

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.

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Select Poetry.

Be Kind.

I would not hurt a living thing.
However weak or small,
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing—
Our Father made them all,
Without whose notice, we have read,
A sparrow cannot fall.

'Twas but the other day
I met a thoughtless boy,
Bearing a pretty nest away;
It seemed to give him joy;
But oh! I told him it was wrong
To rob the little feathered throng.

I passed another by.
It seemed a saddening thing
To see him seize a butterfly.
And tear away its wing.
As if devoid of feeling quite;
I'm sure that this could not be right.

The patient horse and dog,
So faithful, fond and true,
And e'en the little leaping frog
Are often abused, too
By thoughtless men and boys who seem
Of others' comfort not to dream.

Yet surely in our breast
A kinder soul should dwell,
For 'twas our blessed Lord's request
To use his creatures well;
And in his holy book we find
A blessing given to the kind.

ORATION OF GENERAL McCLELLAN, TO THE GRADUATES OF WEST POINT.

All nations have days sacred to the remembrance of joy and of grief. They have thanksgiving for success; fasting and prayers in the hour of humiliation and defeat; triumphs and peans to greet the living, laurel crowned victor. They have obsequies and eulogies for the warrior slain on the field of battle. Such is the duty we are to perform to-day. The poetry, the histories, the oration of antiquity all resound with the clang of arms. They dwell upon the rough deeds of war rather than the gentle acts of peace. They have preserved to us the names of heroes and the memory of their deeds even to this distant day. Our own Old Testament teems with the narration of brave actions and heroic deaths of Jewish patriots, while the New Testament of our meek and suffering Saviour often selects the soldier and his weapons to typify and illustrate religious heroism and duty. The stories of the actions of the dead have frequently survived, in the lapse of ages, the names of those whose fall was commemorated centuries ago. But, although we have not now the names of all the brave men who fought and fell upon the plain of Marathon, in the pass of Thermopylae and on the hills of Palestine, we have not lost the memory of their examples. As long as the warm blood courses the veins of man, as long as the human heart beats high and quick at the recital of brave deeds and patriotic sacrifices, so long will the lesson still incite generous men to emulate the heroism of the past. Among the Greeks it was the custom that the father of the most valiant of the slain should pronounce the eulogies of the dead. Sometimes it devolved upon their great statesmen and orators to perform this mournful duty. Would that a new Demosthenes or a second Pericles could arise and take my place to-day; for he would find a theme worthy of his most brilliant powers, of his most touching eloquence. I stand here not as an orator, but as the whilom commander, and in the place of the father of the most valiant of the dead. As their comrade, too, on many a hard fought field against domestic and foreign foes—in early youth and mature manhood—moved by all the love that David felt when he poured forth his lamentation for the mighty father and son who fell at Mount Gilboa. God knows that David's love for Jonathan was no more deep than mine for the tried friends of many long and eventful years, whose names are to be recorded upon the structure that is to rise upon this spot. Would that this more than mortal eloquence could grace my lips and do justice to the theme.

We have met to-day, my comrades, to do honor to our own dead; brothers united to us by the closest and dearest ties, who have freely given their lives for their country in this war, so just and righteous, so long as its purpose is to crush rebellion,

and to save our nation from the infinite evils of dismemberment. Such an occasion as this should call forth the deepest and noblest emotions of our nature, pride, sorrow and prayer. Pride, that our country has possessed such sons. Sorrow, that she has lost them. Prayer, that she may have others like them; that we and our successors may adorn her annals as they have done, and that when our parting hour arrives, whenever and however it may be, our souls may be prepared for the great change. We have assembled to consecrate a cenotaph which shall remind our children's children in the distant future of their father's struggle in the days of the great rebellion. This monument is to perpetuate the memory of a portion only of those who have fallen for the nation in this unhappy war. It is dedicated to the officers and soldiers of the regular army. Yet this is done in no class or exclusive spirit, and in the act we remember with reverence and love our comrades of the volunteers who have so gloriously fought and fallen by our side. Each State, will no doubt, commemorate in some fitting way the services of its sons, who abandoned the avocations of peace, and shed their blood in the ranks of the volunteers. How richly they have earned a nation's love, a nation's gratitude; with what heroism they have confronted death, have wrested victory from a stubborn foe, and have illustrated defeat, it will become me to say, for it has been my lot to commend them in many a sanguinary field. I know that I but echo the feeling of the regular army when I award the high credit they deserve to their brave brethren of the volunteers. But we of the regular army have no States to look to for the honors due our dead. We belong to the whole country, and can neither expect nor desire the General Government to make a perfunctory distinction in our favor. We are few in number, a small band of comrades, united by peculiar and very binding ties; for with many of us, our friendships were commenced in boyhood, when we rested beneath the shadow of the rugged granite hills which look down upon us where we stand. With others the ties of boyhood were formed in more mature years while fighting amid the rugged mountains and fertile valleys of Mexico, within hearing of the eternal waves of the Pacific, or in the lordly grandeur of the great plains of the far West. With all, our love and confidence has been cemented by common dangers and suffering, in the toilsome march, in the bivouac, and amid the clash of arms, and the presence of death on scores of battle fields. West Point, with her large heart, adopts us all, graduates, and those appointed from civil life, officers and privates. In her eyes we are all her children, jealous of her fame, eager to extend her world-wide reputation. Generals and private soldiers, men who have cheerfully offered our all for our dear country, we stand here before this shrine, ever hereafter sacred to our dead, equals and brothers in the presence of the common death which awaits us all, perhaps at the same hour and on the same field. Such are the ties which unite us, the most endearing that exist among men; such the relations which bind us together, the closest of the sacred brotherhood of arms. It has therefore seemed, and it is fitting that we should erect on this spot so sacred to us all, an endearing monument to our dear brothers who have preceded us on the path of peril and of honor, which it is the destiny of many of us some day to tread.

What is this regular army to which we belong? Who were the men whose death merits such honors from the living? What is the cause for which they have laid down their lives? Our regular or permanent army is the nucleus which in time of peace preserves the military traditions of the nation, as well as the organization, science and instruction indispensable to modern armies. It may be regarded as coeval with the nation. It derives its origin from the old continental and State lines of the Revolution, whence, with some interruption and many changes, it has attained its present condition. In fact we may with propriety go even beyond the Revolution to seek the roots of our genealogical tree in the old French wars; for the cis-Atlantic campaign of the seven years' war here was not confined to "red men scalping each other by the great lakes of North America," and it was in them our ancestors first participated as Americans in the large operations of civilized armies. American regiments then fought on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ohio, on the shores of Ontario and Lake George, on the islands of the Caribbean and South America, Louisburg, Quebec, Duquesne,

the Moro and Portobello attest the value of thy provincial troops; and in that school were educated such soldiers as Washington, Putnam, Lee, Montgomery and Gates. These, and men like Green, Knox, Wayne and Steuben were the fathers of our permanent army, and under them our troops acquired that discipline and steadiness which enabled them to meet on equal terms, and often to defeat, the tried veterans of England. The study of the history of the Revolution, and a perusal of the dispatches of Washington, will convince the most sceptical of the value of the provincial army in achieving our independence, and establishing the civil edifice which we are now fighting to preserve. The war of 1812 found the army on a footing far from adequate to the emergency, but it was rapidly increased, and of the new generation of soldiers many proved equal to the requirements of the occasion. Lundy's Lance, Chippewa, Queenstown, Plattsburg, New Orleans, all bear witness to the gallantry of the regulars. Then came an interval of more than thirty years of external peace marked by many changes in the organization and strength of the regular army, and broken at times by the tedious and bloody Indian wars. Of these the most remarkable were the Black Hawk war, in which our troops met unflinchingly a foe as relentless and far more destructive than the Indians—that terrible scourge, the cholera—and the tedious Florida war, where for many years the Seminoles eluded in their pestilential swamps our utmost efforts, and in which were displayed such traits of heroism as that commemorated by yonder monument to Darle and his command, when "all fell save two, without an attempt to retreat." At last came the Mexican war to replace Indian combats, and the military of the frontier service, and for the first time in many years, the mass of the regular army was concentrated, and took the principal part of that remarkable and romantic war. Palo Alto, Resaca and Fort Brown were the achievements of the regulars unaided; and as to the battles of Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and the final triumph in the valley, none can truly say that they could have been won without the regulars. When peace crowned our victories in the capital of the Montezumas, the army was once dispersed over the long frontier, and engaged in harassing and dangerous wars with the Indians of the plains. Thus thirteen long years were spent until the present war broke out, and the mass of the army was drawn in to be employed against a domestic foe. I cannot proceed to the events of the recent past and the present without adverting to the gallant men who were so long of our number, but who have now gone to their last home; for no small portion of the glory of which we boast was expected from such men as Taylor, Worth, Brady, Brooks, Totten and Duncan. There is a sad story of Venetian history that has moved many a heart, and often employed the poet's pen and painters' pencil. It is of an old man whose long life was gloriously spent in the service of the State as a warrior and a statesman, and who, when his hair was white, and his feeble limbs could scarce bear his bent form towards the grave, attained the highest honors that a citizen could reach. He was Doge of Venice. Convicted of treason against the State, he not only lost his life but suffered, besides, a penalty which will endure as long as the name of Venice is remembered. The spot where his portrait should have hung in the great hall of the Doge's palace was veiled with black, and there still remains the frame with its black mass of canvass—and this vacant frame is the most conspicuous in the long line of effigies of illustrious Doges! Oh! that such a hall as that which replaces the portrait of Maurizio Faliero could conceal from history the names of those, once our comrades, who are now in arms against the flag under which we fought side by side in years gone by. But no veil, however thick, can cover the anguish that fill our hearts when we look back upon the sad memory of the past, and recall the affection and respect we entertained towards men against whom it is now our duty to meet in mortal combat. Would that the courage, ability and steadfastness they displayed had been employed in defense of the "Stars and Stripes" against a foreign foe, rather than in this gratuitous and unjustifiable rebellion, which could not have been so long maintained but for the skill and energy of these our former comrades. But we have reason to rejoice that upon this day, so sacred and so eventful for us, one grand old mortal monument of past still lifts high his head amongst us, and should have graced by his presence the consecration of this tomb by his children.

We may well be proud that we are here commanded by the hero who purchased victory with his blood near the great waters of the Niagara, who repeated and eclipsed the achievements of Cortes, who, although a consummate and confident commander, ever preferred, when duty and honor would permit, the olive-branch of peace to the blood-stained laurels of war, and who stands, at the close of a long, glorious and eventful life, a living column of granite, against which have beaten in vain alike the blandishments and storms of treason. His name will ever be one of our proudest boasts and most moving inspirations. In long-distant ages, when this insipid monument has become venerable, moss-clad, and perhaps ruinous, when the names inscribed upon it shall seem to those who pause to read them, indistinct mementoes of an almost mythical past, the name of Winfield Scott will still be clearly cut upon the memory of all, like the still fresh carving upon the monuments of long forgotten Pharaohs. But it is time to approach the present. In the war which now shakes the land to its foundation, the regular army has borne a most honorable part. Too few in numbers to act by themselves, regular regiments have participated in every great battle in the east, and in most of those west of the Alleghanies. Their terrible losses and diminished numbers prove that they have been in the thickest of the fight, and the testimony of their comrades and commanders show with unclouded heroism they have upheld their ancient renown. Their vigorous charges have often won the day, and in defeat they have more than once saved the army from destruction or terrible losses by the obstinacy with which they resisted overpowering numbers. They can refer with pride to the part they played upon the glorious fields of Mexico, and exult at the recollection of what they did at Manassas, Gaines' Mills, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Shiloh, Stone River, Gettysburg, and the great battles just fought from the Rapidan to the Chickahominy. They can point also to the officers that have risen from among them, and achieved great deeds for their country in this war—to the living warriors whose names are on the nation's tongue and heart too numerous to be repeated here yet not one of whom I would willingly omit. But perhaps the proudest episode in the history of the regular army is the touching instance of fidelity of the non-commissioned officers and privates who, treacherously made prisoners in Texas, resisted every temptation to violate their oath and desert their flag. Offered commissions in the rebel service, money was freely tendered them, but they all scorned the inducements held out to them, submitted to every hardship, and when at last exchanged, ranged themselves on the field of battle for the insults offered their integrity. History affords no brighter example of honor than that of these men, tempted, as I blush to say they were, by some of their former officers, who have themselves proved false to their flag, endeavored to seduce the men who had often followed them in combat, and who had naturally regarded them with respect and love. Such is the Regular Army—such its history and antecedents, such its officers and men. It needs no herald to trumpet forth its praises. It can proudly appeal to the numerous fields from the tropics to the frozen banks of the St. Lawrence, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, fertilized by the blood and whitened by the bones of its members. But I will not pause to eulogize it. Let its deeds speak for it. They are more eloquent than tongue of mine. Why are we here to-day? This is not the funeral of one brave warrior, nor even the lament of death in a single battle field, but these are the obsequies of the best and the bravest of the children of the land, who have fallen in action almost numberless, many of them among the most sanguinary and desperate of which history has recorded. The men whose names and deeds we now seek to perpetuate, rendering them the highest honor in person, have fallen wherever armed rebellion shows its front, in far distant New Mexico, in the broad valley of the Mississippi, in the bloody hunting grounds of Kentucky, in the mountains of Tennessee, amid the swamps of Carolina, in the fertile fields of Maryland, and in the blood-stained thickets of Virginia. They were all grades, from the general to the private, of all ages, from the gray haired veteran of fifty years service to the heedless youth, of all degrees of cultivation, from the man of science to the uneducated boy. It is not necessary, nor is it possible, to repeat the mournful yet illustrious roll of dead heroes whom we have met to honor. Nor shall I attempt to name all of those

who most merit praise—simply a few who will exemplify the classes to which they belong among the lost slain. Among the first in honor and reputation was that hero of twenty battles, John Sedgwick, gentle and kind as a woman, brave as a brave man, ever honest, sincere and able. He was a model that all may strive to imitate, but whom few can equal. In the terrible battles which just preceded his death he had occasion to display the highest qualities of a commander and a soldier, yet after escaping the stroke of death where men fell around him by thousands he at last met his fate at a moment of comparative quiet by the ball of a single rifleman. He died as a soldier would choose to die, with truth in his heart and a quiet, tranquil smile upon his face. Alas, our great nation possesses few sons like true John Sedgwick! Like him fell, too, at the very head of their corps, the white haired Mansfield, after a career of usefulness, illustrated by his skill and cool courage at Fort Brown, Monterey and Buena Vista. John E. Reynolds and Reno, both in the full vigor of manhood and intellect; men who had proved their ability and chivalry on many a field in Mexico, and in this civil war—gallant gentlemen of whom their country had much to hope, had it pleased God to spare their lives. Lyon fell in the prime of life, leading his little army against superior numbers, his brief career affording a brilliant example of patriotism and ability. The impetuous Kearney, and such Generals as Richardson, Williams, Terrill, Stevens, Weed, Lander and Hayes, lost their lives while in the midst of a career of usefulness. Young Bayard, so like the most mourned of his name, that "knight, above fear and above reproach," was cut off too early for his country. No regiments can spare such gallant, devoted and able commanders as Russell, Davis, Gore, Simmons, Bailey, Putnam and Kingsbury, all of whom fell in the thickest of the contest, some of them veterans, others young in service, all good men and well beloved. Our batteries have partially paid their terrible debt of fate in the loss of such commanders as Gibbs, the first to fall in the war; Benson, Haggard, Smead, Lee, Hart, Hazlett, and those gallant boys Kirby, Woodruff, Dumick and Cushing, while the engineers lament the gallant Hagner and Cross. Beneath remote battle fields rests the corpses of the heroic Bescom, Stone, Sweet, and many other company officers.

The General having referred to some other illustrious Generals, and desecrated at length upon their worth, said there was Sumner, a brave, chivalrous, honest veteran, of more than half a century's service who had confronted death unflinchingly on scores of battle fields. That most excellent soldier, the eloquent C. F. Smith, who many of us remember to have seen so often in this very place, escaped the bullet to fall a victim to the disease which has deprived the army of so many of its best soldiers. There is a lesson to be drawn from the deaths of those glorious men which we should read for the present and future benefit of the nation. War in these modern days is a science, and it should now be clear to the most prejudiced that the organization and command of armies, and the high combination of strategy, perfect familiarity with the theoretical science of war is requisite. To count upon success where the plans and execution of campaigns are entrusted to men who have no knowledge of war, is as idle as to expect the legal wisdom of a Story or a Kent from a skillful physician. But what is the honorable and holy cause for which these men have laid down their lives, and for which the nation still demands the sacrifice of the precious blood of so many of her children?

Soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, it was found that the Confederacy which had grown up during this remarkable period was falling to pieces from its own weight. The central power was too weak. It could only recommend to the different States such measures as seemed best, and it possessed no real power to legislate, because it lacked the executive power to compel obedience to its laws. The nation's credit and self-respect had disappeared, and it was feared by the friends of human liberty throughout the world that ours was another added to the long list of fruitless attempts at self-government. The nation was evidently on the brink of ruin and dissolution, when, some eighty years ago, many of the wisest and most patriotic of the land sought a remedy for the great evils which threatened to destroy the great work of the Revolution.

Their sessions were long and often stormy; for a time the most sanguine doubted the possibility of a successful result. [CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]