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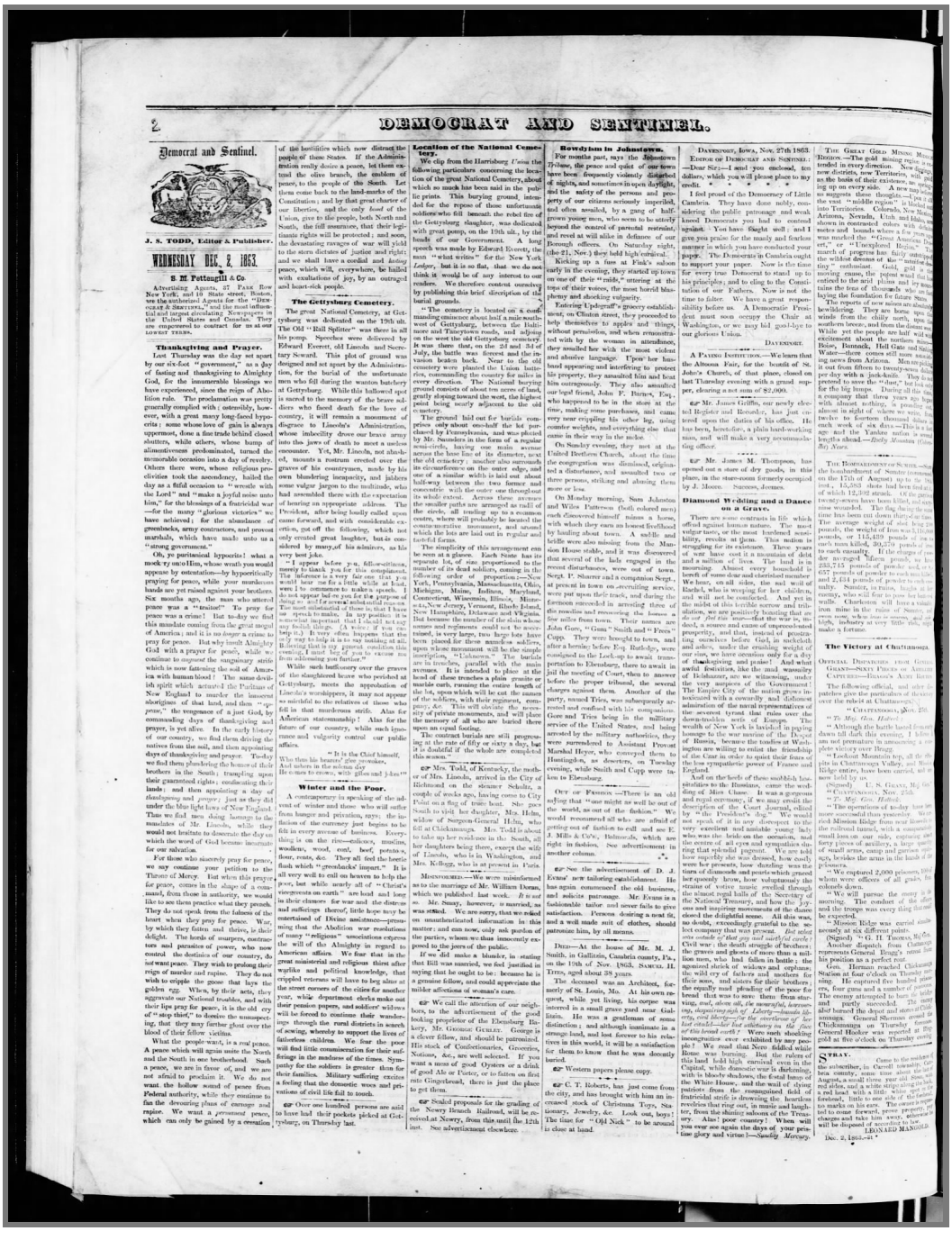

2 DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL.

Democrat and Sentinel.

J. S. TODD, Editor & Publisher.

WEDNESDAY DEC. 2, 1863.

S. M. Pettengill & Co.

Advertising Agents, 37 Park Row New York, and 10 State street, Boston, are the authorized Agents for the "Democrat & Sentinel," and the most influential and largest circulating Newspapers in the United States and Canadas. They are empowered to contract for us at our LOWEST TERMS.

### Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Last Thursday was the day set apart by our six-foot "government," as a day of fasting and thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the innumerable blessings we have experienced, since the reign of Abolition rule. The proclamation was pretty generally complied with; ostensibly, however, with a great many long-faced hypocrits; some whose love of gain is always uppermost, done a fine trade behind closed shutters, while others, whose bump of alimentiveness predominated, turned the memorable occasion into a day of revelry. Others there were, whose religious proclivities took the ascendency, hailed the day as a fitful occasion to "wrestle with the Lord" and "make a joyful noise unto him," for the blessings of a fratricidal war —for the many "glorious victories" we have achieved; for the abundance of greenbacks, army contractors, and provost marshals, which have made unto us a "strong government."

Oh, ye puritanical hypocrits! what a mock-ry unto Him, whose wrath you would appease by ostentation—by hypocritically praying for peace, while your murderous hands are yet raised against your brothers. Six months ago, the man who uttered peace was a "traitor!" To pray for peace was a crime! But to-day we find this mandate coming from the great mogul of America; and it is no longer a crime to pray for peace. But why insult Almighty God with a prayer for peace, while we continue to augment the sanguinary strife which is now fattening the soil of America with human blood! The same devilish spirit which actuated the Puritans of New England to murder the innocent aborigines of that land, and then "appease," the vengeance of a just God, by commanding days of thanksgiving and prayer, is yet alive. In the early history of our country, we find them driving the natives from the soil, and then appointing days of thanksgiving and prayer. To-day we find them plundering the homes of their brothers in the South; trampling upon their guaranteed rights; confiscating their lands; and then appointing a day of thanksgiving and prayer; just as they did under the blue light laws of New England. Thus we find men doing homage to the memories of Mr Lincoln, while they would not hesitate to desecrate the day which the word of God became incarnate for our salvation.

For those who sincerely pray for peace, we say continue your petition to the Throne of Mercy. But when this prayer for peace, comes in the shape of a command, from those in authority, we would like to see them practice what they preach. They do not speak from the fulness of the heart when they pray for peace. War, by which they fatten and thrive, is their delight. The hords of sharpers, contractors and parasites of power, who now control the destinies of our country, do not want peace. They wish to prolong their reign of murder and rapine. They do not wish to cripple the goose that lays the golden egg. When, by their acts, they aggravate our National troubles, and with their lips pray for peace, it is the old cry of "stop thief," to deceive the unsuspecting, that they may further plant over the blood of their fellow victims.

What the people want, is a real peace. A peace which will again unite the North and the South in one brotherhood. Such a peace, we are in favor of, and we are not afraid to proclaim it. We do not want the hollow sound of peace from Federal authority, while they continue to fan the devouring flame of carnage and rapine. We want a *permanent* peace, which can only be gained by a cessation of the hostilities which now distract the people of these States. If the Administration really desire a peace, let them extend the olive branch, the emblem of peace, to the people of the South. Let them come back to the land-marks of the Constitution; and by that great charter of our liberties, and the only *bond* of the Union, give to the people, both North and South, the full assurance, that their legitimate rights will be protected; and soon, the devastating ravages of war will yield to the stern dictates of justice and right; and we shall have a cordial and *lasting* peace, which will, everywhere, be hailed with exultations of joy, by an outraged and heart-sick people.

### The Gettysburg Cemetery.

The great National Cemetery, at Gettysburg was dedicated on the 19th ult. The Old "Rail Splitter" was there in all his pomp. Speeches were delivered by Edward Everett, old Lincoln and Secretary Seward. This plot of ground was designed and set apart by the Administration, for the burial of the unfortunate men who fell during the wanton butchery at Gettysburg. While this hallowed spot is sacred to the memory of the brave soldiers who fazed death for the love of country, it will remain a monument of disgrace to Lincoln's Administration, whose imbecility drove our brave army into the jaws of death to meet a useless encounter. Yet, Mr. Lincoln, not shocked, mounts a rostrum erected over the graves of his countrymen, made by his own blundering incapacity, and jabbers some vulgar jargon to the multitude, who had assembled there with the expectation of hearing an appropriate address. The President, after being loudly called upon came forward, and with considerable exertion, got off the following, which not only created great laughter, but-as considered by many,of his admirers, as his very best joke.

"I appear before you, fellow-citizens, merely to thank you for this compliment. The inference is a very fair one that you would hear me for a little while at least, were I to commence to make a speech. I do not appear before you for the purpose of doing so; and for several substantial reasons. The most substantial of those is, that I have no speech to make. In my position it is somewhat important that I should not say any foolish things. (A voice: if you can help it.) In very often happens that the only way to help it is to say nothing at all. Believing that is my present condition this evening, I must beg of you to excuse me from addressing you further."

While such buffoonery over the graves of the slaughtered brave who perished at Gettysburg, meets the approbation of Lincoln's worshippers, it may not appear so mirthful to the relatives of those who fell in that murderous strife. Alas for American statesmanship! Alas for the future of our country, while such ignorance and vulgarity control our public affairs.

"It is the Chief himself,
With him his bearers' glee provokes,
And ushers in the solemn day
He comes to crown with gifts and jokes"

### Winter and the Poor.

A contemporary is speaking of the advent of winter and those who will suffer from hunger and privation, says: the inflation of the currency just begins to be felt in every avenue of business. Everything is on the rise—tobacco, muslins, woollens, wood, coal, beef, potatoes, flour, rents, &c. They all feel the heels flush which "greenbacks" impart." It is all very well to call on heaven to help the poor, but while nearly all of "Christ's vicegerents on earth" are loud and long in their clamors for war and the distress and sufferings thereof, little hope may be entertained of Divine assistance—presuming that the Abolition war reardotions of many "religious" associations express the will of the Almighty in regard to American affairs. We fear that in the great ministerial and religious thirst after warlike and political knowledge, that crippled veterans will have to beg alms at the street corners of the cities for another year, while department clerks make out their pension papers, and soldiers' widows and children continue their wanderings through the rural districts in search of sewing, whereby to support the lives of fatherless children. We fear the poor will find little consideration for their sufferings in the madness of the times. Sympathy for the soldiers is greater than for their families. Military suffering excites a feeling that the domestic woes and privations of civil life fail to touch.

☞ Over one hundred persons are said to have had their pockets picked at Gettysburg, on Thursday last.

### Location of the National Cemetery.

We clip from the Harrisburg *Union* the following particulars concerning the location of the great National Cemetery, about which so much has been said in the public prints. This burying ground, intended for the repose of those unfortunate soldiers who fell beneath the rebel fire of the Gettysburg slaughter, was dedicated with great pomp, on the 19th ult., by the heads of our Government. A long speech was made by Edward Everett, the "what writes" for the New York *Ledger*, but it is so flat, that we do not think it would be of any interest to our readers. We therefore content ourselves by publishing this brief description of the burial grounds.

"The cemetery is located on a commanding eminence about half a mile southwest of Gettysburg, between the Baltimore and Taneytown roads, and adjoins on the west the old Gettysburg cemetery. It was there that, on the 2d and 3d of July, the battle was fiercest and the invasion beaten back. Near to the old cemetery were planted the Union batteries, commanding the country for miles in every direction. The National burying ground consists of about ten acres of land, gently sloping toward the west, the highest point being nearly adjacent to the old cemetery.

"The ground laid out for burials comprises only about one-half the lot purchased by Pennsylvania, and was platted by Mr. Saunders in the form of a regular semi-circle, having one main avenue across the base line of its diameter, near the old cemetery; another also surrounds its circumference on the outer edge, and one of a similar width is laid out about half-way between the two former and concentric with the outer one throughout its whole extent. Across these avenues the smaller paths are arranged as radii of the circle, all leading up to a common centre, where will probably be located the commemorative monument, and around which the lots are laid out in regular and tasteful forms.

"The simplicity of this arrangement can be seen at a glance. Each State has its separate lot, of size proportioned to the number of its dead soldiers, coming in the following order of proportion:—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, Maine, Indiana, Maryland, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Delaware and Virginia. But because the number of the dead whose names and regiments could not be ascertained, is very large, two large lots have been placed for those nameless soldiers, upon whose monument will be the simple inscription, "Unknown." The burials are in trenches, parallel with the main avenues. It is intended to place at the head of those trenches a plain granite or marble curb, running the entire length of the lot, upon which will be cut the names of the soldiers, with their regiment, company, &c. This will obviate the necessity of private monuments, and will place the memory of all who are buried there upon an equal footing.

"The contract burials are still progressing at the rate of fifty or sixty a day, but it is doubtful if the whole are completed this season."

☞ Mrs. Todd, of Kentucky, the mother of Mrs. Lincoln, arrived in the City of Richmond on the steamer Schultz, a couple of weeks ago, having come to City Point on a flag of truce boat. She goes South to visit her daughter, Mrs. Helm, widow of Surgeon-General Helm, who fell at Chickamauga. Mrs. Todd is about to take up her residence in the South, all her daughters being there, except the wife of Lincoln, who is in Washington, and Mrs. Kellogg, who is at present in Paris.

MISCONCEIVED.—We were misinformed as to the marriage of Mr. William Dunn, which we published last week. *It is not so.* Mr. Smoy, however, is married, as stated. We are sorry, that we misled on unauthenticated information in this matter; and can now, only ask pardon of the parties, whom we thus innocently exposed to the jeers of the public.

If we did make a blunder, in stating that Bill was married, we feel justified in saying that he ought to be: because he is a genuine fellow, and could appreciate the milder affections of woman's care.

☞ We call the attention of our neighbors, to the advertisement of the good looking proprietor of the Ebensburg Bakery, Mr. GEORGE GUBLER. George is a clever fellow, and should be patronized. His stock of Confectionaries, Groceries, Notions, &c., are well selected. If you want a mess of good Oysters or a drink of good Ale or Porter, or to fatten on first rate Gingerbread, there is just the place to get them.

☞ Sealed proposals for the grading of the Newry Branch Railroad, will be received at Newry, from this until the 12th inst. See advertisement elsewhere.

### Rowdyism in Johnstown.

For months past, have the Johnstown *Tribune*, the peace and quiet of our town have been frequently violently disturbed of nights, and sometimes in open daylight, and the safety of the persons and property of our citizens seriously imperiled, and often assailed, by a gang of half-grown young men, who seem to be utterly beyond the control of parental restraint, and revel at will alike in defiance of our Borough officers. On Saturday night, (the 21, Nov.) they held high carnival.

Kicking up a fuss at Fink's saloon early in the evening, they started up town on one of their "raids," uttering at the tops of their voices, the most horrid blasphemy and shocking vulgarity.

Entering Updegraff's grocery establishment, on Clinton street, they proceeded to help themselves to apples and things, without permission, and when remonstrated with by the woman in attendance, they assailed her with the most violent and abusive language Upon her husband appearing and interfering to protect his property, they assaulted him and beat him outrageously. They also assaulted our legal friend, John F. Barnes, Esq., who happened to be in the store at the time, making some purchases, and came very near crippling his other leg, using counter weights, and everything else that came in their way in the melee.

On Sunday evening, they met at the United Brethren Church, about the time the congregation was dismissed, originated a disturbance, and assaulted two or three persons, striking and abusing them more or less.

On Monday morning, Sam Johnston and Wiles Patterson (both colored men) each discovered himself minus a horse, with which they earn an honest livelihood by hauling about town. A saddle and bridle were also missing from the Mansion House stable, and it was discovered that several of the lads engaged in the recent disturbances, were out of town. Sergt. P. Shearer and a companion Sergt., at present in town on recruiting service, were put upon their tracks, and during the afternoon succeeded in arresting three of the rascals and recovering the horses a few miles from town. Their names are John Gore, "Gum" Smith and "Frees" Cupp. They were brought to town, and after a hearing before Esq Rutledge, were consigned to the Lock-up to await transportation to Ebensburg, there to await in jail the meeting of Court, then to answer before the proper tribunal, the several charges against them. Another of the party, named Tries, was subsequently arrested and confined with his companions. Gore and Tries being in the military service of the United States, and being arrested by the military authorities, they were surrendered to Assistant Provost Marshal Heyer, who conveyed them to Huntingdon, as deserters, on Tuesday evening, while Smith and Cupp were taken to Ebensburg.

OUT OF FASHION.—There is an old saying that "one might as well be out of the world, as out of the fashion." We would recommend all who are afraid of getting out of fashion to call and see E. J. MILLER & CO'S, Baltimore, which are right in fashion. See advertisement in another column.

☞ See the advertisement of D. J. Evans' new tailoring establishment. He has again commenced the old business, and solicits patronage. Mr. Evans is a fashionable tailor and never fails to give satisfaction. Persons desiring a neat fit, and a well made suit of clothes, should patronize him, by all means.

DIED—At the house of Mr. M. J. Smith, in Gallitzin, Cambria county, Pa., on the 19th of Nov. 1863, SAMUEL H. TITUS, aged about 38 years.

The deceased was an Architect, formerly of St. Louis, Mo. At his own request, while yet living, his corpse was interred in a small grave yard near Gallitzin. He was a gentleman of some distinction; and although luminous in a strange land, and lost forever to his relatives in this world, it will be a satisfaction for them to know that he was decently buried.

☞ Western papers please copy.

☞ C. T. Roberts, has just come from the city, and has brought with him an increased stock of Christmas Toys, Stationary, Jewelry, &c. Look out, boys! The time for "Old Nick" to be around is close at hand.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, NOV. 27th 1863.

EDITOR OF DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL:—DEAR SIR:—I send you enclosed, ten dollars, which you will please place to my credit. * * * *

I feel proud of the Democracy of Little Cambria. They have done nobly, considering the public patronage and weak kneed Democrats you had to contend against. You have fought well; and I give you praise for the manly and fearless manner in which you have conducted your paper. The Democrats in Cambria ought to support your paper. Now is the time for every true Democrat to stand up to his principles, and to cling to the Constitution of our Fathers. Now is not the time to falter. We have a great responsibility before us. A Democratic President must soon occupy the Chair at Washington, or we may bid good-bye to our glorious Union.

DAVENPORT.

A PAYING INSTITUTION.—We learn that the Altoona Fair, for the benefit of St. John's Church, of that place, closed on last Thursday evening with a grand supper, clearing a net sum of $2,000.

☞ Mr. James Griffin, our newly elected Register and Recorder, has just entered upon the duties of his office. He has been, heretofore, a plain hard-working man, and will make a very accommodating officer.

☞ Mr. James M. Thompson, has opened out a store of dry goods, in this place, in the store-room formerly occupied by J. Moore. Success, Jeemes.

### Diamond Wedding and a Dance on a Grave.

There are some contrasts in life which offend against human nature. The most vulgar taste, or the most hardened sensibility, revolts at them. This nation is struggling for its existence. Three years of war have cost it a mountain of debt and a million of lives. The land is in mourning. Almost every household is bereft of some dear and cherished member. We hear, on all sides, the sad wail of Rachel, who is weeping for her children, and will not be comforted. And yet in the midst of this terrible sorrow and tribulation, we are positively taunting that as the *Sad* has been—that the war is, indeed, a source and cause of unprecedented prosperity, and that, instead of prostrating ourselves before God, in sackcloth and ashes, under the crushing weight of our sins, we have occasion only for a day of thanksgiving and praise! And what awful festivities, like the mad wassailing of Belshazzar, are we witnessing, under the very auspices of the Government! The Empire City of the nation grows inebriated with a cowardly and dishonest admiration of the naval representatives of the seventh tyrant that rules over the down-trodden serfs of Europe. The wealth of New York is lavished in paying homage to the war maxims of the Dey of Russia, because the toadies at Washington are willing to enlist the friendship of the Czar in order to quiet their fears of the less sympathetic power of France and England.

And on the heels of these snobbish lionizations to the Russians, came the wedding of Miss Chase. It was a gorgeous and regal ceremony, if we may credit the description of the Court Journal, edited by "the President's dog." We would not speak of it in any disrespect to the very excellent and amiable young lady who was the bride on the occasion, and the centre of all eyes and sympathies during that splendid pageant. We are told how superbly she was dressed, how costly were her presents, how dazzling was the turn of diamonds and pearls which graced her queenly brow, how voluptuously the strains of voilne music swelled through the almost regal halls of the Secretary of the National Treasury, and how the joyous and inspiring movements of the dance closed the delightful scene. All this was, no doubt, exceedingly grateful to the select company that was present. *But what one outside of that favored circle cared for the Civil war*; the death struggle of brothers; the graves and ghosts of more than a million men, who had fallen in battle; the agonized shriek of widows and orphans; the wild cry of fathers and mothers for their sons, and sisters for their brothers; the equally mad pleading of the poor for bread that was to save them from starving, *and, above all, the unmerciful, horrowless, despairing sigh of Liberty—breathed for every cord liberty—for the overthrow of her last citadel—her last sanctuary on the face of this bound earth?* Were such shocking incongruities ever exhibited by any people? We read that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. But the rulers of this land held high carnival even in the Capital, while domestic war is darkening with its bloody shadows, the festal hours of the White House, and the wail of dying patriots from the consecrated field of fratricidal strife is drowning the heartless revelries that ring out, in music and laughter, from the shining saloons of the Treasury. Alas! poor country! When will you ever see again the days of your pristine glory and virtue!—*Sunday Mercury.*

THE GREAT GOLD MINING MOVEMENT.—The gold mining region is extended in every direction. New districts, new Territories, will soon be the basis of their existence, springing up on every side. A new map is to suggests these thoughts—it puts in the vast "middle region" is divided into Territories. Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah and Idaho, as shown in contrasted colors with the Pacific and Islands where a few years ago was marked the "Great American Desert," or "Unexplored Region." The march of progress has fairly outstripped the wildest dreams of the "mining enthusiasm" or "Unexplored Region." The moving cause, the potent wand that has enticed to the arid plains and icy mountains the tens of thousands who are now laying the foundation for future States.

The reports of new mines are absolutely bewildering. They are borne upon the winds from the chilly north, upon the southern breeze, and from the distant west. While yet the people are half wild with excitement about the northern mines of Boise, Bannack, Hell Gate and Salmon River—there comes still more exciting news from Arizona. Men are pouring out from fifteen to twenty-seven dollars per day with a jack-knife. They do not pretend to stop the "chase," but look out for the big lumps. During all this excitement, a company that three years ago began with almost nothing, is now standing almost in sight of where we write, having twelve to fourteen thousand dollars each week of six days.—This is a strange age and the Yankee nation is going ahead.—*Rocky Mountain (Gazette) News.*

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.—Since the bombardment of Sumter commenced, on the 17th of August) up to the present, 15,583 shots had been fired, of which 12,932 struck. Of the garrison twenty-seven have been killed, and seventy-nine wounded. The flag during the same time has been cut down thirty-nine times. The average weight of shot being 250 pounds, the weight of iron was 3,116,000 pounds, or 1,116,429 pounds of iron to each casualty. If the charges of powder averaged fifteen pounds, we have 233,715 pounds of powder used, or 5,957 pounds of powder to each killed, and 2,534 pounds of powder to each casualty. Sumter, in ruins, laughs at the enemy, who still fear to pass her battered walls. Charleston will have a visible name in the ruins of Sumter, and even now, while *hope* is strong, and *fear* high, industry at very little cost, may make a fortune.

### The Victory at Chattanooga.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES FROM GENERAL GRANT—SIXTY PIECES OF ARTILLERY CAPTURED—BRAGG'S ARMY ROUTED.

The following official, and other dispatches give the particulars of the victory over the rebels at Chattanooga:

"CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 25th.

"*To Maj. Gen. Halleck:*

"Although the battle lasted from 2 o'clock till dark this evening, I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg.

"Lookout Mountain top, all the heights in Chattanooga Valley, and Missionary Ridge entire, have been carried, and are now held by us.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT, Maj Gen'l

"CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 25th.

"*To Maj. Gen. Halleck:*

"The operations of to-day have been more successful than yesterday. We carried Mission Ridge from near the end of the railroad tunnel, with a comparatively small loss on the occasion, and the centre of all eyes and sympathies during that splendid pageant. We are told how superbly she was dressed, how costly were her presents, how dazzling was the turn of diamonds and pearls which graced her queenly brow, how voluptuously the strains of voilne music swelled through the almost regal halls of the Secretary of the National Treasury, and how the joyous and inspiring movements of the dance closed the delightful scene. All this was, no doubt, exceedingly grateful to the select company that was present. *But what one outside of that favored circle cared for the Civil war*; the death struggle of brothers; the graves and ghosts of more than a million men, who had fallen in battle; the agonized shriek of widows and orphans; the wild cry of fathers and mothers for their sons, and sisters for their brothers; the equally mad pleading of the poor for bread that was to save them from starving, *and, above all, the unmerciful, horrowless, despairing sigh of Liberty—breathed for every cord liberty—for the overthrow of her last citadel—her last sanctuary on the face of this bound earth?* Were such shocking incongruities ever exhibited by any people? We read that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. But the rulers of this land held high carnival even in the Capital, while domestic war is darkening with its bloody shadows, the festal hours of the White House, and the wail of dying patriots from the consecrated field of fratricidal strife is drowning the heartless revelries that ring out, in music and laughter, from the shining saloons of the Treasury. Alas! poor country! When will you ever see again the days of your pristine glory and virtue!—*Sunday Mercury.*

### STRAY.

Came to the residence of the subscriber, in Carroll township, Cambria county, some time about the last of August, a small three year old steer, red and white, and a white stripe along the back; a red heart with a little white spot in the forehead, little to one side of the forehead, no marks on his ears. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

LEONARD MANGOLD

Dec. 2, 1863.—3*

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