

# 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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VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1863.

NUMBER 26.

## DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.	Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.	
Carrolltown	William M. Jones,	Carroll.	
Chess Springs	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.	
Conemaugh	Wm. W. Young,	Wash'tn.	
Cresson	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.	
Ebensburg	Isaac Thompson,	White.	
Fallen Timber	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.	
Gallitzin	Wm. J. Jr.,	Wash'tn.	
Hamlock	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.	
Johnstown	M. Adesberger,	Loretto.	
Loretto	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.	
Mineral Point	A. Durbin,	Munster.	
Munster	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'ban.	
Plattsville	G. W. Bowman,	White.	
St. Augustine	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.	
Scalp Level	George Conrad,	Richland.	
Sonman	B. F. Slick,	Rich'd.	
Summerhill	Miss M. Gillespie,	Wash'tn.	
Summit	Morris Keil,	S'merhill.	
Wilmore			

## Select Poetry.

### The Picket-Man.

How calm was the night when the picket-man lay  
With his breast to the ground, then all  
grassy and soft,  
On that spot where he'd crept, as the last  
glints of day  
Were relieved by bright stars in the concave  
aloft.  
Not a leaflet could rustle  
With the zephyrs of eve,  
But would thrill heart and muscle,  
And make his chest heave;  
For a foe might lurk near, him of life to  
bereave.

In the distance rose sounds of fife, bugles  
and drums.  
The notes of tattoo, welcome signal of sleep;  
And at times floated dreamily indistinct hums,  
As though cohorts were moving, Death's  
harvest to reap;  
And the sentinel, knowing  
How all trusted in him,  
Felt his pulse quicker growing,  
Though all objects were dim;  
Yet he feared not intruder, the stairway  
and grim.

Oh he swept his keen gaze o'er the brow of  
the hill,  
That commanded a plain and a dark tan-  
gled wood;  
And he listened for footfalls, but all things  
were still,  
Save the song of the insect in musical mood.  
Then his thoughts, anon straying,  
To his toils would roam,  
And his fancy be playing  
Mid the loved ones at home,  
Till he leaped up in transport beneath the  
blue dome.

But he uttered a cry, and he sank with a pang,  
While a warm ruddy fountain gushed forth  
from his breast;  
And the late stilly vales with a musket-shot  
rang,  
For the enemy's vengeance had sped him  
to rest.  
And when dew-drops of morning  
Like diamonds blazed forth,  
It was found what that warning  
Had meant to the North—  
And in sorrow we laid a stark form in the  
earth.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—  
Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2  
o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sab-  
bath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meet-  
ing every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. S. T. SNOW,  
Pastor in charge. Rev. W. LOVIE, Assis-  
tant. Preaching every Sabbath morning at  
10 1/2 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the  
evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M.  
Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7  
o'clock.

**Wesleyan Independent**—Rev. L. R. POWELL,  
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.

**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS,  
Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at  
7 and 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 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.—Preach-  
ing every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS,  
Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at  
7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

**Catholic**—Rev. M. J. MIRENDA, Pastor.—  
Services every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock  
and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

#### MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " 11 o'clock, A. M.

#### MAILS CLOSE.

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

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-  
town, &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 Newnan's Mills, Carrol-  
town, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday  
and Friday of each week, at 5 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	8:38 A. M.
" Phila. Express " "	9:22 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:53 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8:43 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	3:20 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	10:34 A. M.

#### WILMORE STATION.

West—Balt. Express leaves at	9:01 A. M.
" Phila. Express " "	9:45 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	10:16 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8:14 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	2:56 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	10:04 A. M.

\*Daily, except Mondays.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts**—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Esley, Henry C. Devine.

**Prothonotary**—Joseph McDonald.

**Recorder and Recorder**—Edward F. Lytle.

**Sheriff**—John Buck.

**District Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.

**County Commissioners**—James Cooper, Peter J. Little, John Campbell.

**Treasurer**—Thomas Gullin.

**Poor House Directors**—William Douglass, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahn.

**Auditors**—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donagan.

**County Surveyor**—Henry Scanlan.

**Coroner**—James S. Todd.

**Sup't. of Common Schools**—Henry Ely.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**BOROUGH AT LARGE.**

**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkadee.

**Burgess**—James Myers.

**School Directors**—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.

**EAST WARD.**

**Constable**—Evan E. Evans.

**Town Council**—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.

**Inspectors**—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.

**Judge of Election**—Daniel J. Davis.

**Assessor**—Lemuel Davis.

**WEST WARD.**

**Constable**—M. M. O'Neill.

**Town Council**—R. S. Barn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Oatman.

**Inspectors**—William Barnes, Geo. H. Evans.

**Judge of Election**—Michael Hasson.

**Assessor**—George Garley.

## THE WRONG PICTURE.

The full sunshine came pouring thro' the plate glass windows of the great photographic saloon, where Virginia Lynne had become very tired waiting, "just one minute," for her turn to face the camera. If the camera had been a young gentleman, it probably wouldn't have objected much to the process, as Virginia was not at all disagreeable to look at—on the contrary, she was very pretty, with a clear olive complexion, deepening to carmine on her round cheeks, and large blue-gray eyes, just the color of violets, blossomed in the shade. Her black hair, plaited brushed from her forehead, and confined in one knot at the back of her neck, and a little red mouth, very saucy, and somewhat haughty, also, in its curves.

"Are you nearly ready to take my picture, sir?" she asked, rather impatiently, as the operator entered the room on some trifling errand.

"Not quite yet, ma'am. We shall be ready soon, I hope, however. To tell the truth, we didn't anticipate so much trouble from our present subject—a baby, ma'am, who will not sit still!"

"A baby—oh, then, I haven't another word to say," said Virginia, scornfully elevating her pretty shoulders as they turned toward her companions. "I do detest babies!"

"Why, Virginia!" exclaimed Mrs. Walter, her matron sister, with genuine horror.

"Can't help it—I never could endure a baby—that's one of my articles of faith!"

"And how many articles of faith have you?" laughing inquired another companion.

"O, several. One is a hearty aversion to widowers—that class of dyed over husbands who are always alluding to Mrs. Smith Number One! If I became that lady's successor, I should be perpetually fearful I was standing in the way of Mrs. Smith Number Three! And then the idea of washing the faces and combing the hair of half-a-dozen unruly step children! No second-hand babies for me, thank you!"

But if Virginia could only have had a peep into the operating room, where that hazel-eyed baby with pink ribbons at its shoulders and a string of red coral around its plump neck was setting Photography at defiance, she would probably have kissed its perturbed breath nearly away, with true feminine inconsistency.

"Harry, do sit still!" pleaded the nurse in despair, while the operator dodged hopelessly to and fro, trying to "catch a focus," and two or three young lady aunts jingled their watch-chains and held their bracelets in the vain endeavor to attract the little one's eye. But if the quintessence of obstinacy can be imagined to fix

its throne in a year-old baby, that baby was the individual!

All of a sudden, a bright winged canary in a cage opposite began to sing piercingly. The scarlet lips opened into a wondering smile—the large hazel eyes, that had roamed from place to place like chain lightning, were fixed for a moment. The operator jerked the drapery away from his instrument with the agility of magic—the sunrays swept their pencils over the gleaming plate, and—

"O, let me see it!" shrieked aunts and nurse, in a confused treble chorus, crowding around the photographer as, after a short absence, he entered the room bearing the plate. "Only let me get one peep at it!"

"How delighted Raymond will be!" whispered one of the young aunts to her sister, as she caught the baby in her arms, crushing her brown curls against its silky little head.

"Where shall I send the cards, ma'am?" asked the operator.

"To Captain May—Raymond May, Philadelphia. Just the address, please—no other word. We intend it for a birthday surprise to my brother."

"Very well, ma'am. Theodore!" as soon as the ladies had disappeared, "just write down that address, and tell the young lady below that we are ready for her."

Virginia Lynne must have been hard indeed to please had she been dissatisfied with the face reflected in the mirror as she took a last glance ere leaving the saloon down stairs. A proud, stately young beauty—heart-free as the wildest fawn upon the eastern hills.

"When can I have the picture?" she asked.

"In about five days, ma'am."

"No sooner! I leave town to-morrow."

"We can send it to you by mail, wherever you are."

She wrote upon a card, "Miss Lynne, Philadelphia," and pushed it toward the man.

"There is my address—please send it as soon as possible."

Captain May's sitting room in the great Philadelphia hotel was as snug a little den as man need wish for, with its carved marble mantle, bright patterned carpet, and luxurious sofas and lounging chairs, and Captain May himself, as he looked smilingly up from the perusal of a heap of papers to greet the entrance of a companion, was no unfair specimen of a handsome young naval officer.

"Well, Charley?"

"Well, May,—upon my word, if you're not up to your ears in those old navigation charts again. It's enough to make a lazy man ache, to see you work!"

"It's time to work," said May, good humoredly. "I expect sailing orders in about a fortnight—and glad I shall be when they come."

"Glad!" ejaculated Charles Monroe, throwing himself into a chair, and biting at the end of one of his friend's quill-pens.

"May, you're a perfect problem to me—as uneasy on dry land as a fish. I can't understand it—hanged if I can!"

"Perhaps you could," said May, calmly, "if you had no home-tie—nothing to look forward to—nothing to make life pleasant in one spot than another, since Minnie died—"

He stopped abruptly. Monroe leaned over with frank sympathy to grasp his friend's hand.

"Pardon me, Raymond! I'm a stupid, blundering fellow, I know, but I don't mean to hurt you by my careless words. Yet, there is your child left you!"

"Dear little Harry," said May, smiling, "but a year-old baby isn't much company for a man of thirty, you must admit. Besides, he is far better off under the loving care of my sister, than he could be with me."

"True," said Monroe, twisting the quill around and around his fingers. "Who's that knocking? Letters, eh? Don't mind me, open your correspondence!"

May complied, tearing open the envelopes and glancing carelessly over their enclosures, until he came to the last one! As his eye fell on it he uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"What a beauty!" ejaculated Monroe, who, with the privileged impertinence of long established friendship, caught up the letter as it fell from Raymond's hands.—

"Well, I'd just like to know what this means, you sly scamp!"

"Upon my word—upon my honor, Charley," ejaculated the honest young man, "I never saw the face before! I cannot imagine who she is, nor how the picture came here!"

"No message with it?"

"Not a word! but the direction is certainly plain enough—Captain Raymond May, Philadelphia."

"Well, I can only recommend to you

to wait patiently for time to solve the question," said Monroe. "Come, do look up for a moment from the entrancing photograph, and give a fellow some attention—I want to know if you are going to Mrs. Leaford's Saturday night?"

"Yes—no—I don't know. I haven't made up my mind."

"All right; I'll call for you at nine to a moment."

Away went Monroe, leaving Raymond May yet bouding over the fair countenance which seemed to enchant him like a dream.

The exotics in Mrs. Leaford's bay windows were in full blossom and brightness; the fire, which one or two days had rendered far from disagreeable, even in April, glowed cheerfully in the grate, and half a dozen young guests matronized by their pretty hostess and Mrs. Leaford's New York, were busy, some reading, some chatting and some engaged in the graceful mysteries of embroideries and crotchets.

"By the way, where is Virginia?" asked Mrs. Leaford, glancing around.

"She will be down presently," answered her sister; "she took her letters up stairs to read."

"That very instant Miss Lynne's light touch fell upon the door knob, and she came into the room, looking prettier than ever, in a white cashmere morning wrapper, relieved by the flutter of blue ribbons.

"Lizzy," she said, coming to her sister's side, "I have had the strangest adventure this morning!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Walter.

As I opened one of my letters, she said, laughing in a half pleased, half puzzled manner, "out fell a photograph! Of course I supposed it was one of those I had taken of myself just before I left New York."

"Well," ejaculated the eager chorus of listeners, "and it was—"

"The prettiest baby you ever saw!" exclaimed Virginia, holding up the pictured representation of "baby Harry," and her auditors pronounced sarcastically upon it, uttering various feminine adjectives of delight and admiration.

Saturday night arrived, most propitiously, with a keen wind and a bright twilight, and Mrs. Leaford's spacious rooms were soon filled. Mr. Monroe and Capt. May were among the later arrivals, and made their way towards Mrs. Leaford as skillfully as they could, through the mass of ermine which swayed around.

"Here he is, Mrs. Leaford!" ejaculated Monroe, as at length he reached the lady sought for. "I've brought him, according to contract; but, do you believe, the lazy fellow had coiled up on a sofa for an evening over his books! If it hadn't been for my indefatigable efforts, you wouldn't have seen him here to-night."

"I'm sure I am very much obliged to you," said Mrs. Leaford, laughing, "Captain May, the only amends you can make for such an outrageous breach of discipline is to be just as agreeable as you can to my fair guests to-night. Miss Lynne, let me present Captain May."

As the young officer bowed low over the extended hand of the New York beauty, he was half uncertain whether he was broad awake or wandering through the mazes of a dream. There stood before him the lovely reality of that charming photograph, her jetty hair wreathed with pearls, and her dark beauty contrasted with a dress of the softest pink, with moss-roses at her belt.

If he had been in love before, his case was hopeless now—desperate, irremediable!

How quickly the next two weeks flew by! It was not until the night before he said that Captain Raymond May mustered up courage to confess to Miss Lynne that her similitude was in her possession—for, of course, that would necessarily involve the surrender of precious property. But he felt that he must at length tell her the truth; and so, with sinking heart, he marched up the broad marble steps of Mrs. Leaford's mansion, and was ushered into a pretty room opening out of a fragrant conservatory. As he awaited Miss Lynne's appearance, he nervously turned over the pages of the gilded volumes that lay on the table. One was a photographic album, and he glanced at the various faces there contained, without really seeing them, until suddenly, the rosy face of his own little Harry—Minnie's child—smiled up in his own!

"Who, is it possible? I must be mistaken."

But a second glance convinced him that he was not mistaken. It was Harry May, and nobody else's baby.

Suddenly a light footstep disturbed his reverie.

"Miss Lynne," he said earnestly,

as soon as the customary greetings of the day were exchanged, "I am in a state of very great perplexity. Will you solve the enigma for me?"

"Certainly—if I can!" said Virginia, blushing, and with a soft, uncertain tremor at her heart.

"How did this picture obtain a place in your album?"

The color subsided into ordinary palor, as Virginia replied, "In rather a romantic manner, Captain May. It was sent to me with no accompanying message, and I haven't the least idea whence it came."

"Ah! that furnishes a clue to the whole mystery," said Captain May, placing upon the table the picture which had laid next to his heart for the last few days, and relating briefly how it had fallen into his possession. "By some mistake at the photographer's, my little Harry's picture has been sent to you, and your likeness to me. I am a widower, Miss Lynne, with one child, as I suppose you have heard."

"No," said Virginia, coloring, "I was not aware of it, but—"

He looked earnestly into her face, where the crimson was already beginning to glow, and the soft eyes to become shadowed with timid, downcast lashes; he looked out and saw something that encouraged him to ask another question.

"Miss Lynne—Virginia—may I keep the picture?"

And she did not say "No."

When Captain May sailed the next day, it was with "something to look forward to" on his return.

"My dearest Virginia," exclaimed her sister, "what have you been doing?—Don't you know that Captain May is a widower?"

"Yes," said Virginia, valiantly, "but that don't make any difference; I love him, and that's enough."

"And don't you know that he has a baby—eh?"

"Well, and I love the baby, too, because it is Raymond's."

"Oh! said Mrs. Walter, archly, "so you have overcome your honor of 'second hand babies.' Well, my dear, only take care that he don't keep quoting Mrs. May Number One."

"I have no fear," said Virginia, quietly.

And time proved the correctness of her promises, for we don't know any happier young wife than Mrs. May Number Two; and it is hard to say which she loves best, her husband or "Baby Harry."

## Sword Presentation.

On Saturday evening, February 28th, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., a beautiful sword, sash and belt were presented to Lieut. W. J. Nugent of Co. D, 78th Regt., P. V. I., by the non-commissioned officers and privates of his company. The following brief address was made by Corp. Jas. P. McCloskey.

**Lieut. Nugent:**—The company of which you have so long been a member, and in which you are now acting in the capacity of commander, has purchased this sword, sash and belt to be presented to you in token of that high esteem which we have ever cherished towards you, and as an evidence that we fully appreciate your past kindness. You have always shared with us the fatigue of the march, and the exposure of the camp and bivouac. You have all times, and upon all occasions stood by us in the hour of peril and danger, and we as a company will always stand by you.

In presenting this sword, sash and belt, you have our highest compliments for your gentlemanly deportment, your faithfulness in the discharge of duty, and gallantry displayed on a number of occasions, hoping that your name may soon be placed at the head of our roll, and that the future may be as prosperous and happy to use as the past.

Take this token coming from your company friends as a testimonial of the respect and friendship which your good qualities as an officer and your kindness as a friend have inspired, and may this bright blade be emblematical of the bright career which is before you.

**LIEUT. NUGENT'S REPLY.**

**Corporal M. C. Clossy, and Members of Company D:**—The honor which you have conferred upon me this evening is so great and unexpected, that I scarcely know what to say in reply. This evidence of friendship from a company of which I am proud to call myself a member, gives me infinite pleasure and fills my heart with gratitude. Be assured that I am not insensible to your many acts of kindness. You seem to vie with each other in striving to make pleasant the position which I now temporarily occupy, and in doing so, you place me under lasting obligations. I thank you for your prompt and cheerful obedience to all orders, and

the creditable manner in which you perform all your duties. Your bravery has been proven on occasions long since past. You had the honor to be among the first of our regiment to be led against the enemy. You formed a considerable portion of a detachment by one of our company officers (Lieut. McCormick) in the first skirmish of which any part of our regiment were engaged. I refer to the brilliant little affair at Hurricane Creek on the 21st of last August. The reputation you established there has been fully sustained at Laverge, at Hermitage Ford, before Nashville, and Stone River. Your past history proves that you dare go where duty points or glory leads.

I accept your generous gift with pleasure and with pride, and return my most sincere and heartfelt thanks for the high compliment you have been pleased to pay me. How much I appreciate it you can never know, for I cannot express my gratitude in words; but I hope to express it by an earnest desire to promote your interests, and a jealous watchfulness over your rights and privileges.

Your ranks are well filled to-night, but they are not full. The cheerful "here" is not heard in response to all the names that have been upon our roll. Sixteen of our brave boys have fought their last battle and now sleep their last sleep. Some we have consigned to their last resting place beneath the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky—some we have buried beside the broad Ohio, and others near the rolling Cumberland. The clouds of Murfreesboro's ensanguined field, stained with the blood of friend and foe, have fallen upon the uncuffed remains of our gallant dead. They have all died as true soldiers—whether in the quiet of camp or hospital, or on the field of deadly strife amid the din of battle. Let them be forever cherished in our memories as patriots who have gone to their last account while striving to sustain and perpetuate the best Government ever framed by man, and if in the vicissitudes of war other lives go out upon our Country's altar, let us endeavor to leave a record as bright and unsullied as those who have preceded us.

I trust that all of you will live to return to happy homes and refuicing friends, when the God of battles shall say to the dark angel that now hovers over our once happy nation, "It is enough; stay now this hand."

A war correspondent, writing from Nashville, Tennessee, giveth utterance to the following motto:

A day or two ago, a negro met his owner, and the following confab took place:

"Massa Wheeler, I see dey git de niggers in de 'bellion mass; dat's foolishness, sar; de niggers better stay to dar homes."

"Well, what do you know about it, Tom?"

"Wall, Massa, dis chile doesn't 'zactly sperience uv to give 'liberate vion' do case; but, by golly, he notice dat when two dogs fight ober a bonz, do bone neber says uffin, he yah!"

"Hurrah for the Jeff Davis!" shouted a little fellow on Cedar street the other day.

"Hurrah for the devil!" rejoined an indignant private of the 1st Tennessee.

"All right," said the juvenile; "you hurrah for your man, and I'll hurrah for mine."

Which was good.

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" shouted a gentleman, who was standing in front of the St. Cloud.

"Not much, sir," remarked a member of the provost guard, grabbing him by the shoulder.

"But, I've done no harm, my dear man."

"Yes you have; you cheered for Jeff Davis."

"Oh, yes; but I meant the fellow who shot Nelson—I didn't."

Provost left, hurriedly.

"I wonder," said an old lady, in my presence, "when this fighting will cease?"

"When officers get the same pay as privates," replied a corporal near.

Which was unkind.

Colonel Gillem was one day reprimanding one of his soldiers, who was slightly intoxicated at the time. After the Col. had concluded, the soldier remarked:

"Yez wuddint have occasion to talk to me so ef I had a pistol."

The Col., much astonished, asked:

"Well, sir, what would you do if you had a pistol?"

"Why, I'd shoot—meself, sir."

Which rather pleased the Colonel.

While I was in the act of bestowing a shipplaster upon a mendicant soldier, the other day, a friend remarked:

"Why, this man is a Secessionist!"

"Well, I'm a Democrat, too!" replied the soldier.

Which is rather rough than otherwise on the Conservatives.