

Democrat and Sentinel.

WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, &c.

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, 2. 8. EBENSBERG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1866. VOL. 13--NO. 24.

The Democrat and Sentinel.

Published in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., every Wednesday morning, by CLARK WILSON, at the following prices, invariably in advance:

For one year, 50
For three months, 15
For six months, 25
For one year, 50

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions in advance, will be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year. Those who fail to pay until after the expiration of twelve months will be charged at the rate of \$5.00 per year.

The Democrat and Sentinel when paid for in advance costs four cents per number; when paid in advance six cents per number will be charged.

Yearly numbers constitute a quarter; six months, a third; and fifty numbers, a dollar.

Ebensburg Business Cards.

JOHN E. SCANLAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. May 5, 1865-f.

W. H. SECHLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, Ebensburg, Pa., office in the Commissioners office. Dec. 7, 1865-f.

WILLIAM KITTELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colomade Row, Centre street. Dec. 4, 1864-f.

F. P. TIERNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colomade Row. April 5, 1865-f.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Centre street, opposite Moore's Hotel. [Apr. 26, 1866-f.]

R. L. JOHNSTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in the South end of his residence, immediately opposite the Court House. November 23, 1865-f. (*1.37)

JOHN FENLON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. May 4, 1865. (*1.42)

GEORGE M. REED,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Main street, three doors East of Julian. May 4, 1865.

GEORGE W. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colomade Row, Centre street. November 23, 1865-f. (*1.37)

F. A. SHOEMAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co. December 7, 1865. (f.)

Advertisements.

General notice of advertising rates and terms. Includes information for business notices, resolutions of societies, and various other notices.

Philadelphia Business Cards.

RUSSELL & WOODRUFF,
Wholesale Dealers in TOBACCOES, CIGARS, PIPERS, &c., &c., No. 13 Third street, above Market, Philadelphia, Pa. June 21, 1866-ly.

SEATON UNION HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA. HOTEL is pleasantly situated on the corner of Third and Market streets, a few doors from South street. Its central location is particularly desirable to persons doing business in the city.

Johnstown Business Cards.

CHRUS L. PERSHING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office on Main street, second floor over Dr. Clark's. May 4, 1865-f.

JOHN P. LINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Second street, opposite Mansion House. 2nd floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Nov. 15, 1865-f.

Romanance in Real Life.

The whistle blew, the bell rang and the locomotive whirled alongside of the platform, whereon stood a group of people, some saying their last parting words to weeping friends, some eager and flushed with hope, others hurried and anxious. No one noticed the young girl who so quietly stepped into the car and took her seat without any words of farewell; each individual was too busy thinking of himself, even after the train had started on its way, to take thought of that pale face, or cast a second glance towards the delicate but trim little figure that had so silently appeared among the travelers. But we may follow her, if others do not, and learn what is written in that silent face. An orphan going from the place of her birth, to earn, if possible, a larger pittance in the great metropolis, as a sales-woman in a store. The great metropolis of which she has heard since a child, pictures itself to her imagination, and a restless curiosity, combined with many anxious forebodings, fill her mind alternately with hopes and fears. Morning dawned—and as the train whirled on, first approaching the city, the passengers began to bestir themselves, and after the customary bustle of arrival, they soon were scattered far and wide. Some had returned to the embraces of loving friends; some were hurrying through the crowded streets in search of their old acquaintances; others, forlorn and lonely, thought only of seeking employment. Our heroine was accosted by some friends, who had heard of her coming, and kindly offered her the hospitalities of their home until she should find a home elsewhere. A few hours later, her friends, wishing to show her some attention, invited her to go aboard an ocean steamer then lying in harbor. She complied with the delight of a country lass, and her curiosity was satisfied and pleased by all she saw. A Liverpool packet was lying beside the dock, and our little party, desiring it, thought they would visit it also. So, going aboard, they walked up and down the deck—Meanwhile, a little sailor boy—a "jolly tar," in technical language—beckoned to them, saying, "Oh! come into the cabin; you have not seen the best part of our ship." They followed him into a beautifully fitted-up saloon. Our heroine was in ecstasies. A door opened at the other end of the cabin, and a tall man approached—his noble form and lordly bearing at the same time impressing all with the feeling that he must be the captain of the ship. Introductions ensued. In her delight, our heroine exclaimed, "Oh! I should like to go to Europe on such a ship." It was the deep voice of the captain that answered, "Well, and can't you if you will?" "As your stewardess, I suppose sir!" replied the young lady. "As my wife!" exclaimed the master. "As your wife, sir!" cried the dame in no feigned astonishment, "you must be joking!" "No! I am not," exclaimed the captain, "I mean every word of it!" On the instant the color sprang to the cheek of the young girl—her heart beat rapidly. "Could he mean it?" Conceal-

"I WILL GO."—Genesis 24: 58.

[We have often thought that Rebekah's oft-hand acceptance of her first offer of marriage was a dangerous example—her proposed husband, too, being forty years old! But, in the following sweet poem, it is made out to be the text for all love making.]

"I will go!" Yes, leaving all—
All the life that erst I knew;
Former loves, or great or small,
Centered in this one I view;
Leaving all, I love thee so,
With thee, chosen, I will go.

I will go—from girlhood here,
Sunny with its home-born love,
Into woman's higher sphere,
Where the lights and shadows move;
All life's cares I then shall know,
Yet, I answer, I will go.

I will go—to bless thy way,
Cheer thee with a gentle voice,
Make thee happy every day,
In the lightest smiles rejoice;
All thy cares and joys to know,
As mine own—yes, I will go.

I will go—to walk with thee
On the rugged path of life;
I will try a help to be,
Sharing with thee in the strife;
I will never leave thee—no—
Till God calls me—I will go.

I will go—stand at thy side,
In the sunshine, in the shade;
I will let no cloud divide
This one life or two have made;
Nobler, stronger, love shall grow,
Reaching heavenward—I will go.

What did the Soldiers Fight For.

What did the soldiers of the Union army fight for? A Republican newspaper asks that question. We will try and answer it in a few plain words.

Says the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, when the flag, the symbol of the Union as formed by our fathers under the Constitution, was fired upon at Sumter, thousands of brave men rushed to arms. For what? Was it to free the negroes? Let the Radical Disunionists tell the returned veterans that if they dare. When President Lincoln issued his proclamation freeing the slaves, what was the ground on which he professed to stand? Was not the act justified because it was believed—soldiers fought for the restoration of the Union under the Constitution. That was the one great, grand, holy object which they kept singly in view. They did not fight to conquer equal rights for the negro, and in the coming elections they will show their scorn of that political party which would delay the restoration of the Union until the odious conditions of negro-suffrage and negro-equality are forced upon an unwilling people. The soldiers read and think for themselves now, and they cannot fail to see that the party which nominated Geary is unequivocally committed to all the infamous schemes of the Radicals in Congress. Whatever the soldiers may think of Geary's military record they cannot endorse his political position. They cannot and will not vote with any party which makes the Union for which they fought subordinate to negro equality. The soldiers fought for the Union, not for the negro; and they will vote as they shot.

GEARY calls the Pennsylvania soldiers who won't vote for him "Hessians, bounty-jumpers and deserters." Can he forget that he is a renegade from the Democratic party and a deserter from the cause of the Union? He is nothing but a mercenary in the Disunion ranks. He bid for the Democratic nomination, but failing in that, he was content to be made the ignoble Disunion plundering tool of Thad Stevens and d. d. Forney. He is neither a soldier nor a man who will belie and slander those brave men who, leaving their wives and little ones to cold public charity, took their lives in their hands, and grasping the musket fought to the end in the ranks of the Union, unselfish about honors or emoluments. He who, after having profited by the labors, sacrifices and bravery of those men, and who through political favoritism, was enabled to amass money, live at ease, suffer no hardships, and steal their hard-earned honors, should be the last person to abuse and falsify the poor private soldier.—Should the No Prefix candidate continue to thus play the liar, blackguard and ingrate towards the soldiers who, as Union men and true soldiers, refuse to cast their votes for him, he may again have a custard pie thrown into his face for his falsehoods, as was done lately by an honorably discharged soldier at York. Backing and gagging and tying up private soldiers by the thumbs may be done with impunity in the army by official tyrants and hardened cowards, but as citizens the "boys in blue" will not submit to be browbeaten and belied by Geary or any other ex-military official humbug.

A PRIVILEGE.—An affectionate mother was recently called to yield back to God her only surviving child, a darling of unusual promise. Her sorrows were deep and overwhelming. Her fondest hopes were blasted. An esteemed friend, on witnessing the emotions of her swelling grief, remarked:

"I thank God that I have no child of which to be bereaved."

Her admirable reply was, "I thank God that I have been permitted to nurse a child three years and four months for Him."

God's dealings were indeed inscrutable. The darkness of the Divine dispensation, as it was lowered and settled down upon her soul, filled her with anguish. But a heavenly ray penetrated the thick darkness and taught her to look upward for consolation. Hers had been the privilege "to nurse a child three years and four months for the Lord."

LET those who are evil spoken of take comfort. It is only at fruit trees that men throw stones. Whoever saw thieves throw stones at the birch or maple tree? The more fruit a tree bears, and the richer it is, the more it is likely to attract the attention of the thief.

A marble statue of Washington Irving is to be erected in the vestibule of the church erected as a memorial to him, in Sleepy Hollow.

Soldiers of 1812.

In the defeat of the resolution which came up before the United States House of Representatives on Friday last, the Radicals have fully proved their lack of love and devotion for the "old defenders" of our country.

The bill was offered by Hon. A. H. Coffroth, from this State, for the purpose of allowing pensions to the soldiers of 1812. It was defeated, or rather postponed indefinitely by a strict party vote, the Democrats voting for and the Radicals against the Resolution.

Men of 1812! Mark these pretended patriots of the present Congress. You can see who are your real friends. By voting for the Republican ticket, you support men who are opposed to giving you a small pittance for your distinguished services in driving the British soldiers from our soil, in their attempt to destroy our institutions.

You who marched on foot from Cumberland county to Fort Erie, and endured all the privations incident to those early days, know full well, how much the people of this country are indebted to you for your services in bravely fighting our country's battles "in the days that tried men's souls." If Mr. Coffroth's resolution would have been to give every negro in the country a pension, the Radicals would have voted solid for it, but because the old white veterans of 1812, ask this small favor for their support in their declining years, they are to be deprived of it because they are so unfortunate as to be "white." Knowing the motives of these political intriguers, and that their candidate for Governor, John W. Geary, endorses all their acts in and out of Congress, acquit yourselves like men, by giving your support to the men and the party which defended you during the campaign of 1812, and have continued your friends ever since. The same party which denounced the war at that time, withhold their support from the few remaining patriots of to-day.

Although your numbers are few, you have an influence which can be wielded to great effect in advancing the principles of the party which has ever defended the interests of the soldier and the poor.

In the coming campaign let your feeble voices be heard in giving counsel and advice to the supporters of the great Democratic party, and by electing men of talent and honesty to all positions of responsibility, and by changing the political aspect of our Congress, you will be rewarded for your services. Keep the present party in power and you who are in necessary circumstances will be obliged to go down to your graves in poverty, while the negro banks in the sunshine of prosperity and lives in the mansion of the rich.—*Carlisle Volunteer.*

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

"The mother of a family," says Rev. Adolph Monod, "was married to an infidel, who made jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord." I asked her one day how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so opposed to her own. This was her answer: "Because of the authority of a father I do not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have seen the Bible on my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit a fault, did they perform a good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has wrought the prodigy which surprises you."

The name of Jesus, is not only light, but food; it is likewise oil, without which all the food of the soul is dry; it is salt seasoned by which whatever is presented to us is insipid; it is honey in the mouth; melody in the ear, joy in the breast, medicine in the soul; and there are no charms in any discourse in which this name is not heard.—*Bread.*

A REPLY OF MR. GREELEY.—One J. Wilson, of Waukegan, Illinois, recently wrote to Horace Greeley, Esq., wanting to know if it was true that he offered to go bail of Jefferson Davis, to which Mr. Greeley replied as follows:

"Yes, sir. I would bail Davis, or you, or any other culprit that the Government should shamefully keep in jail for more than a year, resisting and denying his just and legal demand that he be arraigned and tried or let go.

"Yours truly,
"HORACE GREELEY."

THE BUSHES AND WEEBDS.

BUSHES AND WEEBDS.—August is a season for the most effective and deadly onslaught upon weeds and bushes. The nature of most weeds is the first part of the season to make tops, and afterwards to concentrate their energies either upon the production of seed or maturing their roots, so as to live through the winter, if cut in this dry hot weather it is usually certain death. Even Butter-Eggs (*Lunaria*), that most showy and detestable of weeds, is sometimes killed by thoroughly hoeing up in an August drought. As for bushes, once cutting up, and then letting the sheep browse off the young shoots, will make an end of the worst, even wild roses and blackberry bushes. Do not let any weeds go to seed.

The season has been particularly favorable to crops of weeds, and without proper diligence it will take years to do away with the harm that may be done if they scatter their seeds.

THE BUSHES AND WEEBDS.

A PUNGENT SERMON.—St. Jerome in one of his sermons, rebuked the women of his day in words so apropos to those of modern times, that we cannot forbear copying them:

"Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that scandalize Christians. They are those who daub their cheeks with red, and their eyes with black—those who plaster their faces too white to be human, reminding us of idols—those who cannot shed a tear without its tracing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old—those whose head-dresses are made up of other people's hair—those who chalk wrinkles into the counterfeit presentment of youth, and those who affect the demeanor of bashful maidens in the presence of troops of grand-children.

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