



H. A. WELLS, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, \$2 per year in advance

VOLUME 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

NUMBER 36.

**THE GREAT OAK HALL CLOTHING EMPORIUM!**  
241 Main Street Johnstown.

**J. HESS & BROTHER**  
HAVE NOW ON HAND  
The Largest, Best Made AND MOST DURABLE  
Stock of Clothing  
EVER KEPT IN JOHNSTOWN.

consisting of  
MEN'S COATS,  
MEN'S PANTS,  
MEN'S VESTS,  
YOUTH'S PANTS,  
YOUTH'S VESTS,  
BOYS' PANTS,  
BOYS' VESTS

are also constantly in stock a complete assortment of  
**GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,**  
Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.

Call at No. 241 Main Street,  
AND SEE HOW IT IS YOURSELVES!  
Johnstown, April 22, 1871-6m.

**THOMAS CARLAND,**  
WHOLESALE DEALER IN  
**GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE.**  
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,  
STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,  
THE SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,  
BACON, FLOUR,  
FEED AND PROVISIONS,  
1233 Eleventh Avenue,  
Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

**1871. Fall Trade. 1871.**  
I am now prepared to offer  
**SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS**  
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF  
**TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.**  
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of  
**Tin, Sheet-Iron,**  
**COPPER AND BRASS WARES,**  
ENAMELLED AND PLAIN  
**SAUCE PANS, BOILERS &c.**  
**COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.**

**Spence's Anti-Dust**  
**HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,**  
**EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,**  
**NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.**  
And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices—  
Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to  
**Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,**  
all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

**Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys**  
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.  
I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Chimney, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

**SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS**  
of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to  
**Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,**  
at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS  
now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY,  
Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

**The Poet's Department.**  
Nature's "Various Language"—Interpreted by Benson Adams.

I love to breathe the morning air  
With many odors fresh and fair,  
As if but just created.  
Its healthful draughts inspire my soul  
With sweetly solemn feeling—  
Ho! John! get up and feed them pigs,  
And stop their condemned squealing!

Above the rising sun, the clouds  
Float fast like golden fleeces—  
The wayward winds have gone up,  
Beats Nature's all to pieces:  
Ten cents a pound, and how much higher  
'Twill go there is no telling;  
It makes me shiver when I think  
How near I was to selling!

The diamond dew drops gem the grass—  
'Tis under a mistake, or  
That grass will cut at least as much  
As two tons to the acre  
The clover, wooed by droning bees  
Is lush with lucid honey—  
There is no sweeter scent, to me,  
Except the scent of money!

Along the tinkling meadow brook  
Not under a mistake, or  
While whirring winds through yonder wood,  
Unseen, are softly swooping,  
I pined Widow Brown's hard lot—  
She suffered many woes, sure;  
But her word lot was mighty cheap:  
'Tis sold by foreclosure!

The happy birds, in their full notes,  
Discourteous medicinal graces—  
Speaking of notes, I wonder why  
Jake Thompson never pays his!  
H! Jacob beats me out of that  
'Twill shake my faith in Heaven!  
Just that of sweets give per cent.  
Reduced to paltry seven!

The lowing cows the milkers call,  
'Tis self white lumps are jumping—  
I'll bring the milk cans round behind  
The barn, and go to pumping!  
For "stolen waters are most sweet!"  
Made into factory cheeses—  
'Tis self white lumps are jumping—  
My short-horn pump  
Is daily yield increasing!

The seal must be quite lost and dead,  
'That cannot find in Nature!  
Sufficient cause to glorify  
'The bounteous Creator!  
The clouds, the sky, the dew-drenched grass,  
The singing birds, the zephyr—  
Hallelu! what heart has broken in there?  
'Tis Jones's pesky heifer!

Confound that tarnal heifer's hide!  
'I've a good mind to stone her;  
But that won't pay. I'll shut her up  
And sue her condemned owner!  
No answer soft shall turn my wrath,  
Nor shall I ever let her go forgar.  
Ho! John and Jane! come hurry in;  
'Tis time for morning prayer!  
—Buffalo Courier. —FRANK CLIVE.

**Calcs, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.**  
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He shook in every limb, turned ghastly pale, and in half an hour had made a full confession of his crimes. He owned that he and a friend robbed the mail at the collision between the Illinois Central and Michigan Southern, and said that they went to Europe and spent the money in eighteen months, when they returned, designing to make a regular trade of throwing trains off the track and robbing the mails. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to the Jacksonville penitentiary for life, where he died after an imprisonment of more than ten years.

Such, as near as I can remember the facts, is the story of these infamous transactions. There is not a word exaggerated, although I am pretty sure that I may be incorrect in some of the minor details.—And who was the criminal? What was the name of the wretch who could thus

burden his heart to destroy his fellow creatures wholesale for the sake of a few thousand dollars? Reader, he was a natural son of Lord Byron, and called himself George Gordon Augustus Byron. His mother is said to have been a Scotch lady, living in Edinburgh at the time of his birth, and a Stewart by name. His accomplice was a nephew of Sir Charles Napier.

There is no doubt about the truth of the story. Mr. Pinkerton is well known all over this continent, and in the capitals of Europe, as a sort of Police Napoleon, who never lost any great case he undertook, and whose talents are only equalled by his integrity. It was he who always recovered the monies stolen from the Adams Express company, and who saved President Lincoln's life during his memorable journey to Washington, and it was the same great detective who, when yet a young man, worked up this Byron case.—N. Y. Evening Post.

**DARWIN IMPROVED.**  
Darwinism is a mere ape apology for science. That's what it is. And its no new thing under the sun. It has been presented in a great variety of forms by all the authors of children's primers, from Mother Goose to Edward Lear. For instance, witness the following ancient exposition of it:

"The monkey married the baboon's sister, Smacked his lips, and then he kissed her, Kissed so hard he raised a blister— She set up a yell!"

This is a touching incident in the beautiful process of transition from worm to Wallace—from dirt to Darwin. The intermarriage between correlated families; the reciprocal attachment so interesting to the thoughtful mind; the pathetic preliminary of osculation; the cuticular excretion of veneration; his fervency; her coy affectation of displeasure—all, all point with unerring finger to the mysterious origin and solemn destiny of man. Again, observe the continuance of this resemblance, as shown in the same familiar poem:

"Bridegroom stuck on some cork plaster; Shook so fast it couldn't stick faster; C. it was a bad disaster— But it soon got well."

Here you are again. These be human passions, affections, afflictions. We see the praiseworthy solicitude of the bridegroom; the faithful constancy of the cork-plaster; and behind all, cunningly suggested rather than stated, the uncomplaining patience of the young wife. Then the slow recovery. But we must not linger:

"What d'ye think the bride was dressed in? White gauze veil and green glass breeches; She did look quite interesting; She was quite a belle."

The scene is changed. The collected emotion has been removed from the scalded lip. The bride, though of Simian origin, betrays the divine symbol of her sex—the taste for decoration. She robes her lovely form in transparent gossamer, revealing by concealing. She ornaments her undulating bust with a sapphire gird—just the way they do now. Is it not sufficiently obvious that the author of this understood the great principle of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, as it is now explained by Darwin, Huxley and the rest?

But, on arriving at the blunt termination of the affecting stanzas, it occurred to us that they were incomplete—that they were, as it were, rudimentary—so we handed them over to our ingenious office boy to finish according to the evolution theory. He pulled up his shirt collar, rolled up his eyes and his sleeves, spasmodically seized a sheet of paper, and wended his winding way along after the following fashion:

"What d'ye think occurred soon after? First a son and then a daughter; And they kept a growing smarter 'Cordin to the law."

Lost their tails and found their knowledge; Put on clothes and went to college; Studied science and zoology; Wagged a classic jaw."

One remembered his "poor relation," Then he printed a narration, All about his derivation, From the grand mamma.

Thus much the boy. Then he faltered dead away, like Prof. John Tyndall, F. R. S., when he surmounted the highest peak of the Matterhorn. We dragged the youth to the sink and sprinkled him with the water the "forins" had bathed in, and he sadly opened his eyes. "How are you?" said we. To which vehemently he had replied:—"Walter Whitman ain't no poet. He never caught nothin' from the Mæzaz 'cept the St. Vitus's dance." We let him wrangle on, seeing that his mind was wandering. But here are our subsequent meditations: "Darwin is right. The book of nature is now 'perceptive.' We are what we are, because the monkey married the baboon's sister."

**WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,**  
WASHINGTON STREET,  
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,**  
**MILLINERY GOODS,**  
HARDWARE,  
QUEENSWARE,  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
HATS AND CAPS,  
IRON AND NAILS,  
CLOTHS AND OIL CLOTHS,  
READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
GLASS WARE, YEWELL WARE,  
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,  
PROVISIONS AND F. D. ALL KINDS,  
In connection with all manner of Western Produce,  
FLOUR, BACON, MISH, SALT,  
CORN OIL, &c., &c.  
We receive and retail orders solicited  
and promptly filled on the shortest notice and  
at reasonable rates.  
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,  
C. E. ZAHM, JAS. B. ZAHM,  
**ZAHM & SON,**  
DEALERS IN  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**  
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,  
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,  
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES  
Solely Kept in a Country Store.  
WOOD AND COUNTRY PRODUCE  
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!  
STORE ON MAIN STREET,  
Next Door to the Post Office,  
Ebensburg, Pa.  
1869.

**GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS!**  
**AT THE EBENSBURG HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.**  
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of **Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves,** of the most popular kinds; **Tinware** of every description, of my own manufacture; **Hardware** of all kind, such as Locks, Saws, Bits, Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Peers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Straps, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vices, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Sledges, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rides, Shoe Guts, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c. Old Store Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; **Harness and Saddlery Ware** of all kind; **Wooden and Willow Ware** in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Lined Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl-Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dyeing, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cord and Manila Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

**33-Hour Spouting** made, painted and put up at low rates for cash. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale.  
GEO. HUNTLEY  
Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-4f.

**GEORGE W. YEAGER,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**HEATING AND COOK STOVES**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
**TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE**  
OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,  
And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING  
and all other work in his line.  
Virginia Street, near Caroline Street  
**ALTOONA, PA.**  
The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.  
STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
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This is a touching incident in the beautiful process of transition from worm to Wallace—from dirt to Darwin. The intermarriage between correlated families; the reciprocal attachment so interesting to the thoughtful mind; the pathetic preliminary of osculation; the cuticular excretion of veneration; his fervency; her coy affectation of displeasure—all, all point with unerring finger to the mysterious origin and solemn destiny of man. Again, observe the continuance of this resemblance, as shown in the same familiar poem:

"Bridegroom stuck on some cork plaster; Shook so fast it couldn't stick faster; C. it was a bad disaster— But it soon got well."

Here you are again. These be human passions, affections, afflictions. We see the praiseworthy solicitude of the bridegroom; the faithful constancy of the cork-plaster; and behind all, cunningly suggested rather than stated, the uncomplaining patience of the young wife. Then the slow recovery. But we must not linger:

"What d'ye think the bride was dressed in? White gauze veil and green glass breeches; She did look quite interesting; She was quite a belle."

The scene is changed. The collected emotion has been removed from the scalded lip. The bride, though of Simian origin, betrays the divine symbol of her sex—the taste for decoration. She robes her lovely form in transparent gossamer, revealing by concealing. She ornaments her undulating bust with a sapphire gird—just the way they do now. Is it not sufficiently obvious that the author of this understood the great principle of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, as it is now explained by Darwin, Huxley and the rest?

But, on arriving at the blunt termination of the affecting stanzas, it occurred to us that they were incomplete—that they were, as it were, rudimentary—so we handed them over to our ingenious office boy to finish according to the evolution theory. He pulled up his shirt collar, rolled up his eyes and his sleeves, spasmodically seized a sheet of paper, and wended his winding way along after the following fashion:

"What d'ye think occurred soon after? First a son and then a daughter; And they kept a growing smarter 'Cordin to the law."

Lost their tails and found their knowledge; Put on clothes and went to college; Studied science and zoology; Wagged a classic jaw."

One remembered his "poor relation," Then he printed a narration, All about his derivation, From the grand mamma.

Thus much the boy. Then he faltered dead away, like Prof. John Tyndall, F. R. S., when he surmounted the highest peak of the Matterhorn. We dragged the youth to the sink and sprinkled him with the water the "forins" had bathed in, and he sadly opened his eyes. "How are you?" said we. To which vehemently he had replied:—"Walter Whitman ain't no poet. He never caught nothin' from the Mæzaz 'cept the St. Vitus's dance." We let him wrangle on, seeing that his mind was wandering. But here are our subsequent meditations: "Darwin is right. The book of nature is now 'perceptive.' We are what we are, because the monkey married the baboon's sister."

**BEAUTIFUL IRELAND.**—We all know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and that the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure, as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, the fields of young grain, over which the breeze creeps like the playing spirits of the beautiful; the pastures, dotted over with sheep of purest wool; the hill sides, rising up into mist shrouded mountains, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth velvet. But Ireland should also be called Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower, but she has one—not only in the gardens and meadows, but upon the very walls and crags of the sea, from the great, blooming rhododendrons down to the smallest flower that modestly peeps from its grassy cover. The Irish lute, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare and barren; the silk worm delights every where, from thousands of trees, to "drop its web of gold;" the blooming Hawthorn, with the sweet-scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the lawns and the gardens; wall flowers of every variety clamor to hide the harshness of the mural supports; the bearded chick of the North sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers, and if you kneel anywhere almost on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find little, well hid invisible flowers, red, white, blue and yellow, wrought into the very wool and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point.

Texas are now 30,045 post-offices in the United States, and more are coming.