

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. 16.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1866.

VOL. 13--NO. 32.

The Democrat and Sentinel.

Published in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., every Thursday morning, by W. H. MENRUE, at the following rates, invariably in advance:

One copy, three months, \$1 00
One copy, six months, 2 00
One copy, one year, 4 00

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions until after 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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No cuts inserted in advertisements.

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Each additional hundred, 50

One quire, \$2 50 | Each ad. q. r. \$1 50

All transient work must be paid for on delivery.

W. H. MENRUE,
Ebensburg, June 14, 1865.

Philadelphia Business Cards.

RUSSELL & WOODRUFF,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TOBACCOS,
CIGARS, PIPES, &c., &c., No. 13
North Third street, above Market, Philadelphia,
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. SANDEIS, Proprietor.
June 21, 1866-1y.

Johnstown Business Cards.

CYRUS L. PERSHING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—
Office on Main street, second floor over the Bank.
May 4, 1865-4f.

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

D. McLAUGHLIN,
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, 1865-4f.

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.

GEORGE TURNER, Main street Johnstown,
Pa., Dealer in HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, such as Drawers, Shirts, Collars, 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. BOW & CO., Proprietors.

THIS HOUSE having been refitted and pleasantly 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 fare 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, 1865-4f.

W. H. SECHLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, Ebensburg, Pa., office in the Commissioners office. Dec. 7, 1865-4f.

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

F. P. TIERNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colomade Row.
April 5, 1865-4f.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office on Centre street, opposite Moore's Hotel.
[Apr. 26, 1866-4f]

R. L. JOHNSTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in the South end of his residence, immediately opposite the Court House.
November 23, 1865-4f. (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, 1865-4f. (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. (1f.)

R. J. LLOYD,
SUCCESSOR TO R. S. BURN, Dealer in
DRUGS, MEDICINES AND PAINTS.
Store on Main street, opposite the "Moore
House, Ebensburg, Pa. May 17, '66 1f.

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 warehouse.
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.

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, 1866-4f]

UNION HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA. JOHN A. BLAIR,
Proprietor, spares no pains to render this
hotel worthy of a continuation of the liberal
patronage 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, 1866-4f.

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 as-
sistants at all times employed, he feels con-
fident that he will be able to render general
satisfaction.
June 4, 1865-4f.

SHELDON HOUSE,
LORETTA, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,
THOMAS CALLEN, Proprietor.
THIS house is now open for the accommo-
dation of the public. Accommodations as
good as the country will afford, and
charges moderate.
May 31, 1866-4f.

Lime for Sale.
THE undersigned is prepared to ship Lime
from Lily Station, on No. 4, on the Penn-
sylvania Railroad to Ebensburg, Johnstown,
or any other point on the Penna. R. R., or
its branches.
Address, WM. TILLY,
June 25, H. Hemlock, Cambria co., Pa.

SELECT POETRY.

A Leaf from Life.

I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
She was so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And time stood still and wretched his
wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? what hardship bear?
But with her—ah! she never knew
My heart and what was hidden there?

And she, with me so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
But in the crowd all life and joy,
And fall of blushing impudence.

She married!—well, a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share—
And little cares sprung up like weeds,
And play'd around her elbow chair.

And years roll'd by, but I, content,
Trim'd my own lamp and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then, it chanced, I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read such passion shook
My soul!—I needs must curse or cry.

For here and there her love was writ
In old, half faded pencil signs,
As if she yielded—but by bit—
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah! silver'd fool! too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: *Lead no girl a book
Unless you read it afterward.*

The Soliloquy of a Political Preacher!

BY "BRICK" POMEROY.

What a liar I am! God knows it—
I know it—the world knows it. A few
years since I experienced religion. I at-
tended divine service—took part in reli-
gious meetings. I stood up in a church;
I arose from the anxious seat and told the
brethren and sisters that the blessed love
of Christ—the wondrous love of peace
and good will to all men—the desire to
do good and to live at peace with all the
world filled my soul to overflowing.

How these echoes came up from all
parts of the room. And I knelt in prayer,
and this was the burden of my suppli-
cation:

Oh Merciful God in Heaven, be pitiful
to me a sinner. For years I have offend-
ed Thee. For years I have been wander-
ing to and fro, my heart filled with wick-
edness, my soul steeped in hate, and my
mind thinking only evil and wickedness.
And now, oh God, thy grace has reached me.
The blessed influence—the peaceful
spirit of Christ who is and who was, and
who ever will be all love, has filled my
heart and I am ready to die if my death
seemeth good in Thy sight. I have no
hate, no envy, no spite, no malice, no
wickedness, no desire to wound, to offend,
to injure any one of my fellow beings,
but had rather all should live in peace.
And oh! God in Heaven, for this most
wondrous peace to Thee I give thanks,
and here, before the world, before Thee,
before the angels and the spirits of life
and death give I myself unto Thee. Take
me as one of Thine anointed; take me as
one redeemed from all evil passions.
Take me, oh God, to Thy love for the
love of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, fills my
heart with peace, with joy, with love to
all men and to Thee, and faithful to those
pures will I be, that I may meet with the
very, the good and the holy in Thy King-
dom, there to be forever blest. And now
guide, watch over and guard me, for
Christ's sake.

Amen!
Amen!
The meeting will join in singing—
"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in CHRISTIAN LOVE!
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above."

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity!

Oh the blessed influence of Christiani-
ty. It fills us all with love for others—
with love for those who have wronged us,
as Christ loved those who sinned against
Him. How I talked, and prayed, and
smug. And I set myself apart for the
ministry. And I began to teach Christ
and Him crucified. And I professed to
labor for the good of souls alone. I was
an agent for Heaven. I was a professed
follower of that dear Jesus who is all love

and kindness. And I was looked upon
as a sanctified son of a sinner, and walked
as one who was better than his neighbors.

Oh, what a liar I am!
"While dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning spirit give;
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I
May hear Thy voice and live."

And I was called to take charge of a
congregation—to work in the vine-yard;
to save souls; to teach perfect love to
Christ and to all our fellow-men. And I
prayed; and I talked—and I exhorted;
and I wore a long face; and I made folks
think I was good; and I knelt by the
dying; and I gave away in marriage; and
I baptized infants and I won an influ-
ence.

And then I forsook Christ, and took
up politics. And I taught people to hate
each other. And I taught my church to
hate the men of the South; to hate other
denominations—to hate, and vilify, and
slander, and abuse, and to insult, and to
quarrel with those who did not agree
with them in politics. And I instilled
sectional hate, discord, envy, anger and
wickedness into the hearts of the simple
ones who were confided to my charge.

I taught people to hate each other. I
preached the negro and abolitionism in-
stead of Christ and salvation. And I ne-
glected the souls of sinners. And I en-
dorsed wars. I preached that it was
worth a crown to save even one poor
soul from hell. And I urged men to go
to war; to become mad; to kill each other
and to go into the presence of God with
an oath on their lips; death in their hearts;
their eyes set in rage; their hands striking
the steel to the hearts of their brothers.

Politics paid better than religion. Politi-
cies were popular. I wanted notoriety.
I did not care a curse for the cause of
Christ. Private ends and a little money
were the things I was after. Christ
never preached hate, envy, discord, malice,
etc., as I have for years. But this
is American religion. It is popular. It
is the kind that pays. Christ is out of
mine now. It is all niggers and popu-
larity. But ain't I a pretty man of God
to kneel beside a dying man! What
damnable mockery! As if Christ would
listen to such a liar, back-sliding, hypo-
crite and vilifier of religion as I am!

"My former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins!"

But what of it? I'll go on and fool
people. I'll fill hell with sinners if I can't
fill Heaven with saints. I'll have a friend
in the devil if not in Christ. I'll damn
poor ignorant souls if I can't save them.
I'll earn political pay if I can't win the
approval of God—the God I am trying to
fool. I'd like to hear Christ preach a
sermon. I wonder if he'd instill hate,
sectional discord, envy, oppression, perse-
cution and such ideas into the minds of
His followers. He said:

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for
they shall" &c.
I think that is a mistake. I don't be-
lieve Christ ever said it. I think the one
that reported that sermon must have been
drinking the sacramental-wine too freely.
That is where Christ and I differ.

American religion is that of hate,
wrong, discord, envy, war, oppression,
persecution and killing of people for a
difference of opinion.

"But thou, soul searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee;
And hast accepted those alone,
Who in the spirit worshipp'd thee."

But it makes no difference with me.
There is no true religion in me. I'd en-
dorse the devil and preach hell if it was
popular and paid. I'd forsake Christ any
time for an increase of pay, and let the
cause of religion die out forever.

What a liar I am!
And what liars all those so-called
christians who profess to have their hearts
filled with Heavenly love, yet, war upon
a people for a difference of opinion; who
read from stolen bibles; who kneel by
stolen chairs; who read in stolen books;
who lay their children to sleep on stolen
sofas; who themselves slumber on stolen
beds; who eat from stolen dishes; who
beautify their dwellings with stolen orna-
ments; who go to church in stolen gar-
ments; who partake of the blood of the
Redeemer from stolen silver cups; who
ride to funerals in stolen carriages; who
ride for pleasure behind stolen horses;
who have shrouds made from stolen cot-
ton; who are awakened in the night by
the braying of stolen mules; who are
purged with stolen medicines; who get
drunk on stolen liquors; who play sacred
airs on stolen organs and melodions; who
play patriotic airs on stolen pianos; who,
surrounded by thousands of things stolen
from the South, in the name of loyalty,

by the men who are the brothers of their
victims; by the Christians of the sort
whose preacher and Heavenly guide-board
I am!

Won't I catch it when I die? If there
is a hot place in hell—a lake where the
molten brimstone is deepest—a locality
where the eternal worm is bigger than the
serpent of the late rebellion, I'll have it if
there is a Just God Who punishes those
who enlist for Him and work for the
devil—to fill hell with victims rather
than Heaven with ransomed ones. The
only consolation I have is that four-fifths
of the ministers of Christ are as great
liars and hypocrites as I am, and if they
can spend an eternity in hell, I know I
can.

The Sailor Boy of Havre.

A French Brig was returning from
Toulon to Havre with a rich cargo and
numerous passengers. Off the coast of
Brittany, it was overtaken by a sudden
and violent storm.

Captain P—, an experienced sailor,
at once saw the danger which threatened
the ship on such a rocky coast, and he
gave orders to put out to sea; but the
winds and waves drove the brig violently
towards the shore, and notwithstanding
all the efforts of the crew, it continued
to get nearer the land.

Among the most active on board in
doing all that he could to help, was little
Jacques, a lad twelve years old, who was
serving as cabin boy in the vessel. At
times when he disappeared for a moment
behind the folds of a sail, the sailors
thought that he had fallen overboard;
and again, when a wave threw him down
on the deck, they looked around to see if
it had not carried away the poor boy
with it, but Jacques was soon up again
unhurt.

"My mother," said he smiling, to an
old sailor "would be frightened enough
if she saw me just now."

His mother, who lived at Havre, was
very poor and had a large family. Jac-
ques loved her tenderly, and he was en-
joying the prospect of carrying to her his
little treasure—two franc-pieces, which he
had earned as wages for the voyage.

The brig was beaten about a whole
day by the storm, and in spite of all the
efforts of the crew they could not steer
clear of the rocks on the coast. By the
gloom on the captain's brow it might be
seen that he had little hope of saving the
ship. All at once a violent shock was
felt, accompanied by a horrible crash;
the vessel had struck on a rock. At this
terrible moment the passengers threw
themselves on their knees to pray.

"Lower the boats!" cried the captain.
The sailors obeyed; but no sooner
were the boats in the water than they
were carried away by the violence of the
waves.

"We have but one hope of safety,"
said the captain. One of us must be
brave enough to run the risk of swim-
ming with a rope to the shore. We may
fasten one end to the mast of the vessel
and the other to a rock on the coast, and
by that means we may all get on shore."

"But captain it is impossible!" said
the mate pointing to the surf breaking on
the sharp rocks. "Whoever should at-
tempt to run such a risk would certainly
be dashed to pieces."

"Well," said the captain, in a low
tone "we must all die together."

At this moment there was a slight
quiver among the sailors who were silently
waiting for orders.

"What is the matter there?" inquired
the captain.

"Captain," replied a sailor, little
monkey of a cabin-boy is asking to swim
to shore with a strong string round his
body to draw the cable after him; he is
as obstinate as a little mule!" and he
pushed Jacques into the midst of the
circle.

The boy stood turning his cap round
and round in his hand without daring to
utter a word.

"Nonsense! such a child can't go!"
said the captain roughly.

But Jacques was not a character to be
so easily discouraged.

"Captain," said he timidly, "you
don't wish to expose the lives of good
sailors like these; it does not matter
what becomes of a "little monkey" of
a cabin-boy, as the boatswain calls me.
Give me a ball of strong string, which
will unroll as I get on, fasten one end
round my body, and I promise you that
within an hour the rope will be well fast-
ened to the shore, or I will perish in the
attempt."

"Does he know how to swim?" asked
the captain.

"As swiftly and easy as an eel," re-

plied one of the crew.

"I could swim up the Seine from
Havre to Paris," said little Jacques.

The captain hesitated; but the lives
of all on board were at stake, and he
yielded. Jacques hastened to prepare
for his terrible undertaking. Then he
turned and softly approached the captain.

"Captain," said he, "as I may be
lost, may I ask you to take charge of
something for me?"

"Certainly, my boy," said the captain,
who was almost repenting of having
yielded to his entreaties.

"Here, then, captain," replied Jacques,
holding out two five-franc pieces wrapped
in a bit of rag: "If I am eaten by the
porpoises, and you get safe to land, be so
kind as to give this to my mother, who
lives on the quay at Havre; and will you
tell her that I thought of her, and that
I love her very much, as well as all my
brothers and sisters?"

"Be easy about that, my boy. If
you die for us, and we escape, your
mother shall never want for anything."

"Oh! then I will willingly try to save
you!" cried Jacques, hastening to the
other side of the vessel, where all was
prepared for his enterprise.

The captain thought for a moment—
"We ought not to allow this boy to sacri-
fice himself for us in this way," said he
at length; "I have been wrong. I must
forbid it!"

"Yes, yes," said some of the sailors
round him, "it is disgraceful to us all
that the little cabin-boy should set us an
example of courage; and it would be a
sad thing if the brave child should die
for old men like us, who have lived our
time. Let us stop him!"

They rushed to the side of the vessel,
but it was too late. They found there
only the sailor who had aided Jacques in
his preparations, and who was unrolling
the cord that was fastened to the body of
the heroic boy. They all leaned over the
side of the vessel to see what was going
to happen, and a few quickly wiped away
a tear which would not be resisted.

At first nothing was seen but waves of
white foam, mountains of water which
seemed to rise as high as the mast, and
then fell down with a thundering roar.
Soon the practiced eye of some of the
sailors perceived a little black point rising
above the waves, and then again distance
prevented them from distinguishing it at
all. They anxiously watched the cord,
and tried to guess, by its quicker or slow-
er movement, the fate of him who was
unrolling it.

Sometimes the cord was unrolling rap-
idly: "Oh, what a brave fellow!" they
said: "see how quickly he swims!" At
other times the unrolling of the ball of
string stopped suddenly; "poor boy,"
they said; "he has been drowned or
dashed against the rocks!"

This anxiety lasted more than an hour;
the ball of string continued to be unrolled,
but at unequal periods. At length it
slipped slowly over the side of the vessel,
and often fell as if slackened—They
thought Jacques must have much difficulty
in getting through the surf on the coast.

"Perhaps it is the body of the poor
boy that the sea is tossing backwards and
forwards in this way," said some of the
sailors.

The captain was deeply grieved that
he had permitted the child to make the
attempt; and, notwithstanding the desper-
ate situation in which they were, all the
crew seemed to be thinking more of the
boy than of themselves.

All at once a violent pull was given to
the cord. This was soon followed by a
second, then by a third. It was the
signal agreed upon to tell them that
Jacques had reached the shore. A shout
of joy was heard on the ship. They
hastened to fasten a strong rope to the
cord, which was drawn on shore as fast
as they could let it out, and was firmly
fastened by some of the people who had
come to the help of the little cabin-boy.

By means of this rope many of the ship-
wrecked sailors reached the shore, and
found means to save the others. Not
long after all had safely landed they saw
the vessel sink.

The little cabin boy was long ill from