

Aug 19-1869

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, } EDITORS.
ED. JAMES.

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

TERMS: \$7.50 PER ANNUM.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1868.

NUMBER 1.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
August 13, 1868.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street. [Aug 13]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 13]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 13]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, and United States Commissioner for Cambria county, Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. J. L. JOHNSTON. [Aug 13] J. E. SCANLAN.

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Aug 13]

E. J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High st., Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13-6m.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections. Office on High street, west of the Diamond. [Aug 13]

JOSEPH S. STRAYER, Justice of the Peace, Johnstown, Pa.
Office on Market street, corner of Locust street extended, and one door south of the late office of Wm. M'Kee. [Aug 13]

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. [Aug 13]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to, at his office. [Aug 13]

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 adjoining Hustley's store, High street. [Aug 13]

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 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.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week. August 13, 1868.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers— EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and other Securities bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States. A General Banking Business transacted. August 13, 1868.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA, PA.
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Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand.
To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.; \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. [Aug 13]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Aug 13]

ABRAHAM BLAINE, Barber— EBENSBURG, PA.
Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing done in the most artistic style.
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REES J. LLOYD,
Successor of R. S. Bunn, Dealer in PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY, AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINE AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.

Letter, Cap, and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and other articles kept
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.
Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13]

HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN?"
TERMS, \$7.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Picture.

"'Twas a terrible fight!" the soldier said;
"Our colonel was one of the first to fall;
Shot dead on the field by a rifle ball—
A braver heart than his never bled!"

A group for the painter's art were they:
The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face,
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace,
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
For the air was sultry with summer-heat;
The road was like ashes under the feet,
And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight; our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks seized the colors,
And then

He, too, fell dead on the self-same spot.
"A handsome boy was this last; his hair
Clustered in curls round his noble brow;
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name—have you ever heard?
Where was he from, this youth who fell?
And your regiment, soldier, what was it?
Tell!"

"Our regiment? It was the twenty-third."
The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
Leaving it white as the face of the dead;
The mother lifted her eyes and said:
"Pity my daughter—in mercy speak!"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth,"
The soldier answered; "not even his name,
Nor from what part of the State he came;
As God is above, I speak the truth!"

"But when we buried our dead that night,
I took from his breast this picture—see!
It is as like him as like can be:
Hold it this way, toward the light!"

One glance, and a look, half sad, half wild,
Passed over her face, which grew more pale;
Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken
Wail—
The mother bent low o'er her prostrate child.

THE CARD TABLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Ellen Dearborn sat alone in her little sitting room, and her countenance was sad and desponding. She was not over twenty-six, and though her face was pale and wan, yet she was beautiful. A warm fire burned in the grate, for it was winter, and the lamp upon the center table was lighted, for it was evening. She sat thus, trying to read, when the door was opened and a stranger entered. She started up with fear at thus seeing a strange man enter her apartment unbidden.

"Ellen, don't you know me?"
The woman started at the sound of the voice, and the blood rushed to her brow and the temples. She took a step forward and gazed more sharply into the intruder's face.

"James?" she murmured interrogatively.
"Yes my sister. Didn't you know me?"
But instead of answering in words, Ellen rushed forward and sank upon the man's bosom, and there she wept for joy. It was her own brother.

"And you didn't know me?" he said, with a smile, after he had taken a seat.
"Why, no, James. Five years altered you wonderfully. But then that beard all over your face makes a good deal of difference."

"All the difference in the world. Two years ago, while my ship lay at Canton, I had my beard all shaved off, and when I came aboard, some of my own men did not know me at first.

"Then I wish you'd shave it off now, for you look more like a bear than you do look like James Barrows."
The brother laughed, and the conversation ran for awhile upon various topics suggested by the return of the loved one. James Barrows was now thirty-two years of age, and had been absent from his native city for five years, during which time he had commanded a fine ship.

"By the way," said the brother, at the end of half an hour, "I stopped in New York, on my way here, and saw Kate Waldron there. She told me she heard you say you wished your husband had never known me. Did you ever say such a thing as that?"

Ellen's eyes filled with tears in a moment, and a deep sob broke from her lips. Her brother was startled. He moved to her side and put his arms about her neck.

"What is it, my sister?" he asked anxiously.
"Alas, James, I will tell you. But first let me assure you that I did not mean exactly what I said to Kate. You remember, five years ago, when you used to tell me such stories about gambling on the Mississippi. Ambrose asked you to teach him to play poker, as you called it. You taught him the game, and one or two evenings you went with him to some card parties."

"Yes, yes, I remember all that."
"Well, the spirit of gaming is now fastening itself upon him. I can see it plainly, though he tries to laugh away all my fears. I know it is so, for I have been told by one who is my friend, and who

told me out of pure friendship for Ambrose. But I have not yet dared to let him know how sure my information is, for he would be angry did he know that any one had told this to me. O, I know his impetuous nature, and I fear he will be lost ere he is aware of it. Evil companions are leading him astray. He thinks them friends."

"And do you think he has gone to the card table to-night?"
"I am afraid so. And if he does—oh, I dare not think of it. He has much money with him. Before you came I was weeping over my fears. I have never let him know how much I knew concerning his course, for I feared it would only make him more excited. Alas, I know not what to do. I do not think he has yet lost much, but I know that he will never leave the fascinating habit until he is ruined, unless something can be done to move him."

"By my soul, Ellen," returned the Captain warmly, "I did teach Ambrose to play—though God knows I never meant to teach him to gamble, and I will cure him now if I can. Do you think he is at it now?"

"I think he would have been at home before this time, if he had not fallen in with some of his evil associates."
"Then you rest here while I go and find him if I can."
"But you will come back soon?"
James stopped and thought a moment. "I don't know," he said. "But don't be worried. No harm shall befall Ambrose himself."

It was just nine o'clock as Ambrose Dearborn entered one of the gaming saloons of the city. His business had kept him later than usual, and having made some fifteen dollars in the trade since dark, he had determined to stake that amount upon the altar of fortune. His wife was right in her fears. The card table had gained a fascinating power over him, and he had lost some heavy sums. But on the previous evening he had been cursed with a turn of winning luck, and won back nearly as much as he had lost, and he was on his way to continue his luck!

He meant only to play an hour or so, and then go home. He went up to the side-board and took a glass of wine, and as he turned, he met a stranger, who had seemed to come for the same purpose.

"Good evening," said the stranger, in a pleasant tone, as he poured out a tumbler full of water from the pitcher and drank it.

Ambrose returned the salutation.
"I came here to take a few moment's recreation at cards," said the stranger, "but I find no friends here."

"Then suppose we take a hand or two just to pass away the time until some others come."
"With pleasure," said Dearborn.

And accordingly the two sat down and were soon on the most friendly terms.—The cards were dealt; for while the playing was on a small scale and the luck was about even. By and by Ambrose began to win, and he went on until he had won a hundred dollars. He would have felt ashamed somewhat had not his antagonist maintained such good humor, and smiled so kindly when he lost.

But anon the luck changed. Ambrose lost all he had won, and soon lost over a hundred dollars beside. He had just a hundred dollars more in his portmanteau, and took it out. A new hand was dealt, he cut his cards carefully, and held up four Jacks. It was the best hand by far that had been out during the game, it being the first "four of a kind" he had seen during the evening. He bet ten dollars.—His antagonist covered, and went ten higher.

"I have an excellent hand," said the stranger, with a light laugh. "I have held better ones, but this is good. I shall bet high on it."
Ambrose did not speak. He was excited. He was afraid his antagonist would mistrust how good his hand was and stop betting. But the betting went on until Ambrose had his last fraction on the table.

"Shall I go higher?" inquired the stranger.
"As you please."
"Then I must say a hundred better.—By the trump of trumps you shall have a chance to make a pile this time."

Ambrose hesitated a moment, and then he placed his hand to his bosom and drew out a package of bank notes. There were four thousand dollars in the whole. It was a sum he had drawn from the bank that very day. It was the accumulation of over four years' labor and economy, for the purpose of paying for his house and store.—He drew out a hundred dollar bill and covered his antagonist's last stake. He hesitated a moment more and drew out another hundred, and "went that over."
The stranger covered the hundred and went five hundred better, but he dared bet no more, and he called for his companion's hand. The stranger smiled as he showed it—four queens!

Ambrose uttered a deep groan as he folded his cards and placed them in the pack.
"By my soul, that's hard, my friend.—But better luck next time. Come, I'll deal for you this time."

A new hand was dealt, and this time Ambrose won a hundred dollars. He began to revive. Next he won two hundred more. He went and got another glass of

wine and then returned in better spirits. But at the next hand he lost five hundred dollars. His spirits were sad again. But he resolved to play carefully to win back what he had lost, and stop.

But there is no need of following the game step by step. The man who held these cards was not a professed gambler, nor did he gamble at all for his own amusement. But he had been among gamblers much, and he could handle cards as he pleased. And more still, he could handle a nervous, excitable man as he pleased. He kept Ambrose in good humor, let him have the occasional flashes of anger, and finally, just as the clock struck eleven, Ambrose Dearborn staggered under the table penniless! All this was gained. His four thousand dollars—the sum that was to have cleared him from debt—the sum which he had seen steadily growing beneath his efforts for the last four years—was now swept away.

The young merchant staggered from the hall; he tried to borrow first—to borrow something to commence again to win back something—but no one would lend. He made his way to the street, and without noticing his way, he staggered on. By and by he came to a narrow alley which led down to the wharf, and sat down upon an old spar. He had been there but a few moments, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, and by the moonlight he could see the dark face of the man who had ruined him.

"Why do you sit here in the snow?" asked the stranger.
"Leave me," cried Ambrose, bitterly. "Oh, I never wish to see you more from this time."
"But perhaps I may help you," replied the other. "You are young enough to learn."

"Learn! O, great heavens, and have I not learned this night what never—never—"
The young man burst into tears, and his sobs were deep and painful.

"Come, come," spoke the stranger, "stand up and trust me, and I may help you."
There was something so kind in the voice that Ambrose could not resist, and he rose to his feet.

"Ambrose Dearborn," spoke the strange man, "I have this evening taken from you over two hundred dollars, and I do not think you can afford to lose it. Here we are before God. Now promise me, upon your honor as a man, that you never will stake any amount at hazard again—that never again will you play at any game of chance for value of anything, and I will restore you every cent of money I have won from you to-night."

The young man stood for a moment like a man in a dream. Then he caught his companion by the arm.

"You do not trifle!" he said, in a hoarse whisper.
"Give the promise, and see."
Ambrose clasped his hands and turned his eyes toward heaven, and made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made him; and when he had done, his eyes sank to the snow covered earth, and he burst into tears. The stranger took a roll from his pocket, and handed it over.

"Here," said he, "is the full sum—every penny just as I took it from you. And now let us walk into the city again—my way is toward Adam street."
"So is mine," whispered Ambrose as he clutched the money.

"Ah—then we'll walk together."
"But tell me what this means?" the young man uttered energetically. "Who are you, sir?"

"Never mind now; I shall see you again and then I will explain. But let us be on our way, for it is cold here."

On the way the stranger kept up such a rattle of conversation, that Ambrose not only had no chance to mention the subject of the evening's transactions, but by the time he had reached his own door, his feelings had got back into their wonted channel.

"I would invite you to it," he said "but—"
"Never mind. Just let me step into the entry, for I want a light for a moment."
Of course, Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened the door, the stranger followed him in. He walked through the hall, and as he opened the door of the sitting room, his companion was at his back.

Ellen sat at her table, and her face was pale; but she had not been crying, for the words her brother spoke to her before he went out were spoken with a strange hope. She arose to her feet, and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the hall, he was not a little startled to hear the said individual speak somewhat jocularly as follows:

"Well, sissy, you see I have brought him. And we are both of us all right, I can assure you."
For a moment the young man was wonder-struck, but the truth flashed upon his mind—"Jim Barrows?" he gasped.

"Captain Barrows, at your service, sir. Ha, ha; you did not know me. He's just found out, Ellen."
Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not. He struggled for a moment with the feelings that swelled up in his bosom, and then, sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry and started forward.

"Don't be afraid," gasped Ambrose, "I'm

safe. But I can't help this. Tell her all now, for she's a right to know."
The stout captain drew his sister upon his knee, and then related to her all that had happened since he had left her.

"Ah, ah," he concluded, "the moment I saw you take the second hundred dollars from your wallet I knew gaming would soon ruin you, and when I saw you draw the package, I only knew that I should take them every one from you, and that any experienced card player could have done the same. Now, I taught you your first lesson in poker; this is lesson number two; I hope it may work well."

And it did work well. Captain Barrows remained with his sister a month, and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again, and this time he found Ellen as happy as a princess.

Gen. Jacob M. Campbell.

General Jacob M. Campbell was born in Alleghany township, Somerset county, Pa., on the 20th day of November, 1821; consequently he will be forty-seven years old next November. At an early age he was apprenticed to the printing business, in Somerset, Pa. After mastering the "art preservative of arts," he emigrated to Pittsburg, where he "worked at case" for some time. He next found his way to New Orleans and into another printing office. Tired of the composing stick and rule, he tried his hand at steamboating, first as a deck hand, and subsequently as clerk, mate and part owner of a vessel.—

In 1847, we find him in the iron business, at Brady's Bend. In 1851, he followed the tide of emigration to California, remaining there but a short time. In 1853 we find him at Johnstown, Pa., assisting in the construction of the mammoth Cambria Iron Works, with which establishment he was connected up to the breaking out of the war. In 1861, he was among the first to enroll himself as a volunteer, to defend the flag of his country, and belonged to the first Company that entered Camp Curtin.

Upon the arrival of the company in Harrisburg, and the organization of the Third Regiment of Pa. Vols. to which his company was attached, Lieut. Campbell was appointed Quartermaster of the Regiment, which position he filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the officers and men of his regiment, as all those who remain will testify. He was mustered out of service on the 28th of July, 1861, and on the 30th of the same month, was commissioned by Gov. Curtin to raise a regiment. The regiment was recruited mainly through Col. Campbell's individual exertions, and upon being organized, was designated the 54th. His regiment was the escort of honor through the city of Washington, to the remains of the lamented Col. Cameron (brother of Hon. Simon Cameron) who fell at the first Bull Run battle. On the 29th of March, 1862, Col. Campbell was ordered to occupy the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from North Mountain Station, fifty-six miles westward to the South Branch of the Potomac. In that position, the executive as well as the military abilities of the Colonel were constantly called into requisition. How well he performed his arduous and multitudinous duties in this trying position, the officers of the B. & O. R. R., as well as his superiors in the military service, do not hesitate to declare that but for his energy and sleepless watchfulness, many miles of the road would have been destroyed. On the 25th of Dec. 1862, he was relieved from duty along the railroad, and on the 6th of March, 1863, was assigned to the command of the 4th Brigade, 1st Division, 8th Army Corps. In 1864, Gen. Sigel took command of the Department of West Virginia, and in a reorganization of the troops, Col. Campbell, at his own request, was returned to the command of his regiment, and took an active part in the battle of New Market, occupying the left of the line. His regiment suffered severely and was the last to leave the field. But for the determined stand made by Col. Campbell, Sigel's army would have been routed and demoralized. In his official report of the battle, he acknowledged the valuable services of Col. Campbell in a very handsome and flattering manner. A deserved compliment to a deserving officer. Gen. Sigel also took occasion to thank Col. Campbell in person. "My God! Col. Campbell, I wish I had known you better!" Gen. Sigel exclaimed, rushing to Col. Campbell and grasping his hand with both of his own, after the tumult of battle had subsided. The Colonel and his regiment took a prominent part in the battle of Piedmont, under Gen. Hunter. He was brevetted a Brigadier General for bravery and "fitness to command," in this battle, and again assigned to the command of a brigade. He also took an active part in Hunter's celebrated "Lynchburg Raid," his command suffering heavily in the attack upon Lynchburg.—When Col. Mulligan fell at Winchester, Gen. Campbell took command of the division, and continued in command until, by severe losses in killed and wounded, it was consolidated into a brigade, which he afterwards commanded. He also participated in the engagements in the Shenandoah under the gallant Phil Sheridan, winning other and new laurels while with that intrepid chieftain.

Gen. Campbell was mustered out of the service in the fall of 1864, having been in the army almost three years and a half.

He was never absent from his command, except three weeks, sitting as a member of a Court of Inquiry at Wheeling, Va., and had but two "leaves of absence," during his whole period of service, one for ten and the other for twenty days.

The political record of Gen. Campbell will also bear examination. Brought up a Jackson democrat, he voted for Polk and Dallas in 1844, but in 1848, seeing the determined encroachments of the slavery propagandists, he voted for the free soil candidates, Van Buren and Adams, and in 1852, again voted for the free soil nominees, Hale and Julian; and in 1856, was the delegate from Cambria county to the Fremont Convention. In 1859, the Republicans of Cambria county presented him to their district conference as their choice for the Senatorial nomination, and three years ago he was unanimously selected again as the choice of the Union party of Cambria, for State Senator, but failed to receive the nomination from the district conference upon either occasion, not however from want of appreciation of his worth and services as a citizen and as a brave and meritorious soldier.

On the 17th of August, 1865, Gen. Campbell was nominated for Surveyor General by the Republican party, and in October of the same year, was elected over Col. Linton, his competitor, by a large majority. For over two years he has administered the duties of his office with recognized ability and to the satisfaction of all parties; and has brought up a large amount of unfinished and intricate business. In March last, he was unanimously renominated by the Republican State Convention, for the office he now so ably and satisfactorily fills. A unanimous renomination from a State Convention of either party, is no small compliment to any man, and no one within our recollection except Gen. Campbell and his colleague on the State ticket ever before received such a marked endorsement.

Such, in brief, is a hurried sketch of the life and services of one of Pennsylvania's noblest sons. He is first found a "printer's devil," a "jour," a "deck hand" on a steamboat, a "clerk," "mate" and "part owner of a vessel." He is next found in the iron business, then in California, and finally in the gigantic enterprise of the celebrated Cambria Iron Mills, where his great experience added largely to the success of that stupendous undertaking. At the breaking out of the war, he was Lieutenant of a militia company, entered the army and was appointed a Quartermaster, then a Colonel, and after a brilliant campaign of three long, weary years, he was honored with a Brevet Brigadier General's commission, a position long and doubly earned in command of a brigade and division, and by gallantry in the field. Thus it will be seen, that Gen. Campbell comes from the working class, and is emphatically a working man.

His social characteristics never fail to create the warmest friendships and a lasting impression. He is a shrewd business man and a useful citizen—a man endowed with strong common sense, and rarely fails in his judgment of men and measures—is well read, and familiarly acquainted with all the internal workings of the great machinery of our government. Among the ablest articles on the subject of our National finances, was one from his pen, written during the early part of last winter.—He is a genial companion, a clever, wholesome, honest man, strictly temperate in his habits, and that he will be re-elected by an increased majority, is already beyond a peradventure.

"That's Wot I Tho't."
A few days since, says a Michigan paper, a specimen of humanity, chuck full of fashionable drink, entered the cars at Jackson and quietly awaited the advent of the conductor, who appeared and relieved the traveler's hat of his ticket without any remarks. On his return the traveler stopped him and inquired:

"Conductor! how far is it to 'Pocoon'?"
"Twenty miles."
"That's wot I tho't."
At the next station the traveler stopped him and again inquired:

"Conductor! how far to Manch'ter?"
"Twenty miles."
"That's wot I tho't."
At Manchester the traveler stopped him the third time and again inquired:

"Conductor, how far to Tecumsh?"
"Twenty miles."
"That's wot I tho't."
As the train left Tecumsh, the traveler exhausted the patience of the conductor, and the following dialogue explains the result:

"Conductor, how far to Adri'n?"
The conductor threw himself upon his dignity, and remarked:

"See here, my friend, do you take me for a fool?"
The traveler "stuck to his text," and very coolly remarked:

"That's wot I tho't."
The conductor joined the passengers in a hearty laugh, and concluded to allow his passenger to tho't as he pleased.

Maryland will derive a revenue of \$74,000 this year from its oyster trade.—Nearly a thousand vessels are engaged. They take out fifteen million bushels per year.