

The Alleghanian.

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

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Select Poetry.

The Old and the New.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light!
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor—
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free—
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

There was once a child, and he strolled
about a good deal, and thought of a
number of things. He had a sister, who was
a child too, and his constant companion.
These two used to wonder all day long.
They wondered at the beauty of the flowers,
and they wondered at the height and
blueness of the sky; they wondered at
the depth of the bright water; they wonder-
ed at the goodness and the power of
God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, some-
times: "Supposing all the children upon
earth were to die, would the flowers, and
the water, and the sky, be sorry? They
believed they would be sorry. For, said
they, the buds are the children
of the flowers, and the little playful streams
that gambol down the hill sides are the
children of the water; and the smallest
bright specks, playing at hide and seek
in the sky all night, must surely be the
children of the stars; and they would all
be grieved to see their playmates, the
children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that
used to come out in the sky before the
rest, near the church spire, above the
graveyard. It was larger and more beau-
tiful, they thought, than all the others,
and every night they watched for it, standing
hand in hand at a window. Whoever
saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!"
And often they cried out both together,
knowing so well when it would rise, and
where. So they grew to be such friends
with it, that, before lying down in their
beds, they always looked out once again,
to bid it good night; and when they were
turning round to sleep, they used to say,
"God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh
very, very young, the sister drooped, and
came to be so weak that she could no longer
stand in the window at night; and then
the child looked sadly out by him-
self, and when he saw the star, turned
round and said to the patient pale face
on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a
smile would come upon the face, and a
little weak voice used to say, "God bless
my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon!
when the child looked out alone, and
when there was no face on the bed; and
when there was a little grave among the
graveyard, not there before; and when the
star made long rays down towards him,
as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and
they seemed to make such a shining way
from earth to Heaven, that when the
child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed
about the star; and dreamed that, lying
where he was, he saw a train of people
taken up that sparkling road by angels.—
And the star, opening, showed him a
great world of light, where many more
such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting,
turned their beaming eyes upon the peo-
ple who were carried up into the star;
and soon came out from the long rows in
which they stood, and fell upon the peo-

ple's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and
went away with them down avenues of
light, and were so happy in their com-
pany, that lying in his bed he wept for
joy.

But, there were many angels who did
not go with them, and among them one
he knew. The patient face that once had
laid upon the bed was glorified and radi-
ant, but his heart found out his sister
among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the en-
trance of the star, and said to the leader
among those who had brought the people
thither:

"Is my brother come?"
And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when
the child stretched out his arms, and
cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!"
and then she turned her beaming eyes
upon him, and it was night; and the star
was shining into the room, making long
rays down towards him as he saw it thro'
his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked
upon the star as the house he was to go to,
when his time should come; and he tho't
that he did not belong to the earth alone,
but to the star, too, because of his sister's
angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother
to the child; and while he was so little
that he never yet had spoken a word, he
stretched his tiny form out on his bed,
and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open
star, and of the company of angels, and
the train of people, and the rows of an-
gels, with their beaming eyes all turned
upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"
And he said, "Not that one, but an-
other."

As the child beheld his brother's angel
in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am
here! Take me!" And she turned
and smiled upon him, and the star was
shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was
busy at his books when an old servant
came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her
blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all
that former company. Said his sister's
angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"
And he said, "Thy mother."

A mighty cry of joy went forth through
all the star, because the mother was re-
united to her two children. And he
stretched out his arms and cried, "O,
mother, sister, and brother, I am here!
Take me!" And they answered him,
"Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was
turning grey, and he was sitting in his
chair by the fireside, heavy with grief,
and with his face bedewed with tears,
when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is
my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden
daughter."

And the man who had been the child
saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a
celestial creature among those three, and
he said, "My daughter's head is on my
sister's bosom, and her arm is round my
mother's neck, and at her feet there is the
baby of old time, and I can hear the part-
ing from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man,
and his once smooth face was wrinkled,
and his steps were slow and feeble, and
his back was bent. And one night, as he
lay upon his bed, children standing round,
he cried, as he cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is
dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling
from me like a garment, and I move to-
wards the star as a child. And O, my
Father, now I thank thee that it has so
often opened, to receive those dear ones
who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines
upon his grave.

A traveler in Ireland, having
been inclined to deny that the peasantry
were humorous, was told to ask any ques-
tion of the first laboring man he met on
the road. Accordingly, on seeing a sturdy
fellow breaking stones, he says, "Now
my man, if the devil were to come here
just now, which would he take, you or
me?" "Me, to be sure," says the man,
"for he's certain of your honor at any
time."

One day, at a farm house, a wag
saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings
of some night caps that lay on the ground
to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I
call introducing cotton into Turkey."

Letter From Kentucky.

CAMP WOOD, KY., Dec. 20, 1861.

Correspondence of The Alleghanian.

The 78th Penna. regiment marched
from Camp Nevin on the 26th of Novem-
ber last, and encamped on the south side
of Nolin Creek, two miles distant. The
camp was named Camp Negley, in honor
of Gen. James S. Negley, commander of
the brigade. It commenced raining be-
fore we had succeeded in digging ditches
around the tents and grading the streets,
which had the effect of rendering it ex-
tremely unpleasant for the time being.—
The rain continued for several days, and
the adjacent waters were much swollen.
The railroad bridge at Rolling Fork was
swept away, thus cutting off our commu-
nication with Louisville. By this acci-
dent our supply of provisions was stopped,
and we put on short allowance for a few
days. The bridge was soon reconstructed,
however, and our commissary stores now
arrive with their wonted regularity.

During the last three days of Novem-
ber, we had quite a "cold snap" here.—
Snow fell to the depth of three inches,
and laid several days, during which time
the boys brought in hundreds of rabbits.
These animals are very plenty here.

A change has recently been made in
our brigade. It formerly consisted of the
77th, 78th and 79th Penna. regiments,
and Capt. Meuler's battery of light artil-
lery, and was called the Penna. Brigade.
The 77th, Col. Staumbaugh, has been
transferred to the brigade of Gen. Wood.
We are now the 7th Brigade of the Cen-
tral Division of the Department of the
Ohio. Col. Hambright, of the 79th
Penna., has the right; Col. Sirwell, of
the 78th, the left; Col. Starkweather, of
the 1st Wisconsin the right center; and
Col. Scribner, of the 38th Indiana, the
left center.

Our brigade moved from Camp Negley
to Camp M'Cook on the 11th. The tents
and cooking utensils were sent by rail,
and the knapsacks and baggage were trans-
ported in wagons. We arrived at 9 P. M.,
and pitched our tents by moonlight. Our
sick were sent to the General Hospital at
Louisville, where a few have since died.

Soon after our arrival here, the arti-
ficers of Col. Starkweather's regiment com-
menced to rebuild the railroad bridge
across Bacon Creek, which was burned by
the rebels on the night of Dec. 5. It was
finished in twenty-six hours.

On Monday last we again received
marching orders, and on Tuesday morn-
ing we pulled stakes and marched to-
wards Green River. We arrived at Mum-
fordsville at 1 P. M., and commenced to
pitch our tents and fix up our new home.

While thus engaged, our attention was
arrested by the discharge of artillery on
the other side of the river. In a few mo-
ments a messenger announced that our
forces were engaging the rebels, and that
our brigade was ordered to proceed im-
mediately to the scene of action. Our
operations were immediately stopped, and
the words "fall in! fall in!" rang thro'
the camp. A few minutes after, we were
in line of battle. We hastened at once
toward the field of battle, but before we
had crossed the river the firing ceased,
and the rebels were driven back towards
the Horse Cave. So we were compelled
to return to camp without having had the
satisfaction of participating in the fight.

Lieut. Col. Vontrombie was the hero
of the day. He, with a part of Col. Wil-
lich's 32d Indiana Regiment, was sent
across the river to act as pickets, when
they were attacked by a cavalry regiment
under command of Col. Terry, and two
regiments of infantry, supported by a bat-
tery of artillery. The engagement lasted
about forty minutes, and at times the can-
nonading was very brisk. Vontrombie
with his little band of about 400, repul-
sed and scattered their whole force. The
loss on our side was eleven killed, eight
mortally wounded, and twenty or thirty
slightly. The rebels admit a loss of forty,
but it is supposed to be much greater.

Among their killed are Col. Terry and
Capt. Morgan. They are said to be re-
tiring toward Bowling Green, and are de-
stroying the railroad track and burning
the wood that was cut for the use of the
rail road company.

Our camp is about half a mile from
Mumfordsville, the county seat of Hart
County, and 73 miles south of Louisville.
The Louisville and Nashville R. R. cross-
es Green River at this place. The bridge
is near one thousand feet long, and one
hundred and sixty-five feet above the bed
of the stream. The rebels, by blowing
up one of the piers, destroyed two spans
of the bridge. It is an iron structure
and very substantially built, each span
being independent of the rest.

The water of this river has a peculiar
greenish color, when not swollen by rains.
Its taste is agreeable, and I believe it is
wholesome. We expect lively times as
soon as the bridge is repaired, when, per-
haps, you will hear something more in-
teresting from me. BOANERGES.

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haps, you will hear something more in-
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Thoughts on the Old Year.

Correspondence of The Alleghanian.

Soon will the recording angel have
registered another year upon the hoary
pages of time. Soon will one of the most
eventful years of American history have
rolled away, leaving the historian the
most stupendous events to chronicle that
ever distorted the political world.

The past has been a year of revolutions,
both political and religious. It has been
a year of wonders, a year of miracles.—
An army, vast in proportion, formidable
in power, and as brave and patriotic as
ever entered the field, has spontaneously
arisen from the busy throng of the city,
the quiet inhabitants of the hamlet, and
the enterprising husbandman. The stu-
dent has left his studio, the lawyer the
bar, the minister the sacred rostrum, the
farmer the field, the mechanic the shop—
and voluntarily laid themselves upon the
altar of their country. The hoarded
wealth of this mighty nation glitters upon
her bending altars and crowds her coffers.
A navy floats along our eastern seaboard,
breathing death and destruction to the
hideous evil of secession.

One year ago the sun never shed his
beams on a country freer, better and hap-
pier than our own. In no other land was
there more active industry, more social
harmony, more abiding faith, hope and
charity. Commerce launched her bark
upon the deep, with the assurance that
she had but the warring of the elements,
and not the more appalling tyranny of
man, to contend with. The Angel of
Peace chanted her sweet song from the
inland oceans of the North to the tropical
seas of the South. The sword of rebel-
lion reposed in its scabbard, and the bat-
tle-cry was not heard in all the land.

Alas! how changed the scene. Our
country now rocks beneath the tread of a
million of armed men. The battle-cry
wakes an echo in almost every state, city
and village in the Union. The sword has
leaped from its scabbard, and is crimsoned
with the life current of those who one
year ago joined in the festivities of a
happy "New Year." The Angel of Death
flaps his wings in triumph over the field
of sanguinary strife, where lie buried the
blest hopes of many fathers and homes.

In the last year the peaceful cottage of
the husbandman has been converted into
a headquarters for the death-scheming
general, and his fields trampled beneath
the feet of war-steeds. The glorious old
Stars and Stripes that have in peace and
safety waved in a purer atmosphere than
despots ever breathed for nearly four score
and six years; in whose folds we have
found protection on every sea and in every
land, have been torn from their proud
eminence by Southern demagogues, and
the accursed rattlesnake flag—its emblem
of the serpentine brood that inaugurated
secession—hoisted in its place. May the
day soon come when every scotch or rat-
tlesnake flag will be torn down, twisted
into a string, and adjusted around the
neck of Secession, till the Old Serpent—
the father of treason and the prince of
rebels—be choked out of them.

The old year will soon be gone—gone
too, for ever—with all its sorrows and all
its joys. Its golden moments are drop-
ping off, one by one, and each tells but the
number less, and brings us nearer and
nearer to the grave.

Where are our friends, our parents, our
children, with whom we conversed on last
New Year's day? Ask the old arm chair
of its former occupant, and silence with
its solemn voice will whisper, "Gone, never
to return. The vacant cradle reminds the
mother of the bright eyes, the golden
curls, the prattling tongue—but where is
the opening bud? Let the grave answer.
Oh! how many tears have been shed, how
many ties have been sundered, how many
families have been riven to pieces, how
many hearts have been made to bleed, dur-
ing the past year? How many families
mourn the absence of a beloved Absalom,
who, with burnished steel in hand, is now
upon the tented field, or bleaching in a
warrior's grave!

The year is made up of sunshine and
shade, of pleasure and pain, of disappoint-
ment and gratified ambition. Soon a
new year will begin to chronicle its mo-
ving events. What shall it end in—
peace or war? We will wait and see.

Wilmore, Dec. 25, 1861. VICTOR.

A Palander in traveling on his
way to Manchester, New Hampshire, ar-
rived at the fork of the road where there
stood a sign board, which ran thus, "Man-
chester, four miles." "Man chased her
for four miles!" cried Pat. "By the
holly piker, I could have caught her my-
self in half the time!"

John Randolph Outdone.

Of the many anecdotes of this eccentric
man of Roanoke, we don't believe the
following was ever in print:

He was traveling in a part of Virginia
with which he was unacquainted. In the
meantime, he stopped during the night at
an inn near the forks of the road. The
inn keeper was a fine old gentleman, and
no doubt one of the first families of the
Old Dominion. Knowing who his dis-
tinguished guest was, he endeavored to
draw him into conversation, but failed in
all his efforts. But in the morning, when
Mr. Randolph was ready to start he called
for his bill, which, on being presented,
was paid. The landlord, still anxious to
have some conversation with him, began
as follows:

"Which way are you traveling Mr.
Randolph?"

"Sir," said Randolph, with a look of
displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which
way are you traveling?"

"Have I paid my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I am going just where I please
—do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat
excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off—
But to the landlord's surprise, in a few
minutes the servant returned to inquire
which of the forks of the road to take.—
Randolph not being out of hearing dis-
tance, the landlord spoke at the top of his
voice:

"Mr. Randolph you don't owe me one
cent; just take which road you please."
It is said that the air turned blue with
the curses of Randolph.

Biography of a Statesman.

Some thirty years ago, says the Pitts-
burg *Ariel*, a barefooted boy floated down
the Susquehanna on a humble raft, and
arrived at Harrisburg. He came from the
North, and belonged to a large family;
all his worldly goods were tied up in a
pocket-handkerchief. He sought and
obtained employment in a printing-office
as an apprentice.

From an apprentice to a journeyman,
from a journeyman to a reporter, from a
reporter to an editor—the printer-boy
walked his way, against obstacles which
the suffering poor only know. The per-
severance with which he followed in
Franklin's footsteps began to realize for
him the fruits of toil and privation.

The young aspirant became printer to
the State, and by frugal management was
soon enabled to accomplish the object
nearest his heart—the establishment of
his mother in a home above want and in
possession of every comfort she could de-
sire. His brothers were his next care;
and, like Napoleon, he had a strong arm
with which to aid them, an indomitable
perseverance that nothing could success-
fully obstruct. In a few years, they too,
with his sisters, were independent in the
world; the once barefoot printer-boy was
in possession of affluence and wealth, sur-
rounded by a young and affectionate fam-
ily. He was a friend of the friendless, a
patron of merit, and an encourager of
industry.

He rose in honor and office, until the
barefoot printer-boy—who entered a print-
ing-office in Harrisburg, hungry and
weary, laid down his bundle on a pile of
wet paper, and asked to become a printer's
apprentice—was elected a United States
Senator.

This man is Simon Cameron, the pres-
ent Secretary of War.

A man named Death, still a resi-
dent of Ohio, formerly lived in Cincinnati
where he sold liquors. Over the door of
his store was the sign of "Rectified Whis-
key," and under this his name, Abraham
Death. An old lady from the country
with her son, was one day quietly wending
her way through the streets in a wagon.
The sign caught her eye, she read it,
"Rectified Whiskey, Absolute Death."—
"That's a fact, Johnny, let me out;
there's one honest whiskey seller in Cin-
cinnati, I want to see what he looks like."

Col. Jones, met one of his soldiers
the other day coming into camp, pretty
well intoxicated. He took his canteen
from him, turned it up, and poured the
whiskey upon the ground. The soldier
watched the operation until the last drop
gurgled from the vessel, when he observed;
"I suppose that's all right, Colonel, but
I never could o' had the heart to a done
it."

The conflict of patience is such
that the vanquished is better than the
vanquisher.