

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, APRIL 12, 1865.

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Miscellaneous.

The Husband's Revenge.

Somewhere about the year 1835, William Bradway, a young man of five and twenty, then living in the interior of the State of New York left his family, consisting of a wife and two small children, and went South on a tour of speculation. He was absent nearly a year, and stated on his return, that he had been very successful, and had purchased a place on the Red River, whither he proposed to move his family, and there settle, perhaps for life. His wife pleased with the novelty of the change, readily assented to the new arrangement; and, as soon as their Northern affairs were properly settled, they set off for their new home, which, in due course of time, they reached in safety.

But Mrs. Bradway was sadly disappointed in finding the place so different from what she had pictured in her fancy. The settlement was new, and everything was rough. The houses, many of them were built of logs, and even the best of them lacked the finish of her Northern home, while the furniture was generally of the plainest and coarsest description, and scanty at that. But worse than all the rest were the inhabitants: composed principally of rough speculators, negro traders, gamblers, and outlaws from different quarters, with such females and children as looked to them for support. Mrs. Bradway, who had been well educated and brought up in refined society, sought in vain among them for suitable associates and companions, and being a stranger in a strange land, soon became depressed and homesick. Under the peculiar circumstances, she unguardedly made some remarks not complimentary to the place and its inhabitants; and these remarks being reported, with such additions and exaggerations as scandal-mongers generally use for embellishments, she soon found herself surrounded by open enemies, and subjected to such petty annoyances and persecutions as little, malicious minds delight to inflict upon those they secretly believed to be their superiors, and both envy and hate for that cause.

Six months had not passed away ere William Bradway felt the necessity of removing his family from that unpleasant and lawless locality, and this he was preparing to do, when an awful tragedy occurred which changed the peaceful man into a bloody avenger. Some business at a neighboring settlement called him from home for a couple of days, and on his return he found his wife and children had all been murdered under the most atrocious and aggravating circumstances—his poor wife, previous to her throat being cut, having been subjected to treatment worse than death by the three ruffians concerned in the horrible affair.

To a fond husband and father this was a terrible blow; and for a day and a night William Bradway remained beside the still smoking ruins of his dwelling, some of the time walking slowly around them with his eyes bent on the ground, and some of the time standing and gazing at them with an abstracted air, as if he were recalling the past, or looking into the past, or into the future. He had shown no violent sorrow even at the first, but had received the awful intelligence as one mentally stupefied—as one who could not clearly believe the facts and comprehend the whole extent of his loss. It was observed that his features suddenly became deadly white, even to his lips, and then gradually changed to a livid hue, which remained, without alteration, and without being afterwards tinged by even the slightest flush.

"Who did it?" he inquired, in a tone of unnatural calmness.
Three men were named—George Harbaugh, James Fawcett, and John Ellery. These men were known as gamblers and desperadoes, and had been suspected of being robbers and murderers. They did not live in the village, but had visited it occasionally, and one of them had, some time previously, had a quarrel with Bradway, and threatened revenge, though the latter little dreamed at the time that anything terrible was meant as had been accomplished.

It is but justice to say that, though the Bradway's, as previously mentioned, had made themselves very unpopular in the place, there were very few of the residents who openly sanctioned the horrid crimes that had been committed, and there were some who boldly expressed a hope that the perpetrators would yet meet with a just punishment; but though the ruffians had made no secret of their fiendish deeds, and had even boasted of them before they left the place, no one had made any at-

tempt to arrest or detain them, and they had gone, no one knew whither.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning that William Bradway first saw the ruins of his home, and heard the awful news of his irreparable loss; and all through the remainder of that day and the night which followed it he conducted himself in the manner we have described, seemingly taking notice of the curious groups that gathered around him, and replying to none of the idle questions put to him.

The next morning he went into a neighbor's house and asked for something to eat, which was given him. He offered to pay for this, but the man of the house declined to receive any money, and, with expressions of sympathy, invited him to make his home there for a few days.

"No," returned Bradway, "I intend to leave to-day."
"You don't look as if you'd got strength to go far," said the man in a kindly tone.

"I have that within which will sustain me," replied Bradway.

He then inquired into the particulars of the awful tragedy and the direction taken by the murderers—speaking calmly himself, and listening calmly to all the replies—his features the while retaining their unnatural, livid hue, and displaying no signs of emotion, save perhaps now and then a perceptible quiver of the bloodless lips. As he passed through the village, after taking leave of this family, he was several times stopped by different parties, who wanted to enter into conversation with him, and find out what he intended to do, but he gave them only evasive answers, and slipped off as quickly as possible.

It was about two months after this that George Harbaugh, late one night, was picking his way through the dark streets of Nacogdoches from a gambling house in his lodgings, when a man came up to him and quietly said: "Good evening, sir!"

"Who're you? and what d'ye want?" demanded the ruffian in a gruff, surly tone, at the same time thrusting his right hand into his bosom as if to draw a pistol.

"Do not be alarmed, sir!" returned the stranger; "but permit me to ask you one or two questions. In the first place, is your name George Harbaugh?"

"Well, what of it, whether it is or isn't?" was the uncivil demand.

"If it is, I owe you something, which I wish to pay," returned the stranger; "and if it is not, perhaps you can put me in the way to find the person I seek?"

"What do you owe me for, and how much?" inquired the gambler, taking his hand from his bosom.

"I am right, then, in supposing I address George Harbaugh himself?"

"Yes, that's my name. What's yours, and wherd' we ever meet before?"

"If I am not mistaken," pursued the stranger, "you, with two companions, were at the village of—, on the Red river, on the night of the sixth of September last?"

"Ha! what's this?" cried the ruffian, springing back, and again thrusting his hand into his bosom.

He had not time for more, ere, with a flash and a crack, a ball passed through his breast. As he staggered and fell, shouting murder, a sharp knife was drawn across his throat and the name of William Bradway hissed into his dying ear. It was the last earthly sound he ever heard. He was found murdered, but his assassin was not discovered.

During the winter following, James Fawcett went among the Choctaws to purchase horses. While trading with the Indians he fell in with a small dealer, who, for a trifling consideration, offered to assist him in taking his horses to the settlement some two hundred miles distant where he expected to dispose of them at a heavy profit. The bargain was struck, and, with fifteen horses, James Fawcett set off with his assistant through a long stretch of wilderness. On the second night, as the gambler and murderer sat smoking before the camp fire, he was suddenly startled by finding a noose dropped over his head and shoulders and drawn around his body, so as to pinion his arms. In less than a minute, notwithstanding a vigorous resistance on his part, he was literally bound hand and foot, and lay stretched on the earth as helpless as an infant.

"What's the meaning of this? Do you intend to murder me?" he demanded, in a voice made tremulous by fear.

"I suppose you do not recollect ever having seen me before you met me in the Indian village?" said the man who had been acting as his assistant, as he now stood over his prostrate form.

"No, of course not! Where had I ever seen you before?" replied Fawcett.

The other removed a wig of long hair, and a patch from one eye, and then quickly said: "Do you know me now?"

"Well, it does seem as if I had seen you before, but I can't tell where," said the ruffian.

"Do you remember the woman and children you helped to murder on the 6th of last September?"

"Ha! you're Bradway!" cried the villain, in a tone of despair.

"William Bradway, at your service—the same in name as when you knew me, but not the same in nature. Then I would not have harmed you; but now I would execute the vengeance of a wronged husband and father."

"Mercy!" gasped Fawcett.

"Did you show any?"

"You will not murder me?"

"You must die, I have sworn it. I have followed you to rid the earth of a monster. Harbaugh fell by my hand; I shall not spare you, and then to hunt down John Ellery! Say your prayers, if you have any to say, for your minutes are numbered!"

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped the terrified ruffian.

The avenger made no further reply, but deliberately proceeded to fasten a rope, with a noose, around the neck of Fawcett. This done he dragged him to a sappling, bent it over, secured the other end of the rope near its top, and let it go.

With a wild, unearthly yell, the second murderer was jerked up from the earth, and lung dangling, swinging, and struggling a few feet from the ground. Bradway looked calmly on, till the body became still in death; and then, mounting his own horse, he rode swiftly away, leaving the other horses, and the money on the person of the dead man, to whoever might find them.

It might have been six months after the terrible death of the ruffian just recorded, that two men sat in a private room of a gambling den in Natchez, playing cards for money. Piles of gold and silver and rolls of bank notes were on the table between the men, and each was staking his money freely, and apparently considering nothing but how to beggar the other by his superior skill or knavery.

"You know," said one of the two men, "that we are to play till one of us wins all?"

"Suppose we take another drink on it?"

"Agreed!"

A bottle and tumblers stood on the table just behind the first speaker, who got up and turned round and poured out two glasses—his companion, who had the deal, improving the opportunity as well as he could arrange the cards so to give himself a winning hand. The man who poured out the liquor now handed one to the gambler at the table and held the other himself, ready for drinking.

"To the cholera!" he said, quietly nodding to the other—for the malady had at that time begun its work of destruction.

"To the cholera be it then, and let it do its work!" cried the gambler, with forced bravado, turning somewhat pale, and tossing off his glass at a gulp.

The other drank quietly, replaced the two tumblers, and resumed his seat at the gambling board. For a few minutes there was no remark made, except what concerned the game; and then the one who had partially packed the cards, as he raked down a large sum he had just won, said, looking up, with an expression of alarm, "By Heavens! I feel very strange!"

"You look very pale," returned the other—"I think you are going to die."

"Well, you're a pretty comforter, I must say!"

"I think you will find me so presently."

"Ah!" groaned the gambler, dropping the cards and clasping his stomach with both hands, "I am on fire inside."

"Of course you are!"

"How, of course? What do you know about it? Have I got the cholera?" demanded the gambler somewhat fiercely.

"Listen to me a few moments, and you will know and understand all. There were once three companions named George Harbaugh, James Fawcett, and John Ellery. A little more than a year ago, they murdered an innocent woman and two children, in the village of—, while the husband and father, William Bradway, was away. When he returned and learned all the horrid particulars, he swore a solemn oath that he would never rest in peace till he should have hunted them all down, and put an end to their guilty lives. George Harbaugh was as-

sassinated in the streets of Nacogdoches, James Fawcett was hung in the west, and John Ellery was poisoned in Natchez."

"But I am John Ellery!" cried the gambler, the very picture of horror.

"No need to tell me that, who have hunted you to your death!" said the other.

"I am William Bradway!"

"Good Heaven! am I then poisoned?" shrieked the wicked man, as new pangs seized him.

"Yes, beyond hope! In five minutes you will be a corpse."

"Murder!—help!" the dying man began to cry.

"None of that!" said Bradway, spring upon him like a tiger, and forcing a handkerchief into his mouth, which he held there till the man fell down in spasms, when he turned to the table and quickly selected his own money from the gambler's and put it in his pocket.

The poison was quick and sure and in less than half an hour from his last drink of spirits the murderer was a corpse. Waiting only to be certain of his death, Bradway went down stairs and told some of the people of the house that his companion either had the cholera or had fallen down in a fit, and they had better go up and see to him. He then hastened down to the river, got on board the first passing steamer, and before night was many miles away from the scene of his last act of vengeance.

William Bradway subsequently went to Texas, joined a band of rangers, and was finally killed in a fight with a party of guerrillas on the western frontier. His companions all spoke of him as a quiet, determined man, who was never known to smile.

Sonora Copper Mines.

A correspondent of one of the St. Louis papers gives the narrative of an expedition from the foot of the Sierra Madre range across the State of Sonora to Arizona, in which allusion is made to the "marvelous" Nacosari copper mines as follows:

It is a most wonderful development of that valuable ore, so lavishly and abundantly thrown down or up there, that almost upon the very surface one beholds masses of copper ore, with 50 per cent, of pure metallic copper in it, in abundance sufficient to surfeit the market of the world. I scarcely know whether to call it a vein or lode. It is sixty feet wide and runs for miles. The ore is so advantageously placed that it can be blasted out for one dollar per ton, I offering to contract to take 5,000 tons at that figure.

No shafts or tunnels seem necessary any more than on Pilot Knob or Iron Mountain. All that is necessary is to put in a blast and knock off "a ton at a pop." Besides the copper, each ton contains sixty dollars per ton of silver. I have many specimens of the beautiful ore, some of them as beautifully variegated as the colors of the spectrum, all of them 50 per cent, pure. The "Don Juan" is a continuation of this wonderful mine, two thousand feet distant. Neither of them have been much worked, capital being wanting. The face of the mine already stripped presents the beautiful ore in such advantageous position that the merest bungler in mining could knock it out so rapidly and at such little cost that it could be laid down at the doors of the smelting furnaces at a less per centage of expense than can be said of any copper mine I have heard of from Lake Superior to the Isthmus of Darien.

PETROLEUM IN CALIFORNIA.—Information by the telegraph from San Francisco has been received in this city that an oil well is reported struck flowing two hundred barrels per day—the existence of oil in abundance on the Northern coast of California being thus abundantly demonstrated. This is understood to be the first paying well sunk in a region where the existence of petroleum in paying quantities was first demonstrated, in December last, according to a report of Professor Silliman.

The surface oil discovered is described as of the consistency of good sperm oil; in color greenish yellow and opalescent, almost without odor, what it has being rather agreeable than otherwise, and somewhat resembling turpentine. Its specific gravity is about 960, water being the unit, which is not very different from the density of average crude petroleum. Its boiling point is high.

The excitement which since the December discoveries, has prevailed throughout California region will doubtless be increased by the announcement which is now made.—N. Y. World.

Music of the season—sounds from the light Catarah.

Vast Armies and their Movements.

There have been vast armies and grand movements in ancient times. Here is a record of some of them:

Sennacherib, the bible tells us, lost in a single night 185,000 by the destroying angel.

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates and could send out of each gate 10,000 fighting men and two hundred chariots, in all 1,000,000 men and two thousand chariots.

The army of Tereah, King of Ethiopia consisted of 1,000,000 men and three hundred chariots of war.

Sesostris, King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 chariots, 1491 before Christ.

Hamilcar went from Carthage, and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 3,000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2,200 years before Christ, led against the Bactrians an army of 1,700,000 foot, 1,700,000 ho, and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in building Babylon. She took 100,000 prisoners at Indus and sank 2,000 boats.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisting of 600,000 foot, 12,000 horse, and 2,000 chariots, armed with scythes.

Army of Cambyses, 5,000 strong, was buried in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylae, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,614,519, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, etc., in all numbering 3,283,220. So say Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes before the battle of Cunaxa amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,100,000 perished in various ways.

The army of Tamerlane is said to have amounted to 1,500,000, and that of his antagonist, Bajazet to 1,400,000.

Uses of Petroleum.

Hitherto this oil has been most exclusively spoken of as an illuminating substance, and as such it has at least as many adversaries as it has friends. But it possesses a number of other qualities, the value of which is less open to dispute. We mentioned a few days ago the property it possesses of destroying the parasites that prey upon the human body, and we will now add that it may become one of the most important auxiliaries in the art of dyeing, in which it is calculated to produce quite a revolution, it having just been discovered that it contains the principles of aniline, the well known vegetable base derived from indigo, and which is now so commonly used for producing splendid rose-colored stuffs. Aniline has hitherto been obtained by treating indigo with a concentrated solution of potash, whereby a brownish oily substance is formed, which by distillation yields pure aniline, a clear colorless liquid, having the smell of wine, but a corrosive and poisonous taste. The salts of aniline are colorless; but rapidly assume a mellow rose color by exposure to the air. White wood dipped into a solution of salt of aniline takes a deep yellow color; Hydrochloric acid turns these salts green, blue, or black, according to the concentrated state of the solutions. For the present, experiments are still in progress for extracting aniline from petroleum at a cheap cost, and there is every reason to suppose that these efforts will be crowned with success. Certain coloriferous ethers may also be extracted from petroleum, and there is even a talk of substituting petroleum for coal of coke for steam purposes.—London Times.

A cunning politician is often found skulking under the clerical robe, with an outside all religion and an inside all political rancor. These spiritual and things temporal are strangely jumbled together, like poisons on a medicine on an apothecary's shelf; and instead of a devotee, so soon the simple church-going people have often a political pamphlet thrust down their throats labelled with a pious text from Scripture.—Washington Irving.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, Well, I dunno' 'bout that; I've blossed my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it yet.