

# The Alleghenian.

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

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

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NUMBER 46.

## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown	Joseph Behe,	Carroll.
Chess Springs	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Conemaugh	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson	J. Houston,	Washt'n.
Ebensburg	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber	Asa H. Fiske,	White.
Gallitzin	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock	Wm. Wiley, Jr.,	Washt'n.
Johnstown	L. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
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Wilmore	Morris Keil,	S'merhill.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARBISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.  
**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. S. LEMMON, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. H. M'BRIDE, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
**Wich Independent**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.  
**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.  
**Baptist**—Rev. W. LYON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.  
**Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
**Catholic**—Rev. M. J. MIRENELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.  
**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-town, &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.**

Line	Time
West-Balt. Express	8.18 A. M.
" 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.
" Past Mail	7.08 A. M.
" Through Accom.	10.39 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.  
Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.  
Register and Recorder—James Griffin.  
Sheriff—John Buck.  
District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.  
County Commissioners—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glass.  
Treasurer—Isaac Wilcox.  
Poor House Directors—George M'Callough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.  
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.  
Auditors—William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahm, Francis Tierney.  
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.  
Coroner—William Flattery.  
Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.  
Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**AT LARGE.**  
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.  
Burgess—A. A. Barker.  
School Directors—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.  
**EAST WARD.**  
Constable—Thomas J. Davis.  
Town Council—J. Alexander Moore, Daniel O. Evans, Richard R. Tibbott, Evan E. Evans, William Clement.  
Inspectors—Alexander Jones, D. O. Evans.  
Judge of Election—Richard Jones, Jr.  
Assessor—Thomas M. Jones.  
Assistant Assessors—David E. Evans, Wm. D. Davis.  
**WEST WARD.**  
Constable—William Mills, Jr.  
Town Council—John Dougherty, George C. K. Zahm, Isaac Crawford, Francis A. Shoemaker, James S. Todd.  
Inspectors—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.  
Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.  
Assessor—James Murray.  
Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Daniel C. Zahm.

## Select Poetry.

### The Soldier's Wayside Dream.

[From Godley's Lady's Book.]

The word was "Rest." The dusty road was rocky, worn and steep; And many a sunbrowned soldier's head sank on his breast to sleep. Afar, the Alabama hills swept round in billowy lines; The soft green of their bowery slopes was dotted dark with pines; And from their tops a gentle breeze, born in the cloudless sky, stole through the valley where a stream was slowly warbling by; And, as it passed, it brought a cloud of odors in its plumes, Of violets and columbines, and milk-white plum-tree blooms. The cobwebs and the perfume o'er my weary senses crept, And with my musket on my arm I bowed my head and slept. No more the Alabama hills, no more the waving pines, But still the scent of violets and red wild columbines; I drew my breath in ecstasy, my feet were shod with joy—I dreamed I trod the prairie sod in my beautiful Illinois. The lark sang welcome from the grass, the well-known path along, And the pulsations of my heart seemed echoes of his song. I thought the sunlight never shone so gloriously before, But sweeter were the smiles of love that met me at the door. O, hold my hand while yet you may, love of my earlier years, And wet my face, my mother, with thy proud and happy tears; And bless me again, my father—bless me again, I pray! For I hear the bugle—hear the drum—I have but an hour to stay. Alas! my dreaming words were true; I woke, and knew it all—I heard the clamor of the drum—I heard the captain's call; And over all another voice I oft had heard before: A sound that stirs the dullest heart—the cannon's muffled roar. No longer "rest," but "Forward!" for ere the day is done, It will tell of the fearful glory of a battle lost and won; And ere the breath of its blackened lips time hath to lift away, My hand must be red and warm with blood, or white and cold as clay! O, pray for me in thy gentle heart, love of my earlier years! And, mother, only weep for me those proud and happy tears; And bless me again, my father, bless me again, I pray! My dream-words may be doubly true—I may have but an hour to stay!

### Andrew Johnson's Letter of Acceptance.

The following is the letter of Andrew Johnson accepting the nomination of the National Union Convention for Vice President of the United States:

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 2, 1864.—Hon. Wm. Denison, Chairman, and others, Committee of the National Union Convention:—Gentlemen: Your communication of the 9th ult., informing me of my nomination for the Vice Presidency of the United States, by the National Union Convention, held at Baltimore, and enclosing a copy of the resolutions adopted by that body, was not received until the 25th ult.

A reply on my part had been previously made to the action of the Convention in presenting my name, in a speech delivered in this city, on the evening succeeding the day of the adjournment of the Convention, in which I indicated my acceptance of the distinguished honor conferred by that body, and defined the grounds upon which that acceptance was based, substantially saying what I now have to say. From the comments made upon that speech by the various presses of the country to which my attention has been directed, I considered it to be regarded as a full acceptance.

In view, however, of the desire expressed in your communication, I will more fully allude to a few points that have heretofore been presented. My opinion on the leading questions at present agitating and disturbing the public mind, and especially in reference to the rebellion now being waged against the government and authority of the United States, I presume, are generally understood. Before the Southern people assumed a belligerent attitude (and frequently since), I took occasion most frequently to declare the views I then entertained in relation to the wicked purposes of the southern politicians.—They have since undergone but little, if any, change. Time and subsequent events have rather confirmed than diminished my confidence in their correctness.

At the beginning of the great struggle I entertained the same opinion of it I do now, and in my place in the Senate I denounced it as treason, worthy the punish-

ment of death, and warned the government and the people of the impending danger. But my voice was not heard or my counsel heeded until it was too late to avert the storm. It still continued to gather over us, without molestation from the authorities at Washington, until at length it broke with all its fury upon the country. And now, if we would save the government from being overwhelmed by it, we must meet it in the true spirit of patriotism, and bring traitors to the punishment due their crime, and by force of arms crush out and subdue the last vestige of rebel authority in every State. I felt then as now that the destruction of the government was deliberately determined upon by wicked and designing conspirators, whose lives and fortunes were pledged to carry it out, and that no compromise, short of an unconditional recognition of the independence of the Southern States, could have been or could now be proposed which they would accept.—The clamor for "southern rights," as the rebel journals were pleased to designate their rallying cry, was not to secure their assumed rights in the Union and under the Constitution, but to disrupt the government and establish an independent organization based upon slavery, which they could at all times control.

The separation of the government has for years been the cherished purpose of the southern leaders. Baffled, in 1852, by the stern, patriotic heroism of Andrew Johnson, they sullenly acquiesced, only to mature their diabolical schemes, and await the recurrence of a more favorable opportunity to execute them. Then the pretext was the tariff, and Jackson, after following their schemes of nullification and disunion, with prophetic perspicuity, warned the country against the renewal of their efforts to dismember the government.

In a letter dated May 1, 1853, to the Rev. A. J. Crawford, after denouncing the heartless insincerity of the southern nullifiers, he said: "Therefore the tariff was only a pretext, and disunion and a southern confederacy the real object. The next pretext will be the negro, or slavery question."

Time has fully verified this prediction, and we have now not only "the negro or slavery question," as the pretext, but the real cause of the rebellion, and both must go down together. It is vain to attempt to reconstruct the Union with the distracting element of slavery in it. Experience has demonstrated its incompatibility with free and republican governments, and it would be unwise and unjust longer to continue it as one of the institutions of the country. While it remained subordinate to the Constitution and laws of the United States, I yielded to it my support, but when it became rebellious and attempted to rise above the government, and control its action, I threw my humble influence against it.

The authority of the government is supreme, and will admit of no rivalry.—No institution can rise above it, whether it be slavery or any other organized power. In our happy form of government all must be subordinate to the will of the people, when reflected through the Constitution and laws made therefrom—State or Federal. This great principle lies at the foundation of every government, and cannot be disregarded without the destruction of the government itself.

In the support and practice of correct principles, we can never reach wrong results; and by rigorously adhering to this great fundamental truth, the end will be the preservation of the Union and the overthrow of an institution which has made war upon and attempted the destruction of the government itself.

The mode by which this great change—the emancipation of the slave—can be effected, is properly found in the power to amend the Constitution of the United States. This plan is effectual, and of no doubtful authority; and while it does not contravene the timely exercise of the war power by the President in his Emancipation Proclamation, it comes stamped with the authority of the people themselves, acting in accordance with the written rule of the supreme law of the land, and must, therefore, give more general satisfaction and quietude to the distracted public mind.

By recurring to the principles contained in the resolutions so unanimously adopted by the Convention, I find that they substantially accord with my public acts and opinions heretofore made known and expressed, and are, therefore, most cordially endorsed and approved; and the nomination having been conferred without any solicitation on my part, it is with the greater pleasure accepted.

In accepting the nomination, I might have close, but I cannot forego the opportunity of saying to my old friends of the Democratic party proper, with whom I have so long and pleasantly been associ-

ated, that the hour has now come when that great party can justly vindicate its devotion to true democratic policy and measures of expediency. The war is a war of great principles. It involves the supremacy and life of the government itself. If the rebellion triumphs, free government north and south fails. If, on the other hand, the government is successful, as I do not doubt, its destiny is fixed, its basis permanent and enduring, and its career of honor and glory just begun. In a great contest like this for the existence of free government, the path of duty is patriotism and principle. Minor considerations and questions of administrative policy should give way to the higher duty of preserving the government, and then there will be time enough to wrangle over the men and measures pertaining to its administration.

This is not the hour for strife and division among ourselves. Such differences of opinion only encourage the enemy, prolong the war, and waste the country. Unity of action and concentration of power should be our watchword and rallying cry. This accomplished, the time will rapidly approach when their armies in the field—the great power of the rebellion—will be broken and crushed by our gallant officers and brave soldiers, and ere long they will return to their homes and firesides to assume again the avocations of peace, with the proud consciousness that they have aided in the noble work of re-establishing upon a surer and more permanent basis the great temple of American freedom.

I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of high regard,  
Yours truly,  
ANDREW JOHNSON.

### A Thrilling Incident.

The records of ancient or modern history may be traced in vain for a more remarkable instance of heroic fortitude, sublime patriotism, and unwavering faith in the Almighty arm, than that which is related below, for the truth of which the Rev. Mr. Startzman, of Hagerstown, vouches. The incident occurred during the rebel invasion of July last:—

Mr. George Blessing, a farmer, residing near Myersville, Frederick county, (Md.) when it was learned that the rebels were prowling through the neighborhood stealing horses and committing depredations generally, was importuned by his family to remove his stock beyond the reach of the marauders, which he declined doing, avowing his purpose to defend his property to the last extremity. He had ten guns in his house, which he proceeded to load and put in readiness, in the event of a necessity arising for using them.

At noon, on the 2d of July, he gathered his family about him and read aloud the 91st Psalm—"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God! in Him will I trust,"—when he engaged in devotional worship, imploring the Most High to shield and protect his household from the assaults and rapacity of the enemy who were laying waste his native soil, and seeking to overthrow the best government ever devised by the wisdom of man, pleading God to uphold and sustain the old flag of his fathers.

Taking two guns, he repaired, with his son, a lad yet in his teens, to his barn, from which he despatched a squad of rebels approaching on Horseback. Handing his son a gun, he ordered him to take a certain position, and should the squad dismount and attempt to break open the doors of the stable, which were fastened by locks, to fire upon them. The rebels advanced to within a short distance of the stable, when one of the number threw himself from his horse and commenced the work of demolishing the stable door. At that moment the old man and his son fired simultaneously upon the offender, both balls taking effect in his right arm. The balance of the party scampered away, leaving their wounded comrade behind, and sweating vengeance upon the resistants. Before they had escaped beyond the reach of Mr. B.'s gun, he fired a second shot at the fleeing foe, but with what result he could not tell. The rebel at whom he aimed fell forward on his horse, evidently wounded, but he managed to get away.

Mr. Blessing's neighbors, learning what he had done, waited upon him, and, by every argument they could advance, endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose to "stand his ground." They tried to prevail upon him to leave the vicinity and seek refuge from the infuriated rebels, who would return with reinforcements, and not only destroy his property but would murder him and his son. But the brave old patriot was immovable in his purpose to defend his property, whether in the event his life should be forfeited. He expressed infinite confidence in his

Shield and Buckler, assured that needed strength would be given him in the unequal contest which might ensue.

The guns were reloaded, and father and son resumed their former positions and awaited the return of the foe. They were not long kept in suspense. Twenty mounted rebels, accompanied by four citizens of Myersville, with whom Mr. B. was acquainted, were advancing on his premises. When within a short distance of Mr. B.'s barn, the citizens were ordered in front of the rebel squad, as a protection to them from the bullets which the cowardly land pirates knew were ready to greet them. Undismayed, Mr. B. warned his acquaintances against moving a step forward, assuring them that should they do so they would meet with swift and certain death.

Intimidated and bewildered, there the rebels stood, hesitating what to do. Every shot fired in the direction where they supposed the "Yankee soldiers" were secreted, was promptly and vigorously answered. "What should they do?" reasoned these baffled sons of Mars.—Evidently they were fighting superior numbers, and would not hazard the chances for success with their present force, but would go back for artillery. As they were wheeling their horses to retrace their course, Mr. B. shot the leader of the band through the head, killing him instantly.

A second time Mr. Blessing's neighbors wasted upon him, and urged him, in the most earnest language they could employ, to desist from the hazardous course he was pursuing. Their entreaties were unavailing. He was determined to fight to the bitter end, severe as the consequences might prove to him. Would God permit him to kill one more traitor, he was willing to die.

Momentarily expecting the marauders to return with artillery, Mr. B. shouldered two guns, and posted himself in a clump of trees on a lane leading from the public road to his residence. He had been there but a short time when he observed heavy clouds of dust rising from the road, some distance off. A large body of horsemen were moving toward him. In the advance he noticed what he conceived to be a rebel scout. In an instant the old man raised his gun and was in the act of firing, when the object of his aim fell back into the main column of soldiers riding rapidly up the lane. He now recognized the heroic conduct of the dauntless old patriot and his worthy son, were hastening to their rescue. The scene which followed can better be imagined than described.

Mr. Blessing is upward of seventy years of age, enjoys good health, and is brimful of the spirit of '76. He is an elder in the Myersville Lutheran Church.

Davy Crockett had a wonderful memory, of which Col. —, whom he once ran against for Congress, lately gave the following anecdote in proof:—"When we began our electioneering campaign," said the Col., "not being able to speak very well extempore, I wrote out a speech with great care, and committed it to memory. I had always spoken first, but at the third meeting, which was a very large one, Crockett proposed that he should take the lead. I assented, and he mounted the stand. To my utter discomfiture, he proceeded to recite my speech, word for word, only changing the construction of a sentence here and there to make it suit his side of the case! I never felt more awkward in my life. My turn to harangue the audience came, but my speech was gone—stolen—used up. I was left without a word to say. To complete my mortification, the rasal was laughing and chuckling as though he had done the cleverest thing in the world."

The Washington Star tells about a soldier, who, in dodging away from a patrol, hid himself in a restaurant by jumping into a large box used for steaming oysters. The lid closed with a spring lock, and the disappointed patrol went on his way baffled. In a little while the colored man attending the apparatus turned on a full head of steam, in order to prepare a mess for some customers. The soldier began to grow uncomfortably warm, and kicked and yelled lustily for liberation, until the frightened negro ran away, shouting that the devil was in the steamer. Other employees gathered around, and released the perspiring soldier, who bounded out with the speed of a machine whose motive power is steam.

Having been a tailor in his early days, it may be confidently said Governor Andrew Johnson is "sound on the goose."

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

## Educational Department.

[Prepared expressly by a professional teacher, for The Alleghenian.]

A TEACHER'S INFLUENCE.—There are few persons who are so isolated from the world, between whom and others there is such a lack of sympathy, as to leave them devoid of influence over their fellows.—But whether over a great mass, or a select few of the refined and polite, or but two or three of the humblest ones of earth, there is no human vision so far-seeing that it can discern when, or where, or in what manner the effects of exercising that influence will terminate. Hours of bliss or years of pain, may be the result of a few words spoken or a few others withheld. A single act of a parent, a harsh reproof needlessly administered, may have an undying influence. When long years have rolled away, and life has assumed its sterner aspect, the events of childhood will crowd on the memory, and the soul will dwell on them either with pain or pleasure. Scarcely less potent, and far more extensive than that of the parent, is the influence of the teacher. To be sure, a humble personage the teacher surely is. Unknown to fame, and a stranger to wealth, he labors incessantly in his sphere, content to know that he does his duty. But the material upon which he works is the most imperishable and most precious in the world. The work of other men will soon decay, but that of the teacher, never, for the subject of his labors has received at the hand of God the charter of its immortality. The first feeling in the young towards their seniors is a veneration amounting almost to reverence, and this veneration is not lessened, but increased rather, by association, unless that association is of such a character as to overcome the first prompting of the youthful mind. There is, too, if not in all, then in most, youth a desire to know, and a realization of their dependency on their superiors for obtaining the knowledge they seek. Because nearly, if not quite, every mystery arising in their thoughts is laid open and made plain, they are prone to conclude that he who satisfies their every doubt has no doubts himself, and to know what he knows is to be possessed of all that is worthy to be known. This feeling in those under him is a broad and stable foundation on which he may build and must build, either for good or for evil. Many a time, his conduct will be closely watched, and often as closely followed. He is looked to as a guide, and in many instances followed as such, and if his acts are inconsistent with uprightness of purpose, they will not seldom be made to excuse, or, perhaps, justify other acts equally inconsistent. But if he shows a rectitude of purpose, a tender conscience in all things, an unfeigned respect for whatever is sacred, he will strengthen in those around him the resolution to do only what is right, obey the voice of conscience, and yield reverence to things holy. In the outside world, there is an apparent indifference, to use no stronger term, to the very matters which in the home circle of every well ordered house are taught as being the true objects of reverence; and there is, consequently, very often a wavering in the young heart as to whether a compliance shall or shall not be rendered to the teachings of home. If the teacher throws his influence on the side of conscience, of veneration for things holy, who can put a limit to the good that may follow? But if it goes in the other balance, who can put a limit to the evil that may result? Perhaps, when he has reached the borders of time, looking back, may see some of the fruits of his work. Then, too, his influence permeates into every nook and corner. What he did, and what he said, are made the subjects of many a youthful conversation, are told to companions, parents, brothers, sisters, friends.—Should not the teacher, then, weigh well every word, ponder deeply before he acts, and so do in all respects that he cannot be made a justifier of foolishness? No impressions are so deep as those of childhood. No folly is so hard to eradicate as that contracted in early life. Other events may be forgotten, but even when old age is stealing quickly over us, those of early youth will live in the memory, exercising their influence. If the seed sown in the tender years of childhood is good seed, it will leave the whole man; but if folly is sown, then foolishness will be the fruit.

Truths the most awful and mysterious are too often considered as so true that they lose all the life and efficiency of truth, and lie hid in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised errors.