

# The Chambersburg Alleglian.

W. H. HUTCHINSON, Editor.  
E. H. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM.  
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1867.

NUMBER 17.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

BEN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

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MUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scribever.

KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.

D. R. ZIGLER, having opened an office over R. R. Thomas's store, in his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity.

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 practical experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that a continuity may be given for his work to his own praise.

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## PRIVATE SALE!

The subscriber will sell the following property at private sale:

One House at Portage Station, on the P. R. R., with 2 acres land. Suitable for a store room or a dwelling.

One House and 90 acres land, on P. R. R., one-half mile west of Portage, opposite the siding of the Union Mills of the subscriber, and at the terminus of the railroad of White & Co.

One House and 2 acres land at Portage, now occupied by Louisa Keepers. A good site for a store.

One Water Power Saw mill, within 10 rods of the P. R. R., one-half mile west of Portage, together with timber land, 100, 200, or 300 acres, to suit purchasers. The barns and houses on the same cost \$1,500 when lumber was cheap.

Or, I will sell the whole tract of 480 acres, with timber enough on the same to run the water mill for seven years. The property has 1,500 to 2,000 feet of side tracks connecting with the P. R. R.

A general Warranty Deed will be given on ten days notice for all the foregoing property, and possession of all houses, &c., given on the 1st April next.

The improvements cost the subscriber \$6,500.

150 acres of the land is timbered with good Sugar, and the land itself is warranted to be as good as any in Cambria county.

Three creeks pass through the land, viz—Trout Run, McIntosh Run, and Wright's Run. There is Coal on the land, and any amount of Wood.

The location is the only outlet to the coal lands of Burke and the Wm. M. Lloyd & Co. lands.

Two pieces of the land adjoin the land formerly owned by Hon. Thomas A. Scott, known as the McCoy Farm.

One-third the purchase money will be required down; the balance in six and twelve months.

Ten per cent. will be deducted for cash payments.

The property will be sold in preference to rents as the subscriber has not time to collect rents.

The house and lot, say 1 acre of land, at Portage, now occupied by Louisa Keepers, will be sold low if sold soon. Also, the store room at the same place, with 2 acres land, formerly occupied by Victor Voegtly—sold to him at one time for \$725—will now be sold for \$600. The former will be sold for \$350, cash, or its equivalent.

CALL SOON!

WM. R. HUGHES.

Wilmington, January 31, 1867.

## SHOE STORE! SHOE STORE!

The subscriber begs leave to inform the people of Ebensburg that he has just received from the East and has now opened out, at his store-room, the

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS!

ever brought to town. The stock was made expressly to order by the

BEST SHOE MANUFACTORY IN PHILA., the subscriber having gone to the trouble and expense of visiting that city especially to order it. The work is warranted not to rip—if it rips, it will be

REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE!

A visit to his establishment will satisfy any one that he can not only sell a BETTER ARTICLE than all competitors, but that he can also

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes to order, on short notice and in the most workmanlike style.

A VERY SUPERIOR LOT OF REAL FRENCH CALF SKINS ON HAND!

Stand one door east of Crawford's Hotel, High street, and immediately opposite V. S. Barker's store.

feb21] JOHN D. THOMAS.

## SADDLERY AND HARNESS!

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand and is still manufacturing all articles in his line, such as

SADDLES,

FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, DRAFT HARNESS,

BLIND BRIDLES, RIDING BRIDLES, CHECK LINES,

HALTERS, WHIPS, BRIGHBANDS, &c., &c.

All which he will dispose of at low prices for cash.

His work is all warranted, and being experienced in the business, he uses only the best of leather. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to him.

Shop above the store of E. Hughes & Co. Persons wishing good and substantial Harness can be accommodated.

HUGH A. M'COY.

## VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers at private sale the Farm on which he now resides, situate in Cambria Township, Cambria county, containing about 50 acres, nearly all of which are cleared, and having thereon erected a Two-story Frame Dwelling House, a new Frame Barn, and all the necessary Outbuildings. There is a good Orchard on the Farm, and an excellent Well of Water at the kitchen door. Only five minutes' walk from the Railroad Depot. Terms moderate, and title indisputable. Apply to the undersigned on the premises, or address

SAMUEL TIBBOTT,

Ebensburg, Pa.

## EBENSBURG LITERARY DEPOT.

JAMES MURRAY, dealer in

BOOKS, STATIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO, PERFUMERY, FANCY SOAPS, &c.

In the room formerly occupied by Dr. Lemon as a Drug Store,

High st., EBENSBURG.

Keeps—

Blank Books, Magazines,

Envelopes, Paper, Newspapers,

Pens, Ink, Novels, Histories,

Pocket Books, Prayer Books,

Pass Books, Toy Books, &c.

Stationery and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail.

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## General Tommy.

Our house is under martial law, and Tommy is our ruler. It has always been so, since his birth; I remember when he was a wee bit of a baby, the dinner hour was changed, that the clatter of our dishes might not disturb his afternoon nap, and everything was regulated to suit his royal pleasure.

None of us older children were allowed to appear at the family table until we had learned to handle a knife and fork properly; but Tommy was brought down in triumph, as soon as he could sit up in his high chair.

And then such behavior! Why, Tommy may do the most ill-bred things, and we all laugh it off, as a capital joke.

Father is what grown people call "fastidious," what children style "very pertickular." Many a time, I've seen him leave his breakfast untasted, only because a simple little fly, wishing a warm bath, chose father's coffee cup as a suitable place for that performance.

But when Tommy, from the farther end of the table, sent his inseparable companion, a rubber doll, with great violence, from his own mouth plumb into father's cup, splashing his linen and hands with hot coffee, father only laughed, and cried—"Bravo!" as he tossed it back to baby, and declared his coffee to be "all the sweeter," when mother passed another cup.

I remember that breakfast time so well, because father was telling us a pitiful story about a college friend of his. He had just reached the very saddest part, and was evidently much affected, when there came a crash, a clatter, loud peals of laughter, and far above the din, such jubilant crows of delight from Tommy.

This time he had only upset the spoon stand, which brought down the cream pot, and then as Ella stooped to restore the scattered silver, he fastened both hands into her curls, and balancing himself upon his little toes, was tugging away most unmercifully. Father forgot his story, and joined in the general laugh, and dear little Neil, when rescued from Tom's clutches, smiled bravely through her tears.

I asked father why Tommy was so indulged; but he only laughed, and said: "Oh, he is the autocrat of our breakfast table," though I could not see that that explained the matter.

Before Tommy was six months old he had shattered a pier glass, broken off a solitary blossom from mother's century-plant, and scalded a pet poodle, besides giving us on an average one good fright daily by his own recklessness.

As he grew older, he did but grow worse. Mother says that good Dr. Watts taught that children should be inquisitive; that youthful curiosity ought to be encouraged. She talks of Sir Isaac Newton, Columbus, and other great discoverers, and hopes Tom may be of use in the world.

This is when Tom is safe a-bed, or, as she thinks, well occupied. But when she finds that he has been employed in making inky seas on the back of some rare engraving—when she beholds her bust Clyta hanging from the bell-ropes, and Tommy at work on her grand piano with his little hammer, Sir Isaac Newton, Columbus, and the comfort they afford, seem distant and unsatisfactory, while Tom and his mischief are near and provoking.

Then his excuse that Clyta is Jane, who is "awful bad," hung in effigy, and that he is only hammering "to see where the music comes from," does not amuse mother or me as it does Grandma Wilson, who delights in all Tom's antics, saying, they "show he is of a practical turn, and a thorough Wilson." (Mother's father was an artist, and art holds a low place in Grandma Wilson's estimation.)

Tommy will have a reason for everything, and is by no means content with an explanation merely verbal. Why must the great hall clock be wound, and what does the pendulum do?

Then comes a morning when no alarm is sounded by our faithful time-piece, to waken the servants, and we all sleep on until the sun is so high that we wake and dress in haste, and cannot catch the last hours all through the day. Of course, a search reveals the pendulum under Tommy's bed.

We should give our number as seven to the census collector, but so much mischief is done in the house, to which no one will confess, that we have to lay it at the door of an imaginary foe, whom we style "Number Eight." I begin to learn, however, that "Number Eight" is usually another name for Master Tommy. He is a riddle, and we're few rules by which to read him; only sure that he will appear whenever he is least expected, discover all that we would keep from him, and speak whenever he had best be silent. He despises sham, and has no concealments.

"Don't my murrer look putty, wif her hair curled that way?" he asks, at a dinner party. "Wo fought she'd be the beautifullest woman here, 'n so she is." Then later—"I knowed ther wor cum'ey cummin', coz Jane brag out all the silver, 'n the pantry door was lock, so's I couldn't git in. Some silver ain't silver—it's plated; I've sawn 'em do it; it's as easy, 'n you can't tell 'em apart, 'n I don't know as any of our'n's real. What makes yer look at me so fer, Helun?" he asks when

I try to check him. "I ain't er sayin' nuffin. I didn't tell 'em you tared yer gown runnin' down stairs, 'n didn't hev time ter change it."

Mother says she would never allow the child to see guests, but that he must learn good manners.

"Ask the little girl to come again to see you, my son; she is a dear little playmate, isn't she?" said mother, before we had learned how like leaning upon a broken reed is trusting to Tom's politeness.

"No mum," answered he, stoutly. "She'd berhave herseffe poorly; I'm real disgustin' at her; 'n I druther go and see her, coz she's got ripe peacher 't her 'house."

"Tommy, dear, this is Mr. Goodhue; he has two little boys at home."

"Yes," Tom answers, gravely; "I've sawn 'em; they sit befornt us at church, 'n tumble off crickets, prayer time. You said once they needed a whippin'."

In the country, at Grandma Wilson's, Tom is even worse than at home. We find him on high, solitary beams in the barn, with no visible means of getting down; he is caught in the boughs of trees; he is rolling off the wood-shed roof; he is tumbling into the river; he is pulled about the pig-sty, firmly grasping some stout squealer's tail; he is poking sticks at the fierce watch-dog; continually in danger, yet never really hurt.

I wonder if Tom's guardian angel ever feels tried or perplexed?

There stood by grandma's door, when Tommy was there last, a large molasses cask, just drained of its contents, with the exception of an inch or two of what we children call molasses sugar. The ground at the rear of the house slopes gently for several feet down to the river.

One day, Maxwell and Sydney were wrestling, leaping, and raising about, when they suddenly knocked the cask over, and sent it rolling down the hill. "Catch it, Syd!" shouted Max, "it'll be floating down stream in a minute;" but of course Sydney could not catch it, after it was fairly set in motion.

It rolled faster and faster, but just as it reached the river, it struck a willow bough, and was suddenly brought upright once more, just on the water's brink.

We all ran down to the rescue, and what should we find peeping out of the cask but two well known tiny boots.

"Why, Tommy?" we said, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "Are you hurt, darling?"

"Oh," said a smothered voice, "I then ain't drowned, nor sailin' 'er ter sea. I'll be took out, all 'cept my curls, 'n they won't come. I've tried 'em, 'n they stick fast."

Tommy came out, curls and all, safe and sound, as usual; but he did look funny, with a crown of damp sugar on his head and great streaks of molasses on his face.

"Weren't you frightened, Tom Thumb?" I asked, as I led him to the house.

"Pher! No. I thought I's goin' out ter sea, 'n I wisht I weren't on my head, coz I couldn't see the whales, 'n Lucy, 'n Uncle John; but I was so shook, 'n my curls pulled the tears inter my eyes when I tried ter turn over."

We have an uncle at Calcutta, and Tommy thinks going to sea is going to him.

One night, at grandma's, when Tommy was very tired, he refused at bedtime to say his prayers, declaring he had been so good he had "nuffin to pray for."

I told him that at the close of the best day, all need to ask for pardon; that his goodness might be only lack of temptation; and that he certainly should not forget to pray for mother, in her loneliness at home, with no little son to pet.

After some persuasion, Tommy keel and said—"Our Father, I've been real good ter day; but Helun says I ought ter be forgiven; so please forgive the miffish I might hev done, but couldn't. Forgive us all, 'specially Helun, for bein' so cross to her little bruvver, 'n not lettin' him play with her paints this mornin'." (Here the great sleepy eyes rolled open and fixed a reproachful look upon me.) Forgive all our naughty yesterdays, and make us good for every to-morrow. Bless my dear murrer, with no boy to kiss her. That's all to-night."

If Tommy's prayers sound irreverent or self-righteous, he does not mean to be so, and they are at least sincere. If he prays more earnestly for the recovery of a lost toy than for pardon for sin; if he confesses virtues as freely as faults, perhaps such petitions are as acceptable to Him who made the childish heart as those penitential formulas which are so often lip service. Some day, we hope, Tom will understand these things better.

He has a great desire to "trade," but now is obliged to close each bargain with the proviso, "If my murrer is willin' for Tom went out one day, radiant in the glory of a lovely new cap, and taking with him a fairy balloon and a rocking horse of his own right. Soon he was home again, with all these treasures gone forever, and happy in possessing in their stead a much battered old beaver hat, which covered his head and neck like an extinguisher.

What may be Tommy's future, we cannot guess. If the child is father of the man, it seems probable that he will become an active member of society."

Whether or no his name shall ever ring

through the land with honor, we hope he may be the "noblest work of God"—an honest, a good man.

## The Huntingdon Post Office.

The following is from the Huntingdon Monitor of late date:

"Daniel J. Morrell, the individual who misrepresents this district in Congress by virtue of money lavishly expended in colonizing and corrupting voters, as well as sundry other Yankee tricks which we can and will at the proper time expose, cannot, it seems, rise above the propensity of his race to turn an honest (?) penny when the opportunity occurs. He having failed to secure the appointment of a Radical postmaster at Huntingdon, endeavored to sell his influence with the Radical Senate to the Democratic aspirant willing to pay the highest price for that position, and on his return from Washington, last Thursday, left a letter for one of his friends in town, which read as follows:

"On Train, April 21st, 1867.

"Make the best arrangement you can with Miller, Wallace or Africa; any one you name will be confirmed. DANIEL J. MORRELL.

"The aforesaid friend fixed the price of a confirmation at \$500, and set to work diligently to do his master's bidding and earn his reward, but the thing wouldn't work. Democrats didn't bite, and Congressman Morrell's attempt at blackmailing entirely failed.

"Our readers will be gratified to learn that G. Ashman Miller, who flatly refused to come down with the coveted \$500, was confirmed as postmaster on the very day the above note was written, notwithstanding his refusal to 'give the corner of a three cent postage stamp' for the said Hon. D. J. M.'s influence.

"It is certainly very humiliating to be represented in Congress by a man who is always on the make; so much so, that a little post-office cannot pass through his mill without paying toll. But when we inform our readers that the Hon. Daniel is held in leading strings by one Billy Shaw—who is well if not favorably known in this county—his character will be at once understood and fully appreciated."

The Lewistown Gazette comments on the foregoing as follows:

"We copy the above tirade of copperhead malice and lying from the Huntingdon Monitor, a joint stock concern established during the war to decry the administration of Abraham Lincoln, and so far as it is dared, uphold and justify the rebellion of Jeff. Davis and his cut-throat associates—a character it sustained throughout that terrible period of our history, as every Union soldier from this region well knows.

"The article bears unmistakable evidence on its face that the note is a forgery, the probable production of a disappointed office-hunter who, having found Mr. Morrell a stumbling block in his expectations of political preferment, now vents his spleen against him by an impotent attempt at defamation. In the first place we have good reasons for knowing that at the very time the Monitor alleges this note was written and left off at Huntingdon, Mr. Morrell was on his return home from Washington, previous to leaving which, he had tacitly acquiesced in the confirmation of G. Ashman Miller as P. M. at Huntingdon, because Mr. Rose was at the same time confirmed as Collector of this Congressional District. This fact is sufficient to show he could have written no such note, and stamps the author of the above as an unblushing falsifier of everything pertaining to truth.

"There is also another phase of this matter which is worthy of attention. Suppose a note of this kind had been written by Mr. Morrell or any other person, addressed to a private individual, it must either have been STOLEN or otherwise dishonestly or dishonorably obtained—for we think all will admit that no honest person would for a moment use or retain a private note, even if found, and pervert it to defamation and scurrility.

"To talk of Mr. Morrell being in the leading strings of any person, may do among the admirers of the 'stern statesman' who is painting copperhead Democracy in Fortress Monroe, yet comes with a bad grace from those who endeavored to use Mr. Morrell and found him to be metal that could not be fashioned to suit the hand of aspirants for Assessor and Collector in and about Huntingdon.

"The truth is the only note Mr. Morrell wrote was simply stating the fact that Mr. Miller had been appointed, and if Mr. Corman will make the inquiry he will find this to have been the case, and also that he has been made the victim of a shameful forgery and published an unprovoked assault on Mr. Morrell."

—A chap who was told by the colporteur to "Remember Lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own wife, without remembering other men's wives.

—There is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persians: "In all thy quarrels, leave open the door of reconciliation."

—A man who bumps his head against another's isn't apt to think two heads better than one.

—Early grass is like a pen-knife. The spring brings out the blades.

—What word is always pronounced wrong? Wrong.

—The cholera is in Louisiana.

## Slander.

"Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word can never leave a sting behind; And oh! to breathe each tale we hear, Is far beneath a noble mind."

Slander makes its appearance in various forms. It is indulged in by both sexes, and no class is exempt from the pernicious habit. Its commonest form is that of tattling, which is certainly the meanest, lowest, and most detestable practice of which any cynical libel on humanity could be guilty. If there is one person more despicable than another in the eyes of man, it is most emphatically this debased and cowardly scab of society. In England, Charles Dickens says, this habit is confined to a few old women who are the fag-ends and refuse of decent society; but, alas, it has become frightfully common with the American people. Go where you will, you will find these fiends in human form. At the tea-table is a common place for them to enjoy an exchange of information. Here they will unburden themselves of the load they may have gathered, and will receive a new cargo, which they will carry home, give proper shape, and then scatter broadcast. In the hands of these people, a story will undergo about as much change as a snowball will by being rolled down a hill.—They pass it up, and roll it down, and when they get through with it, it is a perfect mountain!

If these busybodies were to think for a moment of the injury they do many innocent members of society, they might be more careful. But they never think that far ahead. It is amusement for them to enlarge and misrepresent trifles, and they always find somebody ready to laugh and encourage them.

This is wrong. We all should discountenance everything of the kind, and encourage more charitable conversations. If you see a fault in a neighbor, it is not your place to give publicity to it, thereby lowering him in the estimation of the public; but, rather, by example and kind words, show him his error, and thereby possibly reform him.

"Mildly judge ye of each other,  
Be to condemnation slow;  
The very best have got their fallings,  
Something good the worst can show."

ACORN.

## MORAL COURAGE.—General Sherman

says that the greatest demand ever made on his moral courage was under the following circumstances:

The citizens of San Francisco were celebrating the Fourth of July in the large American theater, which was packed to its utmost capacity. Gen. Sherman was Chief Marshal, and occupied a seat near the front of the stage. The orator had completed his or