

# 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, FEBRUARY 8, 1865.

VOL. 12--NO. 4.

**"DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL"** is published every Wednesday Morning, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; Two Dollars and Twenty Five Cents, if not paid within six months; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid until the termination of the year.

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OAVO  
HIGHEST PHILADELPHIA RATES

LE CLAIR, IOWA,  
Jan. 29th.

This letter will contain various items. First, while I was at Chicago, during the holding of the National Democratic Convention, one evening I sauntered out to see what was going on. I made my way to the corner of Lake and Randolph streets; for awhile I sat satisfying my eyes on the surging crowd of humanity hustling by, going hither and thither, passing and crossing all in a hurry, all in a jam, till one would think that the world had let loose its over-plus of population and dropped them into the heart of that great city. The position I occupied gave me quite an advantage during the gas-lit hours. The while, one could detect the various classes of society; the hard-laboring man, the street-worker, the mechanic, the clerk, the artist, the millionaire, the merchant, the banker, the lawyer, the preacher, the pick-pocket, the gentlemen the lady, the youth, the sage, the gay, the harlot and the whore-monger, the black and the white, the christian and the sinner, the devil and the Abolitionist, the perfect-formed and the deformed, the lame, the halt, the blind, "and every other man," and a whole string "too numerous to mention."

Well, as I was going to say, while I sat at the corner of the street on some pieces of timber connected with the base of a "block and tackle" or lifting machine, I struck up a conversation with an old gentleman that sat close by, and whom I soon discovered to be a sound Democrat and the President of a Western railway company.

Sparking of the war and the soldiery, he told me the circumstance of the most brutal treatment of a little girl, but sixteen years of age, at Springfield, Illinois, by a hellish bedeviled devil in Federal uniform, with a strap on his shoulder that denoted the rank of captain. I give the facts as he related them to me, for which he could vouch for their truth. Last spring a year ago, was the time this most barbarous and fiendish act was perpetrated. A certain captain, commanding the Post of Springfield, ordered out twelve of the private soldiers, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, to bring in from the city (which was not under his jurisdiction), a certain little girl "alive or dead." She was arrested and brought into his headquarters, and by his own orders and before his eyes, she was seized, her hair shaved off, then stripped stark naked and tied by the thumbs to a small oak so that she stood on tip-toe and soon she could not help throwing the whole weight of her body on her thumbs, which caused her to scream, in the agony of the moment. She cried: "O my God!—Captain why such treatment as this?" He stood coldly and heroically a looker on the scene of his own making. Her suffering was so intense that she was driven nearly wild, and seeing no friend was there in the many hearts that beat in the bosoms of those around her, she sprang up, and threw her leg over the branch she was tied to, and got her head up so that she got one thumb loose by the means of her teeth.

This brave captain stepped up and with his own hands tied the chord around her thumbs the second time, and when she begged in the name of God not to tie her up again, and while the affair was going on, a gentleman (the name was not given me,) and the girl detected in him a friend and acquaintance of her father's. He, turning himself to the Captain remarked: "Captain do you know who you are treating in that manner?" "No damn you, what's it your business, sir?" The girl remarked: "Yes, you do know me; I guess you remember the time you took me out in a buggy at———" a certain place. He made a denial. The stranger then remarked that: "you had better look out for your hide; that is Captain——'s daughter, and the Captain is in the U. S. service and commands a Wisconsin Battery."

Upon that, the little girl was released. The next day he sent out the same number of guards in the same manner and had four girls brought into camp, and had their heads shaved, then he let them go. Several of the girls swore that they would take his heart out of him some time.

My informant knew this little girl and stated that this noted bugger of a captain had ruined her, his individual self. Now that is pretty work in this 'free' country. Such acts as are above stated, are in keeping with the principles and the men of the Administration.

ITEM SECOND: In which we may see the result of negro equality, or the effect produced in the minds of the free nigger, and their readiness to use the advantages that are so lavishly offered them—that of believing themselves equal in every point

to a white man, and once that is conceded, they have a very natural disposition to think themselves a little better.

How it works, among that class may be seen from a very minor circumstance which took place in one of the wards in the city of Davenport, some time ago. There are a great many niggers in that place and in consequence of families of both colors, living in close proximity to one another the children white and black will mix together in their plays in the street. One day the children were enjoying themselves generally when one of the nigger mothers peered her head out of the window, and sang out: "You John William Henry, come in from de white trash dar, you got bugs in your ear!"

Well now ain't that cog. But that's what's the matter. It begins to stick out Nigger equity! I guess not that's somewhat in advance of equality, if we are any judge. That little incident shows up for the feeling of "de born equals" generally.

## Memoirs of Rostopchine.

BY HIMSELF.  
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE AGE, BY H. R. B.

The following Memoirs, a witty, concise, humorous yet refined, was written by the famous personage who ordered the burning of Moscow, in 1812.

MY MEMOIRS, OR WHAT I REALLY AM, WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES.

CONTENTS.

I My Birth—II My Education—III My Sufferings—IV My Privileges—V My Moral Epochs—VI My Moral Periclit—VII My Important Resolutions—VIII What I was and what I might have been—IX Respectable Principles—X My Ambitions—XI My Ambitions—XII Analysis of my Life—XIII Recognition of Heaven—XIV My Epitaph—XV Epitaph Dedicatory to the Public.

**CHAPTER I.**  
MY BIRTH.  
In 1765, the 12th of March, I issued from darkness to broad day. I was measured, weighed, baptised; I was born without knowing for what, and my parents thanked Heaven without knowing why.

**CHAPTER II.**  
MY EDUCATION.  
I was taught all sorts of things, and every kind of language. By dint of impudence and quackery, I passed sometimes for being well informed. My head became a library of odd volumes, of which I kept the key.

**CHAPTER III.**  
MY SUFFERINGS.  
I have been tormented by masters, by tailors who made my clothes too tight, by women, by ambition, by self-love, by useless regrets, by kings and collections.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
MY PRIVILEGES.  
I have been deprived of three great enjoyments of the human race, theft, gluttony and pride.

**CHAPTER V.**  
REMARKABLE EPISODES.  
At thirty I gave up dancing, at forty pleasing the fair sex, at fifty public opinion, at sixty thinking, and I became a true sage, or what is synonymous, an egotist.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
MY SIGNAL PORTENTS.  
I was headstrong as a mule, capricious as a coquette, gay as a child, lazy as a sloth, active as Bonaparte, and all at will.

**CHAPTER VII.**  
DISSENTIENT RESOLUTIONS.  
Having never been able to control my features, I gave loose rein to my tongue, and I contracted the bad habit of thinking aloud; this procured me some enjoyments, and a great many enemies.

**CHAPTER VIII.**  
WHAT I WAS AND WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN.  
I was very susceptible to friendship, to confidence, and if I had been born during the golden age, I might perhaps have been quite a good man.

**CHAPTER IX.**  
RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.  
I have never been implicated in any marriage or any gossip; I never recommended either a cool, or a doctor, consequently I never attempted any one's life.

**CHAPTER X.**  
MY TASTES.  
I like society composed of few persons; a stroll in the woods; I had an involuntary veneration for the sun and often felt sad at his setting; in color, I liked blue

to eat, beef with horseradish; to drink, fresh water; in sights comedy and farce; in men and women, open and expressive features; hotbeds of both sexes had for me a charm, which I never could define.

**CHAPTER XI.**  
MY AVERSIONS.  
I felt repugnance for fools and fops, for intriguing women who feign virtue, disgust for affectation, pity for dyed men and painted women, aversion for rags, liquors, metaphysics and rhabarbar, and dread of justice and mad-dogs.

**CHAPTER XII.**  
ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.  
I want death without dread, and without insinuation. My life has been a bad melo-dramatic show, in which I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, but never the lucky.

**CHAPTER XIII.**  
RECOMPENSE OF HEAVEN.  
My greatest happiness is to be independent of three individuals who rule Europe.

As I am rich enough, have turned my back on business, and am quite indifferent to music, I have consequently nothing to contend about with Rothschild, Metternich and Rossini.

**CHAPTER XIV.**  
MY REPTILES.  
They have had me here, To rest, With a soul surfeited, A heart exhausted, And a body worn out, A poor Devil, Ladies and Gentlemen pass on.

**CHAPTER XV.**  
DEDICATORY TO THE PUBLIC.  
Dog of a public! discordant organ of the passions! you, who exalt to Heaven and plunge in the mud, who extol and calumniate without knowing why. Image of me and cry! Echo of yourself! Absurd tyrant, escaped from a mad-house. Extract of poisons the most subtle and of colors the most dramatic! Representative of the Devil to the human race! Fury! disguised in Christian charity.

Public! whom I feared in my youth, respected in ripper years, and despised in my old age. To you I dedicate my Memoirs. Kind public! at length I am out of your reach; for I am dead, consequently deaf, blind and dumb. May you, too, enjoy, one day, these advantages, for the sake of your own repose and that of mankind.

**Remarkable Narrative.**  
The following account of some recent phenomena of recent date, and in a remote part of the world, is taken from a volume entitled "Savage Africa," etc., by W. Winwood Reade, chap. thirty-first. The scene is MacCarthy's Island, an English military post on the river Gambia, on the west coast of Africa.

At the commencement of the rainy season in 1860, Mr. Beale, a staff-assistant surgeon, was seized with malarious fever. The Doctor arrived soon after, bringing a Mr. Campbell to relieve him. Mr. Beale was taken on board the Dover, shook hands with the captain on deck, went below, and expired almost immediately.

Mr. Trestrail, his colleague, sat down to write out the case. It is still preserved in the medical report book at the surgeons' quarters. Toward the end the handwriting changes, becomes uneven, and sometimes scarcely legible. A few hours afterward Trestrail was a corpse. The two surgeons were buried together.

Mr. Campbell wrote out a report of Trestrail's case. He slept alone in the quarters in the same bed in which the others had died.

Mr. Savage is a trader on the Island. A few days afterward Campbell came to him and asked him to give him a bed. Savage complied with his request.

"Don't you like your quarters?" he said. "No," replied Campbell. "I have seen Beale. And," he added, "I shall never see my poor wife and children any more."

Mr. Campbell soon died. No importance was attached to his his words, "I have seen Beale." It was supposed to be merely a dream of which he had spoken. The words themselves would have been quite forgotten had it not been for that which afterward occurred.

The commandant's quarters, a detached building, stands about fifteen yards from the surgeons' quarters, also a detached building. A sentry is stationed over each. Capt. Wilcox and Dr. Bradshaw were sitting one evening in the piazza of the commandant's quarters, when they heard a shriek from the other building,

and a soldier,avid with fright, and without his musket, rushed into the piazza. Captain Wilcox, supposing him drunk, put him under arrest.

The next morning being examined, he declared that while on guard at the surgeons' quarters, a gentleman dressed in black had come toward him. He had never seen him before. He challenged him and got no answer. The gentleman continued till he was close to him. The sentry threatened to run him through if he did not answer the challenge. Getting no answer, he thrust, and saw the bayonet pass through the body. The figure gibbered at him and turned away. It was then that he had shrieked, dropped his musket and ran away. Examined by Dr. Bradshaw, he described the figure closely; the face, height and dress tallied precisely with those of Dr. Beale, whom the sentry had never seen.

Drs. Bradshaw and Hind slept in the building in separate rooms. They heard noises, the cause of which they did not know, but to which they paid little attention at the time.

Drs. MacCarthy and Fox came up. They heard nothing. Dr. MacCarthy remained there a month, and during that time had a severe fever. He went to Bathurst, and returned in company with Dr. Duggan. Both of them were in good health at the time. Neither of them had heard the ghost story. They slept, each in an end room, (there were three at each,) and Dr. Duggan's servant, a boy of sixteen, in the centre one.

Dr. MacCarthy—from whom I had these particulars—now heard peculiar noises in the night. In the piazza outside there was a table on which they placed their tea things after they had done with them. He would hear the cups and saucers clashed together, and the plates, as it seemed to him, dashed forcibly to the ground. Several times he went out in the morning, expecting to find everything broken; but in no instance had the position of the things been altered in the least. He ascribed these noises to some mischievous fellow who had climbed into the piazza unobserved by the sentry below.

He heard also noises in the middle room, as if heavy pieces of furniture were moved about. And often all night long he would be annoyed by a pattering sound on the floor round his bed. He thought at first that these were bats which had fallen on the floor and were unable to rise. But he could never find them in the morning. Then he supposed that they were mice.

One night, instead of going to bed, he kept his candle alight and sat on a chair, with a stick across his knee, waiting for these mice to come out. He heard a sound at the further end of the room. It was like a man walking cautiously on tip-toe. The same came toward him, but he could see nothing. He strained his eyes but could see nothing. Then the footsteps passed close to him, yet he could see nothing.

Doctors are essentially materialists. Dr. MacCarthy knew that the strangest sights and sounds can spring from a disordered stomach or a checked secretion. But when he mentioned his hallucination to Dr. Duggan, and Dr. Duggan replied that he had been troubled in the same manner, they became perplexed. Still it did not occur to them that these sounds were supernatural. The mind of man is averse to believe that which it cannot grasp.

In the course of conversation they happened to speak to Savage about it. He replied as if it were a commonplace matter. "Oh, don't you know the house is haunted!" and related the affair of the sentry.

On returning to their quarters, Dr. Duggan observed that his boy was looking ill, and asked him what was the matter. The boy said he did not know, but perhaps it was his sleeping in the open air. On being asked what he meant the boy replied, with some reluctance, that he had gone to sleep on the flat roof of the house because a tall man in white used to come and wake him up, so that he could get no rest. This boy I afterward examined myself. He told me that it came and pulled him by the ear, and said, "wake, wake."

When he awoke he could see something white moving off in a manner which he said was not walking, nor running, nor flying, but something different from what he had ever seen. I offered him five shillings (which to him would be a large sum) offering to keep him company. He looked frightened and refused.

Des. MacCarthy and Duggan after that, slept in the same room. And now, which is very extraordinary, these two

men, materialists by education, lying broad awake, with a light burning in the room, would both hear those noises, and would call each other's attention to them at the time; the heavy bodies moved in the centre of the room, the plates rattled in the piazza, and the light tip-toe footsteps passing between both their beds.

## Lecture on Petroleum by James W. Gerard.

A lecture on the all-prevailing subject of petroleum, and the sinking of artesian wells, was delivered last evening before the pupils of the Twentieth Ward Grammar School, situated in Twenty-eighth street near Ninth avenue, by Mr. James W. Gerard. The school-room was filled with the pupils of the institution and their friends. Mr. Gerard was introduced by Mr. Dobbs, one of the school officers of the ward. After a minute description of the internal fires and volcanic upheavings of the earth, the lecturer said: Petroleum was known as far back as the time of the building of the tower of Babel, it was then used as a cement to fasten the bricks of that edifice together, with which our ancestors sought to scale the realms of heaven. It was used by the Egyptians for the purpose of embalming their dead, by the Ghebers of Persia to construct their sacred fires, and was known and used by other nations of antiquity for various uses. In Italy petroleum was realized from the earth two hundred years ago, and the streets of Geneva have been lit by means of this fluid for a number of years back. Petroleum was known to the Seneca tribe of Indians under the name of Seneca oil, and supplied by them to be an infallible cure for rheumatism and all manner of pain and bruises. In 1859 the first well was bored at Oil Creek, in Western Pennsylvania, producing immense streams of the precious fluid. Oil has since been discovered in West Virginia, at Lockport on our own state, in Canada, in California, more recently at Fiskkill, and in other parts of the country too numerous for mention. Millions of dollars have been and are being invested daily in this exciting search after this new philosopher's stone. The fortune-seekers after petroleum are not dismayed at the disagreeable odor emanating from the oil in its crude state; on the contrary, he rejoices inwardly when knocked down by the stench from a newly-discovered oil well. When gold was first discovered by the Spaniards in California, they named the country Eldorado, or Land of Gold, and the seekers after petroleum might have profitably imitated them by naming the oil districts, Oildorado or Land of Oil. Whenever the earth is torn and rugged indicating volcanic action, that is a certain sign that oil will be found in the cavities and fissures beneath the surface. To find oil you must bore through the solid rock in a diameter of at least three inches until you strike the third sandstone, where you will strike the cavities or reservoirs of oil, which immediately sports up in streams of more or less force. In Pennsylvania you may bore four hundred feet or more before you succeed in reaching the fluid; in Western Virginia, however, half that depth is only necessary.

The truth of the old proverb—"there is nothing new under the sun," is proved by the fact that the Chinese were boing wells from five to nine hundred feet in depth for oil, over three thousand years ago. The force of a stream of oil is explained by the fact in those cavities or fissures beneath the surface of the earth, the oil, water, and gasses, are all put up together, and when a well is sunk, the gas, getting vent, oil and water is forced upward promiscuously by the concentrated force of the gasses. Very often the wells get on fire, and burn fiercely until the soil is thrown into the well, water having no effect whatever, petroleum being the most volatile substance known. A hermetically sealed barrel has been invented by some individual for the purpose of preventing the escape of the fluid, and should the invention answer the purpose designed, the enterprise will prove a greater fortune to the discoverer than any oil that has ever been bored. The lecturer, at some length, described the component parts of petroleum, and the process of distillation. By putting the crude material in an utensil over the fire, at a temperature of 140, a vapor is formed which is known as naphtha or benzene, universally used by painters. Kerosene, which gives the most brilliant light, is also produced from the crude material. Asphaltum is another substance taken from crude petroleum when rectified. Asphaltum is used as a dye and produces the most beautiful colors. Among the various uses to which petroleum is put that of lubricating machinery is one of the most prominent.

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