

The Alleghanlian.

A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1862.

NUMBER 29.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Coal Creek.	Joseph Graham.	Yoder.
Coal Station.	Enoch Reese.	Blacklick.
Cornstown.	William M. Jones.	Carroll.
Cross Springs.	Dani. Litzinger.	Chest.
Crossburg.	John J. Troxell.	Washington.
Crossburg.	John Thompson.	White.
Fulton.	Isaac Thompson.	Gallitzin.
Gallitzin.	J. M. Christy.	Washington.
Gallitzin.	Wm. M. Gough.	Washington.
Gallitzin.	F. E. Chandler.	Johnstown.
Gallitzin.	P. Shields.	Loretto.
Gallitzin.	E. Wissinger.	Conemaugh.
Gallitzin.	A. Durbin.	Muster.
Gallitzin.	Francis Clement.	Conemaugh.
Gallitzin.	Andrew J. Fernal.	Susquehanna.
Gallitzin.	G. W. Bowman.	White.
Gallitzin.	Wm. Ryan, Sr.	Clearfield.
Gallitzin.	George Conrad.	Richland.
Gallitzin.	B. M. Colgan.	Washington.
Gallitzin.	B. F. Slick.	Croyce.
Gallitzin.	Miss M. Gillespie.	Washington.
Gallitzin.	Morris Kell.	Smotherhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Methodist—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Episcopal—Rev. S. T. SNOW, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month, and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MURPHY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and on Wednesdays at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at	12 o'clock, noon.
Western, " " <td>12 o'clock, noon.</td>	12 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at	8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " <th>8 o'clock, P. M.</th>	8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, Ohio, arrive on Thursday of each week, at 9 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at	9:44 A. M.
" Fast Line " <td>10:09 P. M.</td>	10:09 P. M.
" Mail Train " <td>4:45 P. M.</td>	4:45 P. M.
East—Express Train " <td>8:25 P. M.</td>	8:25 P. M.
" Fast Line " <td>8:29 A. M.</td>	8:29 A. M.
" Mail Train " <td>10:34 A. M.</td>	10:34 A. M.

CRENSON STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at	9:22 A. M.
" Mail Train " <th>4:19 P. M.</th>	4:19 P. M.
East—Express Train " <th>8:53 P. M.</th>	8:53 P. M.
" Mail Train " <th>11:04 A. M.</th>	11:04 A. M.

[The Fast Lines do not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Taylor, Henry C. Devine.

County Commissioners—Joseph M. Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward P. Lytle.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.

Treasurer—Thomas Callin.

Post Office Directors—Jacob Hornor, William Dinglass, George Delany.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Measurables Appraiser—John Farrell.

Auditors—John P. Strickland, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward L. Donnegan.

County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Clerk—James S. Todd.

Sup't. of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

EBENSBURG HOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.

Burgess—George Huntley.

School Directors—E. J. Mills, Dr. John M. Jones, Isaac Evans.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Thomas Todd.

Town Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, E. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.

Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.

Judges of Election—Thomas J. Davis.

Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—M. M. O'Neill.

Town Council—William Kitchell, H. Kinkaid, E. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.

Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.

Judges of Election—John Lloyd.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

McClellan to the Army of the Potomac.

MARCH 14TH, 1862.

Soldiers, who thirst for fight!
Not purposeless has been this long delay:
Your discipline, perfecting day by day,
Slowly but surely has prepared the way
For deeds of matchless might.

Not to your friends in arms,
Who far away have late done noble things,
Has been reserved the giant blow that rings
Loud in listening ears, and soonest brings
The foes most real alarms:

To you is given the blow—
To you, as proud an army as e'er trod
The earth—behold, 'tis you, who, under God,
Will shortly wield the dread avenging rod
That shall destroy the foe.

As through your ranks I ride,
Your glances give sure prestige of success.
Your willing hearts my plans will surely bless,
In souls like yours, I feel with thankfulness,
Our country may confide.

I bring you face to face
With desperate men, who needs must do or die.
Whatever I do, you know you may rely
On one who loves you—one who'll never fly
Except from deep disgrace.

Soldiers, the way is hard:
But God smiles on us—triumph must await!
Courage like yours will take control of fate.
Your toils and trials comrades, will be great,
But greater your reward.

—Vanity Fair.

THE WISSAHIKON CLIFF.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There are days in Winter when the air is very soft and balmy, like the early days of Summer; when, in fact, that glad maiden May seems to blow her warm breath in the grim face of February, until the rough old warrior laughs again.

It was on a day like this that the morning sunshine was streaming over a high rock, that frowns there, far above the Wissahikon.

A high rock, attainable only by a long, winding path, fenced in by the trunks of giant pines, whose boughs, in the coldest days of winter, form a canopy overhead.

This rock is covered with a carpet of evergreen moss. And near this rock—this chamber in the forest, for it was nothing less—sat an old man, separated from it by trunks of the pines, whose boughs concealed his form.

That old man had come here alone, to think over his two sons, now freezing at Valley Forge—for, though the father was a Tory, yet his children were Continentals. He was a well-meaning man, but some half-crazy idea about the divine right of the British Pope, George the Third, to rule this continent, and murder and burn as he pleased, lurked in his brain, and kept him back from the camp of Washington.

And now, in this bright morning in February, he had come here, alone, to think the matter over.

And while he was pondering this deep matter over, whether George the Pope or George the Rebel was in the right, he heard the tramp of a war-steed not far off, and looking between the trunks of the pines, he saw a man of noble presence dismount from his grey horse, and then advance into the quiet nooks of moss-covered rocks, encircled by giant pines.

And now, leaving the tory to look upon this man for himself, let us look also on him with our own eyes.

As he comes through those thick boughs, you behold a man more than six feet high, with his kingly form enveloped in a coarse, grey overcoat, a *chapeau* on his bold forehead—and beneath the skirts of that grey coat, you may see the military boots and the end of a scabbard.

And who is this man of kingly presence, who comes here alone, to pace this moss-covered rock with drooped head and folded arms?

Come, my friends, and look upon him—let me show you—not this figure of mist and frost-work, which some historians have called Washington—but Washington, the living, throbbing flesh and blood of Washington! Yes, *Washington, the man*. Look upon him as he paces that moss-covered rock—see that eye burn, that muscular chest heave under the folded arms.

Ah, he is thinking of Valley Forge!—Of the bloody footprints in the snow—of those three hidden figures that sat down in the huts of Valley Forge together—disease, and starvation, and nakedness.

Look, as those dark thoughts crowd on his soul, he falls on his knees, he prays the God of heaven to take his life as an offering for his native land. And as that prayer startles the still woods, that grey coat falls open and discloses the blue gold uniform—the epaulet and the sword hilt.

Then the agony of that man, praying there in the silent woods—praying for his country, now bleeding in her chains—speaks out, in the flashing of the eye, in the heaved sweat dripping from his brow.

Ah, kings of the world, planning so coolly your schemes of murder, come here and look at George Washington, as he offers his life a sacrifice for his country!

Ab, George of England, British Pope, and good natured idiot that you are, now counting in your royal halls how many more men it will take to murder a few thousand peaceful farmers, and make a nation drink your tea, come here to this rock of the Wissahikon, and see, king and pope as you are, George Washington in council with his God.

My friends, I can never think of that man in the wilds of Wissahikon—praying there, alone—praying for his country, with the deep agony in his brow—without also thinking of that dark night in Gethsemane, when the blood drops started from the brow of Jesus, the blessed Redeemer, as he pleaded for the salvation of the world.

Now look! As Washington kneels there on that moss-covered rock, from those green boughs step forth another form—tall as his own—clad in a coarse grey coat, with the boots and scabbard seen below its skirts, and a *chapeau* on his brow.

That stranger emerges from the boughs, stands there unperceived, gazing in silence upon the kneeling warrior.

A moment passes!

Look! Washington has risen to his feet: he confronts the stranger.

Now, as that stranger, with a slight bow, uncovers his forehead, tell me, did you ever see a stranger or stranger resemblance between two men than between these two, who now confront each other in silence under the shade of those dark pines?

The same height, breadth of chest, sinewy limbs, nay, almost the same faces, save that the face of the stranger, sharper in outline, lacks that calm consciousness of a great soul which stamps the countenance of Washington.

That resemblance is most strange—their muscular forms are clad in the same coarse grey coat—their costume is alike—yet hold—

The stranger throws open his overcoat; you behold that hangerman's dress, the British uniform, flashing in gold and stars! Washington starts back, and lays his hand upon his sword.

And as these two men, so strangely alike, meet there by accident under that canopy of boughs—one wandering from Valley Forge, one from Philadelphia—let me tell you at once, that the stranger is none other than the master-butcher of the idiot king—Sir William Howe.

Yes, there they met—the one the impersonation of Freedom, the other the tinsel lequacy of a Tyrant's will.

We will listen to their conversation; it is brief, but important.

For a moment the British general stood spell-bound before the man whom he had crossed the ocean to entrap and bring home; the rebel, who had lifted his hand against the right divine of the British pope! To that British general there was something awful about the soldier who could talk with his God as Washington had talked a moment ago.

"I cannot be mistaken!" at last said Sir William Howe; "I behold before me the chieftain of the rebel army, Mr. Washington."

Washington coldly bowed his head.

"Then this is a happy hour, for we together can give peace and freedom to this land."

At this word, Washington started with surprise, advanced a step, and then exclaimed:

"And who, sir, are you, that thus boldly promises peace and freedom to my country?"

"The commander of His Majesty's forces in America!" said Howe, advancing along that wood-hidden rock toward Washington. "And oh, sir, let me tell you that the king, my master, has heard of your virtues, which alone dignity the revolt with the name of a war, and it is to you he looks for the termination of this most disastrous contest."

Then Washington, whose pulse had never quickened before all the panoply of British arms, felt his heart flutter in his bosom as that great boon was before his eyes—peace and freedom to his native land!

"Yes," continued Howe, advancing another step, "my king looks to you for the termination of this unnatural war. Let rebellion once be crushed; let the royal name be finally established by your influences, and then, sir, behold the gratitude of King George to Mr. Washington!"

As he spoke he placed in the hands of Washington a massive parchment—sealed with the broad seal of England, and signed with the name of King George.

Washington took the parchment—opened it—read—his face did not change a muscle.

And yet that parchment named Mr. George Washington "GEORGE DUKE WASHINGTON OF MOUNT VERNON, our well-beloved servant, VICEROY OF AMERICA!"

Here was a boon for the Virginia planter—here was a title and here a power for the young man, who was one day struggling for his life away there amid floating ice on the dark Allegheny river.

For a moment the face of Washington was buried in the parchment, and then, in a low, deep voice he spoke:

"I have been thinking," he said, "of the ten thousand brave men who have been massacred in this quarrel. I have been thinking of the dead of Bunker Hill, Lexington, Quebec, Trenton, yes, the dead of Saratoga, Brandywine, Germantown—"

"And," cried Howe, starting forward, "you will put an end to this unhappy quarrel?"

"And your king," continued Washington, with a look and tone that would have cut into a heart of marble, "would have me barter the bones of the dead for a ribbon and a title?"

And then, while Howe shrank cowering back, that Virginia planter, Washington, crushing that parchment into the sod with his warrior boot—yes, trampled that royal name into one mass of rags and dust.

"That is my answer to your king."

And then he stood with scorn on his brow and in his eye, his outstretched arm pointing at that minion of King George.

Wasn't that a picture for the pencil of an angel? And now that British general, recovering from his first emotion, grew red as his uniform with rage.

"Your head," he gasped, clenching his hand, "your head will yet redder the traitor's block!"

Then Washington's hand sought his sword; then his fierce spirit awoke within him; it was his first impulse to strike the braggart into the dust. But in a moment he grew calm.

"Yours is a good and great king," he said in his usual stern tone. "At first he determined to sweep a whole continent with but five thousand men, but he soon finds that his five thousand men must swell to twenty-five thousand before he can even begin his work of murder. Then he sacrifices his own subjects by thousands—and butchers peaceful farmers by tens of thousands—and yet his march of victory is not even begun. Then, if he conquers the capital city of the continent, victory is sure! Behold! the city is in his grasp, yet still the hosts of freedom defy him, even from the huts of Valley Forge! And now, as a last resource your king comes to a man whose head yesterday was sought, with a high reward to grace the gates of London. And yet that rebel crushes into atoms the name of such a king!"

Ah, never spaniel skulked from the kick of his master as that General Howe cringed away from the presence of Washington—mounted his horse—was gone!

One word with regard to the ancient tory, who beheld this scene from yonder bushes with alternate wonder, admiration and fear. That tory went home.

"I have seen General Washington at prayer," he said to his wife. "The man who can trample upon the name of a king as he did—pray to God as he prayed—that man cannot be a rebel or a bad man. To-morrow I will join my sons at Valley Forge!"

VIVE NELSON!—Gen. Nelson has a summary way of dealing with vociferous sheesh. On one occasion, recently, as he was riding at the head of his command, a female secessionist thrust her head from a window and screamed, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis! hurrah for Jeff. Davis!"—This was too much for the temper of the General, and riding close to the fence, he shouted, "Madam, if you dare repeat that again, I'll be cursed if I don't quarter a man in your house who is covered all over with the small-pox!"

This threat, it is needless to add, had the desired effect, and sheesh retired into obscurity until the soldiers were out of sight.

Wisconsin is evidently "coming out." An exchange paper says that a Board of Education out there has resolved to erect "a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high!"

Letter from the "Silver Grays."

CAMP CURTIS, April 2, 1862.

Correspondence of The Alleghanlian.

Since I last wrote you, there has been little or no change in the routine of events in camp, each day being a counterpart of its predecessor and a precursor of that which is to follow. As I have already informed you, this military post is now a regularly established depot for recruits, who are first assembled here, and then distributed to their respective commands. There is, as a consequence, no fixedness of numbers, the recruiting officers in different portions of the State sending in large numbers daily, and there being a regular depletion going on, in the way of forwarding the recruits to the Regiments in the field.

Under the direction of Capt. Dodge, the Superintendent of the recruiting service in Pennsylvania, the quarters for the men have undergone a complete overhauling. These have been thoroughly renovated and improved. Distinct apartments have been arranged for cooking, eating and sleeping, which separation has conducted much to the comfort of life in camp. The gentlemanly Superintendent has likewise made provisions for having all the officers connected with the post, quartered within the camp. Buildings are being erected for their accommodation. In a few days, each officer will have his own little home or "snuggery," in which he may practice in the domestic accomplishments connected with house-keeping, without fear of being annoyed or treated to a certain lecture for any and every violation of strict propriety. I have no doubt that our mess will be distinguished as the mess of the camp—not for the neatness of its apartments, and the hospitality of its members. That you may be sure in endorsing this assertion, suppose you "come along," by way of a visit, and then judge for yourself.

The new order of things here has been followed by new associations. A number of officers who had been detailed for the recruiting service in Philadelphia and elsewhere, have been ordered to this camp. A more agreeable, open-hearted, out-spoken, and chivalrous body of gentlemen can not be found anywhere. My brief acquaintance has already attached me to them, one and all. I will very much regret our separation, when the time shall have arrived for saying *adieu*.

The last week has been one of mingled rejoicing and sorrowing—rejoicing at the contemplation of the distinguished victory achieved by the Federal army at Winchester—sorrowing for the death of the noble, heroic martyrs for liberty, whose blood attested their devotion to their country and its flag. When the news was received here of the engagement of Sigbee's command with the rebel forces under Jackson, the most intense anxiety was manifested to hear of the result.—Quickly upon the heels of the first reports, came the news of victory and death. The intelligence of the participation of the gallant 84th in the hottest of the fight, was accompanied by the sad announcement, that its valiant Colonel had fallen upon the field of battle. How can I describe to you the gloom and evidence of desolation of heart which at once seized upon the community, in which the hero and martyr had been known from his boyhood? Old and young gave vent to the feelings of deep sorrow that came up from their heart of hearts—the sympathy, whose depth, like the stream's current, is known by its stillness, was whispered into the ear of the Mother and the Sisters.—The Representatives of the People—the Executive of the State—the Heads of Departments—those who had been companions of the deceased in the halcyon days of youth, vied with each other in giving testimony to their appreciation of the worth, virtue, and patriotism of him whose corpse spoke his love for his country and his devotion to the Union.

But why mourn a death, such as was that of WILLIAM GRAY MURRAY? It was such an one as he himself would have chosen. Had he not been prevented by circumstances over which he had no control, he would have drawn his sword in the defence of the "Stars & Stripes," at the very out-set of this war against rebellion. Death freed the sword to his iron grasp, and death has glorified it in victory. What was life to such a man when duty beckoned "onward." There is every evidence that he reckoned its value at a less figure, than that which he had set upon the performance of his obligations to the land of his birth. He gave it up as a willing sacrifice upon the altar of Liberty. When in the agonies of dissolution—when his noble soul was about leaving the ten-

Parson Brownlow's Speech.

An enthusiastic reception was recently given to Brownlow, Johnson and Ethridge, by the Union citizens of Nashville. The following characteristic speech was made on the occasion by Parson Brownlow:

GENTLEMEN—I am in a sad plight to say much of interest—too thoroughly incapacitated to do justice to you or myself. My throat has been disordered for the past three years, and I have been compelled to almost abandon public speaking.—Last December I was thrust into an uncomfortable and disagreeable jail—for what? Treason! Treason to the bogus Confederacy; and the proofs of that treason were articles which appeared in the Knoxville *Whig* in May last, when the State of Tennessee was a member of the imperishable Union. At the expiration of four weeks I became a victim of the typhoid fever, and was removed to a room in a decent dwelling, and a guard of seven men kept me company. I subsequently became so weak that I could not turn over in my bed, and the guard was increased to twelve men, for fear I should suddenly recover and run away to Kentucky. Being convalescent, in a measure, I was removed to my former place of confinement. One day I was visited by some Confederate officers, who remarked—"Brownlow, you should not be here.—Take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government, which will not only entitle you to a speedy release, but insure your protection." "Sir!" said I, "before I would take the oath to support such a hell-forsaken institution, I would suffer myself to rot or die with old age."

Why, my friends, these demagogues actually boast that the Lord is on their side, and declare that God Almighty is assisting them in the furtherance of their nefarious project. In Knoxville and surrounding localities, a short time since, daily prayer meetings were held, wherein the Almighty was beseeched to raise Lincoln's blockade, and to hurl destruction against the Burnside Expedition. Their prayers were partly answered—the blockade at Roanoke Island was most effectually raised, a reciprocal of their sacrilegious divinely tendered.

Gentlemen, I am no Abolitionist. I applaud no sectional doctrines. I am a Southern man, and all my relatives and interests are thoroughly identified with the South and Southern institutions. I was born in the Old Dominion, my parents were born in Virginia, and they and their antecedents were all slaveholders. Let me assure you that the South has suffered no infringement upon her institutions; the slavery question was actually no pretext for this unholy, unrighteous conflict. Twelve Senators from the Cotton States, who had sworn to support and preserve inviolate the Constitution framed by our forefathers, plotted treason at night—a fit time for such a crime—and telegraphed to their States despatches advising them to pass ordinances of secession. Yes, gentlemen, twelve Senators swore allegiance in the day time, and unsware it at night.

A short time since I was called upon by a little Jew, who, I believe, is the Secretary of War, of the bogus Confederacy. He threatened to hang me, and I

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