

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1867.

NUMBER 11.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law,
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
January 24, 1867.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law,
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

WINSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
WINSTON. [Jan 24] J. E. SCANLAN.

AMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Ho-
[Jan 24]

AMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law,
Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifi-
cations made. [Jan 24]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace
and Scrivener.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High st.,
Ebensburg, Pa. [Feb 7-6m]

KINKADE, Justice of the Peace
and Claim Agent.
Office removed to the office formerly
occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street,
Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 21-6m]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law,
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s
Living House. [Jan 24]

AMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law,
Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High
street, west of Foster's Hotel.
Attends also to the collection of claims
and judgments against the Government. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law,
Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg,
Cambria county, Pa.
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and
Military Claims collected. Real Estate
sold, and payment of Taxes at-
tended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Deeds, Mort-
gages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds,
dearly written, and all legal business
promptly attended to. Pensions increased.
Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

G. WILSON, M. D., offers his ser-
vices, as Physician and Surgeon, to
the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding
country.
Having been appointed Examining Sur-
geon, he is prepared to examine all Pension-
ers and applicants for Pensions who may
wish his services.
Office on High st., three doors east of
church, in office formerly occupied by
Jones. Residence immediately adjoining
office. [Jan 24-3m]

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Successor of R. S. Dunn,
Dealer in
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AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE
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PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.
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Cap. and Note Papers,
Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink,
And other articles kept
by Druggists generally.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Office on Main Street, opposite the Moun-
tain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

ENTISTRY.
The undersigned, Graduate of the Bal-
tore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully
offers his professional services to the citizens
of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to
acquire himself with every im-
provement in his art. To many years of per-
formance, he has sought to add the
experience of the highest authorities
in Dental Science. He simply asks that an
opportunity may be given for his work to
speak for itself.
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.,
Dentist. Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond,
W. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Aus-
tin, of the Baltimore College.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth
day of each month, to stay one week.
January 24, 1867.

LOYD & CO., Bankers—
EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and
Securities bought and sold. Interest
paid on Time Deposits. Collections made
at accessible points in the United States,
and General Banking Business transacted.
January 24, 1867.

M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
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ey received on deposit, payable on demand,
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on deposits.
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OF ALTOONA.
GOVERNMENT AGENCY,
AND
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STATES.
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usual terms.
Revenue Stamps of all denomina-
tions always on hand.
Purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in-
terest, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to
\$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.;
and upwards, 4 per cent. [Jan 23]

Advertisements in The Alleghanian.

Waiting.

[An old man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing; he replied, "Waiting!"]
Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.
Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.
Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away—
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.
Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Maude's Ordeal.

It was a rather embarrassing thing to do, but Charley May had done it well and bravely, like a man. He was nothing but a clerk at eight hundred dollars a year, nevertheless, he had boldly craved audience of the portly old millionaire and asked him for his daughter, as he might have asked for the milliner girl around the corner.
Mr. Bryant coolly wiped his pen and laid it in the carved rack; he then moved back his chair a pace or two, looking Charles May full in the face as he did so, with a curious, mocking light in his cold blue eye.
"So you want to marry my daughter, do you?"
"I do, sir," said Charley.
Very handsome he looked as he stood there, with the reddish brown hair thrown back from his square, white forehead, the hazel eyes clear and confident, and the perfectly cut lips a little apart. Some- how, in the midst of his wrath and derision, old Richard Bryant could not help thinking that were he a girl of eighteen, he might possibly have fallen in love himself with just such a young man as Charles May.
"Is there any other little trifle I could let you have?" sneered the caustic old man—"a block of houses, or a Broadway lease or so, or any other small favor?"
"You are laughing at me, sir," said Charley, coloring, yet speaking with a certain quiet dignity. "I have asked you a simple question; surely I have a right to a frank answer."
"Then listen to me, young man," said Richard Bryant, with abrupt sternness; "you are aspiring altogether too high—you can not have my daughter Maude. Now, you have your answer—go!"
Charles May stood for a moment like one upon whom a thunderbolt had fallen with sudden and blighting power; then he turned and walked quietly out of the handsome Gothic library, where the blue and gold circles of light from the oriel windows quivered over the deep crimson of the Wilton carpet, and the pure marble faces of Pallas and Venus watched him as he went.
"Maude, my little darling, what is the matter?"
The red glow of the November sunset could scarcely pierce the folds of ruby velvet that hung over the plate-glass win- dows, yet in the odorous twilight Mr. Bryant saw his daughter with her face hidden in the satin sofa-pillows, and the heavy, bluish-black curls drooping low over the carved rosewood.
"Tell me, little daughter, what troubles you," whispered the merchant, bending fondly over the girl. Maude had never known a mother, and there was a tenderness in the old man's tones at that instant that was almost maternal.
She looked up with a stain of fresh tears on her crimson cheek.
"He has gone, papa—he has gone and left me!"
"He! Who?"
"Charley May."
And Maude Bryant, who had spoken all her life long to her father as if he had been a loving mother, hid her face on the kindly breast and cried afresh.
"Whew!" was the merchant's softly breathed comment.
"I have been trying to convince her how very absurd all this is," said Aunt Eloise, a portly widow, in garnet silk and carbuncle jewelry, who sat by, alternately quoting truisms at her niece and snuffing at a gold cassolette that hung at her waist.
"Maude," said Mr. Bryant, gravely, "do you mean to tell me that you actually care for that young snip of a clerk?"

Waiting.

Maude sat up indignantly, with light- ning in her black eyes.
"Care for him, papa! I love him!"
"Very improper!" groaned Aunt Eloise.
"Aunt, I wish you'd hold your tongue!"
sputtered Maude, growing prettier every moment in her bright indignation. "I do love him, papa, with all my heart and soul!"
Aunt Eloise uttered a hollow sigh, and Mr. Bryant looked at his daughter with a face that was half troubled, half amused.
"My little lily-flower," he said, gently, "all this sounds to me like a girl's romance. Maude Bryant is scarcely fitted to be the wife of a young man like Charles May."
"But why not, papa?" pleaded Maude, piteously. "I love him, and I—I think he loves me."
"Very probable," said Mr. Bryant, smiling. "But did it never occur to you how very unsuitable a wife you would make to a man who has his own way to win in the world?"
"No, papa," said Maude, eagerly, "I can dust furniture, and I can make jelly- cake, and once I baked a cranberry tart."
"Most important qualifications, yet not quite all-sufficient," said her father, with the utmost gravity. "But just consider, my dear; here, on the one hand, is a salary of eight hundred dollars a year, or nine, will say. It's just possible that out in Chicago, where he has gone, they pay nine hundred dollars a year, and here, on the other, is Miss Bryant, with her little, white, useless hands, and her luxu- rious ideas, and her diamonds, and her silk dresses. Why, my child, I don't suppose you know what calico means?"
"Yes, indeed, papa," interrupted Maude, earnestly. "I had a pink French calico, once, with pink coral buttons that were three dollars each—don't you remember?"
"You a poor man's wife," went on her father, patting her little, fevered head. "Maude, it would be like taking one of the white japonicas out of the conservatory, and planting it on a bleak New Eng- land hill. What idea have you of the trials and sacrifices of life, my little, petted child?"
"Papa!" sobbed the young girl, pas- sionately. "I am ready to endure any ordeal—to make any sacrifice. What do I care for diamonds and dresses? Papa!" she exclaimed, suddenly starting up with an emphasis that made Aunt Eloise drop her gold essence bottle. "You think me a mere butterfly that cares for dress and jewels only. Now listen to me. For one year from this time—for one year, mind—I pledge myself to wear no silks or jewels. Will you believe me at the year's end?"
"I shall think you a very extraordinary young lady, Maude, but—excuse me, dar- ling—I have no very strong faith in your persistence."
"You will see," said Maude, shaking her curls triumphantly. "And oh, papa—!"
"Maude," said Mr. Bryant, with quiet decision, "I have already answered you—my decree admits of no appeal."
She would not cry any more, this haughty little girl—she was too proud to cry; but she rose up and went away with compressed lips and eyes whose glitter was sadder far than tears.
"I won't be discouraged for all this," she thought. "I will show papa that I am something more than a doll."
"Maude, you are not going to Mrs. Hemmingway's in that dress!"
Mrs. Harrington, superb in wine-colored velvet, with garnets blazing round her plump throat and at her wrists, stood horrified as Maude came tripping down stairs.
"Why not, Aunt Eloise? I think the dress is very neat."
Mr. Bryant looked up from his evening paper at the slender figure in white, float- ing muslin, with white roses hanging in among the blue-black curls that touched her shoulders.
"I think so, too," he said, quietly.
"Stuff and nonsense!" angrily exclaim- ed Aunt Eloise. "Richard Bryant's daughter in white muslin, with paltry roses in her hair! You should have worn pink satin and diamonds."
"I shall wear no more silks and jewels, aunt," said the little lady, very decidedly.
"Now, Richard," said Mrs. Harrington, turning to her brother, "are you going to allow this? She will set half of New York talking!"
"Maude shall do as she pleases," said the merchant, quietly, and Maude gave him a bright, grateful glance as she flut- tered away like some snow-white bird.
The next morning a small triangular casket of amethyst velvet lay beside Maude's plate at the breakfast table. She took it up with an inquiring look at her father.
"Your birth-day, my child," he said, simply.
She opened the casket with a low ex- clamation of delight as her eye fell on the white gleam of a magnificent pearl neck- lace.
"Oh, papa! how splendid this is?— Don't they look like drops of frozen moon- light? And I have always so longed for pearls!"
Mrs. Harrington looked complacently on. "They will be the very thing to wear to-night with your white silk dress."

Waiting.

"My white silk dress!" Maude paused abruptly, while a deep crimson flash stole over her fair forehead. She rose and crept softly around to her father's side.
"Papa, I am very much obliged to you—but—but I had rather not take the pearls."
"Not take them, Maude?"
"No, papa—you remember my resolu- tion."
"Maude!" exclaimed Aunt Eloise, "you will never be so absurd as to refuse that pearl necklace that a royal princess might be proud to wear, just because of a little whim!"
"It is not a whim, Aunt Eloise."
And no amount of coaxing or bantering could induce Maude Bryant to take the pearls.
"Give me a bud from the conservatory, papa, or a bit of a book, such as I used to have when I was a wee thing, and I'll value it for your sake as long as I live; but I cannot take the pearls."
So the merchant, with a curious mois- ture in his eyes, gave her a kiss and told her "that would have to do."
The weeks and months passed on, and Maude, surrounded by temptation on every side, thought of Charley May and re- mained firm.
"Maude," said the old man, suddenly, one day, "when did you last hear from young May?"
"Last hear from him, papa? Never since the day he went away."
"Do you mean to tell me that you do not correspond with him?"
"You told me not to write to him, papa, and I have obeyed you."
"And he has never written?"
"Never, sir."
"Then most probably he has forgotten you."
"No, papa—I know he has not forgot- ten me."
"You're a curious girl, Maude," said the father, caressingly stroking down her bright black curls. "Never mind, pet—when your year of calico is over, I'll give you a present that shall please you pas- sion well."
"I don't want any present, papa," said Maude, wistfully looking up into his face. "Oh, papa, there is only one thing in the world that I do want."
"And that, you know very well, you cannot have," said the merchant, sturdily. And so the colloquy terminated.
"Oh, Aunt Eloise, what a magnificent silk! Real gold color, isn't it?"
"Yes, I think it is rather handsome," said Mrs. Harrington, complacently. "I ordered it imported myself. See—it shines like sheet of gold in the gas-light."
"Who is it for?"
"You, to be sure, child—for Oriana Sykes' wedding reception."
Maude shook her head demurely.
"Why, Maude, what will you wear?— You must have a new silk."
Maude caught her father's eye fixed earnestly upon her. In an instant, her resolution was taken.
"I shall wear calico, Aunt Eloise."
"Calico! To Mrs. Sykes' wedding re- ception?"
"Why not, aunt?"
"You dare not thus defy society."
"Dare I not?"
"That was all Maude said. The year of the ordeal was up that night, and she had stood bravely to her colors.
Mr. Bryant did not often attend parties, but he went to Mrs. Sykes' that evening, though without his daughter's knowledge, and stood leaning against a door casing watching the brilliant devotees of fashion as they entered in throngs—watching them with an anxious eye.
Would Maude waver now? Was her will no stronger than that of five hundred other women?
Presently she came, as lovely as ever, the throng parting on either side as she advanced up the room at the side of her portly, vexed Aunt Harrington. What was the murmur that reached his ears?
"Pink calico! Calico!—impossible!"
Miss Bryant wore calico, indeed! Glace, more likely, or moire antique! Actually calico! what a strange whim! But Maude Bryant looks lovely in anything!"
Lovely—she did look lovely in the soft folds of the French calico, with her sweet eye full of liquid light, and her cheek glowing with soft scarlet.
Mr. Bryant drew a long sigh of relief, and then ordered his carriage for "home."
It was late when Maude returned, but nevertheless she took a peep into the library to see if her father was still up.
"Papa!"
"Come in, Maude. Do you know, pet, your year of probation is up to-night?"
"I don't call it probation, sir."
"Perhaps not. Well, do you remember my promising you a present if you adhered to your odd notions?"
"Yes, papa; but I told you I did not want a present."
"You'll find it in the drawing-room, child."
"I won't take it, papa."
"Won't you. Suppose you just take a look at it first."
And Maude went slowly up stairs, obedi- ent to her father's gesture.
"I will not take it, whatever it is," she thought, as she opened the door, "for— my goodness! Charley May!"
"Maude—my own true love!"

Waiting.

And Charley's bright brown eyes were looking into hers—Charley's chestnut mustache was close against her cheek.
"What do you think about taking my present now, Miss Maude?" demanded Mr. Bryant, rubbing his hands gleefully.
"I've sent all the way to Chicago for it, and I think you seem rather pleased with it than otherwise. I tell you what, Char- ley May, you may imagine that you have been working hard for my daughter all these months, but she has not been idle. Maude has well earned the happiness of this hour."
And Mr. Bryant went down stairs to explain it all to Aunt Eloise, who was highly mystified as to the state of affairs.
This was the solution of the enigma that so puzzled the fashionable world a few days subsequently, when they read in the papers that Maude Bryant had married a no more distinguished person than Charley May.
The Truth of History—Colfax at Lincoln's Death-Bed.
A paragraph having been extensively published stating that the figure of Mr. Colfax appears in Carpenter's picture of President Lincoln's death as a substitute for that of Mr. Johnson, although the latter was and the former was not present, the editor of the *Utica Herald* addressed Mr. Colfax on the subject and received the following reply:
"WASHINGTON, March 4, 1867.
"DEAR SIR:—I have been surprised at the article going the rounds of the press to which you draw my attention, which states that I was not at Mr. Lincoln's death-bed. The facts were published extensively at the time. I had a long interview with President Lincoln on the morning of that sad day, at which he consented that Hon. W. A. Howard, of Michigan, who had been waiting in the ante-room, should be present, and at which Mr. Lincoln discussed at some length the policy he intended to pursue in regard to the rebel leaders. He closed this deeply interesting conversation by urging me to accompany him to the theatre that night, which I could not do, as I expected to leave the city the next day to prepare for my trip to California, and he then gave me a message to be delivered from him to any miners I might see on my journey. He insisted that I must return that evening, and see Mrs. Lincoln and himself at the parlor of the White House before they went to the theatre, and before I should go to the residences of two of the Cabinet, with whom I was to have some conversation that night. I did so, walked with him to the door, and just as he was stepping into the carriage he gave me his last good bye on earth, and his wishes for a pleasant journey, adding in a sad and weary tone, that 'he would be delighted to accompany me, but that his public duties chained him down here.' Re- turning from the other interviews to my lodgings, I heard, on Pennsylvania avenue, of his assassination, about ten minutes after the fatal shot was fired. I went immediately to the White House, and thence to the room where he was dying. From that moment until 5 o'clock in the morning I was at his bedside. Mr. Johnson was also present, coming in at about 11 o'clock at night, and remaining there some time. At 5 o'clock the Sur- geon General said that though the Presi- dent had been utterly unconscious during the six or seven hours he had been there, he thought he might not expire till noon, his strong constitution giving way so slowly. Secretary McCulloch, in company with myself and others, left at that hour, intending to return at about 8 o'clock, but on the way back I learned that he had died a few minutes previously.
"As you desired all the facts, I give them to you, though very much pressed for time, by multiplied duties incident to the day.
Yours, very truly,
"SCHUYLER COLFAX."

Waiting.

The New License Law.
Following is the law lately passed by the State Legislature regulating the grant- ing of licenses to eating and drinking houses:
A further supplement to an act further to regulate the granting of licenses to hotels and eating houses, approved March thirty-first, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.
Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Com- monwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That when an application is made to any court of quarter sessions of this Commonwealth, for licenses to sell intoxicating drinks, it shall be lawful for said court to hear petitions, in addition to that of the applicant, in favor of, and remonstrances against the appli- cation for such license, and in all cases to refuse the same whenever, in the opinion of said court, having due regard to the number and character of the petitioners for and against such application, such license is not necessary for the accommo- dation of the public and entertainment of strangers and travelers, and upon sufficient cause being shown, the said courts shall have power to revoke any license granted by them, and all laws inconsistent with this section are hereby repealed: *Provided*, That the sureties in the bond, required of the applicant for license, shall be signed to his petition.
Sec. 2. That applications for license to keep an eating house, beer house or res- taurant authorizing the sale of domestic wines, malt and brewed liquors, shall hereafter be made in the same manner and to the same authority as application for license to keep a hotel: *Provided*, That the regulation in relation to bed rooms and beds shall not apply to appli- cants for an eating house, beer house and restaurant license, and the tenth section of the act of twentieth April, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, authorizing county treasurers to grant an eating house or retail brewery license, is hereby re- pealed.
Sec. 3. No license to keep an eating house, beer house or restaurant, under the provisions of the second section of this act, shall be granted in any incorporated city for a less sum than fifty dollars, nor elsewhere, for a less sum than twenty dollars.
Sec. 4. If any person, after the passage of this act, shall sell spirituous and vinous liquors, domestic wines, malt or brewed liquors, without having obtained a license authorizing him so to do, such person shall, on conviction in the court of quarter sessions, be fined, for the first offense, in any sum not less than fifty, nor more than two hundred dollars; and for the second, or any subsequent offense, such person shall be fined not less than one hundred dollars, and, in the discretion of the said court, be imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty days, nor more than ninety days: *Provided*, That nothing in this act shall be construed to repeal the provisions of the act of Assembly passed March thirty-first, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, relating to sales by druggists and apothecaries.
Sec. 5. That the provisions of the first section of this act shall not apply to the city of Philadelphia or to the county of Allegheny: *Provided*, That nothing in this act shall authorize the granting of licenses to hotel and inn keepers, to vend vinous, spirituous and malt liquors, and to license beer houses, eating houses and restaurants in any locality where licensing of hotels, inns, beer houses, eating houses, or restaurants is now pro- hibited by law.
A Noble Engineer.
President Tuttle, of Wabash College, in a lecture on "Heroes of the Locomo- tive," related the following incident:
"During the war, an incident occurred on the Pennsylvania Central, which was related to me by an eye-witness. My in- formant was with a regiment of soldiers going from Pittsburg to Harrisburg in a special train. Between Johnstown and Gallitzin, (Cambria county,) they were delayed by a freight train off the track. This they learned at one of the stations, and remained there until they should be informed that the track was clear. It was in the night, and most of the thous- and men on the train were asleep. Four heavily loaded coal cars belonging to a train ahead had, by some accident, become detached, and began the descent of the heavy grade at a speed which soon became terrible. The engineer of the special train heard the roar of the descending cars, and surmised what was the matter. In an instant, he detached his engine from the train, and put on steam to meet the runaway cars, and, if possible, break their force and save his train. His loco- motive was a large freight, and he had moved several rods ahead when the coal cars struck him like a thunderbolt and crushed his engine back on the train. The engine was utterly demolished, and many of his cars were crushed; but he had so broken the force of the shock that no lives were lost. The engineer's name was Story. His grateful beneficiaries pre- sented him with a service of silver."