

# 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 14.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1866.

VOL. 13--NO. 30

## The Democrat and Sentinel.

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For one insertion, 250 for	\$3 00
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## Philadelphia Business Cards.

**RUSSELL & WOODRUFF,**  
Wholesale Dealers in TOBACCO, CIGARS, PIPES, &c., No. 13 1/2 Third Street, above Market, Philadelphia, Pa. June 21, 1866-ly.

**STATES UNION HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.**  
This hotel is pleasantly situated on the corner of 4th and Market streets, a few doors from South street. By central locality it is 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-ly.

**JOHN P. LINTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin streets, opposite Mansion House. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, June 14, 1865-ly.

**D. M'LAUGHLIN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Loewest streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. Dec. 9, 1863-ly.

**NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.**  
GEORGE TURNER, Main street Johnstown. 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. BOW & CO., Proprietors. This house having been refitted and elegantly furnished, is now open for the reception and entertainment of guests. The accommodations 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. (ly.)

**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.

## Ebensburg Business Cards.

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

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

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

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

**JOSEPH McDONALD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Centre street, opposite Moore's Hotel. [Apr. 26, 1866-ly]

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

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

**R. J. LLOYD,**  
SUCCESSOR TO R. S. BENS. Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES AND PAINTS. Store on Main street, opposite the "Moore House, Ebensburg, Pa. May 17, 1866-ly.

**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.,**  
FEBERS 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.

**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.

**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-ly.]

**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 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-ly.

**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-ly.

**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-ly.

**Lime for Sale.**  
THE undersigned is prepared to ship Lime from Lilly Station, or No. 4, on the Pennsylvania Railroad to Ebensburg, Johnstown, or any other point on the Penna. R. R., or its branches. Address, WM. TILLY, June 28-ly Hemlock, Cambria co., Pa.

## Select Poetry.

**The Soldier's Vow.**  
BY J. V. ENGLE.

I'll never again my sword unsheathe;  
No! while I live and while I breathe,  
I'll never draw it more!  
The ruin, shame and deep despair;  
The groans that swell the tainted air;  
The scum of human gore,  
That glare on man with visage grim,  
And call for vengeance up to Him  
For nature's bleeding store.

The murder on the least pretence;  
The anguish wrung from innocence,  
The insults of the base,  
All follow war's exulting blast  
Nor heed the lessons of the past,  
And daily prayers for grace,  
Oh! cruel war thy bloody hand,  
Brought in all quarters of our land,  
The blush to virtue's face.

Ambitions men unveil the art  
Which strikes a nation to the heart,  
And makes dishonor bold.  
What care they for the human race?  
They only seek for power and place,  
As tyrants did of old—  
They'd have a scepter and a crown  
To cow and fling people down,  
And hoard ill-gotten gold.

But human tongue can never tell  
How Christians (O) oft aspire to hell,  
Though pious they appear—  
One hand will clasp the Book of God,  
The other wield the Iron Rod;  
Yet they never "shake the spear"—  
For such the people dare and die,  
When battle's smoke obscures the sky,  
And around a scene most drear.

If'er I draw the sliding sword  
To battle for that heathen horde,  
May vengeance on me pour;  
Oh! never shall I strike again,  
And help to cause so much of pain;  
No, never, never more!  
Down, down my blade, the scabbard's thine,  
You'll never again form battle's line,  
Nor taste of human gore!

## The Radical Riot at Indianapolis.

The outrageous abuse of President Johnson from the pens and tongues of the radicals has at last culminated in something most serious. The people of Indianapolis have disgraced themselves and the country by preventing the President from speaking, and by getting up a murderous riot before his very face. Instigated by the radical leaders, a band of rowdies and ruffians made an attack upon the procession who had turned out to receive the President; smashed the torches, tore up the banners and hissed and hooted Mr. Johnson when he attempted to express his thanks for the welcome extended to him. These rowdies proceeded being resisted, a general fight ensued in the square which the President overlooked, and clubs, knives and pistols were freely used. At least two persons were killed and several dangerously wounded.

Of course the radicals will endeavor to extenuate this shameful affair on the ground that Mr. Johnson has provoked hostility by political speeches. But in point of fact there is not the slightest excuse to be offered for the authors of this riot. We are no sticklers for that divinity which doth hedge a king; but certainly the office of President of the United States is entitled to respect, and this respect, in form at least, extends to the individual who holds the office. If the President desires to speak, it is the duty of every good citizen to either listen respectfully or walk away quietly. This much is due to the office which is the highest, as it ought to be the most honored in the whole world. But besides this the ordinary courtesies of life and the sacred rites of hospitality ought to have protected the President from personal insult during his tour. When Mr. Lincoln traveled from Springfield to Washington he was comparatively unknown to the masses of the people, and many democrats hated and despised him most bitterly; but nobody thought of hooting him down when he endeavored to speak. At Indianapolis, as Mr. Johnson was permitted to say nothing, the radicals cannot claim that the disturbance was excited by any remarks of his. Much as they affect to deride his utterances, they are afraid to let the people hear him, and all through his tour, at every place in which they had a majority of the population, they have interrupted and annoyed him. Other means of silencing him have failed, they now have recourse to a riot and fire pistols at those who assemble to cheer him.

We confess that we should not have been surprised if one of the pistol shots fired during the Indianapolis riot had killed President Johnson. This is what the radicals have been threatening to do, and what they will do if they can muster up courage. Their incendiary rantings and ravings will end in assassination, unless they find some less dangerous mode of getting rid of the man who stands boldly between them and the accomplishment of their revolutionary schemes. We warned the President to be upon his guard when he first started upon this tour, and the pistol shots at Indianapolis now emphasize our warning. Before long, if the present crusade against Mr. Johnson continues, we shall see some radical Booth eager to distinguish himself in the same infamous and cowardly manner. The danger is more imminent than most persons imagine. We shall breathe more freely when the President is once more safe at Washington. His loss to the nation at such a crisis as this would be incalculable.—We cannot realize the situation in which his death would leave the country. Let us, therefore, beg the President to take care of himself and his suit to take care of him. We do not intend to excite unnecessary alarm; but there is really room for the gravest apprehensions. Those radicals who threaten murder so savagely are none too good to do it, and those ruffians who shoot down the President's supporters will not long hesitate to fire at the President himself.—N. Y. Herald.

## INDIA.

**A Fearful Picture of Suffering.**  
A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Calcutta on July 31, gives a fearful picture of the suffering caused by the famine in India. He says:  
I started for Midnapore, a civil station about 70 miles southwest of the capital, on the morning of the 26th of June, and had hardly proceeded some seven miles when commenced the painful sights which, varying only in intensity, continued until I again returned to this place. Rain had fallen heavily during the night, and the palki men were trudging slowly through the mud, when a little after day-break I saw two bodies under a tree. As there seemed to be a slight motion in one, I alighted, and on going up to it found, covered under an old cloth, with just a spark of life left in him, an old man slowly dying from hunger. He appeared as if he had a thin piece of transparent India rubber tightly drawn over his skeleton frame, so emaciated had he become. I gave him some beer, and he slowly faltered out his tale of woe. He said that he and his companion had left their homes, after seeing their families die from the effects of cholera or famine, and had got thus far on their journey toward Midnapore, hoping to get relief there, when one, struck by damp and hunger, dies on the road under a tree, and the other wakes to find his friend a corpse, and himself, exhausted and drenched by the heavy rains that had fallen during the night, unable to move. The dogs and jackals feast off the body, while this living skeleton but a few paces off is unable to prevent them. He faintly begs from the passer-by, but in vain. Hunger is gnawing his vitals also. They all turn a deaf ear to his cry. The beer seemed to revive him, and I went to my palki to get some biscuits, but returned to find the poor sufferer in a state of coma, and in a few minutes he was dead. The half-picked body of his companion attested his tale. I continued my journey, passing at intervals the dead, as they lay unburied and in every stage of decomposition on the side of the road. Sometimes I would see a cluster together. In one place there were twenty-two bodies within the space of half a mile; in another six close together, all more or less mangled and torn by the jackals, dogs and vultures. Pushing my way through the jungle and over paddy fields, often obliged to swim sundry streams swollen by the late floods, in one of which my palki was upset, I traversed one hundred and twenty miles of country, when I reached the house of a Mr. Falls, an assistant in Messrs. Watson & Co's indigo concern here. That gentleman informed me that a woman had died by the roadside, and that a living child was said to be at her breast. He sent out his servants, who returned saying that they had found the corpse and the child, but the mother's arm clasped the latter so tight that in bending it back, stiff and cold, it broke. They say that the living and the dead had been thus linked together for two days; at any rate, the poor little infant, exhausted by exposure and want, died as it was being released. The above gentleman and myself were traveling through a dense jungle. Miles away from any human habitation we perceived a furnished native of the Southern tribe, lying on the ground, he had thrown himself down to meet a certain death; but a little brandy rekindles the vital spark, and, loth to leave him to be a prey for the jackal and leopard, we had him placed on the roof of a palki. The palki bearers, however, refused to budge an inch, saying that their estate would be gone. "Sawter in molo," is tried, but "no go;" "fortiter in re" then came into play. They murmured, looked at the palki, asked for a bottle of grog, and then trudged along with their tipsy burden. The brandy had been too strong for him. I am glad to add that in twenty-four hours after this the burden was walking about. The misery entailed by the famine has brought out all the worst qualities of the lower class of natives. As a rule, affectionate and fond of their homes, they have in too many instances fled, leaving their wives and families to starve; but as an eye witness in two where nobler feelings held their sway, I here record them: A woman with her three young children, crawls up to a planter's house just as luncheon was being carried from the table; she begs for the remainder of the curry and rice, which are at once taken out into the veranda and placed before her. Without attempting to eat, she quietly sets the three children round the dish, who in a few minutes demolish its contents, and although the mother is wasted to a skeleton, yet, num-

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bling her thanks, she turns away grateful that her offspring have been fed, even while she, herself, still hungereth. In another village we met a little girl and her mother, lying under a mango tree. Both were faint from hunger; they had been trying to keep life together by feeding on snails, picked out of ponds, berries and lizards, where they could obtain them, but daily feeling weaker they had sunk down under a tree awaiting a lingering death. We got some boiled rice and put it before them. The younger is the stronger, the mother is too weak to raise herself. Although the child's big eyes flashed with a hungry gleam, yet her little hands, well filled first seek the mother's mouth, and not until half the rice is thus gone does she herself eat. It is impossible to judge of the numbers that have died from actual want, as no returns are kept; but taking the three districts of Balasore, Cuttack and Midnapore, I should say quite 1,200 a day. In Balasore large plague pits have had to be dug near the towns to receive the bodies of those found dead near their precincts, but in too many instances the bodies are left to rot on the roadside.

**A SNAKE CHARMER BITTEN.**—The Buffalo Express says: On Tuesday night last, Costello, the well known "Snake Charmer," gave an exhibition of his singular power over these dangerous reptiles on the stage of the American Theatre. He handled carelessly, but with the utmost impunity, a large number of freshly caught and venomous rattlesnakes, of a very large size, twisting them around his body, placing a number of them in his bosom and around his neck, and giving undoubted evidence that they were under certain circumstances perfectly at his command. The performance being over, Costello was descending the stairs leading from the theatre to the saloon, with a number of snakes inside his shirt and around his person, being pressed upon and jostled by the crowd, some of whom, it is to be hoped thoughtlessly struck the snakes which were around him. This excited their ire, as he suddenly cried out that he was bitten, and entering the saloon took off his shirt, when it was discovered that the venom of the snake had taken effect in his right shoulder, which in a few moments swelled to a frightful size, and he commenced frothing at the mouth.

Dr. Bartlett was immediately sent for, and was at once in attendance; the flesh around the wound was cut out and prompt remedial measures employed, and the immediate effects of the poison overcome. About two hours afterwards the virulence of the venom manifested itself in a very strange manner; the man's mind became disordered, he threw his arms wildly about, and was actually singing wild snatches of song, all of which had reference to the snakes. This was continued until he was completely exhausted, when he sank into an uneasy slumber. We heard since that he is getting better.

## INDIA.

An eastern editor, walking along a street in Milwaukee, one day, was a little puzzled by what appeared to be a kind of motto, painted in large letters on a window. It ran thus: "Nobles Rebs Reges." He pondered a long while, unable to make out the meaning of the strange motto, which appeared to be in Latin; but at last he discovered that the window, which had probably been taken out to be washed had been put in wrong side out, that he had consequently read the inscription backward.

General Wool is with the President in advocating a speedy restoration of the good old Union of our fathers which he fought to preserve.

**A DEBT OF HONOR.**—In the great Fox's frolicsome days a tradesman who held his bill for two hundred pounds, called for payment. Fox said he could not then pay him.

"How can that be?" said the creditor; "you have now lying before you bank notes to a large amount."

"These," replied Fox, "are for paying debts of honor."

The tradesman immediately threw the bill into the fire. "Now, sir," said he, "mine is a debt of honor, which I can't oblige you to pay."

Fox immediately settled.

In an obituary notice of an old citizen, an Ohio paper says: "He was honest and industrious, until enfeebled by disease and old age."

Why is a despairing woman wiser in her frenzy than a despairing man? Because he tears his own hair, while she always tears her husband's.

## Parson Brownlow in Proper Company.

Parson Brownlow has found his level at last. He is now traveling with a negro and speaking from the same platform. The darkey is a professional man, a Dr. Randolph, from New Orleans. They are both members of the Committee appointed by the Mulatto Convention, to which John W. Geary was a regularly accredited delegate, for the purpose of following in the track of President Johnson and effacing the deep impression made on the minds of the masses by his speeches.

We want it understood that we do not mean that Brownlow has in any way let himself down by thus associating with a negro. If Dr. Randolph is a respectable darkey, he ought to feel degraded by intimate association with the Brimstone parson. They both spoke at Boston a year or two since, and the speech of the negro was more decent than that of the white blackguard who preceded him.

We would suggest to the Republican State Central Committee the propriety of their employing this Sable Dr. Randolph to take the stump for Geary. He is not one whit more in favor of negro equality than are Thad. Stevens, John W. Forney, and the rest of the men whose pliant tool John W. Geary is. By all means let us have a few speeches from one of the negro race for whose benefit the Radicals are laboring so zealously. Let us hear what the negro has to say in his own behalf. It is not fair to keep him in the background. Let them trot out a few representatives of the "race that bears the palm." We do not want to see the negro members of the Committee kept in the background when it visits Pennsylvania. If they are good enough orators for an audience of Massachusetts Radicals they ought to be good enough to address any Republican Mass Meeting in the Keystone State.—Intelligencer.

**Infamous.**  
Forney's Press of last week tries to make political capital out of the terrible accident at Johnstown. It publishes a letter from a correspondent at that place reflecting severely upon President Johnson, and abusing him because the train was not delayed in its departure. It nattered not to this infamous slander that a schedule on a railroad has to be promptly carried out to prevent collisions. Of course, he knew that. But here was a chance to vilify and abuse the chief magistrate, and it was promptly seized upon. There is no journal except the Press sufficiently lost to decency to do such a thing—or we have seen none at least. No man not utterly lost to self-respect would permit the publication of such an infamous article.

## A Clerk Down East Having One Morning in Church proclaimed the banns of matrimony between a "gall" and her "feller," was followed by the clergyman reading a hymn of Watt's beginning thus: "Mistaken souls, who dream of Heaven."

A down east editor says: "If I have offended any one in our brilliant but short career let him send us a new hat, and say nothing about it."

An object of "interest"—A girl whose interest is three thousand dollars a year.

Sharp stomachs make short graces.

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