Democrat and Sentinel.

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.

EW SERIES, 2. 21. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1866. VOL. 13--NO. 40.

e Democrat and Sentinel,

lished in the borough of Ebensburg, mbria county, Pa., every Thursday g, by W. H. M'ENRUE, at the follow- ms, invariably in advance;

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

y who fail to pay their subscriptions fter the expiration of six months will harged at the rate of $2.50 per year, se who fail to pay until after the ex- n of twelve months will be charged at e of $3.00 per year.

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

welve numbers constitute a quarter; ty-five, six months; and fifty numbers, ear.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

n lines of Burgoise type constitute a

uare, one insertion,	$1 00
subsequent insertion,	25
uare, one year,	6 00
umns, one insertion,	1 50
Subsequent insertion,	50
fth column, three months,	8 00
fth column, six months,	12 00
fth column, one year,	20 00
umn, three months,	12 00
umn, six months,	20 00
umn, one year,	35 00
n, three months,	20 00
n, six months,	35 00
umn, one year,	70 00
Notice,	2 00
Notice,	2 50
ator's Notice,	2 50
and Death Notices,	Free.
ial cards with paper, per an-	$6 00

ary Notices, over six lines, ten cents

al and business Notices eight cents e first insertion, and four cents for subsequent insertion.

ounts of Societies, or communica- of personal nature must be paid for ance.

ts inserted in advertisements.

CARDS.

$1 50	200 for	$3 00
2 00	500 for	5 00
additional hundred,		50

BLANKS.

$2 50 | Each ad. q'r. $1 50

excellent work must be paid for on W. H. M'ENRUE.

ebsburg, June 14, 1865.

RUSSELL & WOODRUFF,
OLESALE DEALERS in TOBACCOS, ARS, PIPES, &c., &c., No. 13 Third street, above Market, Philadel- a. June 21, 1866.-1y.

FRANK W. HAY,
LESALE and RETAIL Manufacturer, IN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON , Canal street, below Clinton, Johns a. A large stock constantly May 4, 1866.-1y.*

JOHN P. LINTON,
RNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*— e in building on corner of Main and street, opposite Mansion House, floor. Entrance on Franklin street. n, Nov. 16, 1865.*

D. M'LAUGHLIN,
RNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*— e in the Exchange building, on the of Clinton and Locust streets—up s. Will attend to all business connect- h his profession.

r. 9, 1863.-tf.

Lime for Sale.

undersigned is prepared to ship Lime n Lilly Station, or No. 4, on the Penn- nia Railroad to Ebensburg, Johnstown, other point on the Penna. R. R., or nches.

Address, WM. TILEY,
28.-tf Hemlock, Cambria co., Pa.

STATES UNION HOTEL,
PHILADELPHIA.

S HOTEL is pleasantly situated on the uth side of Market street, a few doors m Sixth street. Its central locality es it particularly desirable to persons ting the city on business or pleasure.

T. H. B. SANDERS, Proprietor.

une 21, 1866.-1y.

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.

RGE TURNER, *Main street Johnstown,* a., Dealer in HATS and CAPS, BOOTS SHOES, and GENTLEMENS' FURN- ING GOODS, such as Drawers, Shirts, rs, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Stockings, es, Umbrellas, &c., keeps constantly on d a general assortment, and his prices w as the lowest.

ohnstown, June 21, 1866.-1y.

SCOTT HOUSE,

n Street, *Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa.,* A. ROW & CO., Proprietors.

IS HOUSE having been refitted and gantly furnished, is now open for the ption and entertainment of guests. The prietors by long experience in hotel keep- feel confident they can satisfy a dis- inating public.

eir Bar is supplied with the choicest nds of liquors and wines.

une 21, 1866. (1y.)

All kinds of Job Work done at this office.

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

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.)

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

JAMES C. EASLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN, Cambria County, Penna. Collections promptly attended to. Aug. 23, 1866-1y

R. L. JOHNSTON. J. E. SCANLAN.
JOHNSTON & SCANLAN,
Attorneys at Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
Ebensburg, Nov. 15, 1866-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.

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.

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.

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.*

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.tf.]

UNION HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, Pa., JOHN A. BLAIR, Propietor, 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.

1866. PHILADELPHIA. 1866.
WALL PAPERS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PAPER HANGINGS
AND
Window Shades,
Corner FOURTH & MARKET Streets.
PHILADELPHIA.
N. B. Always in Store, a Large Stock of LINEN & OIL SHADES.
March 1, 1866.3m.

"Are You a Mason?"

I am one of a band who will faithfully stand
In the bonds of affection and love;
I have knocked at a door once, wretched and poor,
And there for admission I stood.
By the help of a friend, who assistance did lend,
I succeeded an entrance to gain;
Was received in the West by command from the East,
But not without feeling some pain.
Here my conscience was taught by a moral quite fraught
With sentiments holy and true;
Then onward I traveled to have it unraveled
What Hiram intended to do.
Very soon to the East I made known my request,
And "light" by command did attend;
When, lo! I perceived, in due form revealed,
A Master, and Brother, and Friend.
Thus far I have stated, and simply related
What happened, when I was made free,
But I've "passed" since then, and was "raised up" again
To a sublime and ancient degree,
Thence onward I marched, that I might be "Arched,"
And find out those treasures long lost;
When, behold, a bright flame, from the midst of which came
A voice, which my ears did accost.
Through the "vails" I then went, and succeeded at length
The "Sanctum Sanctorum" to find;
By the "Signet" I gained, and quickly obtained
Employment which suited my mind.
In the depths I then wrought, and most carefully sought
For treasures so long hidden there;
And by labor and toil I discovered rich spoil
Which is kept by the Craft with due care.
Having thus far arrived, I further contrived
Among valiant Knights to appear;
And as pilgrim and Knight, I stood ready to fight,
Nor Saracen foe did I fear.
For the widow distressed there's a chord in my breast;
For the helpless and orphan I feel;
And my sword I could draw to maintain the pure law
Which the duty of Masons reveal.
This have I revealed (yet fully concealed)
What the "free and accepted" well know;
I am one of a band who will faithfully stand
As a brother wherever I go.

AN ILLINOIS WEDDING.

BY THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

One day in early winter my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement, to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as we should be expected to remain over night and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke, the father of the expectant bride, about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door, waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm! marm! here's the Elder and his woman! They're nothing but folks. She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey wing in front of it; his hoss is just like dad's—crooked as a cow-horn squash."

"Sam!" called a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him into the pot! Sal, you quit that churn, and sweep the floor. Kick that corn dodger under the bed! Bill, you wipe that tallow out that cheer, for the minister's wife, and be spry about it."

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat, and bare feet, came forward—wiping her face with her apron.

"How do you do, Elder? how d'ye do, marm? Must excuse my head—hain't had no chance to comb it since last week. Set right to the fire, marm. Hands cold? Well, just run 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy head, but I declined, with an involuntary shudder.

Sal returned to her churn, but the extraordinary visitor must have made her careless, for she upset the concern, and butter and buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, Bill," cried Mrs. Burke, "and help dip it up. Take keer; don't put the snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty. Dick, do keep your feet out of the buttermilk—it won't be fit for the pigs when the butter's gathered. Drive that hen out, quick. She's picked out a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try and churn a little more keerfull. If you are agwine to be spliced ter-morrer, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I advise you to dry up!" remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

Night came on early, and after a social chat about the event of the morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pitch knot, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated.

"Come on," cried she. "Don't be afraid. Sam, and Bill, and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck your heads while the Elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm, and mind or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take keer of the hole where the chimney comes through."

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled, and fell headlong through what appeared to be an interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caugh me in his arms, and set me on my feet, remarking, coolly:

"What made you come that way? We generally use the ladder."

I was duly commiserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about that night the better.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast, and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in green calico over a crinoline full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck ribbon and white cotton gloves.

When it was announced that Lem. Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which had been hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quietly retreated with a stew-pan and a few sharp words from Sally, advising him to mind his own business.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled.

"Now, Elder," cried the bridegroom, "drive ahead! I want it done up nice. I'm able to pay for the job. Do ye hear? Come father Burke, trot out your gal." But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where was, or not at all. We argued and coaxed, but she was firm; and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood—the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel "wilt thou have this woman," &c., down came the coverlet, enveloping bride, groom and pastor, and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft, and cut the strings that held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out, looking decidedly sheepish, and Sallie was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question, Lemuel responded, "To be sure—what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied—"Yaas, if you must know."

"Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

"I'm redy to do anything, Elder, "said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that air. Just show me how, and I'll do it if it kills me."

My husband drew back nervously, but Saly advance, threw her arms about his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

"I vum if I don't do ditto!" cried Lemuel, and hastily taken a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar, which he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broken my watch-gard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company.

Then he turned to my husband:—

"Now, Elder, what's the damage? Don't be afraid to speak."

"Whatever you please," said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur from his pocket.

"There, Elder," said he, "there's a musk-rat skin; and out in the shed is two heads of cabbage, and you're welcome to the hull of it."

My husband bowed his thanks, the young people went to dancing. Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast, and at my earnest request, Mr. Morrison got our horse, and we bade them adieu.

☞ Be honest and you will prosper.

Coming to the Point.

During a recent divorce trial in one of our city courts, an eminent lawyer (Mr. Bray, by name,) catechised an opposing witness, a good-looking woman, pretty severely. At length the lawyer arrived at his reserve-questions, which were to lead to the grand coup, and bring his case to a brilliant culmination.

"You said your name was Smart, I believe?" quetied Mr. Bray, blandly.

"I did, Mr. Bray; Seraphina Smart, if you please," replied the young woman.

"Now, Seraphina, were you not married to A. Man—Able Man—in March, of last year?"

"Married to A Man, Able Man, in March, of last year, did you say, Mr Bray?"

"Yes, madame; I said married to A. Man, in March, of last year?"

Putting on a thoughtful air, Seraphina answered,—

"No, Mr. Bray: I was not married to A. Man in March of any year."

"Singular," said the lawyer. "But about your child, madame, was it not born in January, of this year"

"No, Mr. Bray," said Seraphina, in a reflective tone, "it was not born in January."

"Well, madame, were you not married to A. Man in April?"

"In April, did you say, Mr. Bray?"

"I said in April," was the sharp response.

Relapsing into a reflective mood again, she responded,—

"No, Mr. Bray; I was not married to A. Man in April."

"Very strange—very strange, indeed; a mistake somewhere," growled Mr. Bray, looking over his notes and glancing angrily at the *Smart* witness. He continued, "I presume you will admit that you married A. Man, Able Man, in May of last year, and that your child was born in February of this year, madame?"

"Married A. Man—Able Man in May? My CHILD born in Februaray following, Mr. Bray?"

"Yes, Madam; A. Man in May—a child in February"—spitefully.

A thoughtful interval on the part of Seraphina Smart, and then,—

"I did not marry A. Man in May, nor was my child born in the following February, Mr. Bray."

"You did not? It was not? Do you mean what you say, madame?"

"Just what I said, and exactly what I mean, Mr. Bray."

"Ha, hem, we shall see," muttered Mr. Bray, and then burst forth again:—

"Was your child born in the following March, then?"

"Born in March, Mr. Bray?"

"Yes, in March! March! March!" bellowed Bray, with a furious thump of the fist at each repetition. Seraphina cast down her eyes meditatively and then very leisuraly, in an abstracced sort of manner, answered,—

"No, Mr. Bray, it did not March, March, March into the world at that time."

"You seem to forget, madame Smart, that you are upon your Bible oath," retorted Bray, irritated beyond endurance by the negative nature of her responses.

"No, Mr. Bray, I do not forget my oath, although you seem to be trying very hard to make me think that it is of no account."

"You are like a parrot, Smart."

"And you like a dunkey, Bray."

"Oh," rejoined the lawyer, sarcastically, "indeed!" He tried again:—

"One more question, Seraphina *Smart.* Since you were not married to A. Man—Abel Man, in March, nor in April, nor in May, will be kind enough to tell me when you did marry A. Man?"

"When I did marry A. Man, Abel Man, Mr. Bray?"

"Yes, madame, when you did, madame!" thundered the indignant Bray, "and will you please also to inform the court, the counsel and the jury when your child was born?"

"Well, Mr. Bray," replied Seraphina, smoothing down the folds of her poplin skirt, while a merry gleam flashed from her blue eyes and illuminated her hitherto thoughtful countenance, "my answers shall be as plain as your questions are direct. It affords me much pleasure to say that my *child* is not yet born, and—which is perhaps less pleasant—that I was never married to A. Man, Able Man, or any *other* man."

The court took a recess without delay.

A TENNESSEE Radical killed his dog for barking at "old Brownlow." The dog would have died anyhow.

☞ What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt? Got a fresh one.

An Old Lady Killed by Negroes.

Day after day we are called upon to make additions to the catalogue of crime, and each new instance increases in horror, as though it was not sufficient to commit a deed of murder, but ferocity compels the mutilation of the body of the victim. The last and saddest case that has come to our knowledge is an atrocious murder committed near the town of Bowling Green, in which a poor old woman, named Still was the victim, and three negro men were the perpetrators. The following are the circumstances, as related to us by the parties who came up on last night's train:

On Saturday last the poor woman had occasion to visit the office of a lawyer in Bowling Green, and while there she mentioned to the lawyer that she had $65 out at her house, which was about a mile from town, near the race course. There were present in the office when she made this revelation three negro men, one of whom was named Lewis—the names of the other two having been forgotten by our informant.

On Monday morning, as soon as breakfast was concluded, Mrs. Still's son, a lad of twelve or fourteen years, went out to his work. It was a particularly gloomy and cool day, with almost a continuous fall of drizzling rain. Sometime in the forenoon the lad frund it to be so cold that he was compelled to return to the house for his shoes. On entering, a most horrid sight presented itself. The body of his poor mother lay upon the floor, her head split open with an axe, and several wounds upon her body, where the axe had been driven in, as though the monstrous perpetrators of the hellish deed were determined to make sure and certain work. The poor lad raised the alarm, and on searching for her little treasure it was discovered to be gone.

The neighbors then examined the soft ground about the house, and discovered tracks leading to and from the building, one of which showed that one of the party wore a shoe run down at the side, with three large nails in the heel and a break about the center of the sole. As soon as the news of the appalling tragedy was conveyed to town, the lawyer rememdered that she had spoken of her money to him on Saturday, and also that the man Lewis and two other negroes were present at the time.

On the above information the three parties were arrested, and on one of Lewis' feet was discovered the shoe that made the peculiar tracks spoken of above. On applying it to tho track the peculiar marks fitted each other exactly. This seemed to identify him as one of the murderers. All three were lodged in jail, charged with participation in the horrible crime. The victim was a very exemplary, industrious woman; had given the fiends no cause of offense; and was evidently murdered for the little money she possessed.

AN Eccentric clergyman of Portsmouth, while on a pedestrian tour through the White Mountains, arrived at one of the fashionable hotels one day in a very travel-stained condition, and was told there was no room for him. Unsuspicious, he trudged on, and presently encountered a farmer at work in a field, who, when he asked for a lodging, eyed him sharply, and offered him twelve dollars a month to work for him during 'haying time.'

"Why, my friend," said the astonished divine, drawing himself up, "I make more than that every Sunday."

The farmer gazed at him a moment in speechless horror, and then burst forth, advancing, with uplifted pitchfork, upon the alarmed clergyman,—

"Git out o' my field, you Godforsaken critter! I don't want any heathens about me, that work on Sunday."

The reverend doctor beat a hasty retreat to the hotel, and recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to make himself known, and secure a room.

A FRENCH journal tells a little story about a lady: "When I was first married I was on my knees before my husband from morning till night. It was a perfect adoration and incessant delirium—an inexpressible bliss. I showered caresses upon him, I could have eaten him." "And now," asked a friend. "I'm sorry I didn't."

MONTESQUIEU was discussing a question with a counsellor of the Parliament of Bordeaux, who was witty but rather hot-headed. The latter concluding some fiery remarks, said: "Mr. President, if this is not as I tell you, I will give you my head." "I accept it," replied Montesquieu, coolly. "Small presents keep up friendship."