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THE CONSERVATIVE.

VOL. I.

M'CONNELLSVILLE, DECEMBER 21, 1866.

NO. 21.

The Conservative.

Office, Southwest Corner of Public Square
 PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
 For one year, payable in advance \$1.00
 For six months, payable in advance .50
 For three months, payable in advance .25
 MOORE & KELLY, Publishers.

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The Abduction—Sequel to the Story of the Lost Children—Foundation for a Modern Romance.

The sequel of a story, the first part of which was published some time since in the Post, is given herewith. A woman named White stole two children thirteen years ago, but was subsequently compelled to give up one of them to its mother. The child, a girl, which she kept, was never found until Friday last, after an absence of many years. The lost child was restored in consequence of the publication of the facts in this paper. On Friday morning a young lady and gentleman called at the house of Mrs. Menzis, on Macomb Street, and the lady announced herself as the daughter who had been abducted. After the usual amount of congratulation, the daughter told her story, which is substantially as follows:

When her grandmother took her from Vernon County, Wisconsin, the two went to Fillmore County, Minnesota, and there settled. Miss Sladden became quite a favorite in that town, and was most kindly treated, though, in her unprotected situation, she underwent many temptations and nobly resisted them. At the time she was taken away from her mother she was a little girl nine years of age, but little acquainted with writing and scarcely able to read. Her grandfather, who was anxious to prevent her communicating with her mother, went to the school which she was attending, and gave orders that she should not be taught to write, fearing that, should she learn it, she would write to her mother. His plan failed, and the girl was taught all that the other scholars knew. She wrote home; but Hannah White, her aunt, who, it seems, was determined to prevent her seeing her mother, intercepted the letters, and induced the girl to believe that her mother was dead. The aunt had written to Mr. Sladden, Member of Parliament for the City of London, England, to the effect that Mrs. White, formerly Mrs. Sladden his granddaughter, was living in open adultery with the man to whom she was in reality married. The answer to this letter was bitter. Mr. Sladden, who had previously been kind enough to allow Mrs. Sladden an annuity, cut her off, and, in the answer to the letter expressed the deepest regret that one of his relatives should disgrace the family name by such conduct. Mrs. Sladden was then a widow, with several children, and the cutting off of this annuity left her in destitute circumstances. She was young, beautiful and accomplished, and was sought after by the young men of the city. Finally she accepted the heart and hand of one Mr. White, a minister, who proved a good husband and a kind father. He died, and Mrs. Menzis married her present husband.

The daughter heard of her mother's circumstances in a singular way. A man named Proctor, residing in Cincinnati, went to Preston, and there formed the acquaintance of Miss Sladden and learned her history. The story convinced him, after his return to Cincinnati, that the lady he had seen in Minnesota was the one, an account of whose abduction he had read in the papers. He at once sought means to clear up the mystery, and wrote to Mrs. Menzis, saying that he thought the lady he saw in Minnesota was her daughter. He was convinced of it, and made great efforts to establish the fact and with ultimate success. There is a bit of family history connected with this affair, which makes it somewhat romantic. When Mrs. Menzis came to this city her husband employed a young man named Alexander Menzis to work about the house as a carpenter. He petted the children

and did every thing to amuse them. Sandy was a quiet, cool-tempered, patient old bachelor from Scotland, who bided his time, and while in love gave no sign of his attachment. When the then Mrs. Sladden came to grief by the loss of her husband, Sandy, who had worked about the house, sympathized with her, and his true, manly heart relieved itself in a quaint way. He said he had £140 which had come to him from the old country, and before he could see Mrs. Sladden come to want, (the sturdy young Scotchman had a lump in his throat and tears in his eyes all the time,) he would leave it on the table in that house where he had served as an underling, and so he did. He slapped his hard, brawny hand with his hard earned gains on the table, and promised that as long as he could earn a pound he would see Mrs. Sladden, but this honor the lady declined. She subsequently married Mr. White, and he died in about four years after the marriage. Then came to her another season of trouble and tribulation, and Menzis, favorite of her children, quiet and unobtrusive, came forward to save the children of Mrs. White from privation. He laid his earnings on the table and his heart at the feet of Mrs. White. This time his wooing was more successful, and how Menzis, the faithful and favored, watches with loving tenderness over a half crazy lady who has rejected him. He is now an old gray-bearded, hale hearty man, as proud of his wife as though she were in the bloom of youth and he only her accepted lover. So came a lady to marry for her third husband a man who, as a servant, wept over her first husband's grave. Menzis met his wife's daughter in hard gray eyes, talked with her in a tremulous voice, welcomed her back home with kind words. Mrs. Menzis, meantime, has gone crazy not violently, but in such a way as to make her think that it would be advisable to end Hannah White's life at the first opportunity. She has attempted to do so several times; but has always been prevented by her friends. She has several times purchased pistols with the money given to her by her husband, and avowed her determination to take the life of her old enemy, the woman who has caused all her grief.

So runs the story of thirty years of an eventful life, and letters prove it true.

Spanish Women.

The women, perhaps, are the best portion of the nation; not highly educated or intelligent, for, in this respect, they are very far behind the other European nations, but perfectly free from all affectation, of most frank and agreeable manners, warm and affectionate friends, generous; not, we are sorry to add, "truthful and full of integrity," but charitable, and, to a certain extent, humane. Their beauty and grace have been very much over rated. The handsomest women are to be found on the shores of the Mediterranean and in Andalusia; the Castilian women are generally plain; their complexions are bad, and very soon become yellow and dry, to which, perhaps, nothing tends so much as their inordinate use of powder and paint. Much has been said, also, about the grace of their walk. In Andalusia one sees not seldom the graceful, easy swing peculiar to warm climates, but, as a rule, we are afraid it has died out, if, indeed, it ever existed as a national peculiarity, and the Madrid women, more particularly, walk abominably; perhaps this may be caused by the fashion now in vogue for wearing high pointed heels; placed as they are almost in the center of the foot, the foot is in a contracted and unnatural position, and all elasticity of tread must be destroyed. As we believe their beauty and grace to have been very much overrated, so we believe their morality has been very much underrated. In spite of the bad example of a court which has earned for itself an unhappy pre-eminence among the nations of Europe, the Spanish women are, we believe, much more chaste than they generally get credit for, and instances of unfaithfulness in married life are more rare than is generally supposed by foreigners. They are capable of the warmest and most devoted attachment to their husbands and family; and where this is the case it is needless to say gallantry cannot find room. — [Odds and Ends.

The Surratt House Owned by a Lancaster County Soldier—Report About It Being Haunted.

The house formerly occupied by the Surratt family was put up as a prize at the National Concert Gift Distribution for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home Fund, held in Washington last October. It was valued at \$8000, and was drawn by Israel Witwer, of New Holland, this county. Mr. Witwer had been a soldier in the Union Army. He went on to Washington with his attorney to look at the property, and decided to rent it. A Washington correspondent of the Boston Post writes home the following improbable story in regard to this mansion:

There is a three-story brick tenement, in the middle of a block, fronting upon one of Washington's lesser thoroughfares, that is making itself peculiarly obnoxious to timid people, and ridiculous to the stout hearted. The building in question is none other than that belonging to Mrs. Surratt, executed as one of the conspirators of the assassination, and in which she was apprehended and led forth for accusation and the gallows. In the course of settlement of her estate, the house in question was offered for sale, and even then the public seemed shy and indifferent to the purchase, and so it came that a property, worth, by moderate computation, \$10,000, fell under the hammer at the significant sum of \$4,600. The new landlord, therefore, instituted such improvements as completely changed the aspect of the property, and all but transferred its site, and in the course of time came a tenant, but not to remain. In less than six weeks the lessee had flown from beneath the roof, forfeited his year's rent, and was ready to swear with chattering, that his nervous system was shattered for a lifetime.

Others succeeded to the occupancy of the house he had vacated, in turn, to make a shuddering exit. Mrs. Surratt's house is haunted. There can be no reasonable doubt upon the subject. She herself persists in treading its halls and perambulating the premises, in the dead of night, clad in those self same robes of serge in which she suffered the penalty of the law. In costume, she differs from the woman in white unmistakably, but that the general effect is none the less thrilling and altogether fatal to the composure of the observer, is positively averred by each successive occupant of the mansion. People who reside within adjoining walls are not troubled with either sights or sounds but they begin to have a wholesome dread of the mansion in their midst, and have actually procured a reduction of their rents upon the ground of exposure to an unabatable nuisance. Thus the whole of a very common place neighborhood is infected with a fancy that keeps them within doors of nights, and causes the local juveniles to abandon their games in the court-yards with the sinking of the sun.

Daring Stage Robbery in Nevada.

One of the most daring and successful robberies that has yet occurred on the Pacific coast was perpetrated on the morning of the 31st ult. From the local papers we gather the following particulars: As two of the pioneer stages were ascending the grade within four miles of Virginia City, on the Donner Lake route they were ordered to stop by a band of highwaymen, numbering from five to seven, well armed with shot guns and Henry rifles. The passengers—about fifteen or twenty—were compelled to leave the stage, and the robbers very systematically went to work by blowing open the safe of Wells, Fargo & Co., and relieved it of about \$5,250. They then deliberately made the passengers fork over the contents of their pockets. Judge Baldwin was relieved of sixty dollars and a valuable gold watch. A Miss Crowell, the only lady passenger, was politely escorted to a seat on a rock and furnished with a cushion by the gallant leader of the band. The drivers claimed, and were not molested. After detaining the coaches for an hour, the passengers were allowed to resume their journey. One of the coaches was considerably dilapidated by the explosion of the safe. A reward of \$9,000 is offered by Wells, Fargo & Co., and the agency of the Bank of California, in Virginia City, has offered an additional reward of \$2,500 for the apprehension and conviction of the highwaymen.—This makes \$11,500 already offered and it was rumored that Governor Blaisdel would also in his official capacity offer a reward.

[From the Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer.]
The Empress Carlotta.

Very few persons who have traced the Empress Carlotta, from the day she sailed on the ill-starred Mexican expedition, to that saddest day of her life when she sat, Ophelia-like, at the Vatican gates, disrowned, disheveled, insane—very few persons, we say, will read without pain that her case is hopeless, and her young life passed into shadow. There is not a more mournful page in all imperial history, and none so full of suggestion. Her story has the same pathos as that of Zenobia for every good fairy had clustered about her cradle, save one, and that absence the most powerful, the most pitiless of all. She was the daughter of a King; her beauty was proverbial; the best of the Hapsburgs, so amiable a prince that even haughty Venetians who scorned the Kaiser doffed their bonnets to the Admiral of the Fleet, wood and won her. Her wealth was immense, and she lived in a palace famous for its loveliness, and still more famous for the loveliness, the virtue and the genius it enshrined. She was a poet, too, and Miramar was her Arcadia. Had she been born among the lowly, her mental gifts would have brought her the reputation that comes from song, and, alas! that which is forever denied her, a passage from earth with an undimmed mind. With such surroundings as we have grouped above, who would not have envied so splendid a princess, and not promised her a pathway among mankind as distinct and brilliant as the pathway of the stars? But, for some inscrutable purpose, this has been refused, and the accomplished princess wears her crown no more, the virtuous wife can never recognize her mate, the sweet song of the royal poet has turned to hollow moan.

It is well, when such a sacrifice has been made, to trace its origin, and thus searching, how will the Emperor Napoleon escape conviction? His ruling ambition to unite the Latin races and be their head, found, as he supposed an appropriate field in Mexico for the first experiment. Maximilian and Carlotta became his agents, and are now to be numbered among his victims. Her independence caused this gorgeous scheme to perish, and, thwarted at home and abroad, some hostages were demanded by the Prussians, and the demand was honored in due form. The Imperial plotter ekes out his days at Paris with a dramatic show to rival the death scene of Augustus; while his victims, hurled from power and betrayed in sore need, the one a gloomy recluse at Orizaba, the other, wreathed with rue and pangs, queening it with hollow mockery at Miramar, to "laugh but smile no more."

It is the old, old story over again. It is the same terrible lesson which history repeats, in vain, of life's vicissitudes and the unhalloved selfishness of the juggernaut. Ambition. It is the eternal strife between envy and content, teaching in their ruthless equal the emptiness of earthly aspiration and how it is possible for the crown to be as bruising as the cross—how substantial happiness, obscure and humble though it be, is worth a world of incertitude and the ransom of a million thrones.

A Wise Child who Did not Know His Own Father.

Considerable amusement was created among some of the railroad boys, a few days ago, by a circumstance which occurred on one of the night trains in this city. The affair is supposed to have leaked out through the porter of the sleeping car. A lady with a little boy, aged, perhaps, three years, was on a journey eastward, and had taken a berth in the sleeping car. Toward morning, the child awoke, and raising up, saw a man in the berth where he was sleeping, and, becoming alarmed, called to his mother, who whispered to him, "be still, my child, it's only pa." The child took another look at the stranger, and then, in an excited tone, exclaimed: "You ain't my pa!" Again the woman told the child to keep still. The man also called the boy by name, and inquired if he did not know his pa. The child replied: "You ain't my pa; he ain't got whiskers. What are you here for?" "Yes, I am your pa." "No you ain't; my pa is in Joliet; ain't he ma?" The woman found matters were approaching a crisis, and, taking hold of the child, compelled him to lie down, and the man got up. The noise had awakened several passengers, who cast many a sidelong, contemptuous glance at the corner where the divided family were situated but they could do nothing with the train moving at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. In due time the train arrived here, and the passengers, with the exception of the "family" alighted to changed cars, but the man and woman did not leave until the car had been emptied of its cargo, and then they sneaked off up town to await the departure of the day-train on which were none of their late fellow-travelers. — [Toledo Blade.

Romance Among the Kanucks.

The ice-bound, Fenian-scared Canadians have been trying their hands at a little romance. The story, as related by the Ottawa Post, is something in this wise:

A blushing damsel named Julia, and a gallant swain, named "Larry," both natives of the Emerald Isle, were supposed by outsiders to be betrothed. Larry was a laboring man, and considered a fine fellow until some British red-coats made their appearance recently. One of these "threw his eye" on the fair Julia, and determined to circumvent her and to oust Larry. As this was a game in which Larry wanted a word to say, and as the soldier was determined he should not, and Julia appeared determined to side with the soldier, there was nothing left for the brave Milesian but to consult the girl's mother.

Now the old lady was well posted in this sort of business, and she laid her plans to defeat the red-coat. Matters had progressed very favorably until one night when mamma overheard Julia and the soldier discussing an elopement. The time and place of meeting were appointed and all the arrangements made. The plan was this: On the ensuing Saturday evening, at the hour of eight o'clock, John would be punctually found at a certain corner within a stone's throw of Julia's house. There she was to join him, and proceed immediately to a neighboring church, where a few words from the clergyman would unite them inseparably. Then followed a bright picture of the future which would be uninteresting to any but themselves.

At eight o'clock precisely, on Saturday night, the soldier was at his post awaiting the arrival of his bride elect. He however, had not been a minute on the spot when he received a blow on the head from a man who stole up behind him, and before he recovered his senses, he found himself stripped, bound hand and foot, and gagged. A blanket was wrapped around him by two men, and he was laid on some straw in a stable. One of the men then proceeded to undress and don the soldier's uniform. Having completed his toilet both men left the stable. Julia arrived at the trusting place a few minutes afterward, and arm-in-arm with the red-coat, she proceeded toward the church. She found her usually lively companion exceedingly taciturn, and after a few fruitless attempts at conversation, walked silently by the side of her future husband.

On arriving at the church they found the clergyman awaiting them. The ceremony had just been completed, when the blushing Julia cast a sidelong languishing glance at her partner. The glance was instantly changed to a stare followed by a scream and a sudden recoil backward. There, in the red jacket and white belt, stood not John, but her old lover, Lawrence. To increase her confusion, her mother slid from behind a pillar and confronted her with a quiet sneer on her countenance. The soldier was released, and his uniform returned to him, with thanks. The moment he dressed himself he made off for the barracks, without inquiring any further for Julia, and he has not since been seen about Ottawa.

A Story About Diamonds.

A Polisher, whose life has been a series of misfortunes, has just arrived at Paris, under the following circumstances. In 1830 he was exiled to Siberia for political crimes, from whence he escaped to Montreal arriving there in complete poverty. After eight years of miserable life there he sailed to Brazil, and went to work in the diamond mines, and from Brazil to California, where, in a short time, he collected a small fortune in gold. In 1863 he returned to Europe, and joined in the struggle for his country's independence. He was again captured and transported for life to Nevtohinak, in the north of Siberia. In 1865 he found in the bed of a river masses of melted quartz mixed with iron ore. His Brazilian and California experience now came in play, and prosecuting his search, he discovered and secured diamonds to the value of \$40,000, and near the close of summer he found one large diamond, weighing seventy-five carats, and worth at least \$250,000. He resolved to make his escape, if possible, through the Chinese Empire. The smaller diamonds he secured in a belt about his person, but to make sure of the larger one he forced out one of his eyes, and in the vacant orbit hid the highly prized jewel. On his way through China he was robbed by a banditti of his belt and small diamonds, save a few which he sold to procure the necessities of life. After many dangers he arrived at Calcutta, and sailed for Marselles. He is now in Paris, and in great misery and poverty, not being able to sell his jewel, as it proves to be filled with black spots, and almost worthless.

Last Revolutionary Pensioners.

The Commissioner of Pensions, Mr. Barret, in his report to Congress thus alludes to the last revolutionary pensioner. He says: "Only one of the soldiers of the revolution whose names are inscribed on the pension rolls is now living—Samuel Downing, of Edinburg, Saratoga county, New York. This veteran, distinguished by fortune as the last known survivor of the heroic men who achieved by arms our National independence, exalted from Carroll county, New Hampshire, and is now more than one hundred years old. At the close of the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1861, there were sixty-three officers and soldiers of the revolution, whose names still appeared on the returns of payments made by the pension agents. Of this number only fourteen resided in the States then in insurrection. No one of the last mentioned pensioners has claimed his pension, and it is reasonably presumed that all had deceased before the authority of the Federal Government was fully restored in those States. Of the forty-nine residing in the loyal States, nearly two-fifths had disappeared from the returns for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, leaving but thirty survivors. A year later, in 1863, there remained but eighteen, and in 1864 but five. Since the 30th of June, 1865, William Hutholings, of Maine, and Lemuel Cook, of New York, of the three survivors at that date, have died, each having attained an age exceeding one hundred years.

"The surviving revolutionary soldier receives, in addition to his original pension, \$100 per annum, under an act approved April 1, 1864, and \$300 per annum, under an act approved February 27, 1865."

UNEXPECTED CHURCH INCIDENT.

The Richmond Examiner of the 29th ult. says: "On Sunday night last a lady was taken suddenly ill in one of our churches, and was carried out by her friends, who at once set to work bathing her head and using other means of restoration; but she told them she desired to be taken to some quiet place, as none of their remedies would do her any good. Her request was forthwith complied with, and she was conveyed to a room in the rear of the minister's desk, where she presently gave birth to a fine child. This incident, from its novelty, gave rise to much gossip, but it really may be considered a good omen in the early history of the little stranger. At last accounts mother and child were both doing well."

A CAREFUL SERVANT.

General Rainey late of the Confederate service, tells an anecdote of the early days of the war, thus:

An officer when going into battle, charged his servant to stay at his tent and take care of his property. In the fluctuation of the battle some of the enemy's shot fell in the vicinity of the tent, and the negro, with great white eyes, fled away with all his might. After the fight, and when the officer returned to his tent, he was vexed to learn that his slave had run away; but the boy soon returned, confronting his master, who threatened to chastise him for disobedience of orders. "Marsa! said Caesar, "you told me to take care of your property, and dis property—placing his hand on his breast—worth fifteen hundred dollars." He escaped punishment.

A Gentleman is engaged in Nash County, North Carolina, on the banks of Fishing Creek, in unearthing the remains of a monster, probably of the snurian species, which surpasses in size any relic of the primitive era of the earth's history which has yet been discovered.

He commenced disengaging the monster from the banks in which he is imbedded several weeks ago, and has already unearthed eighty five feet without coming to either extremity. This is the largest fossil animal, we believe, ever discovered.

RATHER QUEER.

A lady, the second wife of a gentleman who resides in this city, presented her husband with a pair of fine boys on the evening of the 26th. There is nothing queer or remarkable in this, because it is a very common occurrence. But the remarkable part will readily be seen when we tell our readers that this is his third pair of twins in twelve years. His first wife gave birth to two pairs, two boys and two girls, at intervals of four years. They were born on the same day of the week, same day of the month, in the same month of the year, and all weighed exactly the same number of pounds. If it isn't queer, we may say it is confounded regular. [Hannibal Republic, December 1.