

The Alleghanlian.

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

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Bethel Station.	Enoch Reese.	Carroll.
Carrolltown.	William M. Jones.	Chest.
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Select Poetry.

The Star-Flag of the Free.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

This is the price of Liberty—
"Eternal vigilance and care;"
Sustain the Star-Flag of the free,
Our Union represented there.
No traitor shall, with recreant head,
Remove it from its place on high—
The symbol of our native land,
Which might the world in arms defy!

Oh! ye, who cherish Liberty,
And every hope that on her waits!
Preserve for your posterity
The perfect Union of the States.
The Stars that flutter to the breeze,
Were clustered here at Freedom's call—
Stern Fate foreshadowed all of these,
If sundered, would to ruin fall.

Then read, ye sons of Liberty!
(And mark the homely proverb well.)
Words that denote your destiny,
Should States this solemn truth repel.
In Union there is strength and peace,
In separation endless wars—
Guard, bravely guard, till time shall cease,
Our country's free-born Flag of Stars.

JEFF. DAVIS' CONFESSION.

SINGULAR DOCUMENT FOUND ON THE BODY OF A DEAD REBEL.

For reasons, which may possibly at some future period be made public, a minute and detailed account of the manner in which the following came into the possession of the author is here dispensed with. Still, however, to prevent the suspicion arising that it is a mere fabrication of the brain, we will state that the document containing it was found inclosed in a letter taken from the dead body of a rebel courier after the battle of Romney, fought some time since by Colonel Kelly. This letter was directed to a well-known citizen of Cincinnati, whose name we also refrain from giving, at least for the present. By some facility, the bearer had stopped over night at the Confederate Camp, at Romney, doubtless intending to resume his journey on the morrow; but the morrow's dawn found him a mangled, stiffening corpse. The writer, a distant relation of the Cincinnati we have mentioned, was at the time confidential Secretary to Davis, and from the strong language used in the letter, evidently held the conviction that—to use his own words—"this man Davis is sold to the Devil!"

He concludes his epistle thus: "And my dear W., rest assured that I will, at the first opportunity, follow this letter to my dear old home and flag. Like a very large majority of the Southern people, I have been, I must confess, terribly misled by Davis and his doctrines. T. R. A." But even on this authority, we forebore issuing the "Confession" until we recently heard of the very sudden and very mysterious death of T. R. A., the private Secretary. This, however, coupled with the news that has since been received, and believing, as we do, that the publication at this time of Davis' Letter or Confession will be beneficial to the people at large, we have resolved to put it forth, leaving all, of course, to form their own judgment and opinions concerning it.—[Cincinnati paper.]

To the American People.

RICHMOND, VA., 1861.
Fellow Countrymen:—It is with feelings perhaps the newest and strangest that ever agitated the human heart that I now address to you the following language.—Ere I proceed, however, I wish it distinctly understood that what I am about to say I say to the People, the Masses, of both North and South, and not to the Senators, the Representatives, the Political Leaders of either section. And of this latter class I warn you, Americans, and mark you well this prediction: If ever the Republic of the United States is destroyed, it will be destroyed by its Political Leaders.

My injured countrymen, I do not hope for an instant by what I shall herein say to awaken within you a single spark of pity or sympathy. I know that I deserve neither; I know that I deserve only your curses, only the bitterest maledictions of your mothers, your wives, and your little ones, for the blood and tears with which my reckless course has drenched nearly every hearthstone in your once happy land. I cannot, however, now retrace my steps; the die is cast; I have taken the plunge; and with me all is lost. The terrible game, which I have been playing for a lifetime, has gone against me—for even thus early in the contest, I perceive, at least, my own eventual and utter defeat. Had I won, I would, within five years from now, have made myself Emperor of America, and my name would have gone

down through all future ages as the founder of the most powerful and magnificent empire the world ever saw. But, as I shall lose, my memory will descend to the end of time a synonym of the darkest and worst passions of the human heart. So be it—I deserve it all.

The only approach that I am able to make toward a reparation of the terrible injuries I have inflicted upon the American nation is to make a clear and truthful confession of the course I have been pursuing since childhood toward them, wishing and hoping thereby to save them from future danger like that which now threatens them.

While yet a boy, pursuing my studies in Transylvania University, I happened by accident to become possessed of a highly colored and glowing history of Napoleon and his campaigns. The perusal of this volume fired my heart to the highest pitch of ambition, and I resolved to be the Bonaparte of the Western Hemisphere.— Though comparatively young, I plainly perceived that the acquirement of a vast amount of general information, unceasing labor of mind, and some definite plan of action were essential to the attainment of this object. I commenced immediately, therefore, as a base for all future operations, a thorough study of all branches of science and literature which I thought would aid me, and, at every opportunity that presented itself, I would listen attentively to the conversation, debates, or speeches of men from whom I judged I might learn anything. I soon became convinced that the surest, and in fact the only avenue to the favor of Americans, was either that of Politics or the Army. Accordingly, at my own urgent request, I was in 1824 removed from Transylvania University and appointed a cadet at West Point. During the four years I remained in the latter institution, besides pursuing the regular, allotted studies, I bestowed diligent attention upon others that I deemed equally necessary to my intentions. Graduating, and receiving the brevet rank of Second Lieutenant in June, 1828, I was ordered to the Frontier, where for seven years I underwent the practical education of a soldier. Being satisfied at the end of this time that I had gained all the military knowledge I required, I resigned my commission June 31, 1835, and returned to Mississippi, professing with the sole purpose of cultivating cotton.

My real object, however, was to secure that quiet and seclusion which would enable me to master the subjects of political history and economy, especially as applicable to the United States. From the time I left the army until 1843, I was scarcely known beyond the limits of my own plantation. But in that year—believing I was fully ready to put to use the materials I had been accumulating for twenty years—I publicly ranged myself under the banner of the Democratic Party, which party was at the time actively engaged in preparing for the ensuing Presidential Campaign. My reasons for choosing the Democratic party were, 1st, because I saw that in the coming election it would gain the victory; and 2d, because the term or name Democratic is alone one that must always tickle and please the ear of the Masses, where lie the greatest number of votes. Undoubtedly, the surest way of annihilating the Democratic party, as a party, would be to change its name, or divide it against itself. As some of you, my countrymen, doubtless remember, I made such headway that I was chosen Presidential Elector on the Polk and Dallas ticket in 1844, and the year following took my seat in the House of Representatives. Now it was that, after twenty years of labor, I was about to have the opportunity I had so ardently yearned for, and in the debates that arose concerning the Oregon and Tariff questions I took a prominent part. But my most strenuous efforts were made in regard to military affairs, and particularly the Mexican War preparations. In July, 1846, the sword was put in my grasp by my election as Colonel of the 1st regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, better known as the "Mississippi Rifles." Resigning my seat in Congress, I accepted the weapon which, though seemingly drawn in defense of my country, has really always been unsheathed against her. At the head of the Rifles, I followed General Taylor from the Rio Grande to Buena Vista's strife; and I sincerely now regret that my bones were not left whitening beside those of my brave Rifles upon that terrible field.

But, miraculously unscathed by its dangers, I returned from the Mexican Campaign only to apply myself more diligently to the accomplishment of the grand object of my life—the destruction of the Union—upon the ruins of which my intended throne was to have its foundations. I hoped to finally compass this end by the discreet agitation of three

great questions, 1st. States' Rights; 2d. Slavery; 3d. Party. I was convinced that if I could, at exactly the same time, get these dangerous topics deeply exciting the whole American nation, at least a temporary estrangement, if not an actual collision, would result between the States. This in turn must agitate every kingdom in Europe, but more especially England and France, who, envious of our commercial prosperity, and increasing power as a nation, would, to weaken us, immediately recognize us as an independent power that portion of the Union whose institutions promised to most closely resemble their own.

Upon the defeat of Fremont in 1856, and the boast of the Republican party, that they would elect the next President, I carefully surveyed the whole field of action, and found that the greater number of chances certainly favored such a conclusion. At the same time I saw that the Presidential contest of 1860 must bring all my movements to a climax. In 1860, therefore, I must either fail or succeed in my grand scheme, and accordingly my utmost energies were bent during the ensuing four years to the task.

As every doing of the Buchanan administration, no matter how trifling, has been well trumpeted through the land it is unnecessary for me now to recapitulate its acts. But there are two facts that even the sharpest and most astute have never suspected. They are, 1st, that the division of the Democratic party was really accomplished by my influence; and 2d, that the election of Abraham Lincoln was insured by my money, as well as by my influence. All worked well thus far, for, as I supposed, Lincoln, who is, I know, an honest man, and a man of unflinching determination and courage in whatever course he conceives to be the right one, immediately, upon coming to the Presidency, announced his intended policy, which I was aware would unite the South, and, as I had calculated, at least one-half of the North. But here was my first irreparable disaster: the North presented, after but a momentary vacillation, a firm, unbroken front to the tide that I had expected to roll, with but little resistance, over the Union. This prompt and unexpected unanimity of feeling in the Northern States has insured the final destruction and scattering of my plot and hopes!— Had this been otherwise, I would quickly have made myself master of Washington, New York, St. Louis, and other great cities North, and, through the influence of my emissaries abroad, would immediately have had the Southern Confederacy acknowledged, and thus forced Europe to fight for us. But, as regiment after regiment came rushing to Washington in response to Lincoln's Proclamation, this hope was dispelled and the tide turned against me. From that time I was defeated, but I shall not quit the field till death finds me, and then this document will perhaps reach you, my injured countrymen, of both North and South; and to its concluding paragraphs I then earnestly commend your attention.

When the dark clouds that now lower over your fair land from Maine to Texas shall have cleared away, and the flag of Washington and his compeers shall again be triumphant, then, my countrymen, see to it that your preparations for the great future be properly made. Settle amicably, people of both South and North, the vexatious question of Slavery. It will, without doubt, be impossible to do away with Slavery suddenly, or within a short period of time; but, as you value the happiness of your children, the generations yet unborn, get rid of the incubus at your earliest opportunity. There can be no doubt that, further to insure the unity and preservation of your government, the principle of States' Rights must, wherever it comes in contact with the Federal interest, be abandoned. And lastly, and most important of all subjects, and one which should constantly be before the American masses, is that of Party. While ever suffrage is allowed to all, so long will party spirit and rivalry exist. This party spirit and rivalry, also, must naturally increase, until at last, under the adroit management of unprincipled and ambitious Political Leaders, it must, unless checked in some manner by the working men, themselves, bring total destruction upon the government that fosters it. Now, the only true and sure method which the masses have to keep party under control, is to spread as much general and useful intelligence as possible among themselves and their children. There is at this very time, notwithstanding all the noise we hear concerning it, not one American in one thousand who really knows what the Constitution says, or what it does not say, and, the ratio is even still smaller of those who have in their memory ten pages of American History. If, Americans, you really value your future liberty, and that

of your children, build more public schools, scatter all over the land copies of the Constitution, and full and complete Histories of the United States. Thus will every one be enabled to decide important political questions for himself, and be free from the shackles that Demagogues would seek to fasten upon him.

These words doubtless sound strangely, coming from my lips, but they are true. Of course I should never have uttered them had my plans succeeded; but, as England or France has not already acknowledged us, they will not do so, at any rate, under the most favorable circumstances, until next winter, and although they may then give the Federal Government much trouble, may even, with the assistance of other European nations, crush it, it will do neither myself nor the South any good, for in case of such an occurrence, the United States, torn and divided as they will then be, must fall before such overwhelming odds, and after their fall lie powerless at the feet of conquering royalty. In this case I shall only have been the self-constituted cat-paw of Europe, and go minus the reward. If it come to this, I shall be crushed under the ruins of Freedom's temple, which with your curses, my countrymen, will be my monument— As I am outlawed and forever ruined, however, it wrecks not to me, for by the time this reaches you, I shall be at that bar whose decisions are just and irrevocable. Wishing, once more, that I had fallen on Buena Vista's bloody field, and thereby won your lasting praise, and wishing also that my example may serve to warn you in the future of Politicians and their wives, I bid you farewell.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This document was securely sealed and endorsed: "To be opened after my death."
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Pennsylvania Reserves in the Recent Battles.

A war correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes as follows concerning the participation of the Pennsylvania Reserves in the recent struggles on the Peninsula:

"On Thursday, June 26, we were told to get ready for review by Gen. McClellan. The boys accordingly brightened up, and got everything in order, when the sharp report of a Parrott-gun told us there was work at hand. Soon the rattle of musketry was heard, and we were ordered to get ready to support the 1st and 3d brigades. We immediately started out, the rebels meanwhile amusing themselves by shelling us from the other side of the river, as we marched along. We went into the fight about four o'clock, and kept it up until nine, when firing ceased on both sides, as if by mutual consent. We slept on the ground where we had fought, with nothing to disturb us but an occasional shot from the outer guards. During this engagement we were about seventy-five yards apart. The bullets came in a perfect hurricane, and the shelling was the most severe we experienced during our trying time. We had been contending against 45,000 men, according to the statement of a prisoner, since confirmed by scores of the "graybacks" we captured. At three o'clock next morning, (27th.) we opened on them again, and then slowly retreated to the position at Gaines' Hill, a distance of six miles, where we were joined by the balance of Porter's corps d'armee. Up to this time we had about 8,000 men, of which about 200 had been killed, wounded, and missing.

The enemy pressed us closely, and we had barely got into position when they made one of their impetuous charges on our right, but they were repulsed in gallant style. The fight was kept up for about two hours, when the armies commenced maneuvering, the "rebs" finding it impossible to successfully attack us.— They still outnumbered us two to one. About this time the Reserves were ordered to a position, as a body of reserve, to attack at the decisive moment. At 4 o'clock the order was given, "McCall's division on the line," and amid the howling of shells and the whistling of bullets, we marched to the front. Our regiment was on the left, then on the right, then on the right center, and finally was placed on the left center. Here we were ordered to lie down, and here we suffered terribly. We were barely twenty yards from the enemy, and the grape and canister was howling awfully. We drove them until about six o'clock, when "Stonewall" made his first appearance, and fell on our left wing. He succeeded in flanking us, and planted a battery so as to enfilade our entire line. This battery he lost; but the 2d Maine and 4th Michigan broke, and broke our line. We could not stand it; they outnumbered us now four to one, and they were fresh, whilst we were worn out

by our day-and-a-half's fighting, and hardly any sleep. We fell back, and were met by the Irish brigade, when we turned and drove the rebels off the field at the point of the bayonet.

"They received further reinforcements, but we held the field until next morning, when we crossed the Chickahominy and blew up the bridges. We then took a rest, and next morning started for the White Oak Swamp. Everything was decent and in order; we saved our baggage train, which was nearly twenty miles long! After we had placed the swamp between us and our pursuers, we halted, and a short halt it was. The rebels now had another column, directly from Richmond, of about 100,000 men, bearing on our left. Add to this that our entire army was not yet united, and you may imagine how "blue" it looked. We had, however, succeeded in making the river, where the gunboats could co-operate with us. We fell back about one-and-a-half miles, and chose our position—our division on the fourth line of battle; our generals telling us that we would not be "put in" unless absolutely necessary. We did not wait long before the rebel column advanced on the first line, and almost the first command issued was, "McCall to the front," and double-quick it went. We charged them, and at the point of the bayonet drove them from the ground three times, when we fell back, and fresh troops took our place. The enemy finally withdrew about dark, and next morning we again fell back, and united our whole army near the river, at City Point. Here, with great pomposity, they again attacked us, on the 1st of July, "Little Mac" himself commanded, and it would have done your heart good to see them "skedaddle"— This engagement ended in a total rout.— Here we took a brigade of "rebs," and a motely crew they were—all drunk. Maj. Lyman, our provost marshal, tells me that all the rebel prisoners turned into his hands are drunk. This accounts for their fighting so recklessly, I presume.— We again took the line of march next day, and came to this place. The Confederates planted a battery on a hill and commenced throwing shells into our camp. Our guns did not reply, but a division took a little walk of about five minutes, and without firing a gun, quietly relieved them of their pieces, and took the soldiers in charge for safe keeping. They had seven small pieces, and a good stock of ammunition."

An Ingenious Prayer.

The following very singular prayer, says an exchange, was made by John Ward, of Haekey, England. The document was found in Ward's own handwriting. It is one of the examples on record of men combining in themselves the utmost fanaticism with the total absence of anything like feeling:

"O Lord, thou knowest that I have my estates in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg thee to have an eye of compassion on that County, and for the rest of the Counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make my debts on good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the *Mormaid* sloop, because I have insured it; and as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have an estate in reversion, which will be mine upon the death of that prodigal young man, Sir L. L. Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interests, and never cheat me out of my property, night or day."

An exchange says: "Our garden patch was very profitable last season.— The snails eat up the cucumbers; the chickens eat up the snails, a neighbor's cats eat up the chickens; and now, if we can only get hold of something that will eat up the cats, we'll try again!"

Lord Upton sold Brown a horse the other day. B. meeting the peer shortly after, said: "Why, your lordship told me that your horse had no fault, and he is blind of an eye!" "All right," responded the lord; "blindness is no fault—it is only a misfortune!"

A beggar in New Orleans approached a well dressed citizen and held out his hand for alms. The citizen offered him a Confederate note. "No," said the poor fellow, taking a mournful survey of his own dilapidated dress, "I have too many raggs already."