

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, MARCH 8, 1865.

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[Dec 4, 1864] ix 2

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LEWIS LUCKHART, begs leave to announce that he has always a large and varied assortment of all the various articles peculiar to his business. Repairs promptly and satisfactorily attended to.
Johnstown April, 17 1861. 11.

Miscellaneous.

How Prisoners of War may be Discharged.

[From the Washington Union, Feb. 24.]

During the present week a young gentleman from Gibson county, Tennessee, came to this city for the purpose, if possible, of procuring the discharge of five prisoners of war at military prisons in the Northwest. He brought letters to Hon. L. Anderson, of Kentucky, invoking his assistance. This morning Mr. Anderson started him to the President with a statement in the following words and figures:

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Benjamin Lobbit, Camp Morton.
S. D. Anderson, " "
A. V. Alford, " "
W. L. Rastwood, Camp Douglas.
Jas. F. Thomas, " "

I am not personally acquainted with the above named persons, but they are recommended by ten true men (with whom I am personally acquainted) as proper persons to be permitted to take the oath and return home. From the recommendations and information received, I ask the President to permit them to be released on taking the oath of December, 1863.

(Signed) LE. ANDERSON.
In the forenoon of to-day, the young gentleman referred to appeared at the President's with this paper and asked to be permitted to present it. He was informed by C. O'Leary, who is in charge of the door of the President's office, that he could not be permitted to enter. Subsequently, upon being informed of the object of the call, he was taken aside and told by O'Leary that if he would pay him fifty dollars, he (O'Leary) would take charge of the papers and procure the President's order for the release of these prisoners; that otherwise he would have to remain for many days without any probability of having an interview with the President. He saw two other persons on a similar errand pay money to O'Leary, and saw the desired papers, a few minutes afterwards, given by O'Leary to such persons. The young gentleman had but little money at the hotel; nothing like that amount with him. He left the papers, however, with O'Leary and reported the facts above recited to me.

I went with him immediately to the President's house, intending to play a simple and rustic part. With some difficulty I succeeded in disarming him of all suspicion, and arranged with him to pay the fifty dollars as soon as the President's order for the discharge of these prisoners should be handed to the gentleman above named. O'Leary promised to meet him at his own room at the National Hotel, (taking the number,) at precisely three o'clock to-day, when he was to bring the order of the President for the release of the prisoners and receive the amount stipulated. I remained out of sight until the order for the discharge of the prisoners was delivered and the money paid. Just as O'Leary was bowing himself out, I intercepted him, forced him back into the room, denounced him as a swindler, and caused him to surrender the money (thirty dollars,) that being the amount which he had agreed to take finally, because of the assurance that nothing would be advanced for two or three of the prisoners, and the inability of the gentleman to pay more for the others.

The order of the President for the release of the prisoners is written on the paper which was signed by Mr. Anderson, and is in the following words:

"Let these men take the oath of December 8, 1863, and be discharged."
"A. LINCOLN."

February 22, 1865.
Just as O'Leary was taking his leave he gave to his supposed victim his address, and urged him to inform the relatives and friends of prisoners of war, that they could have them released from confinement by applying to him and paying ten dollars in each case. He gave his hand writing which I have in his own hand writing:

C. O'LEARY,
Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.

I make this matter public from motives of humanity. During the last year I have made many applications for the discharge of prisoners of war upon the terms mentioned in the above order of the President, but in no instance have I been successful. I have often written to the friends and kindred of prisoners that there was no end to their captivity but peace. I rejoice, however, to be able at last to inform those who feel an interest in the

matter, that a cheap and expeditious remedy is within their power. Commissioners of Exchange may disagree, Butler may hizzle about his niggers, but ten dollars enclosed to "C. O'Leary, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.," will restore any repentant rebel to the blessings of freedom and the society of friends.

EM. EMBURGE,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 23, 1865.

The Case of Selling a Wife.

[From the Birmingham (Eng.) Gazette.]

It will no doubt be in the recollection of some of our readers that a few weeks ago a paragraph went the rounds of the papers, to the effect that a man residing at Wolverhampton, had sold his wife and three blooming children to an American adventurer for the moderate sum of £150.

As was then mentioned, the wife left her lawful husband, and with the three children went to live with her American admirer. It would appear, however, that a few days ago she repented of her bargain, and returned to the protection of her husband. Upon finding himself deserted, the American communicated with the husband, and informed him that if he could persuade his wife to return to him he would give the husband an additional £50. The husband accordingly, tried all his powers to get the wife to leave him, and finding her quite willing, communicated with our American cousin, who was in London. He went down to Wolverhampton on Saturday. He there saw the husband and wife, and it was arranged that the American, with the wife and three children, should leave Wolverhampton on Saturday for London, by the 7 15 P. M. train. The Yankee, to make sure of his prize, arranged with the husband that he should see him to the station; and upon the signal being given for the train to start he would hand him a £50 Bank of England note. The husband accordingly saw the American, his wife, and three children safe in the train, and upon it leaving the platform received a Bank of England note from his Yankee friend. The train had hardly left the station, when upon looking at the note he found that it was a simple £5 note. Finding he was duped out of £15, his wife, and three children, he at once sent the following graphic telegraphic message to the police in this town: "Full time man run away with my wife and three children, two boxes, two hand-axes and a carpet bag. He is an American, with a belt around him, with a bowie knife in the belt and a revolver. They are going to London, but husband will be at Birmingham by the next train, booked from Wolverhampton to New street station, to be detained." Upon Detective Inspector Tully receiving the telegram, he directed detective sergeants Spokes and Jenns to meet the train from Wolverhampton and look out for the American, the wife, and three children. These two active officers accordingly went to the station, and upon making inquiries of the railway officials, found the husband in the cloak room, he having arrived from Wolverhampton by the express which reaches Birmingham about ten minutes after the ordinary train. The officers made further inquiries and found the American had arrived. They then went to the Dudley street side of the station where the husband saw the American with his wife and children, and the luggage he being in the act of putting the latter into a cab. The husband, going up to the Yankee, said: "Well John, how are you getting on?" to which he replied, "All right, I guess." Upon this the husband informed him that he had given him at Wolverhampton Station a £5 note instead of a £50 note, and he wanted the latter sum. Said the American, "Well I guess it was a mistake," and taking a bundle of notes from his pocket, handed the husband a £50 Bank of England note, which was passed to the detectives, who found it to be quite genuine. The husband then shook hands with his wife, and kissing his children, wished them "good-by," and, with a friend who was with him, went to the nearest liquor vault, where he "figured" with his friend. The last that was seen of the American was that he, with the purchased wife and three children, were "making tracks" for the London train, where we believe they safely arrived.

"Johnny, a youngster of some eleven years, was one day discussing probabilities with his little brother, a six-year-old. "When I am grown up," said Johnny, "I shall be married, and my children will call you Uncle Seneca. And you will say, 'Come here, my dear, and see what Uncle Seneca's got for you.'" "Humph, ejaculated the little one, "I guess I shall have all I can do to take care of my own young ones!"

Higjinks on Skates.

Everywhere, in all sorts of newspapers, I had read of glorious skating fun—Central Park skating, Schuylkill and Schuylkill Park—Diamond ditto—grand fun—men on skates, boys on skates; splendid sylphides in scant skirts, steel shod, and skirting away over the ice—the "Thunder" the very reading gave me the ice fever, and in the delirium consequent upon the sudden attack, I resolved upon taking an ice cruise myself. Why not? What was to hinder? I had never navigated that sort of craft, 'tis true. But then I'd been on the water, and under the water all my life—and on ice, too, some. Hadn't I killed seals, and chased white bears, for weeks together on ice?

Women could skate, so the papers said, and so did everybody else, when I inquired of 'em. I could skate! What was the reason I couldn't. The only thing that I'd ever seen a woman do that I couldn't was to hook her own dress aft, and carrying six feet in breadth of crinoline, sail through a twenty inch doorway. Yes, sir, I could skate; and I was bound on an ice cruise.

There was nothing to prevent the expedition from being fitted out at once. I was lounging about the navy yard, detached from everything, all acquaintance included, waiting orders. Disgusted with bar rooms, dressing theatres, what was I to do for amusement? Why skate, of course! Ah, yes, the very thing. Why hadn't I thought of that before? I'd have a cruise directly, or sooner if possible. No, I must have the tools first, and started up town to find 'em.

I brought up in front of a big window on the starboard side of Chestnut street, going towards Schuylkill, where they had more different rigs of sliding machines than you can see national flags in Gibraltar. Knowing about as much of the qualifications of the different patterns as a cow does of chronometer time, I went inside, and asked for a pair of skates.

"What kind do you prefer sir?"
"O, I have no preference. Give me the best article you've got."
"Yes, sir;" and the clerk passed for inspection a pair of brass clad, steel clippers, with more giggles and running riggings to 'em than there is to a French sloop of war.

"These are the best, are they?"
"Yes, sir, decidedly! Just get on to them, sir, and you will go anywhere and everywhere, like patent lightning. If you don't find it so, bring 'em back, sir, and I'll return your money."
"What's the price?"
"Fourteen dollars! Very cheap!"
Didn't believe that of course; but I invested the amount, and made sail for Fairmount.

Found superb skating. Everybody said so, only those that called it elegant! splendid! magnificent! There was a regiment of men, a battalion of dainty, and a whole brigade of small craft, on skates, skiving, scooting, and cutting all sorts of tangles on ice; everybody laughing, chattering in all directions; and I didn't wonder newspapers, and everybody else called skating glorious fun.

"Have yer skates strapped, sir?" said an itinerant boot black, about the height of a walking stick.
"Do you understand it, Bub?"
"O, yes, sir; I strap all the ladies' skates for them."
"Ah, ha! do, eh? Must have a jolly time of it! Would like the berth myself. There you are. Go ahead, boy, and I sit down on the blackie's box, about a couple of fathoms out on the ice. Whizz! like a rocket, went by a great strapping long-legged chap, with a cigar flying jibboom, and swinging his arms like a frigate's headyards in a hurricane, with the braces all a-drift.

"O, ho! so they can smoke on skates eh? boy?"
"Lord, yes, sir. Everybody smokes on the ice."
"Exactly." So I fired up on a Principle, and slipped it for the cruise.

Uchbin announced skates all *clawnto*, and took a fifty cent "fractional."
"Here, boy! here's another fifty. Just allow me to sit on your box a few minutes till I get the run of the navigation."
So I sat there studying ice navigation by dead reckoning, till directly a little petticoat craft, in yellow drawers, skirts to her knees, red belt, Russian cap, and arms akimbo, swooped down, and checked up right in front of me. There she hung for a minute, quivering like, and balancing, just like a fish hawk does over his prey, and all the time eyeing me with a jolly twinkle in her dancing black eyes.

"A challenge for a race, sir. Catch me if you can!"

Little Dainty nipped her left foot a trifle, bent right knee slightly, made a graceful curve, the bottom of her skirt just brushing my nose; and off she went like a flying fish—*ze ee ee st—zit!*—swinging from side to side, her tartan skirt swaying later and thicker, like the folds of a sloop's canvas, with the ship-head to wind.

"So ho! That's a challenge is it! And that's the way to skate! Thunder!—I can skate! Any body can skate!"

But I couldn't though, whatever anybody else could do. I accepted Dainty's challenge however, and her practice on ice. So I bounced up from that blacking-box, lifted left foot a little, bent right knee, and stuck my arms akimbo. But I didn't cut a curve. I did the next best thing, however, and cut a "spread eagle." Left foot sid due southeast and starboard one northwest; till I realized those spread-out pictorial impossibilities on circus bills. I wondered if my boots and skates would ever become shipmates again.

"Hello! mister, you musn't try to skate all over both sides of this 'ere pen at once!" growled an old commercial looking chap, as he checked up long enough to put in the remonstrance against my ice monopoly.

"I say Mr. Saltwater, couldn't yer lift yer legs a trifle, so we can sail 'tween yer legs?" piped a young scamp, file leader to a string of twenty juvenile skaters.

"Don't try to skate on both feet at once, my dear sir!" advised a sensible, Christian looking young man, who came to my assistance, and set me on an even keel once more. "When you lift one foot, sir, you must throw all your vigor and muscle into the other limb. And then, remember to sway your body so that your weight will always be upon that foot which has the ice. 'Tis very easy, sir—just this way!"—and away went my Christian mentor, with a long, striding, graceful swing.

"O yes—that's very easy. All the vigor in the other limb. Yes—I can do it." So I made a prodigious effort, and did it!

I stuck out my leg like a musquitto when he's blood-sucking. Put all my vigor and muscle into right limb, and couldn't get it out again. Went off on one foot, like a shot; crooking right knee a little twice a minute, just as Little Dainty did. Saw a crinoline craft crossing my course, under convoy of a big double-banked chap, both skating a streak. Tried to sheer to port, and go clear of 'em. Missed stays, and went about of crinoline. The ice of my port skate hooked Miss Sombody's skirt, which gave me a broad sheer to, to starboard, and I rammed big convoy butting him square on his cutwater, and drove the fire-end of my Principle slap down his throat. There was an everlasting tangle, and all hands went sprawling on the ice like a net of *Incagua* laid crabs.

"Look here sir! What do you mean?" yelled big convoy, scrambling to his feet, and maneuvering for a broadside.

"Beg pardon sir, I couldn't help it!" I replied meekly, still sitting on the ice.

"Couldn't help it? Why didn't you stop?"
"Didn't know how."
"O ho! green on skates, eh?"
"Yes, green'n a cabbage!"

That modified the log chap, and setting me on my pins again, he volunteered to educate me in checking up.

"Turn your toes up, and dig the heels of your skates into the ice this way." And he illustrated.

"O, yes; I can do that." And I did, directly. Off I shot again one leg, steering this time for the shore—Ld skated enough.

Hail way in, and there slid right down in my case a crowd of forty or so girls and men, and women and boys. I tread "down brakes," according to instructions—and broke too much. Up toes, and digging my heels into the ice, I sagged back like, and doubled amidship, as if I was going to take a seat—and I did! I went down stern foremost, with a *wang*, that broke the ice like a pain of window-glass shivered by a pebble hurled through it. I had an idea just then that such a bump as that would have started the armor on any iron-clad afloat. I sold those infernal skates, just as I sat, for four dollars, under a strong conviction that there's no fun in skating. It's all a humbug. I can't skate—I don't want to.

"I suppose," said the quack, "you think me a fool?" "Yes," said the patient; "but I did not think you could ascertain my thoughts by feeling my pulse."

The Frenchman and Kentuckian—Drawing a Chalk-line.

Once upon a time, there came to the city of New Orleans a Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the science of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a "little sprinkling" of waggishness. He was introduced into the Charity Hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering one of his new quarters, he was introduced to a young French gentleman, occupying the room also as a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners—courtous, yet cold—and he thus addressed his new companion:

"Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room-mates, with none of whom could I ever agree—we never could pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim the one nearest the window."

The Kentuckian assented.

"Now," said the Frenchman, "I'll draw the 'boundary line' between the territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights," and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division midway, from one side of the room to the other.

"Sir," he added, "I hope you have no objections to the treaty?"

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger, "I am perfectly satisfied with it." He then sent down for his baggage, and both students set down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged, while "Old Kentuck" was watching him, and thinking what a singular genius he must be, and how he might "fix" him.

"This thing went on until dinner time came—The bell was rung—the Frenchman hopped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and moustaches, and essayed to depart.

"Stand sir!" said the stranger, suddenly placing himself with his toes to the mark, directly before the French student, "if you cross that line, by—you're a dead man!"

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for a few moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed—"Is it possible I did not reserve the right of passage?"

"No, sir, in le-4 you did not; and you pass this line at your peril."

"But how shall I get out of the room?"

"There is the window, which you reserved to yourself—you may use that; but you pass not that—my door which you generously left me."

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a third story window was not "his" cracked up to be," said to his new friend—"Sir, in order that we may be mutually agreeable, I'll rub out that hateful chalk-line and let you pass."

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement of that "boundary question" they have been the very best of friends.

Ben Wade, of Ohio, is notorious for his brutality, but he reached the climax the other day, when he advocated instead of an appropriation of \$1000 to procure a marble bust of Judge Taney, \$2000 to burn the late Chief Justice in effigy.

Why sugar goes up in price, is readily solved, by the fact that in Louisiana, in the parish in which sugar cane is cultivated, there was raised in 1861-'62 the enormous amount of 459,410 hds., while in 1864-'65, the same parishes produce only 6,755 hds.

In Philadelphia, according to Fry—the great and voluminous Fry, Provost Marshal General Fry—the draft is no proceed, "but if the quota is filled with volunteers, the drafted men will be released." This was Fry's latest—up to 11 1/2 A. M., on Saturday last, February 25th. The telegram don't give us anything later, because the telegraph can't keep us with Fry.

The "oldest inhabitant" has been found at last. He exists in the person of Joseph Circle, a resident of Wisconsin, and is one hundred and thirty-nine years old, as the record of his baptism in the Catholic Church at Detroit, where he was born, it is said, shows.