|  | $I$ |  |  |  |  |
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| VOLUME 3. | EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1862. |  |  |  | NUMBER 24. |
|  | Praise to His Right Hand that made us Nation, soil and empire one And while that Right Hand shall aid us, Spoil the God be ni work shall none. Speed the cry, | far south as the Gulf of Mexico, and from issippi river westwardly |  | millions to keep Som war is settled. |  |
|  |  |  | my draan or trance, A. jon chaose to |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Umon, Law, and Liberty ! } \\ & \text { Heirs of freedom, could we cower? } \\ & \text { Give the way to traitor rage? } \\ & \text { Stand and see a slave-born power } \\ & \text { Rend our glorious beritage? } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | This we've armed tor-not defiant, Not athirst for vengeful strife ; But on Duty's sword reliant, Conflict dire-yet Heaven's probation, Bracing into one our might : |  |  |  |  |
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|  | Conflict dire-yet Heaven's probation, Bracing into one our might: <br> Eracing into or lribulation ; |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | To the Lord of Hosts, Hosannah ! Rebel madness, pray Him, cease- |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Praise Him, praise Hirp, ever giving First or last, the just award. Praise Him, praise Him, ever living <br> Our sole King and sovereign Lor |  |  |  |  |
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|  | genemaftelellan's dreak |  |  |  |  |
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|  | that the door of my roam. which I hadcarefnlly locked, was thrown suddenlyopen, and some one strode to me, and, |  |  |  |  |
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|  | prevented, the foc will be on Washing- ton!" |  |  |  |  |
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|  | grape shot discharged direetly throngh mybrain. I could not move, however, al-though-I tried hard to raise my head from |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Regwer and Recorder-Ld ward F. Lytie. <br> Sierif-John Buck. |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | and yet unknown intruder, oppressed me, I once more heard the same slow, solemn ono |  |  |  |  |
|  | once more heard voice repeat: "General MClellan, do you sleep at |  |  |  |  |
| County Commiskioners-D. T. Storm, James |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | time; it seemed as though 1 -a mere atom of water-wus suspended in the cen- tre of infinite space, and that the voice |  |  |  |  |
| Poor Houme Steward.-James J. Kayior. Mercantile Appraizer-John Farrell. Avitors-John F. Stall, Thomas J. N |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | gained by some felt and yet unknown power, my volition, and with the change, the grapeshot discharge sensation in my |  |  |  |  |
|  | orain ceased, and a strange but new one |  |  |  |  |
| Nitan |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | thought I started up. for whether I wasawake or asleep I am utterly unable to |  |  |  |  |
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