

The Alleghenian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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DIRECTORY.

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Churches—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and at 7 o'clock in the evening.

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Western, " " at 12 o'clock, noon.

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

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrollton, &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.

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WILMORE STATION.	
West-Express Train leaves at	9:44 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	10:09 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	4:45 P. M.
East-Express Train " "	8:25 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	6:39 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	10:34 A. M.

CRESSON STATION.	
West-Express Train leaves at	9:22 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	4:16 P. M.
East-Express Train " "	8:53 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	11:04 A. M.

[The Fast Lines do not stop.]

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Select Poetry.

The Death-Bed.

BY TOM HOOD.

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Slept heaving to and fro.
So silently we seemed to speak
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half her power
To eke her living out.
Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A TRUE STORY.

The chaplain came at last to a cot, set somewhat by itself outside the wards.—Here, reclining at length, was a young man, whose face bore slight traces of suffering. It was flushed with a hue like unto health; the eyes were undimmed, and only the position of his hands, which were thrown over his head and locked in almost spasmodic tightness, told that he was in pain. He was unusually noble in countenance. His brow was broad and fair, and the thick locks that clustered back from the temples, curled like the ringlets of a boy. He knew not why, but the chaplain experienced an unusual and sudden sympathy for this young man, struck down in his beauty; still he felt that there was no immediate danger in his case.

"How is he wounded?" he asked of the surgeon, as the two approached the bed, softly.

"In the right side, below the ribs," was the reply.

"Is he in danger?"
"Oh no; that is, not at present. The case may take a bad turn, to be sure; but it looks very well now. Charles," he added, addressing the sick man, familiarly, "the chaplain is going the rounds, would you like to see him?"
"Oh! certainly!" exclaimed the young man, smiling. "I am very glad to see him," and he held out his hand. His voice was strong and ringing, as with the highest health, his clasp was vigorous.

"I am sorry to find you wounded, my friend," said the chaplain.

"Oh! only the casualty of war; we must some of us expect it, you know."

"Do you suffer much?"

"At times, sir, very severely; I feel so well, only the distress here," and he pressed his hand to his side.

"You will be up soon, I hope."

"I trust so, sir; the doctors say it is a bad wound, but will yield with care. I only wish I had my mother here. She has heard of it, and, doubtless, started before this. It will seem so comfortable to see her; you don't know how I long for her."

"Ah! mothers, you are first thought of when the hardy soldier feels the pang of pain. It is your name he calls; your form he sees through the mists of delirium, your voice he hears in every gentle word that is spoken. He knows whose touch will be tenderest, through the sympathy of suffering, he knows who has borne the most for him; and on the tented field, the holy name of mother receives a fresh baptism of love and beauty."

"I can imagine how you feel," said the chaplain, "and I have no doubt you will see her soon. Meanwhile you know there is a friend who will be to you more than mother or father, sister or brother."

"I realize that, sir," said the young man. "I am a professor of religion, and have been for years. When I was shot, and before, I commended my soul to Him for life or death; but I confess I have much to live for. I am not brought yet where I am perfectly willing to die."

"It may be for the reason that you are not yet called to die," replied the chaplain, "but in life you know it is the one important thing to be prepared for death."

After a short prayer, the minister and the sick man parted. "He seems very strong and sanguine," he said, as he met the surgeon again, "and likely to recover."

"No doubt of it, sir, no doubt," was the hasty reply of the surgeon, as he passed on.

The hour of midnight had struck from

the great hall. Slowly and solemnly it knelled the departing moments, and the echo rolled through the halls, vibrating on many an ear that would never hear the sound of the striking hours again. The chaplain still sat up in his own room, writing letters for three or four of the wounded soldiers, and a strange stillness fell around him, as he closed the last sheet and set back with folded hands, to think. He could not tell why, but do what and go where he would, the face of the young volunteer with whom he had spoken last, haunted him. He arose to move to the window where the breeze was cooler, when a knock was heard at the door, and a rapid voice called "Chaplain." He hurried to lift the latch. The surgeon stood there, looking like a shadow in the dim moonlight that crept into the passage.

"Chaplain, sorry to disturb you, and more sorry still to give you an unpleasant duty to perform."

"Why, what is it?" was the quick rejoinder.

"The fine young fellow whom you talked with is going."

"What! you do not mean—"
"Won't live an hour or two at the most. I tried to tell him, but I couldn't; and finally I thought of you. You can ease it, you know."

A great shadow fell on the chaplain; for a moment he was stunned and choked, and his voice grew husky as he replied:

"It is a sad errand, but none the less my duty. Poor fellow! I can't realize it, indeed, I cannot. His voice was so strong; his manner so natural! I'll be there presently." And left alone, he threw himself upon his knees to wrestle for strength in prayer.

The atmosphere was filled with low sighs from the strugglers with pain and disease. Going softly up to the couch at which he had stood before, the chaplain gazed upon the face before him. It looked as calm as that of a sleeping infant, but he did not sleep. Hearing a slight noise, his eyes flew open and rested in some surprise upon the chaplain.

"I felt as if I must see you again before I retired," said the latter, striving to steady his voice. "How do you feel now?"

"Oh! better, I thank you; in fact almost well. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. I rather think the surgeon does, though he said nothing."

Again that fearful swelling in the chaplain's throat. How should he tell him of his danger?—how prepare the mind so calmly resting on almost a certainty?—the poor, hopeful soul that would never look with earthly eyes on the mother he so longed for. Another moment, and the young man appeared to be struck with some peculiarity in the face or movements of the chaplain. The large eyes sought his with an intenseness that was painful, and strove to interpret that which made the difference between this and his former demeanor.

"Your cares weary you, chaplain," he said quietly; "you must be very faithful, for it is past midnight."

"I was on the point of going to bed when I was called to prepare a dying man for his last hour," was the tearful response.

"Indeed! what poor fellow goes next?" rejoined the young man, with a look of mournful inquiry.

There was no answer; for the wealth of the world the chaplain could not have spoken now. That tone so unconscious of danger; that eye so full of sympathy! Still a strange silence! What did it mean? The sick man's inquiring glance changed for a moment to one of intense terror. He raised both arms—let them fall heavily upon the coverlet at his side, and in a voice totally altered by emotion, he gasped:

"Great heaven! you mean me."
"My dear friend!" said the chaplain, unmannedly.

"I am to die, then—and—how—long?" his eyes once more sought those of his chaplain.

"You have made your peace with God, let death come as soon as it will, He will carry you over the river."

"Yes; but this is awfully sudden! awfully sudden!" his lips quivered; he looked up grievously—and I shall not see my mother."

"Christ is better than a mother," murmured the chaplain.

"Yes." The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne, but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lip steeper, and when the eyes were opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain. "The bitterness is over now and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see her, but if God will permit me, I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father that I am glad he gave me his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul; and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now will you pray for me?"

O! what emotions swelled the heart of that devoted man, as he knelt by the bedside of that dying volunteer, the young soldier of Christ; and with tones so low that only the ear of God and that of him who was passing away could hear, besought God's grace and presence. Never in all his experience had his heart been so powerfully wrought upon; never had a feeling of such unutterable tenderness taken possession of his soul. He seemed already in the presence of a glorified spirit; and after the prayer was over, restraining his sobs, he bent down, and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and the mother, as well as himself. So perhaps thought the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty, as he said: "Thank you! I won't trouble you any longer; you are wearied out—go to your rest."

"The Lord God be with you!" was the fervent response.

"Amen!" trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room.—There were hurried sounds, overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door; encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word—
"Gone!"
Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.

Secretary Stanton and the Congressmen.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer relates a few incidents of the visits, on a recent occasion, of members of Congress to the new Secretary of War Stanton:

The Secretary seems to know nearly all the Senators and most of the Representatives; but few, however, called, there not being over a half dozen in his room at any one time. Foremost in the room was the grey haired patriot of Kentucky, J. J. Crittenden. He was warmly greeted by the Secretary, and introduced to him a young man whom, he said, he would like to have appointed in the army. Mr. Stanton took him by the hand and asked him his age, where born and raised, his occupation, and of his family. He was the oldest boy, and his father died some year or two ago, while in the navy, in the service of his country. "Ah," said Mr. Stanton, "I knew of him; he was a brave man. What position would you like to have?" "A lieutenant in an infantry regiment." "I will try and arrange it for you, and write to you at New York."

Judge Kelley came in with a youthful looking officer, whose empty coat-sleeve hung from his left shoulder. He was introduced to the Secretary as Brevet Lieutenant Rockefeller, of Philadelphia—"My friend," continued the Judge, "left a situation worth \$800 per year, three days after the President's proclamation for troops, to carry a musket at eleven dollars a month, with his regiment, the New York Seventy-first. After the term of his enlistment expired, he marched with his regiment to Bull Run. Early in the day he received that ugly rifle-ball in his mouth, (pointing to a Minie ball that was hung to a watch-key,) and for two hours and a half carried it in his fractured jaw bone, fighting like a true hero, until a cannon ball took off his arm and rendered him powerless."

"He was captured, and for three months laid in a mangled condition in a tobacco house at Richmond, without proper surgical treatment. He was brevetted a Lieutenant by his Colonel for his bravery, and is now filling a small clerkship. I beg of you to appoint him in the regular service." "But where could I put him if I were to appoint him?" said Mr. Stanton. The Judge was about to reply, when the young soldier raised his arm, and said with an imploring look: "See, I have my right arm still, and Gen. Kearney has only his left; send me into the line, where

there is fighting to be done! I have letters from"—here he tried to draw a bundle of letters from his pocket. Mr. Stanton stopped him, saying, "Put up your letters, sir—you have spoken for yourself. Your wish shall be granted. The country cannot afford to neglect such men as you." Ere the soldier could thank him for his kindness, his case was noted.

He turned to leave, and remarked to the Judge as they left, "I shall be proud of my commission, for I feel that I have earned it! This day is the proudest one of my whole life." His heart seemed so light that he doubt if he then realized the loss he had met with, or remembered the weary nights, and the long, long days he had suffered in the vile prisons of the traitor crew. Congressman Ely came in just as he passed along the aisle, and remarked, "there goes the noblest and most heroic of all our prisoners. He was the pride of the boys—all loved him as though he were a brother."

A member from Missouri complained that the loyalists in his district were plundered and oppressed by small bands of rebel guerillas—and he wanted two hundred cavalry to protect them. "It shall be done," replied Mr. Stanton. "I will inform Gen. Hunter of your request, and direct him to order it carried out, unless there is some military necessity which prevents. I will inform you of his reply as soon as it is received."

A member from Maryland complains of the action of Gen. Dix in Baltimore, in placing some embargo on one of his constituents. "There certainly is some good reason." A statement of the case was made by the member. "Ah, that is treason in disguise," replied the Secretary; "I will, however, call for the facts, and put them before you."

A Kansas Senator came in with a young man from Philadelphia, who wanted a clerkship. He was introduced and reached out a number of papers. "Which is your handwriting?" "This one." "Then you need not trouble yourself any further about it." "But I can write a great deal better than that; it was done in a hurry. That is not my best." "It is no matter, my clerks must write rapidly and well. You will not answer." And the youth retired, looking around as he passed out to see if any person heard the conversation.

The rapidity with which the Secretary seems to read the wishes of every one, even before he has time to express himself, is astonishing. He seems to comprehend at a glance everything, and quick as a flash comes an answer that satisfies civilians and Senators. It is useless to argue the matter further, his peculiar business talent, his powerful and active mind, enable him to grasp successfully with the whole operations of the Department, and the thousand cares that would prostrate the mind of an ordinary man, seem to have no effect upon him. He always seems in good humor, his perception always bright, and his memory never failing for an instant. With his hand at the helm we feel the ship is safe; the clouds that seem to have been gathering thick and fast around us of late, lose their portentous aspect since we have secured a pilot that will save us, even though he must drive the ship through a sea of blood.

A FAIR HIT.—The South Carolina fuss-makers talk about being coerced to stay in the Union. The anxiety to be coerced is of the same kind as the strict propriety of the single bean. After sitting up a long time, at a respectable distance, she suddenly squeaked out: "Quit squeezing me!"

The startled Kentuckian exclaimed: "I haven't touched you."

"Well," said she, "you're a going to, ain't you?"

A Western New York farmer writes as follows to a distinguished agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine:—"Respected Sir: I went yesterday to the fair at M—. I found several pigs of your species; there was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there!"

Virginia papers formerly delighted to quote the following catechism:—"Who settled Virginia? John Smith. Who unsettled Virginia? John Brown. Who settled John Brown? Governor Wise."

They may now add to these queries another: "Who settled Governor Wise? General Burnside."

King Richard III., in the hour of battle, cried out in despair, "My kingdom for a horse;" but General Wise, less ambitious and less brave, was content to seek safety by clinging to a *Nag's Head*.

A Fortunate Kiss.

The following little story is narrated by Frederika Bremer, who vouches for its truthfulness.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a noble youth, with a great love for studies, but without the means of pursuing them. He was poor, and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. One day he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prattling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the only daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked upon with admiration by all the students. As the young men stood gazing at her as she passed on, like a graceful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed—

"It would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure, angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration—

"Well, I think I can have it!"

"What!" cried his friends in chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all!" he answered; "but I think she would kiss me if I asked her!"

"What! in this place—before all our eyes?"

"Yes, in this place, before your eyes." "Freely?"

"Yes, freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" said one of the party.

"And I!" and I!" exclaimed three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bets ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was made and accepted in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero—my author tells not whether he was handsome or plain, but I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time—immediately walked off to the young lady, and said:

"Mein fraulein, my fortune is now in your hands!"

She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, and aspirations, and related, simply and truly, what had just now passed between him and his companions.

The young lady listened attentively, and, at his ceasing to speak, she said blushing, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and publicly, in the open square, she kissed him.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but, after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him that he ordered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most prominent student in the University.

Three years were now passed since the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and was as much respected for his acquisitions as for his character. His works will endure while time lasts, among the works of science. From this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden even at the present time, and whose wealth and high positions in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with their wealth of goodness and love.

A clergyman consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I'll bet I will!" remarked the sobbing fair one.

THE BURNSIDE VERSION OF AN OLD SAYING.—Wise you are, Wise you be, but you are not Wise enough for me.

We hope after this war is over that "C. S. A." will be the motto of the South—"Can't Succeed Again."