

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, FEBRUARY 22, 1865.

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[Dec. 4, 1864] ly.

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LEWIS LUCKHART, begs leave to announce that he has always a large and varied assortment of all the various articles peculiar to his business. Repairs promptly and carefully attended to.
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Opposite the Weigh Lock.

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FRANK W. HAY'S WAREHOUSE,
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For Sale. 360 acres 127 perches and allowances, of valuable COAL LAND, situated near the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Summerhill Station, in Croyle Township, Cambria county, Pa. About 50 acres of the land being cleared, and thereon erected a dwelling house and barn, and other improvements, also an excellent orchard of fruit trees. The above tract contains and abounds with coal of a superior quality, (a drift being opened,) and will be sold on reasonable terms.

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Dec. 14, 1864-tf

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JOHN A. BLAIR, Proprietor.
THE PROPRIETOR will spare no pains to render this Hotel, worthy of a continuation of the liberal share of public patronage it has heretofore received. His table will always be furnished with the best market affords; his bar with the best of liquors.
His stable is large, and will be attended, by an attentive and obliging hostler.
Ebensburg Apr. 17 1861.
An essay on the Harmonious Relations between Divine Faith and Natural Reason, for sale by
JAMES MURRAY.

Miscellaneous.

The Tragedy at Washington.

The Washington *Chronicle* furnishes a full account of the homicide of Andrew J. Burroughs, a clerk in the Treasury Department, on Monday afternoon, the 30th ultimo, by Mary Harris. The jury having been empanelled, consisting of James Laurensen, foreman; W. G. Finney, Edward G. Handy, Jas. Croggon, Rosewell Woodward, Hanson C. Addison Samuel Cornelius, Joseph E. Davis, Nelson Theaker, G. E. W. Sharrett, Edward W. Hale and Charles H. Bissell, the case was proceeded with. The *Chronicle* says:

Mr. Burroughs, for eighteen months past held the position of a clerk in the office of Comptroller of the Currency, and, at the time of his death, was receiving a salary of \$1,600. He was a man of remarkably fine form, and bore every appearance of correct habits and exemplary deportment.

The evidence adduced showed that Mr. Burroughs occupied a desk in a room on the west range of the Treasury Department, and near the hall or principal passage on the second floor. About midway in this passage, and by the side of one of the room doors, there is a clock fixed. During several hours of the fatal day, a young female, somewhat prepossessing in figure and general appearance, was noticed sauntering about the hall, but for what purpose, of course, none could surmise.

The hour of four arrived, at which time the clerks close their duties for the day, and in a few minutes thereafter the passage referred to became thronged with the retiring employees. The female stranger then took position in the doorway next to the clock.

Mr. Burroughs, apparently full of life and hope, not more than thirty-five years of age, left his room, and when he had passed the clock but two or three feet, the sharp crack of a pistol was heard; he looked around; discovered a female form, exclaimed "Oh!" and quickened his pace towards the stairway; but, in less than ten seconds, a second report announced another fire, and another wound. He reached the balustrade and reclined against it, when one of his comrades returning from below and ignorant of all that had transpired, supposed he was fainting, inquired "What is the matter?" to which the sinking man replied: "I don't know." He was conveyed to a room near by, and expired in about fifteen minutes.

The young woman who gave her name as Mary Harris, and whose age is supposed to be about twenty-two years, having fired twice, and appearing confident that the work of death was accomplished, remained, and, evincing no excited feelings, slowly put her pistol in her pocket, and awaited further developments.

To Hugh McCallough, Esq., Chief of the Currency Bureau, she stated that the deceased had violated his marriage engagement with her. He had done her no harm, but was engaged to her for many years, even from her childhood, and had continued a correspondence, until within a month of his marriage. He had not seduced her; and she added, with emphasis, "As God is my witness, I am virtuous!"

Miss Harris was about leaving the department, when Mr. Sengstack, the door-keeper, desired her to remain awhile, which she readily consented to do; and then Justice Handy came up, arrested her, and committed her to jail for investigation. She told the justice that she had killed Burroughs; and then taking the pistol out of her pocket, handed it to him. It was a small Sharp's patent, four barrels, two of which were yet loaded, the other two discharged.

Officer George H. Walker conveyed her to the jail in a carriage. On the way she told him that she asked no sympathy for herself. All the sorrow to be felt was for her aged parents. She charged that the deceased had betrayed her, taken her from home and friends, and placed her in a house of ill-fame in Chicago, and that therefore she had determined upon this deed. For this purpose she had purchased the pistol in Chicago, and had arrived here on the morning of yesterday. She gave officer Walker an address asking him to telegraph the fact to Louis A. Devlin, Janesville, Wisconsin, which he did. She also added that her father resided in Burlington, Iowa.

One of the clerks testified that sometime during the last summer, a young woman, resembling Miss Harris, called at

the room of Mr. Burroughs and inquired for him, when she was informed that he was spending that day in Baltimore with his wife. The person expressed great disappointment at not seeing him, and intimated that she was poor and did not know where she could remain during the night.

Another clerk had a recollection of a similar inquiry at a more subsequent period, when the person calling again failed in seeing Mr. B.

That the said deceased left his room in the Treasury building about 4 o'clock P. M., on the 30th day of January, 1865; and that, while on his way through the hall, he came to his death by a ball fired from a pistol in the hands of a woman named Mary Harris, said ball taking effect about two inches to the left of the spine, in the region of the fifth rib.

It appears that Mr. Burroughs was married, less than a year ago, to an interesting young lady.

It is said that the deceased was at one time a member of the Presbyterian church in Chicago. He had not united with the church since his removal to Washington.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* telegraphs:

Miss Harris is very young and handsome, with long black curly hair, and of a very prepossessing appearance.

There are many conflicting rumors as to the cause of the shooting, but all agree as to the point of his having been very intimate with Miss Harris, and having promised her marriage, she visited him once last winter, but he postponed the marriage, and finally married another. She says he refused her the position she had a right to, and but one thing remained for her.

Burroughs has been here about three years, coming from Illinois, and was a very efficient officer in the Currency Department.

"The Stuff that Dreams are Made of."

Have we been living in delusions? Were all the Fourth of July orations which told of the wonderful progress of the United States, of the immense results of our system, and of the glorious liberty enjoyed, for which our fathers fought, mere shams got up to be read abroad, and at which intelligent men stuck their tongues in their cheek, winked at each other, and, like Roman augurs, could not restrain a smile for the gullibility of mankind?

All the past must have been a mere farce; Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Clay, and Webster, ingenious actors, the Robert Hellsers of verbal slight of hand. There was no liberty, no progress, no happiness greater than the world ever saw, no amazing prosperity, the whole thing was one immense and magnificent lie—a lie so utterly beyond all that the world had ever conceived of in its moribundity, that it believed, and could not be disabused except by our own testimony, if, indeed, it can be that.

Any man who reads the messages of the Republican Governors to the State legislatures upon the constitutional amendment must rub his eyes to be sure that he is awake.

Governor Cannon says, "Let us build up a pure and free Government."

Only fancy Webster, with his massive brow, and those deep, cavernous eyes, glowing in every fibre of his system with the belief that the Constitution had built up the purest and freest Government ever known to man, listening to some one who proposed, after this Government had been "built up" for seventy years, to "build another," which should be, what it was not, pure and free. What would have been his emotions, and what his phrase? "They let you out of the asylum too soon." It used to be satirically said of the Duke de Levis that he had a picture in which Noah was shown coming out of the ark with a bundle of papers under his arm, labeled pedigree of the Levis family. It is told of the grand Duke of Somerset that, when his young wife stole playfully behind him and laughingly kissed him, he received the caress with, "my first wife was a Howard and she never would have taken such liberty!" but the picture of the Levis family and the pride of the duke ceased, to be intense absurdities in presence of the pretences of the Republican officials. What a precious lot of old humpage we must have been taught to respect. Washington, a patriot, a statesman, a Christian, and a most noble gentleman, the man whose name alone would keep the American in history if an earthquake were to swallow this continent, not only consented to a system which was not pure and not free, but absolutely commended it to his countrymen as an object of love and reverence.

Who are the great men, the apostles of God, the recipients of divine, direct communications which fit them to contain the great dead, and to cajole and cozen the peaty living? Seward, from whom Dickens must have drawn the character of Pecksniff, if nature had not as it spreads weeds, equally bestowed on every hand hypocrisy and self-conceit, represents one class; and Cannon, who owes his office to the drawn sabers of United States troops surreptitiously brought into the State without even an order from the War Department—who represents a system not merely of military terrorism, but of blood, the blood of his fellow-citizens split at the polls, and is just as righteously, or by the consent of his State, its governor, as William the Conqueror was King of England—represents another.

Those two classes of beasts, the fox and the jackal, are knowing the body of American Liberty, to the tune of a purer and freer system, struck up by the manager's hand in which the *Tribune* clashes the cymbals, *Times* scrapes the brass and the *Illustrated* beats the big drum.

Hobbes wrote that whenever it was in the interest of a government to deny that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points, it would do so, and secure adhesion. If any ever thought the old philosopher a cynic, let him listen to the daily utterances of Americans and change his opinion.—*N. Y. World.*

Mr. Lincoln's Reply to the southern Commissioners.

[From the Richmond Sentinel, Feb. 7.]

The noblest and most soul-inspiring passage in all history is that giving an account of the conduct of the Romans after their disastrous defeat at Cannae. This battle was fought in the third year of the Carthaginian war. In each previous year Hannibal had inflicted several defeats on the Romans; first at Trecenta, and afterwards at Lake Trasymene. But the Roman losses at Cannae were far greater than in either of the preceding battles; and seemed, at the time, almost to have annihilated their military strength. It put Hannibal at once in possession of the most southern state of Italy, while much of the north was held by the cis-Alpine Gauls, who were his allies, forming part of his army. Capua at once submitted to him, and nothing was left to Rome but a very small territory in middle Italy. In this emergency, when the Senate heard of the defeat, it immediately assembled, forbade all lamentations, and adopted efficient measures to prevent any assemblies of the people for the purpose of discussing the subject of peace, and, soon after, when Hannibal sent the Roman prisoners to propose some terms of accommodation, the Senate would grant them no audience, refusing to let them enter the city, and sent them contemptuously back. Varro, the Roman general, who had imprudently and rashly brought on the fatal battle, was met, on his return to the city, by a deputation of the Senate and the people, who bade him welcome, and publicly thanked him, "for that he had not despaired of the people." Speedy and efficient measures were put in operation to recruit the army, and rigid sumptuary laws were enacted and enforced, to all waste or useless expenditure. The battle of Cannae was the culminating point in the fortunes of Hannibal, the greatest chieftain of ancient or modern times. From that day the star of his fortune steadily waned, and, although the war continued for sixteen years, he won no more great victories, and was finally defeated and driven into banishment. That terrible overthrow, which threatened Rome with speedy and utter destruction, was the occasion of her subsequent triumph, for it fully aroused the unconquerable spirit of a brave and noble people resolved to perish or be free. Similar passages are to be found in the history of almost all nations, teaching that none but a divided, weak, or demoralized people can be subjugated. A far more degraded and humiliating fate awaits the people of the Confederate States, if they submit to be conquered, than any of the white race has hitherto experienced. The decree has already gone forth confiscating our lands and liberating our slaves. Nay, more; the latter are now enlisting in the armies of the enemy, and mad to fight against us; and, with a reinforcement upon the usual arts of irritation, constituted police guards in our captured cities, to visit insolence upon their late owners. If we be subjugated, it will be the first instance in which the white man has been forced to act as a menial to the African. That all this, and worse, if possible, is in store for us, if we do not speedily repel or check the invader, is apparent enough in the coarse, savage, taunting reply of Lincoln to our commis-

sioners. That reply has filled to overflow the cup of forbearance. We see and feel around us that there are no more reconstructionists, no more peace men. A terrible retribution is inaugurated. The spirit of 1861 is revived. We are reinvigorated with the resolve to conquer or die. Deserters will return to our ranks, and those who delay to do so will be hunted and shot down in their lurking places like beasts of prey. Concert of action, zealous co-operation is all that is needed to insure success, and the insulting reply of Lincoln to our commissioners will beget those on the instant. Every man now sees and feels that a fate worse than death awaits him if we do not win success. Under such circumstances it should be easy to emulate, if not surpass Roman virtue. Our cause is not nearly so critical as was that of the Romans after their stunning defeat at Cannae. We have sustained no great defeat whatever. In the past year we have slain three as many of the enemy as we have lost, and won back from them half the territory that they held of ours. There is no panic; none for despondency. Some of our people had, indeed, become tired of the war, but they only needed, to stir them to renewed exertions, such threats and insults as Lincoln has supplied. When spring sets in our ranks will again be filled up. Our enemy may be less successful in recruiting his own, which are more depleted than ours. His draft may be a failure. We should be glad to get the men for whom he bids, he may increase thereby his national debt, as to precipitate his impending bankruptcy, and render him no longer able to continue the war. Should he, however, succeed both in procuring men, and delaying for the time, his financial shipwreck, the newly aroused, indomitable spirit of our people will secure to us ultimate success. He may capture more cities, but the country will remain ours, no matter how many posts he may hold, here and there. The immense extent of our territory will dissipate his numbers, and destroy his strength. He may march hither and thither through that territory, occupy it, just so long as he is marching through it; but, save in the charred remains which attest his barbarity, and intensify our hate, his track will be as that of a bird through the air, or a ship over the waters. Our people will rise up behind him, everywhere, more defiant and unsubdued than ever.

"Did you ever?"—Did you ever see a newspaper correspondent who did not write to the editor of a "highly interesting" paper?
Did you ever see a man who challenged another to mortal combat who did not subscribe himself "your very obedient servant"?

Did you ever see an editor whose opposing political contemporary did not publish a "contemptible sheet"?

Did you ever see a retail trader who did not sell his goods "fifty per cent. cheaper than any other house in town" or a man disposing of his stock who was not "selling off at first cost"?

Did you ever see a vendor of patent medicines who was not patronized by "the President and several distinguished members of Congress"?

Did you ever see a pretender, whatever might be his particular calling, who was not willing to submit his claims to a "deciding public"?

Did you ever see a lawyer address any other than a "highly intelligent and responsible jury"?

Did you ever see a speech reported by its author which was not filled with parenthetical "bursts of applause," "hear, hear," and "tremendous cheering"?

Did you ever see any man who would not, when he could, come the "graff" over the public.

Prices Current—Mill.—The cream of this business is of little account, a heavy sack "having come in by water." We saw a pair of gentlemen yesterday to know the price, but he told us no transactions had occurred, so we came away.

Bad Card.—The market is tight, and holders are inclined to let go. The pressure is greatest just after dinner, when every man is at his post. It is expected that a "severe" is less some where.

Dagger-throwers.—The impressions relative to this newly introduced article, are very favorable. Holders put a good face on the matter.
An "intelligent Frenchman" is about to open a cooking academy in New York, where a course of twenty lessons will turn out professional cooks armed with diplomas, to bake, boil, roast and stew.