THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday, - - - November 29, 1872.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

THE GALLOWS!

EXECUTION OF MICH'L MOORE.

A MOST DIABOLICAL MURDER AVENGED.

Scenes and Incidents of the Execution.

FULL PARTICULARS.

Michael Moore, the convicted murderer of his lawful wife, Ann E. Boyle Moore, was hanged to-day (Wednesday) in the yard of the jail of Cambria county, in this place.

The weather was extremely mild for the season, the sun shining brightly during the entire day. Snow covered the earth, however, to the depth of two or three inches, but the atmosphere was not cool enough to be even unpleasant. Tuesday night's train brought to town a large delegation of reporters for the press, sheriffs from neighboring counties, and other strangers, and at an early hour this morning and up to the time of the execution people from the country came in in greater or less numbers. Still there were comparatively few persons other than our own citizens to be seen about our streets. We are glad to note this fact, for the morbid curiosity which prompts many persons to flock to the scene of an execution, even though they may have no hope of witnessing the terrible ordeal, or even of getting a glimpse of the gallows or its unfortunate victim, is by no means a commendable one.

HISTORY OF THE MURDER.

On the morning of the first day of March last, a young farmer named John Shriver, residing in Summerhill township, Cambria county, was engaged in hauling wood. While so employed, a couple of dogs which accompanied him started a fox. Shriver returned to his house, unhitched his team and put them into the stable, and arming himself with a gun, started on the trail of the fox. The trail led him hither and thither till at length he arrived at the summit of a steep mountain about a half mile from Mineral Point Station on the Penna. Railroad. His pursuit of the fox was here abruptly ended, for in the midst of an impenetrable thicket of pine and laurel a scene of horror suddenly burst upon his view such as is seldom presented to the vision of mortal man. A pool of blood, about one gallon in quantity, was collected on the ground, a pair of spectacles, a set of false teeth, a switch of hair, several hairpins, and many other articles pertaining to a woman's toilet, lay strewn around, and marks on the ground plainly indicated that a life-and-death struggle had there taken place not long before. One look was sufficient, and then Shriver fled from the scene as though the angel of death was on his track. He repaired to Mineral Point without delay and told his tale. A half-dozen men accompanied him back to the mountaintop, where the pool of blood and the articles named were found as described. A further search was made, and in a very few minutes the dead body of a woman was discovered lying alongside of a log. A fire had been built upon and about the body, and both the legs had been burnt off.

No fire was burning on the occasion of Shriver's first visit to the mountain-top, and it is apparent that the murderer was scared off before he had time to entirely efface the traces of his crime. He endeavored to effect this after Shriver's departure, but was foiled by the speedy reappearance of the latter with the squad of men. It may be remarked here, and may be set down as a fulfilment of the decree of that Providence which saith that the guilty shall not go unpunished, that the perpetration of this most heinous of all murders in the calendar of crime was brought to light through the interposition of so trivial a cause as a fox-trail!

The Coroner was notified immediately, and in due course of time arrived at the scene of the tragedy. He took possession of the several articles found on the spot and had the dead body removed to Johnstown and decently interred.

The tracks of two persons led to the scene of the murder. One of these was a large track, and had evidently been made by a man's boot; the other was the track of a woman's foot encased in a gum-shoe. The larger track alone led away from the spot. The two tracks going up to where the murder had been committed were carefully followed down the mountain, and were found to strike the railroad a half mile west of Mineral Point, along which they ran till they reached Mineral Point Station. The smaller track, that of the woman who went up into the mountain to meet her death, here ceased to exist. The larger track which *came away* from the scene of the murder was followed, and led the pursuers to the abode of Mich'l Moore, a short distance east of Mineral Point.—Admittance to the house was demanded, but the party were informed that Moore was not at home. A warrant for his arrest was procured, and on the evening of the second day after the discovery of the dead body, he was arrested at the house of Jas. Hagan, at Plane No. 3, by Chief of Police John T. Harris, of Johnstown, and taken to the latter place, where, after an examination, he was committed to the Ebensburg jail on the dread charge of murder.

Michael Moore had resided in this county about thirty years, and had uniformly borne the reputation of a bad, dangerous man. His thieving propensities were proverbial, while his quarrelsome disposition and great physical strength made him the terror of his neighborhood. In 1852, in a drunken melee at Plane No. 4, he stabbed one James Daley with a bayonet, dangerously wounding him. For this offense he was tried in our Court, the indictment against him being aggravated assault and battery with intent to kill, and being found guilty, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of five years, but was pardoned out before he had served the full time allotted as his punishment.

THE MURDERED WOMAN.

The identity of the dead woman was uncertain for some time, but during his incarceration in the Johnstown lock-up Moore sent for Mr. John J. Murphy and handed him a Pa. R. R. trunk-check, stating that it called for a trunk belonging to him (the prisoner) then lying at Altoona. Mr. Murphy immediately handed the check to the proper legal authorities, who sent for the trunk and took it in charge. It was opened and found to contain a photograph of a woman, a memorandum of the marriage of Michael Moore and Ann E. Boyle, the street and number of the residence of the latter in Philadelphia, a lot of female wearing apparel, and a variety of other articles. The clue thus afforded was followed up, and it was soon made manifest that the murdered woman was none other than Ann E. Boyle, the lawful wife of Mich'l Moore. Ann E. Boyle, the apparent victim, lived with her parents near the Viaduct, in Summerhill township, this county, from childhood up to the age of about 28. Michael Moore lived in the same neighborhood, and between him and Ann sprang up an intimacy which in 1853 resulted in marriage, much against the wishes of the Boyle family, who partook of the general impression in regard to Moore's character. The twain lived together one year, which must have been a year fraught with much sorrow and suffering to Ann, if the fact that she suddenly and silently, one bright Sunday morning, left the scene of her childhood and brief wedded experience and was not again heard of by the acquaintances of her early days until this terrible tragedy brought her once prominently and mournfully to their notice, can be accepted as an evidence of such a state of affairs. It appears that after she left her husband's house all trace of her was lost, or at least the evidence disclosed nothing as to her whereabouts until she eventually found her way to the city of Philadelphia, where she found employment in the house of a man named McFetridge as housekeeper. Here she was known by the name of Lizzie Stevenson. She remained in the McFetridge family eleven years, or up to the latter part of January last, when she unexpectedly disappeared, and was never more seen alive by the members of that family.

In February, 1864, Moore was married to Mrs. Bridget Conner, with whom he continued to live up to the time of his arrest for the fearful crime he has just expiated upon the gallows.

THE TRIAL.

The facts elicited in the case before our Court are of so recent development that they must yet be fresh in the memories of all our readers. Nevertheless, we will give a summary of the testimony:

During the latter part of last year, the Rev. Father Garvey, of Johnstown, received a letter from Mrs. Ann Moore, in which it was alleged that the writer was the wife of Michael Moore, with whom she had parted several years before, and asking his intercession for a reconciliation with her husband. Father Garvey at once sought and found Moore, and told him he must give up living with his second wife and take back his first and only lawful wife, Ann Boyle. To this Moore at first demurred, but finally consented to do as directed.—Some time in January of this year he left home, and on the 24th of the same month he made his appearance at the McFetridge residence in Philadelphia. He left that house the afternoon of that day in company with the woman there known as Lizzie Stevenson, and shortly afterward the two made their appearance in Osceola, Clearfield county, where they went under the assumed name of Mr. and Mrs. Mooney, or at least he gave out that Mooney was their proper name. They had with them a trunk, which, with its contents, including the photograph, a number of dresses, etc., was identified as the property of Lizzie Stevenson, and which was the identical trunk called for by the trunk check handed by Moore to Mr. Murphy, and which was produced and given in evidence on the trial. They remained in Osceola till the latter part of February, Moore occasionally being absent for a day or two at a time. From there they went to Tyrone, whereon the 28th of February, they registered at the Ward House as "Michael Moore and wife." He remained in Tyrone till the following day, the 29th, when he and his wife took the Mail Train west on tickets bought for Johnstown. The trunk accompanied them, but was checked as far only as Altoona. From Altoona west, E. W. Eisenbise was conductor of the train. He distinctly identified Moore as one of his passengers on the night of February 29th, and testified that he and a woman got off the train on the south side of the track, or on the side opposite the station-house at Mineral Point, on the night in question. He further testified that they walked off along the railroad track in an easterly direction, and darkness soon hid them from view.

The foregoing is a brief summary of the main testimony adduced. It is sufficiently as given to establish the fact as clearly as fallible testimony could establish it that Ann E. Boyle, Mich'l Moore's lawful wife, was the murdered woman, and that Mich'l Moore was her murderer, but amplified, it would show as unmistakable a connection, so far as human understanding could fathom, between Moore and the body of the crime as though a multitude of living witnesses, instead of only an unbroken chain of circumstantial evidence, had established his guilt. Moore, judging from inferences drawn from certain facts testified to, remained with his wife in a fire-clay bank on the mountain side all night, and cruelly killed the poor woman the next morning by choking her to death with a woolen scarf which she wore, and which was identified by the McFetridges as having been owned and worn by the woman they knew as Lizzie Stevenson when she left their house in Philadelphia last January.

The trial lasted six days. The jury, after listening to the evidence, the arguments of the counsel, and the charge of the Judge, retired to their room at 4½ o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, June 12th, and in three-quarters of an hour thereafter returned with a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." A motion in arrest of judgment and for a new trial was made by the prisoner's counsel, Messrs. Linton and Kopelin, which motion was argued at the September term of Court, a new trial refused, and sentence of death pronounced upon the culprit. The Governor signed the death warrant on the —th day of October, in which this day, (Wednesday, Nov. 27th,) between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., was fixed as the time for the execution.

MICHAEL MOORE

was born in Queens county, Ireland, January 26th, 1814, and was therefore within two months of being 59 years old when he was hanged. He was about 5 feet 6 inches in hight, broad shouldered, full chested, and with muscles like a whip-cord. His head, which was surmounted by an abundance of coarse, sandy hair, somewhat tinged with gray, was of the shape of a bullet, and his neck was the neck of an ox.—He was in outward semblance a most unprepossessing man, and his appearance physically, as was made manifest on his trial, by no means belied his general character and disposition. Through nine long, weary months of confinement his spirit was broken and subdued at last, however, and although we are free to say that the world is better without him as the world knew him, we have the assurance of his spiritual director, Father Christy, who should have known him as no other living man knew him, that his repentance was sincere and heartfelt, his prayers, mortifications and fastings devout, earnest, long continued and the most humiliating of which fallen humanity is capable; and now that he has paid the penalty of outraged law and has seen called to appear before the judgment seat of a just but merciful God, we feel sure that even those who do not believe that the prayers of the living can do aught to ameliorate the condition of the dead, will form in their own minds if they do not express the hope that true contrition has obliterated the fearful record of a most sinful life and that divine mercy has been interposed in behalf of the immortal soul of the unfortunate Michael Moore.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

A young son of the doomed man, Thomas by name, and Michael Conner, a son of Bridget Conner, Moore's second wife, were in this place on Tuesday. The former is a bright, intelligent, manly looking little boy of about 7 years, well formed and well clad, and bears no resemblance whatever to his wretched father; the latter is a promising, well mannered young man of about 20 years. They both visited Moore in his cell, and the latter, as may well be conceived, was greatly affected on beholding his child, and as he fondled and caressed him his feelings overcame him and he wept bitter tears of remorse and heartfelt anguish. Loathe indeed was the wretched man to part with his innocent offspring when the moment of separation came, as he seemed to feel that the last link that bound him to earth had been severed when his child was removed from his sight. These two were the only ones connected with Moore by intimate relationship who called to see him since his trial, and they returned to their home in Johnstown on Tuesday evening's train.

THE GALLOWS

was erected in the angle of the jail-yard formed by the eastern and northern sides of the wall. It was composed of two upright beams, each 16 feet in hight, with a cross-beam of 6 feet. The platform was 12 feet by 10 feet, and was 4 feet from the ground. The trap was 2½ feet square, and was secured to the platform by several heavy iron hinges. The trap was held in place by an iron bolt a half inch in diameter and4 inches long. To this bolt was attached a rod controlled by a lever, a mere touch on which removed the bolt, when the drop fell. The drop was 20 inches.—The entire structure was of original design, and was erected by ex-Sheriff Myers as superintendent and Mr. Josue D. Parrish as constructor.

MOORE'S LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

John Fenlon and John Cox, Esqs., remained with Moore throughout Tuesday night. They went to his cell about 10 o'clock that night and remained until 7 this morning. Moore prayed fervently and almost constantly throughout the night, and sleep did not visit his eye-lids until about 6 o'clock, a. m., when he fell into a gentle doze, which continued for an hour or two. He said nothing as to his guilt or innocence, but expressed the hope that no harsh words would be uttered against him after death, for that he had no harsh feelings against any one. He spoke gratefully of the gentle sisters of St. Joseph, those ministering angels of mercy who had prayed with him so constantly, fervently and sincerely, and expressed the hope that God would reward them both here and hereafter for their unremitting prayers in behalf of his poor soul. During the past three nights Mr. Robert Jones had maintained a constant watch over the condemned, in order to guard against the possibility of self destruction. No fears, however, were seriously entertained of such a result.

THE EXECUTION.

At precisely 12.15, p. m., Moore, attended by his spiritual adviser, left his cell and was escorted to the scaffold. He walked up on the platform with a firm, steady step, and with an air which seemed to bid defiance to death itself. Father Christy, who had been a constant visitor to his cell ever since and even before the latter had began to evince the possession of a contrite and repentant spirit, offered up a prayer for the welfare of the unfortunate man's soul, and Moore responded audibly and devoutly to every utterance of his spiritual father.—Sheriff Bonacker asked Moore if he had anything to say to those present.

MOORE'S LAST WORDS.

To this question Moore responded: "All I have to say is for the people to pray for me, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul!" The Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff then bade him good-bye, when Moore said to them, "Pray for me, for I need your prayers!"

THE FINAL SCENE.

The fatal drop fell at precisely 12.25, p. m. Moore's neck was evidently broken by the fall, for he gave no sign of life after the descent of the trap. Drs. Lemmon and Evans, of Ebensburg, and Dr. W. Bell, of Altoona, were present for the purpose of testifying to the full accomplishment of the dread sentence of the law, and all these united in saying that his pulse ceased to beat ten minutes after the drop had been sprung. Just twenty minutes thereafter he was pronounced dead, when the body was cut down and placed in the coffin ready to receive it. At 2 o'clock, p. m., all that was earthly of Michael Moore was conveyed to the Catholic cemetery, where his remains were consigned to the earth, the grave containing them being in the immediate vicinity of those containing the ashes of Houser and Bouser.

Besides the Sheriff's jury, there were about fifty persons present and witnessed the execution. The gentlemen comprising the jury were Messrs. Aug. Durbin, John Buck, James Myers, John Ferguson, Jas. Perry, A. H. Fisk, F. H. Barker, G. G. Rorabaugh, Isaac Wike, John D. Thomas, Patrick Doran, and Wm. Tiley. The utmost good order prevailed, and not a sound or action unbecoming the sorrowful scene had its occurrence during the enactment of the terrible drama. Sheriff Bonacker performed the duty which the law imposed upon him as became a humane, kind-hearted man and faithful officer, and for the manner in which all the details of the execution were conceived and carried out he deserves the utmost credit.

CONCLUSION.

And thus has ended the earthly career of Michael Moore, who lived in defiance of God's law, but died a deeply repentant sinner. That he has found mercy on high is the hope if not the prayer of every feeling heart. May his sinful career and sad fate prove a warning to those who are now pursuing the path, that leads to a dishonored grave and an eternity of woe.

About half-past seven o'clock on Friday evening last, a fire broke out in the two-story frame dwelling house situate on Shannon Taylor's fruit farm, about two miles north of Altoona, and occupied by a tenant named Sink. There being no men about at the origin of the fire the female members of the family were powerless to check the flames, which spread through the building with great rapidity. Very few of the household effects were saved, and it was with the greatest difficulty that two small children who were asleep on the second story were rescued from the burning building. Mr. Sink loses in furniture and wearing apparel about $300, on which there is no insurance. There were three hundred bushels of potatoes destroyed together with a large number of peach and strawberry boxes. Mr. Taylor's loss amounts to $1,000 on which there is an insurance of $600 in the German American Ins. Co., of New York. It is generally supposed that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

At Kittaning Point, on Saturday morning last, a man named John Murphy, aged about 40 years, was struck by the engine hauling the Harrisburg Accomodation train East, receiving injuries which resulted in his death a short time afterward. He was walking on the track in the direction of Altoona and in attempting to get out of the way of the Southern Express West he stepped over to the opposite track when he was struck by the locomotive as above stated, crushing his skull in a frightful manner and breaking one of his legs. Murphy was placed on board the Accommodation train and taken to Altoona where he received prompt surgical aid, but without avail as he died a short time after his arrival in that city. A Coroner's inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts as above stated, after which the body of the deceased was given in charge of undertaker Hickey who had it interred in the Poor House cemetery.

—The photograph gallery recently established in Loretto by Mr. T. T. Spence, of this place, is an experiment which we hope will prove an entire success. It is in charge of a competent artist, and those who favor him with a visit may depend on obtaining pictures as true to nature as can be executed anywhere in the country. Now is the time for the people of that vicinity to extend aid and comfort to this new institution in their midst, for its permanence depends altogether upon the patronage bestowed upon it.

Raps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—All the latest novelties in dress goods at Thompson's.

—Prime fresh oysters in half cans at M. L. Oatman's.

—The cheapest store in Ebensburg is M. L. Oatman's.

—Oatman's store has the largest run of custom in Ebensburg.

—Only two horses in Wilmore have the epizootic so far, and they both belong to preachers.

—Money can be saved in the purchase of dry goods, groceries, notions, etc., at M. L. Oatman's

—Ladies, go to M. L. Oatman for your shoes and gaiters of all kinds, cheaper than elsewhere in Ebensburg.

—The very sweetest thing on earth is a gushing young man in a red neck-tie all the new styles at Thompson's.

—**The horse disease is prevailing in this** place and vicinity to a very serious extent, although we believe of rather a mild type.

—Jacob Bell, an employee of the Tyrone planing mill, was relieved of eighteen dollars a few days ago by some light-fingered individual.

—M. F. X. Christy, of Gallitzin, was thrown from his horse at the eastern extremity of town, a few days ago, but fortunately escaped with only slight injuries.

—Don't have doctor bills to pay. Keep your feet warm, your head cool, and buy your Arctic boots at Thompson's. Large lot of custom-made boots and shoes just received.

—Remember that our paper this week, although dated Friday, has been issued Wednesday night. Our report of the execution will be better understood if this fact is borne in mind.

—Myers & Lloyd are always employed in dealing out bargains to buyers; indeed you'll never find men more clever or kind than either John Lloyd or James Myers. Go and see their splendid new stock.

—Thursday evening last, Conrad Seybert, of Conemaugh borough, while engaged in unloading limestone from a train of cars at the C. I. Co.'s furnaces, was run over by the wheels and had one of his legs terribly crushed.

—A large and elegant lamp has just been erected in front of the Thompson store, and now the enterprising proprietor, in common with our next door neighbor, M. L. Oatman, enjoys the pleasure of contemplating a new departure worthy of all emulation.

—That amiable gentleman and popular conductor, Mr. Daniel Kearney, of Altoona, accompanied by one of our boyhood friends, Mr. A. J. M'Connell, now of Pittsburg, paid us a brief visit on Tuesday. Thrice welcome to our sanctum are all such worthies.

—Don't have your wife, sister or mother annoyed by trying to fit you in a shirt, when you can buy half a dozen for the cost of the material. A large assortment of white and cashmere shirts, knit wool undershirts and drawers just received at Thompson's.

—We are sorry to have given offence to the *Herald* man, as we assure him that we intended nothing but harmless pleasantry. Still, as he seems to be one of the touch-me-not kind, we shall henceforth keep hands off. What Ed James could say about us that would stir up our bile in that way it is beyond our ken to determine.

—Hosts of good fellows, among them many of the press gang from Pittsburgh, Johnstown, Indiana and Altoona, flocked in upon us during the past day or two. We did not have time to do the agreeable, but hope they will all accept the will for the deed, and remember that we meant much better than we succeeded in accomplishing.

—Preaching may hereafter be expected regularly every Sabbath morning and evening at the Presbyterian church, by the Rev. J. William Edie, pastor elect. Hours of service, 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school in the afternoon at half-past 1 o'clock, and prayermeeting Thursday evening at 7. The public are kindly invited and will be cordially welcomed.

—Riddle, one of the men who was incarcerated in our county jail some seven years ago on suspicion of being concerned in the Paul-Munday tragedy, but who with his alleged accomplice broke out and escaped, did our town the honor of a visit on Wednesday, the first since his hurried departure. His innocence of the alleged crime having been established by the conviction of other parties he doubtless felt that he had nothing to fear.

—The dwelling house of John Warfel, in Henderson township, near Huntingdon, says the *Globe*, was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon last. The principal part of his household furniture was saved. Insurance on dwelling $1500—on furniture $200. The fire is supposed to have originated from sparks from a kitchen fire. Mr. Warfel's loss in dried and canned fruit, and many articles that could not be removed, will amount to the neighborhood of $500.

—We learn with sincere regret of the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Daniel Carney, of Munster township, whose severe injury by the cars at Cresson we noticed two or three weeks ago. Mr. Carney had so far recovered as to be able to go about the house and on Monday morning last had ventured out on the porch in front of his residence. Entering the house soon after, he requested his daughter to assist him to a chair, and from there he asked to be helped to the bed, as he felt unwell. His daughter extended the desired aid, but he had not taken more than two or three steps when he fell back against the wall and expired instantly. His death was no doubt the result of internal injuries. Mr. Carney was aged about 47 years and leaves a wife and two children—a son and daughter. He was a hard-working, honest, worthy man, kind and obliging in his disposition, and although called suddenly away from life, we trust he was not unprepared for the great change.

CONSUMPTIVES, ATTEND!—The treatment and cure of this dreadful scourge of the human race, is gradually becoming better understood. In times past, the weakening and depleting system of treatment was altogether pursued; now, since the introduction of that medicine of rare and singular virtue, known under the name of Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure, the patient is built up, the blood is renewed, the peccant matter which is fastening upon the lungs is dissolved and carried out of the body, and the strength is brought up to the standard of health.

Dr. Keyser's office for Lung and Chronic Diseases, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. A pamphlet of 32 pages sent free.

THE HORSE DISEASE.—If the prevailing disease among horses is as hard on the animals as the several names given it are to spell and understand when they are spelt, it is as much a wonder to us that any of the afflicted brutes ever get over the first attack as it would be if any sensible person in this vicinity should go elsewhere than to C. T. Robert's elegant bazaar when wishing to invest money in a first class watch, clock, jewelry or fancy goods of any kind in his line of traffic. The man who don't know enough to buy from Cham. must be afflicted with something worse than the epizootic.

HUGGING.—Though most of our young readers, if not too young, would pobably prefer the kind of hugging originally practised in the Garden of Eden, yet neither young nor old will deny that it is mighty soothing to hug a warm stove these cold mornings, especially if the stove is one of the latest improved heaters, such as George Huntley is at all times prepared to furnish at manufacturer's prices. And just here let us say that George has many other articles in his mammoth store which it behooves housekeepers to see and buy. Give him a call.

DEAR READER of this, have you ever enjoyed the pleasure of buying from Myers & Lloyd? If not, now, is your time, for as sure as you live they have splendid new goods and great bargains they give. So go to their store as soon as you can, and take all your friends, child, woman and man, for they have goods in abundance and bargains for all who have cash to invest—so give them a call.

CHAPPED hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar Soap*, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. [n.15.-12w.]

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore, from fresh, selected livers, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely *pure* and *sweet*. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. [12w.]

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. ☞ "Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, Nov. 25, 1872.

Dear Freeman—There are some items of news here worthy of mention. Rev. Garvy has been relieved from the charge of St. John's (Catholic) church, and Rev. Welsh takes his place, assisted by Rev. McCarthy, a young man of distinguished ability.

The new clock has at last been put up on the Lutheran church. The dial plates—four in number—are about six feet in diameter, and as each of the weights weigh one thousand pounds. The ball of the pendulum weighs one hundred pounds. The clock will run seven days without being wound. The works are brass and zinc. We will now have lots of time.

Epizootic has made its appearance all around the city. This is a fixed fact. The horses are not dangerously attacked, but some are not able to work and coal will be scarce for a while. The disease appears like a bad cold, with a cough.

Workmen are engaged slating the spire of St. Joseph's (Catholic) church. This is the highest spire in the place. A cross is planted on top, near two hundred feet from the ground. We hope it will be completed before the stormy weather comes to blow down the scaffolding.

Frank W. Hay informs us that metal and castings have gone up in price immensely, and orders for some patterns of stoves cannot be filled. Nevertheless, Frank still sells stoves of all kinds. He was fortunate to have a lot of good stoves on hand. We hope all your readers will deal with the Hay's for they are clever men—Frank, George and John.

Conemaugh Union School has opened with three hundred pupils. Woodvale school has been devided into two schools and partially graded. Conemaugh has four schools and they are well graded. The school directors of those boroughs are doing matters up brown.

The new woolen factory is now nearly completed, and workmen are moving the machinery into the new building. The old building will be used as a grist mill and store house.

The new tannery of Rosensteel & Co., in Woodvale, is also nearly completed. The stack is up more than one hundred feet. The tannery will contain 280 vats, and leather will be tanned by the steam process.—Woodvale is getting brisk.

Thanksgiving day will be well observed, if eating and drinking much is a good observance. Great efforts are being made to furnish the corporeal nature with good things and plenty of them.

Three young ladies, named Smith, died very suddenly in Ligonier valley a few days ago of diptheria, each one being only three or four days unwell. Two were sisters and the other one a cousin. The frost of death thus cuts down the choicest flowers.

The greatest rolling mill in the world is again in successful opperation, and both iron and steel rails are made as usual, though the operatives are not as well protected from the inclemency of the weather as they were before the mill was burned down. The next mill will be entirely fire-proof.

We are sorry to learn that "Soltero" has been afflicted, but we hope thus he is now sufficiently recuperated to enjoy his Christmas *gander*. Nothing like eating after a fever. Look out if he does not gain one pound a day!

Geo. Francis Train was here, but did not please every one. Too much Woodhull & Claffin about him. Like the renowned Greeley, he injured himself by his proposition to go bail. Mrs. Richings' Opera Troupe was here last Friday evening, but had not a crowded house. Too much "Zootic" about—the purse!

The last "spell" was extremely cold for the time of year. Ice was formed on the ponds and small streams quite thick, and the rivers were nearly frozen over. At present the weather clerk reports moderation.

We have been looking in vain for a weekly letter from "Rob Roy," but we have learned that his right arm is paralyzed to such an extent as to make writing a burden not easily endured. We are sorry for this, for his letters were always replete with items of interest. Hope he may yet recover the use of his arm.

Leap year will soon be gone done; If any young lady, old maid, or widow feels like matrimonizing, now is the time to commit themselves to the soft impeachment question. Blubber it right out before the new year. We know lots of men who anxious hearts are palpitating for a *proposal*.

The Somerset railroad has the "zootic." It is now about as far advanced as Thad. Steven's tape worm railroad was before it was made. It is not probable that the boding owl of Shade township will be frightened by the screams of the bullgine, until some time after the Centennial Celebration.

Now that the Republicans have all the power and plunder to themselves, would it not be well, in anticipation of the great decimation of horse flesh by the new distemper, to introduce "Chinese cheap labor" to supply the place of horses and "niggers?" It would be entirely consistent with new moral ideas.

The holidays are rapidly approaching. The poor are still with us. Now, kind reader, don't be parsimonious. Give your poor neighbor a share of what God has given you. Bestow some act of kindness upon every child you meet. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Let some well-to-do farmer remember the printer. A gift-turkey eats sweeter than a purchased one. There is the milk of human kindness in it; the juice of gratitude; the flavor of an obligation performed; a thank offering made to the Giver of all Good; a cup of cold water given to a disciple, and it will be remembered. PARAGRAPH.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Nov. 25, 1872.

Friend McPike—For some time past rumor has had it that our beloved pastor, Father Walsh, was about to leave us, but we all endeavored to console ourselves with the hope, if not the belief, that there was no truth in the report. But, alas! it has proven only too true; for yesterday, after the sacrifice of the Mass had been offered up, Father Walsh read a letter from the Bishop, in which the to us saddening information was conveyed that our esteemed pastor had been appointed to take charge of the Johnstown congregation. Nor was that all; Father Martin, his beloved and able assistant here, was named for the same position in the new field of labor. The congregation managed with some effort to restrain their pent-up feelings during the reading of the letter, but when Father Walsh proceeded to deliver his farewell words and bestow his last blessing, the well springs of sorrow and deep affection broke forth, and the scene that ensued beggars description. There was a universal outburst of sobs and grief from all parts of the church, in which your correspondent participated, as indeed no one could refrain from doing who knew and of necessity loved the two faithful shepherds who were to guide the old flock no longer. At this juncture, Father Martin ascended the altar, and after reading the gospel of the day, delivered a sermon full of eloquence and sound logic, and concluded by bidding us a fond and affectionate farewell, which you may be sure only added more fuel to the fire already burning in our hearts.

Father Walsh was appointed to the pastoral charge he has just left in the year 1848. When he came he found little else than a large opening for the display of his great energy and ability, and any one who looks about him and beholds the grand results of his untiring labors, need not be told that he has been a faithful worker in the Lord's vineyard. His love for religion and his affection for his people prompted him to almost superhuman efforts, and to-day there stands in one of the finest locations in our town nearly an entire square of ground covered with elegant and commodious buildings as a fit monument to his zeal and industry. At various times he was offered by the late lamented Bishop O'Conner, as well as by his successor, our present revered Bishop, a more desirable mission, but his invariable answer was a firm but respectful No! What he undertook he desired to go through with. He wished to leave no incumbrance on St. Mary's congregation, every member of which is as dear to him as the apple of his eye, and though his people were for the most part poor and his labors therefore the more arduous, he bravely persevered until all difficulties were overcome, and to-day he leaves us with a church, a pastoral residence, and a convent and school buildings (all free from debt) which are an honor to himself, a source of pride to his people and a credit to our town. May God abundantly bless and prosper him and his efficient assistant in all the walks of life, and may their eternal reward in the better world be only delayed for the sake of the great good they can yet accomplish in this.

The Catholics of Johnstown may well congratulate themselves that our loss is indeed their great gain, for wherever two such devoted and faithful shepherds as Fathers Walsh and Martin are, there indeed will peace, joy and contentment reign.

They both bear with them to their new mission the earnest prayers and well wishes of all our people, irrespective of creeds or condition in life, for I am sure that "none know them but to love them, none name them but to praise."

Yours, &c., C. CURRAN.

WILMORE, Nov. 25, 1872.

Dear Freeman—As there is just now a scarcity of news from which to cull a few items we shall have to fall back on that stereotyped subject, the weather, which always affords a theme for comment. Last week was cold, the earth was covered with snow, and there was every indication that winter had commenced in reality, but to-day the air is balmy and spring like, and almost suggestive of garden making.

That "scourge of the nursery," scarlet fever, is prevailing in this vicinity and several families have been deeply afflicted, and have the sympathy of the entire community. Those little ones who "bowed to the destroyer" have, however, been removed to the better land,

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,"

to dwell with him who has said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come to me, for the kingdom of heaven is for such."

Quite a number of our young friends have embarked in the matrimonial sea, and here, Mr. Editor, permit us to wish them, one and all, a safe, and pleasant voyage down the stream of time, and finally a haven of rest on the other shore.

At the time we wrote our last communication we were not aware that the long contemplated project of putting a fence around the Catholic cemetery had been carried into execution. It was a pleasant surprise to us, and we trust other denominations will soon follow the worthy example. It appears a little singular that two correspondents writing for different papers in criticising our error should use almost the same language, but we presume it was in consequence of the proximity of Wilmore and Summerhill, and consequently all of one family.

As you have more talented correspondents in this locality who will faithfully chronicle events for the *Freeman*, this will probably be our last scribbling for its columns. Thanking you then, Mr. Editor, for the courtesy extended to us, and wishing your readers health and prosperity, and the *Freeman* a brilliant future, we make our best bow and retire. Exit SOLON.

GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELF! Andy Foster, of the well known firm of Geis & Foster, was in New York and Philadelphia recently, and as his experience in the purchase of dry goods of the newest patterns, latest styles and best quality is well known we expect to see a rush of customers to that establishment when this fact becomes generally known. Geis & Foster have the largest and best selected stock of dry goods in this city, but the firm desire to call particular attention to the department allotted to

CARPETS!

One portion of their large store is devoted to the sale of carpets, and as they buy an immense stock at a time they are necessarily enabled to buy and sell cheaper than any other store in town. Visit Geis & Foster's mammoth store on Clinton street, Johnstown, and examine their goods and prices and we are sure you will patronize the firm.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metallic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Mattresses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul,13.-tf.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. EDWARD A. WILSON.

11-18.-1y. 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

OBITUARY.

ADAMS.—Died, at his residence in Washington township, on last Saturday, MATTHEW M. ADAMS, Esq., aged about 55 years.

Mr. Adams was a prominent citizen, and few persons are there in the county who did not enjoy his acquaintance. Indeed, he was well and favorably known throughout Western Pennsylvania. He was endowed with a strong natural intellect, which, had it been improved at the proper time, would have made him a man of much more prominence than he was. His social qualities were of a high order, and like his intimate friend, the late Michael Hasson, of this place, was a man of infinite jest. His loss will be sensibly felt by a large circle of friends and acquaintance, and to all will the sad intelligence bring feelings of sincere regret. May he rest in peace.

RITTER.—Died, in this place, on *Saturday last*, after a protracted illness, MRS. ELIZA RITTER, wife of David Ritter, deceased, aged about 55 years.

Mrs. Ritter was born in Gettysburg, Adams coudty, but was brought to this place by her parents when only a few months old. In all the relations of wife, mother, neighbor and friend she discharged her duties faithfully and well, and endeared herself to our entire community. She has left the record of a good life behind her, and long should her memory be cherished by her family, friends and neighbors. Her remains were interred in Lloyd cemetery on Tuesday in the presence of a large concourse of people.

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[11-29.-2m] J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

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STRAY COW.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, in Carroll township, on or about the first day of October last a large RED COW, about ten years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. JOS. GONTNER.

Carroll Twp., Nov. 22, 1872.-3t.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

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