

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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**JOHN 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]

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**A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

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

**GEORGE W. GATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

**BEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,** Summit, Pa. Office east of Mans' on Bone, on East Street. Night calls promptly attended to at his office. [May 23]

**R. DE WITT ZEIGLER—** Having permanently located in Ebensburg, offers his professional services to the people of town and vicinity. Office on East Street, over R. R. Thomas' store. [Sep 19]

**LOID & CO., Bankers—** Ebensburg, Pa. Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest on deposits. Collections made on all parts of the United States. [Jan 24]

**M. LOYD & Co., Bankers—** Altoona, Pa. On the principal cities, and Silver sold for sale. Collections made. Interest on deposits. [Jan 24]

**JOHN LLOYD, Cashier, NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA, GOVERNMENT AGENCY, DEPOSITARY OF THE UNITED STATES.** Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North Altoona, Pa. [Jan 24]

**RES J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Lunn, Dealer in** DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES, AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE OILS AND BEHANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. [Jan 24]

**SHARRETT'S DESERT, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting, Graining and Paper Hanging.** Work done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in basement of Hall, Ebensburg, Pa. [May 9 6m]

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

**DO YOU SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ALLEGHANIAN?**

**October.**  
My soul has grown too great to-day  
To utter all it would!  
Oh! these preventing bonds of clay!  
When will my spirit learn to say,  
Unlettered, all it should!

I'm out in the free old wood once more,  
With whispering boughs overhead;  
Strange influences around me steal,  
And yet, what deepest I feel  
Must ever be unsaid.

These glowing, glowing autumn hours!  
These wildering, gorgeous days!  
This dainty show of gorgeous flowers,  
As though with dusty, golden showers  
The air were all a-breeze!

This living, shining, burnished wood,  
Tricked with a thousand dyes!  
Its strong ribs laced with crimson sheen,  
And decked with gold and glittering green,  
Like kingly tapestries!

This tangled roof of braided light  
Above me richly flung!  
These glimpses of the sky's soft blue!  
This quivering sunshine melting through!  
The wide earth, glory-hung!

How shall I utter all I would?  
Alas! my struggling soul!  
It strives to grasp these glorious things,  
As strives a bird on broken wings  
To struggle to its goal.

**One of Many.**  
"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents."  
Kate Landman spoke very carefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her looks.  
"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert.  
"I want to get some braids for my new dress."  
"I thought you had the material; all on hand for that."  
"So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braids upon theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and it certainly adds much to the looks of the dress."  
"Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-majigs cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money when once a woman thinks of a new dress."  
"Surely I don't have so many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can."  
"It's a funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must."  
And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted out the seventy-five cents, but he gave it grudgingly, and when he put the wallet back into his pocket, he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say that he wouldn't take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door, on his way to his work, he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon re-entering the sitting-room, he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.  
"Good gracious!" said the husband, "I would like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"  
"I wasn't crying at what you said, Albert," replied Kate, tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor I was thinking how hard I have to work—how I am tied to the house—how many little things I have to perplex me—and then to think—"  
"Pshaw! What do you want to be so foolish for?"  
And away started Albert Landman a second time, but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall, he was met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy-checked girl of ten years.  
"O, papa, give me fifteen cents!" she cried.  
"What?"  
"O, I want fifteen cents. Do please give them to me."  
"What in the world do you want with the money? Are they changing school books again?"  
"No; I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Ruck and Sarah Allen. Mr. Grant has got some really pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?"  
"Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the streets."  
"Please, papa!"  
"No, I tell you!"  
The bright blue eyes were filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

This was in the morning. At noon, when he came home to his dinner, there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even little Lizzie, usually so gay and blithesome, was sad and silent.  
But these things could not last long in that household, for the husband and wife

revelled each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came to his supper, Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment the sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there, the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing wrong, and that the cloud had been nothing but the exaltation of a domestic ferment for which no one was particularly responsible, though he might have banished the conviction that women's fashions were a nuisance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft upon husbands' pockets.  
After tea, Albert did a few chores around the house, and then he lighted a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop, which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing painfully. He stopped his child, and asked what was the matter.  
She answered, as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at her and made fun of her old hoop—They had nice new hoops, while hers was old and ugly.  
"Never mind," said Albert, patting the little one upon the head, for the child's grief touched him, "perhaps we'll have a new hoop sometime."  
"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got one left—O, such a pretty one!"  
The sobbing had ceased as the child caught her father's hand, eagerly.  
"Not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think of it."  
Sobbing again, the child moved on towards home, dragging the hoop after her.

At one of the stores Albert Landman met some of his friends.  
"Halloo, Albert! What's up?"  
"Nothing in particular."  
"What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?"  
"Good I'm in for that."  
And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards; it was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough-scuffs upon his premises.  
They had played four games. Albert had won two, and his opponent had won two.  
"That's two and two," cried Tom Piper.  
"What do you say to playing them off, Albert?"  
"All right; go in," said Albert, full of animation.  
So they played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting contest. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a light laugh he went up to settle the bill. Five games—twenty cents a game; in all just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with grace, and never once seeming to feel that he could not afford it.  
"Have a cigar?" said Tom.  
"Yes."  
They lighted their cigars, and then sauntered down the hall to watch the play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table at which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.  
"It's a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanation; "and certainly it is one which can have no evil tendency."  
Albert heard the remarks very plainly, and he had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed acquainted with billiards, would say.  
"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment, and which is free from the attendant curse of gaming, is of itself an evil," remarked the second gentleman. "Such things are only evil so far as they excite and stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthful recreation."  
"That result can hardly follow such a game," said the first speaker.  
But the other shook his head.  
"You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First—it can lead men away from their business; and second it can lead men to spend money who have not that money to spend. You will understand me. I would not cry down the game of billiards, for if I understood it, I should certainly try you a game now; but whenever I visit a place of this kind I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance, observe that young man who is just settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say, from his manner, and from the fact that he feels it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is kind-hearted and generous, and I should judge that he means to do about as near right as he can. He has been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours' duration. If you observe, you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But how do you suppose it is in that young man's home! Suppose his wife had come

to him this morning, and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing—some household ornament, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and suppose his little child had put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture books with, what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and five have declared that they had not money to spare for any such purpose? And, moreover, they would have said so feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"  
"Upon my soul," responded the man who understood billiards, "you speak the point. I know that young man who has just paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him in a single particular. And, what is more, I happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it had become a genial companion in leisure moments; but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty cents a year."  
"Aye, and so it goes," said the other gentleman. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And yet how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands when they ask for trifling sums of money, and how grudgingly the mite is handed over when given! What perfect floods of joy might that dollar and forty cents have poured upon the children of the unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money goes."  
They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on, and Albert Landman arose from his seat, and left the hall. Never before had he had such thoughts as now possessed him: he had never dwelt upon the same grouping ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart-sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept away to her home almost broken-hearted for the want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed. And yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home, he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and prettiest hoop to be found, with driving stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning, when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, the question came to his mind: Which was the best and happiest result, this, or five games of billiards? The hoop had cost thirty cents. He could play two games of billiards less, and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation.  
A few mornings after this, as Albert rose from the breakfast table, he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.  
"Kate, what is it?" he asked.  
"Albert, could you spare me a half dollar this morning?"  
"Certainly, my love. Anything in reason to make you happy?"  
And out came the wallet, and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.  
What! tears at that! Was it possible that she had been so little used to such scenes on her part that a simple act of loving kindness thus affected her?  
How many games of billiards would be required to give such satisfaction as Albert Landman carried with him that morning to the shop!

A very simple lesson, is it not? But how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to the lesson!

**A GENTLE HINT.**—The Rev. Mr. Blank had traveled far to preach to a congregation at Smithville. After the sermon, he waited in patient expectation for an invitation from some one of the brethren to dine with him. But he waited in vain. One after another departed, until the church was almost as empty as the minister's epigastric region. Summoning up resolution, the hungry clergyman walked up to an elderly gentleman, who was just going out of the door, and accosted him with,  
"Will you go home to dinner with me to-day, brother?"  
"Where do you live?"  
"About twenty miles from this."  
"No," said the man, coloring, "but you must go with me."  
"Thank you—I will, cheerfully."  
And he went.

A Bremen journal contains the following curious advertisement: "A young gentleman on the point of getting married is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step."  
—An old lady announced in Court in Georgia that she had no counsel in her case excepting God. "My dear madam," said the judge, "He does not practice at this bar!"

**The Assassin's Death.**  
A correspondent writes an interesting description of a recent trip over the route of Booth's flight after the assassination and a visit to the scene of his death. We make the following extract:—  
I thought, on that spot, and at that time, how forsaken of home and of God Booth must have felt, limping upon his crutch, clinging to his carbine, full of his deadly secret, yet with the fustian claim that he deserved the last crust of the South for the revenge he had achieved for them. This gave, Wilkes Booth, as I did, passed in, at limping. When he went out again, his feet were sore no more.  
A dog barked as I went down the lane, through a second gate, and turning up toward the dwelling, I climbed the wooden steps and asked the old man if I could buy some supper. He said that he did not keep a hotel, but that it did not become him to dismiss people hungry on the road. Come in and share. I went through the same portal and my horse to the site of the same barn made memorable by the assassin. A table was already spread, and I sat down to a Virginia supper. I knew all the people around me. The son, who had crept into the barn and demanded the surrender of the fugitives, sat at my side, a quiet, countrified lad. The sisters, who had sponged Booth's mouth when he was dying, and heard alone, of all women, his last words, were passing in and out with relays of warm bread. The old man, who had been stricken dumb by a pistol presented at his head, ere he was well awake, was wheezily munching at the food. Here were the same prints on the wall, and among them an illustrated paper's depiction of the shooting of Booth in the barn. It gave me opportunity to say: "Times are less troublous, and guests, I hope, of a surer character."  
"We can't say the last, altogether, sir," was the reply. "There's been so many summons to go to court, and so many inquiries about us, that we don't feel quite secure yet. In fact, we got a bad visitor once, and the ghost of him don't seem to quit us. Our barn was a good one, and we felt the loss of it when it was burned. Nobody ever paid us for it. The officers tore up our bed linen, and got one of our horses. We never received a cent in pay. For a good while, people roamed around our house without permission. They did say we were a party to the assassination for a while. It was just an accident, as I may say, that saddled us with Booth. Why, bless you, he was desperate enough to compel us to give him bed and food."  
I further gleaned some impressions of the final hours of Booth's life. He was in a sort of wild state after he entered the house. His limb pained him very much, and he slept on a settee, brokenly and muttering. He was polite, however, but very nervous, and greatly desirous of having Harold come to him. His manner alternated between the darkest despondency and a sort of ecstasy. He spoke of his mother once, in a sort of childish dependence. He was feverish, and drank much water. He looked well to the road, and kept his carbine close by him. Some of the family suspected him to be one of the conspirators, but had little idea that he was the head and front of the tragedy. Once or twice his manner changed from the conversational to the threatening, and he succeeded in keeping the whole household tolerably well alarmed. The younger folks believed him merely a discharged soldier, wounded and flighty.

Once he said: "Men are all selfish, North and South. You might as well die for a nation of Yankees as of Virginians." Another time he cried out: "Good God! to be dying, and going away from home all the time!" He asked questions with regard to the murder of Mr. Lincoln, and said that he was the worst tyrant that ever lived. His pain of body was his chief theme. All were kind to him, but when Harold came back, they conferred together and resolved to hide in the barn, to the relief of all in the house.

Booth had not slept a wink when the place was surrounded. Although it was then nearly morning, he had been heard groaning and grumbling in the straw all night—so much so that it was said in the house he was as great a nuisance as a howling dog.  
After he was shot, his hour or two of life was a pitiable paralysis. He could neither say nor motion anything eloquent. His face got to be expressive of any sort of intelligence, and, though once very handsome, it looked almost like a negro's when he died.  
The sentiment of the Garrett house is of pity for his personal sufferings, without regard to the question of his deserts. One of the women said to me: "If he had been Judas, and talked so about his home, I would have pitied him."  
I went out in the night and stood by the site of the old barn. They have built a second shelter for their dogs and teams, but here the ground is bare and blackened yet. It is a scorched place. After the fire went out, and incendiaries and assassins had all gone, the old folks grumbled much at the loss of the structure, for it was a good barn, though an old one.—Then one of the detectives came back and found in the ashes some relics of Booth, and the neighbors came in and got a bolt

or a nail apiece, to keep as a relic. I could not find even so much as a charred ember to carry away. The ground is burnt dry, as if by lightning.  
A dog and a negro followed me out of the house, the latter to get my horse.—"Did you ever see Booth's ghost, Tom?" I asked. "No, sah!" was the reply; "no ghose neba visit me but de ghose of hard cash. But de folks in de neighborhood b'lieve in Booth's coming back. Some ob dem see him, but guess dey look for him."  
I got in the saddle, and stood a moment taking a last winkful of the scene. Dull enough for the birthplace of Richard Baxter—it seemed a strange place for a wild actor to die in. There never was a high crime, committed for fame, so disappointing as Booth's. He died like a poor homeless gipsy, and his funeral pyre was the mean shelter he sought, blasted for his sake.

**Philadelphia Manufactures.**  
We are somewhat astonished to notice that the Quaker city of Philadelphia puts forth a claim to being, not only the greatest manufacturing city on this continent, but, with the exception of London, the greatest in the world. We are all familiar with its advantages as a quiet and pleasant place of residence; but that it should claim to be a great industrial centre, will be news to many. As the matter is one, however, in which our merchants are directly interested, and the consumers of goods indirectly, we will give a brief synopsis of its claims.  
In 1860, according to the Census returns, there were in Philadelphia, 6,298 manufactories having a capital of \$73,318,885, which employed 98,000 hands, and produced an annual value of \$136,000,000. Recently, Mr. Edwin T. Freedley, a well known author, has prepared a volume of 700 pages, on the Manufactures of Philadelphia, and demonstrated that, in 1866, the factories produced over two hundred millions of dollars of staple goods. This is an astounding exhibit; no other city on the American continent approximates this amount. In 1855, the State of Massachusetts, including Boston, Lowell, and all her famous manufacturing towns, did not produce more than two hundred and forty millions. In 1860, New York had only seven small Cotton Goods Manufactories, and no Woolen mills; Philadelphia is now the commercial centre of two hundred and sixty Cotton and Woolen factories, and has besides, several thousand hand looms, of which the annual product is equal to that of seventy additional mills of average size. The class of Dry Goods manufactured in Philadelphia is of those low priced staple goods which are especially adapted to the wants of the people in the Middle, Western, and Southern States. Millions of yards of pantaloony, cottonades, checks and stripes, tickings, osenaburgs, Kentucky jeans, and narrow textile fabrics, are made there every year. Of carpets, the product amounts to nearly ten millions of dollars; of ready made clothing, to eighteen millions; of refined sugar, over twenty millions; of boots and shoes, over five millions; of stoves, nearly three millions. Philadelphia claims to have the largest military goods manufactory, the largest chemical factories, the largest cordage factory, the largest book-selling house, and the largest locomotive works and machine shops in the United States. It is quite evident that her proximity to the coal mines and iron beds, her low rents and facilities afforded mechanics for comfortable and economical living, have given Philadelphia a start in manufacturing which nothing but her want of enterprise can retard. It is moreover evident that with the progress already made in manufacturing, the Philadelphia market is worthy the attention of those who wish to purchase goods at first hand.

**WHAT AN INDUSTRIOUS MAN CAN DO IN THE WEST.**—The *Davenport Gazette* speaks of a Mr. James Thompson, who came from Pennsylvania to Scott county, Iowa, a dozen years ago, worth a few hundred dollars. He now owns forty-four farms, averaging 160 acres, or in all about seven thousand acres of land, at least half of which is under cultivation; the whole will be next year. The land lies in Scott and Cedar counties. The past year he put under cultivation 2,200 acres of new land. He is now having twenty farm dwellings, of six rooms each, framed and gotten ready in Davenport, so they can be hauled to his farms, and set right up for his tenants. The tenants get one-third the crop and two dollars an acre for farming new land, and the same share of the crops with seventy-five cents to one dollar an acre for cultivated land.

—The fastest time in American rail-roading was that of a directors' train on the New York Central Railroad, the other day, from Hamburg; to Buffalo—ten miles in eight minutes, or at the rate of seventy-eight miles an hour.

—"Sam, are you one of the Southern chivalry?" "No, massa, I's one of the Southern shovelry. I shoveled dirt at the Dutch Gap Canal."

—Alfred Hart, the heaviest man in Minnesota, died of pneumonia last week. He weighed 460 pounds.

—A Bremen journal contains the following curious advertisement: "A young gentleman on the point of getting married is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step."  
—An old lady announced in Court in Georgia that she had no counsel in her case excepting God. "My dear madam," said the judge, "He does not practice at this bar!"