

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1863.

VOL. 10--NO. 37.

DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL.
Published every Wednesday
at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS
per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR
per month; and Two DOLLAR
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**Special to those Wide-Awake to
THEIR OWN INTEREST.**

Cheap Cash Store!
The subscriber would respectfully an-
nounce to the public that he has returned
to the East with his large and well as-
sorted stock of goods, bought at the lowest
prices, which he will dispose of at his
small advance.

OUR MOTTO.—The nimble dime bet-
ter than the slow dollar.
Come one, come all, and be convinced
that the cash system is to your advantage.
You will go away with the resolve that
the establishment is the place to save money
and charge for showing goods. Call and ex-
amine.

I will respectfully invite your attention
to my well selected assortment of
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' DRY GOODS,
comprising all the latest and most desirable
styles of dress to be found in the Eastern
Market, among which may be found Mozambique,
Gileps, Killarney Checks, Union
Checks, Superior's Plaids, Linen Lusters,
Silk Poplins, a full and complete stock
of Baby and Plain Flannels and Shirtings,
Ribbons, Muslin, Laces, and Gentlemen's
Shirts and Hosiery, and a tremendous stock
of American and C. G.'s Patent Hoop Skirts,
from four to fifty springs, which I can sell
at Twenty-five Per Cent. below Philadelphia

ALSO, a great variety of CLOAKING
GOODS, ranging in price from 75 cts. to
\$12.50 per yard, and the largest assortment
of Cassimeres, Satinets, Tweeds, Jeans,
&c., that is to be found in the country.
CARPETING AND OIL CLOTHS in
great variety, at the lowest prices.
LOOK!—My stock of GROCERIES are
all a few cents below my would be rival,
who "Can't see it." This cash sys-
tem ranges from 40 to 70 cts per
pound. Government Coffee, bought before
the late heavy advances, I am selling at 22
cts per lb. It is superior to all the new-
fangled substitutes now selling.

REHOLD!—Our TEAS, ranging from the
best of 60 cents per pound upwards.
EXCEL S I O R.
Our would-be competitors stand aghast
when they know we have the heaviest and
best assorted stock of
**SMOKERY, CHINA, GLASS & DELPHI
WARE**

to be found in any establishment between
Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and that we
are superior than they can buy. "They
are superior," is the common exclamation on
examining our China Tea Sets, ranging in
price from \$12 to \$20, which is lower than
they can be purchased in Pittsburgh. We
are willing to people from all the surround-
ing counties, because we keep a large stock
from which to select, and sell cheap. One
arrangement will suffice to convince any one
that we are not puffing our goods.

All kinds of Ornamental Flower Vases,
Bases, Glassware, and in fact all kinds of
fancy ware ever imagined, we keep on hand.
We are still selling the Wedgwood Iron
Stone Sets for \$5.00, which is 25 cents
cheaper than they can be bought for in
Philadelphia or Pittsburgh retail market.

"I can't see how it is done?" is the
query. Well, we will tell you the secret—
IT'S CASH ONLY. By this means I am
enabled to increase my business and stock
cheaply, while other establishments are glad
to decrease theirs. We are not compelled
to add large profits to make up for losses by
high prices, and we save by paying cash for
goods instead of buying on time and paying
a higher figure.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
Our stock of Children's Carriages and
Chaises, is just the thing for those who
value the health of their children more than
the small amount we charge for them.
Those who use a carriage once will never go
back to the old-fashioned way of dragging
children around in their arms. Call and see
our stock of Infant Carriages and Cabs.

**WHEELER AND WILSON'S SEWING
MACHINES,**
of which I am sole Agent for Blair and
Huntingdon counties, are the best machines
ever used. They are perfect, and warranted
for two years. I do not ask you to buy un-
less you are satisfied you are saving money
by so doing.

R. A. O. KERR.
Blairton, June 10, 1863-3m.

W. W. MAIR. JOHN S. DAVISON.
MAIR & DAVISON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
**SADDLERY, CARRIAGE AND TRUNK
HARDWARE & TRIMMINGS,
SADDLES & HARNESS,
No. 127 Wood Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.**
**PAD SKINS, BEST OAK TANNED
HARNESS, SKIRTING AND BRIDLE
LEATHERS.**
June 17, 1863 ly.

Notice.
To John Kaylor, John Driskell, James Driskell, and Michael Driskell, heirs and legal representatives of Jacob Kaylor, late of Allegheny township Cambria county, deceased.

TAKE NOTICE, that by virtue of a writ of partition or valuation issued out of the Orphan's Court of the County of Cambria, in the State of Pennsylvania, an inquest will be held at the late dwelling house of the said Jacob Kaylor, in the Township of Allegheny, County aforesaid, on Monday the 24th day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the Real Estate of the said deceased, to, and among his children and representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to, or spoiling of the whole or otherwise, to value and appraise the same, according to law—at which time and place you are required to attend, if you think proper.

JOHN BUCK, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, July 1, 1863.

For Sale. 360 acres 127 perches and allowances, of valuable COAL LAND, situate near the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Summerhill Station, in Croyle Township, Cambria county, Pa. About 50 acres of the land being cleared, and thereon erected a dwelling house and barn, and other improvements, also an excellent orchard of fruit trees. The above tract contains an abundance of coal of a superior quality. (A drift being opened,) and will be sold on reasonable terms.

Apply to Poland, Jenkins & Co., Baltimore, Md., or to J. W. Stratton, New York City, or to Wm. Kittell, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

POLAND, JENKINS & CO.
J. W. STRATTON,
April 15, 1863 if. Owners.

Sheriff's Sale. By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on Saturday the 29th day of August next, at one o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: Of the lands and tenements which were of Timothy R. Davis, to wit:

All that message of piece of land situated in Jackson township, Cambria county, described as follows: All those two tracts of land adjoining each other and adjoining lands of Thomas Jones and Lewis Dumire and others, in Jackson township, Cambria county, and State of Pennsylvania, with, and subject to the reservations hereinafter mentioned, viz: One tract containing eighty three acres and thirty-four perches and allowances, surveyed on a warrant granted to David Price, dated the 17th day of May, 1825, and which the said David Price by deed P. dated the 19th day of March 1828, and recorded in Cambria county in Record Book, Vol. 3 Page —, sold and conveyed to John Murray, and the other of the said pieces of land containing three hundred and thirteen acres and fifty four perches and allowances, surveyed on a warrant granted to John Murray, dated the 15th day of January 1830, he the said John Murray and Mary his wife did by deed, dated the 2d day of June, 1847 and regularly executed, conveyed the same to Samuel Davis, dec'd recorded in Record Book, in Cambria county Book, Vol. 11 Page 284, as by reference to the same, will more fully appear at large and he the said Samuel Davis and Elizabeth his wife, did by deed dated the 12th day of February 1858, convey the same to Thomas Davis and Timothy R. Davis together with the appurtenances, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a stable and a saw-mill, now in the occupancy of the said Timothy R. Davis.

Taken in Execution and to be sold at the suit of Samuel Davis.

JOHN BUCK, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg,
July 29, 1863-3t }

Auditor's Notice. In the matter of the final account of John C. Ivory, Administrator of Patrick Ivory, dec'd, stated by the Administrators of the said John C. Ivory, dec'd.

And now, to wit, July 7, 1863, on application of William Kittell, Esq., Geo. W. Oatman Esq., appointed Auditor to Report distribution of the balance due upon the said account.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the above named Auditor, will sit, for the purposes of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on Monday the 17th day of August, A. D. 1863, at one o'clock, P. M., at which time and place, all persons interested will present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN,
July 15-3t Auditor.

Shamus O'Brien.
A BALLAD.

Just after the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys' war all scattered and
bade,
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was
got,
To hang him by thral—barrin' such as was
shot.
There was trial by jurv goin' on by day-
light,
And the martial law hangin' the lavins by
night.

It's them was hard times for an honest gos-
son;
If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a
dragon;
An' whether the soldiers or judges gev sen-
tence,
The devil a much time they they allowed for
repentance.

An' it's many's the fine boy was then an his
keepin',
Wid small share of resin', or atin', or
sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to
sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the
bullet—

Unsheltered by right and unrested by day,
With the health for their barrack, revenge
for their pay,
An' the bravest an' hardest boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv
Glincaul.

His limbs were well set, an' his body was
light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth
half so white,
But his face was as pale as the face of the
dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush
of the red;

An, for all that he wasn't an ugly young
boy,
For the devil himself couldn't blaze with
his eye,
So dool an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire flash that crosses the depth of
the night;

An' he was the best mower that ever has
been,
An' the illegantest hurler that ever was seen
In fincin' he gev Patrick Money a cut,
An, in jumpin' he bate Tom Maloney a
fut:

For lightness iv fut there was not his peer,
For, by gorra, he'd almost outrun the red
deer;
An' his dancin' was such that the men used
to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so
quare;

An, by gorra, the whole world gev into
him there,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
An' it's many the one can remember right
well
The quare things he done, an' it's often I
heard tell
How he freckened the magistrathes in Ca-
hirbally,

An' escaped through the sodgers in Aberloe
Valley;
An' leathered the yeoman, himself agin
four,
An, stretched the two strongest on old Gal-
limore,
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild
deer must rest,
An, uncreachy prey on the blood iv the best,
After many a brave action of power and
pride,
An, many a hard night on the moutain's
bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils
overpast,

In the darkness of night he was taken at
last,
Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful
moon,
For the door of the prison must close on
you soon,
An' take a last look at her dim lovely
light
That falls on this moutain and valley this
night—
One look at the village, one look at the
field,
An' one at the sheltering far distant wood,
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think
of you still,
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin', an'
wake,
And farewell to the girl that would die for
your sake,
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Mary-
borough goal,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all
bail.

The fleet limbs wer chained, an' the strong
hands wer bound,
An' he laid down his length on the cold
prison ground,
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over
him there,
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam flakes drift down on
the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart many days long
gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in
his eye.

But the tears didn't fall for the pride at his
heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale
cheek to start;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison
cave,
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery
gave,

By the hopes of the good an' the cause of
the brave
That when he was mouldering in the cold
grave
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment
was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should
be dry
Fornadanted he lived, and undaunted
he'd die.

Well, as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv thral kem on;
There was such a crowd there was scarce
room to stand,
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword
in hand,
An' the court house so full that the people
were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the pint iv bein'
smothered;

An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box over-
head;
An' the judge settled out so determined an'
big,
With his gown on his back, an' an illigant
new wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minute it
was said
The court was as still as the face of the
dead,
And they heard but the openin' of one
prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock,
For one minute he turned his eye round on
the throng.

An' he looked at the bars, so firm an so
strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a
friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there
alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at
last,
An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it
a taste,
An' the Judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an'
he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av
you please?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of
dread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and
said,
"My Lord, if you ask me if in my life time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand
alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of
fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my
death blow,
Before God and the world I would answer
you no;

But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to
the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of our bitterst
foes,
I answer you, yes, an' I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory
that then
In the cause I was willing my veins should
run dry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to
die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury
smiled bright
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made
light;
By my soul, it's himself was the crabbed
ould chap,
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black
cap,
Then Shamus' mother in a crowd standin'
by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry,
"Oh, judge, darlin', don't, oh, don't say
the word,
The cratur is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was
doin'—"

You don't know him, my lord, oh, don't
give him to ruin—
He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest-
hearted—
Don't part us forever, we that's so long
parted,
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive
him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you, oh, don't say the
word!"

That was the first minute that O'Brien was
shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot
or forsaken,
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of
his mother,
The big tears wer runnin' fast, one after
the other,
An' two or three times he endeavored to
spake—
But the strong manly voice used to falther
and break;
But at last by the strength of his high
mounting pride,
He conquered and murthered his grief's
swelling tide
"An," says he "mother darlin', don't break
your poor heart,
For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it's tetter than wanderin'
in fear

On the bleak, trackless moutain, among
the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart
and breast
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever
shall rest
Then mother, my darlin', dont cry any more

Don't make me seem broken, in this, my
last hour,
For I wish when my head's lyin' undher
the raven,
No true man can say that I died like a
cray!"

Then towards the judge Shamus bent down
his head,
An' that minute the solemn death sentence
was said,
The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose
on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear
sky—
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the
street?

What come they to talk of? what come they
to see?
An' why do the long rope hang from the
cross tree?
Oh! Shamus O'Brien pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day
is your last;
Pray fast and pray strong, for the moment
is high,
When 'strong, proud an' great as you are,
You must die,
An' faster, an' faster, the crowd gathered
there,
Boys, horses and gingerbread, just like a
fair;

An' whil' was selling, an' cussimuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoyin'
the view,
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
There wasn't sick a sight since the time of
Noah's ark;
An' be gorry, twas thrue for him, for devil
such a scourge,
Sich divarshin an' crowds was known
since the deluge,
For thousands were gathered there, if there
was one,
Waitin' till such times as the hangin' id
come on;

At last they threw open the big prison gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in
state,
An' a cart in the middle, and Shamus was
in it;
Not paler, but prouder than ever that
minute,
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'-
Brien,
Wid prayin and blessing, all the girls cryin';
A wild wailin sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blow-
in throu trees.

Now under the gallows, the cart takes its
come on;
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in
his hand;
An, the priest having blessed him, goes down
on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look
round,
Then the hangman threw near, an' the
people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts
turn chill;
An' the rope bein ready, his neck was made
bare,
For the grape iv the life-struggling cord to
prepare;

An' the good priest has left him, havin' said
his last prayer,
But the good priest done more, for his hands
he unbanded,
And with one daring spring, Jim has leaped
on the ground;
Bang, bang! goes the carbines, and dash
goes the sabres,
He's not down! he's alive still now stand
to him neighbors,
Through the smoke and the horses he's into
the crowd,
By heaven's he's free! than thunder more
loud!

By one shout from the people the heavens
were shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might
awaken,
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines
go bang,
But if you want hangin', its yourself you
must hang;

To night he'll be sleepin in Aberloe Glin,
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him
agin,
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran
that,
An' father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
An' the sheriffs wor both of them punished
severely,
An' fined like the devil, because Jim done
them fairly,
A week after his time—widout firing a can-
non bang,
A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the
Shannon,
And the Captain left word he was goin' to
Cork,
But the devil a bit—he was bound to New
York;

And that very night she ran so near land;
That some thought she would strike upon
Galtimore strand,
But before the day-light, like a winged sea
mew,
As swift and as fleet to the westward she
flew,
"Bad luck," said the police—"bad luck,"
said the sodgers,
"We tot dat we had him,"—but "Jim"
proved a dodger,
The very next Spring—a bright mornin in
May—
Just six months after the "great hangin
day"

A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,
And on the outside was written out fair

"To ould Mrs. O'Brien in Ireland or else-
where,"
And the inside began—"My dear good ould
mother
I'm safe and am happy—and not wishing to
bother
You in the radin'—(with the help of the
priest)—
I send you enclosed in this letter at laist
Enuf—to pay him and to fetch you away
To this "Land of the free and brave"
America—

Here, you'll be happy, and never made cryin'
So long as your mother of Shamus O'Brien;
Give my love to swate Biddy and tell her bo-
ware,
Of that spalpeen—who calls himself "Lord
Lord of Kildare!"
And just say to the judge, I don't now care
a rap
For him, or his wig, or his dirty black cap,
And as for dragons—(them paid men of
slaughter.)
Say I love them, as the devil loves holy
water.

And, now, my good mother, one word of ad-
vice,
Fill your bag with pertatives, and whiskey, and
rice,
And when you start from ould Ireland, take
passage at Cork,
And come strate over to the town of New
York,
And there ax the Mayor the best way to go
To the State of Sinsinaty, in the town of
Ohio;

For tis dare you will find me, widout much
tryin'.
At the 'Parp and the Eagle,' kept by Sha-
mus O'Brien."

Rebel Loss
IN MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT'S DEPARTMENT,
SINCE THE LANDING OF THE ARMY AT
GRAND GULF, MISS., MAY 1, 1863.
Loss in men up to May 18. 40,000
Prisoners taken at Vicksburg,
July 4. 31,000

Total. 71,080
Citizen prisoners. 5,000
1,500 of whom were wo-
men and children.

Prisoners, sick and wounded. 13,220
Prisoners fit for duty. 18,000
Tents captured. 4,000
Mules captured. 1,500
Horses captured. 1,000
Freight cars captured. 200
Locomotives captured. 5
Large siege guns captured. 188
Field pieces captured. 151
Rounds of ammunition. 300
Stands of small arms. 35,000
Shot guns, &c., &c. 30,000

Value of public property captured, from
\$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000.
Approved by order of
[Signed] JAMES WILSON,
Lt. Col. and Provost Marshal.

PORT HUDSON, July 11, 1863.
Prisoners taken by Major-Gen-
eral Banks. 5,000
Small guns, &c., &c. 7,000
Artillery, field-pieces, &c., &c., all
taken—surrendered unconditionally.

**In the Orphan's Court of Cambria
COUNTY, June Term, 1863.
CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS.**
THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
To Thomas Fitz Gibbons and Charles Fitz
Gibbons, in Dodge county, Minnesota, heirs
and legal representatives of Michael Fitz
Gibbons, late of Allegheny township, said
County, dec'd, you and each of you are here
by cited to be, and appear before the Judges
of our said Court, at Ebensburg on the first
Monday of September next, (being the 7th
day of said month), then and there to accept
or refuse to take the real estate of the said
Michael Fitz Gibbons, dec'd, situated in said
County of Cambria, and which has been ap-
praised and valued by an inquest awarded
by the said Court and returned by the Sher-
iff of said County, on the first day of June,
A. D. 1863, to wit: Premises No. 1, situat-
ed in Allegheny township aforesaid, con-
taining one hundred and nine acres, val-
ued at \$741 per acre; premises No. 2, ad-
joining premises No. 1, containing (86)
acres and 18 perches, valued and appraised
at \$8.41 per acre, or show cause why the
same should not be sold. Herein said not.
[SEAL.] Witness the Honorable GEORGE
TAYLOR, President Judge of our
said Court, at Ebensburg, this first
day of June, A. D. 1863.
E. F. LITTLE, Clerk O. C.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg,
July 29, 1863-3t }

Auditor's Notice. The undersigned
having been appointed an Auditor, by the
Orphan's Court of Cambria county, to ex-
amine, decide, and report upon the excep-
tions filed to the account of J. M. Campbell,
one of the Administrators of James S.
Clark, deceased, who was guardian of Win-
field Scott Williams, hereby notifies all
parties interested that he will attend to the
duties of his said appointment, at his office,
in the Borough of Ebensburg, on Wednes-
day the 19th day of August next, at one
o'clock, P. M.
WM. KITTELL,
July 22, 1863-3t. Auditor.

**M. D. MAGEHAN, Esq. ATTORNEY
Ebensburg Pa. 14viii**