The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

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Saturday Afternoon.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I love to look on a scene like this
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for four-score years,
And they say that I am old—
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I am old, and I bide my time;
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of your daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing;
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way,
And it wiles my breast from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

Speak Gently.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commencing beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the sticks out of his hands, "can I teach you neither manners nor decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into the room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Get up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour."

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was pouting, sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? get up stairs, this moment."

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, looking quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful.—His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother; she sprang toward him, and seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed sinking down upon a chair.—"It is 'line upon line and precept upon precept,' but all to no good purpose.—That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door but was driven back with harsh words, until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir," she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you can walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat which former experience taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quietly, but silently.

"There, there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped, his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea, he poured the entire contents into the saucer and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"I have told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer! Just see what a mess you have made with that clean table-cloth? I declare I am out of all patience with you. Go away from the table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mr. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat, "next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted every meal; but instead of improving his behavior, the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way, there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr Burton was silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife a little petulantly. "You sit, and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way, which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good." Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied, "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings in a little while quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words, "speak gently," were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly on her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber where she slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him, angrily, to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh, yes! so they are," cheerfully replied Harry; "I could not see them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother's, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise which was mixed with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied cheerfully, "I can dress myself."

This little effort was crowned with the most encouraging result to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits, and the gathering, even of so small a harvest, was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast table was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything, it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful, indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child.—The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even minded and orderly in his habits.—A word gently spoken, was all powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "command yourself, and speak gently."

Almost a Prize Fight.

The Hollidaysburg *Register* has heard of a queer proceeding on the Allegheny Mountain, in Cambria county, which, as an exhibition of braggadocia and contemptible meanness on the part of the principal actor, certainly removes the dilapidated linen from the shrubbery. A short time since, a certain fellow, who thinks himself able to "travel on his muscle," challenged a young man working in the coal mines to a fight, on an appointed day, to be conducted in accordance with the rules of the prize ring, for a sum of money. The challenge was accepted. Now be it remembered that the young coal miner was a member of the Catholic church, and, of course, would not have agreed to take part in such an affair, except for the reason that the public would in all probability have considered it cowardly for him to back out. When the challenging party saw that he would have to fight for his laurels, or resort to intrigue, he chose the latter course. Going quietly to the Priest of the parish to which the coal miner belonged, he informed him that his parishioner was going to have a fight on a certain day with some Tom, Dick or Harry, and asked the reverend gentleman to interpose—and not as much as intimating that he had any connection with the matter whatever. This left a clear field for him, and he took advantage of it. At the appointed time, he, arrayed in the costume of the prize ring, appeared with a party of friends at the place designated. The crowd waited patiently, but the coal miner came not, and there was no prize fight. This gave the braggart something to spread himself on, and he now rehearses the account of his bravery (?) to the wondering natives of the mountain regions, never even dreaming that they know the true story.

—A murderer in the Cincinnati jail gives notice that he don't want to see visitors unless they bring cigars with them.

—"Radical rump ruffianism" is the latest Copperheaditorial phrase for patriotism and Union sentiments.

Governor Geary on a National Convention.

HARRISBURG, March 14, 1867.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GENTLEMEN—A letter dated 6th inst., has just been received from Hon. Jonathan Worth, Governor of North Carolina, covering a set of resolutions adopted by the Legislature of that District, both of which, according to his request, are herewith transmitted to you.

The object of the resolutions is to invite "all the States—North, South, East and West"—to a National Convention, for the purpose of "proposing, in exact conformity with the Constitution of the United States, such amendments to the Constitution that the result will be such *mutual concessions* as will lead to a restoration of our former happy relations."

Under the ordinary circumstances, I would be satisfied to simply submit this communication to the Legislature without comment; but in this instance the occasion seems to demand something more.—I am by no means insensible to a noble spirit of *concession* and forbearance necessary to impart vitality to our national existence; and, therefore, in deliberating upon this important subject, I would recommend that local feeling and prejudices be merged into a patriotic determination to promote the public welfare. But when we reflect that the people of North Carolina, inviting this assembly, are not in full communion with the loyal States; that they have been for many years in the habit of looking with great indifference upon the national interests and of tolerating disloyalty; that throughout the thrilling and sanguinary war of the rebellion they used their utmost efforts to destroy the Constitution and the Union, and to establish a hostile government of their own; that they have recently refused to ratify the mild and wholesome amendments to the Constitution; that Congress, by the passage of the reconstruction act, has made a salutary provision for their future military government, and for that of the other refractory districts lately engaged in rebellion; is not the presumption with which these unrepentant rebels and subjugated traitors ask for "mutual concessions," surprising? The people of Pennsylvania have always been loyal to the Government, true to the Constitution and the laws of the nation, and have stood in the foremost ranks of the defenders of the Union. They have no concessions to make, certainly none to those who have waged a treasonable war, and who have been conquered at the point of the bayonet. The doctrine is certainly abhorrent that defeated treason should ask the loyal men of this country to meet them upon equal terms in convention to amend the Constitution they repudiated and attempted to destroy.—The guilty failure of those men has assigned them to a far different task—submission to the terms of the conquerors and obedience to that law which we all obey.

While Pennsylvania has no concessions to make, her people, desiring a speedy, just and proper re-adjustment of all the States in the Union, earnestly beseech the citizens of North Carolina, and of all the Southern States, to return without delay to the benign influences of the Government while yet the terms of such a return are easy, and not to wait for more severe conditions and perhaps for more serious punishment.

Government of the Rebel States.

General Grant, in General Order No. 10, publishes for the information and government of all concerned, the act to provide for the more efficient government of the Rebel States, and concludes as follows:

In pursuance of this act, the President directs the following assignments to be made—

First District, State of Virginia, to be commanded by brevet Major General J. M. Schofield. Headquarters, Richmond, Va.

Second District, consisting of North Carolina and South Carolina, to be commanded by Major General D. E. Sickles. Headquarters, Columbia, S. C.

Third District, consisting of the States of Georgia, Florida and Alabama, to be commanded by Major General G. H. Thomas. Headquarters at Montgomery, Alabama.

Fourth District, consisting of the States of Mississippi and Arkansas, to be commanded by Brevet Major General E. O. C. Ord. Headquarters at Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Fifth District, consisting of the States of Louisiana and Texas, to be commanded by Major General P. H. Sheridan. Headquarters at New Orleans, Louisiana.

The powers of Departmental Commanders are hereby delegated to the above named district commanders.

—A man living in Washington Territory has named an infant son as follows: John Elmer Sherman Sheridan M'Pherson Kilpatrick Thomas Butler Farragut Lyon Grant Mack Smith.

—Call to the devil, if only in fun, and you'll find him coming on a run.

Advertising.

Two illustrious instances of the profit of advertising are furnished by the history of Barnum's Museum with its incidental enterprises, and Bonner's New York *Ledger*. Each of these men started with only a few hundred dollars. Barnum shouldered a debt of $80,000, and in ten years had cleared it off and amassed a half million. He probably paid another half million for advertising. Bonner invested a little of his money in getting out the first number of his paper, and the rest in advertising, and behold! in ten years he drives a $25,000 team of his own on Broadway, circulates 400,000 copies of his weekly paper, and luxuriates in a fortune that would satisfy a nabob. Doctor Townsend is another instance. He started with a receipt for making sarsaparilla, (some thought out of molasses and water,) and in five years he was dwelling in a palace of his own, costing $200,000, with a quarter million behind for its support. These instances could be extended *ad libitum*. In fact, the whole commercial economy of the age is based upon the diffusion of commercial intelligence. What journalism is to literature or government, advertising is to trade.

The chief advantages of advertising, it should be remembered, lie in so displaying the matter that it will catch the eye of the reader. An advertisement not read is of course valueless. Merchants, therefore, should pay for space, rather than type, and in arranging the matter, should put in such a shape as to excite the interest of the reader and lead him to inquire further into the merits of the thing.

Advertising, to be remunerative, must be constant, unceasing. Stephen Girard owed his fortune in great measure to judicious advertising *all the year round*.—"Out of sight, out of mind"—this maxim is eminently true in trade. Those who are most in sight by means of spacious structures, attractive signs, and conspicuous advertisements, will sell the most goods. Those who keep their stock hid out of sight will sell no goods.

To make advertising pay, an advertisement must tell the truth. It assertions must be verified to the letter. If it promises to sell good calf-skin boots at six dollars a pair, such bargains must be given. To draw a customer in and cheat him once, may be easy; but to repeat the trick on the same person, is a game not often played. Cheating is based on the principle that the public was made to be humbugged; but the obtaining and keeping customers is based on an entirely different art. The great secret is contained in the two principles of courtesy and honesty. There is more friendship in correct trading than is generally supposed. All merchants ought to calculate somewhat on this element in permanent business arrangements, and as a basis for permanency, their advertisements should specify only the truth.

A Strange Story.

At the beginning of the late war, Wm. H. Lewis, of Iowa, was a student in Eastman's Commercial College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He enlisted in Dodge's Rifles, but was transferred from that organization as Second Lieutenant in the N. Y. 152d Infantry. Subsequently, he was made Captain of Co. F of the regiment. While engaged in laying the pontoon bridge at Fredericksburg, he was wounded in the knee, captured, and taken South, where he was detained for months and months, and had no opportunity to communicate with his friends. When released, he again joined the army, was wounded at Antietam, and afterward at Gettysburg, where he received a shot in the head, fracturing the skull, and from July till November he remained almost totally unconscious in one of the hospitals in Philadelphia. Recovering, he again entered the field, and at Sailors' Creek received a wound through the lung, and was discharged from the service.

The father of young Lewis was a man of large property in the State of Iowa, was a Brigadier in the volunteer service, and fell mortally wounded at Chattanooga. His only brother was Lieutenant Colonel of the 21st Iowa Infantry, and was killed at Antietam. His mother died during the war. While the young man was a prisoner in the South, Gen. Halleck certified to an uncle of Lewis, living in Iowa, that Wm. H. was among the killed at Fredericksburg. On the strength of this certificate, it is alleged, the uncle secured the necessary legal papers to administer upon the estate of his brother and the deceased family. The uncle was declared the only heir; he immediately sold the property, receiving therefor $150,000, and then went to Europe. Young Lewis did not know of the death of his father and mother till after his release from the Southern prisons. He then wrote to his friends in Iowa to look after his property, and was informed of what his uncle had done. Young Lewis, after his discharge from the army, resolved to pursue the uncle. He found him living in Paris, a man of property. The whole facts of the case have been laid before Gen. Dix, the American Minister at Paris, and a dwelling house in Paris and a deposit in one of the banks, the property of the uncle, have been attached under legal proceedings.