

# 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, MAY 31, 1865.

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Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.  
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Dec. 4, 1864

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OFFICE REMOVED TO LLOYD ST.,  
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[Dec. 4, 1861.]

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Office on Main street adjoining his dwelling.  
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**P. S. NOON,**  
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Office one door East of the Post Office.  
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March 13, 1864.

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Office on Main street, three doors East of Julian.  
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[Dec. 7, 1864.]

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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 carefully attended to.  
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FOR WHITE OAK  
HIGHEST PHILADELPHIA AWARDS

## Select Poetry.

### Be Kind to the Erring.

BY MRS. MARY JANE PHILLIPS.

There's not a desert drear and bare,  
But had some sweet oasis green,  
Where flowers bloom in beauty rare,  
Though they may "fade and die unseen."  
So not a heart, however dark  
It may be stained by crime's black dye,  
But hath within some little spark  
Of kindly glowing sympathy.

But cold neglect and cruel scorn  
Of crushes, though it may not kill,  
The feeling heart by nature warm,  
And all its kind pulsations chill.  
Ah! if their thoughts to us were known,  
And we could see the heart's wild dearth,  
We sure would speak in kindly tones  
To the frail, erring ones of earth.

We'd take them gently by the hand,  
And lead them on in virtue's way;  
Pointing up to the letter land—  
To the realms of endless day.  
And our reward, what would it be?  
Far richer than a diadem—  
Brighter than pearls from out the sea,  
More precious than the opal gem!

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## Miscellaneous.

### The Old Cartman.

About five years ago or thereabouts, John Ainsly—or "Pap Ainsly," as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a hand-cart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefor the reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation in the prosiest language possible, he was a hand man, and when not employed, could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and long beard were quite gray, and his limbs feeble; and if he could not shove as heavy a load through the deep sand or up the steep grade above him, as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kind-hearted men not unfrequently traveled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to "Pap Ainsly."

Four years ago last September, (I recollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp financing to meet it,) having two or three dozen volumes to transfer to my lodgings, I gave "Pap Ainsly" the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he deposited the last armful on the table, and observing that the old man looked considerably fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs two or three times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medical and soporific purposes. Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged, but he was inflexible. I was astonished.

"Do you never drink?" said I.  
"Very seldom," he replied dropping into a chair at my request, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.  
"Well, if you drink at all," I insisted, you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelve months for indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand."

"To be frank," said the old man, "I don't drink now. I haven't tasted intoxicating liquors for fifteen years, since—"  
"Since when?" I inquired thoughtlessly, observing his hesitation.  
The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer near Syracuse, New York. He had one child a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, then a girl of sixteen years of age, she formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father of the circumstances, he flatly refused his consent to a union with a man whom he had never seen, and removing her from school, despatched a note to the young gallant, with the somewhat pointed information that his presence in the neighborhood of Ainsly farm would not meet with favor. The reader of course surmises the result, for such a proceeding could have but one effect. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double-barreled shot gun, and swore vengeance; but failing to find the fugitives he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way

to despair but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement. In three months the wife died; and at the expiration of a year, when the young people returned to Spracuse, from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsly drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounding him in the arm by a pistol shot, and attempting the life of his daughter from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he went to California. He had followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, he returned to this city, purchased a hand cart—and the rest is known. "Since then," continued the old man, bowing his face in his hand in agony, "I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my poor child."

I regretted that I had been so inquisitive, and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that I seldom passed the corner without looking for "Pap Ainsly," and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had to tell.

One chilly, drizzly day in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of carrying it to his residence, on Stockton street. Not wishing to accompany the carrier he had probably selected the face giving the best assurance of careful delivery of the purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house, the old cartman, after a pretty trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingered a moment the lady did not surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he supposed him to be,) had probably by accident omitted to settle for the carriage.

"Very well, I will pay you," said the lady, stepping into an adjoining room. She returned, and, stating that she had no small coin in the house, handed the man a twenty dollar piece.

He could not make change. "Never mind, I will call to-morrow," he said turning to go.

"No, no!" replied the lady, glancing pityingly at his white locks and trembling limbs. "I will not put you to the trouble," and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instructions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood.  
"Step into the parlor until the girl returns; the air is chilly, and you must be cold," continued the lady. "Come," she added, as he looked at his attire and hesitated; "there is a fire in the grate, and no one there but the children."

"It is somewhat chilly," replied the old man, following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire.  
"Perhaps I may find some silver in the house," said the lady, as she left the room, "for I fear that Bridget will not succeed in getting that twenty dollar piece changed."

"Come—I love little children," and the child who had been watching him with curiosity, ran behind the large arm chair, and hesitatingly approached.  
"What is your name, my dear?" inquired the cartman.  
"Maria," replied the little one.  
"Maria," replied he, while the great tears gathered in his eyes: I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much like she did.

"Did you?" inquired the child with seeming interest, "and was her name Maria Eastman, too?"  
"Merciful God!" exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair, and dropping into it with his head bowed upon his breast.

"This cannot be, and yet, why not?" He caught the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house. "I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I dare not tell her that I am that drunken father who once attempted to take her life, and perhaps left her husband a cripple," he groaned as he hurried toward the door. The little ones were bewildered.

"You are not going," said the mother,

reappearing, and discovering the old man in the act of leaving the hall.

He stopped and apparently turned his face, but seemed to lack the resolution to do aught else.

"He said he had a little Maria once, and that she looked just like me, mother," shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

The knees of the old cartman trembled, and he leaned against the door for support. The lady sprung toward him, took him by the arm, and attempted to conduct him to a chair.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "not till you tell me that I am forgiven."

"Forgiven—for what?" replied the mother in alarm.

"Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you," he faltered.

"My poor father!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, "all is forgiven—all forgotten."

All was forgiven, and the husband, when he returned late in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife, at the discovery. Whether or not Bridget succeeded in changing the double eagle, I never learned; but this I do know, it took the honest female all of two months to unravel the knot into which the domestic family had tied itself during her absence.

"Pap Ainsly" still keeps his cart, for money would not induce him to part with it. I peeped into the back yard of Mr. Eastman, one day last week, and discovered the old man dragging his favorite vehicle round the enclosure, his four grandchildren piled promiscuously into it.

## The Monroe Doctrine in Mexico.

[From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

The eyes of the people begin to be turned toward Mexico, and with good reason; for, unless the signs of the times deceive us, there is likely, within a year to come, to be food for thought and action in this and other countries, growing out of the events to occur in that direction. The "signs of the times" are not always sure indications. As the signs of weather, men are apt to be deceived by them. But in this case there is ground for serious forethought, and the aspect of Mexican and American affairs demands careful consideration.

Let us gather a few of the signs together. First and foremost is the Monroe Doctrine, which the people of this country cherish as one of their most sacred traditions. It seemed to be on the point of sacrifice, and was effectually dead under the late Administration. The close of the war is attended by the unexpected and startling change of administration which places Mr. Johnson at the head of affairs. He is understood to be a firm advocate of the doctrine, and his energy and zeal in such a traditional principle are not doubted. The Republican party which elected him made it a part of the Baltimore platform. It is understood also to be a fundamental rock in the Democratic creed. In short, nearly all men of all parties are in favor of asserting it.

It does not concern us at present to discuss the doctrine, its reasonableness or its propriety. It may be that it is itself a doctrine of intervention, while it professes to be a doctrine opposed to intervention. There may be various arguments against it, but the simple fact is that the American people stand upon it with practical unanimity, and their President is of their own opinion also.

Now what is the condition of Mexico? That unfortunate country, our nearest neighbor on the south, has fallen a victim to foreign invasion by European monarchists, and the intervention, with arms, by France, has placed on a nominal and very shaky throne, in the city of Mexico, the scion of an Austrian house, whose very language is unknown to the Mexicans, whose antecedents are hostile to all American traditions. The people of Mexico have not accepted the Emperor thus forced on them. His throne to-day is supported only by French bayonets. Up to the present date he has been unable to exercise a function of sovereignty in any of the northern and northwestern provinces, and the Church party, which once seemed inclined to support, is now against him even in the city of Mexico. It seems then that he has very little native Mexican strength. This is only important to us as showing that the struggle is not ended, the question is not settled in Mexico. There is still a great uncertainty as to the future, even if Mexico were left to herself.

What aspect do we as a nation bear toward Mexico? Up to the present moment we recognize no government in Mexico except that of the people. The representatives of Mexico in this country,

received and recognized by the President, are not the representatives of Maximilian and his empire, but of the government which maintains itself in the northern provinces. We, therefore, as a government, hold, up to the present time, that Maximilian is not so firmly established as to require recognition, and that the old government is in our view the true government still.

Now comes the serious question, which has never yet been practically settled—shall we assert the Monroe doctrine by openly espousing the cause of Mexico against Maximilian?

We will not at present try to answer this question, for it is quite sufficient to point out other ways in which the matter may be brought to a distinct issue. It is impossible to doubt that which the next few months volunteers will pour out of this country into Mexico by thousands. There will not necessarily be any violation of neutrality laws. No nation undertakes to prevent the egress of its citizens with private intent to take service in foreign wars. Enlistments within our borders would be a violation of those laws. But the Mexican armies will unquestionably receive vast accessions, both of officers and men, from the North and from the South. This will produce a rapid change in the shape of affairs. It will strengthen the cause of the Mexicans, and place upon Maximilian the necessity of a corresponding increase of his forces. This can only be done by foreign aid, and the question therefore will at once present itself to France whether she shall continue that support which she has been furnishing.

France stands in an interesting relation to Mexico. The Emperor Napoleon is shrewd and far seeing, but it may be questioned whether he anticipated the sudden termination of our civil war this spring. Nevertheless there has never been a moment since he began to intervene in Mexico when he has not had open a line of retreat. He formerly kept very prominent the idea that if it should ever appear that he had mistaken the wishes of the Mexican people, and they really did not desire his intervention, he would at once withdraw. This amusing humbug of the "wishes of the Mexican people" was the foundation on which he established Maximilian's throne. No wonder that the throne is shaky. It will be within the line of possibility that Napoleon, when even before the Mexican armies are strengthened as we have intimated, may suddenly perceive the change in the "wishes of the Mexican people," and judiciously closing his eyes to the accessions of force from abroad, withdraw with flying colors from Mexico. He may in short take the track which he has always kept open. If he does this, the throne and dynasty of Maximilian will be "airy nothings" and his empire an amusing episode in the strange history of Mexico. If on the other hand, Napoleon chooses to demand of the United States that she keep her citizens within her territories and not allow any of them to go to Mexico via Santa Fe, or via Matamoros (which Juarez will soon take if all goes well with him), then it is highly probable that he will find this country in a condition he little expects. There is not one man in ten thousand, from Maine to Mexico, who would not rejoice in the declaration of the Monroe doctrine as a holy part of the national creed. Nor would the fear of foreign war produce one particle of change in that joy. On the contrary, we are bound to inform our foreign readers that, from our point of view, which is in our opinion one of calm and impartial vision, the people of this country are more ready to plunge into a foreign war to-day, with all our debt and all our responsibility, than they ever were at any former period of our history. This is a plain fact. And be it remembered, by Napoleon and all others interested, that the voice of the people here is the voice of a king. Therefore if the Emperor of France espouses the cause of Mexico for the year to come, it seems to us highly probable that he will have to meet one of two contingencies: The first is the flow of volunteers by thousands to the Juarez ranks, comprising veteran soldiers and skilful, experienced officers; and the second is the possible result of complaint on his part, namely, the open declaration by our government of the Monroe doctrine, backed by the sword itself unshathed among the shouts of all people of all parties. Let us hope that France will be wise in time.

A Frenchman writing a letter in English to a friend and looking in the dictionary for the word "preserved," and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: "May you and all your family be pickled to all eternity."

An Englishman has just published a book, advising all men to "mind only their own business." Why doesn't he mind his, instead of telling other people what to do?

Luv iz like the meazles; we kan't always tell when we ketch it, and ain't ap tew huz it severe but onst, and then it ain't kounted much unless it strikes inly.

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## The Three Wishes.

There was once a wise Emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court, a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to notice if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the Emperor pledged himself to grant, providing it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other when he was seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom.

Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the Emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to the jailors—"You know I have a right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the Emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the Emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Moscow in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the Emperor's treasures.

If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an Emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver were placed at the disposal of the prisoner. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The Emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went with fear in his heart to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and that you may be out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."  
"Sire," answered the prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which when you have granted I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the Emperor, "Your demand is but natural and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.  
"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter and that it must have been one of the valets.

But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."  
The Emperor frowned and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then, he smiled and immediately their visages became radiant.  
"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But he is not long he is married. Justice is done."

Luv iz like the meazles; we kan't always tell when we ketch it, and ain't ap tew huz it severe but onst, and then it ain't kounted much unless it strikes inly.