

# 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, SEPTEMBER 7, 1864.

VOL. 11--NO. 36

**DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL** is published every Wednesday Morning, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; Two Dollars and Twenty Five Cents, if not paid within six months; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid until the termination of the year.

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## Widow Simpson's Spoons.

In the Parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, Scotland, lived a widow woman by the name of Simpson.

In her family resided, in the capacity of help one Nancy Campbell, a girl of about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, the widow's son, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the widow's heart as regarded a match, till at last the following event having occurred, and caused her to give way:—About the hay-making time a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his way to Linlithgow.

It was not often that the superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of those uncertain days which vary the Northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two farm men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit, the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The wind and the kite were the only deprecators known about the Moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay-field, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson.

Well the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window seat, and at length discovered that there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention: one was the brotch-pot boiling on the fire, and the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with the post-stick, and muttered "very thin." His proceeding with the latter must remain unmentioned; but, half an hour later, when he was safely ensconced in a farmhouse half a mile off, and the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left—the brotch on the fire, the cat on the window-seat, the whitening and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"Where's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. No one could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house; they were certain that nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm-house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted questioning, scolding and searching Robin, Nancy, and the farm-men were despatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been espied from the hay-field. Lost the spoons were, beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at the appointed time, and he had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nest. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored.

The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirk-gate and market-place; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggar's meal-pouch. Bathgate was alarmed throughout its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month wore away and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies to light upon poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the tables without

hands. It was true that Nancy had borne an unquestionable character; but such spoons were not to be found every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking.

After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the contents of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran, with tears in her eyes, to tell the minister.

As was then common to the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates, were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits and scandal prevented. The minister had heard—as who in Bathgate had not—of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls of his congregation—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighborhood, would come over the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after the spoons. She put on her best mitch (that is to say, cap), prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of following the day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen, the minister, elders and neighbors, solemnly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm-men sitting by till their turn came, when the door, which had been left half open to admit the breeze, for the evening was sultry, was quietly pushed aside, and in said Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniment of staff and wallet.

"There's na room for ye here, Geordy," said the widow; "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mom," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's of nae consequence, I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae you heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bouncing from her seat.

"I couldna miss bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin', and what's better, I saw them," said Geordy.

"Saw them Geordy? What are they? and here's a whole shillin' for ye?" and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in ae day, and seen' the siller unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and laid it by, I may say, among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed, but never opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long-sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the draft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenne'd Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often that the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a loneleone of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put end to her ostentatious profession, and it may be hoped turned her attention more to practice.

Has the story no moral for you dear reader?—*Lesson Hours.*  
A thoughtless old gentleman the other day, sat down on the spur of the moment. His screams were horrible.  
Action is the great law; it is by steady, strong, continuous, action that all great works are accomplished.

[From the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

## A CRUSHER.

Letter from the Hon. D. W. Voorhees to Brig. Gen. H. B. Carrington.

GEN. H. B. CARRINGTON, INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana.

SIR:—Your favor of the 16th is at hand, in which I am informed that certain letters belonging to me have been stolen. You do not directly state whether you committed the theft yourself, or whether you employed some one else, but inasmuch as you have possession of the stolen property, and avow it as if you had something to be proud of you will of course not object to being considered as the principal in this act of petty larceny and lock-picking. There are some titles to distinction which you claim and which are not, I believe generally conceded to you by the public. No one however, will dispute your right to this.

You take great pains in your communication to convey a false impression in regard to the circumstances under which you examined and purloined my private correspondence. In November, 1860, I locked my desks, my drawers and my office in the usual manner, and left for Washington city. I did not return to Terre Haute until the 10th of June, 1864.

During my absence I authorized the owner of the property to rent it and take charge of my books and papers. He rented it sometime in the spring to a man by the name of Mozy, and with a mistaken confidence, suffered every thing belonging to me to remain under his control. Here, General, was your easy opportunity. I was nearly a thousand miles away, a political enemy had possession of my desks and drawers, and all you had to do was to ply the burglar's art, prepare false keys, pick my locks, and you at once had access to my private, confidential correspondence, embracing a period of seven years. I have every reason to believe that you read it all, letter by letter. You took your time, and like the furtive, thieving magpie, narrowly inspected each line and word, to find, if possible, some expression of opinion which your servile political creed holds to be disloyal. There were many letters there from cherished friends who are dead. There was a bundle also from my wife in regard to our domestic affairs. If you have stolen these, also, please return them, as they can be of no value except to the owner. I have heard of generous housebreakers and pick-pockets doing as much as that.

I confess to one very disagreeable sensation in regard to this affair. It is the thought that the evidences of long years of friendship and affection should be subjected to the scrutiny of such an eye as yours.

You wear the uniform of a Brigadier General, and I believe you are a Colonel in the regular army. Do you imagine that such an act as robbing private drawers, and publishing private letters, will bring honor to your rank in the estimation of gentlemen? Have you ever read here and there a scrap of history? Do you know in what a light the slimy informer, the eavesdropper, the pitiful spy on the affairs of domestic and private life, have always been regarded by honorable men? Did you ever read the invectives of Curran before the juries of Ireland against such conduct as yours? If you have not I advise you to do so, and you will there see yourself in a mirror as others see you at all times. Titus Oates pretended to discover plots, conspiracies and treasons just as you pretend that you are doing. He sacrificed the lives of many of the best citizens of England. You may do the same in this country by your sensational falsehoods and reckless disregard of the public peace. But the parallel may go further. A healthy reaction took place, and Titus Oates, the plotfinder of England, stood in the stocks and was pelted by the multitude. His ears were cropped close to his head; he was whipped at the tail of a cart a dozen of times through the streets of London. These acts of vengeance against him were only expressive of the feelings which virtuous mankind everywhere entertains towards the wretch who turns universal witness against his fellow men—who, in times of public excitement and trouble, seeks to aggravate the public distress by pretending to find everybody guilty but himself and his followers; who crawls into bed rooms, who ransacks bureaux, who picks locks, and pilfers the private thoughts of friends. You have studied this great English informer as your example; would you not do well to study his fate? Popular delusions do not last always, and the day is even now at hand when your presence among gentlemen will be regarded

as a signal to cease conversation for fear you will betray it—when your presence in a room will cause its occupant to secure every loose letter or paper that may be in sight for fear you will steal it; and when your presence in a town will cause everybody to lock their offices or remain in them to guard against your approach.

I am told that you have been often ordered to the field to meet the armed enemies of your country. I have formerly expressed my surprise that you did not go. You were educated if I am not mistaken; at West Point by the Government, and my experience among army officers has been that as a class they were men of courage, high breeding and honor. They have generally esteemed it their duty to be in the front in time of war. But all general rules are proved by their exceptions, and you are the exception in this instance. I shall no longer wonder that you remain in Indiana, nor shall I be surprised if upon another invasion of our State, you are again put under arrest and relieved of your command. Your vocation is certainly not the sword. You should lay it aside as too honorable for you to wear, and in its place, as the emblem of your calling, you should wear a bunch of false keys, and a set of burglar's tools. Nor should you keep the uniform of the soldier—its place should be supplied by the usual disguises, false-faces, wigs and gum-elastic shoes, which night-prowlers, and house breakers usually wear.

But a word or two General, in regard to the letters themselves. You have asked a drag net over many years of my most private correspondence. What did you get after all your labors and all your labor? The result will hardly pay you for the universal detestation which will always cling to your conduct. Let us see. One of my friends writes me that he fears our liberties will be destroyed in the hands of those who are now in power. He predicts that Mr. Lincoln, aided by such willing instruments as you, will attempt to raise a despotism on the ruins of the Republic. His fears and his predictions thus expressed in June, 1861, have been fully verified. He says a peaceful separation would have been better than this. It is not for you to complain of such a sentiment. I have heard you publicly express your great admiration for Mr. Chase. He held the same doctrine expressed by Mr. Hinton's letter. I refer you to the speech of General Blair on that point. But the Indianapolis Journal said the same thing only in stronger terms. So did the Cincinnati Commercial, the New York Tribune and many other leading Republican organs. What importance then can you attach to such an expression of opinion?

But you found an old letter from my good old Uncle in Virginia. Poor scandal monger as you are, I cannot even permit you much enjoyment in that. I was in Harrisonburg in June 1860; Mr. Lincoln was not elected. There was no talk of secession in Virginia. On the contrary, the feeling in behalf of the Union was overwhelming. But there was a deep irritation yet in the popular mind in regard to the John Brown raid which had recently occurred. I was seceded at my Uncle's house, and made a short speech. Alluding to the murderous invasion of her soil by John Brown, I stated that such deeds were condemned in the State where I lived, and if needs be, a hundred thousand men from Indiana would march to protect the citizens of Virginia against any future abolition raid. In February, 1861, when war became imminent, I suppose it looked to Mr. Hardee as if it would be an Abolition war, and he simply reminded me of what I had said on his door steps to the citizens of Harrisonburg. Do you think that the publication of this bit of stolen information will materially affect the Presidential election? Little minds catch at little things.

And when companies have been formed according to law, and asked for arms, they have refused because they were Democrats. Why is all this? From the conduct of many of these so-called "Home Guards," and the conduct of such officers as you—the Democratic party has been led to the firm belief that these warlike preparations have more reference to carrying elections and subduing the freedom of speech and of a union in the North, than they have to the suppression of armed rebellion in the South. They have paraded in front of my own house, in my absence, and with United States muskets in their hands, in large numbers, insulted and terrified my wife and children. These were simply members of the Republican party, and the guns which they carried had been given to them by Governor Morton by your advice, I

presume, and consent. What has occurred to me has occurred to thousands of others. Do you suppose that you can arm our neighbors to outrage and insult us without any disastrous results? Do you think we will lick the hand that strikes us? Do you imagine that the Democratic party will submit to be trampled and spit upon? We have borne much, very much, and perhaps you think we will bear all, and everything. If you do, allow me, for the sake of the peace and welfare of the State, to assure you of your error. We will obey the laws of the land. We have always done so, but we have made up our minds that others shall do the same. That is a fair proposition, and those who are unwilling to embrace it can take the consequences. Democrats have all the rights that republicans have, and among those which they share in common is the right to bear arms for their defense and protection.

Now General, but a few words more and I will leave you to the uninterrupted enjoyment of the glory which you have achieved in this miserable affair. There is one letter of mine in your possession which you did not steal, and which I am willing you should publish. You will remember an interview about a year ago between us at the Terre Haute House, in the presence of Judge Key. You had opened your ears to tale bearers and slanderers, and you come down from Indianapolis in great excitement to quell the terrible outbreak which you imagined was about to take place in this District. You wanted to go to Sullivan county, and, at your request, I gave you a note in the shape of a pass, that the bearer was General Carrington, and asking for him respectful treatment. You did not need any such protection from me, but you thought you did, and showed it to my friends for that purpose in the town of Sullivan.

You seem to be of late in a similar panic and under a delusion. There is really, however, no danger of disturbance among the people except such as your own folly and wickedness may create. You do not need a pass to travel through here unless that it might be that the people should fear that you came to ransack their drawers or something of that kind. In conclusion, permit me in all kindness, to suggest, that if you could persuade yourself to mind your own business, make a great deal less fuss about nothing, trust the honesty and intelligence of the people somewhat, keep your hands away from what is not your own, speak the truth, give up the trade of common informer and abandon all idea that you can scare anybody, everything will go well and peace and good order will everywhere prevail. If you cannot do these things, however, which I suspect is beyond your power, then by all means seek some other field of labor and let a gentleman, and a man of honor take your place.

It is perhaps proper for me to say by way of apology for this letter, that I have written it more to meet the interests of the public than from any regard which I have for good or bad opinion concerning me or my friends. Your conduct has placed you beyond the notice of gentlemen. I am engaged in no plots or conspiracies, and never have been. What I have done has been done in the open day—what I shall do in the future will be done in the same manner. But it is of small moment to me what you think on that subject. It is out of respect to a very different class of men that I have thus taken notice of your breach of my property, and your assault on my character.

Your obedient servant,  
D. W. VOORHEES.  
TERRE HAUTE, August 23, 1864.

OMITTING TO MUCH.—A green, good-natured, money-making-up-country fellow, who said everything drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony. Having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a not over-wise country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that "it was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that." After tying the knot, he said "it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that." It was customary, too, to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that also. The ceremony being ended, the bridegroom took the justice by the button-hole, and clapping his finger on his nose, said: "Squire, it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars—but I believe I'll omit that!"

Even those who smoke and drink at the expense of others do still more as their own.