

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, } EDITORS.
ED. JAMES.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
August 13, 1868.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street. [Aug 13]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 18]

WILLIAM H. SECHLER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 20]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, and United States Commissioner for Cambria county, Ebensburg, Pa.
[Aug 13]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
R. L. JOHNSTON. [Aug 13] J. E. SCANLAN.

JAMES C. RASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Aug 13]

E. J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High st., Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13-6m.]

E. A. SHOENAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections.
Office on High street, west of the Diamond. [Aug 13]

A. KOPPEL, T. W. DICK, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row, with Wm. Kittell, Esq. [Oct. 22]

JOSEPH S. STRAYER, Justice of the Peace, Johnstown, Pa.
Office on Market street, corner of Locust street extended, and one door south of the late office of Wm. N. Kee. [Aug 13]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mans' on House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to, at his office. [Aug 13]

DR. DE WITT ZEIGLER—
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. He will visit Ebensburg the second Tuesday of each month, to remain one week.
Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.
Rooms in the "Mountain House," High street. [Aug 18]

DENTISTRY—
The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the imparted experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week. August 13, 1868.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers—
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Drails on the principal cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. [Aug 13]

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OF JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
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Buy and sell Inland and Foreign Drafts, Gold and Silver, and all classes of Government Securities; make collections at home and abroad; receive deposits; loan money, and do a general Banking business. All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention and care, at moderate prices. Give us a trial.
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H. J. ROBERTS, Cashier. [Sept 13]

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Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand.
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ABRAHAM BLAINE, Barber—
EBENSBURG, PA.
Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing done in the most artistic style.
Saloon directly opposite the "Mountain House." [Aug 13]

NATIONAL SOAP AND CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
HENRY SCHNABLE.
Wholesale dealer in Soap, Candles, Groceries, Lard, and Fish, at city prices. [Aug 13]
Main st. JOHNSTOWN PA.

The Guest.

He came unbid: I know not whence,
This wondrous guest, unknown before;
All silent and unseen he came
Within my door.

He gently heals my life-long pain,
He charms the frequent tears away,
And all my grief from me beguiles,
And still will stay.

Sweet thoughts arise and eager climb,
Like birds that sing in upper air,
The song that close to Heaven's high gates
Becomes a prayer.

Yet half I fear his tender wiles;
Oh, tardy Love, too late delayed:
My coward heart shrinks back in doubt,
And hides, afraid.

And faint would trust, but questions still:
Too late delayed! too long for orn!
Can night so darksome break so soon
To such fair morn?

Not for pale brows and faded hair,
Oh, Love, do thy red roses blow;
Take back thy crown, I weeping cry—
He doth not go;

But lingers still and lingers yet,
And bears him in such winning wise,
Such holy benedictions stine
In his dear eyes.

I can but trust, I can but list
The winged hopes that softly sing;
Cancelled at last mine ancient wrong,
And love is king.

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my native State, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was willingly rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner observable for its seriousness and un-like serenity was concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister, a "born beauty," whose prerogative of beauty was to have her own way in all things and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural, is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman? Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were both real New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her situation in that then half-settled country.

In those days, many engaged in school teaching from the honor and pleasure it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, after a few months previous to the commencement of our story, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fireside circle, to take charge of a school some twenty miles from her native town.

For some time her letters home were expressive only of the contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness—of receiving while imparting good. But anon came a change. Then were those records home characterized by fitful gaiety, or dreamy sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed struggling for supremacy in the writer's troubled heart. Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved. So, for a time, that second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mists of the morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not be forgotten in the home of the absent one, and a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but awaited her parents' approval of her choice to become the betrothed of Edwin W., a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing, and yet what a revealing of self, is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in sudden star-showers on life! If there is a season when an angel may look with interest upon her mortal sister, it is when she beholds her heart pass from its bud-like innocence and girlhood, and taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcomes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W. gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion, but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home until after her marriage, which, at the request of the ardent lover,

was to be celebrated within two months, and on the birthday of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W., to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness; the busy hours had worn away, and neither the bridegroom nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared.

Yet, in her neat little chamber, sat Lucy, doubting. She was all ready, in simple white muslin, and her few bridal ornaments lay on the table by her side. Miss Allen, her second bridesmaid, a blighted, affectionate girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful all the wealth of light hair, which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion, respecting the absent ones, Lucy smiled and replied:

"Oh, something has happened to detain them awhile; we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here by and by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were assembled, and yet the bridegroom tarried.—There were whispers, surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety passed over the face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door.

"They have come!" cried many voices, and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries all around him, Mr. W. muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping up to the side board tossed over a glass of wine, another and another. The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed, "better late than never; so lead out the bride."

W. strode hastily across the room and placed himself by Ellen and took her hand in his. Then, without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said: "I wish to take an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I now hold by the hand is my wife."

Then turning in an apologetical manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added: "I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daughter."

And Lucy! She heard all with a strange calmness; and then walking steadily forward, confronted her betrayers.—Terrible, as pale as Nemesis herself, she stood before them; and her look, like a keen cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly color of her cheek, the dilated nostril, the quivering lip, and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hand on her forehead and first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could not but forever ring in the souls of that guilty pair, and fell into a death-like swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to a chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W., but tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had awakened the empire of his plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he had been held in check by honor, and never told his love until when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment, he revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgement from Ellen.

She had thought it best, in order to "save pain to Lucy," and prevent the opposition from her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C—.

Lucy remained insensible for some time. When she revived and apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—that she was hopelessly insane. But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but frequently sighed and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity which all who knew her must recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of men. She seemed possessed of the spirit of unrest. She could not be confined, but was continually escaping from her friends, they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they by their care and unwearied efforts, in some measure controlled this unfortunate propensity; but when they died their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs and rocky

summers, tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest for her of the crushed heart and crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or door on "crazy Lucy," she often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl or mantle was worn or torn, until it was open work or fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the woods or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left of the bloom and music of her existence. Yet, no; her meek and childlike piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down in the dim chaos of her spirit the smile of his love yet gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not afraid. Her bible went with her everywhere—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still; and it may be, as dearly cherished, my dear reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in "purple and gold," with gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the town of C—.

It stopped at the alms house, an attenuated form was lifted and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. This was Lucy Dutton, brought to her native town to die.

She had been in decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before; and the widowed husband had soon after moved to the Far West; so Lucy had no friends—no home but the alms house.

One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she slept tranquilly till morning. The matron who was by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own, but she smiled and bid the invalid "Good morning."

Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to reassure her, and she exclaimed: "Where am I; and who are you? I do not know you? I do not know you."

A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron; the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned. But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly: "Why, you are among your friends and you will know me presently."

"Then maybe you know Edwin and Ellen," rejoined the invalid; "have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! Strange 'tis that I should dream that!"

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gush of tears; "that was not a dream; 'twas all true."

"All true?" cried the invalid; "then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot be, for he loves me; we love each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them; I will go to them."

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"What does this mean?" said she; "what makes me so weak?"

Just then her eyes fell on her own hand—that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement.

"Something is the matter with my sight," she said, smiling faintly, "for my hands look like an old woman's."

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression; and the matron added: "The Lord Jesus; you remember him?"

A look of sunlight breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied: "Oh, yes, I know Him, and loved Him before I fell asleep."

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her earlier days came also. There was much reverential feeling and some weeping around her death bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal. Then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray-haired youth. Those who gazed on that placid face, and remembering her long and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her "Night of Years."

Comforting the Cocksles of the Heart.

Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached to me in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the beautiful lessons which we all should learn, and taught in such a natural, simple way, that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low spirited, or stupid. I felt all three; and thought, as I looked round, that my fellow beings were a very unamiable and uninteresting set.

Just then, a forlorn old woman, shivering with palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out in the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black who lay as if asleep, on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear, I'm looking for the heat-in' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and snowed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now; ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to-day bein' lame and wimbley; and not sellin' much, makes me sort of down-hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glumest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm the cocksles of my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all round me, I did wish I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow, it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her, and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-lacings, and colored soap;—there were no gentlemen present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so, it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it; and I think each traveler went on her way, better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did; and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the cocksles of the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after. L. M. ALGOTT.

—Merry's Museum.

A HINT TO MERCHANTS—Never run down any other man's goods in public. Let him pay for his own advertising.

A Boy's Composition on Sheep.

A sheep is about as big as a dog, though they are better than dogs, 'cause dogs kill sheep, but sheep don't kill dogs, except once when a man wanted to cure his dog of killing sheep, and so held him and let an old sheep butt him until he broke his bones into little fine pieces, about as big as a tooth; and so that was the way the dog got broke; and I guess he wished he had learned some other business besides butchering—don't you.—There are mostly two kinds of sheep, ewes and rams. There are principally several kinds of rams also. There is the battering ram they had in the olden time to knock at the gates of cities when they wanted to come in. Then there's the ram that they run down guns with, (I mean the ram that they use in the hydraulic ram that they run up water with, 'cause when they wanted to knock down folks' walls in the Bible, they didn't have whole rams enough to batter them down, and they had to take ram's horns and blow them down. That they did with the walls of Jerry Coe. I don't know whether he was any relation to the phosphate of lime man or not. There is two kinds of sheep, the South Down, that they have down South, and the Merino, which is the Spanish for marine, 'cause they come over the sea. They keep the sheep for their mutton, which is good, when they can't get turkey, though generally they all jump out and run away, so that they can't keep them.

The way to make them jump is to tie old barrel staves to their legs as fetters.—The fetters scare them, and they jump to get away from them. Sheep are troubled with wool growing all over them, so in the hot weather they cut it off to keep them cool. I suppose they would have to cut off at any rate to get at the mutton.

They spin up the wool into stockings on Lamb's knitting machine, though sometimes the grandmothers knit them with needles, which, I think is the best way; because it keeps them quiet, and they won't bother us boys so much. When sheep jump and run, one always follows the rest. I mean the rest always follow the one. If the leader should jump thro' a key-hole, or over the moon, the rest would all follow, which I think is very bright in the sheep and in other folks who always follow the leader; of course the leader is always right. Lambs are kept for their innocence, which I think don't pay, very much, though they do gambol all the time, which isn't so innocent, though I suppose they are the blackleg lambs. I forgot to mention that there is another kind of sheep called goats, which, when you put up at night, have to be kept separate from the real sheep—the sheep on the right and the goats on the left. I don't know as I know any more about sheep, though Cousin Dod does, 'cause he keeps 'em, and has got 'em so they'll jump first rate too.

AN ACT OF HEROISM IN THE PRESENCE OF TWO ARMIES.—At the battle of New Hope Church, fought late in May, 1864, an incident occurred that attracted the attention and elicited the praise of two gallant armies. This incident is rather obscurely hinted at, in an otherwise admirable notice of the late Col. Wm. H. Martin, of the Confederate army, which appeared recently.

In the battle referred to, the Federals along one portion of the line had met with a disastrous repulse. The ground—as is always the case in pine forests—was covered with fallen leaves. These had been set on fire during the action, and the repulse of the Federals having been sudden and decisive, they necessarily left their wounded, who lay thick in all portions of the woods, exposed to a more terrible ordeal than that of battle merely. They were about to die in the flames, when Col. Martin, taking the lead himself, ordered his men from the fortifications, when with switches they whipped out the fire. At the time they left their positions, a heavy firing from the restored Federal line was going on; but of course this ceased soon as it became manifest that the Confederates were engaged in a work of humanity to their fallen enemies.

As we have stated, this act upon the part of Col. Martin was for awhile the common topic of conversation in two great armies, and there are very many who will remember it distinctly. One who knew all things deep and true, and sad and strange in human life, has said that the word "Honor" is made a lying slave on many a tomb, while it is often dumb over the resting place of "honored bones indeed." That it may not be thus with Col. Martin, whose unknown grave is in the sands of a fair, foreign river, we seek in simple justice to his memory, to recall a gentle and knightly incident of his life, which gleamed out like a star from the deep muck and gloom of a sanguinary war.

MARK TWAIN, lecturing on the Sandwich Islands, offered to show how the cannibals eat their food if some lady would lend him a baby. The lady was not forthcoming, and the lecture had to do without illustration.