

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

VOLUME 8. EBENSBERG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1867. NUMBER 16.

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

W. HEN FENLON, 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]

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

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener. Office adjoining dwelling, on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Feb 7-6m]

KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent. Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 31-6m]

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

MUEL 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, Pa. Office on High street, east of church. [Jan 24-3m]

JES J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Dunn, Dealer in DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES, TOILET FANCY ARTICLES, PURE LIPINS AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. [Jan 24]

DENTISTRY. Dr. D. R. Ziegler, having opened an office in the rooms over R. R. Thomas's store, his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. [Jan 18-4m]

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 instrument in his art. To many years of experience, he has sought to add the experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to test its own praise.

DR. SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S. Offices: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond; T. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Ausler, the Baltimore College. Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth of each month, to stay one week. [Jan 24, 1867.]

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

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

LOYD, Pres. D. T. CALDWELL, Cash'r. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA. GOVERNMENT AGENCY. CORNER DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North Altoona, Pa.

CAPITAL PAID IN.....\$300,000 00
RESERVE FUND.....150,000 00

Business pertaining to Banking done on usual terms.

Interest on Deposits and Stamps of all denominations always on hand.

Purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in advance, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.; and upwards, 4 per cent. [Jan 24]

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

PRIVATE SALE!
The subscriber will sell the following property at private sale:
One House at Portage Station, on the P. R. R., with 2 acres land. Suitable for a store room or a dwelling.
One House and 90 acres land, on P. R. R., one-half mile west of Portage, opposite the siding of the Union Mills of the subscriber, and at the terminus of the railroad of White & Co.
One House and 2 acres land at Portage, now occupied by Louisa Keepers. A good site for a store.
One Water Power Saw mill, within 10 rods of the P. R. R., one-half mile west of Portage, together with timber land, 100, 200, or 300 acres, to suit purchasers. The barns and houses on the same cost \$1,500 when lumber was cheap.
Or, I will sell the whole tract of 480 acres, with timber enough on the same to run the water mill for seven years. The property has 1,500 to 2,000 feet of side tracks connecting with the P. R. R.
A general Warranted Deed will be given on ten days notice for all the foregoing property, and possession of all houses, &c., given on the 1st April next.
The improvements cost the subscriber \$6,000.
150 acres of the land is timbered with good Sugar, and the land itself is wanted to be sold as any in Cambria county.
Three creeks pass through the land, viz: Trout Run, McIntosh Run, and Wright's Run. There is Coal on the land, and any amount of Cord Wood.
The location is the only outlet to the coal lands of Burke and the Wm. M. Lloyd & Co. lands.
Two pieces of the land adjoin the land formerly owned by Hon. Thomas A. Scott, known as the McCoys Farm.
One-third the purchase money will be required down; the balance in six and twelve months.
Ten per cent. will be deducted for cash payments.
The property will be sold in preference to rentals, as the subscriber has not time to collect rents.
The house and lot, say 1 acre of land, at Portage, now occupied by Louisa Keepers, will be sold low if sold soon. Also, the store room at the same place, with 2 acres land, formerly occupied by Victor Voegtly—sold to him at one time for \$725—will be sold for \$600. The former will be sold for \$350, cash, or its equivalent.
CALL SOON!
WM. R. HUGHES.
Wilmore, January 21, 1867.

SHOE STORE! SHOE STORE!!
The subscriber begs leave to inform the people of Ebensburg that he has just received from the East and has now opened out, at his store-room, the
LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS!
ever brought to town. The stock was made expressly to order by the
BEST SHOE MANUFACTORY IN PHILA.
the subscriber having gone to the trouble and expense of visiting that city especially to order it. The work is warranted not to rip—if it rips, it will be
REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE!
A visit to his establishment will satisfy any one that he can not only sell a BETTER ARTICLE than all competitors, but that he can also sell
CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!
He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes to order, on short notice and in the most workmanlike style.
A VERY SUPERIOR LOT OF REAL FRENCH CALF SKINS ON HAND!
Stand one door east of Crawford's Hotel, High street, and immediately opposite V. S. Barker's store.
JOHN D. THOMAS.

SADDLERY AND HARNES!
The undersigned keeps constantly on hand and is still manufacturing all articles in his line, such as
SADDLES,
FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESSES,
DRAFT HARNESSES,
BLIND BRIDLES, RIDING BRIDLES,
CHECK LINES,
HALTERS, WHIPS, BRIDLEBANDS, &c., &c.
All which he will dispose of at low prices for cash.
His work is all warranted, and being experienced in the business, he uses only the best of leather. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to him. [Jan 24]
Shop above the store of E. Hughes & Co. Persons wishing good and substantial Harness can be accommodated. HUGH A. M'COY.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!
The subscriber offers at private sale the Farm on which he now resides, situated in Cambria Township, Cambria county, containing about 60 acres, nearly all of which are cleared, and having thereon erected a Two-story Frame Dwelling House, a new Frame Barn, and all the necessary Outbuildings. There is a good Orchard on the Farm, and an excellent Well of Water at the kitchen door. Only five minutes' walk from the Railroad Depot. Terms moderate, and title indisputable. Apply to the undersigned on the premises, or address
SAMUEL TIBBOTT,
Ebensburg, Pa.
ap11-17

EBENSBERG LITERARY DEPOT.
JAMES MURRAY, dealer in BOOKS, STATIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO, PERFUMERY, FANCY SOAPS, &c. In the room formerly occupied by Dr. Lemon as a Drug Store, High street, Ebensburg.

Keeps—
Blank Books, Magazines,
Envelopes, Paper, Newspapers,
Pens, Ink, Novels, Histories,
Pocket Books, Prayer Books,
Pass Books, Toy Books, &c.
Stationery and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. [mar 7-3m]

Escaped!
It was a bitter night in January—a night when homeless wanderers on the moor might have sunk down frozen to death, and the very narrow seemed to congeal in one's bones.
“There's some advantage in steam,” growled an old gentleman in the corner seat; “wind and weather don't affect it. No flesh and blood horse could stand a night like this, but the iron horse keeps straight ahead, whether the thermometer is at zero or at boiling water heat.”
Just then, the conductor entered.
“Tickets, gentlemen, if you please.”
“It's a dreadful night, conductor,” I said, feeling with stiffened fingers, for my ticket, in my vest pocket.
“Dreadful, sir,” responded the conductor. “Why the brakemen can't live outside, and so I look the other way when they creep in, poor fellows, to get a breath of warm air at the stove. We haven't had such a night since a year ago, when Tom Blakestee, the baggage master, froze both his feet, and a woman who was coming on from Chicago got off at Blinn's Four Corners with her baby in her arms a corpse!”
“Frozen to death?”
“Aye, frozen to death, and she never thought, poor thing, but what it was asleep. ‘My baby's cold,’ says she, ‘but we'll soon warm it when we get home.’—It was just such a night as this.”
And the conductor opened the door, and plunged across the coupling into the next car, crying out:
“Hardwick!”
It was quite a considerable city—with a handsome iron depot, flaring gas lamps, and the usual crowd around the platform, with its hands in its pockets and its cigars ends flaming through the night.
Our car was nearly the last of the long train, and but one passenger entered it—a slender young girl, wrapped in a gray blanket shawl, and wearing a neat little traveling hat of gray straw, trimmed with stone-colored velvet flowers. She seemed to hesitate, like one unused to traveling, and finally sat down near the door.
“Pardon me, young lady,” said I, “but you had better come nearer the stove.”
She started, hesitated an instant, and then obeyed.
“Does the train go to Bayswater?” she asked, in a voice so deliciously soft and sweet that it seemed to thrill through me.
“Yes. Can I be of any service to you?”
“No; at least not until we reach Bayswater. I would like a carriage, then.”
“We shall not be there yet, these three hours.”
“Do we stop again?”
“Only at Exmouth.”
She drew a deep sigh, seemingly of relief, and settled back in a corner. By the light of the lamp that hung in its brass fixtures opposite, I could see her face, that of a lovely child. Apparently she was not more than sixteen, with large blue eyes, golden hair drawn straight away from her face, and a little rosy mouth like that of a baby.
“Do you expect friends to meet you at Bayswater, my child?” I asked.
“No sir—I am going to school there.”
“It will be an awkward hour for you to arrive by yourself—one in the morning.”
“Oh, I am not afraid,” she said, with an artless little laugh; “I shall go straight to the seminary.”
So the express train thundered on with steady, ceaseless pulsations of its iron heart and a constant roar.
Suddenly the signal whistle sounded and the train began to slacken its speed.
“Surely we are not at Exmouth, yet,” I thought, “unless I have fallen unconsciously asleep, and allowed the progress of time to escape me.”
I glanced at my watch; it was nearly half past eleven, and I knew we were not due at Exmouth until a few minutes after twelve. I rubbed the frost from the window pane and looked out.
We had stopped at a lonely little way station in the midst of dense pine woods.
“Is this Exmouth?”
“No—I don't know what place this is; so may you station.”
“Does this train stop at way stations?”
“Never, generally; they must have been especially signalled here. You are cold, my child, your voice trembles.”
“It is cold,” she said in a scarcely audible voice, drawing her shawl around her. “Oh, I wish they would hurry on—on—on!”
“We are moving once more,” I said.—“Conductor”—for the man with the tickets was passing through the car,—“why did we stop at that backwoods place?”
“Out of water,” was the reply, as he hurriedly passed by.
Now I knew perfectly well that this answer was not the true solution of the matter. Our delay had not exceeded half a minute, altogether too short a time for replenishing the boilers; and where on earth was the water to come from in that desolate stretch of barren pine woods?
Five minutes after the conductor entered the car; I made room for him at my side.
“Sit down, conductor—you've nothing to do this minute.”
He obeyed.
“What did you mean by telling me such a story just now?”

I spoke under my breath; he replied in the same tone.
“About what?”
“About the reason you stopped just now.”
He smiled.
“To tell you the truth, I stopped to take on a single passenger—a gentleman who has come down from Bayswater.”
“For the pleasure of traveling once more over the same route?”
“Exactly so—for the pleasure of traveling in certain society. Do not be alarmed for your own safety—it's a detective policeman!”
“I was about to repeat the words in astonishment when he motioned me to keep silent.”
“Who is the offender?” I asked.
“I don't know myself yet. He doesn't want a scene until the moment of arrest; therefore we are safe enough until we reach Bayswater.”
“Where is he?”
“The detective? He sits by the door yonder, with a ragged fur cap pulled over his eyes. Did you ever see a more perfect specimen of the dilapidated countryman?”
I smiled at the figure pointed out to me; I could not help it.
“What is the case?” I inquired.
“A murder—a man and his wife and their two little children—their throats cut last night, and the house burned down afterwards.”
“Great heavens!”
“We had continued the conversation throughout in a whisper, scarcely above our breath, and now the conductor rose and left me to study the faces of my fellow passengers with a curious feeling of dread and horror.
Somehow, often as I revolved the matter in my mind, my fancy would settle on a coarse, cross-looking man opposite me, with a bushy beard and a shaggy wool coat, the latter with the collar turned up around his ears. I felt convinced that this man of brutal eye and heavy, hanging jaw was the Cain, and as I looked furtively across, I caught the wide-open eyes of the fair little girl fixed on me.
Obeying the instantaneous impulse of my heart, I rose and went to her.
“You heard what we were saying, my child?”
“Yes—a murder—how horrible!”
“Do not be frightened; no one shall hurt you.”
She smiled up in my face with sweet, confiding innocence.
Our stop at Exmouth was brief; but during the delay, I could see that the watchful detective had changed his seat for one nearer the British man in the shaggy coat.
“See,” faltered the young girl, “they locked the doors at Exmouth; they are unlocking them now.”
“Probably they were fearful that the criminal would escape,” I remarked in an undertone.
“Will you—may I trouble you to bring me a glass of water?” asked the girl.
I rose and made my way towards the cooler by the door, but with difficulty, for the train was in rapid motion. To my disappointment, I found the tin goblet chained to the shelf.
“No matter,” said she, with a winning smile; “I will come myself.”
I drew the water and held up the cup; but instead of taking it as she approached, she brushed suddenly past me, opened the door, and rushed out on the platform.
“Stop her! stop her!” shouted the detective, springing to his feet; “she will be killed. Conductor—brake men—hold up!”
There was a rush, a tumult, a bustle. I was the first upon the platform, but it was empty and deserted, save by a half-frozen looking brakeman, who seemed horror-stricken.
“She went past me like a shadow, and jumped off as we crossed the Cairn turnpike,” he stammered.
“Jumped off the express train!” exclaimed the conductor. “She must have been killed instantly.”
“It's five hundred dollars out of my pocket,” said the detective, ruefully. “I didn't want a row before we got to Bayswater, but I was a confounded fool. A woman cornered will do anything, I believe!”
“What!” I ejaculated; “you surely do not mean that that child—?”
“I mean,” said the detective, calmly, “that that child, as you call her, is Attia Burton, a married woman of twenty-six years of age, who last night murdered four persons in cold blood, and was now trying to escape to Canada. That's what I mean!”
The train was stopped, and a party of us, headed by the conductor and detective, went back to search for the young creature whose loveliness and apparent innocence had appealed to my sympathies so strongly. Nor was it long till we found her, lying by the side of the track, quite dead, and mutilated by the force of the fall almost beyond recognition.
“Well, she's escaped justice in this world, if not in the next,” said the detective, gloomily, as he stood looking down upon her remains.
“Do you suppose she expected to be able to spring off the train without injury?” I asked.

“Without much injury—yes; women are unreasoning creatures. But I never dreamed of such insane folly, or I should have taken prompt measures to have prevented it.”
They lifted up the fair, dead body, and carried it to the nearest place of refuge—a lonely farm house among the frozen hills, and we returned to the train, reaching Bayswater only a few minutes behind our regular time.
And when I read the account of the murders in the next morning's papers, I thought of the slender creature's blue eyes and rose bud mouth, with a strange, pitying thrill at my heart.

The Official Report Relative to the Capture of Jeff. Davis.
Last January, the House Committee, on claims was instructed to investigate and report all the facts connected with the capture of Jeff. Davis. The evidence taken pursuant to that authority has just been published, and contains a few interesting details. The main facts are the same as appeared immediately after Jeff. Davis's capture, but there are some points cleared up in which have been enveloped until now in some little doubt and uncertainty.
The evidence comprises a deposition of General J. H. Wilson, made before the committee on the 27th of January last, a lengthy report by the same officer to General Grant, bearing date January 17, 1867, and reports by Generals E. F. Winslow and A. J. Alexander, Colonel Henry Harnden, Lieutenant O. P. Clinton, and private J. J. Alpin of the First Wisconsin cavalry. The report of General Wilson gives a full account of the capture, the unfortunate mistake between Colonels Pritchard and Harnden, and the condition of the arch traitor at the moment of his apprehension. The General sticks to the old version, that Jeff. Davis was disguised partially in the attire of a female, alluding to the subject in the following language:—“During the firing of the skirmish just referred to, the adjutant of the Fourth Michigan, Lieutenant J. G. Dickinson, after having looked to the security of the rebel camp, and sent forward a number of the men who had straggled, was about to go to the front himself, when his attention was called by one of the men to three persons in female attire, who had apparently just left one of the large tents near by, and were moving towards the thick woods. He started at once towards them, and called out, ‘Halt.’ But not hearing him, or not caring to obey, they continued to move off. Just then they were confronted by three men, under direction of Corporal Munger, coming from an opposite direction. The corporal recognized one of the persons as Davis, advanced carbine, and demanded his surrender. The three persons halted, and, by the actions of the two who afterwards turned out to be women, all doubt as to the identity of the third person was removed.—The individuals thus arrested were found to be Miss Howell, Mrs. Davis and Jefferson Davis. As they walked back to the tent from which they had tried to escape, Lieutenant Dickinson observed that Davis's high top boots were not covered by his disguise, which fact, probably, led to his recognition by Corporal Munger.”—As the friends of Davis have strenuously denied that he was disguised as a woman, it may not be improper to specify the exact articles of woman's apparel which he had upon him when first seen by Lieutenant Dickinson and Corporal Munger. The former states that he “was one of the three persons dressed in woman's attire, and had a black mantle wrapped about his head, through the top of which could be seen locks of his hair.” Captain G. W. Lawton, of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, states explicitly, upon the testimony of the officers present, that Davis, in addition to his full suit of Confederate gray, had on “a lady's waterproof cloak, gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over his head, and carrying a tin pal!” Colonel Pritchard says, in his official report, that he received from Mrs. Davis, on board the steamer Clyde, off Fortress Monroe, a waterproof cloak, or robe, which was worn by Davis as a disguise, and which was identified by the men who saw it on him at the time of his capture. He secured the balance of the disguise the next day. It consisted of a shawl, which was identified in a similar manner by both Mrs. Davis and the men. From these circumstances, there seems to be no doubt whatever that Davis sought to avoid capture by assuming the dress of a woman, or that the ladies of the party endeavored to pass him off upon his captors as one of themselves.

HIFALUTIN.—Albert Pike, of the Memphis Appeal, has an unusual command of language. Here is one of his impressive sentences: “Bankruptcy, foreign war, internal hatreds, a hell of fire thinly crusted over, new dissensions, separations, strife, new rivers of blood, repeated decimations, new lightnings of the red deserved wrath of God, the corroding stains of innocent blood upon the soul, the insensate horrid lapse into the most hideous despotisms, all the Danteque horrors of the infernal regions that the shadow of dead nations, tortured, inhabit—all these stare upon them out of the grim, silent darkness of the future days.”

—A lady wrote to Boston for a book entitled “Trust in God.” The bookseller had none and could procure none, and replied—“There is no trust in God to be found in Boston.”

—An Irish attorney decides that no printer should publish a death notice unless apprised of the fact of the death by the party deceased.

—A bashful musician, upon being requested to play a tune on his cornet, turned red and white and blew.

—There is nothing in a name, but there is a great deal in an aim. Atm high!

—Bankruptcy: the buds are bursting.

Letter from Kansas.
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, April 26, 1867.
To the Editor of The Alleghanian:
On Wednesday, 24th instant, at about fifteen minutes before 3 o'clock, there happened an event which startled our people from the quiet of their ways, and filled the streets with crowds of wondering, fearing mortals—an earthquake. It was first noticeable from a steady vibration of the earth lasting some twenty-five seconds; then came a short pause, followed by a terrible rumbling as of thunder and tempest combined, accompanied by a terrific jar, as if the earth itself rebelled against man and man's work. The motion of the earth during the initial stage of the event seemed like that apparent to one who lies upon the ground near by while a ponderous train of cars is passing. The duration of the first shock was hardly long enough to permit one to realize what was happening, and the pause or intermission in the vibration naturally left the impression that it had been caused by some superterrene incident. But the second shock came with such vehemence and power that all rushed instantly to the open air. The streets were filled with crowds of terror-stricken people, all more or less pallid or flushed, as fear or excitement held the mastery. All were unusually talkative, and it was soon settled that we had had an earthquake—a genuine earthquake, and a violent one at that. Its effects were only apparent during its continuance. Huge three and four story brick buildings seemed toppling from roof to foundation; windows were violently shaken; a terrible rumbling, accompanied by a sort of hissing sound as of impalpable wind, was heard; and an electric current passed violently through the air, every living thing being sensible of its effect, though too much alarmed to comprehend it. Business houses were damaged to a small extent, dry goods being piled promiscuously on the floor, earthenware displaced, and in many instances plastering torn from the ceiling. Altogether, it was an event long to be remembered, and I doubt not the panic-stricken crowds that filled the streets on that day will remember it with feelings of awe and trembling.

The Indian war is fast assuming some definite shape. Gen. Hancock is now at Fort Zarah with his command, numbering some 4,000 men. Gen. Custar had quite a skirmish with a body of red-skins on the 19th, and succeeded in sending six or eight to their “happy hunting ground.” The latest news from “the front” is that a large body of Cheyennes, Brule Sioux, and Kiowas, estimated at from 400 to 500 lodges, which would give a fighting force of from 2,000 to 2,500 warriors, is encamped about thirty miles west of Fort Zarah, on or near what is called “Cimaron crossing,” and it is expected that Gen. H. will move forward soon and attack them, should they possess enough courage to make a stand. Gen. Hancock is an able soldier, but he lacks the men to prosecute a successful campaign against these prairie hordes. All signs will fail if we do not this summer see an onslaught made by the painted savages on the frontier settlements and the lines of travel across the plains, more formidable and carried on with greater persistence than any Indian war since the death of Tecumseh. Their fancied wrongs, magnified and aggravated by the timid, hesitating policy of the Government, have filled their hearts with feelings of bitterest revenge against the whites. Had Gen. H. enough men to “corral” the dusky warriors, instead of being obliged to submit to their insults he could avenge the murder of white men in the blood of ten times the number of their murderers. Say what we will, the false humanitarian policy of dealing gently with the Indians will not do. The bleaching bones of thousands of whites along the great roads offer their grim, silent protest against it; the interests of progress and civilization forbid its further continuance, and the safety of the frontier settlements and the prevention of a repetition of scenes like those of Minnesota and Fort Phil Kearney cry out against it. KAW.

—In a violent quarrel in San Francisco, between a Chinaman and a Jew, the former exclaimed in wrath and scorn—“Oh, yes—my savvy you—you killee Mellican man's Josh!”

—A bachelor's epitaph: “At three-score winters' end I died, a cheerless being, sole and sad; the nuptial knot I never tied, and wish my father never had.”