

# The Alleghenian.

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

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VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1862.

NUMBER 4.

## DIRECTORY.

**LIST OF POST OFFICES.**  
Post Office, Districts.  
Benn's Creek, Joseph Graham, Yoder, Blacklick.  
Bethel Station, Enoch Reese, Carroll.  
Cerroblow, William M. Jones, Carroll.  
Chess Springs, Danl. Litzinger, Chest.  
Cresson, Wm. W. Young, Washingt'n.  
Ebensburg, John Thompson, Ebensburg.  
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Headlock, Wm. M'Gough, Wash'tn.  
Johnstown, I. E. Chandler, Johnst'n.  
Troy, P. Shields, Loreto.  
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Pershing, Francis Clement, Conen'gh.  
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Somerhill, B. P. Slick, Croyle.  
Sunnail, Miss M. Gillespie, Wash'tn.  
Walmore, Morris Keil, S'merhill.

## CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HANBSON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.  
**Methodist**—Rev. S. T. SPROW, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.  
**Wesleyan**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 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 third week in each month.  
**Episcopal**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.  
**Disciples**—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.  
**Particular Baptists**—Rev. D. J. JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 4 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

## 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 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " " at 8 o'clock, P. 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 " 7:47 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. Eastley, Henry C. Devine.  
Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.  
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.  
Sheriff—John Buck.  
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.  
County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.  
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.  
Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglass, George Delany.  
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.  
Poor House Steward—James J. Kayler.  
Mortgage Appraiser—John Farrell.  
Auctors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donnegan.  
County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.  
Coroner—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. 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 Llyce.  
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

## Select Poetry.

### Autumn Rain.

BY THOMAS HENRY BACON.

Dear to me the constant plashing  
Of the rain drops falling fast,  
And the dripping leafless branches  
Waving in the autumn blast—  
When the withered summer flowers  
Dead and cold are strewn around,  
When the autumn leaves are lying  
Black and wet upon the ground,  
Then I wander through the forest  
And I haunt each dark retreat,  
But the leafy carpet never  
Starts an echo from my feet.  
I have listened to the murmur  
Of the quiet autumn rain,  
As it fell with ceaseless patter  
On the tinkling window pane.  
I have stood to hear the music  
Of the quiet autumn rain,  
As upon the spectral darkness  
Floated by the sweet refrain.  
And I love the gentle whisper  
Of the patter on the pane,  
For I feel the spirits near me  
When I hear the autumn rain.  
—Godley's Lodge Book.

### The Old "French Barber."

We shall never forget, and always feel proud of the fact, that we knew a great an everyday Plato as Davy Crockett. Had the old Colonel never uttered a better idea than that everlasting good motto—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" his wisdom would stand a pretty good wrestle with tide and time, before his standing as a man of genius would pass to oblivion—he washed out in Lethe's waters. We remember hearing Colonel Crockett relate, during a "speech," a short time before he lost his life at the Alamo, Texas, a little incident of his being taken up in New Orleans one night, by a good d'ome—lugged to the calaboose, and kept there as an out and out "hard case," not being able to find anybody, hardly, that was him, and being totally unable to reconect the chief of police to the fact that he was the identical Davy Crockett, or anybody else above par. "If you want to find your level—ad calorem, wake up some morning, noon or night—where nobody knows you," said the Colonel, "and if you ever feel so essentially claved up, raw, as I did in the calaboose, the Lord pity you."

There was a "modern instance" of Col. Crockett's "wise saw," in the case of a certain Philadelphia millionaire, who was in the habit of carting himself out in a very ancient and excessively shabby gig, which, in consequence of its utter ignorance of the stable boy's brush, sponge or broom, and the hospitalities the old concern nightly offered the heus—was not exactly the kind of equipage calculated to win attention or marked respect for the owner and driver. The old millionaire, one day in early October, took it into his head to ride out and see the country.—Taking an early start, the old gentleman and his old boy-tailed, frost bitten-looking horse, with the same old shabby gig, about dusk found themselves under the swinging sign of a Pennsylvania Dutch tavern in the neighborhood of Reading. As nobody bestirred to see the traveller, he put his very old-fashioned face and wig outside of the vehicle and called: "Hallo! Hos-eh-lar! Landlord!"

Leisurely strolling down the steps, the Dutch hostler advanced towards the queer and questionable travelling equipage. "Vel, vot you want, ah?" "Vot sal I want? I sal vat to put oup my hoss, viz ze stabl', viz two pecks of oats and plenty of hay, hos-eh-lar." "Yaw," was the laconic grunt of the hostler, as he proceeded to unhitch old bald face from his rigging.

"Ston one little," said the traveller.—"I see tis very mosh like rain to-night; put oup my gig in ze stable, too." "Boosh, toner and blitzen, der rain cannot hurt your old gig?" "I pay you for vat you sal do for me; mind vat I als say, sair, if you please." The hostler very surlily led the traveller's weary old brute to the stable; but, prior to carrying out the orders of the traveller, he sought the landlord to know if it would pay to put up the shabby old concern, and treat the old horse to a real feed of hay and oats, without making some inquiries into the financial condition of the old Frenchman.

The landlord, with a country lawyer and a neighbor farmer, were at the bar, one of those old-fashioned salted coops in a corner, peculiar to Pennsylvania, discussing the merits of a law suit, seizure of property, &c., of a deceased tiller of the soil in the vicinity. Basiy chatting and quaffing their toddy, the entrance of the

poor old traveller was scarcely noticed, until he had divested his old, many caped cloak, and taken a seat in the room. The hostler having reappeared, and talked a little Dutch to the host, that worthy turned to the traveler:

"Good eve'ns, travell'r." "Yes, sair," pleasantly responded the Frenchman, "a little."

"You got a hoss, ch?" continued the landlord.

"Yes, sair; I vish ze hos-eh-lar to give mine hoss plenty to eat—plenty hay, plenty oats, plenty vatair, sair."

"Yaw," responded the landlord, "den Jacob, give'm der oats, and der hay, and der water;" and with this brief direction to his subordinate, the landlord turned away from the way-worn traveller to resume his conversation with his more apparently influential friends. The old Frenchman very patiently waited until the discussion should cease, and the landlord's car should be disengaged, that he might apprise him of the fact that travellers had stomachs, and that of the old Frenchman was highly incensed by long delay, and more particularly by the odorous fumes of roast fowls, ham and eggs, &c., issuing from the inner portion of the tavern.

"Landlord, I vill take suppair, if you please."

"Yaw; den dese gentlemen shall eat der suppers, den something vill be prepared for you."

"Sair!" said the old Frenchman firing up; "I vill not wait for ze sheutenlens; I vint my supper now, directly—right away; I not vat for nobody, sair."

"If you no like 'em, den you go off out mine house," answered the old sour crou, "you old barber!"

"Bar-bar!" gasped the old Frenchman, in suppressed rage. "Sair, I vill go nowhere—I vill stay here so long, by gar, as—as I please, sair."

"Are you aware, sair," interposed the legal gentleman, "that you are rendering gross and offensive, malicious and libellous, scandalous and burglarious language to this gentleman, in his own domicile, with malice and pretense forethought, and—"

"Pooh! pooh! pooh! for you sair!" testily replied the Frenchman.

"Pooh? To me sair? *Me sair!*" bullying echoed Blackstone.

"Yes, sair—pooh—pooh! von geese, sair." It were vain to try to depict the rage of wounded pride the insolence of a travelling barber had stirred up in the very face of the man of law, logic and real lore. He swelled up and strutted out like a miffed gobbler in a barn yard.

He tried to cool down his rage, but it heated forth:

"You—you—you infernal old frog-eating-soup-and-lather you! You smoke-dried poor old wretch you! If it wasn't for my sake, I'd have you taken up and put in the county jail for vagrancy—I would you poverty-stricken old rascal!"

"Jab," bawled the landlord to his sub, "ing out der old hoss again, before he die mit the crows in mine stable—Now, you old fool, you shall go vay pou your business, mit nossin to eat mit your hoss, too," said the landlord, with an evident sh of blood and beer to his head.

"Oh, ve vell," patiently answered the Frenchman, "very vell, sair, I sal go—but," shaking his finger significantly at the landlord and lawyer, "I com peek tomorrow mornig, I buy dis propertie; you, sair, sal ke de deed in my name—I kick you, sair, (to the landlord), and you (to the lawyer) I sal like the geese—booh!"

With this, the poor Frenchman started for his gig, and the "Haw! haw! haw!" and "Ha! ha! ha!" of the landlord and lawyer.

"That's for you," said the Frenchman, as he gave the shy hostler a real half dollar, took the dry ribbons, and drove off.

Now the farmer, one of the spectators present, had quietly watched the proceedings, and being gifted with enough insight into human nature to see something more than an "old French letter" in the person and manner of the traveler, and being, moreover, interested in the tavern property, followed the Frenchman. Overtaking him, he at once offered him the hospitalities of his home, not far distant, where the traveler passed a most comfortable night, his lit finding out in the meantime that he is entertaining no less a pecuniary mirad of his time than—

Stephen Girard.

Early next mornig, old Stephy, in his shabby old gig, accompanied by his escort, rode over the tower of the tavern property, and with them sought the lawyer. The deed of transfer were soon made out, the old Frenchman paying thirteen thousand dollars for the property, drawing on his owbank for the amount. He gave the fair a ten years' lease

upon the place, paid the lawyer for his trouble, and, as the latter worthy accompanied the millionaire to the door and was very obsequiously bowing him out, old Stephy turned around on the steps and looking sharply at him, said,

"Sair! Pooh! Pooh! Booh!"

He next rode to the tavern, when the landlord was notified to leave in double quick; and being thus fully revenged for the insult paid his millions, old Stephy Girard, the Philadelphia financier, rode back to where he was better used for his money, most likely better satisfied than ever that dimes and dollars are a mighty institution when brought to bear upon material objects.

## Horrible Persecution of Union Men in Kentucky.

From the Cincinnati Times.

We are permitted to publish the following private letter, from a member of the Senate of Kentucky to a friend. It is a plain statement of the awful barbarity of the Rebels from a gentleman whose veracity none dare dispute:

CINCINNATI, Oct. 8, 1862.

L. W. HALL, Ravanna, Portage County, Ohio—*Dear Sir:* In great distress of mind, I will attempt to recount to you the misfortunes and troubles I have recently had to encounter in Kentucky. I am now a refugee. The torch of the incendiary Rebel has been put to my mills, my store and my dwelling. All is consumed; the labor of nearly twenty years is destroyed. On last Wednesday night the Rebel Cavalry of John H. Morgan, to the number of 800, encamped within two miles of my place. Through the whole night they were momentarily expected to come upon us. Every person left the road and hid in the woods. I could not do so; my wife was near her confinement, and my anxiety for her kept me near my dwelling, but to allay her fears for my safety I had to appear to be absent. Nothing occurred during the night. As the morning dawned, I went further from my house, and took a view of the premises and the roads leading to them. I could see no Rebels, and I determined to see my wife, cost what it might. As I was near my door, eight rebels suddenly appeared before me, with their guns presented at my breast, and took me prisoner. Soon the whole rebel band was upon me. Morgan cursed the men for taking me prisoner, saying that he had ordered them to shoot me down on sight. He then opened my store door, and told his men to rifle it of everything they desired and then set fire to it. I implored him not to do so, as it was so near my dwelling that it would also be consumed. I informed him of the condition of my wife—for myself I asked nothing, but I begged of him, in common humanity, not to destroy my wife and little children. He answered with a fiendish oath, that he intended to burn everything I had—he would put fire to my house and burn my wife and children up in it—he would wipe out the whole Abolition concern. This threat was applauded by many of his men, who said they went in for killing men, women and children. I was then placed upon a horse, without a saddle, and conducted to the front of their column, and orders were given to shoot me down if fired upon by bushwhackers, as they styled them. I assured them they would be fired on if the people had any spirit, and I believed they had. When they saw the configuration of their homes, they would waylay and fire upon them, even if their number was ten times greater. After firing my property, he (Morgan) rode past me and said, pointing to the flames, "You find your loyalty to your Abolition Government pretty expensive, don't you?"

Before we reached the woods, the captain of the men that took me prisoner removed me from my position in front, and placed me in his company, near the rear. Immediately upon entering the woods they were fired upon. I was surprised that I was not shot. Morgan rode past, and demanded the reason I was not shot as he had ordered. They said they had not heard the order. He told them, if fired upon again, to shoot the prisoner. They then amused themselves by pointing their guns at me, and saying they wished they could hear a gun till they could have the pleasure of shooting me. After some time we were ordered to advance, and were soon again fired upon. I heard the guns click behind me, and felt sure my end was right then at hand. Their captain, John T. Williams, ordered them not to fire—that it was cold-blooded murder. He said that his men had taken me prisoner—that he was not yet mustered into the service, and did not belong to Gen. Morgan's command, and would not obey him in this, but would take me to West Liberty and put me in jail till further orders.—This was some relief to me you may be assured. Thus we proceeded for nearly

twelve miles, my friends the bushwhackers emptying a saddle every few minutes, and my captors setting fire to every Union man's house as they went.

At last they commenced falling close around me. My guardian friend, the Captain, said he could not save me much longer. I soon took advantage of the excitement prevailing, and jumped from my horse and fled to the woods unobserved, and made my escape. I reached where *had been* my home at dark. I found my wife had been carried by some kind ladies to an unoccupied house, and a physician was with her, who said he would stay with her. It was not more than twenty minutes till Morgan's guerillas were again upon me. I escaped through the fields to the woods, making my way to Portsmouth, 35 miles, my nearest point of complete safety, where I arrived the next morning, without food, sleep or rest. I immediately came to this city, where there was owing me about \$75, with which I will purchase a Ballard rifle and return to the vicinity of my family, hide in the woods and caves, and pick off every Butternut I see, until I can get my family away to some place of security, and then—and then I will not make peace with them.

Why is all this persecution of me? It is because I condemned this wicked rebellion, urged a vigorous prosecution of this war, and in my place in the Senate of Kentucky opposed the temporizing policy of my own party. For this I am burned out and hunted out of Kentucky. *I am now unequivocally for confiscation, subjugation, extermination, and hell and damnation!*

Yours, respectfully, W. C. GRIER.

## Wonderful Tenacity of Life.

A letter from Rev. A. M. Stewart, Chaplain of the Thirtieth Regt., published in the *United Presbyterian*, relates the following remarkable instance of tenacity of life which came under the writer's observation. The warm humanity which impelled the writer to care so tenderly for the dying man is a characteristic trait, recognized by all who know him:

On the afternoon of Friday, while walking through a beautiful open wood, where, as seen by the uniforms of the dead, a New York regiment and the rebels had met in fierce and deadly encounter, I stopped for a moment to gaze upon a group of seven or eight Union and rebel soldiers lying close together, and all seeming still in death. One of these, a rebel, as known by his dress, and apparently about twenty years of age, had something more likeable about him than the others. Interested in his appearance, I went near and discovered that he was still ranting; felt his pulse, and found it firm and regular. Though so sadly and strangely familiar with mutilations of every possible form, with sudden deaths from wounds, as well as great tenacity of life, yet did this case excite, not only my deepest curiosity, but downright astonishment. Life, for days together, under such conditions, had never before been witnessed. A union of soul and body for so long, with such a wound, had not been supposed possible. A minnie ball had struck the young man on the right temple, just in the edge of the hair, and passed directly through the head, coming out on the opposite side nearly in the position as in the right temple. A hole was made through the head sufficiently large to have pushed the forefinger along the course of the bullet.

The poor fellow was evidently lying in the precise position in which he fell three days previous. A handful of brains had oozed out from the ghastly wound. I called upon two men in citizen's dress and a straggling soldier, who at the time were near, to help remove him to an old church or school house not far distant. We spread a blanket, laid him on it, and each one taking a corner, carried him to the old waste, bare building, all riddled with shell and ball during the late battle, pulled two benches together, took an old broom for a pillow, and laid him on the hard bed. With water from my canteen, the blood and gore were washed from his head and face, water poured on his parched lips and into his mouth. In a few minutes he so revived as to be able faintly to speak.

By this time our regiment was in motion, and lest its course and future position might be missed, I was compelled hastily to rejoin it; for in the marching and countermarching, the frequent changes in place of a hundred thousand men, on and near a battle field, should one lose his regiment, he might readily spend a whole half day in fruitless efforts again to find it. That night we camped between Sharpsburg and the Potomac. The next day (Saturday) we were ordered to West Liberty, twelve miles distant, and our way led across the battle field. When opposite the old building, I ran aside,

while the column moved on, to look again after the poor young rebel. Just as left the preceding day he was lying, no one seemingly having been there in the meantime. He was still alive and breathing more freely. At once recognizing my voice, he answered intelligently a few brief questions. Notwithstanding an effort to refrain, as his head and face were again bathed, my tears would flow down to mingle with the water. A piece of hard cracker, the only food at the time in my haversack, was broken fine, moistened with water, and put into his mouth, which he tried to eat. In reply to my question: "Do you think of anything else I can now do for you?" he feebly answered, "No." Commending him to the care of a merciful God in a few words of prayer, I turned away and left him, with feelings of indescribable sadness.

## Execution of "Bushwhackers."

Extract from a private letter dated

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Mo., Oct. 10, 1862.

One of those horrible tragedies illustrative of the times occurred here to-day—the "military execution" of two Missouri bushwhackers. They had murdered an old man and his son, aged about 17 years, in cold blood, and after completely quartering their remains, had burned the house of the old patriot. Information of the outrage was immediately sent to the Fort, from where a squad of soldiers was sent in pursuit of the miscreants. They were captured across the river, about two miles from here, and brought to this post to receive the doom they so richly merited.—The executioners were of the 3d Wisconsin, and numbered twenty men. On reaching the field, the troops formed in a hollow square, with the prisoners, the executioners, and the commandant of the Fort in the centre. The prisoners were then blindfolded, and marched to an opening in the ranks left for them. This done, they were required to kneel beside their rough coffins; when the Chaplain, Mr. Stone, stepped to the front of the two men and addressed the Throne of Grace. His prayer was the utterance of a pitying heart—brief, eloquent, impressive. It was an earnest appeal for pardoning mercy to those who had shown no mercy, and who were now about to step into the presence of their Maker. Then came the closing scene in the imposing drama. The prisoners remained kneeling, with twenty muskets leveled at their palpitating hearts. A fearful pause—and ah! how brief—and the messengers of death sped on their mission. What a change! A moment before the criminals had stood before us in the perfection of manhood—what and where are they now! The lip is dumb, the eye is dimmed, the beam of intelligence faded out from their countenance forever. Swift exit from time to eternity! May this lesson prove a warning to the hundreds of misguided men that are still hunting down the loyal people of Missouri and Kansas with the ferocity of wild savages.

## Volunteering in the Regular Army.

The War Department has issued the following order in relation to volunteering in the regular service:

The commanding officer of each regiment, battalion and battery of the Regular Army in the field will appoint one or more recruiting officers, who are hereby authorized to enlist, with their own consent, the requisite number of efficient volunteers to fill the ranks of their command to the legal standard.

The enlistment will be made in the usual mode, and for three years, or for the remaining portion of the period which the volunteer has yet to serve, if he so prefer.

The recruiting officers will furnish to the commanding officers of companies to which volunteers whom they may enlist belong, lists of such volunteers, exhibiting the dates of enlistment of each in the regular service.

All the men upon such lists will be reported as honorably discharged the day previous to the date of their enlistment, on the first subsequent master-roll of their company.

As an inducement to volunteers to enlist in the Regular Army, it will be remembered that promotion to commission therein is open by law to its meritorious and distinguished non-commissioned officers, and that many have been already promoted.

Gen Stewart the rebel horse thief, who has lately made such a dashing raid into this state, completely circumventing the army of McClellan, and dazling anything that was cavalry force ever attempted before, was at one time in command at Carlisle Barracks. He was selected for this daring enterprise because he is well acquainted with the topography of country, familiar with every road, acquainted with every mountain pass.