The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
W. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESID[illegible] —HENRY CLAY.

TERMS: $3.00 PER ANNUM, $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

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WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
January 24, 1867.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [jan24

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [jan24

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Ebensburg, Cambria county, P
Office in Colonnade Row.

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attor at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [jan24]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's

JAMES C. EASLY, At ey at Carrolltown, Cambria
Architectural Drawing

J. WATERS, Justic the Peace and Scriven
Office adjoining dwelli High st., Ebensburg, Pa. [feb1-6m

KINKEAD, Justice the Peace and Claim Ag
Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., High st., Ebensburg, Pa. [jan31-

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections.
Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s Banking House. [jan24

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High st., west of Foster's Hotel.
Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties.
Attends also to the collection of claims against the Government. [jan

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
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References: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, M. D.; W. S. Handy; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Auxiliary, of the Baltimore College.
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January 24, 1867.

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Advertise in *The Alleghanian.*

Good-Night!

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that fragile hand,
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I have to say good night again!

There will come a time, my love,
Then, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by the porch
With my adieus. Till then, good night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
Then so much a year ago—
Ah! both these snowy hands! ah, then,
I have to say good night again!

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

A Dark Tragedy.

It was in consequence of a letter received from an old schoolmate whose real name, as I proceed, the reader will perceive the necessity of disguising, that I laid aside my books and papers in the midst of term, and made a hurried journey to a distant town.

Henry St. Claire, as I shall venture to call the friend whose urgent summons I had not felt at liberty to disregard, had been among the most cherished of my early associates; and though I had seen but little of him since the days of our boyhood, and our correspondence, like most others, had been irregular, and had long since ended, I had, nevertheless, from time to time, received such intelligence of him as one naturally gains in answer to inquiries made, as occasion offers, in reference to the welfare of absent friends. I knew, for instance, that he had married; that at the death of his father-in-law his wife had inherited a large estate; that she had died not many years after, leaving him a wealthy widower, that he had subsequently contracted another marriage, and was now the father of three children.

From the melancholy tone of his letter, in which he besought my attendance both as friend and legal adviser, I naturally [illegible] he was in declining health and [illegible] assistance in relation to the disposition of his property.

Coming into the presence of my friend, whom I had not seen for several years, I was startled, not to say shocked, by his appearance. His age could not be exceeded forty; but he seemed a broken-down man. His countenance was haggard and careworn, his eyes sunken and lustreless, whilst his gray hairs and stooping form bore a sadder impress than time of years.

He expressed himself grateful at my prompt compliance with his request, and, at the conclusion of our greetings, signified his desire to proceed at once to business. I need scarcely say I was prepared to receive instructions for an equitable division of the testator's fortune among his children—two sons and a daughter, all of tender years—making, at the same time, suitable provision for his wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when Mr. St. Claire named as the sole successors to his property, two individuals unknown to me, and of whose connection with himself I was wholly ignorant.

"Mr. St. Claire," I ventured to remonstrate, "you have a wife and children."

"I *have*," he replied, "but heaven preserve them from the curse of wealth that does not belong to them!"

"But, my friend," I persisted, "there is such a thing as being over-scrupulous. I am aware that your large possessions came by your first wife; but the property was hers to do with as she would. She became the sole heiress of her father when his three sons were—"

"Hold!" he cried, in a tone which would have startled me had I not, at the moment, been looking in his face, from the expression of which I perceived there was some mystery to be disclosed.

"St. Claire," said I, approaching and laying my hand on his shoulder, "we were once companions and friends. As a friend, as well as a lawyer, you have sent for me. There is some mystery of which I am sure it was your purpose to disburden your mind. Whatever may be the secret, rest assured it will be safe with me; but I can never become the instrument of begging for your innocent wife and children the reasons of the sufficiency of which I am not clearly convinced."

"There is a mystery," said he—"a fearful mystery—and when it is disclosed, neither [illegible] or any man can call me friend [illegible] will not be long that I shall have occasion for friendship. First hear my reasons—and then decide upon their validity."

I resumed my chair, and placing himself in a position partially to conceal his face, he proceeded:

"It is upwards of ten years, as you know, since I married my first wife, the daughter of Mr. Benson, the wealthy barrister. She, you are aware, was the child of a former marriage; and the immense fortune of my father-in-law belonged to him—or rather to his three sons—in right of his second wife, who was dead at the time of my marriage.

"I had not the most distant hope that this immense fortune would ever reach me; for, though I knew that in the event of the death of my wife's half-brothers without issue, the estate would be entirely at her father's disposal, what reasonable ground of expectation was there that three healthy boys would die, and thus make way for Agnes? I had not married for money, and the thought of succeeding to the wealth which afterwards became mine, had never, at that time, entered my mind.

"I will tell you the first time the thought dawned upon me. There was an epidemic raging in the neighborhood, and my father-in-law's three sons were all attacked by it at the same time. One evening, when my wife received a message that it was doubtful if any of them would survive the night, the thought flashed upon me, if they should not, how great would be the change in my prospects. I repelled the idea as heartless and cruel; but it possessed a strange fascination, and was constantly returning.—I lay awake the whole night, and found myself planning the disposal of an inheritance which, in my distempered imagination, I fancied already within my grasp, forgetting that another life—that of my father-in-law—stood between me and its present enjoyment.

"Next morning, however, a favorable change had taken place, and all three eventually recovered; but so firm was the hold taken on my mind by the hopes thus suddenly engendered, that I regarded the event that dissipated them not only with feelings of the keenest disappointment, but as an untoward accident which had deprived me of something to which I was rightfully entitled. You must understand that these were thoughts, feelings, fancies. Had I stood by the bedside of the boys when the flame of life was trembling in the socket, I would not have extinguished it. I was no murderer *then!*

"You know something of the river here, and of the passion for boating which prevails among the inhabitants. The three boys often indulged in this exercise; and it sometimes happened that I accompanied them. One day we had rowed several miles down the river, and it was nearly sunset when we thought of returning. The sky was suddenly overcast, and it began to rain heavily. In the scramble for cloaks and umbrellas which ensued, [illegible] was left adrift; but it [illegible] incircumstance merely served [illegible] for merriment. In me the effect produced was very different. More than a year had elapsed since the epidemic had given rise to feelings which I have already confessed, and which had been nearly but not quite forgotten. At that moment, they recurred with tenfold force. 'If it *had* upset!' I said within myself—'If it *had* upset!'—and the prospect of wealth again opened before me. The boys were shouting and laughing, while I sat moodily apart, indulging in my reawakened reflections.

"As we continued to row, darkness set in. The boys were in the height of their glee, and I was absorbed by fancies I was now powerless to struggle against, when we passed some object floating in the water—I know not what. Half in boyish curiosity, half in sport, the three brothers sprang to the side with arms and oars extended to intercept it, and in an instant the boat was capsized!"

St. Claire pronounced the last words rapidly, and apparently under great excitement, though he had yet said nothing tending to criminate himself, and the occurrence related appeared, as I had always understood it to be, purely accidental.

"Well," I said, "the boys were unhappily drowned; but it was in consequence of their own imprudence, and through no fault of yours—"

"Stay," he continued; "you are here to hear a confession, and I am here to make it. Two of the boys—the two youngest—as Heaven is my judge, I never saw. I believe, had I seen the youngest, I would have done my utmost to save him. The eldest rose close to me. We were within twenty yards of the bank. I could have saved him—I believe I *would* have done so had he called for help. I saw him but for a moment; and I think, as I struck out to swim, I kicked him beneath the water—but it was undesignedly! But I did not turn to help him. I made for the [illegible] and it was then too late. I saw [illegible] the water, and the boat floating away, [illegible] nothing else. I am his murderer!"

St. Claire paused, overcome by [illegible] when I ventured to say [illegible] which had [illegible] might have so wrought on his [illegible] as to confuse his memory of the facts.

"No, no!" he exclaimed; "I am no fancier. But if you still entertain doubts, let them be dispelled by what I have yet to relate. My father-in-law succeeded to the fortune, and my wife became, prospectively, an heiress. Brighter prospects led to increased expenditures, and embarrassments thickened around me. In my difficulties I appealed to my father-in-law.—'Not a penny till I die,' was the answer he gave me with unyielding obduracy.—He was, as you know, an inveterate miser, who could not think of parting with the smallest portion of his wealth save with his life.

"It was at this time that Mr. Benson was seized by a complaint to which he had long been subject, and which required prompt medical aid. With the assistance of Dr. Neale, he had come safely through several similar attacks; and, on the present occasion, the doctor's skill bade fair to prove equally successful. My wife had spent the night in the sick chamber; but in the morning, the patient being pronounced out of immediate danger, she yielded to my entreaties, backed by those of the physician, and went to seek an hour's repose. The doctor, who was also worn out with watching, embraced the opportunity of temporary relaxation thus offered.

"'I have some apprehension of another attack,' said he, as he left me alone with his patient; 'but there is no cause for alarm—it will only be necessary to lose no time in summoning me in case such an event should occur.'

"Mine was a singular situation. I, who for years had had my hopes fixed on a great inheritance, and had seen the most formidable obstacles removed, was now alone watching the sick-bed of the last individual who stood between me and the goal of my wishes. There was a table near me, with several phials upon it. I took up one of them. It was labeled 'laudanum.' All the demon was roused within me. My pecuniary difficulties seemed to augment, and the value of the old man's life seemed to diminish. He called for drink. The key to wealth and enjoyment was in my hand! The temptation was fearful, but I resisted it.

"I had replaced the phial on the table, when certain unmistakable indications assured me that the physician's fears were about to be realized. I knew from the doctor's previous treatment that everything depended on the prompt use of the lancet. My heart beat quickly. I rose—hesitated—re-seated myself—rose again—listened—again sat down—pressed my fingers on my ears that I might hear nothing, and leaned my head on the table. I continued in this posture for a time, and then started up and listened. All was silent. I rang the bell violently, opened the door, and cried out, 'Call the doctor, instantly!' I returned to the chamber and seated myself—feeling that the last obstacle to fortune had been removed, and knowing that I was a second time a murderer!

"In a few moments the doctor entered. He approached the bed, bent over it, and said, 'I fear it is too late!'

"'Perhaps not,' I answered; 'at all events, make every possible effort.'

"He did, of course, everything in his power, but in a few minutes desisted, saying, as he shook his head, 'A little, I have reason to believe, only a little too late.'

"Since that time," St. Claire resumed, "I have never known a moment's peace. My wife's tears for her father fell on my heart like drops of fire. Each look she gave me seemed to read my inmost thoughts. She never spoke that I did not imagine she was about to accuse me of my crimes. Her presence became oppressive. I withdrew from her and from society. I fancied men looked suspiciously upon me. I had no companionship but with conscience.

"At length Agnes sickened and died. She left me the whole of her fortune, and I married again. But the curse of a double murder was upon me. The evening on the river and the old man's death chamber are eternally present to my fancy, and leave me no rest.

"You have now heard all; and now, may I ask, are you ready to frame my will as I have directed? I am possessed of a quarter of a million, and it rightfully belongs to the heirs of those originally entitled to it."

I could not but admit the justice of the proposed restitution; but, with some difficulty, I prevailed on the wretched man to secure a moderate competency to his wife and children.

"Henry St. Claire," said I, rising to take my leave, "let this subject now drop forever. There are remedies for the stings of conscience; apply yourself to them, and you may yet pass years of happiness in the society of your family."

"I know there are remedies," he answered, "and I will not fail to seek their aid."

Not many days afterward, I received a [illegible] the death of my unhappy [illegible]. He was found lying lifeless on the floor of his chamber, with an empty phial clutched in his stiffened fingers.—No doubt was left of the nature of the remedy by which he had [illegible] an accusing conscience.

—Mr. Theophilus Cisney died at his residence, in Hill Valley, Shirley township, Huntingdon county, on the 20th ultimo, at the age of 104 years. He was born in Shippensburg, Pa., in 1763, and removed to Huntingdon county in 1793, where he has resided ever since. He was able successfully to manage the affairs of his farm till he had reached his 94th year.

—Gov. Geary has signed the death warrant of Robert Folger, the Washington county murderer. He will be hanged on the 15th May.

Women at Washington.

A Washington correspondent gives the following chapter on the character and influence of women at the National Capital:—

"It is a strange fact that [illegible] at the bottom [illegible] and wire-pulling which disgraces our national capital. While some of them are clamoring for more rights and a larger scope of exertion, others are silently and assiduously at work, accomplishing with the shrewd diplomacy and instinctive trickery of their sex, greater and more astounding feats of influence than the proudest statesman of the land can boast of. For instance, I have in mind one whose name has appeared quite prominently in the public prints of late, whose power is limitless. To speak in the vernacular of the lobby, she has 'got a hold' on some one, and uses it unsparingly. Now, be it known that politicians seldom do anything for mere friendship sake, but generally look forward to selfish reciprocity, and therefore it is that hundreds of meritorious men are cast aside, and hundreds of others, without a scintilla of foundation for their claims, if true merit is a criterion, are advanced and petted by the 'powers that be.' Fear is a more potent agent than either friendship or expected reciprocity, and a threat is worth a dozen letters of recommendation. So it is that the female referred to succeeds. She threatens and is obeyed. She demands a share of the profit in the General Order business, for instance, and the poor victim, who is influential with the President, must needs go to that dignitary and obtain the required boon, or suffer worse than a thousand deaths by failing or refusing to comply with the demand. In short, blackmailing is this woman's 'hold.' Somewhere in the past history of a certain civil officer of the Government, there is a record of a romantic, or rather a 'Lotharioic,' episode. He wooed and won, but did not honorably treat, a fair maiden. The affair was hushed up and the episode buried. Until recently, it merely rankled in the memories of the few who were personally acquainted with it; but now it has been unearthed, and its ghost is made effective in frightening a poor mortal into obedience to the commands of its grandmother. To speak plainly, the Government is mulcted for the 'hush money.'

"Then there is another woman, whose power is in her bewitching ankles, pretty black eyes, and curly hair. She has grown *passe*, but is still influential in certain directions. Formerly she aspired to large game, and rarely failed to accomplish her object; but for a year past, she has been obliged to content herself with smaller jobs, and works through subalterns of low degree. Her reputation was firmly established long since, and for a time she was courted and flattered by applicants for high favors; but she became too common, or rather used her power too openly, and [illegible] with her diplom[illegible] using it promiscuously, she would have retained her influence. It is too late for her to rectify her error; but she manages yet to pick up a few profitable crumbs, and in short is now a second class office brokeress. She is unscrupulous, and does not hesitate to stoop to informalities in the way of obtaining notes from one officer to another, asking for favors, and has been known to inveigle certain private secretaries into writing them with an apparent air of official character. For instance, a note of this kind was effective in procuring an appointment for one of her own sex in the Treasury Department, after which she undertook to levy blackmail on her victim, but was foiled in the attempt by the honest brusquerie of Gen. Spinner. This woman has become historical, as her doings have been connected with some of the most important features of governmental policy.

"There is still another woman who is entitled to prominence, while lobbyists are under consideration. She does not live in Washington now, but from a pleasant country residence in Maryland still continues the exercise of questionable power. Comparatively speaking, she is but little known, and yet she receives visits from men in high official position, and is reputed to enjoy a sinecure appointment in one of the Departments. Her husband lives with her, and is said to be a great admirer of her strategical tact and administrative ability. Her peculiar forte was pardons, but relentless Radicals having destroyed the power to grant such favors, she has been obliged to resort to the office-brokerage line, in which she succeeded well enough to enable her to buy the country residence mentioned, and is contentedly resting in peace and quiet."

—Horace Greely, [illegible] sation, was asked his opinion [illegible] Johnson. "He is a pinchbeck Douglas," was the reply.

—The United States have the most beautifully designed bank notes and the worst looking coinage in the world.

—The Portland schoolboys hide bottles of whisky in their seats and get hopelessly drunk at school.

—The [illegible] substitute for tobacco is dried artichokes.

—Ripe [illegible] berries at San Francisco.

Sale of a Wife.

We complain of the Mormons for their plurality of wives, and of the Indians for their readiness to dispose of their wives at any time for a consideration, but the Chambersburg *Repository* says that Fulton county can beat both in disposing of a wife and children by regular article of agreement and bill of sale. Mr. Paul M. Dishong, of the classical township of Belfast, in Fulton county, and his lovely Mary Ann, certainly a fruitful and for aught we can see a faithful wife, mutually agreed that the said lovely Mary Ann should be sold to Mr. James Wilson, "which is the churn pedler," for the sum of seventeen dollars in cash or approved country produce, and the churn pedlar and his newly purchased wife were to go away on or before the 1st of April last, and "to get away the best way they can," and said pedlar is further empowered to wallop the children and exercise generally the rights and prerogatives of the first husband. We give herewith the article of agreement made and solemnly executed between the parties, and assure our readers that it is a true copy of the original document, made in good faith, and we presume carried out by the parties. Here it is:

"BELLFAST TOWNSHIP, Feb. 14th, A. D., 1867.—Article of agreement made and fully agreed upon this year and date above written, between Paul M. Dishong & Wife and James Wilson, the conditions of this agreement are such: Paul M. Dishong doth agree to bind and obligate himself that he Will Not disturb his Wife and family, Nor Wilson (the churn pedler) and is Willing that Mary An Dishong, his Wife, and childrin, go with James Wilson; and Paul W. Dishong is willing to give her what Property she claimes in the house, and also agree for them to get away on or before the first day of April, 1867, and also to get away the best way they can. Paul M. Dishong is to have his oldest Daughter in the spring of 1869, when calling for her, Mary Catharine, and his wife Doeth agree to let him have her, & the afore said Wilson, is not to go so far away but what Paul M. Dishong can cum and see them and will be treated with respect. Paul M. Dishong is to have seventeen dollars in money for a fore said Wife an Childrin, or the amount of a bill of accounts, or to have the *Cow*, and also to have his Bed, & Plate, & Bucket, & Lamp. And if the afore said Wilson Can manage the Children without abusing them, he has Privilege to come and get them at any time and is welcome to all of them. Paul M. Dishong doth agree that Mary Ann, his Wife, can sell the Cow to Enny one she pleases, only not to make sale to Enny of the Hosses, in Presence of William Fohrner.

"PAUL M. DISHONG,
"MARY ANN DISHONG,
"JAMES WILSON, which is the Churn Pedler mentioned in the afore said Artickle of Agreement, and is now *proprietor* of Mary An Dishong.
"Attested—WILLIAM FOHRNER.
pro
"OBEDIAH MELLOTT."

Sherman [illegible]e Laws of War.

The Selma, Alabama, *Times* publishes the following letter from General Sherman in reply to a Confederate clergyman, asking to have his horse restored to him. The *Times* says it is "a very good specimen of the erratic humor of that eminent soldier, and will doubtless provoke a smile from many a Confederate who was himself occasionally careless in search for title where horses, beehives or vegetables were concerned:"—

"ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 16, 1864.

"*Rev.* ——, *Confederate Army:*

"DEAR SIR—Your letter of September 14th is received. I approach a question involving the title of a horse with great diffidence; for the laws of war, that mysterious code which we talk so much but know so little about, remarkably silent on the horse question. He is a beast so tempting to the soldier, be he one of the wild cavalry, the fancy artillery, or the patient infantry, that I find more difficulty in recovering a worthless, spavined beast than in paying a million of greenbacks, so I fear I must reduce your claim to one of finance, and refer you to the great Board of Claims in Washington. That may reach your case by the time your grandchild becomes a great grandfather. Privately, I think it was a shabby thing in the scamp of the twenty-first Missouri who took your horse, and the colonel or his brigadier should have returned him; but I cannot afford to undertake to make good the sins of omission of my own colonels and brigadiers, much less of those of a former generation. When this cruel war is over, and peace once more gives you a parish, I will promise, if near you, to procure out of one of Uncle Sam's corrals a beast that will replace the one taken from you so unceremoniously. But now 'tis impossible.—We have a big journey before us, and will need all we have, and, I fear, more too; so look out when the Yanks are about, and hide your beasts, for my experience is that all soldiers are very careless in a search for title. I know General Hardee will confirm this my advice. With great respect, yours, truly,

"WM. T. SHERMAN, Maj.-Gen."

—Ele[illegible] the last five years.