

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1865.

NUMBER 38.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.
Carrolltown, Post Master, Steven L. Evans, Carroll.
Chess Springs, Henry Nutter, Chest.
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Cresson, J. Houston, Washburn.
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CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. A. BAKER, 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.
Catholic—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID EVANS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Catholic—Rev. R. C. CHRISTY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 12:00 o'clock, noon.
Western, " " at 12:00 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " at 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Newnan's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.

West-Balt. Express leaves at 9:17 A. M.
" Phila. Express " 10:07 A. M.
" Fast Line " 9:58 P. M.
" Mail Train " 8:38 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " 8:13 A. M.
" Emigrant Train " 4:30 P. M.
East-Phila. Express " 8:50 P. M.
" Fast Line " 1:43 A. M.
" Day Express " 7:03 A. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " 6:32 P. M.
" Mail Train " 10:57 A. M.
[Don't stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Eady, Henry C. Devine.
Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.
Register and Recorder—James Griffin.
Sheriff—James Myers.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—John Campbell, Edward Glass, E. R. Dunnegan.
Clerk to Commissioners—William H. Sechler.
Treasurer—Isaac Wike.
Clerk to Treasurer—John Lloyd.
Poor House Directors—George McCullough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Auditors—William J. Williams, Francis P. Tierney, John A. Kennedy.
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.
Coroner—William Flattery.
Mercantile Appraiser—John Cox.
Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—Harrison Kinkadee, Edmund J. Waters.
Jurgees—C. T. Roberts.
School Directors—Philip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.
Borough Treasurer—Geo. W. Oatman.
EAST WARD.
Constable—Morris Peat.
Town Council—E. Hughes, Eran Griffith, Jas. J. Evans, Wm. D. Davis, Maj. John Thompson.
Inspectors—Richard R. Tibbott, Robert D. Thomas.
Judge of Election—Daniel O. Evans.
Assessor—J. A. Moore.
WEST WARD.
Constable—Thos. J. Williams.
Town Council—Isaac Crawford, James P. Murray, Wm. Kittell, H. Kinkadee, George W. Oatman.
Inspectors—Robert Evans, Jno. E. Scanlan.
Judge of Election—John D. Thomas.
Assessor—Capt. Murray.

SOCIETIES, &c.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the first Tuesday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.
I. O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.
S. of T.—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TO THE ALLEGHANIAN.
\$2.50 IN ADVANCE,
OR
\$4.00 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

Sheridan at Richmond.

BY G. H. BARNES.

Over the bridges, over the ridges,
Thundering onward through thickets;
Over the hedges, over the ledges,
Straight for Jeff. Davis's pickets;
Skimming the ground with the clattering
sound
Of thousands on thousands of coopers;
With a shout and a yell, like a shot and a
shell,
Ride Sheridan's blue-coated troopers!

Out of the holster, out of the belt,
Loaded revolvers are leaping!
Out of their scabbards hundreds of blades,
Sharpened for Victory's reaping!
"After them, boys!" 'Tis Sheridan's voice—
"Press to the enemy's crumplers!"
O, glorious sight! as they fly to the fight—
Phil. Sheridan's galloping troopers!

Speak to Niagara—"Gather your foam;
Gather your waves to the fountains!"
Shout to the whirlwind—"Back to your lair!
Bury your strength in the mountains!"
The waters may heap, and the whirlwind
creep
Up, up, to the glittering glaciers;
But ne'er mortal man can breast the hot van
Of Sheridan's galloping racers!

Over the meadows, over the plains,
Hugging the mane and the saddle—
With panic and fear, back, back to the rear,
The "federate" legions keddadde!
Great Victory's shout! ring out! ring it out!
O'er mountain and river and valley!
Secessia's train is broken in twain,
And Richmond goes into the tally!

KILLING AN ENEMY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That man will be the death of me yet,"
said Paul Levering.
He looked worried, but not angry.
"That means Dick Hardy?"
"Yes."
"What has he been doing to thee now?"
The questioner was a friend named
Isaac Martin—a neighbor.

"He's always doing something, friend
Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I
don't have complaint of him. Yesterday,
one of the boys came and told me that he
saw him throw a stone at my new Durham
cow, and strike her in the head."
"That's very bad, friend Levering.—
Does thee know why he did this? Was
thy Durham trespassing on his grounds?"
"No; she was only looking over his
fence. He has a spite against me and
mine, and does all he can to injure me.—
You know the fine Bartlett pear tree, that
stands in the corner of my lot adjoining
his property."
"Yes."
"Two large limbs, full of fruit, stretched
over on his side. You would hardly
believe it, but it's true. I was out there
just now, and discovered that he had
sawed off these two fine limbs that hung
over on his side. They lay down upon
the ground, and his pigs were eating the
fruit."
"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee,
friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me.
What has thee done to him?"
"Nothing of any consequence."
"Thee must have done something. Try
and remember."
"I know what first set him out. I
kicked an ugly dog of his once. The
best, half starved at home, I suppose,
was all the while prowling about here,
and snatching up everything that came in
his way. One day, I came upon him
suddenly, and gave him a tremendous
kick that sent him howling through the
gate. Unfortunately, as it has turned
out, the dog's master happened to be pas-
sing along the road. The way he swore at
me was dreadful. I never saw a more
vindictive face. On the next morning,
a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised
from a pup, met me shivering at the door,
with his tail cut off. I don't know when
I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his
piteous look haunts me now. I had no
proof against Dick, but have never doubt-
ed as to his agency in the matter. In my
grief and indignation I shot the dog, and
so put him out of my sight."
"Thee was hasty in that, friend Lever-
ing," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I have never
repented the act. I met Dick a few days
afterwards. The grin of satisfaction
on his face I accepted as an acknowledgment
of his mean and cruel revenge.—
Within a week from that time one of my
cows had a horn knocked off."
"What did thee do?"
"I went to Dick Hardy and gave him
a piece of my mind."
"That is, thee scolded, and called hard
names, and threatened."
"Yes—just so, friend Martin."
"About any good come of it?"
"About as much good as if I had whis-
tled to the wind."
"How has it been since?"
"No change for the better. It grows,
if anything, worse and worse. Dick never
gets weary of annoying me."
"Has thee ever tried the law with him,
friend Levering? The law should pro-
tect thee."
"Oh! yes; I've tried the law. Once

he ran his heavy waggon against my car-
riage, purposely, and upset me in the
road. I made a narrow escape of my life.
The carriage was so badly broken that it
cost me fifty dollars for repairs. A neigh-
bor saw the whole thing, and said it was
plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him
the carriage maker's bill, at which he
got into a towering passion. Then I
threatened him with prosecution, and he
laughed in my face malignantly. I felt
that the time had come to act decisively,
and sued him, relying on the evidence of
my neighbor, who had seen the affair.—
But my neighbor was afraid of Dick, and
so worked his testimony that the jury
saw only an accident instead of a purpose
to injure, and gave their verdict accord-
ingly. After that, Dick Hardy was worse
than ever. He took an evil delight in
annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied
that, in more than one instance, he left
gaps in his fences in order to entice my
cattle into his fields, that he might set his
savage dogs on them, and hurt them with
stones. It is more than a child of mine
dares to cross his premises. Only last
week he tried to put his dog on my little
Florence, who strayed into one of his fields
after buttercups. The dog was less cruel
than his master, or she would have been
torn by his teeth, instead of being only
frightened by his bark."
"It's a hard case, truly, friend Lever-
ing. Our neighbor Hardy seems posses-
sed of an evil spirit."
"The very spirit of the devil," was an-
swered with feeling.
"He's thy enemy, assuredly; and if
thee doesn't get rid of him, he will do thee
greater harm."
"I wish I could get rid of him."
"Thee must, if thee would dwell in
safety, friend Levering."
The Quaker's face was growing very
serious. He spoke in a lowered voice,
and bent towards his neighbor in the most
confidential manner.
"Thee must put him out of the way."
"Friend Martin!"
The surprise of Paul Levering was un-
feigned.
"Thee must kill him!"
The countenance of Mr. Levering grew
blank with astonishment.
"Kill him?" he ejaculated.
"If thee doesn't kill him, he'll certain-
ly kill thee, one of these days, friend
Levering. And thee knows what is said
about self-preservation being the first law
of nature."
"And get hung!"
"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly
returned the Quaker. "Thee can go
over to his place, and get him all alone
by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some
by-road. Nobody need see thee. When
he's dead, I think people will be more
glad than sorry. Thee needn't fear any bad
consequences."
Mr. Levering's astonishment passed to
horror and indignation.
"Do you think I'm no better than a
murderer? I, Paul Levering, stain my
hands with blood!"
"Who said anything about staining thy
hands with blood?"
The Quaker was imperturbable.
"Why, you!"
"Thee's mistaken. I never used the
word 'blood!'"
"But you meant it. You suggested
murder."
"No, friend Levering. I advised thee
to kill the enemy, lest, some day, he should
kill thee."
"Isn't killing murder, I should like to
know?" demanded Mr. Levering.
"There are more ways to kill an enemy
than one," said the Quaker. "I've killed
a good many in my time, but no stain of
blood can be found on my garments. My
way of killing enemies is to make them
my friends. Kill neighbor Hardy with
kindness, and thee will have no more
trouble with him."
A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Le-
vering's face, as if a cloud had passed
from the sun of his spirit.
"A new way to kill people."
"The surest way to kill enemies, as
thee'll find, if thee'll only try."
"Let me see; how shall I go about it?"
said Paul Levering, taken at once with
the idea.
"If thee has the will, friend Levering,
it will not be long before thee finds the
way."
And so it proved. Not two hours af-
terwards, as Mr. Levering was driving into
the village, he found Dick Hardy with a
stalled cart-load of stone. He was whip-
ping his horse, and swearing at him pas-
sionately; but to no good purpose. The
cart wheels were buried half way to the
axle in stiff mud, and defied the strength
of one horse to move them. On seeing
Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and
swearing, and getting on to the cart, with
his back towards his neighbor, commenced
pitching the stones off into the middle of
the road.
"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said
Mr. Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he
dismounted and commenced unhitching
his own horse.
But Dick, pretending not to hear him,
kept on pitching out the stones.
"Hold on, I say, and don't give your-
self all that trouble," added Mr. Le-
vering, speaking in a louder voice, but in
kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses
are better than one. With Charley's

The First Western Locomotive.

To the Editor of The Alleghanian:

As a notice of the first locomotive built
west of the Alleghanias has been going
the newspaper rounds, permit me to tell you
something about it. The first engine
built was called the "Pittsburg," not the
"Mountaineer;" and I am surprised at a
Johnstown editor, who I would most
cordially advise to submit his cranium for
surgical examination in order to develop
its bump of comparativevness, when he
says it was little larger than a common
sized tea-kettle. Now, I have never
seen a common sized tea-kettle for family
use weigh over four tons, yet this first en-
gine weighed eight tons and seven hun-
dred. When the machine had been con-
structed, it was shipped on board the U.
S. barque "Josephine," Capt. Henry Noble
master—as noble a mariner and as
seaworthy a man as ever braved the dan-
gers of the "raging canal," only he did
not understand the use of mushrooms.—
In good time it arrived at the old Good-
Intent packet slip, away down in Johns-
town. That day, over thirty years ago,
there was no small excitement in Johns-
town. People gathered in from town and
country, and it was astonishing to see the
quantity of gingerbread and tobacco then
and there demolished. A great many
conjectures were afloat. Some knew nothing
whatever as to the nature of the "animal";
others knew all about it. One
gentleman, from the interior, offered a
description. "These," he said, pointing
to the truck wheels, "are just the same as
the wheels of our country wagons, and
the driver steers them round the bends;
and here (showing the polished cylinder
heads) are its eyes; and here (opening
the furnace door) is its mouth, where they
feed it with fire and water." "Fire and
water!" exclaimed an old gentleman from
the Fatherland; "by sure, dat's bad news
for me, for I just sowed ten acres of oats,
and if many cattle like dis comes along,
I sees a smashed man—dat's certain."

While these conjectures were going on,
a stout team of horses came and hauled
the "animal" to the weigh-scales, where
three men took charge of it. One of
these gathered fuel and made a fire in it;
another took an oil-can and greased it all
over; while the third went around feeling
its joints. I heard them call the first one
Joe Parks, who I am sorry to say lately
met with an untimely death by the ex-
plosion of one of these machines near
Wilmore; another George Harris, not
bested; and the third Joseph Bridges.—
In a short time, the "animal" began to
fix, so the men slipped up on the tender,
and I slipped on an open car behind. Af-
ter two or three puffs of steam—in those
days engines hadn't learned to whistle—
off we started. There were several offi-
cers and big-bugs on board the car with
me, and I learned some of their names
—Sylvester Welsh, head engineer, Wil-
son Nott, supervisor, Sam Jones, paymas-
ter, Rathburne, clerk, Moyley Fox, Mil-
nor Roberts, and Jimmy Clark, commis-
sioner.

It was no time till we had dashed thro'
Corktown to the foot of Plane No. 1.—
Here the "animal" was tied to a big rope
and hauled up the plane to a hole in the
wall, called a tunnel, when several of the
passengers got off saying they would go
and take a look at Mother Ream's chick-
ens. They went, and came back smack-
ing their lips, from which I infer it was
something else besides chickens they were
after! We got through the tunnel safely.
Said the little man who felt the joints of
the machine, "She is getting warm—we
must give her a drink and cool her down."
Whereupon they put a leather tube in her
throat, and suffered her to drink most
copiously. Some of the bystanders caught
the idea, and stepped over to a neighbor-
ing inn and did so likewise. One man,
when he came back, went up to the en-
gineer and said, "Mister, please tell me,
how is it this darn critter knows the road
so well, and never was here before?"
"Oh, easy enough," replied the engineer;
"it always carries a Traveler's Guide about
itself!" Off again, until we came to Mr.
Michael Bracken's. Here we halted to
view the big viaduct, as well to admire
the construction of Mr. B's bar-room.—
Took a look at Horse Shoe Bend and other
curiosities, and again started, stopping
not till we got to the water station, Mr.
George Murray's Half-way House. Mr.
Murray, a pleasant Scotchman, was stand-
ing at the door, and invited all hands in.
Bottles and decanters of all kinds were
there, and in a side room were boiled
turkey, goose, chicken, and ham. Thro'
courtesy, I tasted the contents of one of
the bottles, just to see what the other fel-
lows were drinking; and I also, without
the assistance of any one, proctured unto
myself the possession of one of the drivers
of a noble goose, which I also tasted.—
After spending a longer and pleasanter
time than would be allowed at the Logan
House in Altoona, we started again. Said
one of the fellows, said he—"When we
stop again, let's stop for the night."
Agreed to. Accordingly, when we landed
in the village of Jefferson, now called
Wilmore, we tied up and quit. Beds be-
ing scarce, I remember distinctly I got
into a closet among some buffalo-ropes and
slept till morning. Add thus ended the
first trip of the first locomotive in Cam-
bria county. OLDEN TIME.

The Position of Deserters and Non-Reporting Conscripts.

By the terms of an act of Congress ap-
proved the 3d day of March, 1865, de-
serters from the army and conscripts who
have failed to report to the proper officers,
are placed in a woful plight. If we read
the terms of the act of Congress aright,
all those referred to therein have forfeit-
ed their citizenship, and are to all intents
and purposes in the position of aliens, de-
barred from the exercise of all political
rights and the holding of all offices of
trust and profit under the Government.—
The act of Congress distinctly declares,
that,
"All persons who have deserted the
military or naval service of the United
States, who shall not return to the said
service or report themselves to a provost
marshal within sixty days after the pro-
clamation hereinafter mentioned, shall be
deemed and taken to have voluntarily re-
linquished and forfeited their rights to
become citizens; and such deserters shall
be forever incapable of holding any office
of trust or profit under the United States,
or of exercising any rights of citizens
thereof; and all persons who shall here-
after desert the military or naval service,
and all persons who, being duly enrolled,
shall depart the jurisdiction of the district
in which he is enrolled, or go beyond the
limits of the United States, with the in-
tent to avoid any draft into the military
or naval service duly ordered, shall be li-
able to the penalties of this section. And
the President is hereby authorized and
required forthwith, on the passage of this
act, to issue his proclamation setting forth
the provisions of this section, in which
proclamation the President is requested
to notify all deserters returning within
sixty days, as aforesaid, that they shall be
pardoned on condition of returning to
their regiments or companies, or to such
other organizations as they may be assign-
ed to, unless they shall have served for a
period of time equal to their original term
of enlistment."

On the 10th of March, 1865, the Pres-
ident of the United States issued his
proclamation as directed by the law quoted
above. There is no mistaking the
law. Its terms and its penalties are plain
and explicit; and it becomes the duty
of every citizen to see that the law is rigidly
enforced. Deserters from the draft—men
who absented themselves from localities
after being enrolled therein, and who
failed to report within the sixty days pre-
scribed, will now find that they have for-
feited their rights of citizenship. The
law fixes this penalty; and the people
who have stood by the Government in all
its troubles must see that the law is prop-
erly enforced.

The Kindness of Mr. Lincoln.

The following incident, clipped from an
exchange, illustrates the kindness of
heart and the tenderness of our late Pres-
ident. In November last, a small, deli-
cate boy patiently waited with the crowd
which had gathered in the room of the
President. He was noticed by Mr. Lin-
coln, who said, "Come here, my boy, and
tell me what you want." The boy, trem-
bling and abashed, stepped forward and
placed his hand upon the arm of the chair
in which the President was seated, and
said,
"Mr. President, I have been a drum-
mer in a regiment for two years, and my
Colonel got angry with me and turned me
off. I was taken sick, and have been a
long time in the hospital. This is the
first day I have been out. I came to see
if you cannot do something for me."
The President looked kindly and ten-
derly at him, and asked him where he
lived. He replied that he had no home.
"Where is your father?" said the Pres-
ident.
"He died in the army," answered the
boy.
"Where is your mother?"
"My mother is dead also. I have no
father, no mother, no brother, no sisters,
and bursting into tears, the boy said, "and
no friends. Nobody cares for me."
The scene was very affecting. Mr.
Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and his
said to him,
"Can't you sell newspapers?"
"No," said the boy, "I am too weak,
and the surgeon of the hospital told me I
must leave; and I have no money and no
friends, and no place to go to."
The scene was indescribably affecting,
and the President immediately drew from
his drawer a card, on which he wrote his
wishes, that the officers should care (in
his own affectionate language) "for this
poor boy."
When the card was handed to the
drummer boy, a smile lit up his face, all
wet with tears, and he knew he had at
last one good and true friend in Abra-
ham Lincoln.

A very disastrous fire occurred in
Harrisburg on the morning of the 15th
inst., destroying property to the value of
\$40,000. Among others the type of the
Telegraph printing office was destroyed.
There is said to be an organized
band of Southerners in this State, called
the "White Ghosts," whose object is the
wholesale robbery of our citizens. Look
out for them!

Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, who will
be remembered as the man who fired
the first gun on Fort Sumter, blew his
brains out, near Richmond, on the 17th.
A statement was found among his papers
to the effect that he preferred death to
living under the United States Govern-
ment.
Mrs. Seward, wife of Secretary
Seward, died in Washington city on the
21st. She was aged sixty years.
Ford's Theater has been sold to
the Young Men's Christian Association of
Washington for \$100,000.