

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. 30.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1866.

VOL. 13--NO. 41

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, \$3 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; twenty-five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Five lines of Bourgeois type constitute a square.
One square, one insertion, \$1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 25
One square, one year, 6 00
Two squares, one insertion, 1 50
Each subsequent insertion, 50
One-fourth column, three months, 8 00
One-fourth column, six months, 12 00
One-fourth column, one year, 20 00
Half column, three months, 12 00
Half column, six months, 20 00
Half column, one year, 35 00
One column, three months, 20 00
One column, six months, 35 00
One column, one year, 70 00
Editor's Notice, 2 00
Executive's Notice, 2 50
Administrator's Notice, 2 50
Marriage and Death Notices, Free.
Professional cards with paper, per annum, \$3 00
Ordinary Notices, over six lines, ten cents per line.
Special and business Notices eight cents per line for first insertion, and four cents for each subsequent insertion.
Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.
No cuts inserted in advertisements.

50 for \$1 50 | 200 for \$3 00
100 for 2 00 | 500 for 5 00
Each additional hundred, 50
One year, \$2 00 | Each ad. q'r. \$1 50
All transient work must be paid for on delivery. W. H. M'ENRUE, Ebensburg, June 11, 1865.

RUSSELL & WOODRUFF,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TOBACCOES,
CIGARS, PAPES, &c., No. 13
North Third street, above Market, Philadelphia, Pa. June 21, 1866-1y.

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, 1866.

JOHN S. LINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—
Office in building on corner of Main and
Franklin streets, opposite Mansion House,
second floor. Entrance on Franklin street.
Johnstown, Nov. 16, 1865-7.

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

Line for Sale.
THE undersigned is prepared to ship Line
from Lilly Station, on No. 4, on the Penn-
sylvania Railroad to Ebensburg, Johnstown,
or any other point on the Penna. R. R., or
its branches.
Address, WM. TILLEY,
June 28, 47 Hancock, 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, 1866-1y.

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.
GEORGE TURNER, Main street, Johnstown,
Pa., 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, 1866-1y.

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. (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 KITTEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
Dec. 4, 1864-tf.

F. P. TIERNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colonnade Row.
April 8, 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 resi-
dence. May 4, 1865. (*142.)

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-tf. (*127.)

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. (1f.)

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,
Carrolltown, Cambria County, Penna.
Collections promptly attended to.
Aug. 23, 1866-1y

J. R. 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 accommo-
dation 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.
Nights called 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, 13 the
room formerly occupied by Dr. Jones.
Ebensburg, April 12, 1866.3m-7.

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,
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-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, 1866.2m.

Wanted.

Wanted, a hand to hold my own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted, an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

Wanted, a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free,
To keep a straight and onward pace,
O'er life's path with me.

Wanted, a form erect and high,
A head above my own,
So much that I might walk beneath—
It's shadow o'er me thrown.

Wanted, an eye within whose depth
Mine own might look and see
Uprisings from a guileless heart,
O'erflowing with love for me.

Wanted, a lip whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone,
A voice whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

Wanted, a true, religious soul,
To pious purpose given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to Heaven.

La Tour D'Auvergne.

For many a year there was a touching
and beautiful custom to be witnessed in
a certain regiment of French Grenadiers,
and which was meant to commemorate the
heroism of a departed comrade.

When the companies assembled for pa-
rade, and the roll was called, there was
one name to which its owner could not
answer—it was that of La Tour D'Au-
vergne.

When it was called, the oldest sergeant
present stepped a pace forward, and rais-
ing his hand to his cap, said, proudly:
"Died on the field of honor."

For fourteen years this custom was
continued, and only ceased when the re-
stored Bourbons, to please their foreign
masters, forbade everything that was cal-
culated to preserve the spirits of the sol-
diers of France.

La Tour D'Auvergne was not unworthy
in life the honor thus paid him after his
death. He was educated for the army,
entered in 1767, and in 1781 served under
the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port
Mahon. He served always with distinc-
tion, but constantly refused offers of
promotion, saying that he was only fit for
the command of a company of grenadiers;
but finally, the various grenadier com-
panies being united, he found himself in
command of a body of 8,000 men, while
retaining only the rank of Captain.

Hence he was known as the First
Grenadier of France.

But it is of one particular exploit of
his that we wish to write, more than his
career in general.

When he was forty years of age, he
went on a visit to a friend, not far from a
section of the country that was soon to be
the scene of a campaign. While there he
was busy in acquainting himself with
the features of the country, thinking it
not unlikely that this knowledge might be
of use to him, and while here the brave
grenadier was astonished to learn that the
war had been rapidly shifting to that
quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians
was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass
about ten miles from where he was staying,
and the possession of which would give them
an opportunity to prevent an important
movement of the French which was then
on foot.

They hoped to surprise this post, and
were moving so rapidly upon it that they
were not more than two hours distant
from the place where he was staying, and
which they would have to pass in their
march. It matters not how he heard the
news. It is sufficient to say that he de-
termined at once to act upon it.

He had no idea of being captured by the
enemy in their advance, and he at once
set off for the pass. He knew that the
pass was defended by a stout tower, and
a garrison of 30 men, and he hoped to be
able to warn the men of their danger.

He hastened on, and arriving there,
found the tower in a perfect condition.
It had just been vacated by the garrison,
who had heard of the approach of the
Austrians, and had been seized with a
panic thereat and had fled, leaving their
arms, consisting of thirty excellent mus-
kets.

La Tour D'Auvergne gnashed his teeth
with rage as he discovered this. Search-
ing in the building he found several boxes
of ammunition which the cowards had not
destroyed. For a moment he was in de-
spair, but then with a grim smile he began
to fasten the main door and pile against it
such articles as he could find.

When he had done this he loaded all
the guns he could find, and placed them,
together with a good supply of ammunition

under the loop holes that commanded the
road by which the enemy must advance.

Then he ate heartily of the provisions
which he had brought with him, and sat
down to wait. He absolutely formed the
heroic resolution to defend the tower alone
against the enemy.

There was something in his favor in
such an undertaking. The pass was steep
and narrow, and the enemy's troops could
enter it only in double files, and doing
this would be fully exposed to the fire
from the tower. The original garrison of
thirty men could easily have held it against
a division, and now one man was about
to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour D'Auvergne
reached the tower, and he had to wait
some time for the enemy. They were
longer in coming than he had expected,
and for a while he was tempted to believe
they had abandoned the expedition.

About midnight, however, his practiced
ear caught the tramp of feet. Every
moment the sound came nearer, and at
last he heard them entering the defile.—
Immediately he discharged a couple of
muskets into the darkness to let them know
that he knew of their presence and inten-
tions, and he heard the quick, short
commands of the officers, and from the sounds,
he supposed that the troops were retiring
from the pass. Until the morning he was
undisturbed. The Austrian commander,
feeling assured that the garrison had been
informed of his movements, and was pre-
pared to receive him, saw that he could
not surprise the post as he had hoped to
do, and deemed it prudent to wait until
daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison
to surrender. A grenadier answered the
summons.

"Say to your commander," he said,
in reply to the messenger, "that this gar-
rison will defend this post to the last
extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of
truce retired, and in about ten minutes a
piece of artillery was brought into the pass
and opened on the tower. But to effect
this the piece had to be placed directly in
front of the tower, and within easy musket
range of it. They had scarcely got the
gun into position when a rapid fire was
opened on it from the tower, and contin-
ued with such marked effect that the piece
was withdrawn after the second discharge,
with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning, so half an
hour after the gun was withdrawn the
Austrian Colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile they
were received with a rapid and accurate
fire, so that when they had passed over
half the distance they had to traverse they
had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by
this, they returned to the mouth of the
defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in
this manner, and the enemy by sunset had
lost forty-five men, of whom ten were
killed.

The firing from the tower had been
rapid and accurate, the Austrian com-
mander had noticed this peculiarity about it—
every shot seemed to come from the same
place. For awhile this perplexed him,
but at last he came to the conclusion that
there were a number of loop-holes close
together in the tower, so constructed as to
command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and
repulsed, and at dark the Austrian com-
mander sent a second summons to the gar-
rison.

This time the answer was favorable.—
The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise
the next morning, if allowed to march out
with their arms and return to the army
unmolested. After some hesitation the
terms were accepted.

Meantime, La Tour D'Auvergne had
passed an anxious day in the tower. He
had opened the fight with an armament of
thirty loaded muskets, but had not been
able to discharge them all. He had fired
with surprising accuracy, for it was well
known in the army that he never threw
away a shot. He had determined to stand
to his post until he had accomplished his
end, which was to hold the place twenty-
four hours, in order to allow the French
army time to complete its manoeuvre. Af-
ter that, he knew the pass would be of no
consequence to the enemy.

When the demand for a surrender came
to him after the last assault, he consented
to it upon the conditions named.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian
troops lined the pass in two files, extend-
ing from the mouth to the tower, leaving
a space between for the garrison to pass
out.

The heavy door of the tower opened
slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed
and scarred grenadier, literally loaded
down with muskets, came out and passed
down the line of troops. He walked with
difficulty under his heavy load.

To the surprise of the Austrians, no one
followed him from the tower.

In astonishment the Austrian Colonel
rode up to him, and asked him in French
why the garrison did not come out.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said the
soldier proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, "do
you mean to tell us that you alone have
held that tower against me?"

"I have that honor, Colonel," was the
reply.

"What possessed you to make such an
attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."
The Colonel gazed at him for a moment
with undisguised admiration; then raising
his cap, he said warmly: "Grenadier, I
salute you. You have proven yourself
the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which
La Tour D'Auvergne could not carry to be
collected, and sent them all, with the
grenadier, into the French lines, with a
note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the
ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote
La Tour D'Auvergne, but the latter de-
clined to accept the promotion, saying
that he preferred to remain where he was.

This brave soldier met his death in an
action at Aberhausen, in June, 1800, and
the simple but expressive scene at roll call
in his regiment was commenced and con-
tinued by the express command of the
Emperor himself.

A Hunt After a \$120,000 Pack- age of U. S. Bonds.

The Hartford Times tells a curious story
about a package of some \$120,000 in
Government bonds, which may be worth
relating. As we understand it, the bonds
were the property of a large wool house
in this city, and the package had been
taken by one of the partners for safe keep-
ing. It was afterwards decided to send
the package to a branch establishment of
the house, located in one of the Western
cities; and a son of one of the partners
was deputed to get the bonds and take
them West. He procured the package at
the house where it had been left, on—
street. It was in a tin box or case. He
wrapped it in a paper, put it in his carpet
bag, and started for the business house of
the firm in another part of the city.

On passing through Asylum street he
stopped at Casper Kreutzer's boot and
shoe shop, to procure something in his
line and in making room for it in his car-
pet bag, he took out the tin box wrapped
in a paper and laid it for a moment on the
counter. On adjusting his carpet bag he
forgot to put in the bonds, and left the
package on the counter. Nor did he dis-
cover the loss on going to the firm's
house of business, but after arranging his
affairs went off in the cars with his carpet
bag.

About a month after his arrival at the
West the firm here sent him certain di-
rections in regard to the sale of a portion
of the bonds. He not finding the package,
and thinking he must have left it in the
safe at home, telegraphed back that he
had no bonds. The firm then telegraphed
him to return home immediately, for the
bonds were missing. It was his belief,
and theirs, too, that he had put the bonds
into the safe, and that somebody had
obtained access to it, in an unguarded
moment, during business hours, and made
off with the tin box. In the midst of this
troubled doubt, he suddenly started up
with the exclamation that he must have
left the package in Kreutzer's boot store;
and off he went to find it.

Entering the shop, he said to the prop-
rietor: "Kreutzer, I'll take that parcel I
left here some time ago." The boot-maker
returned, and reaching up to the show
case where he kept boots on exhibition in
the shop, produced the package. It had
never been opened. It had lain for a
fortnight on a shelf or counter where they
were accustomed to unroll and cut leather,
and where the proprietor had placed it,
under the impression that it would soon be
called for. Finally, seeing that it was
uncalled for, he unrolled the paper, and
seeing a tin box, put it without opening it,
in the show case for safe keeping. And
thus the \$120,000 in Government bonds,
after being lost for six weeks were all
recovered. This case shows that people
are sometimes careless in large matters as
well as in small ones.

A Yankee Trick.

A cute Yankee suggests a plan by which fowls can be
cured of scratching gardens. The contri-
vance is simply a stick about two inches
in length, so secured at the heel of the
fowl that as the foot is raised the stick
falls and strikes the ground, throwing the
fowl forward. If the chicken persists in
scratching, its effects will walk it clean off
the ranch.

He Got Him by the Wool.

"Look here, nigger, whar you swellin'
to?" was the unceremonious salutation
of a sable colored gentleman to an exer-
cisingly well dressed fellow, whose com-
pion was not many shades removed from
that of a stove-pipe, as the latter per-
made a graceful swing from the prome-
nade on F— street, Washington, where he
been exhibiting himself for a couple of
hours.

"Who-o-o you call nigger, sah?" was
the indignant response, with a very mag-
netic roll of a pair of eyes with a great
deal of white and a very little of any other
color in them.

"Why, I call you nigger," was the fla-
unted repetition of the "sable color," as
he recognized in the "stove-pipe" a gen-
tleman who, two years ago, exercised his
genius about town in the whitewashing
and bootblacking line, but who, since that
time, had been "abroad," and had exhib-
ited a mustache and foreign airs.

"Low me to inform you, sah, dat you
is 'abroad' under a slight delusionation,
aint no nigger."

"Yes you is a nigger, nuffin else; but
if you ain't a nigger, den what is you?"

"Is a quadderoon, sah."
"How you get to be a quadderoon?"

"Why, my modder was a white woman
and my fadder was a Spaniard, sah; dat
how I got to be a quadderoon."

"Whar you git your 'plexion'?"

"Got 'em in de Souf, sah,—'fect ob de
climate; every pussen in de Souf got 'em,
sah."

"Whar you git de wool? Say, whar
you git dat wool?"

"I git dat by sad accidum on my mud-
der's side, sah."

"Now, how you git dat wool on your
mudder's side, if your mudder was a white
woman? Say, how you git dat wool?"

"Because she got frightened 'fore I was
born."

"How she git frightened, eh?"

"Why, she git chased by a black man,
she did."

"Look here, nigger, I doesn't want to
be pussual; but, from de 'pearance of
your mudder's son, dere aint no doubt,
but de time your mudder was chased by
de black man, she was overtook."

A Solemn Reflection.

Addison, in one of his admirable es-
says, compares the human mind to the
unhewn block of marble which, chipped
and dressed by the sculptor's chisel, finally
emerges an almost breathing image of life
and beauty, of symmetry and grace. It
were well to consider, however, that the
process of developing the human mind is
conducted by multifarious, miscellaneous,
and often conflicting agencies. From the
rude, elemental mass, every passer-by
snatches a chip or impresses upon it a
lineament. Parents may work upon it—
teachers may work upon it. But they
work not alone. Friends touch the emerg-
ing form—foes touch it—the novelist im-
parts a feature—the servant in the kitchen
shapes a part—the fleeciest cloud of heaven
gives it a shade or a line—all things work
upon it, and "trifles light as air" contrib-
ute to its form and complexion.

It is painfully interesting to observe
how the whole tenor and temper of an
individual's history is modified by slight
events, as the whole expression of a beau-
tiful portrait may be changed by one false
touch of the pencil. An unkind gaze or
word may curdle or turn away for life
the sensibilities of some quick generous
nature. An impure tale or novel may be
read, flung aside, and its very name for-
gotten; yet as the small flower absorbs
something of nutriment from the casual
dewdrop and the shortest breeze, so may
the soul unconsciously drink in from its
most trivial and accidental associations
with books and men that which shall
make or mar its happiness through the
longest life. A single seed lodged in favor-
able soil produces the oak that may battle
with the blasts of a century, and a
single thought or feeling once generated in
the human bosom may cope with all the
influence which time shall bring to bear
against it.

What a solemn trust is influence, even
the smallest degree of it, when its vast
possible results are contemplated; and, oh,
how unutterable fearful the abuse of such
a measure of it, as is commonly wielded
by the parents of our land.

During a case in which the bound-
aries of a certain piece of land were to be
ascertained, the counsel of one part said:
"We lie on this side, may it please the
court;" and the counsel of the other part
said: "We lie on this side." The Judge
stood up and said: "If you lie on both
sides, whar will you have me to believe?"