

# The Alleghenian.

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

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The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, Ohio, arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.  
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### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

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Fast Line " 9.11 P. M.  
Phila. Express " 9.02 A. M.  
Mail Train " 7.08 P. M.  
Emigrant Train " 3.15 P. M.  
East—Through Express " 8.38 P. M.  
Fast Line " 12.36 A. M.  
Fast Mail " 7.08 A. M.  
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## Execution of the Girondists.

During the progress of the French Revolution there were two parties which arose, and for a long time contended for the supremacy—the Girondists and the Jacobins. The mob of Paris was at the disposal of the Jacobins, and sustained them in the most atrocious measures.—“We must,” said Murat, one of the leaders of the Jacobins, “strike into the hearts of our foes. It is our only safety.” The Girondists attempted to arrest the progress of the frightful massacres in which the Jacobins were engaging. They thus exposed themselves to the dangerous charge of being in sympathy with the aristocrats. The strife between the two parties which ensued, a strife involving life or death, was one of the most terrible recorded in history.

Madame Roland was one evening urging Vergniaud to rally the Girondist party at every hazard to arrest the massacres. “The only hope of France,” said she, “is in the sacredness of law. This atrocious carnage causes thousands of bosoms to thrill with horror. All the wise and good in France, and in the world, will rise to sustain those who expose their own hearts as a barrier to arrest such enormities.”

“Of what avail,” was the sad reply of Vergniaud, “can such exertions be? The assassins are supported by all the power of the street. Such a conflict must necessarily terminate in a street fight. The cannon are with our foes. The most prominent of the friends of order are massacred. Terror will restrain the rest. We shall only provoke our own destruction.”

For several days the strife raged in the convention with the utmost intensity, between the Girondists and the Jacobins. The party which could obtain the majority would rarely consign the other to the scaffold. M. Roland, the Girondist Minister of the Interior, was a man of great power, but Madame Roland, with a brilliance of genius seldom surpassed, prepared for him his speeches in the convention. France recognized her marvelous abilities; the one party regarded her with adoration, and the other with hate. Probably never before in the history of the world has a woman occupied such a position. It soon became evident that the rage of the Jacobins would descend upon Madame Roland, and she was urged to escape from Paris. The heroic woman replied:—

“I am ashamed to resort to any such expedient. I will neither disguise myself nor make any attempt at secret escape. My enemies may find me always in my place. I owe my country an example of firmness, and I will give it.”

She remained in Paris, and soon perished upon the guillotine. The convention consisted of eight hundred members.—Twenty-two of the most illustrious men of France were considered leaders of the Girondists. The Jacobins accused them of treason, and overawing the convention by the mob, carried the accusation and condemned them to death. It was then voted that all Paris should be illuminated in view of the triumph of the people. At midnight the whole convention, in procession, traversed the brilliant streets, leading to grace their triumph, the doomed Girondists. They were all then consigned to the Conciergerie, there to await the final trial. Summer came and went, while these illustrious men lingered in their dungeons. With fortitude, the record of which has ennobled their memories, they struggled to sustain each other to meet that fate which they knew could not be doubtful.

At length the hour of final triumph came. With the most imposing military array of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to guard against the possibility of any counter-revolution, the prisoners were conducted in a long procession, two by two, to the judgment bar. It was the 30th of October, 1793. At eleven o'clock at night the verdict was brought in, and they were doomed to be led to the guillotine the next morning. As the sentence was pronounced, one of the Girondists, Valaze, plunged a dagger in his heart, and fell lifeless upon the floor. Another, in the delirium of enthusiasm, shouted—“This is the most glorious day of my life!” It was midnight when the victims were conducted back to the Conciergerie. As they marched along, their voices burst into the Marsellaise Hymn, in tones which reverberated through the corridors of the prison, and echoed through the streets:

“Come, children of your country, come, The day of glory dawns on high,  
And tyranny has wide unfurled  
Her blood-stained banner in the sky.”

They were placed in one large hall, and the lifeless body of their companion was deposited in one of the corners. By decree of the Assembly the remains of Valaze were to be taken, with the rest, to

the guillotine, and the axe was to sever his head from the lifeless body, and all the headless trunks were to be interred together. Some friends of the Girondists immediately sent to them a sumptuous banquet, their final funeral repast. A large oaken table was spread. Servants entered with brilliant lamps. The richest viands of meats and wines were brought in. Vases of flowers smiled where flowers never bloomed before; and the most costly dishes appeared, one after another, until the board was covered with luxury and splendor.

In silence they took their places at the table. They were all men of brilliant intellect, and most of them eloquent. A priest, Abbe Lambert, who had gained admission, with his pencil noted down their words, their actions, their indications of heroism. The repast was prolonged till the dawn faintly entered the grated windows. When the cloth was removed, and the fruits, the wine, and the flowers alone remained, the conversation became animated, with occasional bursts of gaiety. A few of the unbelievers in immortality endeavored thus to meet their doom. But it was hilarity unnatural, and unworthy of the men and their condition. Death is not a jest, and he who attempts to regard it does but dishonor himself.

“What shall we be doing at this time to-morrow?” asked Ducos.

“We shall sleep,” responded one, “after the fatigues of the day, to wake up no more. Death is but endless slumber.”

“No,” rejoined Fouchet; “annihilation is not our destiny. These bodies perish. These thoughts never die. To-morrow, in other words, we shall think, feel, act. We shall have solved the problem of the destiny of the human mind.”

All turned to Vergniaud, as by a common impulse. His discourse was long, and has been described as the most eloquent which was ever uttered by human lips. “Death,” said he, in conclusion, “is the greatest act of life. It introduces us to a noble existence. Were it not so there would be something greater than God. It would be the just man immolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. No! Vergniaud is no greater than God. God will not suffer Vergniaud to-morrow to ascend the scaffold but to justify and avenge him in all future ages.”

As the light of day penetrated the dungeon, some sought a moment's sleep, others wrote a last line to friends, while others gathered in groups for conversations. At four o'clock the *gens d'armes* entered with the executioners. The long hair was cut from their necks that it might not impede the axe. Genesonne picked up a lock and sent it to his wife, saying: “Tell her that it is the only memorial of my love which I can transmit to her; and that my last thoughts in death were hers.”

Vergniaud scratched upon his watch a few lines of tender remembrance, and sent it to the young lady to whom, in a few days, he was to be married. Five rude carts conducted them to the scaffold.—Each cart contained five persons. The streets through which the sad procession passed was thronged with countless thousands. It was one of the most splendid of October mornings. As the cart moved the Girondists sang the Marsellaise Hymn. At the end of each verse there was a moment's silence, and then the strain was renewed loud and sonorous.

Arrived at the scaffold, they all embraced. They then resumed their funeral chant. One after another ascended the scaffold, continuing the song, till his head fell into the basket. There was no weakness. No voice faltered; but each succeeding moment, as head after head fell, the song grew more faint. Vergniaud at last stood alone. Long confinement had spread a deadly pallor over his intellectual features. He ascended the steps, the chorus having now died away into a solo of surpassing richness. For a moment he gazed upon the headless bodies of his friends. He then, as he surrendered himself to his executioner, commenced anew the strain:

“Come, children of your country, come! The day of glory dawns on high.”

The axe fell, and his lips were silent in death. Thus perished the Girondists.—The history of the French Revolution, in all its sublime annals, has not a tragedy more thrilling.

The magnificent charge of Hancock, by which he captured a whole division of Lee's army, and that the “Stonewall” division, was made with the bayonet alone. Our troops advanced through the woods in silence; not a gun was fired; and when at last they rushed to the attack, they did not stop to fire, but charged at once with the bayonet. There is great virtue in “cold iron.”

## What Time Has Taken And Left.

I.  
What has Time taken? Stars that shone  
On the early years of earth,  
And the ancient hills they looked upon  
Where a thousand streams had birth.  
Forests that were the young world's dowry,  
With their long un fading trees,  
And the halls of wealth and the thrones of power,  
He hath more than these—  
He hath taken away the heart of youth  
And its gladness, which hath been  
Like the summer sunshine o'er our path,  
Making the desert green.  
The shrines of our early hope and love,  
And the flower of every clime,  
The wise, the beautiful, the brave,  
Thou hast taken from us, Time!

II.  
What hath Time left us? Desolate  
Cities and temples lone,  
And the mighty works of genius, yet  
Glorious when all was gone;  
And the lights of memory lingering long,  
As the eye on western seas,  
Treasures of science, thought, and song—  
He hath left us more than these.  
He hath left us a lesson of the past  
In the shades of perished years;  
He hath left us the heart's high places waste,  
And its rainbow fallen in tears!  
But there's hope for the earth and her children still,  
Unwithered by woe or crime,  
And a heritage of rest for all—  
Thou hast left us these, oh! Time.

## The Two Travelers.

Some years ago, two gentlemen and a lady had taken their places in the diligence from Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M. Mallaquet, a merchant of the capital, as indolent in mind as in body, slept profoundly from the commencement of the journey; the other, M. Lussac, a commercial traveler, a person of a very animated character, did not allow his tongue to rest a single instant. Among other things which he mentioned, he let it escape him that he had about his person fifteen thousand francs in bank bills, that the greater part of the sum was intended for the purchase of colonial productions, and the rest as a present to his wife.

M. Mallaquet, on the contrary, during the rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake to speak, said simply that he was going to Havre.

The diligence arrived at Pontoise, where the horses were changed. As the road from that point ascends, the conductor proposed to the travelers that they should walk up the hill. Lussac embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Mallaquet, from politeness, affected to be no less delighted, although, in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in movement.

They both started up the hill, then, the diligence followed them. Soon darkness came on; but the travelers continued to hear the diligence rolling behind them. After the lapse of some time they both remarked that they had wandered from the road. They wished to return thereto, but the sound of the wheels no longer reached them.

The indolent Mallaquet grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths, he began to walk at a more rapid rate, and this sudden change gave birth in the soul of Lussac to a sombre presentment. Remembering his imprudent avowal about the fifteen thousand francs which he had with him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his mind. He asked himself in terror whether this suspected companion had not plotted with the conductor to rob him in some solitary place. Perhaps, he also thought, another accomplice might be lurking in some place near, ready to pounce on him. In truth poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man. He determined, therefore, to be on his guard.

With regard to Mallaquet, when he saw Lussac become suddenly silent, he at once conceived similar suspicions to those of his companion. He had not, it is true, like Lussac, been guilty of any indiscretion endangering his own interests, but his pockets were filled with important papers, and the avowal of his companion appeared to him now only an adroit trick to inspire him with confidence.

Keeping at as great a distance as possible from each other, the two travelers watched each other's movements. At last, a marsh coming in their way forced them into immediate contact on a narrow path. Their alarm and distrust went on increasing. Mallaquet raised his hand to wipe his brow, which was bathed with perspiration. Lussac then made a halt, thinking he saw in his companion's hand an instrument of murder. However, to brace his courage a little, he likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of snuff. Mallaquet, seeing this, stooped down to the muddy ground to escape the expected pistol-shot.

## mined to give utterance to his dread in words.

“We must,” said he, “be thoroughly on our guard here. It is the very demon himself who has thrown us thus on the high road in the middle of the night.—Fortunately, if we meet with any misfortune or attack, there is nothing to be found on me but empty pockets.”

“Indeed,” replied Mallaquet, “you surely forget the fifteen thousand francs which you have with you?”

“Oh! that was all nonsense,” cried Lussac. “My words on this point were the merest wind. Of course, I was only joking.”

This speech did not fail to increase the terror of Mallaquet.

“Well, whatever happens,” he said, after a few moment's hesitation, “I am determined not to yield until I have fired my pistols as often as I can.”

“Pistol!” exclaimed Lussac; “but do you not know that it is forbidden to carry arms?”

“Forbidden, do you say?” continued Mallaquet, assuming an air of great courage; “there are resolute fellows, however, who do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at—such prohibitions.”

This conversation was interrupted by the trotting of a horse. The rider was a postillion, who told our travelers that they had gone astray, and that they had, at least, a walk of two hours to the nearest posting station. Both, more alarmed than ever, sought relief in furious oaths.

Presently a carriage passed. Mallaquet and Lussac rushed towards it. Lussac wanted to get up behind, but the coachman struck him so fiercely with his whip that he was forced to let go his hold.—Behold our travelers, then, dragging their weary limbs anew along the high road.—A light gleamed in the distance. Our travelers, nearly drowned in perspiration and crushed by fatigue, marched towards the spot where the light was shining. It turned out to be a village. Everybody had gone to bed; but they at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mist! All the rooms were occupied; but the landlord, yielding after a while to their passionate requests, gave them the room which he had reserved for himself. Hungry and weary, however, the two companions felt the irresistible need for some food. The delay caused by the repast was marked by an absolute silence; and in nearly the same silence Mallaquet and Lussac prepared their exhausted frames to taste the sweets of repose.

“The moment I am in bed,” thought Mallaquet, “I shall pretend to be asleep. I shall even snore with tolerable emphasis, if needful; but I shall keep myself alert for whatever may occur.”

As for Lussac, after having slipped his portfolio under his pillow, wished his companion good night, and blown out the candle, he placed himself as easily in the bed as he could, but kept his eyes fixed, in the darkness, on the corner of the room where the supposed brigand was.

Two hours passed away, marked by the most complete immobility on both sides. The first feeble light of the dawn was beginning to peep through, when Lussac perceived his neighbor rising with precaution, and approaching his bed on tiptoe. Mallaquet then stooped down over Lussac's face. Lussac's heart beat like a steam engine. Fortunately, however, he had his knife opened and ready under the bedclothes. He asked himself whether he ought not to be beforehand with the assassin. But a little cowardice, and the excess of his emotion, forced him to wait, without stirring, the development of events. Mallaquet again gathered some assurance from the air of tranquility which he, who deemed himself a victim, simulated. He went back to bed with a contented heart.

The result was, that neither of the travelers having slept, but neither of them also having suffered any greater harm than a good fright, they set out in the course of the morning arm in arm for Rouen, became intimate friends, and ended by forming a commercial partnership. The house of Mallaquet & Co. still prospers at Paris, and each of the partners amuses himself with telling the singular circumstances which led to their business relations. It is never, however, without emotion that M. Mallaquet hears M. Lussac speaking of the moment when the knife was kept ready under the bedclothes for a fatal stab.

The barking of dogs is an acquired hereditary instinct, supposed to have originated in an attempt to imitate the human voice. Wild dogs, and domestic breeds which have become wild, never bark, but only howl. Cats, which so disturb the inhabitants of civilized countries by their midnight “caterwaul,” are, in their wild state, quite silent.

## Campaign Miscellany.

### A STORY ABOUT GRANT.

A Southwestern correspondent relates the following: Speaking of Gen. Grant's campaign, I wish here to put on record a little incident, which I have never yet seen in print, and which might have been contraband once, but is not now, since the plans of the Eastern campaign have been developed. While Grant was in front of Vicksburg, he was conversing with several officers on the subject of the capture of Richmond. “Can it be taken, Gen.?” asked one of these. “With ease,” was the response. “By the Peninsula?” continued the querist. “No,” replied the General; “if I had charge of the matter, I would want two large armies—one to move directly on Lee, and the other to land at City Point and cut communications to the Southwest. Lee would thus be compelled to fall back, and the army from the North could then press forward, and, if possible, defeat him. If he would again open up communication with the cotton States, he must fight the army south of the James; and to do this he must cross his whole force, otherwise he could be defeated in detail. If he do so cross, the Northern army could take Richmond; if he do not, that from the south could move up the heights south of the James, and shell and destroy the city.”

At the time these remarks were made, General Grant had no thought of being called to the position he now occupies.

### A FEMALE VETERAN.

This war has furnished many instances, both in the rebel and Federal army, of females entering the service as soldiers. The war teems with romance. An army correspondent, writing from Cairo, relates the following: The Provost Guard went on board the steamer Missouri, yesterday, and there arrested a soldier with the uniform of the veterans, ready to start on the downward trip toward the front. On being taken to the Provost Marshal's office, the veteran was accused of being—a woman. This he, or she, flatly contradicted, but upon being assured that her sex was known, and that there was no use denying the charge, she burst into tears and acknowledged the corn. It seems to be the old story, told anew, of how love is more strong than discretion, forcing her to don the apparel of her country to follow him whom she loved to the tonted field.—Whether she loved “not wisely but too well” is not known, but it is known that the object of her affection followed her before the Provost Marshal, and begged for her release. But military law proved inexorable, and the soldier was obliged to return “solitary and alone” to his regiment, cursing bitterly the unrelenting fate which thus separated him from his true love. Her name is Elizabeth Archer.

### THE WAY TO DRAW AN ENEMY'S FIRE.

A few days ago, our men were much annoyed by a rebel sharpshooter concealed in the brushwood. After he had wounded several of our men, various attempts were made to get a “pop” at him without effect. At last the gallant old Colonel hit upon the following ingenious though rather dangerous expedient of enticing the rebel out of his concealment:

“Boys,” said he, coolly, “look out where the smoke comes from, for as soon as the traitor sees me he will let fly!”

Getting deliberately from the rifle-pit, where he had been watching operations, the Colonel walked out a few paces and calmly seated himself upon a stump.—Scarcely had he done so before bang! went the rifle, and a Minie ball flew past his head, in too close proximity to be agreeable. Ere the smoke had cleared away, half a dozen bullets had penetrated the spot where the rebel lay, and in a few moments after his body, reeking with gore, and perforated by not less than three bullets, was dragged from its hiding-place.

On seeing the body, the Colonel exclaimed, “There, boys, I told you I could draw his fire!”

### THE REBELS ON GRANT.

The rebels generally express the opinion that General Grant don't know when he is whipped. They think that Meade would have discovered that he was whipped the first day of the fight in the Wilderness, and they believe that Gen. Lee was very much surprised when he found that Grant did not acknowledge himself whipped by retreating across the Rapidan! They concede that Grant has overpowering numbers, and that he may be able to vanquish Lee, but they say this must be done by continuous fighting, as there will be no yielding on the part of the rebels. They assert also that it is useless to talk about the rebel army starving. They all say they have enough to eat. The people may be starving, but the army is not, and, they say, will not.