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. 4. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1866. VOL. 13---NO. 20.

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One copy, one year,	2 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 $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, one year.

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No cuts inserted in advertisements.

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Five lines for	$1 50	200 for	$3 00
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Per quire,	$2 00	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 TOBACCOS, CIGARS, PIPES, &c., &c., No. 13 North Third street, above Market, Philadelphia, Pa. June 21, 1866.-1y.

STATES UNION HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA. THIS HOTEL is pleasantly situated on the north 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.-1y.

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 street, 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. Nov. 9, 1863.-tf.

FRANK W. HAY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL Manufacturer, TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, *Canal street*, below Clinton, *Johnstown, Pa.* A large stock constantly on hand. May 4, 1866.-1y.

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE. GEORGE TURNER, *Main street Johnstown*, Dealer in HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, and GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Drawers, Shirts, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Stockings, Gloves, Umbrellas, &c., keeps constantly on hand a general assortment, and his prices shall be as low as the lowest. Johnstown, June 21, 1866.-1y.

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 accommodation and entertainment of guests. The proprietors by long experience in hotel keeping, feel confident they can satisfy a discriminating public. The 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 Colonade Row, Centre street. Dec. 4, 1864.-tf.

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

JOSEPH M'DONALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office on Centre street, opposite Moore's Hotel. [Apr. 26, 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 FENLON, 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 Colonade 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. BUNN, 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.*.

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 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. Callan 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, *LORETTO, 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.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm and sunshine guide it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed,
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone,
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have pass'd away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait!
Meekly bear the storm of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right what e'er betide!
Haste not! rest not conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

A Page from Life's History.

IT was a wild, wild night. Rain and snow fell incessantly, and Nature's elements seemed at war with each other; a vivid lightning flashed the sky, the thunder rolled solemnly in its rear, and the earth groaned under the fierce March campaign.

All, save a solitary guardian of the night, posted here and there, over the great city, had returned to rest. *All*, did I say? All, but one—one poor, shivering outcast, bereft of home, friends, society, and everything man holds dear on earth.

He stood at the corner of two great streets, up to his knees in snow. Ragged, starving, and miserable—numb with cold, drenched with wet, hair and beard encrusted with snow and ice, he was surely an object to be pitied.

His name was Charles Brent. His history can be told in a few words. Born of rich parents, Charles Brent lived a life of ease, until large enough to enter his father's counting-room. He became a partner, and at the time of his father's death had acquired an ample fortune. He married a fair, gentle girl, with tender blue eyes, a loving heart, and just the one for our young friend. Soon after the birth of a little girl, Charles' mother died. For a while he was inconsolable. But the feeling soon wore off, and he gave himself up to the follies, cares, and perplexities of fashionable life.

He gave magnificent parties, at which the *elite* of the city attended. Of course, wines, cards, etc., were introduced, and he got into the habit of drinking. It grew upon him until he had his glass three times a day; then four, five, and so on, till he became a noted tippler.

His wife remonstrated with him. He laughed at her, and bade her not trouble herself. He was all right. Thus he continued, day after day, till he was brought from his counting-house, drunk. This almost broke his wife's heart. Again she pleaded. All in vain.

The death of their eldest child, however, brought him for awhile, to his senses; but he soon fell into his old ways, and was as bad as ever. His poor wife, tired out, gave up her life, and passed from this cold, cruel world to the realms above. Even this did not shake the career of Brent. Two months after his wife's decease, his last and remaining child died, and then he was indeed alone.

He gave up his business, and frequented low drinking and gambling houses. His friends tried to induce him to reform, and do better; but with little avail. Deeper and deeper he plunged into the mire, and at last was deserted by all his friends and acquaintances. He then became a confirmed sot, and could be seen, at all hours, in some den, wasting life, and what little of his large and splendid fortune he possessed, and seemed irretrievably lost.

When he had spent all, he was ordered from the rum shop which he patronized, by the hard-hearted landlord, and thus we find him, on the tenth of March, in the street, deserted, forsaken, and miserable.

"I am weary—very weary," he murmured, as he struggled up the street, "and know not where to lay my head! Oh, that I had lived another man! Here I am, penniless, wretched—*alone*! An outcast from all that's pure, and good, and holy! Oh, Heaven have mercy on me!"

He paused, and shuddered, as a gust of wind and sleet enveloped him him in its icy embrace.

"Liquor, accursed liquor! thou hast brought me to this! Had I controlled my appetite, I might have been a respected man, a virtuous man, a good man. What am I now? A miserable wreck of my former self. Oh Lilly! my wife—my wife! 'twas I who killed thee! Oh, my darling! I were a brute to thee! If thou couldst come back, I'd be another man! And my pets! they, too, were murdered by their unhuman father. Oh, God, forgive me!"

He staggered, threw his arms over his head, sighed wearily, and tottered on. Not far, for he ran plump into a lamp-post, and fell, with "Lilly" on his pallid lips.

The rain continued, the thunder and lightening played unceasingly, and everything seemed a chaotic mass; and the watchmen were obliged to seek shelter from the driving storm.

Morning broke—a bright, clear March morning—and the milkmen's carts rattled over the icy pavements, the newsboys hurried to their respective offices for the "mornin' dishuns," the mechanics to their ardous work—all in blissful ignorance of the great suffering of one of their fellow-men the previous night.

Crandall, one of the night watchmen, was hastening home, tired and cross, for the night's work had worn heavily on him, when he observed a group of boys near a lamp-post just ahead of him, who seemed to be much excited, and were busy in taking some object from the snow.

Hastening to the spot, he found the stiffened corpse of a man, meanly dressed, and whose face betrayed the *sot*, and a long course of dissipation.

Calling a brother watchman, he had the corpse conveyed to the nearest station-house, where he left it in the hands of his superiors.

A *post mortem* examination was held by the coroner, and then the remains were buried in the Potter's Field.

Thus Charles Brent lived and died, and in this sketch I would convey a lesson: "Strong drink is raging; wine is a mocker; and whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise."

Negro Loyalty.

Green Clay Smith, a distinguished soldier in the Federal army during the war, and now a member of the House of Representatives, wearied out with the perpetual clamor of the Republican leaders about negro loyalty, gave his views on that subject in a recent speech in these words:

"I happened to have seen, myself, in the field, colored men who were volunteers in the rebel service; who were captured with arms in their hands; and who confessed that they had gone into the rebel service of their own accord. I have seen in the city of Washington, since I have had the honor of being a member of Congress, black men whose whole sympathies were with the South, and I must say in opposition to the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kelly) that I do not feel like hanging these men of dark complexion who have voluntarily gone into the rebel army as privates. I wish to forgive them. Yet these men, as black as the ace of spades, went in the army of their own accord to fight against the government and against you, and yet you would not hang one of them, while you would hang the white men who volunteered, as they did to go into the rebel army."

THE Richmond *Whig* comes out in a long editorial in opposition to emigration from the Northern States and the introduction of Northern capital. It says: "Alabama, within one year of peace, begins with five thousand Northern cotton planters. It is frightful to think where she will end. There is not a single Southern State in which this process, this fatal process of New England colonization, is not going on. We must stop it, and, from this hour, we must resolve to stop it, before it enwraps and crushes us in its anaconda folds. We do not mean that it must be stopped by a resort to violence or any unwarrantable means, but by refusing, as we have the right to do, to sell our lands or any part of them, or lease or tenant them to radical enemies of the South."

☞ Geary has been asked by the Philadelphia *Daily News* to repudiate the platform adopted by the Disunion State Convention which nominated him. That platform endorses Congress, and, in so doing, sustains the efforts of that body to force Negro Suffrage on the District of Columbia. But the hero of Harper's Ferry is mute, and continues to stand upon the Congress-Negro-Suffrage platform. Therefore, the *News* and a number of other Republican papers in the State, refuse to support him. Geary must repudiate Negro Suffrage or he will be beaten at least 50,000.

A Maniac in Cumberland Mountains.

The Carlisle *Journal* describes the vagaries of a man who has turned recluse and taken up his abode in a cave on Skiddaw, in the Cumberland Lake district. It appears that about three years ago an eccentric-looking man, of slender build, and pale complexion, and speaking with a Scotch accent, paid a visit to Keswick, where he occupied lodgings for a week. During that period he made frequent excursions up Skiddaw, always returning with his clothes covered with mud; and his mysterious wanderings excited considerable attention at the time, various stories being set afloat of his searching for precious metals or a hidden treasure. Leaving his lodgings at Keswick, the stranger took up his abode on the breast of Skiddaw, sleeping at night in a small cave, or pit, sheltered by a portable roof of reeds, and lined with moss. He has now, except a short interval, remained about three years upon the mountains, sometimes passing his time upon Skiddaw, at others moving on the Saddleback and Helvellyn, one of his fancies being to preach sermons to the mountain sheep. His appearance is described by those who have seen him as ludicrous in the extreme. His hair is thrown over his shoulders and hangs far down his back, and forms the only protection for the head; his clothes seem to have been in the hight of fashion twenty years ago, and are quite threadbare; he wears no shoes, and goes on his pegrinations in his stockings only. He gives the name of SMITH, and judging by his language, belongs to Scotland, but when questioned on the subject gives an evasive answer. He makes almost daily visits to Keswick, where he purchases tea and snuff, mixing and eating them dry. His only cooking aparratus is a small pan, in which he cooks messes of very questionable ingredients, boiling them by the aid of lighted tallow. Through the limited accommodation of his habitation he is obliged to lie in a circular position, much resembling that of a dog in a kennel. In some of his descents into the vales, his appearance frightened some of the peaceful inhabitants, and the police having had their attention directed to him, he recently underwent incarceration in the county jail, for disorderly conduct at Keswick. While in prison he painted a good portrait of the governor of the jail, but it had been a grief to him to have his hair cut, according to prison rule, on his entrance. Having finished his term of imprisonment, he has now gone back to his old haunts, a cleaner, if not a wiser man.

Will Geary be Withdrawn?

There is considerable talk, just now, in political circles, of a withdrawl of the present candidate of the Abolition Disunionists for Governor. We hope that there may be no serious intention on the part of the Disunion managers to change their nomination, for GEARY is the man, above all others, whom we can defeat with the greatest ease. But there is so much dissatisfaction in the "life-long democracy" of Geary, with his equivocal position on the railroad question and with his endorsement of the extreme radicalism of Thad. Stevens, that we apprehend they are seriously considering the propriety of withdrawing him from the canvass. There are quite a number of leading "Republican" papers that refuse to support him, and the rebellion in Bradford county, one of the "Republican" strongholds, is also getting to be a serious affair, so that for the sake of saving their party from utter rout, they may compel Geary to decline in favor of a new candidate. The Johnson "Republicans" in the State who will not vote for Geary under any circumstances, are estimated at some 30,000. This fact too, will be a strong inducement to the Disunion leaders to change their base. But we shall see what we shall see.—*Bedford Gazette.*

THERE is a vast deal of nonsense talked and written about reorganizing the government "in accordance with the principles of the Declaration of Independence." It is to be presumed that Mr. Jefferson, who wrote that paper, understood its meaning, and if it was designed, as is now claimed, not only to give freedom to the blacks but to make political and social equals of them, it is passing strange that he neglected to communicate that fact to his own negroes, but continued to hold them as slaves to his dying day. Will the Radical editors who are in the habit of printing windy and ridiculous interpretations of the Declaration be kind enough to explain this queer fact, or henceforth and forever hold their peace?

☞ Harlan is to go out of the Interior Department, it is said, to make way for O. H. Browning of Illinois.

A Bull on a Rampage.

An exciting scene, says the New York *Express*, was witnessed in the vicinity of Fourth Avenue and Union Square this morning, which to one or two of the parties unwillingly interested therein was far from amusing. A bull, on the way to the slaughter, while passing through Twelfth street, escaped from the control of the driver and dashed down the street at a great rate, rejoicing in the new found liberty.

Arrived at the corner of Fourth avenue and pursued by a constantly increasing crowd, the animal dashed around the corner, encountering an unfortunate bill poster, who was at work on a fence close by. In the twinkling of an eye the hapless wight was describing a semi-circle over the bull's back, the contents of his paste pot, in his rapid flight, being distributed over his head and shoulders.

Regardless of his victim, the now infuriated animal dashed up the avenue.—Men, women and children fled in dismay before the approach of the "animated battering ram." On the corner of Fifteenth street a lady narrowly escaped impalement, the horns of the bull rushing past her skirt, tearing the skirt off her hoop.—A gentleman a little later was less fortunate. The animal in his flight made a sudden *detour* and caught the individual by the seat of his pantaloons, and in a jiffy he was imitating the revolutions of a circus rider in mid air. Singular to say, he was but slightly injured.

By this time his bullship, apparently tired of his freak, came to a halt near Nineteenth street, and was soon surrounded by people, who, however, kept at a respectful distance from his terrible horns. Two or three Metropolitans were on the ground, and though they had revolvers in their hands seemed unwilling or afraid to use them. At this juncture a Mr. J. B. Gibbs happened to be passing, stepped into a butcher shop near by and procured a rope, and returning lassoed the bull, bringing him to his knees; when a knife was procured and his throat cut. The excitement in the vicinity during the "rail" was very great—a general skedaddle taking place along Fourth avenue.

Adventure with a Snake.

A correspondent of the *Eitenhage Times*, writing from the Winterhock, says: An extraordinary snake affair occured in this neighborhood a few Sundays ago. A large snake of the cobra tribe, about four feet six inches long, got unseen into a farmer's house, it is supposed on the Saturday afternoon, and concealed himself under a harmonium. On the Sunday afternoon, the children being at school, the farmer and his wife were quietly reading, the wife sitting in front of the window.—The snake quietly crawled out, got unperceived under the good woman's crinoline, and twisted itself around her leg from the ancle to the knee, which position it kept for upwards of an hour. The farmer's wife, all the while thinking it her favorite kitten took no notice of it, until at length, wishing to eject the intruder she slightly raised her dress for that purpose. Judge of her surprise on finding such a deadly creature twisted around her leg. She sat perfectly still, not even looking at her husband, lest he should disturb the reptile.—At last it uncoiled itself, and then twisted itself about her foot. The shoe fitted loosely, and she softly withdrew her foot, made one bound across the room, and called her husband's attention to the cause of the disturbance. The savage creature now charged the wife, and was only kept off by the husband with his Sunday coat. It soon retreated, and got under a footstool, putting out its head as if to threaten death to any one who should approach it. A stick was brought to the farmer, who struck a terrible blow at its head, but hit the stool, shivering the stick to pieces. This exasperated the creature, which darted out at the farmer, and was again kept at bay by the coat. It at length retreated to the bedroom, where it was killed.

☞ A man and wife recently rented a new house in Titusville, who have a singular superstition that whoever first occupies a new dwelling for the period of two hours will meet with a shocking and untimely death. Anxious to relieve themselves of this fatality, they decoyed two little girls, residing near, into the house, and locked them up for several hours. A few days after, one of the girls was drowned in a mill race, and her parents (who also believe in the same fatality) charged the parties with her murder.

THE Vermont Democratic Convention has nominated Charles N. Davenport for Governor.