

# 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. 26.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1866.

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## The Democrat and Sentinel.

Published in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., every Thursday morning, by W. H. M'ENRUE, at the following rates, invariably in advance:

One copy, three months, \$1 00  
One copy, six months, 2 00  
One copy, one year, 4 00

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions until after the expiration of six months will be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year, and those who fail to pay until after the expiration of twelve months will be charged at the rate of \$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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100 for 2 00 500 for 5 00  
Each additional hundred, 50

BLANKS.  
One quire, \$2 50 Each ad. q'r. \$1 50  
All transient work must be paid for on delivery. W. H. M'ENRUE.  
Ebensburg, June 14, 1865.

RUSSELL & WOODRUFF,  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TOBACCOES,  
CIGARS, PIPES, &c., &c., No. 13  
North Third street, above Market, Philadelphia, Pa.  
June 21, 1866-ly.

ROBERT E. JONES,  
Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa.,  
Dealer in Lumber. The highest prices  
in Cash, paid for CHERRY, POPLAR, ASH  
and LIND LUMBER.  
Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1865.

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. 19, 1865.

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 connect-  
ed with his profession.  
Dec. 9, 1863-ly.

Time for Sale.  
THE undersigned is prepared to ship Lime  
from Lilly Station, on No. 4, on the Penn-  
sylvania Railroad to Ebensburg, Johnstown,  
or any other point on the Pennsylvania R. R., or  
its branches.  
Address, WM. TILEY,  
June 25, 47 Hazlet, Cambria co., Pa.

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

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

SCOTT HOUSE,  
Main Street, Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa.,  
A. ROW & CO., Proprietors.  
THIS HOUSE having been refitted and  
elegantly furnished, is now open for the  
reception and entertainment of guests. The  
proprietors by long experience in hotel keep-  
ing feel confident they can satisfy a dis-  
criminating public.  
Their Bar is supplied with the choicest  
brands of liquors and wines.  
June 21, 1866. (ly.)  
All kinds of Job Work done at this office.

## The Dying Year.

BY S. B. M'GORMICK.

What solemn thoughts now cluster round the soul,

As we behold the checkered landscape fading,

And Winter's King assuming that control

That Summer's Queen once swayed with smiles pervading;

The living mourn while mingling with the dying,

And for the dead the Autumn winds are sighing.

Like the unburied on some battle field,

The withered flowers lie leafless, pale and bleaching.

Their fragrance wasted, which warm suns did yield,

To gentle zephyrs and to dews beseeching

On earth's cold bier lies nature's beauty sleeping,

And o'er each faded form cold rains are weeping.

Wild night-winds round the cheerless, ice clad eaves,

And through leafless forest branches waving.

Sing funeral dirges, which the rustling leaves

Re-echo to the eddying storm assailing.

And from o'erspreading clouds, broad snow flakes flying,

In sad procession, follow up the dying.

The orchard, where but one brief month ago,

The mellow fruits in golden sura were shining,

Stands leafless, trembling in the rain and snow,

Robbed of its treasures, and in want re- pinning;

And frightened birds, on weary pinions leaving,

Flit through the grim, denuding branches grieving.

From murmuring streams there comes the muffled sound

Of waves complaining to the glassy edges,

And icicles, that dangle all around,

Chant winter-dirges as they cling to hedges.

And sombre clouds to chilling winds re- pinning.

Collect in groups to keep the stars from shining.

Where'er the eyes in weary glances turn,

Around, above, beneath, in field or meadow,

The dreary scenes but cause the heart to yearn,

And spread a gloom, as twilight spreads a shadow,

And shade and gloom upon the heart en- croaching,

Are but the symbols of a death approach- ing.

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Once, during the summer's solstice,

When everybody that was anybody (ex- cept myself) had gone out of town. I was

lost to my own devices during the day

and Ben's society in the evening for what

amusement I could find in hot pavements,

shaded houses and libations of ice-water,

for the space of two never-to-be-forgotten weeks.

I had immolated myself on the shrine

of sisterly affection, for Ben's down-town

affairs could not possibly be wound up

before the specified two weeks had expired,

and a most comfortable feeling of self- righteousness accompanied the sacrifice.

To be sure, a trip to Lake George was

promised me as the reward of merit; and

with this in prospect, my captivity became

quite endurable.

All the neighbors had deserted us; and

I had watched trunk after trunk, carriage

after carriage, starting for various destina- tions.

The newspapers afforded me,

in the letters from watering places, the

delectable information that "Miss B—

was charming in a dress of blue craps

and pink trimmings;" "Mrs. G—,

handsome and *distingue*, in crimson moire

antique;" "Mrs. L— like a sunset cloud

in violet silk," and so on through the

alphabet generally. As I knew some of

these people very well, I wondered if a

transformation had taken place from

change of residence; and hoped that,

whatever it was, I might not fail to catch

it when I, too, should pack up my tent

like the Arabs, and glide in the darkness

away.

I fully expected to go in the morning,

when I did go; but I think there is some- thing

like this in one of Longfellow's poems.

Our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Beverly,

ly was my especial admiration, and the

children my favorite amusement, I won- dered

how I could possibly get through the

weary day without them. Little

"Dory" (short for Theodore,) whose father's

eyes had closed in this world without

seeing the face of his little son, was an

animated sculpture of the purest marble,

lighted up by dark orbs that seemed to

make whiter the ivory skin; and his sister,

two years older, was the most bewitching

little romp that ever soiled white

dresses, or set at naught all the rules of

propriety.

As for the gentle sorrow-stricken moth- er,

of whom scarcely any one ever got a

glimpse, I had fairly stormed her into a

sort of liking for me—scaled her castle

on various pretexts, and carried off the

children so frequently that the fact of my

existence became too apparent to be ig- nored.

All the family laughed at my

passion for Mrs. Beverly, and all that

pertained to her; every one acknowledging

that she was lovely and attractive, but

completely wrapped up in her children

and the memory of a happy past. My

feeling for her, however, amounted to

perfect enthusiasm, and we had become

very good friends some time before her

departure.

She had not gone among the charming

Miss L's, and B's, and G's, with their

rainbow-hued dresses; but off among the

green hills of New Hampshire, where

her aunt and cousins awaited to welcome

her and children to pure air and green

pastures. She would be gone all summer,

and had laughingly requested me to keep

an eye on the house while I remained

near it. It is needless for me to say

that I kept two eyes perseveringly fixed

on the domicile whenever opportunity offered;

and held endless discussions with Ben as

to whether all the doors and windows were

properly fastened. For a constitutional

dread of burglars was one of my idiosyn- crasies;

and I had frequently been remon- strated

with for looking upon them as

supernatural beings—inasmuch as, from

the nature of my searches before retiring

I evidently expected them to lodge in

bureau-drawers, and store themselves

away in small boxes.

Mrs. Beverly had frequently spoken

to me of a brother whom, as the country

people say, she seemed to "set great store

by," and who was now studying a pro- fession

in a distant city. He was to join

her in New Hampshire, and return with

her on a visit; and she had expressed a

strong desire that we should see each

other. I was quite persuaded that she

hoped a great deal from this seeing, and

I must confess that the fact of his being

Mrs. Beverly's brother threw a halo of

strange interest around Mr. Esselton.

I often found myself thinking of him

and wondering what he was like—or

rather, what he would strike me as being

like; for, of course, his sister had drawn

her own impressions of him for my benefit,

and if these impressions were correct, he

must be an uncommonly nice fellow. His

photograph was decidedly handsome, and

without ever having seen him, I felt pre- tily

well acquainted with him in advance,

and waited rather impatiently for Octo- ber

to bring Mrs. Beverly back to town. I

had decided how to "do" my hair, and

what dress to appear in in my first pre- sentation;

but I could not help wishing that something

unforeseen would occur to

bring about that first meeting in a way

entirely different from the usual hackneyed

course.

I had my wish, as time will show.

About half of the two weeks had worn

to awaken, and both our throats might be

cut before this was accomplished.

Not venturing a second look, I retreated

trembling from the window, and proceeded

to the task of rousing Ben as quietly as

possible.

Having obligingly left his door unlocked

for my especial comfort, there was no

trouble in effecting an entrance, and had

my brother been capable of appreciating

the vision, he would have seen a wild

creature in white drapery calling his name

in a nightmare whisper of terror—but of

course without producing the slightest

effect.

Ben always slept with revolvers under

his pillow, which made me chary of

touching him—for fire-arms affected me

as a drawn sword did James the First;

but something must be done speedily, as I

feared that impudent man perhaps load- ing

himself at that moment with moveable

fire.

"Get up!" I shouted, waxing stronger,

"Ben! Get up this moment!"

"Tisn't time yet," grunted my provo- king

brother, now half awake, as he

turned over like the sluggish.

I never had any patience with people

who almost required a charge of artillery

to bring them back to their sober senses;

and slinking him now with good will, I

screamed, "Thieves! Robbers!! Fire!!!

Get up!"

A head that would have served for

Medusa started from the pillows; and

out came those horrible revolvers, point- ing

directly at me. A frantic yell, that I

tried in vain to smother, issued from my

lips; and Ben, now quite awake, shouted

out at me:

"Marie! What in the name of heaven

is the matter? Do stop that confounded

noise!"

He had quite forgotten to call me

"Minnie," as I always insisted of being

called; being terribly in earnest, he had

gone back to the humdrum appellation

that roused my intense disgust I was

too much taken up with the revolvers, just

now, to remind him of his omission, and

between my terror of the weapons, and

his desire to use them immediately upon

somebody, we seemed scarcely likely to

come to an understanding.

Finally, however, Ben was made to

comprehend what I had seen; and being

requested to retire while he donned a few

articles of clothing, I waited in breathless

suspense for his reappearance.

"The fellow will not be in a hurry,"