

# The Ebensburg Alleghanlian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.  
W. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1867.

NUMBER 28.

**WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan24]

**JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan24]

**GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan24]

**P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.  
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan24]

**JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan24]

**JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law,** Cambria county, Pa.  
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan24]

**F. A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co's. [Jan24]

**SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High Street, west of Foster's Hotel. Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties. [Jan24]

**GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent,** Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Pension Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold. [Jan24]

**H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.** Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hession, Esq., on High Street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan24]

**R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,** Cambria, Pa. Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad Street. Night calls promptly attended to. [May22]

**DENTISTRY.** Dr. D. W. YANDEL, having opened an office in the rooms over R. R. Thompson's, offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. [April-4m]

**DENTISTRY.** The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spent no means so thoroughly acquire himself with every instrument in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the improved experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak for itself. [Jan24]

**SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.,** Referring: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Wood; W. R. Hardy; A. A. Stanley; P. E. Anderson of the Baltimore College. [Jan24]

**LLOYD & CO., Bankers—**EBENSBURG, PA. Gold, Silver, Government Loans and other securities bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States. A General Banking Business transacted. [Jan24]

**M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—**ALTOONA, PA. Office on the principal cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States. A General Banking Business transacted. [Jan24]

**JOHN LLOYD, Cashier.** JOHN LLOYD, Cashier. **NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA.** GOVERNMENT AGENCY. AND REGISTERED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES. [Jan24]

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**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 sell

**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. [Jan24]

**JOHN D. THOMAS.**  
TO THE LADIES OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.—Having recently arrived from the city with a handsome assortment of

**SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY AND STAY GOODS.**  
of the latest styles, comprising BONNETS, SILKS and VELVETS, FINE FRENCH FLOWERS, and assortment of RIBBONS, all widths and colors, Ladies' plain and fancy DRESS CAPS, Infants' silk and embroidered CAPS, together with Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Gent's Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., we invite the ladies of Ebensburg and surrounding districts, to call and examine our stock, in the store-room formerly occupied by E. Hughes, below the Mountain House.

**MADE TO ORDER.**  
We have a Fashionable MILLINER of excellent taste, who will pay particular attention to bleaching, pressing and altering Hats and Bonnets to the latest styles. [Jan24]

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**Sent by Express.**  
Marian Harlan was alone in the world. Her mother was just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all, she was only seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire, spreading his huge hands over the tarry blaze.

"What are you going to do to earn your bread and butter, child?" he asked. "I don't know," replied the girl; "I haven't thought. Mamma had an uncle in New York who—"

"Yes, yes—I've heard tell about him. He was mad 'cause your mother did not marry just to suit him, wasn't he?"

Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few moments, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the Deacon went home to tell his wife that "that Harlan girl was the queerest creature he ever came across in his born days."

In the meanwhile, Marian was packing her few scanty things into a little carpet-bag, by the wind, flickering light of the dying wood fire.

"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her small, pearly teeth firmly together.

"My mother's uncle shall bear her cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh! I wish my heart would not throbb so wildly! I am no longer meek Marian Harlan; I am an orphan, all alone in the world, who must fight life's battle with her own single hands!"

Lower Broadway, at 7 o'clock, p. m.—What a babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noise there was! Marian Harlan sat in the corner of an express office, under the glare of gaslight and surrounded by boxes, and wondering whether the people ever went crazy. She was dressed plain—gray poplin, with a starchy, old-fashioned little straw bonnet, tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her carpet-bag lay in her lap. She had sat there for two hours, and was very tired.

"Poor little thing!" thought the dark haired young clerk, nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under the circle of gaslights. And then he resumed his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans?"

The dark-haired clerk emerged from his cage, with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that young woman sitting there for some time—how came she here?"

"Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa; arrived this afternoon," answered the young man.

As though Marian Harlan was a box or parcel!

"Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington."

"Why hasn't she been called for?" asked the officer.

"I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago. Expect an answer every moment."

"Very odd!" said the old gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

Some three-quarters of an hour afterwards, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side, with an indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—"

Marian looked up, with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hand clasped tightly to the handle of the faded carpet bag.

"—And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock this day."

A sudden blur came over Marian's eyes, and she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations, she had made no allowance for an exigency like this.

"Can we do anything further for you?" questioned the young clerk, politely.

"Nothing—no one can do anything now."

Frank Evans was turning away, but something in the piteous tones of the young girl appealed to every manly instinct within him.

starting to her feet. "I must go somewhere!"

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, quietly, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof a day or two, if you can trust me."

"Trust you?" Marian looked at him through violet eyes bedimmed with tears. "Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!"

"How late you are, Frank! Here, give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, and—"

"Hush, mother; there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother; expressed on to old Harrington, the rich merchant, from Iowa. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is entirely alone. Mamma, she looks like poor Blanche, and I know you would not refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

"Come up stairs, my dear; you are as welcome as a flower of May. Frank, you did quite right; you always do."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Marian Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling. "It seemed as though she had taken our blessed Blanche's place," said the corymbous widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I managed without her."

"Now, Marian, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think, I have been here two months to-morrow—and the situation of governess is advantageous."

"Very well; I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are."

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't—Please keep my secret!"

"What secret is it that has to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brows eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret?" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically, wiping her dim spectacle glasses. "Why, Marian is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"Marian?"

"I must, Frank; I have no right to trespass further on your kindness."

"No right; ah! Marian, do you know that the house has been different since you have been here? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

Marian smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'll stay, Marian?"

"No," she shook her head determinedly. "Then you must stay," said Frank.

"I've missed something of great value lately, and hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft."

"Missed something?" Marian rose, and turned red and white. "Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me?"

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure the article is in your possession!"

"The article?"

"My heart, Miss Marian! Now, look here; I love you, Marian Harlan, and I will be a true and good husband to you. Stay, and be my little wife."

So Marian Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to programme, married the dark-haired clerk in Edison's Express office.

my husband, Uncle Walter. I love him."

"Then you must both come and be my children," said the old man, doggedly. "And you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb."

Frank Evans is no longer an express clerk, and pretty Marian moves in violets and diamonds, but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

**A New England Lover.**

The best portion of the opening chapters of Henry Ward Beecher's new novel is a New England love passage, the proposal of "Blah Cathcart" to Rachel Lascomb:—

They were walking silently and gravely home one Sunday afternoon, under the tall elms that line the street for half a mile. Neither had spoken. There had been some little parish quarrel, and on that afternoon the text was, "A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another." But, after the sermon was done, the text was the best part of it—

Some one said that Parson Marsh's sermons were like the meeting house—the steeple was the only thing that folks could see after they got home.

They walked slowly, without a word. Once or twice Blah essayed to speak, but was still silent. He plucked a flower from between the pickets of the fence, and unconsciously pulled it to pieces, as, with troubled face, he glanced at Rachel, as fearing she would catch his eye, he looked at the trees, at the clouds, at the grass, at everything, and saw nothing—nothing but Rachel. The most solemn hour of human experience is not that of Death, but of Life—when the heart is born again, and from a natural heart becomes a heart of love? What wonder that it was a silent hour and perplexed!

Is the soul confused? Why not, when the divine spirit, rolling clear across the aerial ocean, breaks upon the heart's shore with all the mystery of heaven? Is it strange that uncertain lights dim the eye, if above the head of him that truly loves hover clouds of saintly spirits? Why should not the tongue stammer and refuse its accustomed offices, when all the world—skies, trees, plains, hills, atmosphere, and the solid earth—spring forth in new colors, with strange meanings, and seem to chant for the soul the glory of that mystic law with which God has bound to himself His infinite realm—the law of Love! Then, for the first time, when one so loves that love is sacrifice, death to self, resurrection and glory, is man brought into harmony with the whole universe; and, like him who beheld the seventh heaven, bears things unlawful to be uttered.

The great elm trees sighed as the fulfilment swept their tops. The soft shadows fitted back and forth beneath the walkers' feet, fell upon them in light and dark, ran over the ground, quivered and shook, until sober Cathcart thought that his heart was throwing its shivering network of hope and fear along the ground before him!

How strangely his voice sounded to him as, at length, all his emotions could only say, "Rachel, how did you like the sermon?"

Quietly she answered, "Liked the text."

"A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another." Rachel, will you help me keep it?"

At first she looked down and lost a little color; then, raising her face, she turned upon him her large eyes, with a look both clear and tender. It was as if some painful restraint had given way, and her eyes blossomed into full beauty.

Not another word was spoken. They walked home hand in hand. He neither smiled nor exulted. He saw neither the trees, nor the long level rays of sunlight that were slanting across the fields. His soul was overshadowed with a cloud as if God were drawing near. He had never felt so solemn. This woman's life had been entrusted to him!

Long years—the whole length of life—the eternal years beyond, seemed in an indistinct way to rise up in his imagination. All that he could say as he left her at the door, was:

"Rachel, this is forever—forever."

She again said nothing, but turned to him with a clear and open face, in which joy and trust wrought beauty. It seemed to him as if a light fell upon him from her eyes. There was a look that desponded and covered him as with atmosphere; and all the way home he was as one walking in a luminous cloud. He had never felt such personal dignity as now. He that wins such love is crowned, and may call himself king. He did not feel the earth under his feet. As he drew near his lodgings, the sun went down. The children began to pour forth, no longer restrained. Abiah turned to his evening chores. No animal that night but had reason to bless him. The children found him unusually good and tender. And Aunt Keriah said to her sister:

"Abiah's been going to meetin' very regular for some weeks, and I shouldn't wonder, by the way he looks, if he had got a wife. I trust he ain't deceiving himself."

"Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was desolate and alone. I cannot leave

He had a hope, and he was not deceived; for in a few months, at the close of the service one Sunday morning, the minister read from the psalm: "Marriage is intended between Abiah Cathcart and Rachel Lascomb, both of this town, and this is the first publication of the banns."

**Letter from "Out West."**

DAVENPORT, IOWA, July 12, '67.  
To the Editor of The Alleghanlian:

When last I wrote you, I was in Chicago. The part of Illinois I saw while coming here is beautiful prairie land, interspersed with groves of hard wood timber. The farms looked well, covered as they were with fine crops. There is every appearance of a large yield of wheat, now nearly ready for harvesting, and the corn looks promising. I think a farmer in Illinois, especially in western Illinois, who owns a farm, must be one of the most independent men in the world.

Rock Island, the terminus of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, is a large town, situated on the east bank of the Mississippi river. It has numerous manufactories and saw-mills. There is an immense railroad bridge here over the Mississippi river. Davenport is quite a large city, the largest, I believe, in Iowa. It is surrounded by a fine agricultural district. Rock Island is a large island formed by the union of the Rock river with the Mississippi. It belongs to the United States, and is used for Government purposes. There are upon it a large arsenal and extensive barracks, in the latter of which many thousand rebel prisoners were confined during the course of the war.

MILLSBURG, IOWA, July 13.  
To the Editor of The Alleghanlian:

I left Davenport, via Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, at 7 o'clock, a. m., on the morning of the 12th, and arrived here at 2 o'clock, p. m. Since I have been here, I have been in Pottawash and Keokuk counties, and I must say that this is the most beautiful country for farming that I ever saw. The land is principally prairie, with belts of timber along the rivers and creeks. There is a sufficiency of timber for domestic and farming purposes, and will continue to be if care is taken of it. I notice the timber grows very fast, for in places where the timber had been cut ten or twelve years ago there appears a fine second growth of hickory and cottonwood. The crops look splendid, and are nearly ready for harvesting. There are wheat fields here of from forty to one hundred acres in extent, and the farmers say they will turn out twenty-five bushels to the acre. The corn is as high as a man's head. The potatoes are being destroyed by a bug. This bug comes from the west and is traveling eastward, and from what I am told of its progress, I judge it will make its appearance in Cambria county ere three more years expire. It is a large sized, reddish colored bug, and very destructive, eating the tops of the stalks as closely as a flock of sheep could do.

I think Iowa is the place for a farmer, but it is not so good for other businesses. I would advise farmers intending to emigrate to try Iowa or Illinois.

**ECSTASIES OF FASHION.**—The London Journal says: The costume of the fashionable Londoner just now is a marvel, and it is very difficult for those of us whom the coarseness of the Times to household suffrage has not yet prepared for any change, not to break forth into laughter when we see the fair creatures who lately occupied the whole of the pavement when walking singly, now walking six abreast in garments suggestive of Brighton bathing machines rather than the London streets. They have shrunken up almost to a line, which, as mathematicians tell us, has length but no breadth—always excepting the collars. It is quite possible now for a woman to be in one street and her chignon in the next. For once the eccentricities of the female attire are being copied by the men. They, too, have adopted the swathing system; and one sees neither garments now that are not only inexpressible but inexplicable. How their waists get into them, how by any process, except bandaging, these wonderful appendages are donned is a marvel. As to hats, there is a race going on just now between the dandies and our fine ladies, to see which can wear the smallest head-dress. Next year we shall be compelled to raise all our doorways in order to admit the steeple that will then be in fashion, for it is ever the custom of fools to rush into extremes.

—A young gentleman, or an elderly one, no matter which, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, "popped the question." The lady, in a frightened manner, exclaimed, "You scare me, sir?" The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and so remained quiet for a while, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Scare me again?" The sequel is not given, but it is supposed it was the gentleman's turn to be frightened.

—Every foot of land on which Belfast, Ireland, is built, is owned by one man, the Marquis of Donegal. Every citizen has to pay tribute to him. His income for ground rent is from one to two millions of dollars per annum.