

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

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

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

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

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

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

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Cambria county, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener, Ebensburg, Pa. Office adjoining dwelling, on High street. [Feb 7-8m]

KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Pa. Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street. [Jan 31-8m]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s drug house. [Jan 24]

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

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

C. WILSON, M. D., offers his services as Physician and Surgeon, to citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding territory. [Jan 24]

HES J. LLOYD, Dealer in DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES, AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE GENUINE AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. [Jan 24]

DENTISTRY. The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to acquire himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of experience, he has sought to add the practical experience of the highest authorities in his profession. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to be appreciated. [Jan 24]

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S., Prof. C. A. Harris, T. E. Bond, R. B. Handy, A. A. Blandy, P. H. Auer, of the Baltimore College. [Jan 24]

LLOYD & CO., Bankers— Ebensburg, Pa. Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest on Time Deposits. Collections made accessible points in the United States. General Banking Business transacted. [Jan 24, 1867.]

M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers— Altoona, Pa. Office on the principal cities, and Silver for sale. Collections made. Money loaned on deposit, payable on demand, interest, or upon time, with interest. [Jan 24]

RAMBLAN BLAINE, Barber— Ebensburg, Pa. Hair-dressing, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing the most artistic style. Saloon directly opposite the "Monarch." [Jan 24]

INSURANCE AGENCY. Agents for the Blair county Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Altoona, Pa. Will attend promptly to making insurance on any part of Cambria county upon terms as favorable as in person. [Jan 24]

THE ALLEGHANIAN PRINTING OFFICE. Office in E. Hughes & Co.'s Store, up stairs, third door back. [Jan 24]

Didn't Know

He gave me a knife one day at school, Four-bladed, the handle of pearl— And great black letters on the wrapper said, "For the darlinest little girl." I was glad! Oh, yes, the crimson blood To my young cheek came and went, And my heart thump'd wondrously off-a-pat. But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled, For the snow was falling fast; I was half afraid, but he coaxed and coaxed, And he got me on at last.

Laughing and chatting in merry glee, To my home his course he bent, And my sisters looked at each other and smiled, But I didn't know what it meant.

The years passed on, and they touched his eye, With a shadow of deeper blue; They gave to his form a manlier grace— To his cheek a swarther hue.

We stood by the dreamily rippling brook, When the day was almost spent; His whispers were soft as the lullaby, And—now I know what he meant!

HOW I LOST MY WHISKERS.

"Do you object to smoking, sir?" This I asked in my blindest manner of an old gentleman who sat with his face hidden by a newspaper, opposite me in a railway carriage. All the seats in the carriage were filled. I and four others were on the way from Cambridge to enjoy abroad the Christmas vacation. Our spirits were high, for there is a rare delight in banishing for a time all thoughts of conic sections, Newton's Principia, and the like, and entertaining in exchange visions of hops, skating parties, and all the orgies which every right-minded family hold at that season in honor of King Christmas.

But I must introduce you to my chums, for chums we were, though our tastes did not lie in the same direction. Jack Strump is (or rather was at that period) a riding and hunting man, and was not unfrequently to be seen at Newmarket; Stratcher, on the other hand, loved boating, and preferred the sight of a well developed biceps to that of the best bred hunter, and would often remark to Jack, "How on earth you can say that you would rather see the Two Thousand than the time-race in the Colquhoun Sculls, I cannot make out!" Edward was poor, but a reading man, and his wit and talents made him a universal favorite; while Davis was a rich, open handed, good hearted fellow as ever lived. For my own part, I do not think I had any well defined peculiarity, but I did a little of everything. I read a little, hunted a little, had a fair income—in short, if I had any characteristic at all, it was a love of business and of practical jokes.

We congratulated ourselves in getting a carriage to ourselves, (with the exception of the old gentleman I have named,) for we intended to keep out the cold and beguile our journey with sundry pipes and cigars. We had our cases out, and were preparing to light up, when we were astonished by my vis-a-vis dashing away the newspaper which had hidden his face.

"Do I object to smoking? Yes, sir, I do object; and I beg that you will instantly replace your cigars in your pockets. I insist on having no smoking in this carriage!"

We looked aghast at this sudden burst of old-gentlemanly wrath.

"Might I ask if you intend traveling far on this line, sir?" inquired Edward, in his comically-polite tone.

"What is that to you, sir? What business is it of yours where I am going to?"

"I merely wished to suggest, in case of your traveling far, that pleasing and delightful as it would be for us to enjoy your agreeable society, yet, nevertheless, we would try to bear the loss should you prefer to change carriages at the next station."

"No doubt you would wish to get rid of me, but no, sir! I do not move my seat, and the first one that smokes I report to the guard."

The old gentleman looked determined.

"In that case, I fear we shall be obliged, painful though it be, to tear ourselves away," I said, as we drew up at a small station.

Fortunately, we found the next compartment empty, and as we started again, we pulled out our cigar-cases, this time to light their contents.

"The old boy has certainly got out of bed on the wrong side this morning," said I, puffing away.

"Or has made a mistake in his betting-book," remarked my sporting friend.— "We'll give him a benefit oar, at any rate; I vote we take it in turns to puff smoke through the lamp-hole. Let's look at him; ha! cooling down a little; is about to compose himself to sleep. I'll trouble you for his night-cap; come and look at it, Fred."

I did so, and roared on seeing a red woven cap of comical shape, which added very considerably to the wrathful expression of the wearer's features.

With perseverance which deserved a better cause, we each made a tube of

paper, and putting the end through the lamp-hole, took our turns at "smoking him out," and I blush as I now think how heartily we enjoyed the enraged state in which he paced up and down the empty carriage, like a caged tiger.

The next time we stopped, however, the guard put his head into our carriage window, and said with a wink:

"Gent'm in next compartment complains of your smoking, sir."

"Smoking!" we exclaimed with mock indignation. "Do we look as though we had been smoking? What nonsense!" and added in a mysterious manner, "You see there is one vacant seat; of course we're not going to tell tales of the man who occupied that."

"All right!" said the guard, laughing. "I wasn't born yesterday." And after a slightly confidential transaction of a pecuniary nature, he left us in peace.

The snow, which had been falling all day, now lay thick all-around. Our eyes shied again as we looked out of the window (which was itself all frosted over) on to the dazzling snow which covered all the landscape; and as we stamped our feet on the floor of the carriage, we began heartily to wish ourselves at our journey's end and by the fireside.

"Hallo! what are we stopping for now?" I wonder whether we're going to do an upset, or anything exciting of that kind!" said Davis, looking out of the window. "I don't see a train anywhere that we can have a collision with."

"Get out here, gentlemen!" said the guard, passing the window; "the line is snowed up, and we shall have to wait till it is clear."

The grumbling which this unpleasant announcement caused was immediately stopped by our hearing the voice of our disagreeable companion in the next compartment.

"Line snowed up, is it?" said the old gentleman, trying to appear calm in his fury; "and we get out here? Oh! and do you suppose I am quietly going to submit to this? The line ought to have been cleared ready for us. I shall bring an action!"

"But, sir," I said, "how on earth could they—"

"Might I request to know who spoke to you, sir? I consider your interference excessive impertinence."

This was a little too bad, and I turned and whispered to Jack that we would devise some plan of giving our friend a lesson demonstrative of the evils following in the wake of a bad temper at Christmas time.

We were fortunately stopped at a distance of only two hundred yards from a station; but a very poor station it was, without any waiting-room or refreshment.

The station-master, who was a pleasant sort of fellow, said we would have to wait but a couple of hours, and gave us a room, where we made the best of a bad job, and having sent for some beer from the nearest "public," we became, as Edward mathematically observed, "approximately happy."

The old gentleman, however, had not yet vented all his wrath, but kept on unceasingly the snow and the railway people at intervals. After we had warned ourselves, Stratcher proposed that we should have some songs; but, as no one volunteered, I suggested that we probably should get on our way sooner if we all went out and helped to clear away the snow from the line. To this, all hands agreed—excepting, of course, our amiable friend the old gentleman.

We had worked away merrily for about an hour, and were congratulating ourselves on being able to start again, when Jack came running up with a very pleased expression of countenance, and as he tapped me on the shoulder, I remembered that he had not been with us for the last half hour.

"Fred," said he, "I have an idea."

"Keep it, then," I replied, "for it is so rare a commodity with you that I would not deprive you of it for the world."

"Don't chaff, and I'll tell you all about it. I went up into the room at the station just now, and found our friend, the old boy, fast asleep in his chair, completely collapsed under the soporific effects of the fire, and a glass of brandy-and-water. I immediately ran into the village and bought these," he said, showing me a handful of screws, a gimblet, and a screw-driver.

"Don't you see? We shall be able to start again directly, now that the line is clear; we meanwhile run up stairs, and screw the old gentleman firmly into the room—the train goes on—we are revenged for his surly behavior to us, and he will then learn that old gentlemen should not be ill tempered at Christmas time."

"Capital!" I said, always ready to fall in with a practical joke; "let us be off at once."

We certainly found the old gentleman in as Morphean a torpor as we could wish. His feet were propped up on a chair, whilst his boots were drying, and he was breathing with his mouth wide open, in a rather apoplectic manner.

"Shall I put a snow-ball into each of his boots?" I said.

"No; that would be too much of a good thing, but I'll tell you what you shall do: you're rather a swell at drawing, aren't you? I'll just burn the end of that beer

bottle cork, and you shall artistically adorn his face."

"That is splendid," he whispered, as I finished off with giving him a moustache which turned up in a fastidious manner.

"Just move that looking-glass, and put it so that he may admire himself directly when he wakes; and now let's be off."

We walked on tiptoe to the door. The hinges began to creak; and, cold as the weather was, a faint perspiration began to develop itself on my forehead as I noticed the old gentleman move in his chair; it was, however, only to turn his head on to the other shoulder, and we closed the door in safety.

"Give me the screws, quick," I said, "and go to the bottom of the stairs and prevent any one coming up."

I bored hole after hole as noiselessly as I could, and having made the door as fast as eight good screws would make it, I ran down stairs and whispered, "All right!"

"Is there a gentleman up-stairs, sir?" said the station-master, walking towards us. "He asked me to wake him in time for the train, and it's just ready to go."

"Oh, he won't like to be disturbed till the last moment, you may be sure," said Jack. "By the by, I wish to talk to you of a plan by which I think your station might be improved."

Now architecture happened to be one of the station-master's hobbies, and they were soon in deep discussion. I beat a hasty retreat to the guard, and producing a sovereign, said:

"If you get us off in five minutes from now, waiting for no one, and ring your bell at the very last minute, this is yours."

"All right, sir; the luggage is all in, and most of the passengers. Take your seats. Going on?" he shouted, while I stood with my watch in my hand.

"One minute left! Ring the bell, now," I said. "If they undo those screws in one, or even five minutes, I'll eat them."

We jumped into a carriage, the guard gave the final whistle, and the train moved slowly on. We anxiously watched the result of our plot, with our heads out of the window. After waiting one or two minutes, we noticed a figure gesticulating at the station window. The train then passed into a deep cutting, and we lost sight of it.

I think I have forgotten to say that I was going to spend the Christmas with a college friend. He had gone down a few days before, and had promised to meet me at C— station.

You may imagine that I was not sorry to find myself arrived there, nor yet to see my friend Tom stamping his feet on the platform, no doubt thoroughly tired of waiting for the train. As we drove up, he began talking of the different arrangements he had made for our mutual amusement. "To-morrow," he said, "I've set aside for a skating-party; I've had the pond in the park swept, and invited all les-jenne demoiselles within reach, and as they have accepted, it will give you a very fair idea of our native beauty."

Now, of all jolly things in the world, I think a skating-party is the jolliest. Tom says that I am fond of showing my skating off; but I deny that this has anything to do with it. In the first place, the frosty weather (and the muffled clatter) induces high spirits; then there are the tumbles to laugh at, and the ladies' skates to strap on, (which last, in my mind, is not the least pleasant part of the entertainment.)

We had by this time reached the house, and, after having accomplished our toilettes, Tom took me into the drawing room.

"The gov'nor isn't at home; but let me introduce you to my sister, Minnie."

Miss Minnie rose and held out her hand at once, but for my own part I was too dumfounded to utter a single word. I am told that I am far from eloquent when describing female beauty, so I will not attempt it here; but I must say that I had never, and have never since, seen such a pretty and merry face. When dinner was announced, however, I had recovered my equanimity sufficiently to offer her my arm, and after a short time we got to know one another thoroughly.

The dinner (perhaps it may have been the port wine) had opened my heart, and when we removed to Tom's sanctum to smoke, (where, by the by, Miss Minnie insisted on joining us, saying that she liked the smell of tobacco, and found it so dull by herself.) I began to relate my adventures with the old gentleman.

Peal after peal of laughter arose as I proceeded with my narrative. I warmed with my subject, quite outdoing myself in the description of the old gentleman's angry face and his irate behavior.

"Here," I said, in triumph, "is my trophy"—and I held out the nightcap.

Never shall I forget that moment—brother and sister stared at it for one second, and then Tom, looking vacantly at me, immediately went into a hysterical fit of laughter. His face began to grow quite black, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

My face presented anything but a laughing appearance, for I was struck with amazement at his behavior. At last, with what little breath he had left, he managed to get out the words:

"It's—the gov'nor's—night—cap!"

As he said this, he pointed to a small label inside the cap, which I had not

noticed before, and there, sure enough, were the words:

R. GRUMBLETHORP, Esq.
GRUMBLETHORP HALL.

Reader, have you ever wished the earth to open and swallow you up? How heartily did I wish it at that moment. I saw the whole affair at a glance. I had been playing a practical joke upon the gentleman in whose house I was sitting, and had been describing him in the most ridiculous light to his daughter. How I hated Tom for laughing—his sister was nearly as bad, by the way—while I was turning alternately red and pale, considering what on earth was to be done. At this moment, a servant entered the room.

"A telegram for Miss Grumblethorp."

She hastily looked it over, and then read it aloud to us:

"Shall come by the 8.30 to-morrow morning. Some young jackanapes played a practical joke and caused me to miss the last train to-night."

At last I found words.

"Tom," I said, "I must fly. Miss Grumblethorp, I cannot sufficiently apologize to you."

"Oh, you need not apologize to me, nor must you go either. Tom, you must devise some means of escape out of this dilemma."

"It would certainly never do," said Tom, "for the Governor to recognize you. He'd never forgive you, and besides you'd cut me off with a shilling. Oh, I have it! I sentence you, in punishment, to cut off your whiskers and moustache—he'll never know you then—never."

"Never!" I said, with determination. "I'm not a vain man, but I will never voluntarily make a fright of myself."

"I'm sure you'd look much better without them," said Miss Grumblethorp; "besides, remember the skating party to-morrow. I want you, so much, to teach me to skate. You really must not go."

I was not proof against this. The adorable Miss G. actually wished me to stay. Again, I reflected that I had no other invitation for Christmas, and all my family were spending the winter abroad. Under these circumstances, I determined to risk all and stay where I was sure to enjoy myself.

Next morning I rose early, had a clean shave, and borrowed and put on a pair of light blue spectacles. When I met Miss Grumblethorp, on my way to breakfast, she declared the disguise was capital, telling me at the same time that her father had arrived and was in the breakfast room. I was formally introduced, and by the way that he received me, it was evident he did not recognize me.

"Always glad to see Tom's friends," said the old gentleman, in a remarkably cheerful tone. "Thank goodness, he don't choose for companions such puppies as those that insulted me yesterday. I wonder whether they consider themselves gentlemen?"

In this strain he continued to talk all breakfast time, while I answered with perfect gravity, not daring to look at Miss G., for I felt sure she was enjoying the joke.

My story is nearly over. I enjoyed the skating party thoroughly, for did I not spend most of the day with Miss Grumblethorp? I also accompanied her, the next evening, to a ball, where I found she could move much more quickly and gracefully than on ice.

I am now married; and though I have since grown my whiskers, yet my father-in-law has never suspected that I was the "young jackanapes" that made him late for the train—he never mentioned the burnt cork business. He has always been so kind to me that I have heartily repented of my practical joke.

[Written for The Alleghanian.]
"At Rest."

At rest! Yes, the weary child of suffering is at rest.

When the golden beams of morning threw a shade of radiant brightness over hill and dale, a prayer, earnest and low, went up from the couch of suffering to His great throne, and the words that trembled on the morning breeze were these—"Thy will be done, not mine."

Fold the white hands over the pulseless bosom—never again will they be wrung in agony, never again clasped in prayer! Close the veined lids over the glassy eyes—there are no more tears for them to shed! "All tears have been wiped away," and to their bright vision is revealed the glory of God. Wreath pure lilies upon the marble brow, and tulle them amid the bright, sunny tresses of waving hair!

Weep not, mourn not for the early dead as you wander where the flowers bloom and the soft winds murmur a mournful chant above the silent grave. Bow the head in meek submission, and say in faith's sweet language—"Thy will be done!"

—There is a young lady in Harrisburg who can play two pieces at once on the piano, and at the same time sing a third. So can "Blind Tom."

—Caroline James, a negress, died last week at Richmond. She was aged 130 years, and was the mother of thirty children.

The Surratt Case.

Henry St. Marie, the witness by whose evidence the identity of John H. Surratt was established, has arrived in Washington city. He is a French Canadian, of quick, keen black eye, and wears a look of intelligence. He states that while teaching school in Maryland, he made the acquaintance of Surratt and Weichman, the latter the chief witness in the conspiracy trials, and although the acquaintance at no time ripened into intimacy, he was struck with certain physical peculiarities in the person of Surratt which no disguise could affect. St. Marie went to Europe and entered the Papal Guard as a Zouave. While attending a festival in Rome, he met Surratt, who approached and asked him if he was not an American. St. Marie replied that he was, and said to Surratt, "You remind me of an American named Surratt; are you he?" "Oh, no," replied Surratt. "All the better for you," rejoined St. Marie. Subsequently, when excited by wine, Surratt confessed that he was the man of whom St. Marie spoke, and at various times indulged in brigandage concerning the Canadian raids, the assassination plot, and other cogate matters, greatly to the astonishment of St. Marie and equally to the delight of his associates, many of whom had also been Canadian refugees and raiders.

From the narrative, it seems that St. Marie became quite intimate with Surratt, who, though only a private in the Guard, was always well supplied with funds. Availing himself of the indiscretion of Surratt, St. Marie thoroughly informed himself of matters of great significance, which can only be properly brought out upon the trial of the criminal. This information he laid before Gen. King, our Minister at Rome, who reported it to Mr. Seward. By direction of the State Department, Gen. King took such steps as secured the immediate arrest of Surratt, who was identified under oath by St. Marie.

The subsequent history of the case is familiar to all—Surratt's escape from his guard and his jump of thirty-seven feet down a declivity; the arrest and discharge of St. Marie; the flight of Surratt to Alexandria, Egypt; his re-arrest by Minister Hale; his incarceration on board the U. S. steamer Swatara, and his recent arrival in this country. When he was taken on board the Swatara, he recognized St. Marie, who was among the throng of spectators.

The Swatara arrived off Washington on the 19th inst. A bench warrant was immediately issued by Judge Fisher, of the Criminal Court, commanding the U. S. Marshal to bring the body of John H. Surratt before that Court. When the warrant was being served, the following colloquy took place: Marshal—"Is your name John H. Surratt?" Prisoner—"It is, sir." Marshal—"Then I arrest you by virtue of a bench warrant issued to me by the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia."

Surratt has been placed in the county jail, in an iron-clad cell, from which escape is impossible. No one is allowed to see him excepting his counsel and the officers of the prison.

Calhoun.

Parton, the historian, in an article in a late number of the *North American Review*, thus alludes to the father of nullifiers, John C. Calhoun:—

"Calhoun degenerated frightfully during the last twenty years of his life. His energy degenerated into intensity, and his patriotism narrowed into sectionalism. He became unteachable, incapable of considering an opinion opposite to his own, or even a fact that did not favor it. Exempt by his bodily constitution from all temptation to physical excesses, his body was worn out by the intense, unhealthy working of his mind. False opinions falsely held and intolantly maintained were the debauchery that sharpened the lines of his face and converted his voice into a bark. Peace, health, and growth early became impossible to him, for there was a causer in the heart of the man."

"His once not dishonorable desire of the Presidency became at last an infuriate lust after it, which his natural sincerity compelled him to reveal even while wrathfully denying it. He considered that he had been defrauded of the prize, and he had some reason for thinking so. Some men avenge their wrongs by the pistol, others by invective; but the only weapons which this man could wield were abstract propositions. From the hills of South Carolina, he hurled paradoxes at General Jackson, and appealed from the diets of Mrs. Eaton's drawing-room to a hair-splitting theory of States' Rights. Fifteen hundred thousand armed men have since sprung up from those harmless looking dragon's teeth, so recklessly sown in the hot Southern soil."

—Langester, Pa., has the meanest thieves in the country. They steal craps from the door knockers.

—Judah P. Benjamin, ex-rebel, has just