

# 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 22, 1864.

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## DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL

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Dec. 4 186

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## Select Poetry.

### Make Home Bright and Happy.

More than building showy mountains,  
More than dress and fine array,  
More than domes or lofty steeples,  
More than station, power and sway—  
Make your home both neat and tasteful,  
Bright and pleasant, always fair.  
Where each heart shall rest contented,  
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty swelling titles,  
More than fashionsuring glare,  
More than Mammon's gilded honors,  
More than thoughts can well compare—  
See that home is made attractive  
By surroundings pure and bright;  
Tress, arranged with taste and order,  
Flowers, with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely—  
Let it be a smiling spot,  
Where in sweet contentment resting,  
Care and sorrow are forgot.  
Where the flowers and trees are waving,  
Birds will sing their sweetest song;  
Where the purest thoughts will linger,  
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,  
Seldom wishing far to roam,  
Or, if roaming, still will cherish  
Memories of that pleasant home.  
Such a home makes man the better;  
Pure and lasting its control:  
Home, with pure and bright surroundings,  
Leaves its impress on the soul.

### Truth Stranger than Fiction.

In the autumn of 1847, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow the light touches of early frost, a mounted traveler was pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest, in the Western part of New York. He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and he had yet two to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift running stream; and on reaching the water, he permitted his thirsty beast to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road, or horse-path on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his general appearance there was nothing that indicated hostility or a wicked design. He was of medium size, compactly built, with intellectual features and a certain air of gentility—seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport than a professional hunter. All this the mounted traveler carefully noted; he crossed the stream to continue his journey and when they came near together a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

"Fine weather for traveling sir!" remarked the man with the gun.

"And for hunting also, I should suppose!" smiled the other on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough," returned the other; "but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my day's work thus far, and that is almost useless to me, because I have no means to take it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you could spare five minutes or so I would like you to see the bear. It is only back behind these bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the traveler, dismounting and fastening his horse, "but if not too heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am going your way."

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keep up the conversation, inquired where the other was from, whether journeying, and so forth; and learned in reply that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business and was traveling partly for his health, and partly with the view of making an extensive land purchase for future speculation.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed the hunter as the two emerged from the dense thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way into the more open wood; "here we are! and now I will show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point my rifle!"

He stepped back some eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the piece to his eye and pointed the muzzle directly at the head of the traveler. There was a flash, a loud report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might, or might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle. But as the traveler fell the rifle slipped from his hands, and he shook violently from head to foot; yet he ran to his victim, and hurriedly robbed him of a purse, a pocket book a gold watch and chain, some curious seals, a diamond breast pin, and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged his body into the thicket, picked up his rifle, plunged madly through the bushes to the road, mounted the traveler's horse, and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.

In the spring of 1837 there lived in the city of New York a banker and a millionaire whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the town and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned of sweet sixteen who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were making for the happy event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker was conversing with a gentleman from another city, who called to see him on business, he observed the latter suddenly turn very pale and begin to tremble.

"My dear sir," he said, in the usual tone of off-hand sympathy, "what is the matter! are you ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause alarm," replied the other, hurriedly. "I am subject to similar spells. If you will be kind enough to excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a short walk, and return in better condition."

In ten minutes he did return, reported himself quite well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was perhaps, a week after this that, one night, the banker was sitting before the fire in his library, when a servant came in and presented him a letter. He took it with a yawn, opened it in the most indolent and indifferent manner possible, but had not read a dozen words before he came up with a start, turned pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled. He finished the note, for it was rather a note than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat, and with the other clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to be choking into calmness, by an iron will, some terrible emotion, and he so far succeeded as to address the waiting servant in an ordinary tone.

"James," he said, "who gave you this letter?"

"A man, sir, as said he would wait for an answer."

"Then I suppose he is waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

Soon there was a light tap on the door, and the banker said "come in," in an ordinary tone.

The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger, and immediately withdrew. The latter was verging on sixty, of rough appearance and coarse attire. He wore an old gray overcoat, buttoned to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress was saturated with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire.

"No thank you, I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my letter, and of course, know my business," he added.

"You allude to this, I suppose," replied the banker producing the letter that had caused him so much perturbation.

"Yes."

"I do not understand it; you must have made a mistake."

"No; no mistake at all. I was present twenty years ago, come the tenth day of October, and saw you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man, and if you go for to deny it, I'll have you in prison before morning. I've laid my plans, and got everything sure, and if you go to playing innocent and refusing my terms, I'll take care to see that you die stretching hemp."

The banker, in spite of himself, turned pale, shuddered, and staggered to a seat.

"What do you want?" he groaned.

"A hundred thousand dollars—not one cent less."

"I cannot give it—it would ruin me."

"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving towards the door, "You know what will follow if I go this way."

"Oh, stay, you must not go yet!" cried the man of crime, in terrible alarm.

He argued, urged, pleaded, implored for mercy at a less fearful cost. In vain. At last the banker—seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused—agreed to the terms. He also agreed to meet the stranger, with the required sum, on the

following night, in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, changed hands.

A month later there was a tremendous run upon the bank of which Stephen Edwards was principal owner. It was soon broken and closed. Then the sheriff was set to work by eager creditors, and all the real estate and personal property of the late millionaire was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar, and the just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family, and the proud nobleman refused the hand of a ruined banker's daughter.

In the very midst of this disgrace and tribulation Stephen Edwards encountered the man who had turned so pale and become so agitated in his presence a short time before.

"I rather think you do not know me, sir," said the gentleman, with a formal bow.

"Your face seems somewhat familiar, but yet I cannot place you," returned Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection, then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago, I was talking with you on business, and you observed that I turned deadly pale, and became agitated?"

"Ah, yes, I remember you now."

"Let me tell you why I was thus affected. My eye had just glanced upon a curious watch seal which had belonged to a merchant, named Philip Sydney, who was shot in the western part of the State, some twenty years ago; and looking at your features closely, I knew you to be the villain who had perpetrated the foul deed."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the banker, with a blanched face and quaking form.

"Yes, I know you," pursued the other; "and a week after, I disguised myself and had an interview with you in your own mansion. You remember that of course?"

"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did not I pay you my own price to keep my fatal secret?"

"Yes and with that very money, and what other I could command, I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that run upon your bank which broke it and forced ruin upon you."

"And what would you now that I am ruined?" inquired the other, with the deadly calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have had my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder, and did rob. I am Philip Sydney! Behold the scar where the ball struck and glanced? and he lifted his hat and showed it.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other, "God be praised that you are still living!" and unable to restrain his emotion he burst into tears. "Oh, sir," he continued, "you have taken a load off my conscience—a weight from my soul! Though poverty, beggary, disgrace and death are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder—happier than I have been for twenty years, with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth. It was my first and last crime, and I have never been able to tell how I was tempted to so outrage my nature as on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me what you will—only, I pray you, be merciful to my innocent family."

"I forgive you," returned the other, extending his hand. "I forgive you. You have been fearfully punished already. And as God has been proper to preserve us both and bring us both together, let us hope it is for our present and future salvation, and let us endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want; and for the rest, I trust we shall both remember we shall soon have to render an account of our stewardship in another world."

Philip Sydney kept his word; and with a fresh start in the world, and now an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectable fortune, much of which he spent in charity.

Philip Sydney died in 1848, and Stephen Edwards in 1851.

Is not truth indeed strange—stranger than fiction!

A son of the Emerald Isle, on passing a tannery, saw a cow's tail stuck in an augur hole for a sign. He was struck with amazement, and inquired how they drove a cow in such a small hole.

The New York Day Book says it don't believe in the water cure, and gives as a reason—"there is Mr. (naming a noted political editor) he has been being in his damp sheet for twenty years, and he's worse now than ever."

## Important from Mexico. ARRIVAL OF THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Havana, under date of June 6th, gives the following particulars of the landing and reception of the Archduke Maximilian in Mexico:

At 2 o'clock, P. M., on the 28th May, the frigate Havana, having on board the Archduke Maximilian and staff, made her entry by the harbor of Vera Cruz, and anchored some distance to the southward of the Castle of San Juan de Uloa. The Captain of the Port, Don Juan (or Jean) Laine, went out to meet the frigate, and was the first to salute H. I. M., and served as pilot during the entry of the vessel. We are told of one or two incidents of Maximilian's stay in Martinique—that his first care was for the fate of the prisoners who had been sent there, sentenced to forced hard labor. Of these, four were selected to be immediately set at liberty. They were taken from Port de Frana, where the vessel put in for coal. So the prisoners were conveyed at midnight on the 16th, and Messrs. Manuel Romo, Marcos Velasco, Regino Ortega and Vincente Vivanco were selected—we are not told whether by lot or favoritism—and having taken a prescribed oath of allegiance to the Emperor, they were taken in the Themis to Vera Cruz. Eight other prisoners have been induced to take the oath above referred to, their passages per first packet to Vera Cruz were paid by H. I. M., and ordered that 2,000 francs be distributed among the others, and they were promised that on arriving at his capital, the Emperor would occupy himself in regard to their fate. At 5 P. M., Almonte arrived at Vera Cruz. After going to the House prepared for him, he proceeded, escorted by the city and military authorities, to the wharf, through a double line of soldiers, after a private conference with Almonte, Maximilian received the different deputations. The Emperor was dressed in a plain black frock coat, black cravat, white vest and pantaloons, and the same dress had been prescribed for Almonte and the rest. The political Prefect, Mr. Bureau, addressed the Emperor as follows:

STAR: Truly memorable forever will be the day on which your Imperial Highness has arrived in Mexico as the long-desired saviour to establish the empire which has been proclaimed under such favorable auspices, since no one having a well-formed heart and religious belief can fail to acknowledge the hand of an adorable Providence in the admirable events which have prepared the regeneration of this beautiful and desolated country, opening to it an enviable future under the illustrious and benign scepter of your Imperial Highness. The new era which commences for the Mexicans is founded on the wisdom and noble intentions which accompany your Imperial Highness to raise this nation, so fallen, to the level of a prosperous destiny. Welcome, then, your Imperial Highness to your new country, with which honoring it by adopting it as your own, you have wished to identify your fate. May God bless the noble intentions which guide your Imperial Highness for the benefit of the Mexicans, crowning with the most complete success your grand civilizing and Christian undertaking. As political Prefect of this district, and in the name of the authorities and inhabitants of the same, I have the honor and satisfaction of felicitating your Imperial Highness and her Majesty, the Empress on your fortunate arrival to the shores of Mexico, and of presenting our complete and sincere allegiance, as well as our most profound respect.

The Emperor made a short reply in Spanish, and ended by stating that he would present them to the Empress, for which ceremony he led her in. H. E. Velasquez de Leon presented the Prefect and the other authorities, &c., present. The Prefect addressed a short discourse to her Majesty, who replied in Spanish. She is described in the Franco-Mexican papers as a celestial vision of all that is affable, amiable, lovely and adorable. Early on the morning of the 29th their Majesties landed, and entering an open carriage, accompanied by Almonte, they proceeded through the streets—Pescaderia, Plaza de Armas, Santo Domingo and Merceco, to the railroad depot. A triumphal arch had been erected at the Merceco gate of the Tuscan order of architecture, and in the Plaza de Armas one on four pedestals of the composite order supporting eight columns, whose bases were formed of cariatides, and whose gilded capitals and cornices were crowned by allegorical representations of science, justice, agriculture and commerce. In

front was placed the escutcheon of the city.

A little after 5 A. M., a salute of 101 guns fired by the navy and answered by the fort, announced the debarkation of their Majesties. On landing at the wharf the City Council, presided by Don Salvador Carrain, presented them with the keys of the city on a silver salver. They breakfasted at Soledad. Late at night of the 29th they arrived at Cardova. From Loma Ales, the terminus of the railway, the journey was continued in carriages, and the last news we have of the imperial cortege is that on the 31st, at 11 P. M., they had just arrived at Orizava, and their Majesties had the church to render thanks for those immediately gone to safety. On the 30th the Royal party entered Orisaba and halted for rest after the fatigue incident to the journey.

On the 28th, whilst still at Vera Cruz, his Highness issued the following proclamation:

MEXICANS: You have desired me. Your noble nation, by a spontaneous majority, have selected me henceforth to watch over your destinies. I deliver myself up with joy to this call. However painful it may have been for me to say farewell forever to my native country and to my kindred, I have already done it, fully persuaded that the Almighty has called me through you to the noble mission of consecrating all my might and soul to a people who, worn out by disastrous combats and warfare, sincerely desire peace and prosperity—a people who, having secured their independence, wish now to enjoy the fruits of civilization and of true progress. The mutual confidence with which we are animated, you and I, will be crowned with a brilliant success, if we remain always united to valorously defend the great principles which are the only true and durable foundations of States: the principles of inviolable and immutable justice, of equality under the law, the path open to every one, to all careers and social positions; the complete personal liberty, as rightly understood, securing with it the protection of the individual and of property, the development of the national wealth, improvement in agriculture, mines and industry, the establishment of means of communication for an extensive commerce, and finally the development of education in all its relations with the public interest. The blessings of Heaven, and with them progress and liberty, will assuredly not fail us, if all the factions, allowing themselves to be led by a strong and loyal Government, shall unite to realize the object which I have just indicated, and, if we always continue to be animated by the religious sentiments by which our beautiful country has distinguished itself even during its most unhappy periods.

The civilizing flag of France, raised so high by her noble Emperor, to whom you owe the regeneration of order and peace, represents these same principles. This is what the chief of his forces said to you a few months since in sincere and disinterested language—as a forerunner of a new era of happiness. Every country which has wished to have a future has come to be great and strong by following this road. United, loyal and firm, God will give us strength to reach the grade of prosperity which we desire. Mexicans! the future of your beautiful country is in your hands; as to myself I offer you a sincere will, loyalty, and a firm intention to respect your laws, and to cause them to be respected with an invariable authority. God and your confidence constitute my strength. The banner of independence is my symbol, my device, you already know—"equity and justice." I shall be faithful to it all my life. It is my duty to grasp the scepter and the sword of honor with firmness. It becomes the enviable task of the Empress to consecrate to the country all the noble sentiments of a tender mother. Let us unite to gain the common end; let us forget past shadows; let us bury the odium of faction, and the aurora of peace and of merited happiness will shine again radiantly over the new Empire.

MAXIMILIAN.  
VERA CRUZ, May 29, 1864.

A cotemporary wonders how "Old Abe has brought so many graceless rascals into public notice and sudden wealth." It is not wonderful at all. Always when the pot boils, the "scum" rises to the top.

A man with a brick in his hat was found one night trying to climb an over-shot wheel of a fulling mill. When asked what he was doing, he replied that he was trying to get up to bed, but the stairs would not hold still.

A dull day, an empty pocket, and being in love, affects a man's spirits most seriously.