

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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ED. JAMES.

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

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August 13, 1868.

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DENTISTRY—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 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 WELFORD, D. D. S.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week. August 13, 1868.

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Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing done in the most artistic style.
Saloon directly opposite the "Mountain House." [aug13]

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Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [aug13]

JOB WORK of all kinds done at THE ALLEGHANIAN OFFICE.

Again!
Oh, sweet and fair! oh, rich and rare!
That day so long ago,
The Autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow.
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,
For ever, evermore.

Oh, fit and few! oh, tried and true!
The friends who met that day,
Each one the other's spirit knew;
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last,
The twilight kissed the shore;
We said: "Such days shall come again!
For ever, evermore."

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast,
And yet we strove, in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past;
Like, but unlike, the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sang,
Like—unlike—evermore.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
And marred the harmony:
"The past is ours, not yours," they said,
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
Oh, never, never more!"

THE PARISIAN FLOWER-GIRL.

I was a medical student in Paris at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to relate.

Tired with long lectures and hard study, I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in mid-winter, and the cold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation.

Passing through a lonely street, near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl—at least she appeared so in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp—who carried in her hand three or four bouquets which she offered for sale.

"Will Monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked, and I saw that she carried in her hand a well arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are very pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and somehow I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes on hers, "and so, I think, is their owner."

"Monsieur will buy and assist me?" she said.

"Do you really need assistance, Mademoiselle?"

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, Monsieur?"

"And why here at all?" I quickly returned. "This street is little frequented, and is about the last in the world I would have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

She sighed and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?" said I.

"Five francs."

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plenty."

"To aid you, I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite coin; "for, though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at such an expense."

"Thanks! Could Monsieur direct me to the house of a good physician who will turn out to-night and see a patient for a small recompense?"

"Any friend of yours ill?"

"My mother," with a deep sigh and downcast look.

"Where does she reside?"

"Only a short distance from here."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has a very high fever, for one thing."

"When was she taken down?"

"Last night, and she has not left her bed since."

"Why did you not send for a physician at once?"

"We hoped she would be better soon, and it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

"I am myself a medical student, with considerable experience among the sick of the hospitals, and if you are disposed to trust the case to me, I am at your service without charge." I rejoined, already feeling deeply interested in the fair girl.

"Oh, how shall I thank Monsieur!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands and an upward, grateful look. "Pray, follow me, Monsieur le Docteur."

She turned at once, and moved off at a rapid pace down the street, toward the river Seine, in the direction I was walking when we met.

In less than five minutes, we had entered a wretched quarter, among narrow streets, old, tottering buildings, some of which seemed to glare at us as we passed along.

"Is it much further?" inquired I, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Only a step, Monsieur; it is just here."

Almost immediately, she turned into a covered passage, which led in among habitations which I never should have entered in the broad glare of day. A distant lamp

served to make the gloom visible, till she suddenly opened a door leading into total darkness.

"Your hand, Monsieur le Docteur," she said, at the same time taking it and leading me forward.

I was quite tempted to draw back and refuse to go any further, though I mechanically followed her.

We now went through a long, narrow passage, in total darkness, and after one or two short turns, began to descend a pair of creaking, rotten stairs.

"Is it possible you live in a place like this?" I said, secretly wishing myself safely out of it.

"In Paris, beggars cannot be choosers," replied the girl.

"But even in Paris, it is not necessary for the living to take up their abode in sepulchres," I rejoined, with some asperity, being vexed with myself for suffering my good nature to lead me into a den from which I might never come out alive.

To this my fair guide designed no reply. On reaching the foot of the stairs, she pushed open a door, into a small, dimly-lighted room, and I followed her in, with some misgivings. There was a small bed in one corner of the room, and on it appeared to be a human form, lying very still.

"I have brought a doctor, mother," said the girl, as she closed the door behind me. As there was no reply made to this, she turned to me, saying, "Will Monsieur le Docteur please be seated a minute? I think mother is asleep."

"I beg Mademoiselle to bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments with this case to-night, as I have another call I wish to make immediately," I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from that subterranean quarter as quick as possible.

"Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed where the patient was lying, very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing. A woman's cap was on the bed, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down, and beheld the eyeless sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull!

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl had left was thrown open, and in marched a black woman and a man, both dressed in black gowns and masks. I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond ring and pin, carried in money some five hundred francs, but not a single weapon of any kind. Resistance being, therefore, out of the question, I felt that my only chance—if, indeed, there was a chance at all—was to conciliate the ruffians and buy myself off. With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a very liberal man to deal with. There is one thing which I value very highly, because, if lost, I cannot replace it—I mean my life. Everything else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-hand manner; but they marched forward and surrounded me before either said a word.

"How much have you got with you?" inquired one, in a civil way, but in a low, gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value and the exact amount of money I had with me; "all of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if one of you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above," I added.

"You said you had more, Monsieur."

"Yes, gentlemen, I have ten thousand francs in the Bank of France, and I will willingly add a cheque for half that sum."

"Checks don't answer our purpose very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge you my honor that I will to-morrow draw out five thousand francs, and pay the amount to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in my hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased from the fair decoy.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose."

"No; on my honor, he shall go unharmed and unquestioned, and no other human being shall be informed of the transaction for a week, a month, or a year."

"Let us handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately drew out my pin, drew off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse, and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make us a present of these, now?" he said.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street above," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal man," was the response.

They then drew off together, scrutinizing the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversing together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a conversation that involved my life, and to speak the truth, it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered, and it was with difficulty that I could stand.

At length, the principal spokesman turned to me and said:

"Monsieur has acted more like a gentle-

man than any other person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we should be lappy to do so; but, unfortunately, we are governed by a rule, which is law to us, that dead men tell no tales, and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of Monsieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and will grant Monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have then resolved to murder me?" I gasped.

"Monsieur uses a very hard term, but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by this watch."

light, and I felt indeed that my days were numbered, and secretly began to pray for the salvation of my soul, believing that I could not save my body.

A death-like silence reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent down and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell, as it might be of putrid flesh. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

But why stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt to escape? At the worst, it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility that I might get away. I fixed my eyes on the door that opened on the stairway, and with a single bound reached it, but found it locked.

Then, as the hands of the assassins seized me, with murderous intent, I uttered a wild shriek; and, almost simultaneously, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and the room was filled with gentlemen. I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy, and two or three others concerned in that murderous den, were all secured, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving my evidence against them and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

The place had for some time been suspected and the decoy marked. On that night, a detective had secretly followed the girl and myself, and, after ascertaining whither she had conducted me, had hastened to bring a body of gentlemen to the place. The delay of the ruffians in their murderous designs had been just sufficient to save me. I scarcely need add that I distressed damsel on a secret adventure while I remained in Paris.

Gen. U. S. Grant.

Eight years ago, when a Republican Convention at Chicago nominated Abraham Lincoln, a man not altogether unknown, and wherever known respected, the country was taken by surprise, but rallied to his support as no old favorite had ever been supported, and in the terrible years that followed gave him a place in the popular heart never accorded to any one except Washington. Now the country is not only not surprised at, but actually demands the nomination of a man then living at Galena, whose name the people had never heard when Lincoln was called from his quiet life at Springfield.—Both Western men, and both residents of Illinois, though born the one in Kentucky and the other in Ohio, they were nominated for the first office in the people's gift by National Conventions held in the metropolis of their adopted State. Lincoln had a mission to perform, and the Convention of 1860 called him forth to perform it; Grant has that work to complete, and the Convention of 1868 asks him to complete it. His record in the past shows the singleness of purpose with which he will pursue the task allotted to him in the future.

Ulysses S. Grant was born April 27, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio. Like Lincoln, his early intellectual advantages were of the most ordinary kind, but he was enabled to educate himself sufficiently to enter the Military Academy at West Point, to which he was fortunate in procuring a cadetship, though at the expense of his name, Hiram Ulysses, which was given him in infancy, for the one by which he has become known all over the world. If the clerical blunder which inscribed him Ulysses S. could not be erased from the records of the Academy, neither can that name be blotted from the scroll of honorable history. He graduated in 1843 and was brevetted 2d Lieut. in the 4th Infantry. He served through the Mexican war, receiving brevets of First Lieutenant and Captain for meritorious conduct at the battles of Molina del Rey and Chapultepec. After the war with Mexico he continued in the army for a few years, and while serving in Oregon in 1852, was promoted to a captaincy. The next year he resigned, going into business at St. Louis, and in 1859 he removed to Galena, Ill., where he was conducting an extensive tannery when the late war broke out. Capt. Grant was among the first to offer his services to the Government, and was given command of a regiment by the Governor of Illinois, with which he went into active service into Missouri. It was not long until he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers (Aug. 1861), and assigned to the command of the District of Cairo.

The unfortunate battle of Bull Run and the varying fortunes in the South West had a depressing effect upon the country,

and the people were willing to take a leader on trust if he would only come heralded with a victory, however insignificant.—Rich Mountain gave McClellan command of the Armies of the United States; the unfortunate expedition to Belmont doomed Grant to comparative obscurity at Cairo, until near the close of the first year of the war. Then the brilliant victories of Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing, the first of any significance gained by a Union army, could do little for him, and while the former made him a Major-General, the latter deprived him of a command. All eyes were turned toward the Grand Army of the Potomac, in anticipation of the great things it would accomplish when its leader chose to move upon Lee at Manassas; and General Grant, who had been considered, while people were amused with promises never to be realized, and kept in constant expectation by assurances that all was quiet along lines a little nearer home. It were useless to attempt a description of those actions now, but when Grant completed a victory that had begun as a defeat, by leading in person a charge of six regiments, he showed that a General might promise little and yet accomplish much.—Soon after he had worsted the ablest rebel leader in the South, who was killed in that fierce engagement at Shiloh Church, Halleck assumed command in the South West, and the victor was rewarded for his two successes by subsequent neglect until September, 1862. He was then appointed to the command of the Army of West Tennessee, his forces constituting the 13th Army Corps, and fixed his headquarters at Jackson in that State. In the meantime McClellan had been driven from before Richmond, Pope had been defeated at the second battle of Bull Run, and an uncertain victory at Antietam had closed the career of a General who was called to the head of the army in the fervor of popular enthusiasm, and had been restored to command in a moment of popular despair. During the dark and terrible winter that followed, the Army of the Potomac under its successive commanders lay on the banks of the Rappahannock, and fought the ill-fated battle of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, while Grant and Sherman were quietly working out their plans on the Mississippi and the Yazoo. When Lee moved northward in the Spring and Summer of 1863, and Meade was enabled to capitulate at Gettysburg in the associations connected with the ever-glorious Fourth of July. In detailing the appointments of Major-Generals which had been made in the regular army, Grant once modestly said: "After the capitulation of Vicksburg I was added," as if himself unconscious of the importance of an event that had given the army a leader who conquered a peace for the country, and makes him to-day the candidate of the great Republican party for President, an office he would not desire were not the people intent on giving him this last mark of their confidence and esteem.

One who was within the rebel lines during the invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863, was told by an arrogant Southerner, whose deserted home was near the spot where Grant's army lay, that the dark and fetid waters of the Yazoo would destroy his men even if there were no entrenched enemy in front to pick them off in detail. But the same flash of the lightning that brought the news of Meade's victory at Gettysburg brought word of Pemberton's defeat at Vicksburg. As a reward for this victory, Grant, in his own modest words, was added to the Major-Generals already appointed for the regular army, but unlike the time when he was commissioned a Major-General of Volunteers, no fortune now could doom him to inactivity. Before he was ordered to assume command at Chattanooga, after the unfortunate battle of Chickamauga, President Lincoln wrote him a characteristic letter. It was dated July 13, 1863, and was as follows: "My Dear General: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgement, for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join Gen. Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I thought it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgement that you were right and I was wrong."

A victory which could call forth such a letter as this from President Lincoln would produce in the mind of the Executive the most unbounded confidence in the capacity of the commander by whom it was gained. It is gratifying that that confidence was never betrayed and never disappointed. He first justified the President's faith, soon after he assumed the chief command in Tennessee, by the brilliant victory at Lookout Mountain, driving the rebel Gen. Bragg from the Chattanooga Valley and Mission Ridge, and opening

up the way for Sherman's Great March to the Sea. Then the National House of Representatives passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Gen. Grant for his victories and ordered a medal to be struck in his honor, while both Houses of Congress concurred in the passage of an act reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, a rank never held by any one except Washington, and Grant was recommended for the post, it being prescribed that the Lieutenant-General should have command of the armies. President Lincoln formally presented him with his commission March 9, 1864, and having opened up the path to the final victory in the South-West, he at once proceeded to pave the way in the South-East.

The Grand Army of the Potomac, smarting under its many misfortunes, notwithstanding the bright spot of Gettysburg upon its banners, and its imperishable record for heroism, needed the prestige of Gen. Grant to give it confidence in itself. Those noble veterans felt that success was assured when they found him willing to join his great fame with theirs, and to link his destinies with their fortunes. He received his commission from the hands of the President, with but few words, and without indicating his purpose, left the Executive presence to begin his advance upon Richmond. The Rapidan was crossed and Lee fought in the terrible battles of the Wilderness; then he advanced to the North Anna river, and making a flank movement upon Cold Harbor, fought another sanguinary battle, the assault upon the Rebel works at that place; and then swinging around the entrenched lines of the enemy, he crossed the James and invested Petersburg. Desperate engagements followed, and during the investment, he mined and blew up Fort Hell, a Rebel stronghold, with the view of taking the town by assault; but the operation failed, with severe punishment on our side, and heavy losses to the enemy. This, together with the desperate straits to which Lee was reduced, emboldened him to take the offensive, and on the night of the 27th of March, 1865, he moved three divisions of his troops before Fort Steadman, and surprised and captured the position. Before night, it had been retaken, and at the same time the battle of Hatcher's Run was fought, continuing until evening. On the 2d of April, the Rebel intrenchments, with 6,000 men, at Big Five Forks, were captured, and an attack was ordered which ended in driving Lee from his works and the abandonment of Richmond. Lee's retreat was cut off by the rapid movements which Grant instituted, and on the 9th of April, just one week after the last great battle, the army of Northern Virginia capitulated. Soon after, the Rebel Gen. Johnston surrendered to Gen. Sherman, on the same terms granted by Grant to Lee, and the Great Civil War was over.

If Gen. Grant was appointed to the command of the armies, with a rank never before held by any one except Washington, a greater honor, if possible, was in store for him. He is now simply General of the United States Army, and will soon be President of the United States.

Frank Blair on Gen. Grant.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) Times tells the following:

Hon. Frank P. Blair, after his speech in this city, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, and in reply to a remark that "Grant was a fool," said:

"Sir, you are mistaken. Grant is no fool. I know him well. I knew him before he went into the army, and when he used to haul wood into the city of St. Louis. I met him often in the service.—I know the man. He is the greatest man of the age. Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas are good men, but Grant is worth more than all of them. Oliver Cromwell and Napoleon Bonaparte were both great men, but, sir, I tell you that Grant is a greater man than Cromwell and Bonaparte put together. He is not a talker, but he is one of the d—dest thinkers in the world. He is ambitious, but he don't show it; and I tell you, that if he is elected President, he will set up a monarchy and establish himself emperor. I tell you that the people are mistaken when they suppose Grant to be a fool. They have good reasons to fear his greatness."

"Yes, but don't you think he will be controlled by such men as Sumner, Wilson and Washburne?"

"Controlled? Controlled? Why, he would sweep them away like straw."

"But, General, don't you think that circumstances have done a great deal for Grant?"

"Why, the fellow has made the circumstances. I tell you that it is no luck.—The man that can spring right up from poverty and obscurity and do what he has done is no mere creature of circumstances. Circumstances don't run so much in one way."

"I am a Democrat, but if General Grant is such a great man as you say he is, I am a Grant man from this out."

"Well, if you want a despotism, vote for him; but if you want a republican form of government, you will have to vote against him. I know that he is a great man, and in saying so I simply tell the truth."