

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 19, 1865.

VOL. 12--NO. 13.

"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.
No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until arrangements are paid, except at the option of the editor. Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR TWENTY FIVE CENTS, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.
One insert. Two do. Three do
1 square, [12 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1.00
2 squares, [24 lines] 1 00 1 50 2 00
3 squares, [36 lines] 1 50 2 00 3 00
3 months. 6 do. 12 do
8 lines or less, \$1 50 \$3 00 \$5 00
1 square, [12 lines] 2 50 4 00 5 00
2 squares, [24 lines] 4 00 7 00 12 00
3 squares, [36 lines] 6 00 9 00 14 00
Half a column, 10 00 12 00 20 00
One column, 15 00 22 00 35 00

Business Cards.

D. McLAUGHLIN.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa.
Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.
Dec. 9, 1863.-1f.

WILLIAM KITTELL.
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg,
Cambria County Penna.
Office Colonnade row.
Dec. 4, 1864

CYRUS L. PERSHING.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Johnstown, Cambria County, Pa.
Office on Main street, second floor over the Bank. ix 2

D. R. T. C. S. Gardner.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Tenders his professional service to the citizens of
EBENSBURG,
and surrounding vicinity.
OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW.
June 29, 1864.-1f

J. E. Scantlan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, THREE DOORS EAST OF THE LOGAN HOUSE.
December 10, 1863.-1f.

R. L. JOHNSTON, GEO. W. OATMAN,
JOHNSTON & OATMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Ebensburg Cambria County Penna.
OFFICE REMOVED TO LLOYD ST.,
One door West of R. L. Johnston's Residence.
[Dec. 4, 1861.] -1f.

JOHN FENLON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Cambria County Pa.
Office on Main street adjoining his dwelling. ix 2

P. S. NOON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.
Office one door East of the Post Office.
Feb. 18, 1863.-1f.

GEORGE M. REED,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG,
Cambria County, Pa.
OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW.
March 13, 1864.

MICHAEL HASSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Pa.
Office on Main street, three doors East of Julian. ix 2

F. A. SHOEMAKER, WM. H. SECHLER,
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EBENSBURG,
CAMBRIA COUNTY, PENN'A.
Office heretofore occupied by F. A. Shoemaker. [Dec. 7, 1864] -1f.

WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELRY STORE
MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.
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.
Johnstown April, 17 1861. -1f.

HIGHEST PHILADELPHIA RATES

Miscellaneous.

The Past and the Present.

The Washington *Intelligencer* has the following description and narrative:

A visit to the Arlington Mansion and surrounding estate, a few days since, filled us with oppressive and melancholy reflections. Four years ago Robert E. Lee, then a lieutenant colonel of cavalry in the Union army, and now commander-in-chief of the rebel army, was with his family in the happy possession of that magnificent inheritance. More than one half of the estate, consisting of a thousand acres, was covered with a splendid forest of oak and other timber, and the rich and productive fields adorned with the hand of culture. To-day what a changed the venerable ancestral mansion erected by the honored son by adoption of the Father of his Country, and for half a century his cultivated and delightful home, is now in the centre of a vast cemetery of those who have fallen in the service of their country.

Two hundred and fifty acres of this estate surrounding the mansion have been permanently appropriated for burial purposes by the government, inclosed by a substantial and handsome fence. Nearly five thousand soldiers have already been there buried, and the number is daily growing larger. In 1853, Mrs. Custis, the mother of Mrs. Gen. Lee, died in the Arlington Mansion, and was buried in a sequestered and delightful grove near the mansion; and in 1857 Mr. Custis died, and his remains were deposited by her side, a vast concourse of persons of every rank testifying their reverence for the departed by their presence at the obsequies.

That sequestered grove, thus selected by its owner as the last resting place for himself and his, has been in the tempest of the times invaded, the forest has been transformed into a field of the dead, and the two marble columns marking the remains of George Washington Parke Custis and Mary Lee Fitzhugh, his wife, now rise in the midst of more than four thousand patriot soldiers' graves. Nearly the whole of the timber and wood has been swept from the entire estate and used for war purposes. The Freedmen's Village is established upon one portion of the land thus cleared, and it is all being put under cultivation by contraband negro labor.

Mr. Custis inherited this estate from his father, who was the son of Mrs. General Washington by a former husband. Soon after his mother died in 1802, he, then about twenty-five years of age, came here from Mount Vernon, and with his young and accomplished wife took up their residence in the Arlington Mansion, which he had just then erected, and which evermore was their beautiful and cultivated home. The fruits of this union were four daughters, all of whom died in infancy, except Mary Custis, the wife of General Robert E. Lee. Mr. Custis' father, John Parke Custis, was aide-de-camp to Washington, and died of a camp fever in 1781, contracted at the siege of Yorktown, at the age of twenty-seven years. He had married, at nineteen years of age, Eleanor Calvert, of Mount Airy, Maryland, a descendant of the second Lord Baltimore, when but fifteen years of age, and at twenty-three she was thus made a widow with four children. General Washington hastened to Eltham, Md., where the husband was sick, only to see him in his dying moments. This was the only surviving child of Mrs. Washington, the daughter having died some years before. He was deeply affected, and, weeping, said to the mother: "I adopt the two younger children as my own." These were Eleanor Custis, then two and a half years of age, who died at seventeen, of consumption, and George Washington Parke Custis, then six months old.

General Robert Edmund Lee is the son of General Henry Lee, of Revolutionary memory, and known as "Light Horse Harry," whose mother was the beautiful Miss Grimes, General Washington's first love, and whom he celebrated as "the low land beauty." General Harry Lee was twice married. By the first marriage he had two children, Henry (an officer in the war of 1812) and Lucy. By the second wife—a Miss Carter, of Shirley—he had five children, two daughters, Annie and Mildred, and three sons. The sons were Charles Carter, Robert Edmund (the general) and Sidney Smith, the last named an officer in our navy, and now in the rebel navy.

General Robert E. Lee was born in 1808, and is, consequently fifty-seven years of age. He graduated second in his class, in 1829 (Judge Charles Mason,

of this city, and formerly Commissioner of Patents, standing first in that class), and was assigned to the Engineer Corps as second lieutenant; and in 1835 Assistant Astronomer, fixing the boundary between Ohio and Michigan; in 1836 promoted first lieutenant; captain 1838; chief engineer under Scott, in Mexico, and greatly distinguished, being promoted successively, by merit, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel, for his gallantry; in 1852 superintendent Military Academy; in 1855 transferred as lieutenant colonel of the new regiment of cavalry; March 16, 1861, promoted colonel of the First cavalry; resigned April 25, following, and reluctantly embarked in the rebellion.

The following are the children of Gen. Lee: George Washington Custis Lee, about 33 years of age; Mary Custis Lee, about 30; Wm. H. Fitzhugh Lee, about 27; Anne Lee died at Berkeley Springs in 1863, and would have been now about 25; Agnes Lee, about 23; Robert E. Lee, about 20; Mildred Lee, about 18. None of them have married except William Henry Fitzhugh, whose wife, Mrs. Charlotte Wickham, died at Richmond in 1863. The eldest son, George, graduated at the head of his class at West Point, in 1854, and was a first lieutenant in the corps of engineers when he followed his father into the Southern service. William Henry was farming upon the White House estate which belonged to the Custis inheritance when the war opened. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the Sixth infantry, in 1857, but resigned in 1859.—Robert was at a military school in Virginia. The sons, it is well known, are all officers in the rebellion. The three surviving daughters are with their mother, who, it is believed, has lately been at Lynchburg.

Mr. Custis, at the time of his death, owned some 200 slaves, who, by his will, were to be free at the termination of five years from his death, which period expired October 10, 1862. The most of these slaves were kept on the White House estate, and all the valuable portion were carried South; some 20 or more old men and women and young children were left at Arlington. Mr. Custis' mother owned the White House estate, and resided there when she became the wife of General Washington.

A PREPARATION FOR PRESERVING LEATHER.—We translate from the *German Courier* a receipt for a Preparation which is said to insure great durability to leather and to make it very pliable and soft. It consists of four articles, tallow, soap, rosin and water. These ingredients are prepared as follows: Twenty-one parts of tallow are melted in a vessel, three parts of rosin added, and the two when melted mixed well together. In another vessel seven parts of good washing soap are dissolved in seventy parts of pure rain water. After it is dissolved and the mass heated to the boiling point we add the part prepared before, let it boil once more gently, and the preparation is ready for use. It especially adapted to boots, harness and leather gelding.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

DYING FOR REVENGE.—The Albany *Argus* relates a serio-comic case of a dyer's revenge. Henry Schurtz is a dyer; Albert Guloff a musician. They met at a ball last week. The dyer had a grudge against the musician, and determined to punish him by coloring his hair, and so, while dancing he approached Guloff unawares, and threw a vial of coloring liquid over his hair, and then rubbed it into the hair with his hands. Guloff's hair is naturally of a grayish color, but now it is a bright scarlet. He certainly presents a very odd and by no means a handsome appearance, and seems to feel his humiliation keenly, as it appears that, although the offense was committed last week, he did not venture out until yesterday.

☞ A Schoolmaster tells the following good one: I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I found leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three legged stool.

"Is this the dunes block?" I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out—

"I guess so the teacher always sits on that."

☞ A clergyman recently, by mistake exchanged carpet-bags with an abolition orator at a railroad station, and was horrified when he was preparing for services, to find an abolition speech and a bottle of whiskey in his bag instead of his sermon.

The First Sunday of Federal Occupation in Richmond.

(Correspondence N. Y. World.)

RICHMOND, Sunday Evening, April 9.—Many of the churches were open today, and were thinly attended by the more adventurous of the citizens, with a sprinkling of soldiers and Northern civilians. Mr. Woodbridge, at the Monument Church built on the site of a famous burnt theatre, prayed for "all in authority," and held his tongue upon dangerous topics. The First Baptist Negro Church has been occupied all the week by Massachusetts chaplains and Northern negro preachers, who have talked the gospel of John Brown to gaping audiences of wool, white-eyeball and ivory, telling them that the day of deliverance has come, and that they have only to possess the land which the Lord by the bayonet has given them. To-day Mr. Allen, the regular white preacher, occupied the pulpit, and told the negroes that slavery was a divine institution, which would continue forever, and that the duty of every good servant was to stay at home and mind his master. Half of the enlightened Africans got up midway of the discourse and left; the rest were in doubt, and two or three black class leaders, whom the parson had wheeled over, prayed lustily that the Lord would keep Old Virginia from new ideas and all Yankee salvations; so that in the end the population were quite tangled up, as much so as if they had read the book of Revelations. We attended St. Paul's, (the fashionable Episcopalian church, where Lee, Davis, Meminger and the rest had been communicants, and heard Doctor Minge's discourse. He was one of the Prussian refugees of 1848, and, though a hot Jacobin there, became a more bitter secessionist here. He is learned, fluent, and thoughtful, but speaks with a slight Teutonic accent. Jeff Davis' pew was occupied by nobody, the door thereof being shut. Jeff was a very devout man, but not so much so as Lee, who made all the responses fervently, and knelt at every requirement. This church is capable of "seating" fifteen hundred persons, has galleries running entirely around it, and is sustained at the roof within by composite pilasters of plaster, and at the pulpit by columns of mangel-cosinithian, the *total ensemble* is very excellent; a dark sexton gave us a pew, and there were some handsome ladies present, dark Richmond beauties, laughing and thinly clothed, with only here and there a jockey feathered hat, or velvet mantilla, to tell of long siege and privation. We saw that those who dressed the shabbiest had yet preserved some little article of jewelry—a finger-ring, a brooch, a bracelet, showing how the last thing in woman to die is her vanity. Poor, proud souls! Last Sunday many of them were headdresses; now many of them could not pay the expenses of their own funerals. There were some Confederate officers in the house. They reminded me of the captive Jews holding worship in their gatted temple. Some ruffians broke into this church after the occupation, and wrote ribaldry in the Bible and hymn-book. Dr. Minge's sermon was trite, based upon the text of the eleventh chapter of the Acts—"The disciples were first called Christians in Antioch." In the opening lesson, however, he aimed poison at the North, selecting the forty-fourth and following psalms, commencing, "We have heard with our ears, O God! our fathers have told us what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old." Thence it spoke of the heathen being driven out and the chosen people planted; afflicted by God's distavor, the forefathers yet held the territory, and the generation extant would yet rout its enemies. But now the old stock were put to shame, a reproach to their neighbors and those that dwelt round about them. "Thou hast broken us in the place of dragons, and covered us with the shadow of death," going not forth with our armies, bowing our souls to the dust till our bellies cleave unto the earth; we are killed all the day long and counted as sleep for the slaughter.

Let all who would drink the essence of sorrow and anguish read this wonderful psalm, to learn how after this recapitulation the parson said aloud the thrilling invocation:—

"Arise! for our help and redeem us for thy mercies' sake!"

☞ A new definition of a Quartermaster: he is a man who gives the poor soldier one quarter and keeps the other three for himself.

☞ Why is the devil a Gentleman?—Because the imp of darkness could not be the imp of-lite.

Oil Adventure.

Yesterday we met a gentleman in this city, who very recently launched out in what he supposed was a good speculation, but, as the sequel will show, we got egregiously sold. The story in reference to his case, which is really true, in regard to which we shall give fictitious names, runs thus:

Some time since, Jones, a bachelor, who owns a farm near this city, invited his friend Brown to go on a sporting tour. The two proceeded and enjoyed a good day's sport hunting in the neighboring woods, and while wandering about they crossed Jones' farm on which there is a spring of water. Brown, being very thirsty, partook of a drink at the spring, but did not relish the water. He made no complaints, however, but in day or two thereafter made a proposition to Jones to purchase one-half of the farm on which the spring was located. Jones, who had no idea of selling the property, replied an humorous strain that he would take \$10,000 for the land. After partaking of supper the two gentlemen separated and on the following day Brown went to New York to attend to some matters of business.

While in the latter place, he renewed his proposition to purchase Jones' farm, and finally purchased it for \$20,000 cash. The necessary papers were made out, and a day or two since Brown became proprietor of the coveted land. Now comes the sequel. Brown, as soon as he had the property in his own hands, began to wear a cheerful aspect, clapping and rubbing his hands in great glee, much to the amusement of his friend. A dialogue, substantially as follows ensued:

Brown—"Do you remember Jones, when you and I went gunning some time since?"

Jones—"I do."

Brown—"Well, when I stooped down and attempted to drink out of that spring on the farm, I discovered oil in large quantities there. In fact there was so much of it on the water that I could not drink it. That being the case, I determined to keep the secret, purchase the land, and now I'm going to bore for oil."

Jones—(Shaking all over with laughter)—"My dear fellow, the night before you drank out of that spring, my hostler went there to water the horse, and by accident broke a kerosene lamp, which fell into the spring, and it was the oil from it that you tasted!"

Exit Brown, with a good sized file in his ear. We may add that if any man desires to get a genuine milling, all he has to do is to say "oil" to Brown.—*Tribune.*

A Good Joke.

The Toronto *Globe* is responsible for the following: "A rather odd joke was perpetrated yesterday afternoon, on one of our city photographers, by a young man from the country, who, notwithstanding his rustic looks and smart country sayings, which the man with the camera laughed at, played a trick which would have done credit to a New York 'confidence' man, and left the photographer in a sad plight for a few hours. The man from the country, by name George Wells, entered the gallery to have his picture taken, and as he was dressed in rather a seedy suit of clothes, and was without collar or neck-tie, he requested the photographer to lend him his suit while the picture was being taken. As this was a common usage with the photographer when a country cousin patronized him, he doffed his collar, neck-tie, coat, vest and pants, for the use of his 'subject,' but as the countryman's suit, which he was to don for the moment, seemed rather too suspicious-looking for the artist's taste, he locked the door of his gallery on the inside, leaving the key in the door, and, minus his clothing, he 'sat' his simple friend for the picture. The latter was of course instantaneously taken, and the photographer rushed into his 'dark room' to place the picture in the bath. While he was thus out of sight, the countryman, quite captivated with the new suit of clothes, unlocked the door of the gallery and was nowhere to be found when the photographer returned. This was certainly a queer situation to be left in, for the countryman had by no means acted up to the maxim that 'fair exchange is no robbery.' About an hour elapsed, when a friend made his appearance, was instantly despatched to the Police Office, and one of the detectives, armed with the countryman's picture, went in search of him, and had been gone some time when the countryman returned, saying that he only wanted to take a walk round the city in a good suit of clothes, and that he wanted 'the picture.' He strongly protested his immo-

cence of any attempt to act dishonestly in the matter, and asked a lady who was in the gallery at the same time, to plead with the photographer in his behalf. The woman's words seemed to soften the picture-taker's heart, and the countryman was dealt leniently with, paid for his picture, and left the gallery, rejoicing over his lucky escape from the hands of the law.

Bride and Groom a Century Ago.

To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was something over a foot. One single white rose-lily lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her grandmother's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was dressed up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peered curiously out.

Now for the swain: His hair was streaked back and plentifully bepowdered, while his eye projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined yellow; his long vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings, and pumps with faces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruff clustered around his wrist, and a potent-ostium fill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

☞ The following anecdote is told of the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernethy: One day, during an examination of a class of students, he asked one of them what he would do in the case of a man being blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait till he came down again," was the cool reply. "True," rejoined Abernethy, "and I suppose I should kick you for such an impudent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm," said the student, "for I should floor you directly."

☞ A singular case has just come to light in Boston. One Johnson, a staff officer in the United States service, stole \$13,000 in government bonds, and forwarded them to his mother at South Boston for safe keeping. A daughter-in-law of the mother got wind of the money, and stole it from the old lady, who had placed it between the bed and mattress on which she slept. Officers of the law here stepped in, and the money was found at last in the breast pads of the sly thief. Quite a number of this interesting family have been arrested, and the case is expected to develop rich things.

☞ Some years ago there was a bill introduced into the Georgia Legislature to lay a tax of ten dollars a year on all jacksasses.

Some appreciative member proposed to amend it, so as to include lawyers and doctors. The amendment was accepted, and amidst much jeeriness, the bill passed. Several efforts have since been made to repeal it, but in vain; and to this day all jacksasses, lawyers and doctors are obliged to pay a yearly tax of ten dollars.

☞ TO START A BAKY HOUSE.—Fill his mouth with dirt or gravel from the road, and he'll go. Now, don't laugh at this, but try it. The plain philosophy of the thing is, it gives him something else to think of. We have seen it tried a hundred times, and it has never failed.—Exchange.

☞ "Poor Dick! how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the other; "directly after a man's neck is in the marital noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

☞ A friend who was melancholy about being drafted on being reminded that he would "soon get the blues on," rejoined that he had them on already!

☞ Please, Mr. Smith, papa wants to know if you want lend him the model of your hat? "Certainly my son, what for?" "He wants to make a scare-crow."