

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, 2. 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1866.

VOL. 13--NO. 19.

The Democrat and Sentinel.

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One copy, one year, 4 00

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions until 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 \$5.00 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, one year.

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Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.

No cuts inserted in advertisements.

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50 for \$1 50 | 200 for \$3 00
100 for 2 00 | 500 for 5 00
Each additional hundred, 50

BLANKS.

One quire, \$2 50 | Each ad. q'r. \$1 50
All transient work must be paid for on delivery. CLARK WILSON.
Ebensburg, June 14, 1865.

Philadelphia Business Cards.

RUSSELL & WOODRUFF,
Wholesale Dealers in TOBACCOES,
CIGARS, PIPES, &c., &c., No. 13
North Third street, above Market, Philadelphia, Pa.
June 21, 1866-ly.

STATES UNION HOTEL.

PHILADELPHIA.
THIS HOTEL is pleasantly situated on the South side of Market street, a few doors above Sixth street. Its central locality makes it particularly desirable to persons visiting the city on business or pleasure.
T. H. B. SANDERS, Proprietor.
June 21, 1866-ly.

Johnstown Business Cards.

CYRUS L. PERSHING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—
Office on Main street, second floor over the Bank.
May 4, 1865-tf.

JOHN P. LINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—
Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin streets, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street.
Johnstown, Nov. 16, 1865-y.

D. M'LAUGHLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, 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-tf.

FRANK W. HAY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Manufacturer,
of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON
WARE, Canal street, below Clinton, Johnstown, Pa. A large stock constantly on hand.
May 4, 1866-ly.

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.
GEORGE TURNER, Main street Johnstown,
Pa., Dealer in HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, such as Drawers, Shirts, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Stockings, Gloves, Umbrellas, &c., keeps constantly on hand a general assortment, and his prices are as low as the lowest.
Johnstown, June 21, 1866-ly.

SCOTT HOUSE,
Main Street, Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa.,
A. ROW & CO., Proprietors.
THIS HOUSE having been refitted and elegantly furnished, is now open for the reception and entertainment of guests. The proprietors by long experience in hotel keeping, feel confident they can satisfy a discriminating public.
Their Bar is supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and wines.
June 21, 1866. (1y.)

Ebensburg Business Cards.

JOHN E. SCANLAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. May 5, 1865-tf.

W. H. SECHLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, Ebensburg, Pa., office in the Commissioners office. Dec. 7, 1865-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
Dec. 4, 1864-tf.

F. P. TIERNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colonnade Row.
April 5, 1865-tf.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office on Centre street, opposite Moore's Hotel.
[Apr. 29, 1866-tf]

R. L. JOHNSTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in the South end of his residence, immediately opposite the Court House.
November 23, 1865-tf. (*1.37)

JOHN FENION,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office on High street, adjoining his residence.
May 4, 1865. (*1.42)

GEORGE M. REED,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office on Main street, three doors East of Julian.
May 4, 1865.

GEORGE W. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
November 23, 1865-tf. (*1.37.)

F. A. SHOEMAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co.
December 7, 1865. (tf.)

R. J. LLOYD,
SUCCESSOR TO R. S. BURN, Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES AND PAINTS.
Store on Main street, opposite the "Moore House, Ebensburg, Pa. May 17, '66-tf.

DR. D. W. EVANS,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity.
Office one door east of R. Davis' store. Night calls made at his residence three doors west of R. Evans' cabinet ware room.
May 31, 1865-6m

J. C. WILSON, M. D.,
OFFERS his services as PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, to the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding country. Office three doors East of the Presbyterian Church, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. Jones.
Ebensburg, April 12, 1866.3m-y.

UNION HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, Pa. JOHN A. BLAIR,
Proprietor, spares no pains to render this hotel worthy of a continuation of the liberal patronage it has heretofore received. His table will always be furnished with the best of the market affords; his bar with the best of liquors—His stable is large, and will be attended by an attentive and obliging hostler.
June 4, 1866-tf.

V. S. BARKER,
RETAIL DEALER, in Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries, &c.; keeps constantly on hand a general assortment.—
Store on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. Sept. 28, 1865.

S. BELFORD, DENTIST,
CONTINUES to visit Ebensburg personally on the 4th Monday of each month.—
During his absence Lewis N. Snyder, who studied with the Doctor, will remain in the office and attend to all business entrusted to him.
June 7, 1866.

DR. J. M. M'CLURE,
DENTIST, Johnstown, has opened an office on the cor. of Centre and Main streets, in this place, (building formerly occupied by Mr. Cullen as a hotel, up stairs, front room,) where he may be found on the first Monday of every month, and remain one or two weeks.
[May 10, 1866.]

LLOYD & CO.,
BANKERS, Ebensburg, Pa. Gold, Silver, Government Bonds, and other securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking business transacted.
[March 1, 1866-tf.]

LOGAN HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, Pa. ISAAC CRAWFORD,
Proprietor, solicits a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore extended. His table and bar will always be supplied with the best. His house and stable being large and convenient, and having competent assistants at all times employed, he feels confident that he will be able to render general satisfaction.
June 4, 1865-tf.

SHIELDS HOUSE,
LORETTA, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,
THOMAS CALLEN, Proprietor.
THIS house is now open for the accommodation of the public. Accommodations as good as the country will afford, and charges moderate.
May 31, 1866-tf.

Tried and True.

Memories of other friends may fade
From out my mind, and leave no trace
While he, whose hand I held to-day,
Still keeps within my heart a place.

For life is like a march, where some
Fall early from the ranks, and die;
And some, when times of conflict come,
Go over to the enemy.

And he who halts on the way—
Wearied in spirit and fame—
To call his roll of friends, will find
How few make answer to their name,

And those who share our youth and joy
Not always keep our love and trust,
When days of awful anguish bow
Our heads with sorrow to the dust.

My friend! in such a fearful hour,
When heart and spirit sunk dismayed,
From thee the words of comfort came—
From thee, the true and tender aid.

Therefore, though many another friend
With youth, and youthful pleasure goes,
Thou art of such as I would have
Walk with me till life's solemn close.

Yea, with me when earth's trials are done,
If I be found when these shall cease,
Worthy to stand with those who wear
White raiment on the hills of peace.

A STORY OF TWO KISSES.

I am an old man; so old am I that, looking back, life seems very long, and yet so short, that I do not know whether many things did not happen in a dream. I am hale and hearty, and merry, for the matter of that; and when I laugh, my laugh rings out clear and loud, they say; so much so that it makes the people around, especially my grandchildren, and nephews and nieces, laugh too. And when I laugh, the old times come back when others, who are silent now, laughed with me, and then I am suddenly still, and the laugh dies away; and when I think of it, its empty echoes fill my brain just as if it was sleep-laughter in a dream.

When I stop laughing so suddenly—for the merriment and enjoyment, and for the matter of that, the grief and pain of old men, are short and sudden, like those of children—my grandchildren and nephews and nieces, have a great difficulty to stop too; and they choke, and nudge each other, uncle; almost as good as the story you told us yesterday.

Told you yesterday; let me see what it was that I told you yesterday. How long ago it seems; it must be longer ago than the time when I was only twenty years old, a stalwart, brave fellow in yellow breeches, black leggings, a heavy brass-bound leather helmet with a white plume tipped with red, and a clanking sword which I now could not lift with two hands. I was a royal volunteer then, prepared to resist the French; and I and some of my companions were encamped in white tents on the coast of Kent.

Yes; people think me very merry.—And so, bless Heaven! I am; for I try to stand upright, four-square to the world, as a man should; but, being an old man, I have blank places in my heart now, where no love grows; barren spots in my memory, and chill and numbed parts in my feelings whereto I cannot look back; and whereon I dare not tread and touch lest sudden pain should come back, like to the shooting of an old, old wound.

Been in love? Yes, I should think I have; how else could I have grandchildren, those people who laugh so hearty when I laugh, and make me tell how old I am a score of times, and say how well I am looking.

Been in love? I think I was talking of that, was I not? Yes, been in love! Well we just did love when I was a young fellow, and I recollect my Alice, and I recollect her as I loved her when she was very young, and as I love her now. I think that she could do anything but drink and smoke, or tell an untruth, or do a wrong action. Her face was a sweet oval face; her hair a very dark brown, nearly black; and her eyes a deep blue, full of merriment at one moment, ay, at all moments, except when she heard a sad story or was touched with pain for any one else, and then they grew deeper and deeper as they filled with tears. Not for herself. She never cried for herself that I know of, for my never had a day's illness.—But she was terribly cut up when her poor brother died, and that you see was how I knew her. Her brother was my right hand man in my company.—Many's the time he stood shoulder to me, good at drill, good at song—good at anything. He used to live near the coast; and, indeed, he joined us, and I was one of his tent-fellows, and his chum.

Well he knew people that I knew, and we were soon friends; and he took me home to show me Alice. He was always

talking about her, and she about him; and, when he was there, scarce a look did she give me. Her brother—his name was Joe, and mine too—could do everything, and was the be-all and end-all of the world, I used to think; and so one day I tried to run with Joe, and Joe beat me, and Alice laughed; and then I shot against Joe, and he beat me too, and she laughed the more; and I wrestled with him and threw him, and she didn't laugh then, but ran to see whether he was hurt, and said it wasn't fair for Joe to tackle a big fellow like me, although he was night an inch taller.—

In short, I could not please her anyhow. Well, it was one day when we heard that the flat-bottomed boats of old Boney were not coming over, and that the army of Boulogne had melted bit by bit away, like a snowdrift, that we made a night of it. Ay, it was a night, too! and being hot and in the summer, we must needs keep up the fun till the sun came up over the seacoast, looking red and angry at our folly. Well, Joe and I—the two Joes as they called us—ran down on the beach and washed our hot faces, and plunged in the fresh, salt waves, and were in a few moments as fresh and merry as larks. And after dressing, Joe must needs take a walk with me—who was nothing loth, you must know—along the edge of the cliff. The seas for centuries had been washing that chalk-bound coast, and at intervals there stand up pillars of chalk, with seas around them. The people call such a place, "No Man's Land," and no man can own it, truly. Well, Joe came to one of these within a few feet—say twelve—from the cliff, and turning to me, said, "Joe Junior," said he—I think I see his bright face now—"I challenge you jump on that 'No Man's Land,' I do."

"Joe," said I, hurriedly, "don't be a fool! It may be it would give way at the top, and if it did not, how could you jump back without a run? You'd be stuck on the top there like a mad sentinel or a pillar saint. I'm not going to jump it."

"But I am," said he. And before I could stop him, if indeed I had tried, he took a run and jumped.

It was so sudden that I could only stand aghast when I saw him there.—He stood, indeed, but for a moment, and then he took a back step, and would have jumped back, when I heard a rumbling sound, and half the top of the "No Man's Land" part, fell down with a crash on the rocky coast below.

I ran round the little creek to the other side of a small bay, and throwing myself down on the turf, stretched my neck over, looked over and cried out, "Joe! Are you hurt, Joe?"

A faint voice came up, and I could see the poor fellow struggling under a huge piece of chalk which seemed to hold him down in agony. He smiled in a ghastly way with his whitened face, and said, "Run, Joe, run! the tide's coming in!"

Well I did run, and we got ropes from the tents, and a few strong fellows held these as I swung over the cliff, just reaching poor Joe as the cold water lay lap, lap, lapping up to his mouth, taking away his breath and then running back, crawling over him and leaving bubbles of salt foam, as if in sport. I got him out, but he could not stand. Some bones were broken and he was badly bruised, so that I was forced to tie him to a rope, and they hauled him up, and afterwards pulled me up, and we took him home.

Well, well! to make a long story short, poor Joe died, with my praises on his lips, and Alice bowed her head like a broken lily. It was a long time before she got over it, and summer had grown into winter, and winter to summer, to autumn, and to winter again. The threatened invasion was all over; our swords were getting rusty, our uniforms dirty, and when the holidays came I left the firm in which I had just become a partner, and went to spend a fortnight at my old friend's in Kent.

Alice was there, well and cheerful now, and reconciled to her loss, though we often talked of poor Joe, and as the days wore on we grew close together and she called me by my name and seemed to have transferred her brother's love to me. She never told me so nor let others see it till one merry Christmas night, when she rejected all her cousins and her other friends, and would only dance with me.

We had the mistletoe, too. At last, one madcap fellow proposed that the ladies should kiss the gentlemen all around when and how they could; and Alice should play, too; and she, in a solemn, quiet way, smiling sadly and yet sweetly too, took me beneath the Christmas bough and kissed me on the lips.

Ay, it's many years ago, but I feel it now. My heart beat so fast that I hard-

ly dared return it; but I put my arm round her and took her gently to the bay window of the old hall, saying, as I pressed her hand, "Alice, dear Alice, did you mean that kiss?"

Well, I need not tell you what she answered. 'Tis fifty years ago, fifty years ago! and I am surrounded by Alice's dear grandchildren; and there is one, a little thing with light and golden hair that will deepen into brown, who plays around my knees and tells me her little stories, her sorrows, and her joys; so quick, so hurried in their coming and their going that they are like my own, and, as we talk, we grow quite friends and companions, as my Alice was to me.

Bless you, she understands it all!—She is a woman in her pretty ways; her poutings, pettings, and quarrelings.—She manages her household of one wax doll and two wooden ones, and tells me, for the wax doll is the lady and the two wooden ones are the servants in mob-caps and stuff gowns, when they gossip with a wooden policeman, who belongs to her brother, little Joe.

So we are fast friends, little Alice and I; and to-night, I noticed that she would not dance nor play with the pink and shiny-faced little boys who were unattractively tidy and clean in their new knickerbockers, with red stockings; but she came and sat by me and talked softly in the freight as Alice did, and made me think of fifty years ago. And only think how old times came back and new times like the old; only just think that when her mother told her she should choose a sweetheart, she got a little bit of mistletoe, and climbing slyly on my knee, and holding me in talk as if to hide her purpose—though I guessed it soon, I'll tell you,—she put her little doll-like arm around my neck, and holding the mistletoe above my head, she kissed me again and again, and said I was her sweetheart.

So this child sweetheart brought the old times back—the old times that are still so distant and so near—and the sweet kiss 'neath the rustling leaves, made me think of my dead Alice in the grave.

A Pair of Patriots.

"I will not stultify myself" by supposing that we have any warrant in the Constitution for this proceeding. This talk of restoring the Union as it was, and under the Constitution as it is, is one of the absurdities that I have heard repeated until I have become sick of it. There are many things which make such an event impossible. The Union never shall, with my consent, be restored under the Constitution as it is."—Thad. Stevens.

"Let me say that the Constitution of the U. S., as I understand it, expects no man who is not wholly lost to self-respect, and ready to abandon the manhood which is shown in the heaven directed countenance, to voluntarily aid in enforcing a judgment which, in his conscience, he solemnly believes to be against the fundamental law. The whole dogma of passive obedience must be rejected—in whatever guise it may assume, and under whatever alias it may skulk—whether in the tyrannical usurpation of king, parliament, or judicial tribunal."—Charles Sumner.

These are the worthies who assert that the Southern people have no right to be represented in Congress because they are not loyal.

A Happy Nigger.

A nigger sat on the curbstone bare, the lights of his grinders showed free from care; his hat was brimless and full of air holes, his shoes nearly minus vamps, quarters and soles, while his coat, boots and vest into fragments were blown; and excepting a collar his shirt was all gone. To any one passing, 'twas easy to see, though wanting in food, he seemed not to feel it, but patiently waited a good chance to steal it. No master to hector him now, like a Turk, or mistress to hurry him up to his work; no handling of plow, hoe, shovel or spade, and nothing to do but sit in the shade—and starve to death.

That was a very pretty conceit of a romantic husband and father whose name was Rose, who named his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Wild Rose." But the romance of the name was sadly spoiled in a few years for she married a man by the name of "Bull."

If there is heaven on earth, it is on a soft couch by your own fireside, with your wife on one side, and a smiling baby on the other; a clear conscience a dozen cigars, and a knowledge that you are out of debt, and don't fear the tailor, or sheriff, or the devil.

Good News from a far Country.

The political news from the Far West is somewhat cheering. In Nebraska, we learn from the Tribune of yesterday, the Democrats have gained considerably on last year's vote, though that journal still claims the success of the radical disunionists "beyond all peradventure." The Radicals have been joyously appropriating Oregon, and some of their journals have been quite ecstatic over the result on the Pacific coast. Yesterday, however, a brief telegram came over the wires which greatly dampened their hopes in that distant region. The news is as follows:

"The result of the Oregon election remains in doubt. Both parties claim the State by a majority of about six hundred."

While this performance was going on in Oregon, the "copperheads" were hard at work a little further North, in a territory called "Washington," and the result of their labors, "as far as heard from," is thus pleasantly announced:

"The returns of the election in Washington Territory show large Democratic gains. The entire Democratic ticket in nine counties is elected, and it is believed to be so in four others."

We commend these fellows to "Congress." They certainly need "reconstructing." If the news should be confirmed by subsequent intelligence, there is but one thing left for the Rump to do, and that is to pass some constitutional amendment which will prevent the inhabitants of these benighted regions forever hereafter from voting the Democratic ticket—Aye.

WHAT WHISKY DOES.—It meets many a luckless traveler on the great turnpike of life, and robs him of character and friends. It intrudes into happy families, saps the foundation of their peace, drives them homeless, wretched and forlorn, to subsist on the cold charity of an unfeeling world. It meets a mechanic and causes him to neglect his business, drives away his customers, and reduces him to a state of wretchedness and misery. It meets a farmer, and soon briars cover the face of his farm, his fences are broken down, his habitation becomes leaky, and the windows stuffed with rags. Finally it sells his farm, and whisky sellers pocket the money, while the heart broken and sickly wife, with her little children around her crying for bread is turned out of doors.—But where is that once thrifty farmer, kind and affectionate father? Yonder in the street a miserable wretch, wandering from grocery to grocery pawing his coat for whisky. And the vamps who hide themselves behind scenes and blinds, are willing to take the last cent and then kick their miserable victim into the street because he has no more money.

A Johnson meeting was lately held in Towanda, Bradford county, Wilmet's old stamping ground, and the darkest negro equality region in the State. The meeting was large, and was participated in by some of the most influential Republicans of the county. Colonel Allen M'Keen, once a member of the Legislature, an influential Republican, and a son of Hon. Samuel M'Keen, who was formerly United States Senator, presided. Among other prominent Republican leaders who participated were E. W. Smith, Esq., and Hon. H. W. Tracy, twice a member of the Legislature and late Republican member of Congress from that district. Resolutions were passed sustaining the President's policy, and recommending the calling of a convention of the friends of the President to put in nomination a third candidate for Governor.

A MAN got tipsy and indulged in a night's sleep in a country grave yard. On opening his eyes in the morning he noticed the inscription on a grave stone—"He is not dead, but sleepeth." "When I am dead," he remarked with great deliberation, "I'll own up, and have no such statement as that above my carcass."

A White Man's Bureau, it is rumored, has been thought of by some of the "Copperheads" in Congress; but Thaddeus Stevens thinks it would cost too much, and benefit a very unworthy class of persons. That settles the question.

If some of the speeches of our statesmen do not reach down to posterity it will not be because they are not long enough.

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name, if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

President Johnson's June journey will probably embrace a general tour of New England.

WHAT A POOR WOLF THIS WOULD BE WITH-OUT WOMEN AND NEWSPAPERS—HOW WOULD THE NEWS GET ABOUT?