century, had to do, it has been fortunate for the East India Directors, Boards of Control, and Indian Secretaries, that the vice regal penmanship has been so uniformly good. Lord W. Bentinck's words and letters sometimes ran a little into each other, yet his hand was fairly

legible. Lord Minto's was a firm, good hand. Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst each wrote a somewhat picturesque hand, yet every letter of both was a clear as print. Lord Auckland's hand was singularly round and legible. Lord Ellenborough's was too lady-like and finical to be very distinct; but his successor, Lord Dalhousie, wrote an admirable model hand, and Lord Canning's was also an example of good penmanship. Every one remembers how plain and distinct were the notes beginning "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments," although every one may not be aware that many of the communications so highly prized by autograph collectors were written by the Duke's Secretary, Mr. Greville, who learned to imitate his hand.

In all these instances (and we might bring fifty others) our present race of schoolboys can find no sanction or encouragement for indolent neglect of their penmanship.

Gen. Jackson and His Clerk.

While Gen. Jackson was President of the United States he was tormented day after day by importunate visitors (as most Chief Magistrates of this country are) whom he did not care to see, and in consequence gave strict directions to the messenger at the door to admit only certain persons on a particular day, when he was more busy with State affairs than usual. In spite of the peremptory orders, however, the attendant booted into the apartment during the afternoon and informed the General that a person was outside whom he could not control, and claimed to see him—orders or no orders.

"I won't submit to the annoyance," exclaimed the old gentleman nervously.

"Who is it?"
"Don't know, sir."
"Don't know? What's his name?"
"His name! Beg pardon, sir, it's a woman."

"A woman! Show her in," said the President, wiping his face, and the next moment there entered the General's apartment a neatly clad female of past the middle age, who advanced courteously toward the old gentleman and accepted the chair offered her.

"Be seated, madam," he said.
"Thank you," said the lady, throwing aside her veil, revealing a handsome face to her entertainer.

"My mission hitherto to day," continued the fair speaker, "is a novel one, and you can aid me, perhaps."

"Madam, command me," said the General.

"You are very kind, sir. I am a poor woman, General."

"Poverty, is no crime, madam."

"No, sir. But I have a little family to care for. I'm a widow, sir, and a clerk employed in one of the departments of your administration is indebted to me for board to a considerable amount, which I cannot collect. I need the money badly and came to ask if a portion of his pay cannot be stopped from time to time, until this claim of mine, an honest one, General, of which he had the full value, shall be cancelled."

"I really—madam—that is I have no control in that way. What is the amount of the bill?"

"Seventy dollars, sir; here it is."

"Exactly, I see; and his salary madam."

"It is said to be \$1,200 a year."

"And not pay his board bill?"

"As you see, sir; this has been standing unpaid for five months. Three days hence he will draw his monthly pay, and I thought, sir, you would be kind enough—"

"Yes, I have it. Go to him again and get his note at thirty days."

"His note, sir! It wouldn't be worth the paper on which it was written; he pays no one a dollar voluntarily."

"But he will give you his note, will he not, madam."

"Oh, yes, he would be glad to have a respite that way for a month, no doubt."

"That's right, then. Go to him and obtain his note, at thirty days from today; give him a receipt in full and come to me this evening."

The lady departed, called upon the young clerk, and dunned him for the amount; at which he only smiled, and she finally asked him for his note.

"To be sure," said he, with a chuckle; "give a note! Sartin, and much good may it do you, mum."

"You'll pay it when it falls due, won't you," said the lady.

"Oh, certainly was the reply."

In the evening she again repaired to the White House with the note. The President put his broad endorsement on the

back and directed her to obtain the cash at the bank.

In due time a notice was sent to the clerk that a note signed by him would be due on a particular day, which he was requested to pay."

At first John could not conceive the source from which the demand came, and supposing it had only been left for collection, was resolved to take no notice of it. But as he passed down the avenue the unpaid board bill suddenly entered his head.

"Who has been foolish enough to help the old woman in this business, I wonder," said John to himself. "I'll go and see. It's a hum I know; but I'd like to know if she's really fooled anybody with that bit of paper," and entering the bank, he asked for the note which had been left there for collection against him.

"It was discounted," said the teller.

"Discounted! who in the world will discount my note?" asked John.

"Anybody with such a backer as you've got on this."

"Backer—me—backer—who?"

"Here's the note; you can see," said the teller, handing him the document on which he recognised the bold signature of President Jackson.

"Sold, truly!" exclaimed John, with a hysteric gasp, and drawing forth the money, for he saw through the arrangement at a glance.

The note was paid of course, and justice awarded to the spendthrift at once.

On the next morning he found upon his desk a note, which contained the following bit of personal intelligence:

"Sir: A change has been made in your office. I am directed by the President to inform you that your services will be no longer needed in this department.

Yours, &c.,
Secretary"

John Smith retired to private life at once, and thenceforth found it convenient to live on a much smaller allowance than twelve hundred dollars a year.

A DIME FOR A KISS—A traveller near the close of a weary day's drive over a lonely and muddy road, came to a little log cabin in the forest, and asked for a drink. A young woman supplied his wants, and afterwards, as she was the first woman he had seen for several days, he offered her a dime for a kiss.

It was duly taken and paid for, and the young lady, who had never seen a dime before, looked at it with some curiosity, then asked what she should do with it. He replied, what she chose, as it was hers.

"If that's the case," said she, "you may take it back and give me another kiss!"

YANKEE SCIENTIFICS—Mr. Eliphaz Stabbis, a real live Yankee from Connecticut, in exhibiting his Patent Back-Action Spanker, thus scientifically describes it: "On being attached to a baby of any age, it (the spanker,) watches over it like a mother, makes it to desist from swallowing thimbles, marbles and three cent pieces, pins, or any other food unsuited to its stomach; compels it to go to sleep when it doesn't want to; and if somewhat older, it sees that it keeps its hand off the sugar bowl and jam pots; besides making it keep its face clean—and all by the power of its back action."

ANYTHING TO PRODUCE CHANGE—"This medicine," said Dr. Squills, "after having been taken a few days, will produce the change desired."

"What?" exclaimed the thunderstruck patient, "you don't say so, doctor?"

"It's a fact, sir," said the doctor, "The science of medicine has now reached—"

"Well," said the patient interrupting him, "it is wonderful! If you'd said 'postage stamps,' doctor, I wouldn't have said anything; but the 'desired change,' doctor, it seems impossible!"

The doctor had to take the patient in hand.

Pat was employed at a furnace. He was ordered to take the two-wheeled cart with the oxen, and draw some iron to a particular spot and dump it. He brought the load to the place designed, and after gesticulating wildly to his meek oxen, exclaimed: "Rare up! rare up! ye basties, and throw the load overboard."

During the examination of a witness as to the location of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him—
"Which way do the stairs run?"
The witness very innocently replied,
"One way they run up stairs and the other way they run down stairs."

The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

"Pete, what am I for?" asked a

sable youth of his companion, a perfect African-Plato.

"And you don't know nuffin 'bout him?"

"No, uncle Pete."

"Why, your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your bosom, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waist-coat. "No I don't, uncle Pete."

"Ignorant nigger! It am a strong passion which rends de soul so severely dat even time itself can't heal it."

"Den, uncle Pete, I know who be in lub."

"Who am it?"

"Dis old boot of mine. Its sole am rent so severely, dat Johnson de cobbler, utterly refused to mend him; and he say dat he is so bad dat de debble hisself couldn't heal 'im."

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very frugal table, and a piece of bacon near him was very small. The lady of the house remarked to him: "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to that bacon. Don't be afraid of it. 'No indeed madam—I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

Dr. Barnes being inclined to sleep during a dull, prosy sermon, a friend who was with him joked him on his having nodded now and then. Barnes insisted on his having been awake all the time.

"Well then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?"

"Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about an hour too long!"

A Lawyer, in cross examining a witness, asked him among other things, where he was on a particular day; to which he replied, "in company with two friends." "Friends!" echoed the lawyer.

"Two thieves, I suppose you mean." "They may be so," replied the witness; "for they were both lawyers."

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble—have you?"

"Yes Jim, yes."

"Well, cheer up, man, adversity tries us and shows up our better qualities."

"Ah, but adversity didn't try me, it was an old vagabond of a judge, and he showed my worst qualities."

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow upon the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that, "He was one of the few. You cannot find his equal, you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I don't know, but I'll try."

"Mike, why don't you fire at those ducks boy—don't you see you have a whole flock before you gun?"

"I know I have, but when I get a good aim at one, two or three others will swim right betwixt it and me."

A stingy husband threw off the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always gives them their own way.

"Poor things," was the prompt reply, "it's all I have to give them."

"This way, captain!" shouted an English soldier at Inkermann; "I have a prisoner."

"Well, bring him here."

"I should like to, but the scoundrel won't let go."

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement, in this wonderful age.

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle to his nephew.—water can be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait."

"How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift.

"Till it freezes."

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manner," said a young farmer to his sweet-heart. "No indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, says Talleyrand, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

The Congressmen—sly old rats—are preaching to their wives that living is so dear in Washington the ladies must remain at home this session.

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 1864

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

R. T. C. Gardner, Physician and Surgeon. Tenders his professional service to the citizens of EBENSBURG, and surrounding vicinity. OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW. June 29, 1864-tf

J. E. Scamian, 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, 1864.]

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 STREET, PHILADELPHIA. August 13, 1863.-ly.

HIGHEST PHILADELPHIA RATES For Rent. An office on Centre Street, next door north of Esq. Kinkead's office. Possession given immediately. JOSEPH M'DONALD. April 15, 1864.