

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, JUNE 1, 1864.

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Business Cards.

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, 1863.-1f.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria County Penna. Office Colonnade row. Dec. 4, 186.

CYRUS L. PERSHING, Esq. Attorney at Law, Johnstown, Cambria Co. Pa. Office on Main street, second floor over Bank. ix 2

MICHAEL HANSON, Esq. Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Pa. Office on Main street, three doors East of Julian. ix 2

J. E. Scanlan, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA., OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, THREE DOORS EAST OF THE LOGAN HOUSE. December 10, 1863.-ly.

R. L. JOHNSTON, GEO. W. OATMAN, JOHNSTON & OATMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Ebensburg Cambria County Penna. OFFICE REMOVED TO LLOYD ST., One door West of R. L. Johnston's Residence. [Dec. 4, 1861. ly.*

JOHN FENLON, Esq. Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county Pa. Office on Main street adjoining his dwelling. ix 2

P. S. NOON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. Office one door East of the Post Office. Feb. 18, 1863.-1f.

GEORGE M. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, Cambria County, Pa. OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW. March 13, 1864.

G. W. HICKMAN, B. F. HOLL, C. W. HICKMAN & CO., Wholesale Dealers in MANUFACTURED TOBACCO, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SEGARS, SNUFFS, &c. N. E. COR. THIRD & MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA. August 13, 1863.-ly.

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.

J. T. MOORE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN FLOUR, CHOP, &c. HENRY NEFF'S MILLS, WEST BARRE, HUNTINGDON COUNTY, PA. March 23, 1864.

For Rent, An office on Centre Street, next door north of Esq. Kincaid's office. Possession given immediately. JOSEPH McDONALD. April 18, 1864.

Select Poetry.

Female Resolution.

No! I will never see him more,
Since thus he likes to roam,
And when his cab stops at the door,
John, say—I'm not at home!
He smiled last night when Julia smiled
(He must have met before.)
If thus by her he is beguiled,
I'll never see him more!

I'll sing no more the songs he loved,
Nor play the waltzes o'er,
Nor wear the color he approved,
I'll never please him more!
I'll conquer soon love's foolish flame.
As thousands have before,
Look strange when'er I hear his name,
And ne'er pronounce it more!

The plat of hair I must resign,
That next my heart I wear;
He, too, must yield that tress of mine
He stole when truth he swore!
The miniature I used to trace,
And feel romantic o'er,
I'll tear from his morocco case,
And—never kiss it more!

This ring—his gift—I must return,
(It makes my finger sore;
Then there's his letters—those I'll burn,
And trample on the floor!
His sonnet, that my album graced,
(My tears thus blot it o'er.)
The leaves together thus I'll paste,
And ne'er behold it more!

I'll waltz and flirt with Ensign G—,
(Though voted oft a bore!)
In short, I'll show my heart is free,
And sigh for him no more;
If we should meet, his eye shall shrink,
My scornful glance before;
Gods! that's his knock! here, John! I think
I'll see him just once more!

A Sailor's Wife.

"Now Rose don't cry; you remember
what you promised when you became the
wife of a sailor."
"Yes, I know. I promised to be
courageous, to be hopeful, to be resigned;
but then I hadn't been your wife for two
years, and it was easy to resign a happiness
I knew nothing about."
"Then you are happy wife dear?
Have I been a good husband to you?"
The reply that Rose made to this was
to burst into tears and to throw herself
into the arms of her husband. Rose had
been the pretty child of a widowed mother.
She had a little fortune of her own, and
good fortune and good looks. With all
these advantages it can be imagined that
she did not want for suitors. Rose, how-
ever, turned from all the gay young fel-
lows who wooed her; but when Matthew
Carroll came to see her mother, she would
sit demurely and silently by her side list-
ening, as Desdemona may have listened
to Othello, to the account Matthew gave
of his adventures and exploits in the var-
ious far-distant lands and oceans to which
he had been.

He was the captain and owner of a
little merchant vessel, and had attained
the age of 36 without ever having thought
of forming any ties that would bind him
to land. His element seemed to be the
ocean;—man and boy he had lived on it.
All the associations of his youth were
with it. He considered his visits to land
and his sojourn in cities mere incidents—
recreations that had nothing to do with
the real business of life. Somehow since
his return to his native village, where he
had not been for many years, a stranger,
new feeling had come over him. He no
longer thought exclusively of his projected
voyages when he was alone; he often
saw before him the bright eyes and gen-
tle looks of Rose Danvers than the blue
dancing waves; instead of thinking of
future bargains and trades, all that seemed
to occupy his mind was the time that in-
tervened between his visits to the cottage.

Yet what could he expect? Surely not
that Rose would love him, a great, big,
rough sailor, so many years older, too,
than she was. He laughed at himself for
a fool when he caught himself even hoping
such things, as he sat smoking his pipe on
the rocks overlooking the sea.

One evening, however, it happened
that Rose and her mother sat beside him
gazing at the smooth water and the dis-
tant horizon in silent admiration, when
Matthew burst out into one of his loud
laughs.

"Dear me, Matthew Carroll, what is
the matter?" said Mrs. Danvers.
"What are you laughing at, captain?"
exclaimed Rose.

"Would you like to know?" said
Captain Carroll, taking his pipe from his
mouth and speaking in a serious and de-
cided tone.

"Yes, I should."
"Well, then, I was laughing to think

how an old fool like me, rough and
weather-beaten, could expect a pretty
young girl to fall in love with him. Now
wasn't that enough to make him laugh
right out?"

"I do not think so,"—gravely re-
marked Rose.
"You don't," said the captain, look-
ing earnestly at her; "can you guess
who the young girl was?"

"Yes," replied Rose, in a very low
whisper, holding down her head and pick-
ing a piece of sea-weed to pieces.
The captain let his pipe fall, and his
voice trembled, as turning to Rose, he
exclaimed:

"Rose, Rose! don't be afraid to speak;
I think I could bear the joy—"
The captain clasped his hands together,
and for a moment could only gaze on her.
"My wife!" he said at last, "will
you, young and courted as you are, be
my wife?"

"If you will have me," said Rose,
with a little coquettish smile.
The captain's answer, if not very ex-
plicit, was exceedingly emphatic, for he
clasped Rose in his arms and actually
carried her to her mother, and holding
her tight to his bosom as he would have
done a baby.

"Give her to me!" he exclaimed:
"Give Mrs. Danvers to me!" she was evi-
dently not much surprised.
"To none more willingly would I give
her, Matthew; but, little Rose, it requires
courage and resignation to be a sailor's
wife; how will you bear to let him go
from you?"

Rose promised, as every one promises
everything under the same circumstances,
and they were married.
So completely happy was the captain,
so entirely new to him were home and its
joys, that he had not the courage to break
away from them for more than two years.

But he had now a boy who resembled his
name, and who just toddled from his
mother to him; Matthew began to dream
again of the sea, for his boy's sake he
wanted a fortune. He formed the plan of
a lucrative venture, and settled the day on
which he was to take command of his
vessel and set sail.

Until now he had entrusted the good
ship to the master, who had made several
successful little adventures. Matthew had
his ship re-fitted and re-painted; he
changed its name from 'The Venture' to
the dear name of 'Rose,' and had a fine
figure-head on the bow somewhat of the
cabbage order, made a special ornament
for his ship.

His wife and boy he left in a quiet
comfortable cottage he had bought, and
there was money enough in the old sea
chest in his room to last for over two
years, and he should be back before that
time.

And so he sailed. The parting was so
drearily that the good captain took a
solemn vow as he stood on the deck of his
good ship that this should be his last ven-
ture, that he would bring back enough,
and then never leave his happy home
again.

Now he is gone; Rose, with straining
eyes, can no longer see the vessel, even
as a black speck; the captain has long
since lost sight of the white handkerchief
his darling waved. Rose and her boy
have gone home, and the young mother
kneels alone in her chamber praying for
his safety, praying for courage to endure
his absence. So passed the first year in
peace and resignation; then she received
a letter from him; in six months he
would be home. Rose was happy. What
was six months? Nothing. She en-
dured a whole year's separation.

But six months went by, then a year,
then two; no tidings neither of the ship
nor of the captain. His boy grew, and
learned to pray for his father; Rose had
grown pale and grave. In the third year
her mother died; then was Rose indeed
alone, and hope had fled. So passed by
eight years of her life. She was now
twenty-eight. No longer did she watch
and wait; she knew the sea had devoured
its prey, and she had mourned him long
and deeply, as those widowed in heart
and not in name mourn.

Life, however, was difficult to Rose.
She was forced now to work for her sub-
sistence. All she possessed was the cot-
tage, and that no privation could induce
her to part with. The widow, however,
had found friends; among them was a
man well to do in the world, the owner of
many vessels, and possessor of a fine,
handsome home, the handsomest in the
village of N. At last he ventured to
make known the nature of his feelings to
Rose. He offered her his hand. Rose
shrunk away, but her life was very soli-
tary and her boy without a protector; she
was herself helpless.

In the eighth year of her widowhood
Rose married again.
After three years' experience Rose con-
fessed even to herself that she was con-
tented and happy. She had two children
beside her own boy, as she always called
Mat., the son of her first love.

She was sitting one evening on the
porch of her house, one child playing
on her knee, the other on her lap, (for it
was a mere infant,) when a man, bent
and lame, clothed in rags came across the
garden and stood looking towards her.

"Mother," said Matthew her eldest son,
"see, that is a beggar man, and he looks
like a sailor."
"Ah! a sailor must never go empty
handed from our door; give him this."
Matthew flew with his alms toward the
beggar. He had a look of age and suffer-
ing about him that enlisted the boy's sym-
pathy at once.

"Take this," said he, "my mother
never lets a sailor go away without relief.
My father was a sailor."
"Indeed."
"Yes, Matthew Carroll, captain of the
Rose, lost at sea. Did you ever hear
anything of him?"

"No; and you are his son?"
"Yes, mother says he was a brave,
good man."
"She is rich now—all this belongs to
her does it not?"

"Oh! yes, we are rich now; mother
married again. Those are my little
brothers, and yonder comes my new
father. He has just given me a fine boat.
Oh! he is so kind to me. Good-bye,
sailor."

For an instant the sailor stood, and shad-
ing his eyes with his hands, gazed at the
boy, then at the mother, sitting under the
vine clad porch, smiling at the infant on
her knee. Then the sailor turned away,
hobbled down the walk, and was seen no
more. Neither Rose nor Mat ever re-
membered his having been there five min-
utes after he had disappeared.

Five years after this there came a letter
for Rose from a lawyer in New York. A
man named Matthew Carroll had left her
the whole of his fortune, beside a sealed
letter, which he forwarded.

"Rose, darling, I was not dead. For
eight years I was on an island among sav-
ages. I came back. I found you happy,
another by your side; children, not mine
around you. You, so fair, young and
gentle still. Oh; how I gazed on you for
those few moments! What could I bring
you? Not even my money, for you were
rich. I could bring you but an old hus-
band, changed and suffering. I could
bring you but remorse, sorrow, and dis-
grace.

You had mourned me dead, I knew
you had. Not one bitter feeling had I
toward you. One look at you and my
boy, and then away forever. The only
proof of love I could give you was to
leave you in peace, and remain dead, as
you and all the world thought me. I
have never been back to our home, and I
die among strangers, blessing you and my
boy. Farewell, my own sweet, darling
wife. Be happy, and my spirit that
watches you will rejoice.

The fortune, over fifty thousand dollars,
was bequeathed to Rose Danvers, to be
divided equally between all her children,
making no special clause for Matthew
Carroll, "for," said the will, "Rose loves
them all alike."

A LAWYER'S RETAINING FEE.—Mr.
Burchard, the revival preacher, went
about the village to enlist the wealthy and
influential to attend his meetings in order
to give some eclat to his preaching. In the
course of his perambulations, one day, he
fell in with Bob S—, an attorney of
some reputation, and very famous for his
wit and readiness of repartee.

"Good morning Mr. S—," said the
"evangelist," "understanding that you
are one of the leading men of the town,
and a lawyer of high standing, I have
called upon you in hopes to engage you
on the Lord's side."

"Thank you," replied Bob, with an
air of great sobriety, and with the most
professional manner possible, "I thank
you, I should be most happy to be em-
ployed on that side of the case, if I could
do so conscientiously with my engage-
ment; but you must go to some other
council, as I have a standing retainer for
the opposite party."

The Baltimore Evening Transcript
was suspended by Gen. Wallace for say-
ing that the loss of the Army of the Po-
tomac was not less than 70,000 men,
and crediting the same to the Associated
Press.

Thrilling Incident of the War.
The Yankees, from time to time, throw
a shell into the city and nobody seems
to mind it. But misfortune willed that
yesterday a shell should throw the entire
community into mourning.

Miss Anna Pickens, the daughter of
our former Governor, never consented to
leave the city. Despite the representa-
tions of Gen. Beauregard, she remained,
braving shells and Greek fire, tending the
wounded, and cheering all with her pres-
ence. Among the wounded officers under
her ministering care was Mr. Andrew de
Rochelle, a descendant of one of the nob-
lest Huguenot families of this city.

This young man was full of the liveliest
gratitude for his fair nurse; gratitude gave
birth to a more tender sentiment; his
suit was listened to; Governor Pickens
gave his consent, and the marriage was
fixed for yesterday, the 23d of April.

Lieutenant de Rochelle was on duty at
Fort Sumpter in the morning, and it was
determined that the ceremony should take
place at the residence of General Bonham,
in the evening at 7 o'clock. At the mo-
ment when the Episcopal clergyman was
asking the bride if she was ready a shell
fell upon the roof of the building, pene-
trated to the room where the company
were assembled, burst, and wounded nine
persons, and among the rest, Miss Anna
Pickens. We cannot describe the scene
that followed. Order was at last reestab-
lished, and the wounded were removed,
all except the bride, who lay motionless
upon the carpet. Her betrothed, kneel-
ing and bending over her, was weeping
bitterly and trying to staunch the blood
that welled from a terrible wound under
her left breast. A surgeon came and de-
clared that Miss Pickens had no longer
than two hours to live. We will not
paint the general despair.

When the wounded girl recovered her
consciousness she asked to know her
fate, and when she hesitated to tell her
—"Andrew," she said, "I beg of you to
tell me the truth. If I must die, I can
die worthy of you." The young soldier's
tears were his answer, and Miss Anna,
summoning all her strength, attempted to
smile. Nothing could be more heartrend-
ing than to see the agony of this brave
girl, struggling in the embrace of death,
and against a terrible mortal pang. Gov.
Pickens, whose courage is known, was
almost without consciousness, and
Mrs. Pickens looked upon her child with
the dry and haggard eye of one whose
reason totters.

Lieutenant de Rochelle was the first to
speak. "Anna," he cried, "I will die
soon, too, but I would have you to be my
wife. There is yet time to unite us."
The young girl did not reply; she was
too weak. A slight flush rose for an in-
stant to her pale cheek; it could be seen
that joy and pain were struggling in her
spirit for the mastery. Lying upon a sofa,
her bridal dress all stained with blood,
her hair disheveled, she had never been
more beautiful. Helpless as she was,
Lieutenant de Rochelle took her hand and
requested the Rev. Mr. Dickinson to pro-
ceed with the ceremony. When it was
time for the dying girl to say "Yes,"
her lips parted several times, but she could
not articulate. At last the word was
spoken, and a slight foam rested upon her
lips. The dying agony was near. The
minister sobbed as he proceeded with the
ceremony. An hour afterward all was
over, and the bridal chamber was the
chamber of death. Lieutenant de Rochelle
has sworn to perish in battle against the
Yankees, and we are sure that he will
keep his oath. He has now a double
motive to hate them and his own ex-
istence.

Our entire community share the grief
that afflicts the family of Governor Pick-
ens. The obsequies of Miss Anna will
occur to-morrow at eleven o'clock. Gov.
Pickens and Lieutenant de Rochelle will
be chief mourners. Our ex-Governor
desires that there shall be no military dis-
play. The funeral cortege will be com-
posed of all our ladies, all our magistrates,
all our generals, and the wounded soldiers,
many of whom owe their lives to the de-
votion of the deceased. Never has a wo-
man been followed to the grave with so
many regrets—never has one left sadder
remembrances in the hearts of Charlesto-
nians.—*Charleston Mercury*, April 24.

The bogus Constitutional Con-
vention, in session in New Orleans, did not
appear inclined, at latest dates, to adjourn
in a hurry. They had voted themselves
salaries ranging from \$10 to \$20 per day,
and evidently intend to make a good thing
of it.

An exchange says the President
has the nation at heart. We believe it
—the non-nation.

A Pig in Crinoline.

The wide distended skirts of ladies'
dresses of the present day have been made
the cause of many a sad, but also of many
amusing scenes. An incident of the lat-
ter class, which happened the other day
in Montrose, is one of the most laughable
we have ever heard, (says a Montrose
paper.)

"A young lady dressed in full fashion-
able attire, including an ample crinoline
extending dress, was in a friend's yard,
looking at the cows, perhaps, and during
the time she was there, a fine, small
porker was roaming at will in the yard.
The pig, impelled, no doubt by curiosity,
commenced to make close inspection of
the young lady, while she was inspecting
some other animal, and having ventured
rather near, was caught and caged within
the compass of the crinoline. Not liking
so small a sty, wide though the skirt was,
the pig soon made known to the owner of
the crinoline the unpleasant fact that he
was within, by making desperate efforts
to get out. The young lady was in a sad
fright at the commotion within her dress,
which was not lessened by hearing the
grunting which indicated what sort of a
tenant she had got; but notwithstanding
the shock to her nerves, she made anxious
efforts to get the pig out. His swinish-
ness, however, had got his snout fixed in the
network of the crinoline, and his ejection
was found to be no easy matter. A "lord
of creation," who was attracted to the
spot by the noise of the struggle, was so
struck with the absurdity of the scene,
that his risible faculties fairly prevented
him from rendering assistance. The strug-
gle did not last much longer, however, for
the pig, assisted by the resisting strength
of the lady, made his exit by carrying
away one half of the cage on his snout.
The lady retreated in as great a hurry as
the pig—in a state that can be better im-
agined than described.

The Value of Horses.
Some people will no doubt be astonished
to learn that large fortunes have been
made every year since the commencement
of the war, out of the dead horses of the
army of the Potomac. The popular idea
is that when Rosinette yields up the ghost,
she is buried in some field, or left to
moulder into mother earth in the woods
somewhere. Not so. She has indeed
made her last charge and knawed her
last fence rail, but there is from two
to four dollars in the old animal yet. A
contract for the purchase of the dead
horses of the army of the Potomac for
the ensuing year, was let a few weeks
ago to the highest bidder at 1.76 per head.
delivered at the factory of the contractor.
Last year \$60,000 were cleared on the
contract, and this year it is thought \$100,
000 can be made on it. The animals die
at the rate of 50 per day at the lowest
calculation.

At the contractor's establishment they
are thoroughly dissected. First the shoes
are taken off, and are usually worth 50
cents per set. Then the hoofs are cut off,
which bring about two dollars a set.
Then comes the caudal appendage, worth
half a dollar. Then the hide—I don't
know what it sells for. Then the tallow,
if it be possible to extract any tallow
from the army horses, which I think ex-
tremely doubtful unless they die imme-
diately after entering the service. And
last, but not least, the shin bones are val-
uable, being converted into a variety of
articles, that many believe to be composed
of pure ivory, such as cane-heads, knife
handles, &c.

Patriotic Drinker.—A "loyal" man
came to town the other day, got a little
heavy about the head, and fearing he
might be suspected of drinking too freely,
apologized to a crowd of bystanders in the
following eloquent and patriotic language:
"Now I ax you fellows who's the best
citizen, him as supports the Government,
or him as doesn't? Why him as does in
course. I supports Government, fellers
—every man as drinks supports Govern-
ment. That is, if he drinks taxed hickers.
Every blessed drop of hicker he swallows
is taxed to pay the salaries of them big
officers at Washington and supports the
war. Spose all was to quit a drinking,
why the war must stop and the Govern-
ment must fall—it couldn't help it no
how. That's the werry reason I drinks.
I don't like grog—I mortally hates it.
If I followed my own inclination, I'd
rather drink buttermilk, or ginger-pop, or
soda-water. But I heckers for the good of
my country, to set an example of loyalty,
virtuous self-denial to the rising genera-
tion."—*Hobbes County Farmer*.

A business man can get along with-
out advertising, and so can a wagon wheel
without grease—but it goes hard.