Democrat and Sentinel.

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, &C.

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, 1. 50. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1866. VOL. 13--NO. 16.

The Democrat and Sentinel,

is published in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., every Wednesday morning, by CLARK WILSON, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

Copy, three months,	50
Copy, six months,	$1 00
Copy, one year,	2 00

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions after the expiration of six months will be charged at the rate of $2.50 per year, and those who fail to pay until after the expiration of twelve months will be charged at the rate of $3.00 per year.

The *Democrat and Sentinel* when paid for in advance costs *four* cents per number; when not paid in advance *six* cents per number will be charged.

Twelve numbers constitute a quarter; twenty five, six months; and fifty numbers, a year.

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Nonpareil lines, lines of Burgoise type constitute a square.

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CLARK WILSON.

Ebensburg, June 14, 1865.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE FARM and COAL LAND formerly owned by John Gillan, Sr., situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, about two miles North-west of Ebensburg, adjoining lands of the late John Gillan, Jr., Lewis Rowland, David Davis, Jr., and Jacob and Peter Wagner, containing

One Hundred and Twenty-three Acres,

more or less, having thereon erected a GOOD STONE DWELLING HOUSE and

A Large Bank Barn.

This land contains an abundance of coal of a superior quality—a drift 4½ feet thick having been opened which is now being worked.

Apply to the undersigned, the present owners, residing in the borough of Ebensburg.

R. L. JOHNSTON,
WM. KITTELL.

Nov. 30, 1865.—tf.

H. WALTERS,

Main street, between Franklin and Clinton, North side, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

HAS constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of seasonable

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

His stock consists of almost every article usually kept in a retail store, all of which have been selected with care and are offered at prices which cannot fail to prove satisfactory. Call and examine for yourselves.

Nov. 16, 1865.6m.*. H. WALTERS.

DENTISTRY.

THE undersigned Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his proffessional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means thoroughly to acquaint himself with every improvement in his art, To many years of personal experience he has thought to add the imparted experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportuity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.

Office—in Colonade Row.

REFERENCES.

Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, jr.; W. R. Blandy; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Austen, of the Baltimore College.

☞ Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week.

JOB WORK

OF ALL KINDS

DONE AT THIS OFFICE,

AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE

AND ON REASONABLE PRICES.

The Dead Duck--A Parody.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the barn-yard we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged a farewell shot
O'er the grave where poor ducky was buried.

We buried him him *darkly*, at the dead of night,
The sods with the barn-shovel turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him,
But he lay like a *dead duck* taking his rest,
With his tail-feathers scattered around him.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his poor crippled wings,
What a lesson t'would be to the fools who had striven,
To reach unattainable things.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
For we knew that had he not *thus* been interred
He would have made our dinner to-morrow

But half of our heavy work was through
When the clock told the hour for retiring,
And we learned by chanticleer's *'Occasional'* crow,
That the sun would soon be rising.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the place of his fall fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
To recall our Dead Duck's last glory.

STORY OF THE WAR.

Facts that are Stranger than Fiction.

There is now living in the city of Cincinnati, a family, the history of which forms something so romantic as to constitute a most interesting story:

In the summer of 1859 Charles Geroux became a graduate of a college in the southern part of this State. He was the descendent of an aristocratic family who lived in Louisiana, and, to be brief, he was then a full embodiment of the "chilvalry," just having entered his majority. While attending college he had formed the acquaintance of Clara G——, who attended a college for young ladies in this city, which acquaintance ripened into attachment and love, and just before the breaking out of the rebellion, they were married and removed South. Miss G—— was an orphan, possessed of considerable property, which was held in trust by her uncle, a Southern minister who had raised her from infancy, and personally superintended her education. In addition to the endowments of a collegiate education she was possessed of a strong character bordering almost on the masculine, but tempered with sweetness and mildness not often combined in the same person. She was at once handsome and womanly.

Within a year after their marriage and settlement in the South, came the fierce, wild blasts of war from Sumter's parapet, and there was none more ready to enter the deadly fray than Charles Geroux.—His political tutors were practical secessionists, and he entered upon the war with a fervor and zeal to command the admiration of his friends, and which secured him a major's commission. His wife opposed his mad scheme with all the power of a woman's eloquence but to no avail. She openly espoused the cause of the Union, steadfastly refused to co-operate with her new friends and neighbors. Notwithstanding her love for the old flag, and open unionism, her husband loved her, and while her husband was at home the neighbors respected her. Geroux invested all his ready property, which included his wife's fortune, in Confederate bonds, placed them in her hands, gave her a kiss for a short farewell, assured her that the war would soon be over, and marching at the head of a victorious column of his country's defenders, she would be proud to welcome him. After his departure, her treatment by his relatives and neighbors became almost intolerable because of her hatred of secession.

After two years of service in the Confederate army, he was captured a prisoner by the victorious Sherman, in his march to Atlanta, and sent to Camp Douglas.

This was good news to his wife, who could not longer endure the persecutions she received at the South, and she resolved to make her way North and rejoin him in his prison home, and if she could not secure his pardon, to at least stay near him. Her Confederate bonds were worthless, and she was penniless; she made her way to the Mississippi and took passage on the ill-fated steamer Sultana for the North; she sold some jewelry for money, sufficient to carry her to Chicago. Arriving at Memphis her child was taken very ill, and by the advice of the captain of the Sultana, she remained there to secure medical aid for her child. Within twenty-four hours thereafter the boiler of the Sultana exploded and twelve hundred lives were lost.

Geroux fared ill at ease in Camp Douglas, and made many stratagems to escape. He finally succeeded in bribing a raw sentinel to let him pass, and to avoid pursuit a resort to deception became necessary.—A comrade of his was on the point of death. His mess dressed the dead soldier in the major's uniform, and conveyed him to the dead house, and gave his name as "Major Charles Geroux, Third Louisiana Regiment, C. S. A." The next morning the body was taken away and buried, and the rank, name, regiment and place of burial, were duly recorded in the register of Camp Douglas dead, by C. H. Jordan, the undertaker for the Government, at Chicago. That night Geroux escaped.—His absence created no inquiry, as he was reported dead. For the purpose of avoiding public roads and conveyances, he took a horse from the pasture near Camp Douglas belonging to J. L. Hancock, formerly President of the Board of Trade of Chicago, and by avoiding the public roads as much as possible, he reached Momence the next day. His actions excited suspicion, and he was arrested on suspicion of having stolen the horse, and was lodged in the Kankakee jail. He was taken out on a writ of habeas corpus, and no proof being found to hold him, he was discharged.

Coming thence to Cincinnati he obtained a situation in a wholesale grocery business.

After the usual delays in passing letters through the lines, he learned that his two brothers were killed in the battle of the Wilderness, that his father's estate had been confiscated to the United States Government, and his father had voluntarily exiled himself to Mexico. Of his wife and child, the only information was that they had sought to get North, and took passage on the Sultana, since which they had not been heard of, and no doubt remained that they had perished. His true position had been studiously concealed, and he avoided his former acquaintances. Shortly after he received this intelligence from the South, Sherman started on his grand march from Atlanta, and Grant marshaled his grand army before Petersburg, and the Confederate army vanished almost as a vision. During the past summer Geroux returned to the South, and was fully confirmed in the information he had received about his family, and that his real estate had also been confiscated. He gave his wife and child up as lost, and returned to Cincinnati.

After his wife and child had remained in Memphis and escaped the disaster of the Sultana, she started for Chicago and reached Camp Douglas. Impatient at the delay, she hastened there with expectations high to meet him who was dearer to her than life. The reader can picture to himself the agony of this sad wife. A stranger, destitute of money, carrying in her arms a weakly child not yet recovered from a severe illness, and she herself worn-out with fatigue and anxiety, when she learned that her husband was dead.—There was no doubt of his death; the registry kept at Camp Douglas showed it, and the grave was pointed out to her, which bore this inscription on a pine board:

"MAJOR CHARLES GEROUX,

THIRD LOUISIANA INFANTRY."

The same grave this day is neatly sodded over, and at its head grows a rose bush.

Broken-hearted and bowed down with grief, she wended her way on foot to the great city of Chicago—not knowing why she went. A stranger among strangers, with no one to aid and pity her save the good God, who in her utmost heart, she believed had forsaken her.

She was taken in and cared for by the Sisters of Charity until she could hear from her friends in Ohio, from whom she had received no intelligence for the past four years. A letter was received, that immediately after the war her uncle had died, and that, soon after, his widow had removed to Iroquois county, Illinois, to live with her married son. Mrs. Geroux was supplied with money to enable her to find her friends in Iroquois county, where she has since resided.

Geroux returned to his situation at Cincinnati, and was sent by the firm to collect a debt in Iroquois county. While there he sought out the attorney who had him discharged on the habeas corpus, to learn the whereabouts of the horse that did him such exceeding good service, and to secure his assistance in collecting his debt. He soon made himself known, and while they were discussing about the stolen horse, a lady and child entered the same office. There was a momentary pause, and husband and wife were in each other's arms. We shall not attempt to describe the scene which followed. The husband found a wife and child, whom he firmly believed to be dead, and the wife found a husband over whose grave she had shed bitter tears of woe.

Mrs. Geroux was visiting the same attorney, to find out about her husband's confiscated property, and to apply to the Government to have his property restored to her.

C. V. Culver.

This great bogus financier, this builder of cities—on paper, this Republican Representative in Congress, (in a horn) this collapsed fellow, is still attracting considerable attention in the papers. The Meadville *Democrat* asks several important questions in regard to the failure, which occurred on the 27th of March, about two months since. The *Democrat* says that a gentleman of more than ordinary information in such matters, states that Culver's liabilities would probably approximate *six millions of dollars.* April 5th a meeting of creditors was held in Meadville, where a committee was appointed, and that committee reported their full faith in Culver's ability to pay. The people would like to see a realization of that expressed confidence. Since the meeting at which Culver asserted his ability and intention to pay, there has been a dogged silence on the part of Culver & Co. The creditors are no wiser than they were on the 27th of March, and no richer, and no likelihoods of being. The amount of Culver's indebtedness may be $6,000,000, more or less; for the *Democrat* says:

"He had unlimited control of a large number of moneyed institutions; he has had the treasure of churches, of colleges, of guardians, of trust funds, of preachers, and lawyers and doctors, of merchants and mechanics and laborers, of rich and poor, of high and low, and, in short, all classes and conditions of individuals, poured into his capacious pockets without stint or measure. Yes, even the rag money machines of the Government appeared to be at his command. He had the "the full," the unbounded *'confidence'* of Church and State, of society in the aggregate.

Culver was a benevolent man, took to church liberality, gave to churches and borrowed from them; kept what he borrowed, and *failed to pay what he gave.* He was elected Representative on the Republican platform, and never took his seat but once. He talked good Republicanism and borrowed large sums from his political brothers, and never paid them. He is a brilliant, a diamond of the first water, in Republican ranks, on the ground that the more of a scoundrel and humbug he is, the better Republican. What good, faithful, honest Democrat or Republican could have been elected in opposition to him. He filled all Republicans eyes and hearts. They looked on Culver and were satisfied. But while he held them bound in adoration he was cooly taking their money. It is often the case—most always, in fact, that the greatest humbugs and villains command the situation in preference to known and tried men. But they come to an end. His politics, statesmanship, financial honesty, his honor as a man is lost. And yet he is no more of a scoundrel now than when he was worshipped as the greatest and best in ten thousand. It is almost certain failure to belong to the Republican party. We have never determined whether the scoundrels all go to that party, or whether that party makes scoundrels. But it is a fact beyond contradiction that the greatest humbugs and defaulters came out of that party. Culver shaved his own party the worst, borrowed the most money of them and cheated them out of the most. While his political friends and financial sufferers are twisting like eels on a hot griddle, as a general thing *Democrats* view the scene with comparative stoicism.—*Warren Ledger.*

THE movement recently inaugerated to make it appear that "Geary" is the soldiers' favorite, is a dead failure. The "boys in blue" know all about the "hero." They know exactly how, and where, and when, he fought, and that knowledge is not calculated to inspire any very great enthusiasm in their patriotic bosoms.

THE LATEST.—Why is a "tilting skeert" like a slaughter house. Because lean and fat *calves* are seen in them. The above was accidentally made by a steamboat man who writes to the Pittsburgh *Commercial.*

Parson Brownlow in the Past.

Our readers no doubt care as little as we do for the sayings and doings of this abandoned old reprobate; but as Governor of an important State like Tennessee, and "a burning and a shining light" of the Radical party, it may not be amiss to give a little reminiscence of his past, in contrast with his present position and views. In May 1860, he addressed a letter to the Rev. Mr. Payne, a Northern Abolitionist, in which he said:

"Dissolve this Union, you infamous villains, and we shall make this proposition at once to Louis Napoleon, a most sagacious monarch, and he would quarter at New Orleans 200,000 Frenchmen, and at Chesapeake 200,000 more; he would then command the Mississippi Valley, whip the North-western States into our Southern Confederacy, and we would then turn upon the New England States, and cause the hurricane of civil war to rage and sweep from Mason and Dixon's line to the codfisheries of Maine, until he would extinguish the last abolition foothold on the continent of America! Face to face, knife to knife, steel to steel, and pike to pike, we would meet you, and as we would cause you to bleed at every pore, we would make you regret in the bitter agonies of death, that you had ever felt any concern for the African race.

Sir, if the fanatical, wicked and infernal course persued by you and your unprincipled associates is continued, the results will be as I have said, and you or your children will live to see it. Pale faced poverty and dismay are staring some of your manufacturers and operatives in the face. We are sending our orders to England and France for goods, and driving your hell deserving freedom shriekers into the holding of Union meetings, and making these against their wills, curse agitators of the slavery question, and resolve that John Brown and his murderous associates got only justice when at Charleston! Carry on your war, if you choose death rather than life, and we will stain every swamp in the South with yours and our own blood, and with the vengeance of an infuriated foe we will be upon you in the North, at the hour of midnight, and as long as a lucifer match can be found we will burn up your substance."

DEATH OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE WYOMING MASSACRE.—A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, in a letter dated York Springs, May 12th, says: The death took place yesterday of Samuel Kennedy, near York Springs, Adams county, Pa., in the 93d year of his age. He was the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre. His mother brought him away when five years old, in her flight from that inhuman slaughter. She, with her son Samuel, settled in Menallen township, then York, now Adams county, where she has resided until his death, surrounded by his children, grand and great grandchildren, a respected citizen, without an enemy, beloved by all who knew him. His father, John Kennedy, with his two brothers, Samuel and Thomas, settled in the Wyoming settlement sometime before its destruction by the Indians. Samuel was killed, and his wife and six children taken prisoners and were never heard of after the massacre; but John's wife and three children, the eldest being the boy Samuel, just deceased, after hiding in a wheat field, surrounded by Indians all night, finally escaped. John was absent at the time, having gone to Penn's Valley to assist in guarding the people there from the Indians. Two of his wife's brothers were killed in the massacre. The other Kennedy (Thomas) was a single man at the time, and was uninjured. The deceased was born on the 6th December, 1773, in Northumberland county, Pa.

CHURCHES BURNT IN THE SOUTH.—A writer in the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* says that so far as he has ascertained between one thousand and twelve hundred church houses were burnt during the war. These Churches, he thinks, have cost the people not less than five millions of dollars. In the loss the Methodists were the greatest sufferers, the Baptists next, then the Presbyterians, the Catholics least.

ONE of the favorite accomplishments of "Geary" is to attempt to straddle two horses; and he has recently undertaken to ride a pair going in different directions. He would like to have the poeple believe that he is for the President and Congress both, and he would be delighted if he could humbug the honest voters into the impression that he was in favor of negro suffrage and at the same time opposed to striking the word "white" from the Constitution of Pennsylvania.—*Age.*

The Bankrupt Law.

The Bankrupt law which was passed on Tuesday last in the National House of Representatives, but which is yet to be concurred in by the Senate, makes the U. S. District Courts, courts of bankruptcy, and also gives the Circuit Courts jurisdiction of the subject. It provides for both voluntary and unvoluntary bankruptcy. In the former, any citizen owing over $300 shall apply by petition to the Judge of his district, setting out his inability to pay his debts in full, and his wiflingness to surrender his property for the benefit of his creditors. The filing the petition is an act of bankruptcy upon which the Judge directs the U. S. Marshal to take possession of his effects until an assignee is appointed. The creditors then hold a meeting and choose the assignees. Creditors, whose debts are proved, share the effect in proportion without any prefering except in case of the wages of operatives, clerks or house servants, to an amount not more than $50 each, and debts due the United States or State, and taxes. If it shall appear in court that the bankrupt has in all things conformed to his duty under this act, and that he is entitled under the provisions thereof to receive a discharge, the court shall grant him a discharge from all his debts, except as thereinafter provided, and shall give him a certificate thereof under the seal of the court. Involuntary bankrutcy is caused by various acts of the debtor, such as a departure from the State, avoiding the service of legal process, removal or concealment of property, fraudulent assignment of property, arrest and detention for debt for a period of seven days, and confession of judgment or suspension of payment of commercial paper for fourteen days. Various penalties for frauds, concealments, &c., are provided; and the law goes into effect as soon as the necessary officers are appointed; provided no proceedings shall in any case commence before November 1st, 1866.

THE ROMANCE OF DIVORCE.—Indiana has long been famous for the multitudinous divorce cases which cumber the records of her Courts. There is rarely in this connection, anything pleasant to narrate, but the incidents following constitute exceptions to the rule:

A couple in Sullivan had been married six years, but of late failed to be agreeable to each other, and the husband, in a fit of anger, instituted proceedings for a divorce, which he procured and promptly carried to his wife. She was indignant, but said she was ready to go, and bade him accompany her to the wardrobe, to see that she took no clothes but her own. Opening the door, she paused a moment, and then burst into tears. Her emotion was caused by the sight of a dress of a dear little daughter who died two years ago. The husband saw the cause of her deep sorrow, and was affected as much as herself.—They embraced, tore up the divorce, and were married again before morning.

WHY ONE SHOULD NOT SWEAR.—An article in the Pittsburgh *Preacher*, gives eight good reasons why a man should not swear:

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear. 2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent man. 3. It is cowardly—implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed. 4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a loafer. 5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears. 6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense." 7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives.

A STRANGE RESEMBLANCE.—There was recently in the Southwest a tragedy somewhat similar to the murder of the Deering family in Philadelphia, by which a family named Deerfield was murdered The murderer of the latter family has been convicted. His name is Coovert, and the Memphis *Ledger* states that there is a most remarkable resemblance between him and Probst. Both are five feet seven or eight inches high, have blue eyes, light hair, and turned-up noses. Both have a stridling walk and a stoop in the shoulders, and both served in the army. The strangest resemblance of all, however, is, that Coovert, like Probst, has lost the thumb of his right hand, which was shot off whilst in the service.

☞ A MAN in Nashua, N. H., recently lost his "beloved companion" on Saturday. He buried her on Sunday, procured a certificate on Monday, and on Tuesday was again enjoying the pleasure of married life.