Democrat and Sentinel.

A 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 9. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1866. VOL. 13--NO. 26.

The Democrat and Sentinel,

is published in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., every Thursday morning, by W. H. M'ENRUE, at the following prices, invariably in advance:

One copy, three months,	50
One copy, six months,	$1 00
One copy, one year,	2 00

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions within the expiration of six months will be charged at the rate of $2.50 per year, and those who fail to pay until after the expiration of twelve months will be charged at the rate of $3.00 per year.

The Democrat and Sentinel when paid for in advance costs *four* cents per number; when not paid in advance *six* cents per number will be charged.

Twelve numbers constitute a quarter; twenty-five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

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Eleven lines of Burgoise type constitute a square.

One square, one insertion,	$1 00
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Professional cards with paper, per annum,	$6 00

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Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.

No cuts inserted in advertisements.

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Five lines for	$1 50	200 for	$3 00
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Each additional hundred,			50

BLANKS.

Per quire,	$2 50	Each ad. q'r	$1 50

All transient work must be paid for on delivery.

W. H. M'ENRUE.

Ebensburg, June 14, 1865.

Philadelphia Business Cards.

RUSSELL & WOODRUFF, WHOLESALE DEALERS in TOBACCOS, CIGARS, PIPES, &c., &c., No. 13 North Second street, above Market, Philadelphia, Pa. June 21, 1866-1y.

STATES UNION HOTEL, *PHILADELPHIA.*

THIS HOTEL is pleasantly situated on the South side of Market street, a few doors above Sixth street. Its central locality makes it particularly desirable to persons visiting the city on business or pleasure.

T. H. B. SANDERS, Proprietor.

June 21, 1866-1y.

Johnstown Business Cards.

CYRUS L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office on Main street, second floor over Post Office. May 4, 1865.-tf.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin street, opposite Mansion House, 2 door. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Nov. 16, 1865.

D. M'LAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. Dec. 9, 1863.-tf.

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE. ROBERT TURNER, *Main street Johnstown,* Pa., Dealer in HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, and GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Drawers, Shirts, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Stockings, Gloves, Umbrellas, &c., keeps constantly on hand a general assortment, and his prices are as low as the lowest. Johnstown, June 21, 1866.-1y.

SCOTT HOUSE, *Main Street, Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa.,* A. ROW & CO., Proprietors. THIS HOUSE having been refitted and elegantly furnished, is now open for the reception and entertainment of guests. The proprietors by long experience in hotel keeping, feel confident they can satisfy a discriminating public. Their Bar is supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and wines. June 21, 1866. (1y.)

FRANK W. HAY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL Manufacturer, of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, *Canal street,* below Clinton, *Johnstown, Pa.* A large stock constantly on hand. May 4, 1866.-1y.

Ebensburg Business Cards.

JOHN E. SCANLAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg,* Cambria county, Pa. May 5, 1865.tf.

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

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. Dec. 4, 1864.-tf.

F. P. TIERNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office in Colonade Row. April 5, 1865-tf

JOSEPH M'DONALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office on Centre street, opposite Moore's Hotel. [Apr. 26, 1866-tf

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

R. J. LLOYD, SUCCESSOR to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES AND PAINTS. Store on Main street, opposite the "Moore House, Ebensburg, Pa. May 17, '66.tf.

DR. D. W. EVANS, TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office one door east of R. Davis' store. Night calls made at his residence three doors west of R. Evans' cabinet ware room. May 31, 1865-6m

J. C. WILSON, M. D., OFFERS his services as PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, to the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding country. Office three doors East of the Presbyterian Church, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. Jones. Ebensburg, April 12, 1866.3m.*

UNION HOUSE, EBENSBURG, Pa., JOHN A. BLAIR, Propietor, spares no pains to render this hotel worthy of a continuation of the liberal patronage it has heretofore received. His table will always be furnished with the best the market affords; his bar with the best of liquors—His stable is large, and will be attended by an attentive and obliging hostler. June 4, 1866.-tf.

V. S. BARKER, RETAIL DEALER, in Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries, &c; keeps constantly on hand a general assortment.—Store on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. Sept 28, 1865.

S. BELFORD, DENTIST, CONTINUES to visit Ebensburg personally on the 4th Monday of each month.—During his absence Lewis N. Snyder, who studied with the Doctor, will remain in the office and attend to all business entrusted to him. June 7, 1866.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, *Ebensburg, Pa.* Gold, Silver, Government Bonds, and other securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking business transacted. [March 1, 1866.tf.]

LOGAN HOUSE, EBENSBURG, Pa., ISAAC CRAWFORD, Proprietor, solicits a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore extended. His table and bar will always be supplied with the best. His house and stable being large and convenient, and having competent assistants at all times employed, he feels confident that he will be able to render general satisfaction. June 4, 1865.-tf.

SHIELDS HOUSE, *LORETTO, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,* THOMAS CALLEN, Proprietor. THIS house is now open for the accommodation of the public. Accommodations as good as the country will afford, and charges moderate. May 31, 1866.-tf.

Lime for Sale.

THE undersigned is prepared to ship Lime from Lil'ly Station, on No. 4, on the Pennsylvania Railroad to Ebensburg, Johnstown, or any other point on the Penna. R. R., or its branches.

Address, WM. TILET.

June28,-tf Hemlock, Cambria co., Pa.

Campaign Song.

TUNE—That's what's the Matter.

We're on the road our father trod,
No more the spy, with treacherous nod,
Can rule a despot's cruel rod,
And that's what the matter.
CHORUS.—That's what's the matter,
Their mobs have had to scatter,
When Andy shot, quacks went to pot,
And that's what's the matter.

The men whose slanders round us flew,
Who spied, and lied, and mobbed us too,
Can't do just as they used to do,
And that's what's the matter.

Bastile Provosts, scalawags,
And thieves, who stole the money bags,
Don't want us now, to "hist our flags,"
And that's what's the matter.

But always to the Union true,
We'll not desert because they do,
Here goes the old Red, White and Blue,
And that's what's the matter.

"Sustain the President," they said,
"Uphold the Union's drooping head,"
But now they wish they both were dead,
And that's what's the matter.

The "President" *shall* "be sustained,"
By faith and loyalty unfeigned,
And Shoddy be to Union *chained,*
And that's what's the matter.

We're for the Union as before,
The Constitution, and no more,
We swear the oath old Jackson swore,
And that's what's the matter.

The traitorous "Rump," if need, must feel,
The people's wrath the people's steel,
They shall not harm the Public Weal,
And that's what's the matter.

We've heard Thad's whip in Congress crack,
We've seen the "Niggers" at his back,
He hates the White and loves the Black,
And that's what's the matter.

But don't you hear the white men shout?
Old Thad and Charles are now played out,
And the great Fifteen have got the *gout!*
And that's what's the matter!

Montgomery Blair.

It is the fashion just now, among the Radicals of Philadelphia, to vilify Montgomery Blair. We are not his eulogists, for he, in company with all of Lincoln's original cabinet, must take their share of just condemnation for its acts of outrage and oppression. But, still history should do justice, and, as those newspapers in our midst are now dumb which, when Mr. Blair was Postmaster General and had patronage to dispense, were praising him, we mean to try in a modest way to help history in her duty to Mr. Blair. There now lies before us an ambitious volume, in good type and with very bad wood cuts, called "Lossing's Pictorial History of the Civil War," published by George W. Childs. It is perfectly loyal and orthodox. Its frontispiece, a steel engraving, is Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, listening, and it must have been very hard work, to General Scott. The picture is a curious work of art. If Trumbull's Declaration of Independence has been irreverently called "a shin piece," this is a skull and beard piece. Mr. Seward certainly must have suborned the artist, for he is the most prominent, looking, with his hand on his coat collar, as if, not listening to a word the General was saying, he was thinking of the opening sentence of a dispatch to Cassius M. Clay. Mr. Bates looks like an artist sketching the group. Poor Mr. Lincoln, quite in the shade, has the air of one who wanted but dared not to interrupt the military talk, by a racy joke. Cameron has a look distracted, and above all towers the Commander-in-Chief in full uniform, sword and all, explaining the grand campaign which culminated at Manasses on the 25th of July, 1861. In this picture, in the back ground, with a smile on his wiry face, is Montgomery Blair. And what, aside from this picture, was his attitude in this Cabinet? Let Lossing, pictorial Lossing, answer the question. On page 306 of this volume will be found the story. It was the 12th of March, 1861, Major Anderson was closely beleaguered, and now hear loyal Lossing: "Mr. Lincoln, governed by the advice of General Scott, was in favor of abandoning any further attempts to hold the fort. Every member of the Cabinet but one—anxious for peace, and believing further efforts to hold Sumter would be useless and perhaps mischevious, coincided with the views of the President and General Scott. That member was Postmaster General Blair." Then followed the Fox expedition to relieve Major Anderson, which was defeated by a trick of Secretary Seward, who for once in his life kept faith, and the detachment of the Powhatan without the knowledge of the Navy Department. Now, for all this we repeat, in our own view of matters, we do not especially praise Mr. Blair; but surely it is the height of ingratitude for those who think that the abandonment of Fort Sumter would have been meanly pusillanimous, now to disparage and vilify the only man in all the Executive council who on that question was resolute.—*Phila. Age.*

What Kate thought of a Frenchman.

A young Parisian gentleman traveling to Washington, chanced to be seated in the cars near two very lovely young ladies who in company with their mamma's, were also pursuing their way to Washington. The elder ladies were soon lost to everything but their own interesting conversation.

The ladies who were seated opposite the gentleman, commenced chatting in so sprightly a manner that Monsieur, thinking he might be very agreeably entertained, concluded to delude his fair companions into the belief that he did not understand English. Whereupon he put on an abstracted air, and when the conductor came round to demand the tickets, he seemed to be so absorbed in his own reflections, that it was not until he had been several times spoken to that he noticed the conductor, whom he addressed in French and inquired what he wanted. The conductor explained by signs, the ticket was charged and the young man returned to his reverie.

Feeling confident that their male companion was unable to understand what they said, the young ladies resumed their conversation with increased vivacity.

"This young man is very handsome," said one.

"Hush, Kate," said the other with a sort of affright.

"Why, he doesn't know a word of English; we can talk freely."

"Kate, if your mother should hear you."

"She is too busy with her talk; besides I am free to exercise my own opinions, and I say this young man has beautiful eyes."

"They have no expression."

"You do not know. I am sure he has much spirit, and it is a pity he don't speak English; he would chat with us."

"Would you marry a Frenchman?"

"Why not, if he looks like this one, and was spirited, well born and amiable? But I can hardly keep from laughing. See, he doesn't mistrust what we are saying."

At the next station the conductor came again for tickets. Our young man with extra elaboration, and in elegant English, said: "Ah, you want my ticket. Very well; let me see—I believe it is in my portmeniae: Oh, yes, here it is."

The effect was startling. Kate nearly fainted, but soon recovered under the polite apologies of the young Frenchman. They were pleased with each other, and in a few weeks Kate ratified her good opinion of the young man, and her willingness to marry a Frenchman.

Kate in this instance, was beyond all question a wise girl, and she got the best of him too; for after being made a fool of by a Frenchman, she also made him make one of himself.

LOOKING ROUND.—Little Alice, of four years, talks a good deal about her baby sister, who is dead. The other night, while going to bed, she asked:

"Does baby have all the things in Heaven?"

"She has everything she wants there," was the reply.

"Does she have a table, and a spoon, and a little rattle?"

"She has all she wants in Heaven," answered mamma.

"Do they have beds in Heaven?" persisted the child, springing, at the same time, into her own little nest.

The mother's attention had been called to something else, and she replied, absently:

"I don't know; I never was there."

Little Alice sprung up, and gazing earnestly at her mother, exclaimed:

"Didn't God make you?"

"Oh, yes."

"And didn't you look around you when you was made?" demanded the child, in accents of astonishment.

☞ "Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you?" "It uses me up, thank you."

THE RESTLESS SEA.—The sea is not only the emblem of change; it is itself the cause, directly or indirectly, of nearly all the physical changes that take place in the world. Ascend the mountain summit, and there, amid the crags, where the eagle builds his eyrie, and the heather grows in the blue immeasurable silence of heaven, you tread the shores of a former sea, whose shell and corals, imbedded in the rocks, are still as perfect and beautiful as when the last retiring wave rippled over them.

Descend into the stony chambers of the earth, and there in the darkness of the quarry you will see the petrified skeletons of fish that once swam in the waters, and the sands that formed the shores of unknown seas, and the undulating ripple marks left behind by the ebb and flow of long-forgotten tides. We cannot name a single spot where the sea has not some time or other been.

Every rock that now constitutes the firm foundation of the earth was once dissolved in its waters, lay as mud at its bottom, or as sand gravel along its shore. The materials of our houses were once deposited in its depths, and are built on the floor of an ancient ocean. What are now dry continents were once ocean beds; and what are now sea beds will be future continents.

Everywhere the sea is still at work—encroaching upon the shore—undermining the boldest cliffs on the coast by its own direct agency. And where it cannot reach itself, it sends its emissaries to the very heart of the deserts and the very summits of mountain ranges, and the very innermost recesses of continents, there to produce constant dilapidation and change. Its own waters are confined by the shore line, but no voice has ever said to its fleet-footed winds and its viewless vapors—"Hereunto shall ye come, and no further." They rise from their ocean bed, these messengers of the sea, and pursue their flight along the sky until some lofty peak far in the interior arrests them, and they discharge their watery burden into its bosom, forming the sources of streams and rivers and glaciers, that carry on the work of change where the roar of the sea itself is never heard.

☞ The Mississippi *Tropic* thus strongly appeals to the bachelor portion of that section to abandon a life of celibacy:

"Young men of Meridian, can't you inaugurate a matrimonial revival? Are you going to allow the balmy evenings of the low summer months, with their soft and gentle moonlights, to waste away in unprofitable silence? Are you ever dreaming of dollars, and watching crops and gold fluctuations? Will you never tire of those four old black walls that seem to hold your every thought and impulse? Have you not rolled and tumbled long enough on that weary cot, lonely and alone in all your selfishness?

Are you not ashamed to know that night after night your guardian angel has to hover over and watch your worthless, trifling form, with no answering slumbers near you—watching one slow, heaving bosom, when it could as well watch two? Are you not ashamed of all this? In the name of your mother, of humanity and religion, we conjure you, nay, implore you,—be a man—a married man! Arise, ye bachelors, from your slumbers; 'weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you.' Come to the alter of your affections, and let us have such a revival as will make old Hymen weep for joy."

Commenting on the above, the Brandon (Miss.) *Republican* says:

"That's right, Jerry, hit 'em again! They have no right to live single, and deprive young womanhood of the pleasures of a married life. Men and women were created for the mutual benefit and pleasure of each other, and the man who refuses to love, cherish and support at least one woman, when there are so many of them that need it, ought to be disowned by the mother who bore him, and locked up in some dismal dungeon, where he would never see the bright eyes or hear the sweet accents of the pure and lovely."

LANGUAGE OF PINES—In North Carolina it is frequent among the forests of fat pine for a lover in distress to send the fair object of his affections a bit of its staple vegetable production, with an eye painted upon it. This signifies "I pine." If favorable to him, the young lady selects from the wood pile the best and smoothest specimen of a knot—this signifies "pine not." But if, on the other hand, she detests him, (there is no middle ground between detestation and adoration with young women,) she burns one end of his message, and this generally throws the young man in despair, for it means "I make light of your pining."

PRIMATIVE BEEHIVE.—The following mode of keeping bees has been practiced in India for a long period, and is said to be very successful:

"As honey forms a favorite article of food among the Himalaya highlanders, they have a very extensive sale for it; it is therefore with them a great article of internal commerce, in fact, the staple of their bazaars, where it always finds a ready vent. They obtain the honey without destroying the bees, by means of a hollow cylinder of wood inclosed in the wall of their huts, on the side most sheltered from the weather, and in which there is an opening without for the bees to enter. In the center of this hive there is a moveable division which is kept open while the bees are making their honey; but as soon as the combs are full, the busy family is driven out by a noise made through the inward extremity. As soon as they have retreated, the central partition is closed and the combs are drawn out of the cylinder from the openings on the inner wall. The honey being secured, the hive is again opened and the bees commence their interminable labors of reproduction."

☞ "You are very late this morning, Mr. Jinks," was the gruff salutation of a down-town merchant to one of his clerks. "Do not let it happen again, sir."

"Very sorry, sir," said the clerk humbly. "I met with a serious fall."

"Ah, indeed!" said the merchant, relentingly. "How was that? Hurt you much?"

"Principally, sir, in your estimation," said the clerk, respectfully.

"Oh, never mind that," said the merchant, in a kind tone," never mind that. I commisserate you. We are all liable to accidents. How did you get your fall?"

"Well, you see, sir," said the clerk, confidingly, "I was called quite early this morning; in fact, you will observe, sir, somewhat earlier even than usual."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir; but, somehow or other, I fell asleep again, sir."

"Mr. Jinks, you're a humbug!" exclaimed the merchant, in a bantering tone, for, in spite of his gruffness, he is fond of a joke. "Go to your desk, sir; and—don't try it on again."

☞ There was a very irascible old gentleman who formerly held the position of Justice of the Peace in one of our cities. Going down the main street one day, one of the boys spoke to him without coming up to his honor's idea of deference. "Young man, I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This Court," responded the Judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt!" There was disorder in court as his honor passed on.

☞ A contemporary indulges in the following sagacious reflection: "No man can afford to give up advertising unless he gives up business; and he who wishes to sell to the intelligent, reading, permanent, people of a city, must notify them through their favorite newspaper where their needs can be supplied. The harder and duller the times, the greater the need of stimulous through advertising.

BRINGING DOWN HIS MAN.—Rogers used to relate this story;

An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel, in summer time, and not to make the act public, and the better to satisfy their consciences in case of the result proving fatal, they agreed to fight in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously fired up the chimney—and brought down the Frenchman.

"When I tell this story in France," pleasantly added the relator, "I make the Englishman go up the chimney."

☞ Major John A. Comerford has arrived from Ireland in the capacity of an envoy to Mr. Stephens. He states that the numerical strength and hopes of former organizations in that country are better now than when the C. O. I. R. left Ireland. The people are determined to fight, aid or no aid from America. Their confidence in Mr. Stephens is in no wise abated. They regard him as their tried, approved and acknowledged leader.

A Chicago officer bought a ticket in a lottery in order to prosecute the concern. The ticket drew a thousand dollar prize, and the officer has concluded to overlook the offense.

☞ What is the difference between the tables being turned upon a trickster and the bite of a sour apple? Ans.—One is the bitter bit, the other the bitter bite