

Democrat and Sentinel.

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.

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GEORGE M. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, EBENSBURG, Cambria County, Pa. OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW. March 13, 1864.

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G. W. HICKMAN, B. F. HOLL, G. W. HICKMAN & CO., Wholesale Dealers in MANUFACTURED TOBACCO, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SEGARS, SNUFFS, &c. N. E. COR. THIRD & MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA. August 13, 1863-4f.

For Rent. An office on Centre Street, next door north of Esq. Kinkaid's office. Possession given immediately. JOSEPH McDONALD. April 18, 1864.

Select Tale.

How a Woman had her own Way.

"I shall never recover from this blow," said M. Coulaicourt, as his friend led him from the room in which he had been gazing for the last time on the body of his dead wife.

Henri Auger sighed deeply, but tho' he had lived to know that time finds for all consolation, he did not attempt to console.

"Husbands have lost their wives before, I know—wives that they love—but remember how Cecile and I have loved each other since our childhood; remember all the obstacles that separated us for many years; remember how I toiled to make home worthy of her, and now but two years happiness, two years of enjoyment for the work of a whole life. Oh! it is frightful! Cecile, my poor Cecile, how her eyes yearned towards me, till at last they closed forever. Oh! Henri, I can never know happiness again."

Henri Auger led him silently to his study, and there sat by him whilst the widower paced the room, now talking of his dead wife, now sobbing like a child, now exhausted and weak, throwing himself on a sofa, and lying in the stillness of despair.

The laws of France prolong but twenty-four hours the survivor's watch over a dead one loved. Mme. Coulaicourt was next morning borne from her home, and in a few hours her husband returns to his desolated house, his heart nearly broken, his nerves worked up to the highest pitch by the horrible ceremonies he has witnessed.

Madly and with wild shrieks he now paces the room, thrusting from him all his friends; even Henri, who has asked to be left alone with him, is repulsed.

At last the door of the room opens slowly, and a lady in deep mourning robes, her face calm and solemn, but with red, tearful eyes, enters the room. She has in her arms an infant, whose long white robes form a contrast with her mourning garments.

Coulaicourt does not notice her, but she goes up to him, and as he stands beating his breast and sobbing wildly, she holds up to him the fair, sleeping child.

"She is another Cecile," said the lady in a low, calm voice; "and the Cecile that is gone left her to you, a memorial of your love and of the two years of happiness you have passed together."

M. Coulaicourt sunk down on a sofa, gazed on the child as it was laid across his knees, and for some moments spoke not. Then at last, extending a hand to each of the friends who watched him.

"Sister," said he—"Henri, for the sake of the child, I will try to live."

Seventeen years after this, the door of this same room was opened, and a young, bright, beautiful face, with shining braids of chestnut hair around it, was thrust in.

"Eh? Father mine, why are you so long?" exclaimed a fresh young voice, and a light form bounded from the door to the sofa where Coulaicourt was seated.

"Cecile!" said Coulaicourt, looking up, a smile of joy beaming on his face.

"Yes, Cecile," said the young girl. "It really is very strange I cannot make you more obedient to your daughter, yet I'm sure I spared no pains in your education. Don't you know that breakfast is ready?"

"No, yes; I had forgotten it. I was thinking—"

"Thinking about what?"

"Well—"

"Now, sir, if you dare to have a thought you have not communicated to me, you had better look out."

"Indeed, I have not—"

"Let me cross-examine you."

"Are your affairs in order?"

"Yes."

"Has no house where you had money failed?"

"None."

"Are you prepared to meet all your notes?"

"Yes."

"Have you made any bad speculation?"

"No."

"Are you not satisfied with Adrian?"

"Absurd! You know Adrian is devoted to me, heart and soul."

"Well, then, what were you thinking about?"

"You."

"Me—about me? And you dare to look serious, almost sad, when you are thinking of me? This is worse than anything. Pray, what thoughts could I

inspire you with that could make you look sad and serious?"

"Thoughts inspired by last night's ball—"

"Why, they should be merry thoughts; wasn't I the very queen of the ball? didn't I dance every dance, and were you not surrounded by all the young men in the room?"

"Yes, greeted I was and overwhelmed with wine and refreshments handed to me on all sides, and that has made me melancholy, for I am afraid of losing the treasure for which I have toiled these many years."

"Why? Do you think these young gentlemen were robbers in disguise, or ain't you sure of the lock of your strong box?"

"Cecile, Cecile, you are laughing at your father, the treasure I mean is yourself."

"Have these men any intention of carrying me off? What a pity they should be such dangerous characters, for they wait so well."

"Don't pretend to misunderstand me, Cecile, you know exactly what I mean. You know that you were admired by everybody, and you know what is likely to follow this admiration of a parcel of young men."

"No, I don't."

"It is too bad to think that after a life spent in loving you, in making you what you are—beautiful, amiable, good, accomplished, just because you are eighteen, I am to give you up; yes, give you up to a domestic invader called a son-in-law, a man who will carry you off from me, a man who will assure to love you, and what is worse, a man you may probably learn to love yourself; it's dreadful!"

"But all this is imaginary. I'm ashamed of you; one would think you were a young, romantic girl."

"Imaginary, is it? What do you think has happened this very morning?"

"Has there been an invader here already?"

"Yes, an invader that has actually proposed for your hand, Colonel Suterre, an invader who is rich, who is well born, an invader in fact against whom there is not a single objection to be made, unfortunately."

"Yes, one that you have never thought of, but which is the most powerful of all; I don't like him, and won't have him."

Monsieur Coulaicourt rose, and clasping his daughter to his heart, heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"I thought you would want to get married; all young girls are said to want to get married."

"But they have not such fathers as I have; now come to breakfast, and make yourself perfectly easy on the score of husbands, for I shall never, as long as I live, leave you."

Now when Mlle. Cecile spoke in this way, she was telling the truth; but not all the truth, for certainly she was giving her father to understand that she had no affection in the world beyond the one she had for him, and that she never intended to marry. M. Coulaicourt had made an idol of his daughter; after his wife's death he had consecrated his life to this child, and gradually he had grown to look on all who sought to share her affection with jealousy, such almost as a lover might have felt. But with all this, M. Coulaicourt knew that every girl in France is expected to be married between the ages of eighteen and twenty; an old maid is a *rara avis* in France, and all his wife's and his own relations were importunate for him to find a match for his daughter.

She was beautiful, young, and charming, and possessed a handsome dowry; pretensions were not wanting. M. Coulaicourt felt as if a doom threatened him. He was afraid to talk to Cecile on the subject, so the positive declaration he had drawn from his daughter that morning caused him more happiness than he had known for many years.

But after all it was an Eve-like womanish answer she had given him, she did love some one better than her father, and the happiness of her life depended on her marriage.

Many years before, Cecile, being then only six years, as she was sitting in her father's carriage, driving along the high road in a country place where her father had hired a residence for the summer, had spied a boy three or four years older than herself, sitting on the wayside crying.

One command from Cecile had stopped the carriage, and the next minute she was by the side of the child, inquiring into his griefs, and forcing into his hand the cakes and cherries with which her little basket was laden.

Monsieur Coulaicourt inquired, however, more particularly into the boy's circumstances and condition, and finding him

really an object of pity, and believing his story, had taken twenty francs out of his pocket to give him. But Cecile stopped him indignantly.

"Not at all," said she, "he is going home with us."

And home he had accordingly been taken. It was found that he had the beginning of a good education, that he spoke correctly, and was a very well behaved boy, confirming his own story that he was the orphan of a gentleman who had passed his life in writing, the boy could not say what, and who died suddenly, pen in hand, leaving no indication who he was beyond his own name, and but just money enough to bury him.

The orphan boy had been turned adrift; and bewildered and helpless, had wandered on until forlorn and wearied, he had sat down by the wayside and wept.

Coulaicourt had Adrian, as he was called, educated, and now at the time Coulaicourt was in such trouble about his daughter, Adrian had taken off his patron's hands all the responsibility of his business, one of the most important in the great commercial city of Havre.

"Cecile has been a blessing to me," Coulaicourt would say, "from the moment her aunt laid her in my arms. I owe the prosperity of my house to her, for she gave me Adrian."

Adrian felt the deepest gratitude to both the merchant and his daughter; his was a fine generous nature, that does not shrink from obligation; but the sentiment he felt for father and daughter, as he grew older, naturally assumed a different aspect. To both he was devoted; but as he saw her expand into loveliness, both of mind and person, he came to love Cecile, passionately, deeply. But he concealed his passion as he would have hidden a crime, for he felt it would be the basest ingratitude, which is a crime, to seek an alliance which was so infinitely beneath what Cecile had every right to expect.

But Cecile had not been as blind as her father to Adrian's feelings, neither was she so scrupulous as Adrian, for she had made up her childish mind to marry Adrian, and she had by her woman's tact discovered his love for her.

On the day of her explanation with her father Cecile contrived, on some vain pretext—he often undertook commissions for her—to summon Adrian to her presence. She had determined to make him declare his sentiment, for she felt that the time had come when she would have to combat all her relations determined on her marriage, and her father determined on keeping her to himself.

Adrian was timid in her presence that she felt she had to encourage him; so after a little insignificant conversation, Cecile suddenly asked him if he had seen the letter addressed to her father by Colonel de Laey.

"I have."

"You know the answer?"

"M. Coulaicourt has told me—"

"That I would not have him. I don't intend to marry at all; I wish people would leave me alone."

"They are not likely to do that; you know, Mlle. Cecile, that wherever you go, you excite admiration and love."

"Nonsense; do you mean to say then that every man who sees me is in love with me?"

"Every one who is often in your society."

"Every one! Why, Adrian, you then, who have known me all your life, and see me every day, are you in love with me?"

"Mademoiselle, that is a cruel question."

"Not at all, Adrian, it is an honest question, and demands an honest answer. Give it to me from your heart, Adrian."

"Then, Cecile, from my heart, I love you."

"And, Adrian, with all my heart, I love you; do not go off into ecstasies of joy; our love has a great obstacle to surmount."

"My poverty—my birth?"

"No, your love; my father will never forgive that."

"What then is to be done?"

"It must be concealed from him, this is the only way to bring about our marriage. Trust all to me and we shall be happy."

Adrian's presence in the counting-house was never of so little use as on that day; he could not bring his mind to contemplate dull commercial details after all he had heard that morning. The dream he had never dared to think would be realized had become a reality.

On Cecile's interview of the morning had a different effect; it made her serious and thoughtful. After all, Adrian was but a creature of her father's bounty,

and that might be an obstacle, not one that would resist a positive desire of hers expressed in her usual positive manner, but one she could not signify without declaring her love for Adrian, and that would make her father miserable, and might perhaps utterly prevent the success of her plans.

"He must propose Adrian to me himself," was the result of Cecile's reflections.

It so happened that a few days after she had taken it, a letter came from her aunt, urging her brother to establish her niece, and requesting him to send her on a visit of three months to her to Paris.

"I have been nursing a capital match for her for more than a year," said she, "so pray send her."

"Now really this is too bad," said M. Coulaicourt, "your aunt being your mother's sister fancies she has a right over you; and I cannot part with you."

"Then here every one is asking the honor of my daughter's hand. I wonder if the men think I took all this care of you expressly for them?"

"They need not trouble themselves," said Cecile, "I will never leave you; but as you would not like me after all to be an old maid, I should like to find a husband who would consent to come and live here and make my home his."

"Capital!"

"For that we must find some one who is not rich."

"I am rich enough for both."

"Who has no relations."

"Certainly."

"Who has great respect for you."

"Of course."

"And who will understand us both; but where is such a being to be found?"

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Coulaicourt, starting up—"I have the very man; he has often told me he would lay down his life for me; he will not dare refuse me this—Adrian."

Cecile's heart beat, but she had sufficient self-control to keep down the blush that thrilled through her veins, as with an air of indifference, she replied—

"Adrian? Oh, yes; why, he knows us both so well, knows all our faults, and knows all my love for you, you might make him your partner, but then would he have me? Perhaps he loves some one else."

"Nonsense; he cannot, he shall not; my Cecile then will never leave me, and no passionate love will ever come to obscure the love of all her poor father's life. It will not be too great a sacrifice, though, will it, Cecile? I think you must like Adrian."

"Just enough, father, to marry him without aversion; and I shall love him for keeping me all my life near you."

"Love him, but only second to me."

"Of course!"

Coulaicourt hastened to the counting-house, shut himself up in his office with Adrian, and there made the proposition to him. Adrian, being a man, had not as much tact as Cecile, and, thrown off his guard, avowed his passion for her, which came near spoiling the whole plot.

But Cecile's tact and skill came to the rescue. Never was accepted suitor received in a colder or more cavalier manner. Not one word of tenderness, not one look of love was bestowed on him during the whole courtship. Not for ten minutes was he ever alone with his intended. Coulaicourt was enchanted; Cecile, too, for she had gained her point; her father was not jealous of her husband. On the wedding day, as they were returning from church, Adrian offered his arm to his bride, but she had already taken her father's.

"Cecile," said Coulaicourt, "your husband has, perhaps, the right—"

"Ah! I had forgotten him," replied Cecile, just touching Adrian's arm with the tips of her fingers.

"Even on her wedding day," said Coulaicourt to himself, with a thrill of joy, "she thought of me before she thought of him."

Cold and ceremonious was the bride's manner through all the banqueting and rejoicing. Adrian himself was almost deceived, and on this, the happiest day of his life, could not help feeling sad. When all was over, the guests gone, and Coulaicourt conducted his children to their own apartment, his heart thrilled with joy to think that his home was now to be forever hers. Then, when the door was closed upon them, Cecile threw herself into her husband's arms and whispered, "I love you."

They have all three been supremely happy ever since, and Coulaicourt takes the credit of all on himself, never suspecting the stratagem by which a woman contrived to have her own way.

Never too old to Learn.

Socrates at an extreme age, learned to play musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature, yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memories of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progressing of age in new studies.

Ogby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past the age of fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he could therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the *Iliad*, and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—A soldier in Sherman's army, with throat cut from ear to ear, was thought to be mortally wounded by a council of surgeons; but the one under whose immediate care he was, thought he was justified in making an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man. He first commenced his task by cutting through where the two upper ribs meet the sternum, and through this orifice, for forty days, he has been fed five gallons of milk per week, and sometimes his appetite required five pints per day. He is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks in two weeks he will have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed, as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He at first introduced a stomach pump and thus fed his patient, and after a few hours would clear his stomach in the same manner, thus producing artificial digestion, till it was no longer necessary, a silver tube is now used to feed him.—*Louisville Journal.*

A minister who had been reproving one of his elders for over indulgence, observed a cow go down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he to his offending elder, "is an example for you; the cow has quenched her thirst, and has retired." "Yes," replied the elder, "that is true. But suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'Here's to you,' there's no saying how long they might have gone on."

A correspondent from Northampton, Mass., is responsible for the following: "A subscriber to a moral reform paper, called at our postoffice the other day, and inquired if *The Friend of Virtue* had come? 'No,' said the postmaster, 'there has been no such person here for a long time.'"

"I have a place for everything you ought to know it," said a married man, who was looking for his boot-jack, after his wife was in bed. "Yes," said she, "and I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

Last Sunday, little Ike, three years and a half old went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put in the contribution box which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

Booth the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth; but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied he, "the bridge is gone!"

A man's good fortune often turns his head; bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

A good physician saves us, if not always from the disease, at least from a bad physician.