

# The Alleghanlian.

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

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**Methodist Episcopal Church**—REV. S. T. SNOW, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. L. LESC, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

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Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " 11 o'clock, A. M.

**MAILS GO.**  
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongtown, &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 Newnam's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 5 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	8.38 A. M.
" Phila. Express " "	9.22 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9.33 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8.45 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	3.20 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	10.34 A. M.

  

WILMORE STATION.	
West—Balt. Express leaves at	9.41 A. M.
" Phila. Express " "	9.45 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9.56 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8.14 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	2.86 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	10.04 A. M.

\*Daily, except Mondays.

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.  
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## EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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Town Council—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.  
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Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.  
Assessor—Lenuel Davis.  
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Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.  
Judge of Election—Michael Hazen.  
Assessor—George Gurley.

## Select Poetry.

### Fondly and Truly.

Within my soul's sweet dream of bliss  
I cherish but one thought of thee—  
No other hope as dear as this:  
That thou art fondly loving me.  
I've watched the evening star go down,  
With all its golden-lighted power,  
When fading o'er the mountains brown,  
Like dreams in some romantic hour.  
Oh, I have watched this love of thine  
Break forth and blossom at thy will,  
And like some light from worlds divine,  
It came my soul with joy to fill,  
And never have I seen one ray  
E'er fade beneath that cloudless sky,  
But ever bright to cheer my way,  
Like flowers that in my pathway lie.  
Ah! time has told me now full well  
That all I hoped for thou hast given;  
My heart is bound by some sweet spell,  
Enraptured in a dream of heaven,  
Where angels meet to bless the vow  
We made when life was ever new;  
And love, we knew not why or how,  
In tender ties imparted grew.

### THE STARVING UNIONIST.

"Why do you follow me? Fear cannot change me. I was born in days of reverence and love for the American Union, and have grown up with increasing admiration for its benefits to mankind; and while I see no argument against it, be sure that violence menaced against me will have no effect. I laugh at your attempts, and scorn the motives of your leaders, of whom I, at least, will never be one of the catspaws. Let me pass."  
"Mr. Gamault, we thought better of you."  
"Thought you had more public spirit."  
"He's a Yankee sympathizer."  
"A turncoat Southerner, and ought to be sent to the halter."  
"Born in old Tennessee, and yet refuses to side with her people. He's worse than a Yankee."  
"Disgrace to the State. Should be mobbed wherever he goes, or ridden out of the State on an Abe Lincoln rail."  
"Curse you! You've got influence, or did have, and try to use it against the known wishes of all true Southerners.—But you've a hollow heart and a milk-and-water mind, after all. We know you; we see through you; and so you can't do much harm."  
"Then why do you follow me, here, in the streets?" said Mr. Gamault. "Why molest me for my opinions? Poor, blind, would-be destroyers of the grandest Republic of all time! You are aiming at results which would rivet the chains of tyranny upon you and your children, and—"  
"Oh, go to the —! Go on, if you like, away about your business. We don't want to hear any of your sanctimonious speeches. Let him go, boys. Let the old milkpail go."  
And the insulted Unionist walked on and away from the angry crowd, who had wailed him in open day to reproach him for his fearless and avowed loyalty to the Government and institutions of his country.

John Gamault was one of those Southern-born men who have so nobly borne and still bear that social and political martyrdom which has forever stained the character of its treasonable inflicters. In the midst of armed persecution, which shrieks from no chimney which will enforce its plans, he had, from the day our flag was fired upon at Fort Sumter, been free in denouncing the parhizical work devised by Davis and his confederates. Seeing through their hypocritical sophistry, and abhorring the atrocity of their ambition, though surrounded by treason, and having the lives of his family and much wealth at stake, he could not repress his manly sentiments, whenever the great topic of the day was discussed among his acquaintances. A man of wealth and intelligence, he had possessed much influence in society, though not a professional politician. His aid was courted and indignantly refused to secessionists; and they finding him firm, by degrees he became an object of suspicion and persecution, now rapidly approaching a climax.

The justly-incurred dangers and privations of the disloyal South had made the traitors desperate; and their cruel treatment of all who opposed them in speech or sentiment, though often instanced in the public prints, has yet to be fully described, in all the damning colors due it—more vivid and horrifying than any which gave such luridness to the French Revolution. Gamault foresaw that his own turn would soon come. But he disdained to fly, and he could not deny his country; till, finally, he had neglected the counsel of his friends until removal was impossible.

Harassed in the streets, as we have seen, the very blamelessness of his pure character having made him once influential, it was the cause of increased vindictiveness toward him and his family, a wife and two grown-up daughters—grown up, not simply in that fair outside which pleases the eye, but in that faith in liberty which animated women of the American Revolution; whose sufferings they were doomed to realize by experience, and whose heroism they emulated.

As the Arch Fiend is fertile in expedients, so his proselytes in the South were not at a loss for logic to support their plans to prop up a shambling government, founded in fraud and barely sustained by unrighteous plunder; and under the specious plea of punishing "aliens," they hastened to confiscate their property, to feed the monster of sedition by the beggary of wealthy patriots.

Gamault became a victim. Nearly all he possessed was one day wrested from him—houses, lands and money—and the family used to affluence, found themselves in sudden indigence, and the occupants of a humble home, if home it might be called, where the necessities of life were scarce, where venomous spies kept guard, and traitors, with tireless malice, made the place disagreeable and unsafe.

The people grew more and more hostile to the still firmly patriotic family. Their efforts for the means of life were cramped by unfriendly employers. They were insulted as spies when they went abroad. Social intercourse with them diminished and grew cold. Looks of hate and scorn greeted them on every side. On their native soil, they felt the pangs of exile, made more poignant as they considered that their martyrdom was inflicted by their own countrymen, and that their nearest neighbors were their worst of foes. The civilized world will yet blush to learn of the unparalleled extent of that system of cruel and unnatural persecution, countenanced in this age and country, and practised against Southern patriots by their parhizical fellow-citizens. Oh! that it should be reserved for privileged America to add such pages to condemning history.

The small house—melancholy refuge for that once-happy family—was pointed at by day, and often besieged by night with ribald songs from treasonable gages of men. The disgusting banner of mockery at their door; and placards calling for volunteers were posted there.

But still, though thus persecuted, the family were reluctant to fly from their native State, and hoped for better days, tho' new agencies came with every morrow.

"We shall yet be righted," Gamault would say to them. "Justice will be done at last to all, though slow-footed now. Heaven cannot have designed this country to be the empire of an ignorant and savage banditti. They are making their greatest efforts at the outset, the more zealously because their leaders know, that unless they meet with speedy and wide success, their means will become exhausted, and the people they have deluded lose their temporary enthusiasm, and be taught by bitter privations, the way back to the path of duty and reason. Thank God and the warnings of Washington, we have never left it; and if we must yet fly from Tennessee, though we shall go poor, we shall go with honor."

Exasperated by the determined spirit of Gamault, the community at last commanded him to leave the State, or join the Confederate forces, or make use of his ability as a speaker in their behalf.—All these mandates he refused to comply with, until preparations were made for tearing down the humble tenement where he lived.

"I am now forced to comply and leave," said he to the motly crew, "and we shall be beyond the perverted rule of this State within twenty-four hours. We shall bear with us nothing—for you have stripped me of all except my wife and children—nothing, save the principles of truth to the Union, which you have violated, and the abiding hope that we shall soon return, when victory shall restore peace and reason."  
"Hang you, for a preacher!" sneered his revilers. "Pack up and go. Good riddance. You are welcome to the pleasures of banishment in the North."  
A few stray missiles were hurled at him by the irascible by-standers, who thus provoked him from his customary equanimity. Stung by this last vile act, he retorted:  
"Your acts are worthy of your cause, rogues. You talk of banishment. You! who are banished already from the hearts of all honest men. Let me say to you, in the words of others: 'Friendship lives hence, and banishment is here.' 'You common cry of curs! I banish you; there is a world elsewhere.'"

And he withdrew into his habitation, followed by the vehement execrations of the crowd.

On the following day, as the family were departing with their few effects, Gamault was arrested, and told that he must remain a prisoner, though his wife and daughters were free to go.

"More torture still!" he muttered, with bitterness. "Well, I am resigned. You will profit nothing by it, however, unless by my example."

At his urgent wish, his wife and daughters consented to go without him, expecting his release at no distant time. And Gamault, persistent to the last, was thrown into prison.

"From wealth to beggary, and from beggary to the jail," mused he, as he stretched himself upon a hard and narrow bed, but one of the nameless thousands who have so suffered and still suffer, in the South, for their country's cause. When will the world know a tithe of their number, or of their still more bitter wrongs?

But Gamault had not yet endured all of his.  
The increasing self-incurred troubles of the flimsy Confederacy, daily made its smarting adherents more savage. The obstinacy of this man, whom they had in vain striven to flatter, bribe, and menace to side with them, impelled his persecutors to the horrible resolution to starve him into submission.

"We've appealed to his head, and now," chuckled they, with malicious glee, "we'll appeal to his stomach. Hunger is a great persuader. He shall give in, or perish by starvation. It will be his own choice. He might be of great service to us, if he would; and he knows it, but takes a pride in his pig-headedness. The beast that can go but won't go, must be made to go. We'll see."

They were mistaken. They had thrust an iron into his soul, but there was an iron in his nature which resisted it.

When he found that nothing but water was allowed him on the first day, he divined their object; it was in keeping with all that had been done, and with the pitiless words and grim looks of those who occasionally peered in upon him through the guarded door.

On the second day, when the pangs of keenest hunger were upon him, he was visited by two secessionists, named Strode and Wanbolt, who flattered themselves upon being able to dissuade him from his faith, utterly helpless as he now was, the weakness of famine being upon him, and death staring him in the face.

"Why not come out boldly for the Confederacy," asked Strode, "as others, in as good standing as you, have done, though wavering at first? No doubt all your property would be restored, and you would be advanced to posts of honor."

A faint smile from the famished victim evinced his contempt, as he answered, in a feeble but earnest tone:  
"Honor! There is no post of honor in the power of Jeff Davis or his gang to bestow. I would not receive my property back, upon any conditions which they could dictate."  
"You forget," said Wanbolt, "that their power is absolute, and their adherents are stung to ferocity. You can be starved to death."  
"But not to submission," replied Gamault, in a vehement whisper. "The soul needs no nourishment from the hands of a traitor's jailer."

"You have not tried that yet," returned they, as they withdrew. "You will think better of it by to-morrow."  
But the morrow came, and they with it; yet they found no change in his patriotic will.

His eyes were sunken, but in them was a glow of determination. His lips were pale from his body's exhaustion, but compressed as much by firmness as by pain. His hollow cheeks betrayed the ravages of both mental and corporal anguish.—Yet he made no allusion to food, though his weak limbs seemed scarce able to prop him, as he rose and confronted them, with an uncompromising stare.  
"You are demented," said Wanbolt, "not to see the doom to which you are fast consigning yourself. Renounce your allegiance to the Yankee Government.—Act like a true Tennessean and be happy."  
"I mean to do so," was his husky reply. "You still mistake me, I see. I am neither awed by the brute force which keeps me here, nor depend upon brute force for the preservation of my honor. My body is dwindling away, as you see; but you must not think that the days of self-sacrifice are past—that all true heroism has been confined to the past—even though the South is, for a time, under the feet of mock heroes, who ape the small Roman despots of old. Weak and dying as I am, I defy you and them. You shall obtain nothing from this cell but my dead body, and you are welcome to the trophy!"

A protracted fit of coughing here prevented his speech, and his visitors now felt convinced that he was incorrigible.

Mortified at their ill success, and wounded by a secret sense of shame at their ignoble errand, contrasted with the manful patriotism of the famished prisoner, they let loose upon him a torrent of invectives and taunts, of which none but the baffled pimps of Southern treason could be capable.

"The world will be rid of you," was the substance of their remarks, "for an obstinate, soulless dog, who had rather starve and die, like a slavering Yankee, and leave his wife and daughters to perish unprotected, than live and do service for the soil that was his birthplace. Die, then, fool!"

"Yes, die, and with the thought that your wife will yield to the temptations that will beset her. She is a comely woman—so they say—and will not long suffer her chastity to stand in the way of her interests, when you are out of the way; nor your daughters, neither, Mister Unionist. Starve, then, in prison, and rot in a loyal grave!"

The last words were uttered from outside the cell, just as the door clanged to, or the speaker's life might have paid the penalty of his insult—weak though the infuriated prisoner was. But these were the last jeers which the unhappy Gamault was destined to hear.

Seven days had elapsed since he had tasted food; and with a view of hastening the close of his wretched existence, his fiendish tormentors now withheld from him even water—eager to see the last mortal movement of that hated form, which even in its pining helplessness, still defied them.

The sentinels, feeling that a child might slay him now, neglected to fasten the door of his cell, but gambled and drank together in their room, hard by—expecting soon to behold his lifeless body, when they should chance to look in upon him.

Vain confidence! Delusive hope! A fit night for the prisoner's deliverance came—a night of storm. While the winds howled without, the two sentinels were howling and drinking within, and finally sunk to drunken repose. For Gamault it proved the hour of escape from captivity.

He had listened long. When silence within advised him to totter forth, he found, as he had expected, that the guards of the prison were asleep. Keys lay upon a table near the chairs where they dozed. A bowie-knife glittered in the bosom of one of the sleepers. A desperate hope inspired him. He seized the weapon and made that sleep their last, summoning all his strength for the two bloody and fatal blows. They fell, bathed in gore, to the floors; and grasping the keys, he now walked to the doors which stood between him and his hope of freedom.—With tremulous hand he managed to unlock them, relock them; and—emerging into the dark open air—John Gamault was free.

Not far from the spot—it lacking still two hours of midnight—he found a horse and vehicle before a house, apparently awaiting a driver.

Nerved by the inspiring strength of hope he felt a new life within him.—Unfastening the animal, he entered the vehicle and drove off rapidly through the pelting storm, toward the northern border of the State; and when the morning broke next upon the earth, the self-liberated captive found himself in Kentucky, and surrounded by loyal friends.

From them he soon learned of the whereabouts of his family; and impatient to be with them, despite his now almost deadly weakness, at his solicitation he was placed in the ears, and, attended by two friends, speedily conveyed to them.

In the bosom of his family, and protected by a Union-loving community, he gradually recovered from the shock which his system had undergone; and he now dwells in peace with them, victorious over his remorseless foes. Not more victorious, however, than the sublime cause he so nobly suffered for will yet be, when the God of Freedom's armies shall utter the final signal decree for the destruction of treason, and the last stronghold of conspiracy shall be forced and overwhelmed by the avenging armies of the Nation.

In an old play, the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him, "You rascal you! I have been raising your wages these two years, upon the condition that you should appear sorrowful, and the higher the wages you receive the happier you look!"

## Military Matters in the West.

HEADQUARTERS PIONEER BRIGADE,  
ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,  
MUMFRESSBORO, TENN., April 6, 1863.  
Correspondence of The Alleghanlian.

It has been a long time since your ever welcome journal has been received, owing, probably, to the fact of my not informing you that I have been detached and am now in the Pioneer Brigade.

This brigade is composed of detachments from each regiment in this department, each detachment consisting of one commissioned and two non-commissioned officers and twenty-one privates. It numbers in all (including Pontoniers, Pack Mule Train and Construction Train) over three thousand three hundred men, and is commanded by Brig.-Gen. J. St. C. Morton, of the Engineer Corps of the regular army—an efficient officer. There are also attached to the brigade two batteries, one known as the "Board of Trade," from Chicago, and the other as "Bridge's Battery."

To-day Gen. Van Cleve's division returned from a five days scout in the direction of Liberty. They were out a distance of forty miles from here. They captured fifteen or twenty prisoners, and brought in a large quantity of forage.—During the trip, the rebels captured two of our men, but fearing a capture, they lashed them to a tree and shot them, killing one instantly and wounding the other. The wounded man extricated himself, and was brought to camp with the division. The bullet lodged in the fleshy part of his neck, but was removed by the surgeons.

A man, representing himself as hailing from the eastern part of Maine, and calling himself by name Locke, and who had been in this department over a month selling songs to the soldiers, was arrested to-day just outside the lines. He was taken to Gen. Negley's headquarters, and afterward placed in confinement in the guard-house, with ball and chain appendages attached. A drawing and plan of the earthworks, fortifications, &c., were found on his person. Subsequently, while the sentinel was asleep on his post, Locke attempted to make his escape, and by so doing awakened the cavalry man, who, picking up the sentinel's gun, started in pursuit, crying "halt!" But Locke paid not the least attention to him; and the cavalryman discharged his weapon, the ball taking effect in the fugitive's leg.—This brought him to a stand, but only for a moment. Determined to make good his escape, Locke started again, when the cavalryman fired the second time, the ball taking effect in his breast, killing him almost instantly.

On the 10th inst., a private of the 26th O. V. I. will be shot for deserting in the face of the enemy on the 31st of last December. A private of the 6th Ky. Inf. will also be shot on the 14th inst., for being absent without leave for more than a year.

Rosecrans is keeping the rebels on a move all the time. He is as watchful of their movements as a general can possibly be. They do not get a chance to mass a force in front of him without his knowing. He is not to be caught napping.—On the contrary, he is willing and anxious to receive them at all hours and at all times.

The army is in good condition, and do not complain of anything, except it be of Northern "Copperheads," the course of whom they abhor and despise. Vallandigham and his clique of compromise shriekers are in bad odor here. The boys aver that they are traitors of the deepest dye, and should receive the doom of traitors. I concur with them.

Spring has set in, and everything looks green and beautiful. The peach trees have been in bloom here for over two weeks.

The Charleston Mercury says nothing will save the rebel currency from its present ruinous depreciation but a heavy tax and a forced loan. The debt of the government is eight hundred millions of dollars, and the yearly current expenses of the government it estimates in the future at eighty-four millions, or about seven dollars a day to each man, woman, and child, white or black, in the twelve millions of population, eight or nine times as much as any tax ever levied in South Carolina.

How small a portion of our lives it is that we truly enjoy! In youth we are joking forward to things that are to come; in old age we look backward to things that are past.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."  
It takes but a rough tailor to fit a man with a suit of tar and feathers.