

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, OCTOBER 22, 1863.

VOL. 10--NO. 46.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Masters.
Enoch Reese, Blacklick.
William M. Jones, Carroll.
Dan Litzinger, Chest.
A. G. Crooks, Taylor.
Wm. W. Young, Washint'n.
John Thompson, Ebensburg.
Isaac Thompson, White.
J. M. Christy, Gallitzin.
Wm. Tiley, Jr., Washint'n.
I. E. Chastler, Johnst'wn.
M. Adlesberger, Loreto.
E. Wisinger, Conem'gh.
A. Durbin, Munster.
Andrew J. Ferral, Susq'han.
G. W. Bowman, White.
Wm. Ryan, Sr., Clearfield.
George Conrad, Richland.
B. M. Colgan, Washint'n.
R. F. Slick, Croyle.
Miss M. Gillespie, Washint'n.
Morris Keil, S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Rev. D. Harrison, Pastor.
—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Rev. J. S. Lemmon, Pastor.
—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Rev. L. R. Powell, Pastor.
—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month, and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.
Rev. John Williams, Pastor.
—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Rev. Wm. L. Leary, Pastor.
—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Daily, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Daily, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Stroum, Pa., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 1 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Newnan's Mills, Carleton, Pa., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRENSON STATION.
Balt. Express leaves at 7:58 A. M.
Fast Line " 9:11 P. M.
Mail Train " 7:58 P. M.
Through Express " 7:58 P. M.
East Line " 12:27 P. M.
Fast Mail " 6:58 A. M.
Through Accom. " 9:29 A. M.
WILMORE STATION.
Balt. Express leaves at 8:21 A. M.
Mail Train " 8:25 P. M.
Through Express " 7:30 P. M.
Fast Mail " 6:36 A. M.
Through Accom. " 8:59 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. W. Huntington; Associates, George W. Selig, Henry C. Devine, Geo. W. Easty.
Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—James Cooper, Peter Little, John Campbell.
Treasurer—Thomas Gallin.
Poor House Directors—William Douglass, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Assessors—Thomas J. Nelson, William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahm.
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.
Coroner—James Shannon.
Morantide—Appraiser—Geo. W. Easty.
Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

BOROUGH AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Isaac Kinkead.
Sheriff—James Myers.
School Directors—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.
EAST WARD.
Constable—Evan E. Evans.
Town Council—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Jones, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.
Inspectors—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.
Assessor—Lemuel Davis.
WEST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Adams.
Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.
Judge of Election—Michael Hason.
Assessor—George Gurley.

"DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL"

is published every Wednesday Morning, at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS, if not paid within six months; and TWO DOLLAR if not paid until the termination of the year. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editor. Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.

One insert'n. Two do. Three do			
1 square, [12 lines]	\$ 50	\$ 75	\$ 1.00
2 squares, [24 lines]	1 00	1 00	2 00
3 squares, [36 lines]	1 50	2 00	3 00
3 months. 6 do. 12 do			
5 lines or less, [12 lines]	\$ 1.50	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
1 square, [12 lines]	2 50	4 50	9 00
2 squares, [24 lines]	4 00	7 00	12 00
3 squares, [36 lines]	6 00	9 00	14 00
1/2 a column, [10 lines]	10 00	22 00	20 00
One column, [15 lines]	15 00	22 00	35 00

Barbara Fritchie.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-trees fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde.
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouch hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out of the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life by that woman's deed and word!
"Who touches a hair of you gray head,
Dies like a dog!" March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its t'rn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the bill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town!
—Atlantic Monthly

THE TELL-TALE VISION.

"MURDER WILL OUT!"

'Tis the kind of a night for a ghostly and mysterious story, and if you will listen patiently, I will tell you one which took place well nigh thirty years ago, away up yonder, on the bleak moors of Assynt, across the Sutherland hills. Barren moorlands, and gray, sterile beaches, with flinty sands; troops of forlorn pines along the hill sides, where the red deer keeps his wards; rents of blue sea sprinkled with green, desolate islands—a "God-forgotten land," as Sidney Smith would say. Thirty years ago, however, the monotonous lives of the simple islanders were rudely disturbed by one of those startling crimes which seem to belong more peculiarly to an advanced and complicated civilization. The case still figures in the criminal records as the Assynt murder, and presents many features of curious and picturesque interest.
John McDonald, a well known itinerant pedlar, had, on a dreary winter evening

about this time of the year, attended a rustic wedding and merry making at the "farm town" of Assynt, where, among the fair damsels assembled, he had contrived considerably to lighten his pack. No one had observed him leave, and for a month afterwards nothing was heard of his movements. His absence excited no surprise among the country people, as it was supposed that he had gone to visit his relations, who lived in Ross-shire. They, however, ignorant of his movements, and seeing him only at distant intervals, were, of course, not troubled at his customary absence, and the pedlar might have been away much longer before any suspicions could have been excited. But exactly four weeks after the festivities at Assynt, a farm servant, passing a deep and precipitous turn on the mountain road which lies between the farm town and the Clachan of Assynt, observed, by the imperfect dawn light, a bundle floating upon the water, then unusually low and clear. A rude raft was constructed, and with its aid the neighbors dragged the corrupted body of a human being to the shore. Though much decomposed, all who were present immediately recognized the body of the missing pedlar. The clothes were the same which he had worn when last seen, but the pockets had been carefully turned out and rifled, and nothing of any value was found on the corpse.

Notwithstanding these suspicious appearances, the simple people among whom a murder had never been committed, concluded that the unfortunate man had fallen accidentally into the taru. So confirmed were they in this opinion, that they at once buried the body, and John McDonald and the tragedy connected with him was in a fair way of being forgotten. The parish minister, however, had accidentally learned of the discovery, and he forthwith forwarded information to the proper authorities. The sheriff of the county and the public prosecutor immediately came down to the district, and commenced a searching investigation.

Under the guidance of John Cameron, the schoolmaster, who was recommended to them by the minister as a skillful and trusty person, on whom perfect reliance could be placed, and accompanied by the medical men of the island, the sheriff visited the spot where McDonald's body had been buried. It was disinterred in his presence, and on examination, several deep wounds were discovered on the back of the head, any one of which, the doctors reported, would have been sufficient to cause his death. Coupled with the fact that the clothes had been plundered, no reasonable doubt could remain that a murder had been committed. It was well known in the island that McDonald, who had made considerable money, carried his fortune on his back—banks and stock being unknown institutions to these primitive people. But for many days all the ingenuity of the law was baffled to obtain any trace of the murderer. No one had been seen with McDonald after he left Assynt; no article of any kind could be identified as his property. The search appeared fruitless. Several murders, however, had been committed in the northern counties; they had remained unpunished; it was, therefore, a matter of much public importance that in this case an example should be made. The sheriff established himself en permanence at a roadside hostel in the vicinity, and announced his determination to examine every resident in the island.

During these investigations the sheriff was invariably accompanied by Cameron, who, through his acquaintance with the Gaelic tongue, and his knowledge of the inhabitants, proved of great assistance as an interpreter. One morning, however, the sheriff went down to the district Post Office alone, Cameron being for the first time absent. During a desultory conversation, the post master incidentally stated that soon after the date of the murder he had given change for a £10 Bank of England note to a person who he did not think should have had so much money in his possession. Who was this? John Cameron, the schoolmaster. Cameron was sent for, was asked how he had come to have the money in question, and peremptorily denied any knowledge of the transaction. His statement, though made without apparent embarrassment, excited suspicion, and he was arrested, charged with the murder.

For some time, however, no facts appeared to confirm the suspicion. Cameron's house, which stood on a hillside by itself, was minutely searched, but none of the pedlar's property was found in it. His sister, who lived with him, was evidently perfectly ignorant and innocent. She was a young and pretty girl, and, for her station in life, intelligent and cultivated. When told of the charge, she indignantly

refused to believe that her brother was guilty, and in deep distress followed him to prison. One or two casual incidents, however, to which she alluded, proved of unhappy importance on the trial. Even then, however, though well aware of the fatal effect of her answers, she spoke fearlessly and truthfully—with Spartan-like honesty meeting out her brother's doom. A fearful dilemma, indeed—one where even falsehood cannot be rigorously judged, but where stern and rigid truth cannot be too highly esteemed. A noble Highland heroine, with her bloodless lips and white, tearless face—all honor to the gentle womanhood that is yet too noble in its maiden honesty for a lie!

Cameron, though unable to account satisfactorily for the money, was on the point of being liberated, when a singular incident occurred. A workman, M'Leod by name, had on three successive occasions, dreamed that he had seen Cameron follow M'Donald to the water-side, strike him a number of heavy blows with a hammer, rifle his pack, cast the body into the taru, and conceal the articles he had taken in a cairn near his own house. The story was soon bruited about, and the dreamer was brought before the Sheriff. So strong and vivid, he said, was his recollection of the incidents of the dream, that he could undertake to point out to the criminal officer the exact stones under which the property was concealed. They went together, and ultimately discovered the articles in question concealed under several large stones, which M'Leod declared exactly resembled those impressed on his memory. Here was an important fact to begin with—the property of the murdered man found in the immediate proximity of Cameron's own house. Next day another link was obtained. A week or two previous to his apprehension, Cameron walked one rainy morning to the other side of the island, got wet, and at a country inn obtained from the landlady a pair of stockings, leaving his own behind to be dried. These were now produced, and after some hesitation, a cotter's wife declared that, from a peculiarity in the work, she could depose that they were of her own making; and added, that the day before his disappearance, the pedlar had bought two pairs from her for his own use. That now produced was one of them; the other was discovered in Cameron's house. A variety of similar circumstances gradually came out, and after considerable delay, occasioned by the difficulties of the case, Cameron was brought to trial.

The trial took place at Inverness. It lasted from ten o'clock on the first morning of the assize, till the same hour next day—twenty-four consecutive hours, during which time judge, jury, and spectators, sat uninterruptedly. The prime interest to the superstitious Highlanders lay in the mysterious fact of the vision, and the secret was an object of special interest when he appeared in the witness-box. He suffered a severe cross examination from the prisoner's counsel, without the substantial value of his evidence being affected. No one who heard his examination could doubt that he was stating what was actually true, no one could believe (and this, of course, was the object of the cross examination) that he himself was the criminal, or in any way implicated. It was a protracted and difficult case of circumstantial evidence. The candles (gas was not in those days) which had lighted them in their vigil through the long autumn night were extinguished, and the sun was high in heaven when the jury returned into court, finding the prisoner guilty, as libelled. The verdict had been recorded, and sentence of death pronounced, when Cameron (who preserved throughout the trial the most profound composure) rose, and with the utmost solemnity and calmness, called God to witness that he was a murdered man.

The sheriff—to whose exertions the success of the prosecution was mainly to be attributed—was making his way to his hotel through the excited crowd, when a message came to him from Cameron, requesting to see him. When he reached the cell, Cameron, who still manifested the same complete composure, at once said, "I am now going to tell you what I have never breathed to mortal man: the verdict was quite right—I did the deed!" He then made a full and detailed confession, relating the whole story with perfect frankness—a demeanor he preserved till his execution. The murder, he said, was committed on the night of the Assynt wedding. He had seen M'Donald leave; had followed him unobserved; had made up to him, and walked along with him to the taru; then with a heavy hammer which he was carrying home, he had struck him several blows from behind, and after rifling the corpse, had thrown it into the water. For some weeks it had remained at the bottom—at least he

could see nothing of it, and he had gone once or twice every week to look for it. The evidence of M'Leod surprised and startled him. The property had been hidden the same night—a dark, wet, misty night—immediately on his return home; and it was impossible, he thought, that M'Leod, with whom he was merely acquainted, could have come by his information in any natural way.

The fact is curious, and may furnish a problem for those who are curious in psychological mysteries. The murder had, of course, been the main topic of interest in the island for many weeks—it had, no doubt, become strongly impressed on M'Leod's imagination; some slight link of fact, a word or gesture, probably existed; and out of these inchoate materials the story might gradually shape itself into a form not unlike the actual, because a natural and logical arrangement of the whole facts were known or surmised at the time. And, going on with the story to its close, the dream would accompany the murderer after the commission of the crime, depict his horror and contrition, his frantic desire to put away from him any evidence of the accursed deed which lay heavy on his soul. The place where he concealed the property was one that he would naturally select—out of his own house, indeed, but not so distant from it but that the articles might be easily recovered after the first dread had been subdued. People who have disenchanted the unseen, and who consider a man's muscle the best part about him, will probably explain the mystery in some such way. "The light of common day" has become too strong for the supernatural.

The Beard.

Nature has supplied the most of mankind with beards, and in very ancient times, the use of a razor upon it was unknown. In Greece, the first instance of shaving occurred in the reign of Alexander the Great. This warrior ordered the Macedonians to be shaved lest the beards of his soldiers should afford handles to their enemies. The sarcastic Diogenes, when he once saw some one whose chin was smooth, said: "I am afraid you think you have great ground to accuse nature for having made you a man and not a woman." In Cicero's time the genuine beard was not worn in society. But the *barbata* (goatee) seems to have been affected by the young Roman "swells."

The beard began to revive again in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. But of all the Emperors who wore the ornament, none creates so much interest in posterity as the Emperor Julian. His beard is the most famous beard in history. Speaking of it, he says: "I commence with my countenance. It had nothing regular, or particularly agreeable about it; and out of humor and whimsicality, and just to punish it for not being handsome, I have made it ugly by carrying this long and peopled beard."

The Britons, like the ancient Gauls, allowed the hair to grow thick on the head; and, although they shaved their beards close on the chin, wore immense tangled mustaches, which sometimes reached to their breasts. It may be presumed that the northern nations felt the symbolic force of these appendages; we have a well-known passage in Tacitus about the Catti, who, he says, made a general custom of what, among other German people was an affair of private daring—the letting the "crimen barbante" grow till they had killed an enemy. The Normans, when they conquered England, were well shaven, on the back of the head as on the face; but the Saxons wore full beards. In Edward II's reign beards were worn apparently by persons in years, great officers of State, and knights templars, but not generally. Sir John Mandeville, the traveler, who died A. D. 1372, was called Sir John with the Beard (presumably from his size.) In Edward III's time—the hey-day of chivalry, of feudal ornament, of love-poetry, of heraldry—long beard and fine mustache were in honorable estimation. In Richard II's reign, the fashion continued. The beard was "forked," and in all knightly effigies is long and drooping on each side of the mouth.

A sober and well governed gentleman of Elizabeth's time, regulated his beard as he did his dress, mind, manners or conduct. It was an index of his status or profession; an emblem of his feelings and tastes—a symbol to be respected like his coat of arms. The Reformer, John Knox, cherished a large and profuse one, obviously from its patriarchal character, from the honor shown it in the Jewish days, from whose sentiment he drew his inspiration. The scholar, such as George Bu-

chanan, wore it—sometimes as one who followed Knox and Calvin.

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the civil wars of England; and the same rigor which exercised on his chin, and trimmed his beard as closely as he trimmed his locks. The Vandyke beard is the typical one of this period. Peaked beards and mustaches were popular among the cavaliers; and were at least pretty generally worn.

Beards went out of fashion for more than two hundred years, among the Anglo-Saxons of Europe and America; but they have been revived again, and are now cultivated and defended upon scientific considerations.

The mustache is approved because it is said to be a natural respirator; a defense to the lungs against the inhalation of dust and the beard is defended as a protection for the throat against cold. It has been recommended that all preachers who are subject to throat diseases should allow their beards to grow. Travellers in sandy regions, millers, bakers and all mechanics should allow the beard free play.

Union Restorative!!

VENIENTI OCCURRIT MORBO.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to the greatest and most wonderful "Panacea" of the nineteenth century, patented at Washington, March 4th, 1861, for four years only.

Its restorative, soothing and healing qualities, its tendency to firmly unite dislocated and fractured limbs, to remove and allay irritation produced by chronic diseases of long standing, and to restore a natural and healthy action throughout the system, cannot be fully appreciated by an intelligent community, when the following component parts of this highly valuable compound are made known, viz:

- EMANCIPATION,
- AMALGAMATION,
- CONFESCATION,
- SUBBUGATION,
- ANNIHILATION,
- EXTERMINATION,
- EXPARTIATION,
- DEVASTATION,
- CONSCRIPTION—in equal parts.

The above articles are warranted to be pure; they are indigenous in this country, and mostly of New England growth, where they have been cultivated for many years with great success. The latter ingredient in the compound (Conscription) will be found admirably well adapted to quiet nerves and allay the irritation of the brain, which are the natural results superinduced by that local epidemic now so prevalent in the great emporium of the nation. This valuable medicine, prepared and put up at the great medical laboratory in the District of Columbia, under the immediate supervision of the patentee, can be had, wholesale and retail, at any of the agencies throughout the country.

Directions for using.—To be taken in the form of pills, from an ounce weight to fifteen inches in diameter, as the circumstances of the case may require.

N. B.—None genuine without the initials A. L., the proprietor and patentee. New York Tribune, Times and Post will please copy, and send bill to principal agency at Washington.

VITAE RES PUBLICAS.

"An Irishman once said to another, 'And ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?'"

"Indeed I have, and am not ashamed of it, either."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did, but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

"ONLY ONE."—One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back, and may frustrate, all the business of the day.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will take to fix it at once.

One unruly animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks.

One bad habit indulged or submitted to, will sink your power of self-government as quickly as one leak will sink a ship.

The Ambition to be witty sometimes overcomes even a youth's filial affection.

"John," said a father to his son, on the day he was twenty one, "you have got a fool for your master now." "Yes," said John, "and had these twenty years."

A friend is never known till needed.