

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

TODD HUTCHINSON,
Editor and Publisher.

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NUMBER 52.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
January 24, 1867.

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

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

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

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

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

A. SHORMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
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.
Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties.
Attends also to the collection of claims of soldiers against the Government. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and all Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes at length. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Mortgages, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written. All legal business carefully attended to. Pensions increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Main House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to. at his office. [Jan 23]

DR. DE WITT ZEIGLER—
Having permanently located in Ebensburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and vicinity.
Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.
Rooms over R. E. Thomas' store, High street. [Sep 19]

DENTISTRY—
The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has acquired no means to improve in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the imparted 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.

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
References: Prof. G. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, Jr.; W. R. Handy; A. A. Handy, P. H. Austin, of the Baltimore College.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week. January 24, 1867.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
Ebensburg, Pa.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted. January 24, 1867.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
ALTOONA, PA.
Draw on the principal cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Cash advances made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. [Jan 24]

W. M. LLOYD, Pres't. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
GOVERNMENT AGENCY,
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North Ward, Altoona, Pa.
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$300,000 00
CASH CAPITAL PAID IN 150,000 00
All business pertaining to Banking done on favorable terms.
Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand.
To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in advance, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.; \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. [Jan 24]

DEES J. LLOYD,
Successor of R. S. Bunn,
Dealer in
PETR DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS,
OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES,
AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE
WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.
Also:
Letter, Cap, and Note Papers,
Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink,
And other articles kept
by Druggists generally.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.
Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

ELBRIDGE STILES,
Ebensburg, Pa.,
Manufacturer of Barrels, Kegs, Tubs, and Wooden-ware generally. Meat stands and Kyan stands on hand and for sale.
Repairing done cheap for cash.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to. [Nov. 7, 1867-3m]

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

A Hundred Years Ago.

Where are the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In fashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, oh! where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?
Who peopled all the busy streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
A brother's hurt—
Where, oh! where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?
Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who were they that living wept
A hundred years ago?
By other men
That know not them
Their lands are tilled,
Their places filled—
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

THE GHOST ROBBER.

On a fine evening in the spring of '30, a stranger, mounted on a noble looking horse, passed slowly over the snow-white limestone road leading through the Black Forest.
Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, and gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk forth, he drew rein before the door of an inn, saying:
"This must be near the spot, surely. I will stop here for a time, anyhow, and see what I can learn."
He thereupon dismounted, and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down before a small table.
"How can I serve you, mynheer?" asked the landlord.
"So to my horse outside," replied the guest, "and let me have a bottle of wine." "And let me have a bottle of wine," he added.
The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped and said:
"Which way, mynheer, do you travel?"
"To Naustadt," replied the guest.
"You will rest here to-night, I suppose?" continued the landlord.
"I will stay here two or three hours, and then must be off, so as to reach my destination in the morning. I am going there to purchase lumber for market."
"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?" said the landlord, innocently.
"Yes, considerable," replied the guest, in a matter-of-fact tone.
"Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you had better stay here till morning."
"Why?" asked the stranger, looking up curiously.
"Because," whispered the landlord, looking around as if he were disclosing a great secret and was afraid of being overheard, "every man who has passed over the road between this and Naustadt at night, for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances."
"What were the singular circumstances?" asked the traveler, filling his glass with wine, a bottle of which had been placed on the table, and then slowly emptying it.
"Why, you see," the landlord went on, approaching his guest's table and taking a seat, "I have spoken with several who have been robbed, and all that I could learn from them is that they remember meeting, in the loneliest part of the wood, a something that looked white and ghostly, and that frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders. After that, all was confusion with them; they felt a choking sensation and a sort of smothering, and finally died, as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside, robbed of everything."
"Indeed!" ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he were more intent on counting them than he was in listening to the landlord's story.
The innkeeper looked at him in amazement. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed in a long time.
"You will remain, then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.
"I?" exclaimed the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction, and speaking as though he were not quite sure that he was the person addressed; "oh, certainly not. I am going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night."
An hour later, the stranger and a guide called Wilhelm were out on the road, pushing through a driving storm at a pretty rapid pace toward Naustadt.
During a flash of lightning, the stranger observed that his guide's face wore a

look of great uneasiness, while his horse's pace was being slackened, as though with the intention of dropping behind.
"Lead on," cried the stranger; "don't be afraid."
"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold back his horse until he was at least a length behind his companion. "My horse is cowardly, and becomes unmanageable in a thunder storm. If you will go on, though, I think I will follow close enough to point out the road."
The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movement and stopped also.
"Guides should lead, not follow," said the stranger, quietly, but with firmness, which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.
"But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."
"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity in his tone.
The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand what it meant perfectly, for he immediately drove his spurs into his horse's flanks and shot ahead of his companion without another word.
He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a short turn to the right and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the thick foliage of the trees skirting the road.
The stranger dashed up to the spot, and saw that the guide had turned down a narrow lane leading from the road into the heart of the wood.
Without hesitating an instant, he gave his horse the rein, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide. The stranger's horse being much superior to the other, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being nearly thrown from his saddle by a hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him like a flash.
He turned in his seat and beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.
"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances.
"Yes, I know," said his companion, dryly; "but mark my words, young man—if your horse plays such tricks as that again, he'll be the means of endangering his master's health."
They both turned, and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of their horses in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness:
"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we will understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or the left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without another word of notice. Now, push on!"
The guide started on as directed, but it was evident from his movements and his mutterings that he was alarmed at something else beside the action of his follower.
In the meantime, the thunder had increased in violence, and the flashes of lightning became more frequent and more blinding.
For about a mile, the two horsemen rode in silence, the guide keeping up to his directions, while his follower watched his every movement as a cat watches a mouse.
Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his uplifted arm.
"Have mercy, mein Herr!" he groaned; "I dare not go on."
"I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger, sternly—"one!"
"In heaven's name, spare me!" implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear; "look before me in the road, and you will not blame me."
The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was indeed very horrible and ghostly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood even in the veins of the bravest man. If his blood chilled for a moment, therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly interceptor, for the next instant he set his teeth hard while he whispered between them, just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide:
"Be it man or devil—ride it down—I'll follow. Two!"
With the cry of despair upon his lips, the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his hand.
In another moment the guide would have swept by the dreaded spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the forest and the stranger heard

a horse gallop through the woods riderless.
Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer, and pressed his finger upon the trigger.
The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was anything but sepulchral—
"Here, Wilhelm, ye mope, out of your perch this minute and give a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?"
The stranger was nonplussed for a moment, but recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse and the brave animal stood perfectly still. By the snow-white trappings on the would-be ghost, he was next enabled to grasp his way in the dark towards that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass about the size of a man in the road.
As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him and bore him to the ground.
"I arrest you in the King's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat, and holding him tight. "Stir hand or foot until I have you properly secured, and I'll send your soul to eternity."
"This was such an unexpected turn of affairs that the would-be ghost could not believe his senses, and was handouffed and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he found breath to speak.
"And you are not my Wilhelm?" he gasped.
"No, landlord," replied the individual addressed, "I'm not. But I'm an officer to the King, at your service, on special duty to do what I have to-night accomplished. Your precious son, Wilhelm, who thought he was leading a sheep to the slaughter, lies there in the road killed by his father's hand."
Two weeks later, at Bruchsal prison, in Baden, the landlord of the sign of the Deer, and the Ghost Robber of the Black Forest, who was the same identical person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendish murders, and artfully contrived robberies committed at different times in the Black Forest, paid the penalty of his crimes, by letting fall his head before the executioner's axe, since when, traveling through Schwartzwald has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has there been seen any Ghostly Knight of the road in that section.

Westward Ho!

Where are those "Western frontiers" of which we have all heard and read so much? The maps will tell us where they were in times past, but with the giant strides of civilization, marshaled by the Pacific railroads, it would be impossible at any given moment to tell where the frontiers are now. A little paper was some time ago started at North Platte, called the *Frontier Index*; then it moved to Julesburg; then to Cheyenne; and now it is forty miles onward, at Fort Sanders, where they are founding a new town.—The tide of emigration carried the paper along; it had to change either its local habitation or its name, and it chose the former. Another little sheet is printed at Hays city, called the *Railway Advance*. What and where is Hays city? It is a "city" 575 miles west of St. Louis, founded on a spot where buffalo, antelopes, and beavers were the undisputed land owners up till midsummer of last year.—It has already 400 people, a railroad depot, three hotels, a fine theater building, stores and dwelling houses in profusion, two express lines, two overland mail and stage lines, and a brisk little newspaper, with probably the largest number of "business advertisements" ever collected in a town which a few months ago was a howling wilderness, with no inhabited settlement within fifty miles. This is the way they do things "out West"—a phrase now, probably, as indefinite and deceptive as "the frontiers." Hays city is likely a specimen of a dozen railroad towns in that region. We hardly dare venture to write what we hear, says an exchange, lest, by to-morrow or next day, we receive an indignant protest from some Hays citizen to the effect that the city contains 800 inhabitants instead of 400, has ten hotels instead of two, and two rival newspapers instead of one. As for the *Frontier Index*, it has probably made another move towards "the frontiers" before now.

Concerning the climate of this section, a correspondent writes, under date of Jan. 7th:
"We are having splendid weather—cold, but clear and very easily borne. Yesterday morning the thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees below zero; this morning thirty degrees, and the day before yesterday at eighteen degrees. It has not been above twelve degrees below zero for four days, yet the air is so dry I have not yet worn my overcoat, except to ride in, and then that is hardly warm enough. I do not understand why the cold is so easily borne here, unless it is on account of the dryness of the air, and the fact that the people here eat more meat than they do in warm climates."
The following, from the *Clearfield Journal* of the 5th instant, gives full and startling particulars of the late murder, for political reasons, of an Irishman named Casey in Clearfield county:—
"A murderous and fatal assault was made upon an Irishman named Casey, on the public highway, near Clearfield borough, on Tuesday evening, January 28th—the circumstances connected therewith being substantially as follows:—
"Casey was one of the number of Irish railroad laborers who fraudulently voted at Philipsburg, Centre county, on the Second Tuesday of October, 1867. On Wednesday morning, January 23d, 1868, Casey and three others were taken to Harrisburg, by proper officers sent hither, to testify in the contested election case (Robison vs. Shugart) now in progress before a Committee of the State Senate.
"On the evening of the murderous assault upon him, (Tuesday, Jan. 28th,) Casey was returning to his home here, when he was set upon by a number of unknown persons, about one mile east of this place, and struck on the left side of the head with some heavy bludgeon, and left lying, helpless and unconscious, on the highway to perish from the wounds inflicted upon him. In this unconscious condition Casey was found, with his face buried in the snow, by a farmer, who took up the injured man, placed him in a sled, and brought him to a hotel in this borough. A physician was at once summoned, who dressed the wounds of the injured man, and used every effort to restore him to consciousness and save his life; but all was of no avail, and he died on Saturday morning, February 1st—never having recovered his reason to designate who were his murderers.
"Notwithstanding the facts relating to the assault upon Casey, and the great probability of his dying from the injuries received, were known to the officers of the law, yet no steps were taken to ferret out and secure the perpetrators of this horrible crime, until after the death of the victim. Now, why this winking and connivance at crime? Why this delay to discover and secure the assassins of Casey? Was it because the perpetrators of the deed were so-called Democrats and for the purpose of allowing them to escape because their vengeance fell upon one who had just testified to the election frauds committed in the interest of that party? This seems to be the only plausible hypothesis, as there is no good reason why officers of the law should otherwise exhibit so great inattention to duty in so plain and flagrant a case. True; Casey died from the wounds inflicted upon him by a number of highway assassins and that the guilt of his death is immediately chargeable to them for dealing the fatal blows, yet, had these guilty ones succeeded in making their escape on account of inaction, would the officers have been entirely blameless in the eyes of the law? Let them answer this question satisfactorily to themselves, if they can!
"But again: How far does culpability attach to the leaders of the Democratic party who concocted and instigated the causes that ultimately led to the murder of Casey? Where do the persons stand who planned and advised the frauds upon the ballot-box in Philipsburg? How far are those answerable who forged and furnished the fraudulent naturalization papers to bring about the election of Mr. Shugart in the Centre county Senatorial district? Are all these free from any responsibility in the death of this too confiding and illiterate man? These are highly important and serious questions. Let those who were in any way instrumental in bringing about the frauds at Philipsburg answer them, if they can, to the satisfaction of their own consciences.
"That Casey was murdered, there is no denying—for he is dead! That somebody is amenable for the crime, is equally true! We do not pretend to say who is guilty, or not guilty, for the reason that we do not know; but that the responsibility of the crime rests with members of the so-called Democratic party, there is no doubt! Will any one dare to deny this assertion? But we will leave a discriminating and impartial and law-abiding public judge for themselves as to who is responsible, or not responsible, for the sudden and tragic death of Casey—a stranger in a strange land, and the victim of a political conspiracy because he dared to tell the truth when compelled to do so by the laws of his adopted country."

A Political Murder.

Mrs. Jones is Mr. Jones' wife. Mrs. J. is very proud of her youngsters.—"They are the tenderest hearted children in the world, I do believe," she is wont to say; "I can hardly tell one of them to fetch a bucket of water but what he'll burst out a crying."
"Why do you always buy a second class ticket?" asked a gentleman of a miser on the railroad. "Because there is no third class ticket," was the unexpected reply.
A PRINTER wanted to advance the proposition that "we are but part of a stupendous whole," but the types made him say that "we are but part of a stupendous whole."
A winter day is usually an ice day.

Editorial Notings.
We have been inside watch and jewelry stores in many places—in Johnstown, Altoona, Hollidaysburg, Huntingdon—but we have rarely if ever met with an establishment of this kind so complete in all its appointments as C. T. Roberts' clock, watch, and jewelry store, in Ebensburg. His stock of clocks is from the best manufactory in the United States, and embraces all the styles in the market—each clock warranted a perfect time-keeper. He can sell you any kind of a watch—a gold one, away up in the figures as to price, or a silver one for a mere song. To attempt to enumerate what he keeps in the jewelry line would be an endless task, for he keeps everything.—Then, in addition, he has stationery, pens and ink, miscellaneous and school books, toilet articles, musical instruments, guns and pistols, with or without fixed ammunition, cigars and tobacco, notions, &c.—All in all, the establishment is a first class one, and a credit to our town, and its proprietor entitled to the fullest measure of support that can be bestowed upon him by the public.
OUR friend Mr. Vail S. Barker is the owner of probably the oldest book in this section—a series of lectures on the fourth chapter of John, printed in 1632. It will be remembered that we made some mention of this book in the last issue of our paper. On the day following the publication of that paper, from fifty to one hundred persons called on Mr. Barker to regale their eyes with a sight of the musty old tome, and the rush of curiosity-seekers has continued ever since, until now nearly everybody in town has looked at it, laughed at it maybe, and criticised it to their hearts' content. If there should yet be one among our local readers who has failed to see the book, he should go and see it now. Inquire for Vail S. Barker's Cheap Cash Store—the great dispensary of bargains in ready-made clothing, dry and dress goods, hats and caps, boots and shoes, hardware, groceries, &c., for the people of Ebensburg and vicinity.
AMONG the witty aphorisms on the unsaid topic of credit are Lord Alvanley's description of a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills;" Lord Oxford's remark that timber is "an excrement on the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts;" and Pelham's argument that "it is respectable to be arrested for debt, for it shows that the party once had credit!" Credit is a very convenient thing in its way, but it is infinitely more convenient to pay as you go. "Pay as you go!" is the golden maxim. Live within your means—buy what you need at A. A. Barker's mammoth store, Ebensburg—keep out of debt. Then you must prosper in life.
THOUGH Boreas' blasts are yet biting, it is well understood that spring will soon be here. Acting on this knowledge, the enterprising firm of Mills & Davis have commenced closing out their magnificent stock of winter clothing, winter dress goods and dry goods, &c., at cost.—When the proper time arrives, they purpose laying in the largest and best assortment of spring goods ever brought to Ebensburg, and do not want their rooms filled up with an old and unseasonable stock. For a short time, therefore, the winter goods spoken of will be sold very low. A bargain may be awaiting you there, reader! Go and see. Store near the "diamond," High st., Ebensburg.
MR. GEORGE HUNTLEY's hardware and house furnishing store, Ebensburg, is a real "Old Curiosity Shop." Besides a very large stock of stoves, he keeps on hand everything in the hardware line from a needle to an anchor, and in the house furnishing line from a barrel of flour to a cake of soap. In fact, he has by far a larger variety of articles than any other store in town. By dealing strictly "on the square," he has secured a run of custom as large and as lucrative as is enjoyed by any like establishment in Western Pennsylvania. Those who consult their own interests will not fail to call on Mr. H. often.
"BRETHREN and sisters," said an excited orator on a certain occasion, "if I had the world for a pulpit, the stars for an audience, my head towering far above the loftiest clouds, my arms swinging throughout immensity, and my tongue silver-voiced as a trumpet, I'd set one foot on Greenland's icy mountain, and the other on India's coral strand, and I'd exclaim,—'Buy your ready-made clothing at E. Leopold & Bros. Oak Hall Clothing Store, Main street, Johnstown, Pa.'"
In connection with his fine grocery and confectionery establishment, R. R. Thomas keeps, on High street, Ebensburg, an oyster saloon, where the freshest and fattest bivalves can be procured at all hours.
As good groceries and confectioneries as are kept in town can be bought at G. G. Owens', High street, Ebensburg. He also keeps boots and shoes, notions, oils, &c. Patronize him.