

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1868.

NUMBER 5.

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]

WILLIAM H. SECHLER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 20]

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. [Aug 13]

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

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

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scribe. [Aug 13]

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.
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Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.
Rooms adjoining G. Huntley'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 professional 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.

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Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing done in the most artistic style.
Saloon directly opposite the "Mountain House." [Aug 13]

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

JOB WORK of all kinds done at THE ALLEGHANIAN OFFICE, High St., EBENSBURG, PA.

Crushed.
A violet in the meadow stood,
Unseen, bent down in lowliness—
It was a darling blossom!
Soon came a shepherd-maiden there,
With tripping step and blithesome air,
So fair, so fair!
And sang a carol sweet.
"Ah!" thought the violet, "for the power
To bloom as nature's fairest flower,
But for one moment only!
To be by that dear maiden blest,
And plucked and pillowed on her breast,
Though 'twere, though 'twere
But one, one moment fect."
The merry maiden nearer drew,
Nor saw the violet where it grew,
And crushed the little blossom!
It died, but it rejoiced—"I lie
Crushed by her tread, by her I die;
By her, by her—
Beneath her blessed feet!"

THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

My train left Dantzig in the morning, generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel, and found that my engine had been so seriously injured that he could not run—a railway carriage had passed over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to procure another engine, but could find none. Three or four were always kept in reserve there, but this morning they were all missing.
Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Neutwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engine, but they did not. I then went to the firemen, and asked them if any of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?
The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking up to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages pointed out to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away, impatiently, in the distant firing-house.
It was past nine o'clock.
"Come, why don't we start?" growled an old Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.
And upon this, there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture, some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed on the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.
The stranger was a middle aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it—and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.
"You want an engine, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quickly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.
"I do," I replied. "My train is ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."
"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg—I must go—and I will run the engine for you."
"Ah!" I ejaculated; "are you an engineer?"
"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country, and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg, and will show you some running."
Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready to start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, yet with care and judgment, and backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groaning of the heavy axle—a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I

leaped upon the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.
In less than an hour we reached Dirsham, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Konigsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.
"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. By the soul of the virgin mother, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours."
I smiled at what I thought his fair enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Konigsberg passengers were all on board and their baggage attached, we started on again.
As soon as all matters had been attended to connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard-carriage and sat down. An early train from Konigsberg had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and that was at little Osuce, where we took on board the Western mail.
"How we go!" uttered one of the guards, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.
"The new engine is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear.
But ere long I began to fear that we were running a little too fast. The carriage swayed to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fear from the passengers.
"Good heavens!" cried one of the guards, coming in that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going."
I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.
"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"
"Yes," I told him.
"Holy virgin! didn't you know him?"
"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled. "What do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run on the engine, and—"
"You took him?" interrupted the man.
"Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be. He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Settin. You must get him off somehow!"
The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quick as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the latch of the door was red hot, and the engine quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces.
"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried, at the top of my voice.
The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghostly and frightful the face looked.
"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled, demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.
"They swore that I could not make it. But see! see! See my new power. I made it, and they are jealous of me. I made it, and when it was done they stole it from me. But I have found it. For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it. I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzig, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it. Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say. By the virgin mother, we'll be in the moon in four and twenty hours. Down, down, villain. If you move I'll shoot you!"
This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.
"Here's Little Osuce right at hand," cried one of the guard.
But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were gone now. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I closed my eyes, but still we thundered on. The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not fetch up in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went on.
But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead

was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula, and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else rose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.
"Merciful heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment to lose.—Schwartz is close by. But hold," he added, "let's shoot him."
At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the madman had a heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood, and with steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision, that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood, which he caught as he came over the tender.
Kroller settled down like a dead man, and the next minute I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome at the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river, and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.
Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform, and as we carried him to the guard-house, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.
"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near here was his. He said that it was one that he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."
"Well," I replied, with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzig."
At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the Western mail for the next Northern train to take along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip was run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and could not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and I was glad of it; for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current which might have poured upon my head, for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.
But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that, he was found again—his insanity was all gone.—I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine.
But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.

School Exhibition in Summerhill.

SUMMERHILL, Aug. 27, 1868.
To the Editors of The Alleghanian:
Our usually quiet village was enlivened on the evening of August 26th by a school exhibition and concert, which commenced about 8 o'clock and continued two hours and a half. The school term began 15th of last month and terminated upon said evening.
Miss Maddan, the teacher, has certainly won golden opinions from the people of the neighborhood, and the gratitude of the rising generation, by her faithful and successful exertions amongst them for the improvement of the young.
The house was crowded to its utmost capacity by a very attentive audience, who in turn were well repaid for their coming by the performances of the children. The exercises consisted of singing, dialogues, tableaux, and recitations. The variety was happy and appropriate. Our attention was particularly arrested by the rendition of the popular song called "Johnny Schmoker," quartette by boys, and a song entitled "When I was a Maiden" executed by a number of little girls. These performances elicited vociferous applause. The whole concluded with appropriate remarks by Mr. George. All dispersed well pleased with the evening's entertainment, which we predict will not soon be forgotten.
OBSERVER.

A footman, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing room a Mr. Foote and his two daughters, with this introduction: "Mr. Foote and the two Misses Feet."

The board for a pet dog is five dollars per week at the fashionable watering place.

Learn a Trade.

James Parton, in a late number of Puckard's Monthly, says:
Few persons have looked into the lives of so many remarkable men as I have, yet I cannot call to mind one of the acknowledged kings of business who did not in early life serve a long, rigorous apprenticeship to some occupation akin to that which he afterward exercised, and in which his great success was made.
Vanderbilt, for example, was a boatman, sloop captain, and steamboat captain for nineteen years before he set up for himself in the business of building and running steamboats, in which he gained more money than was ever before gained in a single lifetime, except by plunder. There is not to-day in the whole world a man who knows as much about steamboats and steamships as this same Cornelius Vanderbilt.
Astor is another illustration. He learned the fur business from the very rudiments. He used to beat furs from morning till night in his master's back shop, and after doing this a while, he used to take a basket of trinkets and nicknacks and go round among the sloops and markets, driving hard bargains with boatmen, Indians, and marketmen for such skins as they had brought to town. By and by he shouldered his pack and tramped the country for peltries, and extending his tramps, at length he became familiar with every place, every tribe, and every person connected with the fur trade in North America. Then he went to Europe, and learned all about the market for furs and their prices in every part of the world.—Few men have ever understood a thing so well as Mr. Astor understood the business of collecting, curing, and selling furs. He knew it, not as a clerk might have known it; he knew it as a man knows the trade to which he has served a long apprenticeship under a watchful and exacting master.
Another case in point was the first Rothschild, who, from his twelfth to his twenty-seventh year, laboriously acquired a knowledge of money, first as errand-boy and money-counter to his father, and afterward as a banker's clerk.
Girard, too, was a thorough sailor before he ever owned a ship, and was personally familiar with most of the commercial ports long before he ever consigned a cargo to one of them.
John Gorham, of Providence, the head of the largest manufactory of silverware in the world, did not go into his father's counting-room as a clerk, but into his father's shop as an apprentice; and he learned how to do with his own hands whatever he has since had to direct others in doing.

There is a notable establishment on Broadway, New York, where many go, occasionally, for the rehabilitation of the outer man. It was in the grand upper room of this palace-like store, while I was being measured for a coat, that I conceived the idea of writing this sketch. In well conducted establishments of every kind, you will notice the same faces year after year; for able men naturally gather about them, and employers and employed, by reciprocal justice and courtesy, become attached to one another, and have neither motive nor desire to sever the connection. And yet, on that occasion, seeing around me the same skillful and obliging persons that I had seen there ten years before, I could not but reflect how little chance they had to advance from clerkship to mastership.
Suppose, thought I, a lad of sixteen or seventeen should propose to himself, as an object in life, to become the proprietor of an establishment like this—what would be the shortest and likeliest path for him to strike into?
I feel certain that the best thing he could do would be to apprentice himself to a good tailor, and learn all there is to be known about the making of clothes. Having acquired that knowledge—not with his head only, but with his fingers as well—nothing would be easier than to set up a small shop. Now, what is the difference between a small tailor shop, well placed and well conducted, and the overshadowing clothing houses of Brooks or Devlin? Why, nothing but thirty years' growth.
The knowledge which a clerk acquires is part of the indispensable equipment of a man of business; but it is far from being so vital to a grand success as that which comes of a true apprenticeship.—Gibbon says that going out with the militia on training days was of material assistance to him in writing the history of the great Roman war. Just giving the word of command to a few companies of country militia let him into the secret of complicated battles and great campaigns.

Learn a trade, then, lads, who you aspire to do something creditable and substantial during your life. Would you be an architect, and build the new capitol west of the Mississippi? Well, then, go apprentice yourself to the best carpenter or mason within your reach. Do you wish to be a sculptor, and yet cannot pay a master's fee? Instead of pining in your mother's chimney corner, go to the nearest stone-cutter and cut tombstones. The educating effect of learning a good trade has never been sufficiently considered.
Why have we now-a-days, so many simpering, silly girls about, who know nothing

can do nothing, and are nothing? They have been at school long enough to get a little knowledge, and they do not appear to be wanting in natural capacity; and yet, so empty are they of sense and reflection, that, often when I look into their expressionless countenances I find it difficult to believe in the immortality of their souls. It seems more reasonable to think that such abortive efforts of Nature would be quietly absorbed or dissipated, like the leaves which flutter to the ground, and are no more seen.

What is the matter with these poor creatures? The matter is, they have never boiled potatoes, ironed clothes, made puddings, cleaned paint, made beds, nor in any other way seriously applied their minds and hands to the exact and skillful performance of homely tasks. They have missed the precious education which comes of carefully done work. If any good soul would take half a dozen of these unfortunate things, and give them a good three years' drill in the work of a well-ordered house, the educating effect would astonish every one who knew them. You cannot boil an egg precisely right without getting a little education out of it.

Compare the mechanics in the Novelty Works with the clerks in Stewart's store. The clerks are excellent fellows: they look well, dress well, understand their business, and are in every respect worthy members of society; but our best mechanics have a certain force of manhood, a weight of character, and a depth of reflection rarely seen in those who only buy and sell.
I should be sorry to say anything to disparage our institutions of learning. Nevertheless, I feel confident that an intelligent youth, who remains at school until he is sixteen or seventeen, and then apprentices himself to a good trade, can get a better education out of his shop (with an hour's study of principles in the evening) than it is possible to get in any college in existence—that is to say, a better education for this new and forming country, where, for fifty years at least to come, no man can hope to play a leading part, except in wielding material forces.

I say, then, lads of sixteen, if you would lay a foundation for a sure prosperity, begin by learning a trade. If you would escape the perdition of being a fool, learn a trade; if you would do a man's part for your country, begin the work of preparation by learning a trade.

A Cheerful Word from Ohio.

CHESTERVILLE, O., Sept. 1, 1868.

To the Editors of The Alleghanian:
The political campaign has been fairly inaugurated in the Buckeye State. The Democrats, emboldened by a few local successes, are endeavoring by every means in their power to thwart the will of the loyal people of the nation. When I say by every means, I affirm that they make use of some not very honorable or creditable to any party organization. They have set forth their declaration of principles, confident that all the factious and discordant elements existing in that party can be brought together upon that platform. In all probability, the most salient feature of that platform is the flexibility of its meaning, which can be so construed as to convey any possible idea. Such an enunciation of principles was almost indispensable, in order to reconcile the diversity of opinion and heterogeneity of organization existing in the Democratic ranks. A clear, outspoken, and distinctly worded platform could never have united the discordant factions of that party.
The Democratic party seeks possession of this government, not to subvert patriotic purposes, but to undo the work of the past seven years—a work which cost us millions of money and thousands of our bravest and best lives. That party gave birth to the baneful heresy of secession; that party plunged the nation into a gigantic struggle to maintain its existence. It was Southern Democrats exclusively that waged that war; it was Northern Democrats, and they alone, that sympathized with their "Southern brethren" in their stupendous iniquity. It was Northern Democrats to a man who did all they dared to encourage and forward the struggle against the life of the nation. That party, the false Democracy that nearly succeeded in its fell attempt to destroy the Union and our liberties, now stalks forth with brazen effrontery and demands possession of that government they sought to subvert. Can we, in view of these facts, and having the best interests of our country at heart, ally ourselves with a party advocating such nefarious doctrines?—Never will I countenance that party while it contains such Union-hating elements and remains the exponent of such principles.
QUILL.

Bayard Taylor, who is now sojourning at Gotha, the place of residence of his wife's parents, will return to this country in a few weeks, to be present at the golden wedding of his parents at Kennett Square, Chester county, Pa., on the 8th of next October.

Love, the tooth-ache, a cough and tight boots are things which cannot long be kept secret.

Why is an onion like a piano?—Because it's mell odious.

Gen. McClellan is coming home.