

W. A. McPHEE, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

Terms, \$3 per year in advance.

1872. Inducements! 1872. THE WEEKLY PATRIOT, GREATLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

The old favorite Democratic Weekly, THE PATRIOT, will appear on the FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1872, GREATLY ENLARGED and changed from its former size to a MAMMOTH FOLIO. It will contain more reading matter than any other weekly published in Pennsylvania.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

The great impending struggle for the Presidency will soon commence. Within one year the nation will witness the election of a President, and the result will determine the course of the government for the next four years.

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THE DAILY PATRIOT.

Published EVERY MORNING, Sundays excepted, in a first class newspaper, containing full, reliable reports, special correspondents, and the most complete and accurate news of the day.

SEND FOR PROSPECTUS AND SPECIALS COPY.

NEW DRY GOODS BAZAAR!

See the list of goods, do not fail to call and see the

New Dry Goods Bazaar

A. W. ERWIN & CO., 172 & 174 FEDERAL STREET!

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OUR MOTTO: GOOD GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

Through the Season we are in receipt of NEW GOODS EVERY DAY!

Our Stock is always full, fresh and complete.

We respectfully ask the attention of WHOLESALE BUYERS

To our Stock, as our Wholesale Department is at all times fully supplied with goods which we offer, either by the piece or package, at the lowest

NEW YORK OR PHILADELPHIA PRICES.

REMEMBER THE PLACE, ERWIN'S DRY GOODS BAZAAR,

Nos. 172 & 174 Federal St., (Dec. 2-17) ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

J. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co. JAMES CASBY, late of T. C. FOGARTY.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY, AND ALL KINDS OF DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

AND IMPORTERS OF Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c., No. 313 Liberty Street, Dec. 16, 1871-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

A MORGAN! Horse furnished. Expense paid. M. B. SHAW, Alfred, Mo.

1872. THE AGE. 1872.

Prepare for the Presidential Campaign

CIRCULATE THE DOCUMENTS.

Now is the Time—Get up Clubs at Once

Vigilance and Energy in the Presidential Campaign will insure Success in the Future.

THE AGE is the firm and earnest advocate of Democratic principles as declared by the founders of the Republic and embodied in its institutions. It has for its motto: "The People's Choice."

THE DAILY AGE

contains the latest intelligence from all parts of the world, with articles on Government, Politics, and the current events of the day. Local Intelligence, Market Reports, Prices Current, Stock Quotations, Marine and Commercial Intelligence, and all the news of the day.

WEEKLY AGE

Combines Literature with News of the day. In its columns are Stories, Poetry, Departments for Ladies and Children, Agricultural, Horticultural, and all the news of the day.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The beginning of the New Year is a good time to start a new enterprise. The AGE is a good investment for the New Year. Our terms to subscribers and clubs are as follows:

TERMS OF THE DAILY AGE:

One year, by mail, \$8.00. Three months, \$2.50. Six months, \$5.00. For any period less than three months, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Petition for Incorporation of the Ebensburg Hotel Association.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the estate of the late Mrs. J. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of F. BRIDGES, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, have been issued to the undersigned, all parties in any way indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, or to bring claims to present them duly authenticated.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in Chest township, about the middle of October last, a white and black spotted steer, supposed to be a year and a half old or thereabouts. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements in this paper are charged for by the line. One square of ten lines for the first week, and thereafter at the rate of one dollar per week.

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The Poet's Department.

(From the Southern Magazine.)

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Calm, self-possessed, she moves through ward and hall;

From morn to eve her duties never cease; All feel her cheering presence, and to all She brings the balm of peace.

You scarcely hear the patter of her feet. She is so gentle, self-restrained, and mild;

From morn to eve her duties never cease; All feel her cheering presence, and to all She brings the balm of peace.

The sick man hunger for her kindly smile, And wishes her with eager, bated breath;

Her soothing touch has power to beguile The very pang of death.

This glides her life, and every passing day To lighten pain her loving care is given;

She finds content and comfort on her way; Her hopes are all in heaven.

Her features are so calm, resigned and still. You can scarce tell if she be young or old;

"Surely," you think, "she never felt love's thrill She seems too staid and cold."

And yet a woman's heart beats in her breast, With all its power and all its need of love;

Earth broke it, but her Lord has given it rest, And taken it above.

She thought herself beloved, and all the earth Seemed happy; decked in nature's bright array.

But, alas! mistake! Her heart, with all its worth, And wealth of love, gave way—

Broke, that a noble purpose there might reign, To suffer men another friend be given;

That sin-worn hearts might be relieved of pain, And show the way to heaven.

Taught by self-sacrifice and love of truth, Her heart's will with humble trust to bow, To him who gave her health and strength and youth.

And she is happy now. "Sister, to all who need thy care and love;

Sister, to all with grief and pain oppressed, Come unto Me," she cried a voice above, "And I will give you rest."

O woman! strong in faith, and hope, and will; O woman! strong in love of all things good; Surely, it is the fate to shame men still, And teach them better ways.

ALFRED SPENCER.

Gales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

WASTED PRESENTMENTS.

Everybody likes a good ghost story; and still more popular, perhaps, are those quasi-supernatural histories which treat of presentments realized, of dreams fulfilled, of words lightly spoken, but carried out in a manner that the speaker little expected.

My great-grandmother was an active Lady Bountiful to a very rustic country population, over whose affairs, temporal and spiritual, she exercised a benevolent, if slightly tyrannical, sway.

Doctor J., a retired physician in delicate health, resided, some years ago, in one of the principal towns in the west of England.

He was one night seized suddenly with a violent illness, and within an hour or two was pronounced to be in a hopeless state.

Doctor M., a friend of Mrs. J., was called in to attend to the patient. He found her in a state of extreme prostration, and she was unable to speak.

So far the story is like many another tale of the marvellous, but the usual sequel is wanting; for though Dr. J. died, Mrs. J. lived on for many years; and certainly was not 'the next,' unless in some mysterious sense confined to the world of spirits.

In the earlier days of our New Zealand colony, Mr. P., a younger son of an English baronet, settled there with his family. Having hurt his arm, he was advised to try rest and change of air, and accordingly he set out for a trip to the other island, leaving his young wife, whose numerous and constantly increasing nursery duties kept her at home.

He was one night awakened by a scream from her eldest child, a little girl four or five years old, who was sleeping in the same bed with her mother. The child had awakened suddenly in a paroxysm of terror, and for some time no soothing were of any avail: all she would do was to point persistently to one corner of the room, while she sobbed out, 'Oh! poor

papa! poor papa! all dripping with water! all dripping with water!

"It can never support them both," he saw the sailor deliberately raise his fist, and strike his companion a blow which stunned him. The young man loosed his hold, and, as he sunk into the sea, the sleeper awoke.

A few Sundays afterwards he was greeted with the news that a pleasure-boat had been upset, that the body of a young English traveler had been washed on shore, and that an elderly seaman was the only survivor.

The division most free from the influence of the Saxon is that of North Wales; and to the tourist who approaches from England or Scotland, the towns of Shrewsbury and Chester afford good starting-places.

Some of the most thrilling events of Welsh history have been enacted in Flintshire. The native British Christian near Mold gained a remarkable victory over the pagan Picts and Scots in the year 448.

The 9th of October, 1857, will long be remembered among the Labrador fishermen. On that day an awful hurricane raged along the coast.

One of the fishing vessels, with a large number of men, women and children on board, was caught in the storm, and tried hard to ride out the hurricane.

With great difficulty all on board were safely landed. Drenched with rain, blinded by the snow-drifts, shivering in the cutting blasts, they found themselves on an uninhabited part of the coast, the nearest huts being five miles distant.

The gloomy night closed in as the last of them was dragged ashore from the wreck. Their only hope lay in endeavoring to reach the distant huts, and in the darkness and storm they staggered on through the trackless wilderness.

When the morning sun shone out, nineteen of them lay dead along the shore. A group of three women and two children, clasped in one another's arms, and half buried in the mud, was found all stiff and stark in the icy embrace of death.

During the darkness and confusion of landing, a family of four young children were separated from their parents, who sought for them in vain, and at length gave them up for lost.

A boy of fourteen, hearing the cries of these poor little ones, and finding they had no guide or protector, resolved to do what he could to save their lives.

Through all the weary hours of that awful night, that heroic boy stood alone by these children, replacing their covering when the wind scattered it, and cherishing them with words of hope.

At length the day dawned, and then he turned his tottering steps toward the settlement to seek for aid. When about half way, he met the parents of the lost children wild with grief, coming to search for their dead bodies, as they had no expectation of finding them alive.

The young hero quietly told them what he had done to save them, and by his directions they soon found the spot where they lay. On removing the covering of moss they found the little creatures snug and warm, and in a refreshing sleep.

NOBLE FISHER-BOY.

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What words could picture the wild joy of father and mother at that sight? But, alas! on their way back, near the spot where they had parted with him, they found the noble boy who had saved their children's lives at the expense of his own, lying dead. Nature was exhausted after the fatigue and exposure of the night, and unable to reach the friendly shelter, he sank down and expired.

NOVEL CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—The Indianapolis Journal is responsible for the following: A young lady of this city, sick with disease of the lungs, was told that if she would get a young puppy and raise it the dog would take the consumption off her hands, and she would get well.

She did so, and as the dog grew, it was noticed that the animal acquired a hacking cough, while the young lady grew rapidly better. In the meantime, however, she had become very much attached to her canine benefactor, and did everything that could be done for him. It was no use, however; consumption, the fell destroyer, had fastened upon poor Jack's vitals, and a few days since he passed his checks. The young lady is in robust health, and firmly believes that the dog saved her life.

SCENES IN WALES.

It would be difficult for the traveler and pleasure-seeker to visit a more interesting country than the ancient kingdom of Wales. There may not only be found scenery unsurpassed by any in the world, but also a people who have, more than any other subjects of British rule, preserved their ancient peculiarities, and a history replete with interest.

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THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The summit of this venerable pile commands a view of surpassing beauty, extending, it is said, into seventeen counties. In the park, the walks and drives are diversified. The view from the terrace on a fine day may be well deemed to repay a long journey.

The river Cefni runs on the west side of the castle, through a deep valley, remarkable as a scene of conflict, in 1186, between the forces under Henry II. and those of the Welsh, under their brave prince, Owen Gwynedd, when the latter obtained a victory, and soon afterwards compelled the Saxon monarch to seek safety by retiring to his own territories.

The traveler in Wales, especially the northern portion, expects to find the Welshman of an innocent and unsophisticated stamp, he will be doomed to disappointment. The old simplicity has departed forever, and the onward march of civilization has brought with it the new universal characteristic of shrewdness and the determination, as we see it in common parlance, to "look out for number one."

PARVIAN SYRVE or COURTESY.—It is well known that the marriage in Parvian has come to be looked upon as a luxury to be indulged in only by the better circumstanced. The large number of servants, waiters, day-laborers, and others, without any regular trade, rarely marry at all. They find it enough to earn a decent living for themselves. Those who do marry wait until about the 27th year. If he is a merchant he must wait until his business is established; if a professional man, until he has a good practice or position. Every class, as a rule, marries late; for that which is necessary with the poor has, from its generality, come to be regarded as a custom for all.

It is not customary, as in America, for young gentlemen and ladies to associate much together, since the expenses of gallantry are thought to be too great. Young men go with young men, and live in clubs or bachelor bands, where each one pays his own expenses, and lives as economically as he can. When they seek female company, which is only now and then, it is at the public balls, or in worse connections. This custom has become so established that it works the other way, and no young lady who values her reputation will allow herself to be seen alone in company with a gentleman before she is engaged to him, and before the engagement is duly published in the press. The formalities of betrothal are celebrated in the presence of her friends. They much wonder at the liberty of American young women in Germany, who allow themselves to go with any young gentleman acquaintance whatever, being one evening with one, and the next evening with another.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES.—The subject of sympathy and antipathies is extremely curious. Boyle fainted when he heard the splashing of water; Scallinger turned pale at the sight of watercresses; Erasmus became feverish when he saw a fish. A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah read. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and clanking will allow herself to be seen alone in company with a gentleman before she is engaged to him, and before the engagement is duly published in the press. The formalities of betrothal are celebrated in the presence of her friends. They much wonder at the liberty of American young women in Germany, who allow themselves to go with any young gentleman acquaintance whatever, being one evening with one, and the next evening with another.

ANOTHER CURE FOR A FELON.—The Free-press Courier furnishes the following cure for a felon, which is easily tried by the afflicted, and if all right, can't have too wide a publicity. "A friend tells up of a sure cure for felon, which is also very simple and can be prepared by any one. Take an earthen crock, put in a quantity of live coals, throw on a handful each of hops, rye flour and brown sugar; then steam the infected parts for about fifteen minutes, repeating two or three times by holding it over the vessel. The better way is to bore a hole through a board, then having the affected part only coming in contact with the steam." He guarantees a certain cure.

A LITTLE THING in a Sabbath school was asked by her teacher if she always said her prayers night and morning. "No, miss, I don't." Why, Mary! are you not afraid to go to sleep in the dark without asking God to take care of you, and watch over you till morning? "No, miss, I ain't—cause I sleep in the middle."

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