

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.  
E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1867.

NUMBER 8.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.  
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

WINSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24] J. E. SCANLAN.

MUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.  
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.  
Office adjoining dwelling, on High st., Ebensburg, Pa. [Feb 7-6m]

KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.  
Office removed to the office formerly held by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 31-6m]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s drug store. [Jan 24]

MUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel.  
Practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties.  
Attends also to the collection of claims and claims against the Government. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.  
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and other Claims collected. Real Estate and other business. [Jan 24]

WILSON, M. D., offers his services, as Physician and Surgeon, to the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding places.  
He has been appointed Examining Surgeon and prepared to examine all Pension applicants for Pensions who may be entitled to them. [Jan 24]

J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Dunn, Dealer in  
DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES, AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE GINGER AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.  
Cap. and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and other articles kept by Druggists generally. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountaineer, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

THE undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to acquire himself with every important branch of his art. To many years of experience, he has sought to add the experience of the highest authorities in his science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to show its value.

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S., Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond; A. Bandy; A. A. Bandy; P. H. Aust; the Baltimore College.  
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth of each month, to stay one week. [Jan 24]

W. D. & CO., Bankers—EBENSBURG, PA.  
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States. General Banking Business transacted. [Jan 24]

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WILLIAM BLAINE, Barber—EBENSBURG, PA.  
Shampooing, and Hair-dressing in the most artistic style.  
Saloon directly opposite the "Mountaineer." [Jan 24]

OR LEAVE—  
Time for sale, at Lilly's station, or No. 4, by the bus or car load—  
to the Johnstown, Ebensburg, or any other place on the P. & O. R. R.  
WM. TILLEY,  
Hemlock P. O., Cambria co., Pa.

THE ALLEGHANIAN PRINTING OFFICE.  
Office in E. Hughes & Co.'s Store  
Work of all kinds done with neatness and dispatch.

## Laus Deo.

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE BELLS RING FOR THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.

It is done!  
Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down  
How the bellies rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town.

Ring, O bells!  
Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of eternity and time!

Let us kneel:  
God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord  
On the whirlwind is abroad;  
In the earthquake he has spoken;  
He has smitten with His thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken.

Loud and long  
Lift the old exulting song;  
Sing with Miriam by the sea,  
He has cast the mighty down;  
Horse and rider sink and drown;  
He hath triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare,  
In our agony of prayer,  
Ask for more than He has done?  
When was ever His right hand  
Over any time or land  
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,  
Ancient myth, and song, and tale,  
In this wonder of our days.  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise.

Blotted out!  
All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curbs  
On the dead and buried sin.

It is done!  
In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad!  
With a sound of broken chains,  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God!

## Buried Alive.

There is an antique street in Florence which bears the title of Via della Morte—Street of the Dead. The original name of Via della Campanile was changed to Via della Morte to commemorate the resurrection of the beautiful Ginevra, who, having escaped from the tomb, wandered through the streets by night, seeking that shelter which the terrors of superstition denied her.

The story of Ginevra, even more thrilling and romantic than that of Romeo and Juliet, can hardly be called a tradition or legend. It is, beyond question, a true history, and has been chronicled by various reliable Italian historians.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century, the young Antonia Rondinelli became enamored of Ginevra Almiara, a lady of high lineage. Count Bernardo, the father of Ginevra, a stern, hard, grasping man, was at variance with the Rondinelli family. The youthful Ginevra warmly responded to the passion which her charming person and lovely character had kindled; and, notwithstanding the division between the families, the trusting lovers basked in the delicious hope that they would be one day linked together in closest ties.

Antonio sought Bernardo, and, in spite of a rigid and frowning reception, boldly avowed his affection for Ginevra, and prayed that the discord between their houses might be melted into harmony by her fair hand clasped before the altar in his. The father repulsed him rudely, and forbade all intercourse between the lovers. Then Ginevra, gaining courage through her dismay, went to her father and implored him to hear her, told him of her love for Antonio, and besought him not to separate them. Her father turned an obdurate ear to her pleadings, and drove her from his presence. Ginevra mourned and pined for her banished lover without attempting to disguise her sorrow. Count Bernardo argued from this open grief that she cherished a hope that he would be moved to revoke the sentence of separation. To dispel such an illusion, he determined to give her in marriage without delay.

Francesco Agolanti was one of the most opulent men in Florence. From certain facts related by historians, however, it may be inferred he was as miserly as he was wealthy. He, too, sought the hand of Ginevra; but she, far from listening to

his wooing, turned from him with unconcealed aversion. But this did not prevent Agolanti demanding her hand of her father, who promised it willingly.

When her approaching betrothal was announced to Ginevra, she made resolute resistance, and conjured her imperious father not to add this new affliction to the one which had already bereft her of her happiness. His reply was to hasten the preparations for her nuptials. When Ginevra found her struggles fruitless, she fell into a state of deep dejection and listless apathy. She no longer seemed to notice what passed around her, and was led to the altar unresistingly, as though her faculties had become torpid—as if she was no longer capable even of the sensation of pain.

After her marriage, this inert and passive condition became confirmed. She moved about like a being whose soul was absent, and went through the ordinary routine of life mechanically, almost unconsciously. She seldom spoke and never smiled. Soon, she was attacked by a hysterical affection, which induced long swoons of frequent occurrence. The physician who attended her pronounced her disease consumption.

At the end of four years, she one day fell into a swoon, from which all efforts to revive her proved ineffectual. The medical men, after having exhausted their skill to that end without result, declared her dead.

At sunset on the evening of the same day, she was carried with great pomp, upon an open funeral car, to the family vault of Agolanti, in the cemetery of the cathedral. Here, according to custom, her fair body was laid upon a shelf among the mouldering skeletons of her husband's ancestors. The month was October. The moon was shining brightly that night.—The stone placed at the mouth of the tomb had not been re-cemented. The masons were to perform the work on the morrow. Through the aperture left by the loosened and ill-fitting stone, the moonlight streamed in and lighted up the dismal vault.

Ginevra from her long swoon had sunk into a deep trance, but life was not extinct.

In the middle of the night, she feebly stirred, and slowly recovered consciousness. At first, in her half awakened state, she thought herself oppressed by a frightful dream.

But, as her senses fully returned, she saw the skeleton forms with which she was holding companionship, and attempted to start up, but fell back powerless, and in great affliction, for she now discovered that her hands and feet were bound.—Then for the first time she beheld the grave clothes in which she was attired, and knew by them and her bandaged feet and hands that she must have been supposed to be dead and had been buried.

Fear lent her new strength, and, after many despairing efforts, she succeeded in loosening the bandages, and disentangled herself from the swathing folds of her long shroud. She stood up, trembling and appalled. But, guided by the moonlight, she staggered to the five steps before the entrance and crept up to the stone which barred her exit. To remove it with those delicate and feeble hands seemed impossible; but at such moments the frailest natures are endowed with superhuman strength. After several futile attempts, which with every failure increased her horror, the stone was rolled over, and she stood in the moonlight, in the open cemetery, freed—saved from a living tomb, probably from a death of maddening terror.

With feeble steps she hurried through the streets, her long shroud trailing on the ground, her white drapery floating around her, and her ghastly face looking unearthly in the moonlight. She was seeking her home—the home from which she had that evening been borne a corpse; what wonder that the midnight stragglers who met her thought that they saw an apparition, and fled affrighted.

At last she reached Francesco Agolanti's house, and, knocking, sank upon the threshold, crying out to her husband to admit her quickly. The window of Agolanti's chamber opened upon a balcony which commanded the front entrance.—He heard the knock and the pleading cry, and hastened to the balcony. Ginevra looked up and called to him with a feeble, imploring voice. He recognized the grave-shrouded form, the white face, the plaintive tones, and was seized with frantic alarm, for he believed himself visited by the ghost of his buried wife. Making the sign of the cross repeatedly, and with great rapidity and vehemence, he bade her depart and leave him in peace, promising that abundant masses should be said for the rest of her soul.—Ginevra, in an agonized voice, replied that she lived, and entreated to be admitted. Her husband, more terrified than ever, rushed into his chamber, closed the window, sprang into bed, and covered his head with the bed-clothes to shut out the terrible sound of that low, piteous plaint, reciting his prayers until all was silent again.

The hapless Ginevra rose from the ground with difficulty, and with tottering steps dragged herself to the door of her father's house. Again she knocked, and prayed to be allowed to come in; but when

her summons roused the domestics, and her father himself, she was again mistaken for an apparition, the door was closed upon her, and her father and his servants retreated in alarm.

Ginevra lay upon the cold steps almost insensible, and in despair. All who saw her fled terror-stricken from her presence. She had returned from the grave, and no one would grant her earthly shelter.

No one? Was there not one who would grant her earthly shelter?

No one? Was there not one who would never bid her depart, even should he imagine that she had come to him as a spirit? With that thought she once more struggled to her feet and made her tortuous way through the deserted street to the house where dwelt Antonio Rondinelli.

Antonio still loved her with unabated ardor, and had taken a vow to be constant to her memory, and never to marry. The tidings of her death had reached him, and he had not sought his couch that night. He was sitting weeping and thinking of his doubly lost Ginevra.

Her strength was so far exhausted that she could knock only very feebly; but Antonio heard the sound, and, passing out on his balcony, saw the grave-clad figure and the upturned, colorless face of Ginevra. She faintly murmured his name. He, too, believed it to be a spirit—but it was the spirit of his beloved, and the sight and sound filled him with transport.

Quickly and joyfully he descended, and throwing open the entrance door, he stooped and raised the cold, shrouded form that lay prostrate at his feet. What painter could picture his amazement and ecstasy! Ginevra lived and was restored to him!

He summoned his mother, with whom he resided, and assembled his family to rejoice with him, and to listen to Ginevra's tale. Then Antonio bound them all by an oath of silence, and sent a faithful servant to replace the stone upon the opening of the vault, and to remove every trace of the fugitive's footsteps.

Meantime, the exhausted Ginevra, now indeed almost dying from the neglect and hardships she had endured, was laid in a warm bed, and was tenderly ministered to by the mother of Antonio. For four days, Ginevra's life seemed like a flickering candle, which a breath might extinguish. On the fifth day, she gradually revived, and before long was able to rise and hold converse.

She pondered deeply and sadly upon the only honorable course that was left to her, and at last, with gentle firmness, announced to Antonio that, as she could never return to her brutal husband's protection, she felt herself compelled to enter a convent.

Antonio, hurled from the summit of his sudden happiness into an abyss of despair, implored her to revoke this cruel decision—cruel to him only, but to herself. He brought forward manifold arguments to convince her that the tie which bound her to Agolanti was dissolved by a death and burial which all the world believed to be real, and entreated her to become the wife of one who had never loved but her, and had claimed her for his own before she was sold to Agolanti. His mother and family joined their prayers to his, and Ginevra, listening to them, and to the pleadings of her own heart, slowly consented.

It is recorded that Antonio and Ginevra were privately united by the public notary, who was bound to secrecy.

Meantime, all Florence was listening to descriptions of the ghost of Ginevra, which so many persons had beheld passing through the streets, and which her husband testified had appeared to him, while her father declared it had also visited his door. The two families ordered a bountiful number of masses to be said for the repose of the unquiet spirit.

Agolanti now offered the jewels and wardrobe of Ginevra for sale. His great wealth did not prevent his evincing this lack of reverence for her memory, impelled as he was by a sordid love of gain. Rondinelli, as soon as he heard of the proposed barter, hastened to the residence of Agolanti and purchased every article his newly-made wife had possessed, paying the most extravagant prices, to prevent the smallest object which had been consecrated by her use from passing into the hands of strangers.

For some months, Ginevra lived in entire seclusion, her existence unknown to any but her husband's family and a few trustworthy domestics. But neither she nor her husband was satisfied with this mode of life. Rondinelli saw no reason why he should not appear before the world as the proud husband of so fair and beloved a wife. Ginevra, too, detested the constant stratagems to which they were obliged to resort, and resolved to go forth boldly into society. In the revivifying atmosphere of calm happiness and satisfied love, she had risen out of the passive inertness which had paralyzed her faculties during the four miserable years which she had passed under the roof of Agolanti, and her character reassumed its genuine traits. Frank, ardent, and confident, hating dissimulation, and having firm faith that the step she had taken was fully justified, she exhibited neither fear nor hesitation, and was ready to brave the ordeal of public opinion.

Accordingly, one morning, Antonio and Ginevra were seen in the streets of Florence. Ginevra was leaning on her husband's arm, his sister accompanying them, and a servant following. They encountered friends, whose amazement rendered them almost speechless. But Ginevra, whenever she saw she was recognized, paused and courteously addressed her former acquaintances. She told them that her husband had not only hastily buried her alive, without the proper investigation, but that when she sought his door and that of her father, after resuscitation, she had been rejected by both; and it was not the fault of husband, father, physician, or priest that she was not in reality dead, for dead she must shortly have been but for him who stood beside her, who opened his door and his heart to receive her, whether she came in flesh or spirit—and therefore it was to him her life belonged, and to him it had been consecrated.

Francesco Agolanti soon heard of his wife's reappearance, of her defiant words and her new marriage. Finding that the tale was true, he made an appeal to the courts of justice, to induce them to restore Ginevra to him, her rightful husband.

Ginevra and Antonio were summoned to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, over which the Archbishop presided.—The excitement ran high throughout Florence, and the Court was surrounded by an indignant populace, who denounced Agolanti and Bernardo, and openly declared their sympathy for Antonio and Ginevra. Before the tribunal, Ginevra told her tale bravely and with great feeling, and made known her determination to resist her former husband's efforts to reclaim her, after he had twice placed her life in peril,—had shut her up in the grave, and had closed his doors against her; adding that if she should be separated from Antonio, she would take refuge from Agolanti in a convent.

The cause was ably argued on both sides. But the judges, in those times, hardly dared to gainsay the outspoken verdict of the many-mouthed public, which was apt to decide for them what was justice, and to enforce that justice, when not summarily dealt out, by riot and bloodshed.

The decision given will seem almost incredible in our days. The marriage between Agolanti and Ginevra was declared null and void, through her supposed death and actual burial; and the court decided that she was free to form other ties according to her good pleasure, and that the ties she had contracted were legal; and that she was now the lawful wife of Antonio Rondinelli!

## Drawing Seats in Congress.

The members of the new House of Representatives, on the 5th inst., drew for seats for the session. The sight was a novel one. All the members were obliged to go outside the range of seats and stand until the ceremony had been performed. Each member's name was written upon a slip of paper, and the slips placed in a box on the Clerk's desk. A page was blindfolded, and drew forth the names. When a member's name was drawn, the Clerk called it out, and the member took his choice of a seat. Thad. Stevens, Elihu B. Washburne and Gov. Thomas were, by unanimous consent of the House, allowed to retain their old seats. The first name called was that of Fernando C. Beaman. He was congratulated on his good fortune. Judge Spalding's name was the fourth called, and, having heretofore had a seat on the Democratic side of the House, much laughter was excited when he took up his traps and selected a seat on the Republican side. Kelley was the next called, and he took Morrill's old seat, behind Stevens. Butler was next, and he took a seat next Kelley. Strangely enough, a number of the most prominent Radical members got seats together. Stevens, Butler, Shellberger, Kelley, Allison, Wilson of Iowa, Schenck, Williams of Pa., Garfield, Ashley, Woodbridge, and Sidney Clarke are all together in a triangle. When the call had proceeded about an hour, those whose names had not been called commenced to grow restless and to despair of getting good seats. This was especially so with the Republican members, who, seeing all the seats on the Republican side occupied, felt chagrined at being compelled to take seats with the Democrats. Among these unfortunate Radicals who had to "take up" with Jim Brooks, Fernando Wood, John Morrissey & Co., were Gen. Logan, Ben Loan, Gen. Paine, Gen. Farnsworth, Bingham, Poland, Ames, Welker, Eggleston, Ward, Griswold, Baldwin, Price, and most of the Missouri members. The new members that are to come are rather meanly served, and, having no choice, will be compelled to take back seats.

On the whole, the scene was exciting and amusing, reminding one of the first day at the beginning of a new term of a country school.

Mayor M'Michael has ordered a census to be taken of all the children in Philadelphia between the ages of 6 and 18 years, without regard to color, in order to show the number of each age that attend school.

## To Pennsylvania Soldiers.

The undersigned, appointed to prepare a History of Pennsylvania Volunteer and Militia organizations, having discovered many imperfections in the muster-out rolls of the companies, desires that each soldier, who served in any organization from this State, would furnish information in his personal history pertaining to the following points, viz:

1. Wounds.—If wounded, give the date; in what engagements received; nature of wounds; result of wounds; nature of surgical operations, if capital, and by whom performed.

2. Imprisonments.—If a prisoner, give the date and place of capture; where imprisoned; nature of treatment; and the date and manner of escape or release.

He also desires that the relatives or companions in arms of deceased soldiers would give the cause, date, place of death and place of interment of each, and any facts in his history touching the subjects above referred to.

Write at the head of the page the name of the person to whom the information pertains, the number of regiment and letter of company to which he belonged. Write in concise terms, in a plain hand, on letter paper, and but on one side of a leaf.

The undersigned also desires to make a collection for present and for future use of—

1. Complete files of all newspapers published in the State from the beginning of 1861 to the close of 1865, to be bound and permanently kept in the archives of the State. Will the publishers or any friend possessing them furnish such files?

2. Discourses commemorative of fallen soldiers; pamphlets pertaining in any manner to the rebellion or its causes; articles published or in manuscript containing historical facts.

3. Published histories or sketches of regiments, batteries, or companies; printed rolls and descriptive matter.

4. Diaries of soldiers; letters illustrative of military life, containing information of permanent historic value, or descriptions of interesting incidents; plans of battles, sieges, forts and of naval engagements.

5. Complete rolls of students and graduates of each college in the State who were in the service.

6. Card photographs (vignette) of each officer, of whatever grade, who, at any time, acted as commander of a regiment, battery or independent company, inscribed with his name, number of regiment, &c., dates of period during which he held command, with his present post-office address. The relatives of deceased officers are requested to forward the photographs of such officers inscribed above. No use will be made of these photographs without the express permission of the senders, further than to arrange them in albums for preservation.

Much of the matter called for under these several heads may not be needed for immediate use, but the day will come when it will be invaluable, and the present is regarded as a favorable time for commencing the collection.

Let every true son of Pennsylvania respond promptly to this call, and thereby rescue from oblivion many memorials of her patriotism and her power.

S. P. BATES, State Historian.  
HARRISBURG, Feb. 22, 1867.

## NEW ANECDOTES OF MR. LINCOLN.

Mr. Herndon, the law partner of Mr. Lincoln, in a recent conversation, repeated one sentence of the President's before his departure for Washington that is memorable as showing his purpose. "Billy," he said, "I hope there will be no trouble, but I will make the South a graveyard rather than see a slavery gospel triumph, or successful secession lose this Government to the cause of the people and representative institutions." To this Mr. Herndon added, "Mr. Lincoln was merciful, in the abstract. Battles never moved him unless he rode among the corpses.—He would have carried on the war forever, or as long as the people entrusted him with its management, rather than give up."

And this of Mr. Lincoln's last visit to the old law office: "At last he came to his office for the last time: 'Billy,' he said, 'we must say good-bye.' Both of them cried, speechlessly. 'You shall keep up the firm name, Billy, if it will be of use to you. I love the people here, Billy, and owe them all that I am. If God spares my life to the end, I shall come back among you and spend the remnant of my days.' He never returned to Springfield till glory brought him home under her plumes, a completed life, and the prairie, like a neighbor, opened its door to take him in."

HIS POSITION.—In September, 1860, the electors of Tennessee were addressing a mass meeting at Nashville in favor of Bell and Everett for President and Vice President. Gov. B. delivered a flowery speech. Col. P. was next called. He stepped upon the platform, raised his hands to an angle of forty-five degrees, and said: "Now, gentlemen, I will show you my position on this great question! And taking a step backward, to get room to spread himself, he went over and off the platform, and fell flat on his back!"