

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
M. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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

VOLUME 8. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1867. NUMBER 35.

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Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co's Bank House. Jan 24

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

Attends also to the collection of claims and suits against the Government. Jan 24

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Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes at reduced rates. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Judgments, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written, and all legal business promptly attended to. Pensions increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. Jan 24

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. Jan 24

Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to at his office. Jan 24

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

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S. References: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond; W. R. Handy; A. A. Blaudy; P. H. Auld. of the Baltimore College. Jan 24

Office at Ebensburg on the fourth day 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 paid on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted. Jan 24, 1867.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—ALTOONA, PA. Drafts on the principal cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or on time, with interest at our rates. Jan 24

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CAPITAL PAID IN.....\$300,000 00
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THE FEELINGS OF THE DEAD.

"In the winter of 1857," said Mr. H—, "there was a great deal of typhus fever in Edinburg. It was a gloomy, sad winter, changing frequently from hard frost to warm, rainy, oppressive weather; and never did my native city better deserve the name of *Auld Reekie* than during nearly four months of that year. The high winds, to which we are generally subjected in winter, seemed to have ceased altogether; the smoke, instead of rising, beat down upon the city; and notwithstanding its elevated situation, and fine mountain air, the streets and houses were so murky dark that there was little difference between the short, dim day and the long and early night. A sort of oppression fell upon all men's spirits, which was increased by the floating rumors of the awful ravages of disease in the town, brought home to us, every now and then, by the death of an acquaintance, friend or relation. Gradually the fever increased in virulence, and extended far and wide, till it became almost a pestilence. It confined itself to no class or age. Judges, lawyers, physicians, were smitten as well as the humblest classes; old and young fell alike before it. Many good men in the ministry were taken away. It assumed the worst form of all, however, in the prisons of the city, and the account of its ravages within their walls was tremendous. As the minister of the — Kirk, I was not absolutely called upon to attend the prisoners; but I heard that two of my brethren had died, in consequence of their zealous care of the poor souls within those heavy walls. It was with difficulty that a sufficient number of the clergy could be found to attend to their spiritual wants, and I volunteered to visit the prisons daily myself. For nearly a fortnight I continued in the performance of the functions I had undertaken, without suffering in the least except mentally; from witnessing the suffering of others. But one Saturday night, as I returned home through the very gloomy streets, I felt a lassitude upon me, an utter prostration of strength, which forced me to stop twice, in order to rest, before I reached my own door. I attributed it to excessive fatigue; for I was without the slightest apprehension, and never looked forward to the coming calamity. When I reached home, I could not eat; my appetite was gone. But that I attributed also to fatigue, and I went quietly to bed. During the night, however, intense pain in the back and in the forehead succeeded; a burning heat spread all over me; my tongue became parched and dry; my mind wandered slightly; and, instead of rising to preach as I intended, I was obliged to lie still, and send for a physician with the first ray of the morning light. His visit is the last thing I recollect for several days. I remember his ordering all the windows to be opened, notwithstanding the coldness of the day, and causing saucers, filled with some disinfecting fluid, to be placed in different parts of the room, in order to guard my wife and children against the infection. I then, for the first time, discovered that I had caught the fever. I remember little more—so violent delirium set in soon—till suddenly, after a lapse of several days, I regained my consciousness, and with a conviction that I was dying. My wife was kneeling, weeping, by my bedside; and two physicians and a nurse were present; and it was strange, after the dull state of perfect insensibility in which I had lain during the last twenty-four hours, how completely all my senses had returned, how keen were all my perceptions, how perfect my powers of thought and reason. In my very healthiest days, I never remember to have had so complete command of all my mental faculties as at that moment. But I was reduced to infant weakness; and there was a sensation of sinking faintness, not confined to any one part, or organ, but spreading over my whole frame, which plainly announced to me that the great event was coming. They gave me some brandy in teaspoonfuls; but it had no other effect than to enable me to utter a few words of affection and consolation to my wife, and then the power of speech departed altogether. The sensation that succeeded I cannot describe. Few have felt it. But I have conversed with one or two who have experienced the same, and I never found one who, either by a figure or by direct language, could convey any notion of it. The utmost I can say is, that it was a feeling of extinction.—Fainting is very different. This was dying, and a single moment of perfect unconsciousness succeeded.

"Every one believed me dead. My eyes were closed, and weights put upon them. The lower jaw, which remained dropped, was bound up with black ribbon. My wife was hurried from the room, sobbing sadly; and there I lay, motionless, voiceless, sightless; growing colder, and more cold, my limbs becoming, my heart without pulsation, dead, all but in spirit, and with but one corporal faculty in its original acuteness. Not only did my hearing remain perfect and entire, but it seemed to be quickened, and rendered ten times more sensitive than ever. I could hear sounds in the house, at a distance from my chamber, which had never reached me there before. The convulsive sobbing of my wife in a distant room; the murmured conversation of the physicians in a

chamber below; the little feet of my children treading with timid steps as they passed the chamber of death; and the voice of the nurse saying, 'Hush, my dear, hush,' as the eldest wept aloud in ascending the stairs.

"There was an old woman left with a light to watch with the dead body, and I cannot tell you how painful to me was her moving about the room, her muttering to herself, and her heavy snoring when she fell asleep. But more terrible anguish was in store. On the following morning, the undertaker came to measure me for my coffin. Although, as I have said, I was all benumbed, yet I had a faint remnant of feeling, which made me know when anything touched me, and a consciousness as perfect as in the highest days of health. You can fancy, better than I can tell, what I endured when I felt the man's measure run over my body to take the precise size for the awful receptacle that was to carry me to the grave. Then came the discussion of half an hour between him and the old crone in the chamber, in regard to the black gloves and hat-bands. I am really ashamed of myself when I remember the sensations I experienced. I never felt so unchristian in my life as I did then, when lying, to all appearance, dead; and the worst of it all was, I could not master those sensations. Will seemed to be at an end, even when consciousness remained entire.—After that, what I most distinctly remember was a long, dull blank. I fancy the room was left vacant, for I had no perceptions. The spirit was left to itself.—Its only remaining organ of communication with the material world had nothing to act upon, and thought was all in all. But thought was intensely terrible.—True, thought was concentrated altogether upon one subject. Every man has much to repeat of. Every man who believes, has much to hope and to fear in the presence of another world. But repentance, hope, fear—I tell you the plain truth—a sinner would itself, never came into my mind. They seemed to have died away from memory, with that extinction of will of which I have spoken. All I thought of then was, that I was lying there living, and was about to be buried with the dead. It was like one of those terrible dreams in which we seem to be grasped by some monster, or some assassin, and struggle to shriek, or to resist, but have neither power to utter a sound nor to move a limb.

"I will not dwell much upon the farther particulars. The coffin was brought into the room; I was dressed in my grave-clothes; I was moved into that narrow bed, stiff, and rigid as a stone, with agony of mind which I thought must have awakened some power in the cold dull mass which bound up my spirit. One whole night I lay there in the coffin, hearing the tick of the clock upon the stairs—filled with strange and wild impressions—doubting whether I were really dead or whether I were living—longing to see and know if my flesh were actually corrupting—fancying that I felt the worm. The morn broke; a dim, gray light found its way through my closed eyelids; and about an hour after I heard the step of the undertaker and another man in the room. One of them dropped something heavily on the floor, and a minute after, they came close to the coffin, and the undertaker asked his assistant for the screw-driver. It was the last instant of hope, and all was agony. Suddenly I heard my wife's step quite at the foot of the stairs. 'Oh, God! she will never let them!' I thought. 'She who loved me so well, and who was so dearly loved!'

"She came very slowly up the stairs, and the step paused at the door. I fancied I could see her, pale and trembling, there. The undertaker asked in a loud voice, for the coffin-lid. But the door opened, and Isabella's voice exclaimed, 'Oh, not yet—not yet! Let me look at him once again!'

"Love and sorrow spoke in every tone. My spirit thanked her, and never had I felt such ardent love for her as then.—But the idea of living burial was still pre-eminent. If she took that last look and left me, all was over. My anguish was beyond all description. It seemed to rouse my spirit to some great, tremendous effort. I tried to groan, to speak, to cry, to move, even to breathe. Suddenly, in that great agony, a single drop of perspiration broke out upon my forehead. It felt like molten iron pouring through the skin. But the deadly spell was broken. My arms struggled within their covering; I partly raised my head, and opened my eyes wide.

"A loud, long shriek rang through the room and my wife cast herself upon the coffin, between me and the hateful covering the man held in his hands.

"I need not tell you all that followed—for here I am, alive and in perfect health. But I have never recovered my original color, and have ever remained as you see me now. The event, however, has been a warning to me. In many cases, previously, I had calmly seen people hurried very early to the grave; but ever since, wherever I had influence, I have prevented the dead from being buried before some signs of corruption presented themselves; for I am perfectly convinced that those signs are the only real tests of death."

—Tenderness is the repose of passion.

Lincoln's Home and Grave.

A Springfield correspondent writes as follows: From the square's southeast corner, following Sixth street southward, to the third cross street, and then turning east two blocks, on the northeast corner of Eighth and Jackson streets, we find the house which Abraham Lincoln occupied from the spring following his marriage up to the time of his departure for Washington.

At first of a single story, the second was added in 1857. It stands above the street, on ground embraced by a brick wall, surmounted by a wooden paling, corresponding to the color of the house, light drab, and so near the street that steps of stone beneath the gate climb nearly to the door. A weather-board house, tall and slim, the front facing west, showing five windows above and four below, all with green shades; a pair on each side the door, which is in the center and has side-lights of plain glass.—Over the door climbs a rose-bush, and nearly opposite the southern corner, at the pavement's outer edge, stands an elm, planted by Mr. Lincoln's own hand.—Between the house and fence, round the front and south, runs a strip of turf, worn by a footpath in the center.

The south presents to view the end of the front, with its four similar windows, a pair above and below, and a back; also, double-storied, but its roof at right angles coming just beneath the jutting eaves of the other—both plain shingled.

This extension comes to the line of this side of the first story only, and with a latticed porch, from which climbing roses exclude the noon, to which at the same distance from the house-line at the front a similar gate opens. Over the porch roof, rimmed with its iron baluster, face a pair of retired windows from the second story. Near the rear corner stands a pair of apple trees; and from the corner to the alley, the fence changes from paling to upright boards, of uniform color, above which, near by, from the alley, peep a little barn and wood-shed, smouldering mats of verdure.

On the north, front and back are together on the line that bounds the neighbors' sward, over which eight windows, four to each part, swing open, disclosing to view green blinds. To a front gaze, the house seems to prick up its ears.

The property is now the children's, a present from their mother. It is occupied by a tenant, admitted to possession upon the departure of the family—Mr. Tilton, president of the Toledo, Wabash and Great Western Railroad. Ringing the bell, we enter the hall bisecting the front, from which on the right opens Mrs. Lincoln's parlor, now a bed-room, in which a plain low black walnut bedstead remains from former furniture. Here Mr. Lincoln received the wondering wire pullers, who, after the nomination up to the removal, besieged in a tide the "honest man." They entered the drawing-room opposite, which, through folding doors, extends back thirty feet, whence, after touching the hand of the tall spirit, loosed from their convention bottle, they returned through the dining-room, which opens back from the right wall of the drawing-room, and thence, re-entering the hall, passed out. From this hall, a winding staircase leads to two front bed-rooms, of which the south one still shows a marble top bureau and wash stand and a walnut wardrobe, relics of the former possessors. The other is hallowed by night thoughts of "Lincoln at home."

In the front drawing-room remain a what-not and marble top stand, and back in the right hand corner, in its old position, is the identical book-case, with its writing leaf, over which Lincoln leaned to study, and on which was inscribed the first inaugural. Here were received the Chicago delegation, with their momentous tribute of nomination. Upon the writing leaf of the book-case lies a register, where visitors leave their names. Many of the signatures are those of soldiers. A bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church to his sign manual has added: "One of the mourners among the millions of the same class who mourn the loss of the most righteous ruler that has ruled a nation in modern times. The best of all was, God was with him, and he died a martyr to the cause of God and bleeding humanity."

Another visitor, a lady from Iowa, left the following acoustic:

"Ages to come, and men shall cry,
Behold a name divine and blest;
Robed in light that cannot die,
And in immortal honor dress.
Henceforth secure from blight or blame,
A growing fame shall crown thy head;
Martyred in freedom's holy name;
Living to freedom's cause though dead.
Trusted with a nation's weal,
None ever ruled with wiser sway;
Champion of right, we deeply feel
Our loss in thee; thy form we lay
Low in the dark; yet from thy tomb
New hopes and joys and blessings bloom."

In a plain black frame lies a small piece of blood-stained cloth, and beneath, on the paper upon which it rests, is written the name of Laura Keane. This blood-stain is from Lincoln's death wound, and is part of the dress worn by the actress into whose lap, on that fatal night, was laid the poor, pierced head of the martyr. The relic was left by Miss Keane herself. Barnum has in vain tried to buy it.

Oakridge, the city cemetery, distant three miles north, is where Lincoln's body lies. Horse cars carry visitors to the tomb twice an hour. At the end of the track, near the cemetery, is a small park, with winding walks, seats, swings, and a little pagoda. From the park, a path, down a ravine and through a gate to the left, across a foot-bridge and over a highway coming into the city, leads to the gate of the cemetery. By this ravine the cemetery is traversed; into it the gate opens; upon the right hand above spreads the common burial ground, and upon the left, on the brow of the hill, surrounded by a few acres lately devoted and made sacred to a single memory, stands a plain, low vault of brick, roofed over with turf—the martyr's temporary resting-place till the lingering "Lincoln Monument" shall be completed.

The cemetery is a lovely spot, well interlaced with walks and drives, and, after a ramble among marble, foliage and flowers, a little brown frame lodge on the edge of the hill, near the gate, invites one in, and opens its unpretending register for pilgrims to study and sign. All kinds of autographs may here be found—male and female, skilled and rude, some right clerly, others mere scrawls. Here is the name of an old neighbor, there one from over the sea; now names with a little distinction of their own, then more to be read alone by the lustre of another; this a tribute of high breeding, that of a poor ploughman, whose pen's straggling furrow, more eloquent, proves the force of a spirit, that, though from earth lifted, from heaven still quickens clouds of the valley.

Thus: "Twenty-eight years a friend and neighbor of A. Lincoln, whose fame is unrivaled in America."

Some one, with Burns imbued, from Jackson, La., writes:

"An honest man now lies at rest,
As ever God with courage blest;
Few hearts like his with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed."

Another, from Sussex, England:—"Came two thousand miles to pay tribute to the world's greatest son."

Schuyler Colfax leaves this motto:—"God buries his workman, but his work goes on."

James Redpath, too: "How most fitly shall a hero be worshipped? By leaving his tomb to carry out his work. Whom he emancipated, let us enfranchise."

This is in the humblest character:—"Blessed are those the poor man's case consider."

And this: "I have seen thy tomb, dear friend. May thou rest in peace."

About Literary Men.

All the friends of Sterne knew him to be a most selfish man, yet, as a writer he excelled in pathos and charity. At one time beating his wife, at another wasting his sympathies over a dead donkey. So Seneca wrote in praise of poverty, on a table formed of solid gold, with millions let out at usury.

It is a remarkable fact that the mass of poetry which gave Burns his principal fame burst from him in a very short space of time, not exceeding fifteen minutes.—It was a sudden, impetuous flow, which soon seemed to exhaust itself.

Balzac, the finest writer in French prose, who gives vast majesty and harmony to his periods, has been known to bestow a week upon a single page of composition, and was never satisfied with the best productions of his pen.

Martin Luther's literary labors were enormous. During an interval of less than thirty years, he published seven hundred and fifteen volumes; some were pamphlets, but the most of them were large and elaborate treatises. He was very fond of his dog, which was ever by his side.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock, he had book, manuscript and paper brought to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again, there to resume his studies.

Byron was an exceedingly rapid writer and composer. He produced the whole of "Bride of Abydos" in a single night; and it is said without even mending his pen. The pen is preserved in the British Museum.

Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to the fullest activity. He says: "The things I have written the quickest have always pleased me the best."

Dr. Johnson preferred conversation to books, and owned that he had hardly read a single book through, declaring that the perpetual task of reading was as bad as slavery in the mine, or labor at the oar.

—An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand organ, says: "When he played Old Dog Tray, we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing away the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

—Theodore Parker aptly compared some who grew suddenly rich to cabbages growing in a bed. They smother the violets, but are after all nothing but cabbage heads.

A Turkish Legend.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

A certain Pacha, dead five thousand years, Once from his harem fled in sudden tears, And had this sentence on the city's gate Deeply engraven, "Only God is great!"

So these four words above the city's noise Hung like the accents of an angel's voice; And evermore, from the high barbacan, Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost in that city's glory. Every gust Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pacha's dust.

And all is ruin—save one wrinkled gate, Whereon is written, "Only God is great!"

The Harper Brothers.

Not far from where the present establishment of the Harpers stands, in New York city, James Harper began his work. He held the lowest position in the printing office. All mean and servile work was put upon him. The sons of judges, aldermen, lawyers, and men of money were in trade and merchandise around the office. These pert, well dressed, and proud striplings often crossed the pathway of the rustic lad. His shoes were heavy, coarse, and ungainly. His clothes, made from cloth manufactured in the old homestead, were rough in material and slovenly in make. The young bucks delighted to ridicule James. They would shout to him across the street—"Did your boots come from Paris?" and "Jim, give us a card to your tailor?" and "What did your mother give a yard for your broadcloth?" Sometimes the rude fellows would come near, and under the pretense of feeling of the fineness of the cloth, would grab the flesh. Insulting and taunting as all this was, he bore it for a while with meekness. This was construed as cowardice.

The young printer saw that he must end this treatment, and that he could only do it by taking a firm and manly stand. He had no idea of wealth or position. It was his purpose to do right—to so conduct himself that his mother would not be ashamed of him. All the success and position that could attend fidelity to duty, he meant to secure, but he resolved not to be imposed upon. One day, while doing some menial work, he was assaulted by one of his tormentors. He deliberately set down a pail that he was carrying, turned on his assailant, booted him severely, and then said: "Take that; that's my card; take good care of it; when I am out of my time and set up for myself, and you need employment, as you will, come to me and bring that card, and I'll give you work." Strange to say, forty-one years after, that same person came to James Harper's establishment and asked employment, claiming it on the ground that the "card" he had given him forty-one years ago, he had kept to that day.

When James was free, having served out his time, his master said to him, "You have been faithful, and shall always have a good place in my office." The master was not a little surprised to hear the young man announce his intention of setting up for himself. Already he said he could have the printing of a book if he could get a certificate that he was worthy of it. If his master would give him the certificate, he could get the job. This was readily given, and the work began. In 1817, James and John Harper opened a small book and job printing office in Dover street. Ever Duyckinck, the leading publisher of that day, was the first to employ the Harpers. The first book published by the firm was Seneca's *Morals*, 2,000 copies of which were delivered on the 5th day of August, 1817. The second job was of more consequence. The book to be printed was the *Episcopal Prayer Book*. It was to be stereotyped. That part of the craft in those days was in a crude state and the work rudely done. They had contracted to do the work for fifty cents a token. They found that they would have to pay the full sum to have it stereotyped, and no profit would be left to themselves. They resolved to stereotype the work. It was difficult and slow; but it was done, and gave great satisfaction. It was pronounced the best piece of stereotyping ever seen in New York. The character of the work coming from this firm, its industry, probity, promptness, and enterprise, placed it at once at the head of the business in New York. In six years, the establishment became the largest in the city. To the original firm, in 1823, the name of Joseph Westley Harper. In 1826, Fletcher Harper joined the firm. These four make the firm of Harper Brothers. The house has now a world wide fame. The great establishments of Europe do not combine, as do the Harpers, all the departments of labor needful for the production of a perfect book. European books are mainly sold in sheets. The binding is carried on as a separate business. It has no connection with printing. The Harpers do printing, electrotyping, stereotyping, and binding. A roll of manuscript is taken from the author, types from the founder, a side of leather from the carrier, and paper from the manufacturer. These leave the establishment a complete book, printed and illustrated in the most magnificent style of art.