

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, EDITORS.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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[Aug 13, 1868.]

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[Aug 13]

DR. DE WITT ZEIGLER—
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. He will visit Ebensburg the second Tuesday of each month, to remain one week.

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.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
Ebensburg, Pa.
[Aug 13, 1868.]

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
Altoona, Pa.
[Aug 13]

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK—
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[Sep 3]

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Office on High street, west of the Di-

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Particular attention paid to collections.

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Don't Stay Late To-Night.

The hearth of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light;
And lovely eyes are gleaming,
As falls the shade of night;
And while thy steps are leaving
The circle pure and bright,
A tender voice, half grieving,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest,
Is busy, brave and wide;
The world of her thou lovest
Is at its angle side;
She waits for thy warm greeting,
Thy smile is her delight;
Her gentle voice entreating,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world, so cold, inhuman,
Will spurn thee, if thou fall;
The love of one poor woman
Outlasts and shames them all;
Thy children will cling round thee,
Let fate be dark or bright;
At home no shaft will wound thee,
Then, "don't stay late to-night."

Not at Home!

An elderly man, shabbily attired, was seen walking through one of the fashionable streets in a large city on cold December day. His coat was of course grey, and had evidently seen hard service, though still perfectly whole and neat. The traveler walked slowly along as I have said, examining carefully as he passed the names on the plates. He finally paused before a dwelling of showy exterior, which if we may credit the testimony of the plate upon the door, was occupied by Alexander Beaumont.

"Alexander Beaumont! yes, that's the house," murmured the traveler to himself as he ascended the steps and rang the door bell.

His summons was answered by a servant who, after a moment's scrutiny, which apparently was not of a very favorable character, said roughly,—

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Is Mr. Beaumont at home?" asked the old man, without heeding the intentional rudeness.

"No, sir, he is not."

"Then perhaps I can see his wife?"

"I think it very doubtful, but I will go and see."

The servant withdrew without asking the old man to enter, though the day was very cold, and his clothing seemed to be hardly sufficient to protect him from its inclemency.

Mrs. Beaumont was reclining on a fauteuil in a room handsomely furnished. The last new magazine was in her hand, and her eyes were listlessly glancing over its pages. She was interrupted in her reading by the entrance of the servant.

"Well, what now, Betty?" she inquired.

"There is a man down stairs wants to see you na'am."

"Man! a gentleman you mean?"

"No, na'am," said Betty, stoutly, for she well understood what made up gentlemen in the conventional sense of the term; "it isn't a gentleman at all, for he has got on an old gray coat and he has not got any gloves on."

"What can he want of me?"

"I don't know; he inquired after Mr. Beaumont first."

"You didn't bring him in the parlor, did you?"

The girl shook her head.

"You did right, and you had better tell him I'm not at home."

"Mrs. Beaumont is not at home," said Betty, reappearing at the door.

"I suppose that means she is engaged," said the old man; "I think she will see me when she learns who I am. Tell her I am her husband's uncle, and my name is Henry Beaumont."

"That old rag-tag master's uncle," said Betty, wondering as she re-ascended the stairs.

"Good heavens!" said her mistress, "it ain't that old veteran who strolled off years ago, nobody knows where. I did hope he never would come back again.—And now I suppose he is as poor as a rat and wants help. Well, he won't get it if I can help it; but I suppose I must see him."

"You are right, sir. I am the wife of Mr. Alexander Beaumont, and I suppose from your language you are—"

"His uncle Henry. Ah me! I have been gone so many years, and it does me good to return to my kindred."

The old man leaned on his staff and his features worked convulsively as thoughts of the past came over his mind. Mrs. Beaumont stood holding the door as if waiting for him to depart. She did not give him any invitation to enter.

"If your husband well?" inquired the visitor, looking in, as if he expected an invitation to enter and refresh himself after his walk by an interval of rest.

"He is. If you have any message for him you may leave it with me, and I will deliver it," said Mrs. Beaumont, desirous of ridding herself of the intruder as speedily as possible.

"You may tell him I have called," said the visitor in a disappointed tone, "and would like to have seen him."

"I will tell him," said Mrs. Beaumont as she went about to close the door.

"Hold! there is one question more.—What has become of Alexander's sister Anna?"

"I don't know much about her," was the rather disdainful reply; "but I think she married a clerk, mechanic, or some such person. His name is Lowe, and lives in Norton street. Is that all?"

"That is all."

The old man turned his steps toward the street indicated, with many forebodings lest his second visit might be as unwelcome as his first appeared to be.

"Betty," said Mrs. Beaumont, as she closed the door, "if that old fool comes again, be sure and not forget to tell him I am not at home."

Norton street was not a fashionable street nor was the two-story dwelling occupied by William Lowe either handsome or costly. It was marked, however, by an air of neatness which indicated that its tenants were not regardless of outward appearance.

We will take the liberty of introducing you into a little sitting room, where Mrs. Lowe and her three children were even now seated. A plain, serviceable carpet covered the floor, and the remainder of the furniture, though of a kind which would hardly be selected for a drawing-room, had a comfortable homelike appearance, which simply satisfied the desire of those who derived their happiness from a higher and less mutable force than outside show. Mrs. Lowe was seated in a rocking chair; engaged in an employment which I am aware is tabooed in all fashionable society. I mean darned stockings.

Emma, a girl of ten, was brushing up the hearth, which the ashes from the grate, in which a blazing fire was now burning, had somewhat disordered, while Mary, who was two years younger, was reading, Charley, a little rogue of five, with a smiling face which could not help looking roguish, was stroking the cat the wrong way, much to the disturbance of poor taby, who had quietly settled herself down to the pleasant dreams upon the hearth rug.

All at once a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Emma," said the mother, "you may go to the door and see who it is, and invite him in, for it is a cold day."

Emma immediately obeyed the mother's direction:

"Is Mrs. Lowe at home?" inquired Henry Beaumont—for it was he.

"Yes, sir," said Emma; "please walk in, and you may see her."

She ushered the old man into the comfortable sitting room.

Mrs. Lowe arose to receive him.

"I believe," he said, "I'm not mistaken in thinking that your name before marriage was Anna Beaumont."

"You are right, sir, that was my name."

"And you have no recollection of an uncle that wandered away from home and friends and from whom no tidings have come for many a long year?"

"Yes, sir, I remember him well—my uncle Henry, and I have many times wished that I could hear something from him. Can you give me any information?"

"I can, for I am he."

"You my uncle?" said Mrs. Lowe, in surprise, "then you are indeed welcome. Emma bring your uncle the arm chair and place it close to the fire; and Mary, bring your father's slippers, for I am sure your dear uncle must long to get off those heavy boots. And now uncle, when you are quite rested, I must demand a recital of your adventures."

"But your brother, Alexander," interrupted Mr. Beaumont, "let me first inquire about him. He lives in the city now, does he not?"

A light cloud came over Mrs. Lowe's face.

"Yes," she said, "he does live in the city; yet, strange as it may appear, I seldom or never see him. He has succeeded well and is wealthy; but ever since he married a wife with a small property and greater pride, he has kept a loft from us I do not blame him so much as his wife who is said to have great influence over him. I have called once but she treated me so coldly that I have not felt a disposition to renew my visit."

"I can easily believe it," was the reply, "for I, to have been repulsed."

"You repulsed? Did you give your name and inform her of your relation to her husband?"

"I did, but she did not invite me to enter; and she was evidently impatient for me to be gone; I took the hint, and here I am."

"At least, uncle," said Mrs. Lowe smilingly, "you need not be afraid of any repulse here."

"Of that I am quite sure," said the old gentleman, looking affectionately into the face of his niece. "But you have not told me of your husband. Let me know whether you have a good match," he added playfully.

"That depends upon what is meant by the term. If it implies rich husband, then I failed, most certainly, for William's salary is only eight hundred dollars a year, and that is what we have to depend upon. But for all that I care not, for a kind, affectionate husband is of far more worth than a magnificent house and the most costly furniture."

"You are right, said her uncle warmly, and I infer that your husbands is of such a character."

"He is in truth."
Still," continued her uncle, "there must be something which your limited income will not permit you to obtain, but which would be desirable, is there not?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "I am anxious to give Mary and Emma a musical education, but William's means will not allow of such extravagance as the purchase of a piano; so that is one of the things which we must be content to deny ourselves."

Mr. Lowe then entered, and being informed of the character of his visitor he extended a hearty welcome.

A comfortable repast was soon spread of which Mr. Beaumont readily partook. His spirits rose, and he seemed to grow younger as he saw the cheerful faces around him and felt himself at home. Soon after the evening meal he arose to depart.

"Surely, you are not going?" said his niece, "you must henceforth take up your abode with us."

"We will see about that, and if you don't think you will get tired of me perhaps I will come. But I have hired a lodging and must undoubtedly remain in it for a few days."

"But you must call in every day and make yourself perfectly at home even before you come here to stay, persisted his niece."

"Be sure of that."

In accordance with his promise Mr. Beaumont made his appearance next day at eleven o'clock, and was received as cordially as before. He had hardly been in the house a quarter of an hour when a loud rap was heard at the door. She beheld two men who had just driven up in a wagon.

"Where is the piano to be put na'am," they inquired.

"Piano! You have made a mistake; we have not purchased a piano."

"Isn't your name Lowe?"

"Yes."

"Then it is all right. Jim, bear a hand for its confounded heavy."

But I am quite sure there must be some mistake," still insisted the perplexed Mrs. Lowe.

"Not at all," said a loud voice behind her.

She turned around in amazement.

"You know," continued the uncle, "that I am going to come and live with you, and I thought I would pay my board in advance, that is all. As you expressed a wish yesterday for a piano, I thought it would be as acceptable a way as any."

"You, uncle! Why—excuse me—but I thought from—from—"

"You mean?" said he smiling, "that you thought from my appearance that I could not afford it. And I confess, said he casting a glance at himself in the glass that my dress is not in the extreme of the fashion, and in fact I was obliged to look something when I called at the second hand clothing store the other day before I could find these. However, as I have got all the service I wished out of them, I shall throw them aside to-morrow, and appear more respectably clad."

"What! are you wealthy, uncle?"

"Depend upon it, Anna, I didn't spend ten years in the East Indies for nothing," was the reply. "I had a mind however, to put on the appearance of a poor man and so test the affection and disinterestedness of my relations. One of them, however I found not at home; I am happy to find myself at home with the other."

Let us turn to the aristocratic Mrs. B., who in a few evenings succeeding the events here recorded, was in her drawing room receiving calls.

"By the way," said a fashionable visitor, "I am to have your relatives, the Loves, for my next door neighbors."

"Next door neighbors," exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of their good fortune? Mrs. Lowe's uncle has just returned from the East Indies with an immense fortune."

"He has taken a house in the same block with ours, and when they have moved into it, will take up his residence with them. Meanwhile he is stopping at the R—house."

"What! Henry Beaumont?"

"The very same, but I thought you knew it."

When the visitor withdrew, Mrs. Beaumont ordered her carriage, and immediately to the hotel where her husband's uncle was stopping. She sent up her card and requested an audience.

The servant soon returned with another card on which were traced the significant words "not at home."

An exchange is opposed to female surgeons, and clinches its argument by saying:

"Suppose one was put under the influence of chloroform by a doctor. What is to prevent the woman from kissing you?" Oh!

In one of the largest cities, a short time ago, a Western editor was met by a friend who, taking him by the hand, exclaimed:

"I am delighted to see you. How long are you going to stay?"

"Why, I think," said the editor, "I shall stay while my money lasts."

"How disappointed I am," said the friend, "I thought you were going to stay a day or two."

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 July 4, 1776. 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, 1774, and various other public stations.
Born, A. D., 1724.
Died, April, 1777.
This monument was erected by a portion of his relatives, Oct. 9, 1845.
In 1775.

while Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, John Morton was re-elected a member of Congress, and, in the ever memorable sessions of July, 1776, he attended the 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 American Colonies, there was a tie, until the vote of Penna 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 dedicated 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 to my country."

The circumstances attending the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress are as follows: The vote was taken by the delegations of the thirteen colonies. Six of them voted in favor of and six against the measure. These delegations sat right and left of the President, John Hancock. In front of him the Pennsylvania delegation were seated.

When the delegations from all the colonies, except 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 on the great issue, until John 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 the 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 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."

A good story is told of a Connecticut railroad president who went into a large jewelry establishment in New York recently to buy a watch. Some worth \$1, 200 apiece were shown to him. "Are you sure they are reliable timekeepers?" asked the president. "Certainly," replied the clerk, "and as a proof of the fact let me add that two of the conductors upon the — and — railroad (mentioning the road of which the purchaser was president) have them!" "Indeed," said the president, "a very good recommendation, but they are rather too expensive for me."

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of the world.

Passing Away.

A writer beautifully treats this subject as follows:

It is astonishing with what rapidity time passes away; how the days, the weeks, the months and the years roll round, carrying with them the life, beauty and hopes of this world into a vast and unknown future. It seems but a short time, indeed, since we all felt and enjoyed the springs and buoyancy of youth, the delights of home, the influences of paternal love, the society and counsel of friends, who now sleep in the grave; and yet some of us are aged, and the majority have attained to mature manhood! The young of the present generation are growing up around us, but in our youth we knew them not.—While we have been passing on, in the direction of the grave, they have sprung to occupy our places and follow rapidly in the rear. Before us we see the aged tottering along in their feebleness, and leaning upon the staff; behind us is the youth flushed with promise, and the infant prattling in its mother's arms! That circle has been kept up, unbroken since the morning of creation; that circle will be kept up, unbroken, until time is lost in eternity.

Our life is a moving panorama—the pictures on the canvas pass before our eyes, delighting us for a moment, but each containing a solemn lesson and warning. He is but an indifferent observer who does not study himself. There is the ocean, the lake, the river, the mountain and the vale, the one swells in its majestic grandeur and murmurs its defiant tones, which are heard upon either shore; the other rests like a calm mirror reflecting the light of the millions of stars that sparkle in the blue concave; the river dashes on in its way to the sea; the mountain lifts its head among the clouds and casts its frowning shadows in the vale below; the vale echoes the songs of its birds, the hum of human voices, the lowing of herds; while here and there is the busy town, with its active life, its ceaseless commotions, its impetuous struggles, its attractive homes and the spires of its churches pointing towards heaven. The bell rings and the picture passes away from our sight to be seen no more. Thus it is with human life. It is an association of objects, interests, attractions and beauties, which burst upon our sight, perform their mission and accomplish their purposes, and are then lost to sight.

Young Man You'r Wanted.
A lady writer under this heading hits off the men as follows:
A woman wants you. Don't forget her. Don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one, you are not fit to be married. Marry while you are young and struggle up together. But mark you, man, the woman don't want you if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or whisky jug. Neither does she want you if you don't take care of her and the "little after-thoughts" which are sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is too apt to be; an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of a stove pipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate—she wants you to have learned to regulate your appetite and passions; the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast.

If you are strong in a good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action, as you require her to be, and without which inward purity, neither of you are fit for husband or wife; if you love virtue and abhor vice, if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and loud not talking, exciting and brutal, young man that woman wants you; that modest, fair, cheerful, bright-looking, frank-spoken woman, we mean, who fills your idea of maiden and wife. It is she that wants you—marry her when you like, whether she is poor or rich; we'll trust you both on the above conditions, without any further security.

—Universal music—a bank note.
—The office-seeker's sign—Sinecure.
—Costume of the period—printer's ink.
What makes old age sad is not that our joys, but our hopes then cease.
The "alarfing figure" has been discovered to be the mouth of a cannon.
—Melancholy is the twilight that precedes the night of unavoidable sorrow.
—The reason that pretty feet are admired is because all's well that ends well.
—Time marks the title page of our lives, death the finis, and the grave becomes the binding.
—Prentice asks: "Why don't certain merchants advertise? Because they sell nothing. Why do they sell nothing?—Because they don't advertise."
—An Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning and on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work.
"No," was the reply, "but I have cut them all down, and am going to trim them in the afternoon."