

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1868.

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TODD HUTCHINSON,  
Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME 8.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

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

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

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

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

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa. [Jan 24]  
Architectural Drawings and Specifications.

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]  
Particular attention paid to collections.

AMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]  
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel.

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. [Jan 24]  
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes at sight. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Agreements, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written, and all legal business carefully attended to. Pensions increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. [Jan 24]  
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to at his office.

D. DE WITT ZEIGLER—  
Having permanently located in Ebensburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and vicinity.  
Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.  
Rooms over K. R. Thomas' store, High street. [Sep 19]

DENTISTRY.  
The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has secured no means to so thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the imparted experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.  
References: Prof. C. A. Harris, T. E. Bond, Dr. W. R. Handy, A. A. Handy, P. H. Austin, of the Baltimore College.

Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week. [Jan 24, 1867.]

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REES J. LLOYD,  
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PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS,  
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Also:  
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And other articles kept  
by Druggists generally.  
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.  
Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

ELBRIDGE STILES,  
EBENSBURG, PA.  
Manufacturer of Barrels, Kegs, Tubs, and Wooden-wares generally. Meats stands and Kraits stands on hand and for sale.  
Repairs done cheap for cash.  
Orders from a distance promptly attended to. [Nov. 7, 1867-3m]

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

## A Love Song.

She who sleeps upon my heart  
Was the first to win it;  
She who dreams upon my breast  
Ever reigns within it;  
She who kisses off my lips  
Wakes their warmest blessing;  
She who rests within my arms  
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,  
Days that may be dreary;  
Other hours than all greet us yet,  
Hours that may be weary.  
Still this heart shall be thy home,  
Still this breast thy pillow,  
Still these lips meet thee as oft  
Biloweth and etheth biloweth.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,  
Since thy love hath won it;  
Dream, then, on my loyal breast,  
None but thou hast done it;  
And when age our bloom shall change,  
With its wintry weather,  
May we in the self-same grave  
Sleep and dream together.

## A STORY OF FORGIVENESS.

A log cabin out on the Western plains, with snows that drift around it. Overhead a gray, dark sky, that seems, if you gaze upon it long enough to get the spirit of its expression, to hold some agony of despair or death.

There is, however, a kind of wild, strong life in the scene that lies beneath—spreading itself away from the window of that lonely log cabin, standing there as a solitary witness of human life in the midst of the wild, white dreariness of the plains.

Perhaps the little girl feels this. She is not old enough to consciously think it—the little girl with thin, sallow face, which somehow suggests fever and age, flattened up against the pane, looking out with a singular alert wisdom over the wide, white plains and through the rushing gust of snow, until her gaze touches the gray horizon far off.

The winds come in furiously from the East, like the roaring of tides, or the trampling of battalions of armed men, and dash down with fierce roar and cry on the thick clouds of snow-flakes, and hunt and drive them back and forth, and toss them up in white flocks, and tear them apart, and ride back and forth over the plains, making of the air one vast trumpet through which they shriek their choruses of victory.

Inside the cabin, a man's voice asks suddenly, "Bessie, child, has nobody come in sight yet?" A man's voice, I said, and yet struck through and through with some pain and hollowness which made you feel that its words were nearly ended.

"No, father," answered the little girl, drawing her thin, sallow face away from the window, "there is nothing to be seen but the blinding snow—"

"Hark! don't you hear something!" said the hollow voice, breaking in here, sharp, hungry, impatient.

"No, father; the wind blows and blows, that is all."

The tones were those of a girl, but there was nothing in the low, dreary voice that was at all like that of girlhood. Then the speaker turned to the fire, placed some fresh wood on the embers, and came back to her watch by the window; dreary work enough for any age, but doubly so to any one whose life had not covered its fourteeneth summer.

The room had a generally comfortless expression. Yet there was not, after all, so much lack of material as want of care and arrangement discernible throughout the apartment.

On the bed in one corner lay the owner of the log cabin. One look into the shrunken face, the hollow eyes all lying in that shadow of ashly pallor, and you would have been certain the man had laid himself down to die, and that the one guest who comes sooner or later over all thresholds, had come now to that lonely log cabin out on the Western plains.

None could know this better than Josiah Keep, as he lay there, with the winter storm howling outside, and the years of his life coming up one after another, and standing with their solemn, reproachful faces before him.

For this man's life had not been a good one. I cannot go into the detail here of selfishness which had marred, and passion which had defiled his days; but the end had come now, and the hard, strong, fierce will had bowed itself at last before the solemn voices of conscience echoing amid all the tumult of his soul, as it glared face to face with death.

There was one deed of Josiah Keep's life which somehow troubled him more than all the others, and from it he in some sense dated the commencement of his wrong career, although, the self-willed, reckless, passionate boyhood and youth had ripened into the hard, selfish, defiant manhood.

means of driving his partner's young wife—a fine souled, sensitive woman—to madness and to her grave.

Afterwards Josiah Keep had prospered for years, for "sentence is not always expected speedily against an evil work;" but at last his goods and possessions began to fall away from him.

He had passed the meridian of life when misfortune overtook him. Then his wife and one and another of his children died. Ill health came upon the strong man, and the lonely log cabin on the plains, where he had buried himself for a couple of years, and the one little sallow-cheeked daughter who remained of all the brave sons and fair daughters who had called him father, tell the rest of the sad story of Josiah Keep.

In later life, the partner, whose young manhood he had so cruelly blighted, had prospered on every hand—a good man, with a ripe, tender nature, full of broad sympathies, such as one does not often see. Everybody said this of Benjamin May.

Two or three weeks before, the sick man had learned through a neighbor that business had brought his former partner to the town nearest to his log cabin, and only fifty miles away. At first, it seemed to him that the world itself could not hire him to look in the face of the one whom he had so wronged; but as the end drew near, and remorseful memories crowded fast upon him, this first feeling was superseded by a great hunger and craving to hear Benjamin May's voice say that he forgave him.

So, two days before, he had hired a neighbor to go in quest of Benjamin May, desiring the latter to come to him, as he hoped for mercy in his last extremity, though not daring then to disclose his real name, lest the old bitterness should rise up in the soul of the other, and he would refuse to grant what he would deny to no other man—the prayer of Josiah Keep.

He lay there, with the tide of his life going out, and the lights burning low, while the storm shouted fiercely outside, and death and that young girl watched by the sick man.

"Bessie," he called at last—and she was at his side in a moment.

"How sick you look, father," she said, smoothing his iron gray hair with one hand, and looking at him, her small, sallow face full of great pity and grief; although Bessie Keep had no idea of that unseen presence just now crossing the threshold.

"Bessie, poor little Bessie, what will become of you?" said the dying man, looking with craving tenderness on the little girl.

Whatever his faults had been, he had loved her, the last of his family, the delicate, clinging, helpless child, who still of all the world clung last to him in unwavering faith and tenderness.

"Ah, never mind me, father dear. I shall get along well enough if you'll only grow better."

Tears strained themselves in the child's eyes. She put her cheek to her father's, and wondered that it felt so cold, and drew the coverlet closer around him, and the wind flapped white banners of snow thro' the air, and Josiah Keep lay dying.

Suddenly the child lifted her head—"I hear something, father, that is not like the wind," she said; "it sounds like horse's feet," and she sprang to the window.

There, close at hand, toiling through the beating wind and driving snow, was a wagon with two occupants. The men, worn out and half frozen, sprang from the wagon just after Bessie's joyful shriek, which had reached them above the howling of the storm.

"They are here!" Bessie repeated; "oh, father, they are here!"

A man a little past his prime, strong and hale, with white hair about his face, which never left any one who studied it a doubt of the heart beneath it, was Benjamin May.

He came up now to the bedside, and with his first glance at the face lying there, all wreathed in the ashly pallor of death, Benjamin May forgot the chill and weariness which had possessed him.

"My friend, I have come to hear what you have to say," he said, bending tenderly over the dying man.

Josiah Keep looked up in the face of the man he had wronged so vilely more than a score of years before. Despite the cheerful, kindly countenance, there were lines there which he had helped to carve.

"Do you know me?"

Benjamin May looked at the ghastly features. There appeared to him something familiar in the face, yet he shook his head—"no."

"I am—Josiah Keep!"

The listener covered his face with his hand a moment. "Ah, dear God!" he said, but not lightly, even in the shock and horror of that moment.

"I have sent for you, Benjamin May, to hear whether you will look on me, lying here, and say you forgive me for all the evil I once did you and yours. I want God's mercy, and it seems to me I cannot lay hold of any hope for that until I have first had yours."

It was an awful moment for Benjamin May. All his life long he had carried the fire of one bitterness burning down deep in his soul. And now the wrecked

hopes of his early manhood, the fair still face of the young wife that he had laid down in her grave, feeling that Josiah Keep was her murderer, rose up before him, and his heart throbbed a moment with the old fierceness of its youth. It was but a moment. Then he looked again upon the face of his ancient enemy, and the fearful craving of those dying eyes was something he could not withstand.

"I forgive you the wrong," said Benjamin May, taking the cold hand in his, "and by so much as God's mercy is greater than mine, may He also forgive you."

Then came a swift shriek, as of a heart suddenly broke, a swift shriek along with the last words of Benjamin May.

"Ab, father, you are not going to die, to die and leave me in this dreadful world all alone—all alone!" moaned Bessie Keep.

The dying man lifted his head. "There is nobody to whom I can give the child. Benjamin, promise me that you will not leave her here to perish, that you will take her away with you, and place her in some orphan asylum—promise me quick, before I die!"

And Benjamin May looked at the small, thin figure, and the awful anguish stamped upon it moved his soul to its depths.

His sons had grown to be men, his one little daughter had followed her mother home, leaving him a memory of soft blue eyes, and sweet smiles dawning and fitting among dimples, to haunt all his after life.

A great pity and tenderness for this child, orphaned, friendless, beggared, came over him. He put out his arm and drew her to his breast—he laid his hand on the bright floating hair.

"Josiah," said he, "I will take the child to my home—to my heart. She will be to me a daughter in place of the one that has gone, and I will be to her in all things in the stead of her father."

A smile crept over the ghastly face sinking into death. "Now I can believe that God will have mercy upon me. Now, after this, I can believe it," murmured Josiah Keep, and they were the last words he ever spoke.

And sobbing and clinging to her new father, with her face hidden away close to the heart that would never fail her in love and care, Bessie Keep had not dared look upon the face of the dead. But Benjamin May had; and seeing his ancient enemy lying low before him, and remembering the forgiveness which he had carried out as precious freight from the coasts of time to the shores of eternity, the man murmured to himself—

"Except ye have the spirit of Christ, ye are none of His."

And it was this spirit which Benjamin May had shown to his ancient enemy.

Daniel Webster and Jenny Lind  
A writer in Southern Society tells the following story:

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the sitting of Congress, and as a mark of her respect, and with a view to elicit, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden, and the others, came in; and whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried.

After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence was once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia."

This took place during the height of the debate and excitement on the slavery question and the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay, and this patriotic air, as a part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate at a concert where the head of the government and a large number of both branches of the legislative Department were present.

At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could stand it no longer; and, rising like some Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous bass voice to the chorus—and I venture to say that never in the whole course of her career did Jenny Lind ever hear or receive one-half the applause that greeted her song and Webster's chorus.

Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind her husband, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was of no earthly use; at the close of each verse, Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were the most delighted. I have seen Rubina, Labache, and the two Grisis on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the National air of "Hail Columbia" as Jenny Lind's tenor and Daniel Webster's bass we shall never see or hear again.

At the close of the air, Mr. Webster, hat in hand, made Miss Lind such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son. Jenny, blushing at the distinguished honor, curtied to the very floor; the audience applauded to the echo;

Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind re-curtied; the house re-applauded; and this was repeated nine times.

The next day, it was currently reported in Washington—by some wage—that Barnum had engaged Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster to accompany Miss Lind as far as Richmond and assist her in her concert. For some days, nothing but Miss Lind's concert, and the report about Clay and Webster, were talked of throughout the capital.

A few days after this, I was sitting in the Congressional postoffice, when a member came in with whom I had always been on friendly terms. To my cordial "Good morning," the gentleman, with lips closely compressed, pale as his shirt, and in a sort of staccato style, replied, "Good morning, sir—can I have a word with you in private?" Heaven defend me from a challenge, thought I. Still, never dreaming how I could have incurred the gentleman's displeasure, I replied, politely, "With pleasure."

After leading me some distance thro' the crooked passages of the capitol, he stopped short, and looking me full in the face, seemingly as anxious for a fight as a bull terrier, he began: "I understand, sir, that a most insulting report has been very extensively circulated in this city about two of the most distinguished men of my party, and I have heard from more than one source that you are the author. My object, sir, is to know whether you are the author, and if so, whether you hold yourself responsible?"

Being still in the dark, and utterly unable to comprehend the drift of his remarks, I replied, "Sir, I do not know what you are talking about; you will be pleased to speak somewhat more intelligibly."

"Well, sir," said he, his choleric rising at my coolness, "I have learned, from the most unquestionable authority, that you have said that Barnum has engaged Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster to accompany and assist Jenny Lind at her concert in Richmond!"

I never was so equally divided between an inclination to laugh outright and to get vexed; and, hesitating a moment whether I should abuse him for his stupidity or laugh in his face, it occurred to me that if he could swallow so much, his credulity was capacious enough to digest much more. So, compressing my lips, and trying to look fierce, I said, in the same staccato tone of voice in which he had spoken to me, "Yes, sir, I am responsible for that report, and I reckon I have seen the contract."

"My opponent's jaw fell, and speaking in his usual natural drawl, he bowed politely, though evidently with feelings of great disappointment at not being able to get up a fight. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I was not aware that you had seen the contract."

The Keystone State.  
There are doubtless but few, comparatively, of the great mass of our fellow citizens that know why Pennsylvania received the appellation of the "Keystone State;" and it may be equally true that few are aware of the fact that Pennsylvania decided the great issue of American Independence.

In the old Episcopal churchyard in Chester stands a plain, neat monument, about twelve feet in height, erected over the remains of John Morton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It bears the following inscription:—

"Dedicated to the memory of John Morton, a member of the first American Congress from the State of Pennsylvania, assembled in New York, 1765, and of the next Congress, assembled in Philadelphia in 1776, and various other public stations. Born, A. D. 1724. Died, April, 1777. This monument was erected by a portion of his relatives, October 9th, 1845. In 1775, while Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, John Morton was re-elected a member of Congress, and, in the memorable session of July, 1776, he attended that august body for the last time, enshrining his name in the grateful remembrance of the American people, by signing the Declaration of Independence. In voting by States upon the question of the Independence of the American Colonies, there was a tie, until the vote of Pennsylvania was given, two members from which voted in the affirmative, and two in the negative. The tie continued, until the vote of the last member, John Morton, decided the promulgation of the glorious diploma of American Freedom. John Morton being censured by some of his friends for his boldness in giving the casting vote for the Declaration of Independence, his prophetic spirit dictated from his death-bed the following message to them: 'Tell them that they will live to see the hour when they shall acknowledge it to have been the most glorious service that I have ever rendered my country.'"

President, John Hancock. In front of him the Pennsylvania delegation were seated.

When the delegations from all the colonies, excepting Pennsylvania, had voted, and it was discovered that they were equally divided, John Hancock, perceiving that John Morton, one of the Pennsylvania delegation, was not in his seat, and, seemingly aware that the latter held the casting vote in the said delegation in favor of the measure, arose and made a speech, urging the Pennsylvania delegation to vote for independence. He continued his exhortation until he saw John Morton enter the hall, when he sat down.

The Pennsylvania delegation stood equally divided upon the great issue, until John Morton gave the casting vote in favor of the Declaration.

Thus John Morton decided the vote of Pennsylvania, and thus Pennsylvania, by giving the casting vote, decided that important question; and from this circumstance she received the name of the "Keystone State"—the thirteenth State—the block of the arch.

The reason why John Morton was delayed in the occupancy of his seat on that occasion was that a number of influential persons visited him on that morning, urging him to vote against the Declaration. But they could not prevail, and many of them did live to see the time when they had to acknowledge it was the best thing he could do, and "the most glorious service that he had ever rendered to his country."

All honor then be ascribed to the memory of John Morton, of Pennsylvania.

The Needle Gun.  
The Prussian Dreyse, just dead, thus invented the famous needle-gun while working in Paris:—

It sometimes happened that quantities of percussion caps were sent back to him, having been spoiled by moisture. In order to prevent this, Dreyse conceived the idea of protecting them against dampness by covering them with a thin film of paper. The result proved to be the very opposite, for the paper attracted moisture, and a very large order, which had been constructed in this way, was sent back to him, as they were entirely spoiled and unfit for use. This was a great loss to the firm, as copper was very dear at that time. In order to obtain the copper of the caps for further manufacturing purpose, Dreyse decided to remove the fulminating composition. In order to effect this with as little loss of time as possible, he wanted to do it by explosion. After various unsatisfactory attempts, the idea occurred to him of accomplishing it by means of a pin or needle constructed for that purpose. This experiment proved to be entirely successful, and like lightning the idea struck him of using the needle altogether for exploding the cartridge. Not less quickly a second idea dawned on his mind—that of removing the entire explosive material into the cartridge, to save the expensive copper used heretofore for caps. This was the first important step in the construction of the Prussian needle gun. Dreyse at once set to work, and in the beginning of 1829 the first needle-gun was made.

Mr. G. C. FRANCISCUS, General Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, writes as follows to Mr. Detective Pinkerton, of Chicago, relative to President Lincoln's midnight flight from Harrisburg to Washington:—

"In regard to the mode of Mr. Lincoln's leaving the hotel at Harrisburg, I will state that I called at Coverly's with a carriage, at the hour agreed upon, and found him dining with a large company, which it was difficult for him to leave without attracting attention. After several unsuccessful attempts, he finally rose, took Gov. Curtin's arm, and walked out the front hall door, across the pavement into the carriage, dressed just as we left the table, with the single exception of a soft wool hat that he drew from his coat pocket and put on; he had neither cloak, overcoat, nor shawl, but as we approached Philadelphia I gave him my overcoat, which he wore until he was seated with you (Pinkerton) and Mr. Lamon in the carriage. The party in the car consisted of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lamon, Mr. Enoch Lewis, John Pitcairn, Jr., and myself."

A RAILROAD engineer at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated.

"You were dismissed," said the superintendent, austere, "for letting your train come twice into collision."

"The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I ask it to be restored."

"How so?"

"Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied; I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again."

He regained the situation.

The pews in Mr. Beecher's church have been rented for 1868 for \$49,500—about \$100 more than last year's income. The church is prospering greatly.