

The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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DIRECTORY.

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Post Offices. Benn's Creek, Bethel Station, Carrolltown, Chess Springs, Cresson, Ebensburg, Fallen Timber, Gallitzin, Hemlock, Johnstown, Loretto, Mineral Point, Munster, Pershing, Plattsville, Roseland, St. Augustine, Scalp Level, Seaman, Summerhill, Summit, Wilmore.
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Our Country Calls!

The following eloquent Address was delivered at a late Mass Meeting in Allegheny City, by Rev. Samuel J. Wilson, D. D. It is the heart's utterance of the true Patriot and sincere Christian:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I am a minister of the Gospel. I am no politician. If I looked upon this struggle as a mere political issue, I should not be here, but I consider it as high above mere party politics as the heavens are higher than the earth. My allegiance is first to my God, next to my country.

Is this issue worth all that it is costing us in blood and treasure? I solemnly believe it is.

In the balance over against the interests at stake, money is lighter than a moth-eaten feather. Let debt come. Out of the vital energy of your sinewy arms, Farmers and Mechanics, you will pay it. Let every acre in our farms, and every stone and brick in our houses be mortgaged. We will pay the debt, or we will bear it without a murmur, and when we die we will roll it over on our children, who will be worse than craven if they do not assume it cheerfully, and bear it bravely.

To estimate this issue in dollars and cents, would be as monstrous as it would be to barter away a mother's love for husks that the swine do eat, or as it would be to trade and traffic in the affections of a wife or of a daughter. Gold is trash, silver is dirt, real estate is dung when once thrown into the scales against an undivided country, an unswayed national honor, an unstained and an untorn national flag.

But is it worth the blood, the tears, the agony, the maimed bodies, the broken hearts that it is costing us?

Yes! and a thousand times more threefold. There are worse things than death, or bloodshed, or war. Cowardice is worse. Dishonor is infinitely worse. Let blood flow until it reaches the throat-latches of the horses, rather than have one star plucked from the galaxy of States—rather than have one inch of American soil alienated from the Constitution which our fathers gave us.

Let no man "lay to his soul the flattering unguent," that there can ever be two peaceful republics on this continent. In the language of Holy Writ, *Say ye not a Confession.* We had better fight it out now than have incessant and interminable war hereafter. Secession consummated is the infernal Pandora Box from which will issue all imaginable and monstrous political evils for us, and for our children, and for the world. Let one rod of American soil be wrested by force from the jurisdiction of the United States, and we may as well tear our flag to ribbons and sell it for rags. We may as well take the parchment on which the Constitution is written, and make lightning-papers of it. That proud banner would then no longer float on every sea and on every shore, the unchallenged emblem of republicanism triumphant; but it would be jeered at by every despot and aristocrat on earth, as the tattered, despicable symbol of the utter failure of popular government.

The hour we fail in this struggle, the sun goes back fifteen degrees on the dial. Men of Pennsylvania! shall it be so? No! over the smoking blood of Rippey and of Black, swear to-day that it shall never be as long as there is in Allegheny County a man to ram home a cartridge, fix a bayonet or pull a trigger.

If it must be so, let this land be deluged with blood. Out of that red and clotted ocean, civil liberty will arise regenerated and purified and resplendent, as Minerva leaped in full panoply from the brain of Jupiter.

There is no election left us in this matter. The bloody issue has been forced upon us, and we must meet it manfully, or lie down like whining spaniels at the feet of a treason-dyed aristocracy. Are ye ready for that, ye sons of Benjamin Franklin?

We call Heaven to witness that the loyal people of this country desired not blood. To a man they were for peace. While you were going on with your farming, your merchandise, and your mechanic arts, perjured traitors were secretly plotting the destruction of the best Government on earth. The conduct was so atrocious that you would not—you could not believe it. While you were at home quietly pursuing your peaceful callings, these perjured traitors were rifling our arsenals, drilling soldiers, and even training their guns on the flag-staff of Sumter. Still you could not credit the atrocity.

At last came the consummation of the blackest villainy, perfidy and treason in the records of all time. Men who all their lives had been dandled and fawned by the most indulgent Government in the

world, deliberately shot down the Stars and Stripes, shouting and cheering as they fell. The heroic Anderson and his gallant band left the hot and smothering walls of Sumter, carrying with them their colors riddled with rebel shot. Then you and I, and all of us, started from our sleep.

Pennsylvanians! will ye ever sleep more until that outraged flag shall float again on Sumter, and over every nook and corner from which treason, for a time, has driven it?

The leaders of the rebellion have, of late, a very pious horror of bloodshed.—But we all know perfectly well that there was scarcely any other word in their vocabulary but blood until the spirit of the North awoke. Their horror of war and their let-us-alone policy were developed simultaneously by the "Uprising of a Great People." Mrs. Jeff. Davis had engaged a cook for the White House. Wigfall was to have been dashing up Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on his prancing charger, last June one year ago.

Their meekness of spirit was induced by the determination and the sublime battle-cry of the united North; and if ever that meekness of spirit is to return to them, it will be through the same determination and the same battle-cry.

In the sight of high heaven, we protest that the loyal people of this nation are not responsible for this bloodshed. Upon the heads and souls of the rebels will cling with damning tenacity every drop of blood shed in this struggle. They would have it so, and now that the issue is fairly made, let us not shrink from meeting it. We must meet blood with blood—steel with steel.

Never did a Government bear so much from impertinent traitors as this Government bore. The sword of retribution slept too long, but now that it has leaped from its scabbard, never let it again be sheathed until the very odor of treason is purged from the land.

With you, fellow citizens, rests the settlement of this contest. Let the people rise in their majesty and will it, and in less than six months treason will be crushed into the earth so deep that the trumpet of the last judgment will not awaken it.

O! that we could feel our responsibility! O! that we could, for once, get to the top of our high privileges!

Never have such responsibilities been rolled upon a nation as those that rest upon us in this crisis; and the privilege is equal to the responsibility. But one such opportunity has occurred in the history of the world as that which is now offered to us.

To you, fellow citizens, are committed the interests of civil liberty, and the destinies of popular government throughout the world and for all time. Dare you prove recreant to the high trust? It may be that this generation is to be made a vicarious sacrifice for posterity. No higher honor could be put upon it. Let the sacrifice be made. The eyes of the world are upon us. The fate of unborn millions is involved in our conduct. Never did such incentives spur a nation to action. If we falter—if we balk—then henceforth let "Ichabod—the glory is departed"—be written on the forehead of every male-child born in the North.

There is no use in disguising the fact: a perilous, a momentous crisis is upon us. The hour is big with the fate of the Republic. "It is high time to awake out of sleep." The rebels are in awful earnest. Their leaders are fighting with halteres about their necks, and of course they will fight desperately. They will scruple at no means. The life of a mudsill is nothing to them. They will slaughter their men like sheep for the shambles. Action, prompt, resistless action, is the demand of the hour. This we must have, or all is lost. Let no man lay his head on his pillow until his name is on the roll of his country's defenders, or until he has rendered to his conscience a good reason why his name should not be there. Don't wait to cure your hay or bind your oats. Your country is more to you than meat, and that country may be ruined beyond redemption before your harvest is gathered into your barns.

Men of the North! awake! arise! arouse! The reveille of liberty is beating! Up! up! and to arms! Rally to the colors!

"Stay not for questions while freedom stands gasping."
"Wait not till honor lies wrapped in his pall; Brief the lips' parting be, swift the hands clasping."
"Of for the wars," is enough for them all."

The issue is clearly, sharply defined.—We must achieve by force the permanence of this Government, or go to our graves dishonored and bequeath to our children and our children's children a heritage of taunts and sneers. We must accept the alternative. Alleghenians! what say

you? Shall your country cry to you for help, and cry in vain? What is a man's convenience, what a man's life, in a contest like this!

"In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, and die we must;
But O! where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed?"

Fall in! fall in! ye brave Pennsylvanians! To the rescue of the old flag!—Liberty on her bended knees and with streaming eyes implores your aid. Take a solemn vow to-day that your life shall be at the service of your country until our eagles shall again sweep in triumph over every acre of American soil. Never had brave men so many incentives to heroic deeds. Treason is to be punished, blood is to be avenged, wrongs are to be righted, a country is to be saved. Strike! then:

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land."
Strike! for tyrants fall in every foe;
Strike! for Liberty's in every blow;
Forward! let us do or die!"

Adventures of a Union Man.

Some years ago a young man named S. G. Jones, a resident of Sandusky, left that city, and made his way to Kansas.—He resided in that State during the stirring and turbulent times caused by the border war—engaging in various occupations. He built the first bridge across the Kansas River at Wyandotte, which structure was completed in the year 1859. A short time after finishing this job, he proceeded to Pike's Peak, and was one of the party that discovered the famous Gregory's Diggings. Mr. Jones laid out and surveyed the town of Denver, or Denver City, and also took an active part in surveying the proposed route for a Pacific Railroad across the Rocky Mountains.

In the fall of 1860, our hero left Kansas and proceeded to Taos, New Mexico, and a short time subsequently, to Santa Fe. At the latter place he joined an expedition against the Navajo Indians, under Kit Carson, the famous Western scout. The expedition was absent three months, and succeeded in capturing from the Aborigines 7,000 sheep and 400 mules. After the expedition had accomplished its object, Jones returned to Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande, a few miles below Santa Fe. After residing at the latter place some time, his roving nature prompted him to continue his wanderings, and after visiting various places, he finally set himself down at the head waters of the Gila River, in which region he discovered the Pino Alta gold mines.

Finally our wandering Yankee concluded to try a more Southern latitude, and accordingly started from El Paso, on the 17th of May 1861, with 210 mules, which property he had secured as his share of the spoil—the result of different expeditions against the Indians, and arrived at San Antonio, Texas, on the 2d day of June, 1861—having travelled a distance of 750 miles. At this point Gen. Van Dorn, of the rebel army, politely confiscated his 210 mules, and gave Mr. Jones ten hours, in which to leave the town.—Our friend started for Columbus, a distance from San Antonio, of 120 miles—walking the entire distance, with his baggage upon his back. At Columbus he fell in with some old railroad friends, who furnished him with employment on the Columbus & Harrisonburg R. R., as one of the track hands. He engaged in this business until he had earned money enough to pay his fare to Memphis. He arrived in the latter place on the 25th of February last, where he found some friends—staunch but secret Unionists—who prevailed upon him to remain until the arrival of the Northern troops, who were expected to appear in due time, when he could go north. The famous rebel conscript law went into effect on the 13th of May, after which date every man under thirty-five and over eighteen years of age, was liable to be impressed into the army. Jones was seized one day, while on the streets of Memphis, by a patrol and taken to the guard house in a hurried manner—no questions being asked or answered. The next noon he sent a message to the officer of the day, requesting his presence in the guard house. Upon that personage's arrival at the latter place, he said to Jones: "What branch of the military service will you join; artillery, infantry or cavalry—you can have your choice?" Before giving a direct answer to the officer's question, Jones indulged in a hasty recital of the many and gross wrongs to which he had been subjected, and closed his narrative by a flat refusal to join any branch of the "service." High words ensued, resulting in His Highness, the officer of the day, being knocked down with a chair. That afternoon Jones, with five other men, who

like himself, had been impressed into the Southern ranks, was placed upon a steam tug, and conveyed to Fort Pillow. Upon arriving at the latter post, they were ushered into the presence of Gen. Viliipigue, the commander, for examination. The General asked the men which branch of the service they would join. Jones replied: "I will rot in prison before I will take up arms against the United States!" Finding that our Yankee was incorrigible, his captors shut him up again in the guard house.

From his prison Jones wrote a short and polite note to Gen. Viliipigue—making a fresh statement of grievances—for which "audacity," as the General was pleased to term it, he was placed in irons. The next day he inquired of the officer of the day, what charges were preferred against him. "You are charged," said that officer, "with being a spy, with disloyalty, and with striking a superior officer."

Soon after these events, Jones was tried by Court Martial, found guilty of the above charges, and sentenced to be shot on the 27th day of May last, at 10 o'clock in the morning, at Dress Parade. Rather gloomy prospects for the poor persecuted Unionist, whose only crime was his love of country! Fortune favored the prisoner, however, for Providence furnished him a timely friend, who provided Jones with a file, with which to sever his irons, and between 11 and 12 o'clock on the night before his execution was to have taken place, he emerged from prison. He had no difficulty in hurrying past the guards, from the fact that his friend had previously whispered the countersign in his ear. Swimming Cold Creek, in the neighborhood of the Fort, he made his way to one of the Mississippi canebrakes, where he wandered for two days and two nights without anything to eat.

As good luck would have it, when he emerged from the swamp on the third day, he found himself near the "Father of Waters," and directly opposite one of our noble gunboats. Breaking down a small pole—he fastened a portion of his ragged garments to one end, and thus improvised a signal, by which means he attracted the attention of the gunboat crew. A small boat was immediately sent to his assistance, and in a short time our hero found himself upon deck of the United States gunboat *Benton*, Commodore Foote's flag steamer. He was treated in the kindest manner by Captain Phelps, her commander, who immediately took him below and furnished the half famished and half starved fugitive from rebel tyranny with a comfortable suit of clothes and a good meal of victuals. The crew—officers and men—also made up a purse for him. Soon after this, being furnished with letters of introduction and passes, he proceeded to Cairo, from which point he arrived in this city yesterday. Mr. Jones exhibited to us several letters from some of our distinguished officers, acknowledging the valuable information they had received from him in regard to the topography of the rebel country, &c., which furnish conclusive proof that this narrative is correct. He returned to his home, in Sandusky, last evening.

This war, so prolific of wild tales, of adventures by land and sea, of hair breadth escapes, of stories of hardship and suffering, can hardly furnish a narrative that partakes of more real romance than the foregoing.

An Irishman who lives with a vegetarian writes to a friend that if he wants to know what elegant living is, he must make him a visit; "for," says he, "the breakfast consists of nothing, and supper of what was left at breakfast. We have no dinner!"

"If I should be drafted into the service, what would you do?" asked a gentleman of his loving spouse, lately.—"Get a substitute for you, I suppose," she retorted. Whereupon, the topic of conversation was changed instantly.

Somebody asked General Cass the other day—"What may we do to save the Union?" "Anything," responded the General. "May we abolish slavery?"—"Abolish anything on the face of the earth to save the nation!"

A Charleston paper states that a "Beauregard hat" is all the rage in that city. At the rate the war is progressing, the same General will furnish a model for a neck-tie that will yet be extensively used at the South.

A young fellow was overheard the other day congratulating himself upon recently having taken a very pleasant trip. Upon inquiry, it was found that he had tripped and fallen into a young lady's lap.

A Card.

EBENSBURG, PA., August 9, 1862.
To the Editor of The Alleghanian:

Having been requested by one of the honorable committees on Military affairs in this place to address a Mass Meeting, to be held on Saturday evening, 9th inst., my answer was, that my only objection thereto consisted in the difficulties I experienced in properly pronouncing the English language. However, rather than I should appear to be behind others in acting any reasonable part that may be expected from such an one as myself, I hereby undertake to write my sentiments upon the subject; and should they be deemed worthy of publication in your valuable journal, they are of course at your disposal.

I am no politician. All I plead for, as the principles of my life, is, that justice and peace, knowledge and purity, frugality and charity, liberty and order may reign in all countries, courts, cases and circumstances, all over the globe. Amen—be it so. But, alas! We find that things do not proceed in this manner these days, in this extensive and enriching land of ours. "Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter."—(Isaiah lix, 14.) Yes, there are those to be found therein who violently say, in words and deeds, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."—(Psalm ii, 3.) They are determined, as far as within their power lies, upon having everything in their own way—be it good or bad, right or wrong; like those of old, when there was no king or supreme magistrate in Israel, "Every man did that which was right in their own eyes."—(Judges xvii, 3.) Now, I for one protest against such wild and unruly notions and actions as these. If they in the Southern States have any just grievances to complain of—which I have no doubt they may have, in their turn, as is usual amongst all other States at times—then let those grievances, or whatever other name they may be called, be fairly met, and a redress sought in a reasonable, lawful and honorable manner, and not through a lawless and cowardly rebellion. It appears to me to be our stern duty to adhere closely as a nation to all our constitutional rights and dues, whatever they may be, as long as they are allowed to be so by the laws of our land. And when any variation therefrom is desired, or any alterations therein be requested, then let the same be fairly examined, argued, and perseveringly pushed out at the right place and in the right way to a victory, which is by the Congress at Washington. Now, this would be entering our puzzling difficulties at the right door, and not thrusting ourselves over the walls, as burglars and robbers generally do.

It appears to me that our Southern brethren and friends in this rebellion of theirs have taken a traitorous side of the question, and are determined, if able, to carry it to an issue, let others live or die as they may. This will not do, and shall not do. They must be humbled to their senses, and brought to know that there is such a thing as a Government amongst us—a Government that will not yield its rightful claims to any human beings within or without itself. I do not commend war in itself, much less would I exhort to it if rebellion could be otherwise honorably dispelled. War is always a *bad* remedy, but still it is a *remedy*. Upon the default of law—when the coercive power of the law cannot have effect—then war is to take its place and supply the want. The honor of a nation is as absolutely necessary to its welfare and support as are its trade and commerce, it being, indeed, the great instrument of both, and, perhaps, their very safety and vital subsistence. If a Government cannot preserve itself in order, credit and respect at home, it cannot expect to be less than dishonored and despised abroad.

Now, our flag has been disrespected and our Government dishonored and trodden upon by our Southern neighbors. Shall we not, therefore, come out as one man, to teach them effectually the wrong they have committed and are still committing to society, to the Government, and to the word of God?

Our Southern foes, it appears, intend to invade our homes and our lives. Shall it be thus? What say you? If not, then we are called upon without delay not only to defend ourselves against their tyranny, but also to subdue them to order and compel them to know who they are, what they are, and how much they are. This being the case, I would suggest, first of all, that every man and every woman

[Concluded on fourth page.]

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 9 o'clock, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 4 1/2 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs town, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrollton, &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.

CRESSON STATION.
West—Express Train leaves at 8:51 A. M.
" Fast Line " 8:56 P. M.
" Mail Train " 7:35 P. M.
East—Express Train " 7:42 P. M.
" Fast Line " 12:17 P. M.
" Mail Train " 6:50 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.
West—Express Train leaves at 9:13 A. M.
" Fast Line " 9:18 P. M.
" Mail Train " 8:09 P. M.
East—Express Train " 7:20 P. M.
" Fast Line " 11:55 P. M.
" Mail Train " 6:23 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.
Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward P. Lytle.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—D. F. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.
Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglas, George Delany.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.
Assessors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donagan.
County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.
Cornet—James S. Todd.
Supt. of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.
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.
Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.
Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.
WEST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—William Kittell, H. Kinkead, R. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.
Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Judge of Election—John Lloyd.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.