

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. 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1866.

VOL. 13--NO. 21.

The Democrat and Sentinel.

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

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For the copy, six months,	2 00
For the copy, one year,	3 50

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.

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Transient work must be paid for on delivery.

CLARK WILSON, Proprietor, Ebensburg, June 14, 1865.

Philadelphia Business Cards.

IRISSELL & WOODRUFF, Wholesale Dealers in TOBACCO, CIGARS, PIPES, &c., No. 14 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 doing business in the city 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 Bank. May 4, 1865-tf.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Second streets, opposite Mansion House. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Nov. 16, 1865-2.

D. MCLAUGHLIN, 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 SHEETIRON Goods, Canal street, below Clinton, Johnstown, Pa. A large stock constantly on hand. May 4, 1866-ly-2.

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

SCOTT HOUSE, 107 North Street, Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa. A. BOY & CO., Proprietors. This house having been refitted and furnished, is now open for the reception and entertainment of guests. The tables are supplied with long experience in hotel keeping and confident they can satisfy a discriminating public. Bar is supplied with the choicest of liquors and wines. June 21, 1866. (ly.)

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 Colanade Row, Centre street. Dec. 4, 1864-tf.

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

JOSEPH McDONALD, 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 Colanade 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, Physician and Surgeon, 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 warehouse. May 31, 1865-6m

J. C. WILSON, M. D., 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-2.

UNION HOUSE.

EBENSBURG, PA., JOHN A. ELAIR, 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 market affords; his bar with the best of liquors—his stable 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,

RESIDES in 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. MCCLURE,

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.

SHE HATH FALLEN.

On her chain of life is rust,
On her spirit's wing is dust;
She hath let the spoiler in—
She hath mated with her sin—
She hath opened wide the door;
Crime has passed the threshold o'er.
Wherefore has she gone astray?
Stood temptation in her way?
With its eyes so glittering bright—
Clothed in angel robes of light.

Oh! her story soon is told,
Once a lamb within the fold,
Stranger voices lured her thence,
In her trusting innocence.
Woe! she had not strength to keep
With the Shepherd of the sheep;
For the fleece so spotless white
Then became the hue of night,
And she stood, in her despair,
Bleating for the Shepherd's care.

Woe! that none might lead her back
From the bloodhound on her track.
Hunger prowled about her path
With a wild hyena's wrath.
Scorn came leaping from its lair
With a defiant growl and stare;
And she grappled, all in vain,
With the fangs of want and pain,
Hope and mercy shut the gate
On this heart so desolate.

So she turned again to sin,
What had she to lose or win?
Resting on her life a stain
Deeper than the brand of Cain.
Heard she not a pining tone,
Weeping in her shame alone?
Was there not a human heart
In her anguish bore a part?
None to hold a beacon light
Up before her darkened sight?

No; the altar was not there,
For a canting priesthood's prayer.
"She hath fallen! Let her die!"
Said the Levite, passing by;
So she turned again to sin,
What had she to lose or win?
Sisters! there is work to do—
Field of labor here for you,
Ye who pour the wine and oil,
Up, and rest not from your toil.

Till the bruised and wounded heart,
Aching from the Tempter's dart,
Sore and weary with its pain,
Shall be bound and healed again—
Till, no more defiled by sin,
Like the pardoned Magdalen,
Kneeling in repentance sweet,
She may wash the Saviour's feet
With her tears—that while they roll,
Blot the sin stain from her soul—
Do ye ask for your reward?
"They are blest who serve the Lord."

A Summer Day in Haying.

Five o'clock and a summer morning!
A silver mist hangs all along the streams,
A few downy clouds are aloft and the
landscape is heavy with dew. The cows
turned out from the milking are sinking
their way along the winding path to the
woods; the robins are calling to each
other in the orchard, and an enterprising
hen in the barn is giving "the world assurance of an egg." Somehow, earth,
on such a morning, looks as if it were
just finished, the coloring not dry, the
mouldings not "set;" without a grave or
grief in it.

Nothing "the way of the wind," and
remembering that the sun "came out" as
it set last night, it is pronounced a good
day for haying. So forth to the meadow,
the farmer, the neighbors, and the boys,
"armed and equipped," a young bare-footed
commissary bringing up the rear, with
carten jug and bright tin pail. Much
talk of "wide swaths," and "mowing
around," with laugh and jest, bequeles the
journey through the pasture to the field of
battle. Coats and jackets fly like leaves
in winter weather and moves the phalanx
with step and sweep through the tall,
damp grass. One bends to the scythe as
if it were an oar, and pants on in the
rear of his fellows. Another walks erect
and boldly up to the grass, the glittering
blade the while curving freely and easily
about his feet. The fellow in Kentucky
jean expended his strength in boasting on
the way, and labors like a ship in a heavy
sea, while the quiet chap in tow, that never
said a word, is the pioneer of the field.

On they move, toward the tremulous
woods in the distance. One pauses,
brings the swath to an "order arms," and
you can hear the tinkling of the rifle, as
it sharpens the edge of Time's symbols.
Another wipes the beaded drops from his
brow, and then swath notes blend again
in full orchestra. Onward still; they are
hidden in the waving grass—all but a
broken row of broad brimmed hats, that,
rising and falling, seem to float slowly
over the top of the meadow.

Ten o'clock and a cloudless sky. The
birds and the maples silent and still; not
a flutter in woodland or fallow. Far up
in the blue, a solitary hawk is slowly
swinging in airy circles over the farm.
Far down in the breathless lake sweep
his shadowy fellows. The long, yellow

ribbon of road leading to town, is aquiver
with heat. "Brindle" and "Red" stand
dozing in the marsh; the sheep are panting
in the angles of the fences; the horses
are grouped beneath the old tree;
"Pedro," the faithful guardian of the
night, has crawled under the wagon for
its shadow, now and then snapping in his
sleep at the flies that hum around his
pendant ear; the cat has crept up into
the leafy butternut and stretched herself
at length, upon a limb, to sleep; the canary
is dreaming on his drowsy perch; and
even the butterflies, weary of flickering
in the sunshine, rest, like full blown
exotics, on the reeds. The children of a
neighboring school, all flushed and glowing,
come bounding down the slope in
couples, the old red pail swung up between;
and the clatter of the windlass betokens
"the old oaken bucket" already dripping
up into the sun, with its brimming wealth
of water.

Twelve o'clock and a breathless noon.
The corn fairly curls in the steady blaze.
The sun has driven the shadows around
under the west and north walls; it has
reached the noon mark on the threshold
and pours the broad beams into the hall;
the morning glories have struck their colors,
and a little vine trailed up the wall
by a string of a shroud, shows decided
symptoms of letting go. The horn winds
for dinner, but its welcome note surprises
the mowers in the midst of the meadow,
and they'll cut their way out like good
soldiers, despite their signal.

Back we are again to the field, eye,
and back too, upon the threshold of child-
hood. A chance breath wafts to us the
sweet, old fashioned fragrance of the new
mown hay, and we are younger in mem-
ory than we'll ever be again. The angry
hum of bees just thrown out of house
and home, and the whistling quail, as she
whirled timidly away before the steady
sweep of the whetted scythes; and the
shout of the children as the next stroke
laid upon their summer hopes of the day;
and the bell tone of the bob-links swing-
ing upon the willows in the "Hollow,"
Can't you hear—don't you remember
them all?

And have you forgotten the green knoll
under the wide-spread beech—or was it
maple? And how hungry you were, at
the morning lunch, just from sympathy,
though you hadn't "earned your salt"
for a week! And the brown jug filled
with pure water, and in those olden
times, you know—the little black bottle
with something stronger just "to qualify"
it, as they said, that nestled lovingly to-
gether, amid the cool and dewy grass in
the fence corner! We are sure you re-
member how magnificent loads went tumbling
into the barn, you upon the top, and
how they heaped the new made hay into
the empty "mows" till it was half as
high as the lattice—up to the big beam—
up to the swallow hole; and how you
crept up with a young group, and hid
away in a dark corner, festooned with
cobwebs, and played you were a "painter"
or "catamountain," and growled ter-
rifically, to the unspeakable dread of your
little brother, or cousin, or somebody.
Or, how weary of the frolic, you lay up-
on the hay, and counted the dust sun-
beams, as they streamed through the crevices
of the loose siding, and wondered how
they got out again, and how many it took
to make a day, and passed your fingers
through them to and fro, and marvelled
that you felt nothing.

Many a time, you know, you crept
through that same mow with Mary Grey—
don't you remember Mary? She lived in
the house just over the hill. Have you
forgotten how you went strawberry-to-
gether? You picked in her basket—don't
deny it—you always felt happier than
when you filled your own, though you
never knew why. You had a queer feel-
ing sometimes about the heart, though
you never knew what. You have found
it out all since, no doubt. And Mary—
what has become of her? Why, "there
is a reaper whose name is Death," that
goes forth to the harvest in sweetest Spring
at latest Autumn and deepest Winter as
well, and Mary and Ellen and Jane were
long ago bound up in the same sure bundle
of life.

Seven o'clock, and a clear night. The
shadows and the mist are rising in the
valleys—the frogs have set up their chor-
us in the swamp—the fire-flies are show-
ing a light off the marsh—the whip-poor-
wills begin their melancholy song—a star
blazes beautifully over the top of the
woods, and the fair beings that people our
childhood comes about us in the twilight—
the fair beings.

"Who set as sets the morning star, that goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor
hides
Obscured amid the tempest of the sky,
Pat melts away into the light of heaven."

LEARNING TO WALK.

Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,
Laughing in childish glee;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard;
But mother, you'd hardly think so,
Understands every word.

Tottering now and falling,
Eyes that are going to cry;
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, O! guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat.

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, O! give them rest.

Faces on the Battle Field.

After the battle of Inkerman the faces
of many of the dead still wore a smile,
while others had a threatening expression.
Some lay stretched on their backs, as if
friendly hands prepared their burial.
Some were still resting on one knee, their
hands grasping their muskets. In some
instances the cartridge remained between
the teeth, or the musket was held in one
hand, and the other was uplifted as though
to ward off a blow or appealing to Heaven.
The faces of all were pale as though
cut in marble. As the wind swept across
the battle-field it waved the hair, and gave
the bodies such an appearance of life that
a spectator could hardly help thinking
they were about to rise to continue fight.

Another surgeon, describing the appear-
ance of the corpses on the field of Magenta,
says that they furnish indubitable proof
that man may cease to exist without suf-
fering the least pain. Those struck on
the head generally lay with their faces
on the ground, their limbs retaining the
position they were in at the time they
were struck, and most of these still held
their rifles, showing that when a ball en-
tered the brain it causes such a sudden
contraction of the muscle that there is
not time for the hand to lose its hold of
the weapon before death.

Another peculiarity observed in the
case of those who were wounded in the
brain was the suddenness with which they
died, even when suspected to be out of
danger. During the battle of Solferino,
a rifleman was wounded in the head by
a ball which passed through the skull and
buried itself in the brain. His wound
was dressed, and he was stretched on straw,
with his head resting on his knapsack, like
his wounded comrades. He retained the
full use of his faculties, and chatted about
his wound almost with indifference, as he
filled his pipe and lay smoking it. Never-
theless, before he had finished it, death
came upon him, and he was found lying
in the same attitude, with his pipe be-
tween his teeth. He had never uttered a
cry, or given any sign that he was suffer-
ing pain. In cases where the ball had
entered the heart, nearly the same ap-
pearances were presented, as in the cases
of those who had been struck in the brain;
death was what we term instantaneous,
but it was not quite so swift as in the
former case; there was generally time for a
movement in the act of dying.

There was a Zouave, who had been
struck full in the breast; he was lying on
his rifle, the bayonet was fixed, and point-
ing in such a way as showed that he was
in the act of charging when struck. His
head was uplifted, and his countenance
still bore a threatening appearance, as if
he had merely stumbled and fallen, and
was in the act of rising again. Close by
him lay an Austrian foot soldier, with
clashed hands and uplifted eyes, who had
died in the act of praying. Another foot
soldier had fallen dead as he was in the
act of fighting, his fists were closed one
arm was in the act of warding off a blow,
and the other was drawn back in the act
of striking. On another battle field sev-
eral French soldiers lay in a line, with
their bayonets pointing in the direction
of the foe they were advancing against, when
a storm of grape mowed them down.

A golden rule for a young lady, is
to converse always with your female
friends, as if a gentleman were of the
party, and with young men, as if your
female companions were present.

A minister who had received a
number of calls, and could hardly decide
which was the best, asked the advice of
his faithful African servant, who replied,
"Massu, go where de most debble."

LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Cairo Times writing from Jack-
son, Tenn., under date of the 27th, ult.,
records the following ludicrous incident:
A laughable incident occurred at the
depot to-day. The train from Mobile
brought up several barrels of shell oysters.
A number of country negroes stood by,
and never having seen oysters before were
somewhat astonished at the appearance of
the bivalve. "What he mouf?" exclaimed
one of the most inquisitive.
"How um eat, eh? golly! I tinks um
nuffin 'cept a bone. Yah! yah!" he
continued laughing at his own wit, "I
spec some white man tinks nigger a fool
when he calls dat ting ister." Just then
he discovered an open oyster, and seizing
it eyed it closely. Not satisfied with the
examination, he placed it to his nose, but
no sooner was that organ inserted between
the shells than they closed; nigger howl-
ed with pain and called out, "Dull um
off!" but the more the oyster was pulled
the more it would not let go, and as poor
cuffy danced and yelled, his frantic efforts
to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal
ornament were both ludicrous and painful.
"Hid um wid a stick," suggested a box-
um wench, and in a moment the oyster
was knocked right and left with a hearty
will, but cuffy's head went with it—
"Pinch he tail," cried a little nig, "and
he sure let go!" but there was no tail to
pinch, and poor cuffy seemed doomed to
wear the oyster forever. At this moment
an "intelligent contraband" whipped out
a knife, and with it soon served the oys-
ter. Cuffy looked at the shells with amazement,
and finding the oyster tooth-
less threw it away, with the remark, "Um
got no teeth, but he gum it powerful!"

HUGGING THE WRONG MAN.

An amusing incident occurred at the depot in
Manchester N. H. on Monday, which has
been related to us by an eye-witness. A
train had just arrived with a detachment
of New Hampshire soldiers. A bloom-
ing maiden who was present for the pur-
pose of welcoming her long absent soldier
lover, caught sight of him, and, with out-
stretched arms started to embrace him.
Just at that moment the crowd had be-
come so great that the soldiers were pressed
aside, and the lady, missing her calcu-
lations, caught another bronzed hero in
her arms, at the same time giving him a
rousing "smack." The soldier who had
never retreated on the battle field, started
back with fright, exclaiming, as he did so,
"Who in the d—! are you?" The large
crowd in attendance, while they sympa-
thized with the lady in her mistake, could
not repress a hearty laugh at her expense.
—Vermont Record.

THE NEXT VETO.

The bill proposed by Congress to extend the Freedmen's
Bureau two years longer, and making sud-
dry provisions for the division of lands
among negroes at the South, &c., was
placed in the hands of the President on
the 3d, and before the week is out we
shall have a message from him vetoing it.
It was not framed with any design to
secure executive approval. All the objec-
tions which applied to the vetoed bill of
last winter apply to this also, and they
are rendered doubly formidable by the in-
vestigation and reports of Generals Steed-
man and Fallerton.

As a steamboat was about to start
from Cincinnati one day, a young man
came on board, leading a blushing damsel
by the hand, and approaching the polite
clerk, said in suppressed voice:
"I say, me and my wife has just got
married, and I am looking for accommo-
dations."
"Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired
the clerk, as he passed a ticket to another
passenger.

"A birth! thunder and lightning, no!"
gasped the astonished man; "we haint
but just got married—we only want a
place to stay all night, you know."

JOHN W. FORNEY announced himself a
candidate for United States Senator, in a
speech at Lebanon, a few days ago.
"Twas well for John to go to the rural
district to make the announcement. Had
he proclaimed himself a candidate for the
east-off shoes of Edgar Cowan, in Phil-
adelphia, the very bricks would have
laughed at him. Senators can't be made
of such stuff."

A man came home drunk on a cold
night and vomited in a basket containing
goslings which his wife had placed before
the fire, upon seeing which he exclaimed,
"My goodness, wife? when did I swallow
them things?"

Some say the quickest way to de-
stroy weeds is to marry a widow. It's
no doubt a delightful species of husband-
ry.