

The Alleghenian.

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

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

TERMS: (\$2.00 PER ANNUM.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.)

VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1863.

NUMBER 25.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Post Office, Enoch Reese, Blacklick.
Bethel Station, William M. Jones, Carrolltown.
Carrolltown, Danl. Litzinger, Chest.
Ches Springs, A. G. Crooks, Taylor.
Conemaugh, Wm. W. Young, Washint'n.
Cresson, John Thompson, White.
Ebensburg, Isaac Thompson, White.
Fallen Tabor, J. M. Charley, Washint'n.
Gallitzin, Wm. Tiley, Jr., Washint'n.
Headlock, M. A. Berger, Loreto.
Johnstown, E. Wisinger, Conemaugh.
Loretto, A. Durbin, Maunster.
Monaster, Andrew J. Ferral, Susq'han.
Plattsburgh, G. W. Bowman, White.
Rockwell, Wm. Ryan, Sr., Clearfield.
St. Augustine, George Conrad, Richland.
Scap Level, B. M. Colgan, Washint'n.
Sommer, B. F. Slick, Grayke.
Sumnerhill, Miss M. Gillespie, Washint'n.
Summit, Morris Keil, Smerhill.
Wilmore, Morris Keil, Smerhill.

COGSMITH'S BACK.

"The handkerchief! the handkerchief!"—
GRATEFUL.
I am certainly the most unfortunate man in the world.
If not, how does it happen that I am not married to Miss Priscilla Pritchard, only child and sole heiress of the late not much lauded Jedediah Pritchard, of Pritchardstown?
She is worth a million and a half, at the very lowest computation, and I—I'm not worth a penny, except in the way of credit. I am worth quite a sum in that way, however, and have plenty of unpaid bills to prove it.
It was almost a sure thing. I know she would have said "Yes," if I had popped the question the last time we met.
O, why didn't I pop the question the last time we met?
It is of no use, I suppose, to cry over spilled milk. She has gone and married another man, I understand, and I am set out in the cold. I cannot cry, but I should like to do a little swearing, if it were not against my principles.
You see, I loved her passionately, with my whole heart and soul, and was greatly in want of money.
She entertained, I think, a strong feeling of regard for me; and as she had had very few offers for the last four years, she might easily have been led to accept my hand, heart, and—no, not fortune; I have none; but, we will say, my name, which is just as good, if a body only thinks so.
Only, she don't think so any longer.
Let me collect my bewildered senses, and relate the harrowing story. It may amuse you.

Peter Cogsmith is one of my oldest friends. We were boys together. He is celebrated for two things only, so far as I know; for being cross-eyed, and for carrying the largest, vulgarest silk handkerchiefs—all red, and yellow, and streaked and spotted—that ever were seen.
Notwithstanding which, he is an excellent fellow.
If he had been a little better fellow, he might have been celebrated for that, too; but he had a serious failing—his back closely resembled that of a respectable old butler, with whom I am slightly acquainted.
I hate respectable old butlers with whom I am but slightly acquainted.
I remember that when Cogsmith and I were at school together, he used already to carry those hideous handkerchiefs, and it was considered rather a lark among the boys to steal them out of his pocket. The head boy of our class had eight of them, all at once, that he had stolen and accumulated.
Why did I remember the frolic some days of boyhood? Why did I ever attempt to renew a forgotten sportiveness and an obsolete pecuniary?
Let me pause to drop a briny pearl, and proceed with a fresh penful of ink.
Business—what I loathe and detest—keeps me occupied during the daytime, and my only hours of recreation are those that I snatch from the fallow period of slumber.
Therefore, I never had many opportunities to visit Miss Priscilla Pritchard, save on Sundays, and on the evenings of the week. My suit, then, prospered slowly; but it did prosper. Oh, yes; did I not press her hand unprovoked? Did I not insinuate, three several times, that I considered her, personal attractions considerably superior to the average? Did I not express my affection for her in a thousand nameless ways—by sighs, by signs, by means, by groans, by every means, in a word, that your skillful lover understands so well?
Of course I did.
And she—she not only accepted all this homage, so delicately tendered, but gave me to understand that she should like to have me keep it.
"Truly, thy name is Woman!"
How true!
It was one year ago, last Wednesday, that she and I sat alone in the little extension room, off the back room of Miss Pritchard's palatial city residence. We were alone.
I had been getting along very nicely, but somehow I could not get my courage up to the point.
So I determined to give myself one more chance. I had a brilliant idea—something new and original.
Young men, take warning by my fate! Never trust brilliant, new and original ideas. Strike while the iron is hot, and clinch the nail as soon as possible.
My idea was, to invite Miss Priscilla to accompany me to the opera, and to propose to her between the acts, in a proscenium box. I flattered myself that music's dreamy swell, the faint perfumes of the *drum en toilette*, the mellowed glitter of a thousand lights, the witchery of the spectacle, all would lend an artificial aid, and

insure the success for which I trembled. Concealing my emotion, I suggested the opera for the evening following, in my best manner.
And I can be very airy when I choose. To my infinite delight, Miss Pritchard accepted the invitation, and with an avidity that made my hopes go up to the loftiest pitch. Assurance, I felt, was doubly sure.
But, alas! "Who," as has been happily remarked, "who can read the future?"
What suggestion in that reflection?
I retired to my humble abode, and slept the sleep of a happy and hopeful man.
The next morning, refreshed and joyful, I sought the counting-house of Rodgers, Spitzer & Company, where I earned my daily bread. I overtook my salary, in order to pay for the private box, and the supper which I intended should follow the performance. I gave myself to my labors, and was cheerful, busy, vivacious to an unprovoked degree.
At five o'clock, leaving the office, I sauntered up Broad street, on my homeward way.
I felt so good, in fact, I hardly knew what to do with myself.
"No more adding up of wearisome columns, old boy," I said to myself; "no more plodding to and fro about, in an ill-ink-stained coat. No more hard times and short commons; but a coupe to town to-night, and the gloves every day. Hoora!"
As I mentally uttered this joyous exclamation, I saw Cogsmith loitering thoughtfully along, in his peculiar manner, just ahead of me. I decided to inform him of the fact that I was to have a proscenium box, and a stunning, splendid girl at the Academy of Music that night, to overwhelm him and impress him with a belief that I was "in society," a regular heavy swell, and all that sort of thing.
As I overtook him, I noticed that his handkerchief—a more beautifully odious one than ever—was hanging about six inches out of his pocket.
Remembering the ancient lark of our school-days, and feeling, as I have said, uncommonly youthful and frisky, I dexterously twitched the wretched rag from his pocket, and passed by him with a loud "ahem!"
He did not look up and recognize me, as I had thought he would; and as I had got a step or two by, I turned to confront him.
Horror of horrors, it wasn't Cogsmith at all!
At the same moment, a horrible little boy shouted: "Say! Mister! He's got your handkerchief!"
The person whom I had mistaken for Cogsmith, but who was quite a respectable looking old butler, immediately clipped his hand to his pocket, missed his handkerchief, and coloring me indignantly, began to call for the police.
"Stop, sir!" I vociferated, trying to pull away from him, "stop! I'm not the man—I thought you were Peter—upon my soul I did. You're mistaken, sir—I didn't steal it!"
"You scoundrel!" cried the old gentleman; "I'll teach you to steal in the streets! You villain! Police!"
An enormous crowd gathered immediately, and two officers stepped forward.
In endeavoring to free myself from my assailant's grasp, I had lost my hat, my collar and cravat had been disordered, and my face had become extremely red.
I felt that circumstances were decidedly against me.
"Well, easily," said a flashy looking youth near me, in a sympathizing tone, "you're not fly at fly-faking, eh? Why didn't you 'cherry'?"
"I think I know that cure," said one of the officers; "I believe he's the same fellow that grabbed some money from a boy as was coming from the bank, last Monday!"
"He looks like a hardened rascal," said the respectable old butler whom I had mistaken for Cogsmith; "take him to the station-house at once!"
In vain I expostulated, entreated, and threatened. In vain I demanded permission to send for references as to my character and position. It was no go. I was ignominiously dragged off to the station, with a ragged and dirty crowd following and jeering me.
Just as the rattle had reached its climax of noise and numbers, I met Miss Priscilla's cousin, the young man with the weak eyes and a yellow moustache, who always hated me.
He raised his eye-lids, smiled scornfully, and passed by without a word.
Then I knew that my doom was sealed.
To be brief, I was locked up for examination. I gave the name of John Smith to the magistrate; but a boy in the crowd—an errand-boy in the next store to ours—knew me and informed the dignitary that I was traveling under an alias.

I was registered, then, under my own name, with "John Smith," tacked to it, for all the world like a veritable thief, and taken down to the filthiest, foulest, cell imaginable.
The next day I was allowed to send for anybody I wanted to see, and succeeded in proving my respectability sufficiently to be let off with a severe reprimand.
But the arrest, and my name, were chronicled in all the daily papers.
I wrote a note of apology to Miss Priscilla, for having broken my engagement to take her to the opera. The note (she knew my hand writing) was returned unopened. I rushed to the house to give her a personal explanation.
"Miss Pritchard is not at home, sir," said the footman, with a supercilious grin.
I met her on the Fifth Avenue, the next Sunday. She passed me with a surlily, unconscious stare.
I have not been able to have a word with her, or see her, since; and I know, I feel, that the cup has been dashed from my lips forever!
Oh, why did Cogsmith's back so closely resemble that of the respectable-looking old butler?
Am I not the most unfortunate man in the world?

A Brave Old Patriot's Speech.
The Springfield correspondence of the Missouri Democrat contains the following account of an exciting scene in the late Illinois Legislature.
A great sensation was created by a speech by Mr. Funk, one of the richest farmers in the State, a man who pays over three thousand dollars per annum taxes toward the support of the Government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions which were being introduced by the Democrats to kill time and drive off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the State Government. He said:
Mr. Speaker—I can sit here no longer and see such a play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses ears to get off their heads, for they are traitors and Secessionists at heart.
I say that they are traitors and Secessionists at heart in this Senate. Their actions prove it. Their gibes, and laughter, and cheers here nightly, when their speakers get up to denounce the war and the Administration, prove it.
I can sit here no longer, and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible, myself, for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor, in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. (Tremendous applause in the galleries.) I am an old man of sixty-five; I came to Illinois a poor boy; I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay three thousand dollars a year in taxes. I am willing to pay six thousand, any twelve thousand, (great cheering, the old gentleman striking the desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the inkstand to fly in the air,) any, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. (Tremendous applause, which the Speaker could not control.)
Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me, I could not sit longer in my seat and calmly listen to those traitors. My heart, that feels for my country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. My heart, that bleeds for the widows and orphaned at home, would not let me. Yes, these traitors and villains in this Senate (striking his clenched fist on the desk with a blow that made the Senate ring again) are killing my neighbors' boys, now fighting in the field. I dare to say this to these traitors, right here, and I am responsible for what I say to any one or all of them. (Cheers.) Let them come on now right here. I am sixty-five years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor for my country. (Mr. Funk's seat is near the lobby railing, and a crowd collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence, if necessary.) The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many a countenance glow radiant with the light of defiance.
These men sneered at Col. Mack a few days since. He is a small man. But I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them in place of Col. Mack. I am large enough for any of them, and I hold myself ready for them now and at any time. (Cheers from the galleries.)

Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve hanging, I say, (raising his voice and violently striking the desk.) the country would be the better for swinging them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here to their traitorous faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them. For that reason I must rejoice at it. (Tremendous cheering.) Mr. Speaker, I beg pardon of the gentlemen in this Senate who are not traitors, but true loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend and mean it for Secessionists at heart. They are here in this Senate. I see them gibe, and smirk, at a true Union man.
Must I defy them again? I stand here ready for them, and dare them to come on. (Great cheering.) What man with the heart of a patriot could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough; I will stand it no more—(Cheers.) I denounce these men and their aides and abettors as rank traitors and secessionists. Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men that disgrace this Legislature, this State, and this country. For myself, I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures; I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath; and I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or elsewhere, and fight them to the death. (Prolonged cheers and shouts.)
I said I paid three thousand dollars a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty; yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege to do it. But some of the traitors here, who are working night and day to get their miserable little bills and claims through the Legislature, to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites, as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way who do not pay five dollars to support the Government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors. (Cheers.)
The reason that they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want also to embarrass the Government and stop the war. They want to add the secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about taxes? They are pious men, any how. They pay no taxes at all, and never hope to, unless they can manage to plunder the Government. (Cheers.) This is an excuse of traitors.
[Here the Speaker called for order in the galleries.]
Mr. Speaker, excuse me. I feel for my country in this her hour of danger. I feel for her from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. This is the reason I speak as I do. I cannot help it. I am bound to tell these men to their teeth what they are, and what the people, the true and loyal people, think of them.—(Tremendous cheering.) The Speaker rapped upon the desk in unison with the applause, apparently to stop it, but really to add to its volume, for I could see by his flushed cheek and flashing eye that his heart was with the brave and loyal old gentleman.]
Mr. Speaker, I have said my say. I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made. And I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer, and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their selfish scheme to destroy the Union.—They have my sentiments. Let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon. [Tumultuous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down after he had given the desk a parting whack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]
I never witnessed so much excitement in my life in an assembly. Mr. Funk spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a conviction and truthfulness, with a fervor and passion that wrought up the galleries, and even members on the floor, to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the stores that surrounded the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes he had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the Republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him. The Democrats said nothing, but evidently felt the conviction they were receiving most keenly, as might be seen from their blanched cheeks and restless and uneasy places. Who will set the part of a Mr. Funk to our Pennsylvania Legislature?

The Light-House.
The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure
arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, till the light-house
fire blazed.
Like a star in the midst of the ocean,
No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;
The sea bird had flown to her sea-grated nest,
The fisherman sought his slumbers,
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle
slope,
All hushed was the billows' commotion,
And thought that the light-house looked
lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.
The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow,
In life's closing hour when the trembling
soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the seraph of mercy rise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

Newspaper Patronage.
This thing called newspaper patronage is a curious thing. It is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and is as changeable as a chameleon.
One man subscribes for a newspaper and pays for it in advance; he goes home and reads it with the proud satisfaction that it is his own. He hands in an advertisement, asks the price, and pays for it. This is newspaper patronage.
Another man says, please to put my name on your list of subscribers; and he goes off without as much as having said pay once. Time passes, your patience is exhausted, and you dun him. He flies in a passion, perhaps pays, perhaps not.
Another man has been a subscriber a long time. He becomes tired of you and wants a change. "Phoo!" he wants a city paper. Tells the postmaster to discontinue and one of his papers is returned to you marked "refused." Paying up for it is among the last of his thoughts; besides he wants his money to send to a city publisher.—After a time you look over his account and see a bill of "balance due." But does he pay for it cheerfully and freely? We leave him to answer. This, too, is newspaper patronage.
Another man lives near you—never took your paper—it is too small—don't like the editor—don't like the politics—too Whiggish, or not something else—yet goes regularly to his neighbor and reads his by a good fire—finds fault with its contents, disputes its positions, and quarrels with its type. Occasionally sees an article he likes—gives half a dime and buys a number. This, too, is newspaper patronage.
Another sports a fine horse, and perhaps a pair of them—is always seen with whip in hand and spur on foot—single man—no use for him to take a newspaper; knows enough. Finally he concludes to get married—does so—sends a notice of the fact with "please send me half a dozen copies." This done, does he ever pay for notice or papers? No. "But surely you don't charge for such things?" This, too, is newspaper patronage.
Another class (bless you! it does us good to see such men) comes and says—"the year for which I paid is about to expire, and I want to pay for another." He does so, and retires.
Reader, isn't newspaper patronage a curious thing? And in that great day when honest men get the reward due to their honesty, which, say you, of these enumerated above, will obtain that reward? Now it will be seen that, while certain kinds of patronage are the very life and existence of a newspaper, there are certain other kinds that will kill a paper stone dead.

A drafted man on guard at Camp Howe, recently, hailed Col. Stockton as he was passing, thus:
"Say, here, who the devil are you?"
"I believe I'm Colonel of this regiment."
The drafted man says, "Well, Colonel, give us a chew of tobacco!"
After getting a supply of the weed, he stuck his musket in the ground and very complacently remarked: "It's rather wet out here—believe I'll go in and sit down awhile," and went to his quarters.

Elder Knapp, who, years ago, created an immense sensation, is now holding forth every evening in Chicago. He is reported to have said in the course of a prayer the other night:
"Oh Lord, wilt thou bless President Lincoln? Thou knowest that all the Southern aristocracy, and all the rotten portion of the Northern Democrats are down on him. Therefore wilt thou bless him."

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.
Presbyterian—Rev. D. HANCOCK, 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.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. S. SPRAW, 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 Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.
Wesleyan—Rev. L. B. POWELL, 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. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Baptist—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JAMES, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Sabbath School at 7 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.
MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 11 o'clock, A. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 9 A. M.
The mails from Newnan'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.
CRENSON STATION.
West—Balt. Express leaves at 8:58 A. M.
" Phila. Express " 9:22 A. M.
" Fast Line " 9:53 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8:43 P. M.
" Fast Line " 9:20 A. M.
" Mail Train " 10:31 A. M.
WILMORE STATION.
West—Balt. Express leaves at 9:01 A. M.
" Phila. Express " 9:45 A. M.
" Fast Line " 10:26 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8:14 P. M.
" Fast Line " 8:56 A. M.
" Mail Train " 10:04 A. M.
*Daily, except Mondays.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Esley, Henry C. Devine.
Solicitor—Joseph M. Donald.
Recorder and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sergeant—John Bayle.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—James Cooper, Peter J. Little, John Campbell.
Treasurer—Thomas Collin.
Poor House Directors—William Douglass, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.
Poor House Trustees—George C. K. Zahm.
Attorneys—John P. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donnegan.
County Surveyor—Henry Scoulan.
Coroner—James S. Todd.
Supl. of Common Schools—Henry Fly.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.
BOROUGH AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, E. W. Kirkhead.
Sergeant—James Myers.
School Directors—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.
EAST WARD.
Constable—Evan E. Evans.
Town Council—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.
WEST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Outman.
WATER WARD.
Inspector—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Elections—Daniel J. Davis.
Assessor—Lemuel Davis.
EAST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Outman.
WATER WARD.
Inspector—William Barnes, Jas. H. Evans.
Judge of Elections—Michael Hasson.
Assessor—George Gurley.