

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, OCTOBER 24, 1867.

NUMBER 40.

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

JOHN PENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. [Jan 24]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa. [Jan 24]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. [Jan 24]

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

R. DE WITT ZEIGLER—Having permanently located in Ebensburg, offers his professional services to the towns of town and vicinity. [Jan 24]

DENTISTRY. The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. [Jan 24]

LOYD & CO., Bankers—Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—Altoona, Pa. [Jan 24]

M. LLOYD, Pres't. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA. [Jan 24]

PROBATION CAPITAL \$300,000.00. [Jan 24]

REES J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Bunn, Dealer in [Jan 24]

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES, AND FANCY ARTICLES. [Jan 24]

SHARRETS DYSERT, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting, Grain, Glazing and Paper Hanging. [Jan 24]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN?" [Jan 24]

Pop!

And there they sat a pepping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles was stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hatched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucers made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a popper,
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate,
(John's mouth was like a popper.)
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

She said, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock,
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

A ROMANCE OF THE VICE-ROYALTY.

Ismail Pacha is the fifth in succession from Mehemet Ali, the founder of the dynasty in Egypt. His urbanity and intelligence during his recent visit seem to have won for him the good will of the people both in Paris and London, altho' he somewhat amused the populace in Paris by his alarm when a pistol was fired during the performance of the opera of "Don Carlos." He evidently thought that he had been fired at and speedily left the theatre. His accession to power was marked by circumstances sufficiently curious in themselves to merit narration.

Said Pacha, his predecessor, was known to be very ill, and Ismail, the heir apparent, was hourly expecting intelligence of Said's decease. Said was in Alexandria, and Ismail in Cairo, so that the first intelligence would be conveyed by telegraph. It is usual in Egypt to reward the individual who first announces the accession of the Pacha to the supreme dignity by creating him a bey, if he be a commoner, and pacha if he be already a bey,—Pacha being the highest title of nobility conferred in Egypt.

The superintendent of the telegraph in Cairo, aware of the hopeless nature of Said's complaint, and hourly expecting news of his demise, took up his abode at the telegraph office, in order that he might be the first to communicate the intelligence to the new Viceroy. He waited and waited, but hour after hour passed away, and the expected news did not come. Said was evidently an unconsciously long time in dying.

At length, tired of waiting, after more than forty hours of wakefulness, Bessy Bey called a young man, as assistant in the department, in whom he hoped he could confide, and told him what he expected. "I am about to lie down," said Bessy Bey to him. "They have made me a couch in the next room. Wake me the moment the telegraph comes from Alexandria." The young man promised obedience. But before lying down, Bessy Bey said further to him, "Be faithful in this matter and you shall have from me five hundred francs" (£20), and so saying the Bey resigned himself without fear to his repose.

The telegram came while he slept, three hours after. Said Pacha was dead. The young man, the Bey's assistant, reflected that by communicating the news himself to Ismail, who was anxiously expecting it, he would get more than five hundred francs. So leaving his master asleep, he posted off in hot haste to Chougrah, where Ismail was then residing, with the telegram in his hand. He was admitted to an audience without delay. Ismail made him a Bey on the spot, but gave him no largesse, such as he had expected.

In his excitement, however, Ismail had dropped the paper containing the announcement of Said's death, and the young man picked it up, and as soon as he got leave to depart from the palace, he took the telegram to his master, Bessy Bey, whom he roused from slumber. Bessy Bey was delighted at being able, as he hoped, to communicate the news first to the future Viceroy, and gave the order for five hundred francs there and then to the young man.

Hurrying off to the palace, Bessy Bey was quickly undeceived. His news was already known. The Pacha received him coldly. He got no honor. He soon found out by whom he had been forestalled, and returned to the office to abuse his assistant in good set terms and dismiss him.

"Speak to me with more respect, my brother," said the young man, "for I am Bey as well as you, and cannot be dismissed from my post under government without his highness' sanction. Let us go to him together."

But Bessy Bey was by no means prepared for this, and, on reflection, thought he had better be quiet, and let the matter drop. The young man who exhibited such "smartness," as the American would call it, is now governor of a province, a favorite at court, the companion of the Pacha in Paris and London, and a much greater man than Bessy Bey ever was. The accession of Said, however, the uncle and predecessor of the present Viceroy, was marked by a much more extraordinary and characteristic event—an event that would be considered horrible anywhere else except in Egypt.

The head of the family, the oldest male within certain degrees of affinity, succeeds to the government of Egypt, not the eldest son.

Abbas Pacha, predecessor of Said, was hated for his cruelty. He seemed to think no more of human life than we do of canine life, and he thought less of murdering and torturing a human being than most men would think of putting a dog to death in the least painful manner. As an example. He was walking in the grounds of his palace on the banks of the Nile, when a new breach-loading gun, a fowling-piece, was brought to him. He was a good shot, and ordered it to be loaded with ball, which was done.

At the other side of the Nile, a poor peasant-woman had just filled her water pot at the river, and was walking up the bank with the water pot on her head. Abbas presented the gun at her and fired. She was wounded in the back and fell writhing to the ground. The courtiers applauded the accuracy of his highness' aim, and the Viceroy himself returned the weapon to the attendant who brought it, saying that he was satisfied with it. No one paid the slightest attention to the poor wretch who had been wounded. She died that night.

It is not wonderful, then, such being the character of Abbas, that he was murdered at last. It is said that those who did it, his own servants, were instigated by members of his own family, whom he had outraged, so to do.

Abbas was living at the palace of Benia, near Cairo, when he was murdered, and the chief eunuch, who discovered the matter in the morning, before any one else knew it, called Elfi Bey, the Governor of Cairo, to the palace, in order that they might together concert measures for their own benefit, before the event should become generally known. They decided that they should put Elami Pacha, son of Abbas, on the throne, and not Said Pacha, who was then at Alexandria, and who by the Mahomedan law was the rightful heir. Had Elami been on the spot they might have succeeded, but unfortunately for them, he was then at sea, having set out in a steamer, two days before, to go to France, intending to make a tour of Europe. If they could succeed in keeping the Viceroy's death a secret till he be recalled, the two friends, the chief eunuch and the Governor of Cairo, doubted not that their enterprise would be successful, and the new Pacha would do anything they pleased for them afterward. The difficulty was to keep the death a secret. A telegram was sent to Alexandria forthwith, in the name of the Viceroy, ordering the swiftest steamer available to be sent after Elami Pacha to recall him. Said was himself Admiral of the fleet, and therefore the necessary orders had to be issued by him.

Carefully as Elfi Bey and the chief eunuch took their measures to conceal the Viceroy's death, whispers were soon spread from the palace in various directions that all was not right; and Halim Pacha, a friend of Said, having heard of the order, sent to Said, and having heard likewise the whispers alluded to, sent another message to him by telegraph, stating that the house he desired in Cairo was empty, and begging of him to come himself and occupy it, and not to send for any other tenant. Halim was afraid to speak more explicitly. Said understood him, and did not send for Elami.

The expedient which Elfi Bey adopted in order to conceal the death of the Viceroy, was one which probably only would have entered into the head of an Oriental, and which an Oriental only would have had the hardihood to execute. It was this. He got the dead body of the Viceroy, Abbas, already more than unpleasant, dressed up in the ordinary clothes, ordered the corpse lifted into its accustomed seat, and took his own seat, as he had often done during the life of Abbas, at his left hand. It was given out that the Abbas was going to the palace, which he had himself built in the Desert, ten miles from Cairo, the palace called after him, Abbassieh; other carriages followed, and, during the horrible drive, he, Elfi Bey, lifted the arm of the dead man occasionally, as if replying to the greetings of the multitude. Was it not horrible? In this way the drive was accomplished. The Viceroy had gone, as on former occasions, to bury himself in the Abbassieh, and there to celebrate his usual orgies, remote from public business. Nothing more.

But the truth had got wind. It was known that Abbas was dead notwithstanding Elfi Bey's horrible drive. Said had come to Cairo, and had sent a message to Constantiople to announce the fact of Abbas' death and of his accession. Elfi

still had his own guards in the citadel of Cairo. He daily expected the return of Elami. It was not until eight days after the death of Abbas that he became convinced that Elami was not coming, that the country had accepted Said as their ruler, and that there was no hope for him. Shut up in the citadel, he trembled as he thought of the revenge which Said Pacha would take on him, and he finally became convinced that there was no more hope for him. Said, in the meantime, sent to him to say that he looked with leniency upon his transgression, inasmuch as it resulted from too great a devotion to his late master, and his family. But Elfi judged Said by himself, and believed that the direct tortures would be his fate when he gave himself up, so he destroyed himself with poison.

"What a fool!" said Said, when he heard the news; "had I not promised to forgive him?" Such is Egyptian life in high places.

Ismail Pacha, the present ruler of Egypt, is about thirty-nine years of age, with a mild expression of countenance, a yellowish or caroty beard, usually dyed, and an inordinate passion for amassing money. To this last passion every thing else seems subordinate with him; and, with a monopoly of cotton and sugar in Egypt, he has contrived to render himself the richest individual, privately, in Europe or Africa.

Joe Smith, the Mormon Leader.

The Rochester Union and Advertiser publishes the following account of the peculiarities which marked Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, previous to the publication of his Revelations: I knew him well before his book was published. He was then a wood-cutter on my farm, more willing to live by his wits than his ax, and worked through the winter in company with some twenty or thirty other rough backwoodsmen. He and his two associates built a rude cabin of poles and brush, covered with leaves and earth, in the woods open to the south, with a camp-kettle in front for cooking; and here, at night, around a huge fire, he and his companions would gather, ten or a dozen at a time, to tell stories and sing songs, and drink cheap whiskey (two shillings a gallon), and although there were some hard cases among them, Joe could beat them all for tough stories and impracticable adventures, and it was in this school, I believe, that he first conceived the wonderful invention of the golden plates and marvelous revelations.

And as these exercises were rehearsed nightly to his hearers, and as their ears grew longer to receive them, so his tales grew the more marvelous to please them, until some of them supposed that he also believed his own stories. But of this fact there is no proof. He was impudent and assuming among his fellows, but ignorant and dishonest, plausible and obsequious to others, with sufficient low cunning to conceal his ignorance, but, in my estimation, utterly unqualified to compose even such a jumble of truth and fiction as this book contained.

The most probable theory of its origin that I remember to have heard is that it was the strange work of an eccentric Vermont clergyman, written to while away the tedious hours of long confinement by nervous debility, and that this idle production, after his decease, fell into Joe's hands, and that having learned something of the gullibility of his cronies, this incidental matter incited in him the first idea of turning his foolish stories to account, and thus enable him to make the surreptitious manuscript the text book of his gross imposition. I speak understandingly in saying he was shameless as well as dishonest, and I relate a small matter to prove it. During the winter he was chopping for me, I was in the habit of riding through the clearing daily to see that the brush was piled as agreed, the wood fairly corded, and no scattering trees left uncut, and in this way became well acquainted with the conduct of every man; and on each Saturday took an account and paid the bands. My mode was to ride around while each party measured their ranks and turned a few sticks on the top to show that they had been counted.

In this way I one day took Joe's account, he accompanying me and removing the sticks on the top of each rank. After thus going the rounds and returning to the shanty, he said he had another rank or two that I had not seen, and led me in a different direction in a roundabout way, to wood that I had already measured, but the sticks on top had all been laid back to their places. I saw the trick at once, and could only make him confess his attempt to cheat by re-measuring the whole lot; and all this he thought would have been a fair trick if I had not found it out. So much for the man in small things.

After he left in the spring I lost sight of him until my friend Judge Whiting (long since deceased), of the very respectable firm of Whiting & Butler, attorneys, who was then loaning money on mortgages for a trust company, asked me if I knew anything about Joe Smith. I told him that I knew him for a great rogue in a small way, when he informed me that he pretended to be a prophet, and was about publishing a Book of Revelations; and had induced two credulous men

in Palmyra to apply to him (Judge Whiting) for money on mortgage to publish it. I learned afterward that Joe and an associate had prevailed on a worthy citizen of Waterloo (Colonel C—), who was then in a state of great depression from the recent loss of his wife, to join their fraternity and cast in his lot among them; and that while they were at his house taking an inventory of his effects for the purpose, his son, a spirited young man, came in, and on finding what they were about, threatened them so strongly with a prosecution as swindlers, that they left for a time, until his father had recovered from his delusion, and thus escaped them.

I know nothing further of his doings here, but after his removal to Ohio, when he established a bank that failed, I was shown one of his bills, and I recollect that on examining it I thought the device on the face of it was most admirably appropriate, viz: A sturdy fellow shearing a sheep.

Horace Greely's First Entrance into New York.

In the last chapter of his autobiography, Mr. Greely describes his first entrance into New York city. We quote: "It was, if I recollect right, the 7th of August, 1831. I was 20 years old the preceding February; tall, slender, pale, and plain, with ten dollars in my pocket, summer clothing worth perhaps as much more, nearly all on my back, and a decent knowledge of so much of the art of printing as a boy will usually learn in the office of a country newspaper. But I knew no human being within two hundred miles, and my unmistakably rustic manner and address did not favor that immediate command of remunerating employment which was my most urgent need. However, the world was all before me; my personal estate, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, did not at all encumber me; and I stepped lightly off the boat and away from the sound of the detected hiss of escaping steam, walking into and up Broad street in quest of a boarding-house. I found and entered one at or near the corner of Wall; but the price of board given me was \$6 per week; so I did not need the giver's candidly kind suggestion that I would probably prefer one where the charge was more moderate. Wandering thence, I cannot say how, to the North River side, I halted next at 168 West street, where the sign of "Boarding" on an humbler edifice fixed my attention. I entered, and was offered shelter and subsistence at \$2.50 per week, which seemed more rational, and I closed the bargain.

"My host was Mr. Edward McGorrick; his place was quite as much a grogshop as a boarding-house; but it was quietly, decently kept while I stayed in it, and he and his family were kind and friendly.—I regret to add that liquor proved his ruin not many years afterwards. My first day in New York was a Friday, and the family being Roman Catholic, no meat was eaten or provided, which I understood; but when Sunday evening was celebrated by unlimited card-playing in that same house, my traditions were decidedly jarred. I do not imply that my observations were better or worse than my host's, but that they were different.

"Having breakfasted, I began to ransack the city for work, and, in my total ignorance, traversed many streets where none could possibly be found. In the course of that day and the next, however, I must have visited fully two-thirds of the printing offices on Manhattan Island, without a gleam of success. It was mid-summer, when business in New York is habitually dull; and my youth and unquestionable air of country greenness must have told against me. When I called at the Journal of Commerce, its editor, Mr. David Hale, bluntly told me I was a runaway apprentice from some country office, which was a very natural, though mistaken, presumption. I returned to my lodging on Saturday evening, thoroughly weary, disheartened and disgusted with New York, and resolved to shake its dust from my feet next morning, while I could still leave with money in my pocket, and before its almshouse could foreclose upon me.

"But that was not to be. On Saturday afternoon and evening, several young Irishmen called at Mr. McGorrick's, in their holiday saunterings about town; and being told that I was a young printer in quest of work, interested themselves in my effort, with the spontaneous kindness of their race. One among them happened to know a place where printers were wanted, and gave the requisite direction, so that, on visiting the designated spot next morning I readily found employment, and thus, when barely three days a resident, I had found anchorage in New York."

Electioneering Circular.

Considerable curiosity having been manifested to learn the contents of the libelous circular scattered broadcast throughout Cambria county just prior to the late election, we subjoin the document entire: "AN INSIDE VIEW OF POLITICS. "THE WAY THE MONEY GOES. " 'Tis a true saying, that if the people knew how their money was spent, taxes would not be easily collected. This saying applies just now, with peculiar force, to Cambria county. Look for instance at your Poor House, where about fifty persons are indifferently supported at a cost of \$10,000 a year. Of course no sane man believes that this sum is spent for the benefit of the inmates. The present Steward, having made as much money as he is likely to need, has kindly consented to withdraw, remaining a silent partner. The present County Treasurer being at last settlement a defaulter, in the sum of near \$4,000 00, and the leading politicians of town being his security, the candidate for Poor House Director, a brother-in-law of the Treasurer, who has enough of the County's money to start a Shoe Store, is nominated, and the Treasurer, being a cousin of another Director, and a cousin of the candidate for Sheriff, is to be appointed Steward of the Poor House, so that these worthies can get their money back, *ex necessitate*. This is the plan, it may be altered as to form, but not as to substance. But bad as this is, the operations of your Commissioners' office is far worse. Think of paying your Commissioners \$2,400.00 for doing the business which a good business man can do in forty days. Think too of paying \$2,600.00 for the support of about, on an average, six persons for a year in your jail. But you may ask, have we not Auditors to settle all these accounts yearly. Unfortunately the Auditors seldom know anything about their business. They come to town, and the first persons with whom they confer are the Commissioners. They tell the Auditors they must have a Clerk, and that the Commissioners' Clerk is the proper person; he is employed, and as one of the Auditors is always to be Commissioner next year, any and all bills are soon passed.

"They then go to the Poor House, where the Directors' Clerk and the Commissioners' Clerk soon settle the accounts and cover all tracks. This is the system, and it is time the people knew it. The papers will never say a word, because they almost live by receiving exorbitant bills for public printing. People of Cambria county, whatever denial of the above may be made, you may rest assured that the half has not been told. The remedy is in your hands, and if you do not use it, you deserve to be taxed to death. Break up these camps of dishonesty, the Commissioners and Poor House Directors, and your burdens will be lightened, otherwise those burdens will be doubled within a few years."

MR. BONNER'S "DEXTER."

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times says that the famous racing horse Dexter, which was bought by Bonner of the Ledger for thirty-three thousand dollars, was the cheapest horse at that money that was ever purchased. In estimating his value, we must consider what he was worth to horsemen. He was the means of acquiring boundless fame and of earning money enough for the full enjoyment of it. The year he was purchased by Trussell, his earnings, clear of all expenses, amounted to \$23,000. This year, up to the time of his delivery, he had earned \$20,000. His owner received two-thirds of the last, clear of all expenses. It appears, then, that the net income derived from Dexter in about a year and a-half was \$37,000. Now, we should like some of the fine old capitalists and cunning young financiers who think that Dexter was a dear horse, to take a slate and pencil and calculate whether a source of income amounting to more than \$20,000 a year, and likely to endure for at least half a dozen years, was worth \$33,000. Mr. Bonner wanted Dexter, and the worth of the horse to the man that had him is to be estimated in considering the price. The truth is that this horse occupied a position no horse ever attained to before in regard to money value. To own the generality of trotting horses for public purposes is enough to break a bank. To own Dexter was to gain money enough to start one.

SAYS A California letter writer:

is noted among the Eastern States for her tall pine forests, so much so that she has the sobriquet of the "Pine Tree State." Yet during a sojourn the past summer upon the headwaters of the Penobscot, the tallest tree I saw or heard of had a height of only 157 feet. This really is a tall tree for the Atlantic coast. But when I told the Maine lumbermen that I had seen scores of redwood cedar in Klamath and Del Norte counties over 300 feet high, and hosts of pine and spruce 230 feet high, they looked upon me as one whose lot was sure to be in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone.

—The lightning melted a ring from the finger of a young lady in Massachusetts the other day.

A new suspension bridge is being built over Niagara Falls.

When completed, the towers will be 105 feet high, the span 1,250 feet, and the height above the water 175 feet.

—Talleyrand forbade the publication of his memoirs for thirty years after his death. The time expires next summer, when they will appear.

—The miners in California are washing out diamonds.