

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.

The Professor Marrying a Cook.

Some years since, when I was in college, we had amongst our "faculty," a curious personage, whom every one regarded with considerable respect, and yet as a character *suu generis*. He had lived many years without a wife, and expected to live so always. Indeed as he was the professor of mathematics, the abstraction of his science forbade his indulging in the idea of getting married. To the female sex, therefore, he showed no other regard than common politeness required. His character was purely negative. Of course he was not popular with the ladies, and they kept themselves at a distance from him. But circumstances that often bring about a match in other cases, placed him in a peculiar dilemma. It seemed a whim that a necessity was laid upon him to get married. He was one of the faculty of the College—all the other professors were married and obliged to entertain the distinguished visitors of the Institution. He had always *boarded*. Of course it wasn't never expected of him that he should ever give a party or dinner. But it began to be regarded as rather mean in him to shirk of this matter from year to year, and well off as he was pecuniarily, to throw upon the other members of the faculty the cost and trouble of entertaining the special friends and patrons of the College. The question was, therefore, frequently asked:

"Why doesn't the old miser entertain some of the distinguished visitors that visit us?"

Now, our professor wasn't a miser at all and it often troubled him to think he was situated that he couldn't bear his part of the burden. And yet, what could he do? Must he get married? And if so, to whom? He had no special regard for any one in the vicinity of the college and no one had any special regard for him. In his younger days he had seen at school a young lady in the city of New York, in whom he had a peculiar interest. But of her he hadn't heard for years. Doubtless before this time she was married, or in her grave. Possibly, however, she was still living and waiting for him! Glorious thought! He was quite relieved at it, though, indeed, there might be no foundation for his relief. Nevertheless, he could make due inquiry. Nor could he long delay for commencement day was at hand, only a few weeks off. It was his turn, or rather would be if he was married, to give the great dinners to the distinguished personages who would be present on the occasion. There would be the Governor of the State, and his lady—the trustees of the Institution and their friends, and others of equal repute. But who should be master of ceremonies? And who should grace the table? He could square the circle perhaps, but such a circle as this, what could he do with it? If he were only married, what a helpmeet would his wife be at such a time. And yet, his wife must be a good looking, intelligent, and accomplished lady; otherwise the blank would be a blot!

Now there was a young lady in the neighborhood that the professor thought might answer. He had seen her at his boarding house, and spoken to her once or twice.

"But, she may say no," and if she did, "where in creation," thought he, "could I hide my head! And then what would become of the dining?" The Governor must have a dinner and he must have a wife. And hence he lay awake about it all night. At last as the morning broke he cried out to himself, "Content!" She will say no, will she! Other men have lived through it, and I shall. If not, I shall have a clear conscience about the dinner, and a clear conscience is the main thing after all! I will write a note to Miss A. any way. It may be she will regard it favorably. So the professor sat down and wrote a note to Miss A. "Stay a minute," said he to himself, "what will the Governor think of the lady? She is handsome and polite, but can she converse? Can she entertain company?" "Doubtful," said he to himself, "very doubtful," and so he tore up the note. Alas! for a man on the verge of matrimony! In an hour or two, however, the Professor called on the President and said:

"I should like to be absent for a few days?"

"Ah!" said the President, "just at this time?"

"Yes sir, I have my classes in readiness for the examination, and I wish to go to New York."

"Has any death occurred in the family," said the President.

"No, sir, said the Professor, "but I have a little matter of business that requires my immediate attention, and I thought it best to go."

"You have my best wishes," said the President, "and may you return safely and not alone."

The Professor almost smiled, but blushed rather than smiled, and left the President, and hastened to New York.

His first inquiry on his arrival there, was for Miss Adeline G. the young lady whom he had seen some years before, at school, as we have mentioned.

"Why," said the respondent, "the family has been reduced, and she is a cook. Perhaps you don't know it sir?"

"A cook!" said he, "that is just what I want!"

"Oh!" said the lady, "we thought you wanted something else possibly."

"No, I have been half starved to death since I left New York, and I want some one to cook decently."

"Well, she can do that, for she scarcely has her equal in that line in this city. Why, sir, she is a cook, *par excellence*."

"And how does she look?"

"She is the handsomest cook in this city, too."

"Not quite that, I presume," said the Professor, "but is she intelligent? I speak confidentially."

"Intelligent! She is indeed—she can converse like an angel."

"And as to manners. Is she accomplished?"

"As graceful as an actress."

"When can I see her?"

"At eight o'clock this evening."

"Couldn't I see her before that hour?"

"I think that would be the most convenient time for her to call, and to see you. She will be engaged in her duties till then."

"I will wait then. Please to tell her that Professor Mack, of Virginia, wishes to see her—an old acquaintance of hers?"

"Shall I tell her that you wish to engage a cook?"

"You may tell her that I wish to see her," said the Professor.

"What name did you say?"

"Professor Mack, of Virginia, if you please, madam."

An overbearing long day was before him and he had nothing to do: not a problem to solve, except the one in hand, and that was one of doubtful solution.

Eight o'clock at last came, and the Professor called again to see the young lady.

"A cook, indeed!" said the Professor to himself; "she is a splendid woman fit to grace any parlor in the world!" But how in creation should he make known his business? Poets, they say, begin in the middle of their story; but professors of mathematics, where do they begin? Finally, said the suitor, "Miss G., how would you like to go to Virginia?"

"To Virginia!" said she as if surprised. "Are you not mistaken in the person whom you wish to see?"

"No, no," said he, "don't you remember when we both attended school in Franklin street?"

"Oh," said she, "it is George Mack—I remember you well; why, I didn't know that you were alive!"

"And I have never forgotten you."

"Ah! indeed, you are very kind to remember me so long! I thought every one had forgotten me in my calamities."

"People often overlook them; but it is for you to say that your present trials are at an end."

"Professor Mack! what do you mean? Why I am a mere—"

"If you have had reverses I have had success, and have the means of making you comfortable in life."

"But you do not know my circumstances now, for I would not deceive you, it does not concern me what you are now, but what you are willing to be."

"But I have an aged mother Professor."

"And I wish to have one; she can go, too."

Matters were soon arranged as to time, place, and ceremony, and this being over the party were off for Virginia—the Professor pleased that he had solved the matrimonial problem so easily, and the lady that she was no longer at the world's bidding.

"In the country of Virginia great ado is made for a newly married couple. Of course much was expected in the case of the Professor. But some "bird in the air" carried the story in advance, that Professor Mack had married a cook!

What lady then would call upon her? What society could the F. F. V.'s of Virginia have with a cook! But the President advised his wife to call upon her out of decency, at least. If the professor had

married a cook, why, he didn't know any better. All that he knew was how to solve problems in mathematics. Besides, he might not have married a cook, or if he had he was well off in one respect—he could have a good table.

"Pshaw!" said the President's lady, "what does a person care about a table in comparison to caste in society?"

"Caste in society will do well enough," he replied, "but since we must eat to live, a well roasted turkey is better than a fried chicken, and a short biscuit than a ash-cake! And what does an epicure care for ceremony? A good cup of coffee is better."

"You are no Virginian, husband, otherwise you would never say that, for my body knows that nobility in a log cabin is better than a cook in a palace!"

"Well, call on the lady and see—theories are often good for nothing, whilst practice is the sum of perfection!"

The Presidentess called and was amazed—the cook was much her superior—and she felt it.

The other officers' ladies having heard that the President's wife had called on Mrs. Mack, were obliged according to custom to follow suit. They, too, were disappointed, for the New York lady hadn't lived in a city in vain. In mind, in manner, in accomplishment, she outranked them all! Besides, in respect to family she was not at all inferior—her father having had fortune once and lost it.

Commencement day was now near at hand, and the great dining was to come off at the professor's. Nor was Mrs. Mack at all disconcerted about it. She had seen a thing or two before, and was fully confident in her own ability to meet the exigency.

When time arrived, all eyes were fixed on Mrs. Mack. How would she appear in the presence of the Governor of Virginia? How in the presence of the Professors and the President. And what sort of a table would she set, and how would she grace it? Could she go through it with dignity?

Of course all this was enough "to try men's souls," but Mrs. Mack was perfectly at home.

In etiquette—in conversation—in the arrangement of all the circumstances and in the formalities of the occasion she showed herself equal to the duties devolving upon her, and evidently interested the Governor very much by her powers of conversation. "What a charming lady," said he to his wife, "is Mrs. Mack! and what a table has she set! How well she graces it!"

"My dear husband," said she, "do you know she is a New York cook—why, she has been a mere servant for many years!"

"I know nothing about that," said he, "but if she was, I wish every other lady was a servant and a New York cook, too. We should have something to eat then, my dear, besides fried chickens and ash-cake."

"All men are not epicures like you, Governor."

"No—but if they were they would imitate the mathematical Professor, and go to New York to get a wife. A man wouldn't be compelled then to go to a saloon to get a decent dinner! He could find one at home—now a great variety."

JAW-BREAKERS.—In a poem by Hoffman, the German poet, who was expelled from the Prussian dominions, and the admission of his works prohibited, the following huge word appears: "Steuerverweigerungverfassungsmässigerberechtigt," meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes. We ourselves have heard of a gentleman, a member of the *Marrionettenschauspielhausengesellschaft*, who was said to be an excellent performer on the *Constantinopolitanischedudelsackpfeife*.

Adam Slomaker, a number of years ago, came to Huntingdon Furnace, and seeing there for the first time a pair of snuffers he asked:

"What's them for?"

"To snuff the candle."

The candle just then needed attention and Adam with his thumb and finger pinched off the snuff, and carefully poked it into the snuffers, saying:

"Well now, them's handy."

"Benevolence," said Sidney Smith, in a charity sermon, "is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him!" Rochefocault never said a more brilliant thing than that, nor one more sarcastic.

"Hurrah for the girls of '76!"

"Blawst me!" said an Englishman, "that's too plaguery old. Horay for the girls of '17!"

Steve Conant's Courtship.

I once called on my friend, Steve Conant, and while there the conversation turned on courtship; and at my request the old gentleman told me an incident in his love affairs, which I give in his own words:

"Wall, seeing it's you, I don't mind telling about a scrape that happened to me when I was courting Nancy here. That is something that I never tell anybody. But ye shall hear it!"

"No don't Steve," broke in the old woman.

"If you can't bear to hear it, you may go out doors—so hear goes! When I was high about twenty-one I came up here all alone, and built me a cabin. I hadn't a naber nearer than five miles, so ye see, I didn't quarrel much; but as it grew to be near winter, I got kinder lonesome, and begun to think that I ought to have a woman to keep me company; so one morning I started down to Leaway, to take a look at the girls, to see if I couldn't find one to suit me. When I got down to the settlement I asked a young chap if he knew of a girl that wanted to get married, and he told me he guessed that Nancy Knox did, and if I wanted a wife, I had better try and hitch on with her; and he said that if it was agreeable, he would go to Deacon Knox's and make me acquainted with Nancy, and he was as good as his word, and twasn't an hour before Nancy and I was on the best of terms. Afore night I hired out with the Deacon for ten dollars a month, half of the pay to be taken in produce, and the rest in clear cash, and I was to work all winter."

"Wall, for about two months I felt as a mouse in new cheese. I courted Nancy every Sunday night, and I was determined before another week to pop the question, and I hadn't a bit of doubt but what Nancy would be overjoyed at becoming my bosom companion. Wall, about this time there come a teller from one of the lower towns to keep school, and he hadn't been there more'n a week afore I found he had a natural bunkering arter Nancy; and worst of all the old Deacon, who seemed mighty pleased at the thoughts of my courting his gal, began to kinder cool off, as it he would like the schoolmaster better for a *son-in-law*, and it made me feel kinder down in the lip, I can tell you."

Wall, on one Sunday night, Bill Smith, for that was the pesky critter's name, came in just at dusk, and when the clock struck nine, he didn't seem to go. Old Mrs. Knox and the young uns all went to bed, and there were none left but the old Deacon, Bill, Nancy and I, and I kept 'speeting every minute that he would show Bill to bed, but he did no such thing; but just as the clock struck ten he ris up, and ses he:

"Steve let's go to bed, for we must be up bright and airy to have them ere legs to the river."

"Wasn't that a hint, eh? I looked at Nancy, but she turned away her head, and at this I got up the ladder to bed. I was bolting over mad with all creation—Bill, Nancy, and the Deacon in particular. I got into bed and kivered myself up, but I felt so bad I couldn't go to sleep. Like as not, the schoolmaster was hugging and kissing Nancy down in the kitchen, and I couldn't shut my eyes for the life of me. Wall, all at once it occurred to me that there were some big cracks in the floor over the kitchen, and I could watch an' see all that was going on below; so out of bed I got, and crawled along close to the chimney on all fours, and finding a big crack, I looked down through. Bill and Nancy were setting about two feet apart though every now and then Bill would hitch his chair a little nearer to her. How I could have choked that man! I watched them for about a quarter of an hour and by that time I was near about froze, as it was an awful cold night, and I hadn't a rag on except my two shirts. By and by Bill hitched his chair a little closer, and I could see that he had made up his mind and was just going to kiss her. How it riled me! But I was bound to see it through, so I moved a little nearer to get a better view, and at that moment the plank tipped up, and down I went kerchunk and landing between Bill and Nancy. Bill thought for once that old Nick had come, and streaked it out of doors; and as for Nancy, she gave one look, and then covered up her face with her apron. I started out of the kitchen as quick as you could say scot, and as I was going up the ladder, I heard old Mrs. Knox holler:

"Nancy, scot the cat down, or she'll break every dish on the dresser!"

"The next morning when she went out to milk, I popped the question to Nancy,

and she said she would have me, for she didn't care a cent for Bill Smith, and we have been married forty years cum next June."

Political Preaching Cured.

A Congregational Church, in a neighboring State, got so completely enlisted, in the Presidential contests, that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying and exhorting upon political issues, and his deacon and laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings. Finally a worthy old farmer, one of the staunchest and best members of the church, and a firm, undeviating Democrat, was called upon to offer a prayer.

"O, Lord," said he, "uphold the Democratic party, which has received thy support ever since the great Jeffersonian struggle. Continue to bless that party which has under thy protection and providence, brought great blessings upon this republic. If it be thy pleasure, and I believe it will be, oh carry that party through this great struggle to a complete success. Oh, bless the opponents of Democracy personally, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious schemes, if it be thy will to do so, as I verily believe it is. Be on the side of Democracy, O Lord, as thou hast been, and in their peaceful pursuits, instead of warring wickedly, man against brother. And, oh, I beseech thee especially to free the Christian-churches from the political strifes and bitterness which are rending them asunder, destroying their usefulness and turning them unhappily into mere political associations. Let us hear something of thy word and mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been puffed to fullness with political fanaticism; and our minister has become a stump orator against the good old party which thou, in thy wisdom, hath upheld so long, and so repeatedly guided to victory, and sustained, in the establishment of sound measures. Oh, turn his mind from these things, and direct his attention to the legitimate religious duties, or turn him over directly in the hands of the Abolition party, and let them take care of him; and provide us a true minister of the Gospel. At any rate the present condition of things cannot last. If politics are to rule, I shall claim one half of the time in behalf of the Democratic party, so that there may be a fair discussion within these walls. Amen."

This was a stunner. It was the first prayer ever publicly offered in that church for the success of the Democratic party, and its nominees, though hundreds of prayers and exhortations had been made against the party. When the old man finished there was a silence of half an hour, and the meeting then adjourned. And thus ended the political preaching in that church, from that time forward, the minister attended to his Gospel duties and left all political questions to be settled by the people outside the church. Again the society prospered and there was a better feeling among its members—more Christian charity, more brotherly love. The old man's earnest prayer was answered in more respects than one.

The following letter was sent by a man to his son at college:

"I write to send you some new socks which your mother has knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten pounds without my knowledge, and for fear that you would not spend it wisely I have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

Tom, whom did your friend marry?"

"Well he married £40,000. I forgot her other name."

Josh Billings deposes among other good things, "that yer kant judge a man bi his religion any more than yer can judge his shirt by the size ov the collar and ristbands."

A lady who sings in a choir, says she will marry a small man, because short meter *hims* are the easiest to get along with.

"Madame," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are vary stubborn things."

"Dear me, you don't say so," quoth the lady. "What a fact you must be!"

Why has a clock always a bashful appearance?—Because it keeps its hands before its face.