

# 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 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1864.

NUMBER 30.

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Western, " " at 11 o'clock, A. M.  
**MAILS CLOSE.**  
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Western, " " at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &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, 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.

**CRESSON STATION.**  
West—Balt. Express leaves at 8.43 A. M.  
" Fast Line " 9.50 P. M.  
" Phila. Express " 9.22 A. M.  
" Mail Train " 8.38 P. M.  
East—Through Express " 8.35 P. M.  
" Fast Line " 12.34 A. M.  
" Fast Mail " 6.58 A. M.  
" Through Accom. " 10.39 A. M.

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**Judge of Election**—Michael Hassan.  
**Assessor**—James Murray.  
**Assistant Assessors**—William Barnes, Dan. C. Zahn.

## TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow the light touches of early frost, a mounted traveler was pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest, in the western part of the State of New York. He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and he had yet two to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift-running stream; and on reaching the water, he permitted his thirsty beast to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road, or horse-path, on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his general appearance there was nothing that indicated hostility or a wicked design. He was of medium size, compactly built, with intellectual features and a certain air of gentility—seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport than a professional hunter. All this the mounted traveler carefully noted before he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came near together a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

"Fine weather for traveling, sir!" remarked the man with the gun.  
"And for hunting also, I should suppose!" smiled the other on the horse.  
"Yes, there is game enough," returned the other; "but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my days' work thus far, and that is almost useless to me, because I have no means to take it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you could spare five minutes or so, I would like you to see the bear. It is only back behind these bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the traveler, dismounting and fastening his horse, "but, if not too heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am going your way."  
The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keep up the conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying, and so forth; and learned in reply that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business and was traveling partly for his health, and partly with the view of making an extensive land purchase for future speculation.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed the hunter, as the two emerged from the dense thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way into the more open wood; "here we are! and now I will show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point my rifle!"  
He stepped back some eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the piece to his eye and pointed the muzzle directly at the head of the traveler. There was a flash, a loud report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might, or it might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle. But as the traveler fell, the rifle slipped from his hands, and he shook violently from head to foot; yet he ran to his victim, and hurriedly robbed him of a purse, a pocket-book, a gold watch and chain, some curious seals, a diamond breast pin, and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his finger.—Then he dragged the body into the thicket, picked up his rifle, plunged madly through the bushes to the road, mounted the traveler's horse, and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.  
In the spring of 1837 there lived in the city of New York a banker and a millionaire, whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned of sweet sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were making for the happy event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker stood conversing with a gentleman from another city, who had called to see him on business, he observed the latter suddenly turn very pale and begin to tremble.  
"My dear sir," he said, in the usual tone of off-hand sympathy, "what is the matter? are you ill?"  
"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause alarm," replied the other, hurriedly. "I am subject to similar spells. If you will be kind enough to excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a short walk, and return in better condition."

In ten minutes he did return, reported himself quite well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was, perhaps, a week after this that, one night, the banker was sitting before the fire in his library, when a servant came in and presented him a letter. He took it with a yawn, opened it in the most indolent and indifferent manner possible, but had not read a dozen words before he came up with a start, turned deadly pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled.—He finished the note—for it was rather a note than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat, and with the other clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to be choking into calmsness, by an iron will, some terrible emotion, and he so far succeeded as to address the waiting servant in an ordinary tone.

"James," he said, "who gave you this letter?"  
"A man, sir, as said he'd wait for an answer."

"Then I suppose he is waiting?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Very well, show him in."  
Soon there was a light tap on the door, and the banker said "come in," in an ordinary tone.  
The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger, and immediately withdrew. The latter was a man verging on sixty, of rough appearance and coarse attire. He wore an old gray overcoat, buttoned to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress was saturated with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire.  
"No, thank you, I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my letter, and of course, know my business," he added.  
"You allude to this, I suppose," replied the banker, producing the letter which had caused him so much perturbation.  
"Yes."  
"I do not understand it; you must have made a mistake."  
"No; no mistake at all. I was present twenty years ago, come the tenth day of October, and saw you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man, and if you go for to deny it, I'll have you in prison before morning. I've laid my plans, and got everything sure, and if you go to playing innocent and refusing my terms, I'll take care to see that you die stretching hemp."

The banker, in spite of himself, turned pale, shuddered, and staggered to a seat.  
"What do you want?" he groaned.  
"A hundred thousand dollars—not one cent less."

"I cannot give it—it would ruin me."  
"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving towards the door, "you know what will follow if I go this way."  
"Oh, stay, you must not go yet!" cried the man of crime, in a terrible alarm.

He argued, urged, pleaded, implored for mercy at a less fearful cost. In vain. At last the banker—seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused—agreed to the terms. He also agreed to meet the stranger, with the required sum, on the following night, in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, changed hands.

A month later there was a tremendous run on the bank of which Stephen Edwards was the principal owner. It was soon broken and closed. Then the sheriff was set to work by eager creditors, and all the real estate and personal property of the late millionaire was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar, and the just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family, and the proud nobleman refused the hand of a ruined banker's daughter.

In the very midst of this disgrace and tribulation Stephen Edwards encountered the man who had turned so pale and become so agitated in his presence a short time before.

"I rather think you do not know me, sir," said the gentleman, with a formal bow.

"Your face seems somewhat familiar, but yet I cannot place you," returned Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection, then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago, I was talking with you on business, and you observed that I turned deadly pale, and became agitated."

"Ah, yes, I remember you now."  
"Let me tell you why I was thus affected. My eye had just chanced upon a curious watch seal which had belonged to a merchant, named Philip Sidney, who was shot in the western part of this State, some twenty years ago; and on looking at your features closely, I knew you to be

the villain who had perpetrated the foul deed!"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the banker, with a blanched face and quaking form.  
"Yes, I knew you," pursued the other; "and a week after, I disguised myself and had an interview with you in your own mansion. You remember that, of course?"  
"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?"

"Yes, and with that very money, and what other I could command, I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that run upon your bank which broke it and forced ruin upon you."

"And what would you, now that I am ruined?" inquired the other, with the deadly calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have had my revenge, I want you to know that I, myself, am the man you attempted to murder, and did rob! I am Philip Sidney! Behold the scar where the ball struck and glanced!" and he lifted his hat and showed it.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other, "God be praised that you are still living!" and unable to restrain his emotion, he burst into tears. "Oh, sir," he continued, "you have taken a load off my conscience—a weight from my soul! Though poverty, beggary, disgrace and death are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder—happier than I have been for twenty years, with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth. It was my first and last crime, and I have never been able to tell how I was tempted to so outrage my nature as on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me what you will—only, I pray you, be merciful to my innocent family."

"I forgive you," returned the other, extending his hand. "I forgive you.—You have been fearfully punished already. And as God has seen proper to preserve us both and bring us together, let us hope it is for our present and future salvation, and let us endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want; and for the rest, I trust we shall both remember we shall soon have to render an account of our stewardship in another world."

Philip Sidney kept his word; and with a fresh start in the world, and now an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectable fortune, much of which he spent in charity.  
Philip Sidney died in 1847, and Stephen Edwards in 1851.  
Is not truth indeed strange—stranger than fiction!

### Artemus Ward's Adventure.

I must relate a little incident which happened to your humble servant on his return home from the wars. I was walking along the street, lookin' so gallant and gay in my brass kote an' bloo buttons, and other military harness, when an excited female rushed out o' a house, throwed her plump handles aroun' my neck, which part I did not mind much, as they were round ones—and exclaimed:  
"Doo, I behold thee once again?"  
"You do—an' I think you are holding me too fastly," sez I, trying to release the eccentric female's arms.

"O, her you come back—hev you come back!" she wildly cried, hangin' tighter to my neck.  
"Certainly I've cum back," sez I, "or else I wouldn't be here. But I don't think I know you muchly."

"Not know me—your own Claretta Rosetta Belletta—she who has not sot her eyes onto you for more'n two years? Yes," she continued, plain' her hands onto me shoulders, an' lookin' up into my face like a dyin' hoss-fly—"yes, I see my own Alfred's eyes, his nose, his ears, his—"  
"Madame," sez I, "excuse me, but allow me to correct you. Ef I air not mistaken, these carcer an' noses an' eyes belong to myself individually, an' your Alfred never owned 'em scarcely."  
"A way with this farce," sez she. "You cannot deceive your Claretta; cum into the house and see your little son, Lincoln Burnside M'Clennan Beazor."

It was evident that the female was mistaken—that it was not me, but another man, she wanted.

"How old is he?" sez I.  
"Which?" sez she.  
"Them little sons, Lincoln Burnside M'Clennan an' so 4th."

"He's just six month—the darling."  
"Well madam," sez I, "of little Lincoln M'Clennan an' so 4th, is only six months old, an' you havn't sot eyes onto your Alfred for more'n two years, I think there's a mistake somewhar an' that I'm not your Alfred, but another man altogether."

The woman shot into the house like forty, an' that was the last I saw of her, but I pity her poor Alfred.

### Copperhead Perplexities.

Next to the rebels, we know of no class whose dilemmas are more numerous or deplorable than those of the Copperheads. We give a sample:

1. Unless they can pass for Democrats they have no party, but—
2. If they try to pass for Democrats the party won't have them.
3. Unless they can combine with the rebels, neither can succeed, but—
4. If the rebels succeed they can no longer combine with them.
5. So long as the Union cause triumphs they can never rule the country, but—
6. When the Union cause fails there will be no country to rule.
7. Before fighting they would seek a disunion peace, but—
8. Before getting a disunion peace they must fight the Unionists.
9. Peace to them means peace with those who are fighting against the Union, and war with those who are fighting for it, but—
10. They find it costs more "knocks" to fight the country's friends than it would to subdue its enemies.
11. They believe in all the rights of man, especially in his right to own men, but—
12. They oppose "woman's rights," particularly the right of a black woman to her chastity and her children.
13. They favor the largest liberty, to wit: the liberty of a State to secede, in order to promote slavery, but—
14. They oppose insurrection and rebellion, especially the rebellion of the Federal Government against the supremacy of the slave States.
15. They sympathize with the conservative efforts of Jeff Davis to preserve the "Union as it was and the Constitution as it is," but—
16. They believe all the acts which Abraham Lincoln has done, can do, or ever may do, to maintain the Union, are unconstitutional and revolutionary usurpations.
17. They would colonize all soldiers of color, but—
18. They do not believe in colonizing the Vallandighams who desert their colors.
19. They fear abolition, least it may lead to amalgamation, but—
20. They like slavery because it compels amalgamation.
21. They believe that God has made the negro their inferior, but—
22. They fear abolitionism will make him their superior.
23. They know M'Clellan to be opposed to the war, or they would not nominate him, but—
24. They want him to carry on the war, because he is opposed to its being carried on.
25. They pretend to believe that M'Clellan made war on the rebels, but—
26. They republish his official report as a campaign document, to show how successfully he made war on the Administration.
27. To require rebels to swear to support the Constitution and laws, before voting is to infringe the right of suffrage, but—
28. To prevent volunteers who are fighting for the Union from voting, is to sustain the right of suffrage.
29. They deny that the civilization of the North is superior to that of the South, but—
30. This involves the admission either that bad as are the rebels, the Copperheads are no better, or else that the Copperheads enjoy no share of Northern civilization.
31. The above facts tend to show that this is a contest not between States, communities, or institutions, but between all the depravity of the human heart, on the one side, and what the Secesh organs openly scoff at as "God and humanity," on the other.—Chicago Tribune.

**HOW A CAT IS ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK.**—The pupil of the eye of a cat is of an oval form, the transverse diameter being parallel to the nose, and cats have the power of contracting or dilating the pupil at pleasure. It is always contracted in the sun or before the fire. This prevents a painful sensation which would be occasioned by a number of rays of light falling on the pupil. But when a cat sits in the shade, or in the dark, she fully dilates the pupil, which enables her to see and seize her prey rather by surprise than by hunting it down.

Little Charlie came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato, and the potato transferred to his plate before he thought of the usual blessing. Looking up at his father he says: "Pa, you talk to Heaven while I smashes my potato." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

### Our Boys.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

Our boys! I sing our brave, bright boys,  
That blithely rushed to meet the foe;  
When dastard hands were raised to strike  
At Freedom's shrine the trait'rous blow.  
They put their trust in Freedom's God,  
Whetting their battle blades anon—  
Their rights were rights their fathers gave,  
Their land the land of Washington.

Our boys! our dear, brave boys, who fell  
Asleep amid the battle's din;  
They left the freest, loveliest homes,  
That ever childhood prattled in.  
They loved those homes of honest toil,  
Mid fields and orchards smiling fair;  
Ah! never bondsman's sorrowing tears  
Shall fall like blighting curses there!

They loved the school house by the wood,  
Where rich and poor are taught the same;  
No vain ambition called them hence;  
They fought for Liberty, not Fame.  
Yet, conquering Roman never felt  
His soul so thrilled at Glory's call;  
Such generous valor was not theirs  
Who supped with gods in Odin's hall.

And poets of the future time  
Shall set their deeds in glorious verse,  
And history from age to age,  
Unwearied, still the tale rehearse.  
Our boys! our dear, surviving boys!  
We'll wreath their names with laurel flowers,  
We'll give them words of praise, and awe,  
Thank God such noble boys are ours.

O! bravest of the whole world's brave  
Are they, the boys with veteran scars,  
Who from the Northland to the South,  
Bear Freedom with our bannered stars.  
—Pittsburg Gazette.

### Who First Armed the Negroes.

The so-called Democratic press is daily asserting that, at the outbreak of the rebellion, they heartily and vigorously sustained the President in the prosecution of the war, until he turned it into an abolition war, and armed and organized negro regiments. Now, without stopping to prove the entire falsity of the above, we give an extract from a speech delivered in Carlisle, Kentucky, on the 25th of last June, by Col. Bramlette, afterwards elected Governor of that State:

"You object to negro soldiers. Who began this business? Who raised the first negro regiment? Did Lincoln? Don't you know that in the beginning of this strife, in New Orleans they heralded abroad that they had already organized two negro regiments to fight the Yankees with? Don't you know that the first act in the Tennessee Rebel Legislature was to authorize the organization of free negro regiments? Don't you know it to be a fact, furthermore, that they have regiments of Indians in their service, to tomahawk and scalp our women and children? And yet none of you here assembled, I will venture to say, has heard these constitutional Union men object to their using negro regiments to fight us with. You never heard one of them object to enlisting the Indians against us. Why is it that you have grown so terribly repugnant to negro aid? You are willing it should be employed against us, but now that it is being employed to help us, you are most terribly disturbed. The reason seems irresistible that when they were fighting on the side you were anxious should win, all was well; but as soon as they are employed against that side, you object."

"Suppose one of you were assaulted by robbers, who threatened to burn your house and murder your family if you didn't give up your money; that your neighbor came running to your assistance, and with him one or two stout negroes with clubs and axes and guns; that while you are engaged in a close hand-to-hand conflict with one of them, you should see that brawny negro heaving one of them down, would you say, 'hold on, I don't want any negro to help me; here, Mr. Robber, I am not going to succeed in driving you off by any such aid as that; you may burn my house and take my property—is this what any sane man would do? But it is just in this way that Southern sympathizers—Constitutional Union men—talk. They would have us, because the President does not use such weapons as they think proper, say: 'Here, Jeff. Davis, take all we have, and slay us as soon as you please; not another man or another dollar can we give till Lincoln quits fighting with these things.'"

The famous oak tree under which Generals Grant and Pemberton met and agreed upon terms for the surrender of Vicksburg, on the 3d of July last, has been "gobbled up" by soldiers wishing to obtain souvenirs of the remarkable event. Not satisfied with appropriating the trunk and branches, they have burrowed into the earth and seized every root which could be secured, as relics. Persons having in their possession even a small piece of this wood prize it highly.