

The Alleghenian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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Carroll Station, Danl. Litzinger, Chest.
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EBENSBURG MAILS.
MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, noon.
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 Ebsensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.
The mails from Newman's Mills, Carlisle, Pa., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebsensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.
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 " 6:50 A. M.
" Mail Train " 10:34 A. M.
CRESSION STATION.
West—Express Train leaves at 9:22 A. M.
" Mail Train " 4:16 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8:03 P. M.
" Mail Train " 11:04 A. M.
[The Fast Lines do not stop.]

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Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.
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Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.
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Supt. of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

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Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.
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Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.
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Town Council—William Kitchell, H. Kinkead, R. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.
Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Judge of Election—John Lloyd.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

March.
BY BAYARD TAYLOR.
With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn Winter dies;
Far off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise:
March!
By streams still held in icy snare,
On Southern hill-sides, melting bare,
O'er fields that motley colors wear,
That summons fills the changeable air:
March!
What though conflicting seasons make
Thy days their field, they woe or shake
The sleeping lids of Life awake,
And Hope is leader for thy sake,
March!
Then from thy mountains, ribbed with snow,
Once more thy rousing bugle blow,
And East and West, and to and fro,
Proclaim thy coming to the foe:
March!
Say to the picket, chilled and numb,
Say to the camp's impatient hum,
Say to the trumpet and the drum,
Lift up your hearts, I come, I come!
March!
Cry to the waiting hosts that stray
On sandy sea-sides far away,
By marshy isle and gleaming bay,
Where Southern March is Northern May:
March!
Announce thyself with welcome noise,
Where Glory's victor-egles poise
Above the proud, heroic boys
Of Iowa and Illinois:
March!
Then down the long Potomac's line
Shout like a storm on hills of pine,
Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine:
"Advance! the chief's call is mine!"
March!

Letter from the "Silver Grays."

CAMP CURTIN, Feb. 28, 1862.
Correspondence of The Alleghenian.
It is a source of real pleasure to be favored with the opportunity of taking by the hand those to whom we feel indebted for favors conferred, and for whom we entertain sentiments of esteem. The "Silver Grays" cannot forget, nor would they if they could, the deep interest you manifested in behalf of the company, at a time when the helping hand was needed, and your unflinching devotion to the cause of volunteer organizations in Cambria county, from the very inauguration of this monstrous rebellion. These were the considerations which moved the hearts of the "Old men of the Mountain," on the occasion of your recent visit to our quarters in Camp Curtin, and which prompted the friendly reception with which you were greeted on that occasion. "A friend in need is a friend indeed" is an adage which, though not very classically expressed, is, nevertheless, a truism. The relation which has existed, and which continues to exist, between you, Mr. Editor, and the "Grays," is evidence of the value of your personal aid, and that it is properly appreciated by every man in our ranks.
Camp Curtin is being "cleaned out." On Wednesday, the camp was electrified by the intelligence, that an immediate onward march had been ordered. Preparatory to the removal of the Regiments from camp, it has devolved upon his Excellency, Governor Curtin, to present the Standards, voted by the Legislature, to each of the Regiments in the field. The presentation of the Flags to the 54th, (Col. Campbell's,) 56th, (Col. Meredith's,) 101st, (Col. Wilson's,) and the 103d, (Col. Lehman's,) took place on the afternoon of Wednesday last, in front of the State Arsenal. The ceremonies were of the most interesting character. The four Regiments were drawn up, upon the Capitol Grounds, one in rear of the other in their numerical order. The Governor, accompanied by the Adjutant General of the Commonwealth, appeared upon the stage erected for the occasion; the former holding in his hands the Standards designed for the respective Regiments. Prior to the formal presentation, Governor Curtin delivered one of the most thrilling, patriotic, and eloquent addresses, to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen. There stood before him three thousand men, who had voluntarily left their homes, to undergo the hazards and privations of war, for the purpose of protecting the Government from subversion by traitors. He congratulated them upon the prospect of a glorious and

final triumph of the Federal arms. In the name of the People of Pennsylvania, he thanked them for the alacrity with which they had hastened to the rescue of their country from the destruction with which dark rebellion threatened it. He saw before him men of every religious creed—of every nation—of every political party—men who had left behind them all personal, religious and political animosities, that they might, by a united effort, keep floating aloft the Stars and Stripes which had, for more than four score years, been our protection upon every sea, and our shield from insult in the most distant lands. At such a time and upon such an occasion, he could make no distinction, other than that designated by loyalty or disloyalty to the Government. He embraced them as brothers, engaged in the one holy cause. He reminded them that, in their absence, the orisons of those left behind them would ascend from the church and the fire-side, for their protection and safe return.

The Governor was peculiarly happy in that portion of his address, in which he assured the troops, then assembled before him, that their wives, their children and their mothers should be cared for in their absence—that the obligation, rested upon the Legislature, now in session, to make provision for the families of the soldiers who are absent, defending the Government against the assaults of domestic foes—that he, the Executive, would most cheerfully execute the wishes of the law-making power. He recommended speedy action, in terms which indicated the deep interest he takes in that which has for its object the welfare of the citizen soldier. The Governor's eloquent words reached the hearts of his auditory. Expressive silence marked the proceedings. The men drank in every word that came from the speaker's lips. New vigor seemed to be imparted to the determination of the troops. Take it all in all, the flag presentation of Wednesday last was one of the most cheering exhibitions I have ever witnessed.

I must not neglect to allude, in proper terms, to the well conceived and eloquently spoken replies of the Colonels of the respective Regiments. Their several speeches were evidently the ebullitions of hearts that beat in unison with the patriotic emotions which the Governor's address had kindled in the hearts of all around. While the necessary brevity of a letter precludes the possibility of following either the speaker or respondents throughout their entire addresses, I must refer more particularly to one than to the others. Your readers are well aware that the 54th Regiment, commanded by Col. J. M. Campbell, has been designated as the Cambria County Regiment. Of course, more interest is taken by our people in every thing concerning that corps, than is bestowed upon strangers. Your correspondent was influenced by this partiality, on the occasion referred to. When the flag was handed to Col. Campbell, I felt a pride, while looking over the fine body of men under his command, and this feeling was not diminished, while looking from the line to the Regimental and Company officers. The 54th, now on its way to join the Army of the Potomac, is as well officered as any Regiment in the field. I feel safe in predicting for it, a career of glory and usefulness.
Col. Campbell's reply to the Governor's address was a most beautiful and appropriate impromptu. It was heard only by a few nearest the stand, the Colonel's characteristic modesty inducing him to rather hide the merits of his effort, than to make himself or it conspicuous. He pledged himself, and those whom he represented, that that "banner" should never be disgraced—that the members of the 54th would do their duty to the cause in which they had enlisted—that the honor of good old Pennsylvania should be safe in their hands. I much mistake my man, if Col. Campbell's pledged faith be not redeemed.
The flying reports, that the Army of the Potomac are now engaged, along the whole line, in battle with the enemy in Virginia, causes a great sensation in this quarter. Were it not for the bustle, caused by the marching out of the Regiments from this camp, our anxiety would be painful in the extreme. The General Government having taken charge of the telegraph lines, we expect to be kept in the dark for some days. However, we have an abiding confidence in the successful result of the Federal arms—that, when the cloud, which now hovers over the battle-field, shall have been dispelled, the view presented will be of the most gratifying description—Victory will be seen perched upon the Banners of Freedom—the loud shout of triumph will make the very welkin ring—our brethren in arms will wave back to us the assurance, that "all is well."
HIGH PRIVATE.

Letter from Kentucky.

CAMP HAMBRIGHT, Ky. Feb. 21, 1862.
Correspondence of The Alleghenian.
The monotony of camp life affords but little of interest to your readers, hence I have been silent for some time; but as there has been a change in our location since my last communication, I shall endeavor to let you know where we are and what we are doing.
Gen. Cook's division (including, of course, the Bully 78th) left Camp Wood on Friday, 14th inst. We marched toward Elizabethtown, intending to strike the Ohio at West Point, and then proceed by steamboats. We marched fifteen miles, and at sundown turned into a clearing by the road-side. On account of the bad condition of the roads, our teams did not reach us and we were compelled to bivouac. There were two inches of snow on the ground, but by burning the brush heaps, fence rails, and every other combustible within our reach, we managed to pass without freezing, one of the coldest nights of the season. On Saturday we "lay to" until 2 o'clock p. m., waiting for further orders. A dispatch at that hour brought the unwelcome intelligence that our services were not needed by Gen. Grant, and that the orders for marching in that direction had been countermanded. We immediately turned our faces toward Green River, and proceeded until near night, and then halted two miles south of Bacon Creek. The night was passed in the same manner as the preceding one. At 9 a. m., on Sunday we again resumed our march, reaching Mumfordsville at noon.
We passed the burial place of those who fell at the battle of Rowlet Station. A neat white paling fence surrounds the spot. From every twig of the evergreen wreaths, little icicles hung pendant, sparkling like brilliants in the bright sunlight, and melting, dropped like tears upon the honored graves of the patriot heroes. We encamped near Rowlet, two miles south of Green River. The camp was called Camp Sirwell, in honor of our colonel.
On Monday, at 7 a. m., we again struck tents and continued our southward march. During the forenoon the rain poured down upon us almost incessantly. The roads were almost impassable in places, and we were obliged to turn into the woods and fields, thus rendering the march much more fatiguing. The rebels have left their mark along the road over which we passed. They destroyed five miles of rail road by tearing up the track, breaking the rails, and burning the ties. They filled the deep cuts at each end of the tunnel between this place and Cave City, by rolling a great number of huge rocks off the hill. They tried to fill the tunnel by blasting, but after a few attempts Gen. Hingham abandoned the project, saying, "The d—d Yankees will wheel the spawls out faster in a wheel-barrow than we can blow them in."
The Union men have suffered severely. The charred ruins of stores, dwellings, barns and grain stacks are frequently met with. The splendid and capacious hotel at Cave City, erected for the accommodation of persons visiting the Mammoth Cave, is also burned. They drove horses and cattle into the springs and ponds, and then shot them, in order to corrupt the water, and create disease among our troops. This I conceive to be the greatest of their atrocities. It is said that the rebel authorities did not approve of these acts of Gen. Hindman; but of this we have no evidence.
We are still on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Rail Road, on which there are two thousand men constantly at work, and to-morrow will probably see it repaired as far as Barren River. This camp is 95 miles from Louisville, 22 from Bowling Green, and 92 from Nashville. Most of the water used by this brigade is obtained from the Dripping Cave, one of the noted subterranean caverns which abound in this locality. The news of the recent Union victories are received here with great enthusiasm. On the reception of the news from Fort Henry, our regiment had a torchlight procession. We formed on the parade ground at "attoo," and after paying our respects to Gen. Negley, we proceeded to the camps of the other regiments composing our brigade.
While we were marching and counter-marching, Gen. Mitchell, whose division lay at Bacon Creek while we were at Camp Wood, advanced on and occupied Bowling Green. This caused us no little chagrin, for we had been in the advance until then—had built bridges at Rolling Fork, Bacon Creek, and Green River—had built depots and bakeries—had repaired the rail road and telegraph lines—had erected a line of fortifications at

Green River, and hoped to be allowed to proceed to Bowling Green and Nashville, and to lay aside, for a while, the axe, pick and spade, and bring into use more offensive weapons.

The weather has been very changeable for some time. One day may be bright, and spring-like, the next dark, cool, and raining, and on a third the earth is covered with a mantle of snow, and the cold wind makes us close our Sibleys and keep our little camp stoves in full blast. On such days we can scarcely realize that we are approaching the Sunny South.

Circular by the Governor and the Speakers of the Senate and the House.

The British Aristocracy and the American Republic—Against which the Batteries of Internal and External Enemies will be most constantly and actively Directed.—Washington's Farewell Address.
To the Patriotic Citizens of the County-seats in Pennsylvania:—We address you in accordance with the accompanying Resolutions, adopted at the late celebration in the Capitol, of the Battle of New Orleans, by the Senators and Representatives.
While our armies are in the field, and while the Executive and Legislative branches of the Commonwealth, are resolved to do their whole duty to strengthen their hands, the greater power is still in the power of the people. Aside from the patriotic appeals of the press, meetings of the people should be held, and public opinion should be constantly appealed to by the orator, in behalf of the great National principles and interests which are now at stake, and warned of the extent to which they are endangered by enemies of the Republic among the aristocracy of England, in addition to its enemies at home. This was the common feeling of the Senators and Representatives of Pennsylvania, when at the celebration referred to, they heard PROFESSOR AMASSA MCCOY's soul-stirring Oration on "the London Times on the Rebellion and the War against the National Constitution." Every one wished that every one of his constituents could have heard it; and it is particularly desired that it should be delivered in every County-seat in the Commonwealth. We are glad to be able to state that PROFESSOR MCCOY has consented to do this, so far as influential and patriotic citizens sign a written invitation to this effect, and will make the suitable arrangements. If you will forward such invitation to the office of the Executive, the time will be reported to you as soon as it can be ascertained.
Professor McCoy (Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in the Ballston and Albany Law Schools) is an orator of commanding eloquence and power. His oration on the death of Daniel Webster, in 1852, was greatly admired and extolled by such eminent judges of eloquence as Edward Everett, Speaker Winthrop, and Secretary Seward. Rufus Choate pronounced it to be "the most adequate to the great subject which he had read."
Professor McCoy has resided at Washington, ever since the first note of alarm to the Capitol. He is Secretary of Cassius M. Clay's Washington Guards, and mounted guard during the dark and perilous days when the Capitol was cut off from the loyal States. When it was announced that Washington's remains had been removed by the traitors, he rode to Mount Vernon to ascertain the truth of the report, and reported to the Government. He seems to have received inspiration from this visit to the Tomb at that critical period; and his oration is based on the doctrines and maxims of Washington. It was first delivered in Washington City on the anniversary of the delivery of the Farewell Address. It was repeated on the National Fast Day, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, before the President and his Cabinet. It was greatly admired and applauded; and an officer of the Government wrote, that "Aside from its statesmanlike views, and masterly defence of our National Cause—as a display of oratory, I doubt if Prof. McCoy's oration was ever equalled in that magnificent Hall." Upon being invited by some citizens of this State, who heard it twice in Washington, Prof. McCoy has twice repeated it in Lancaster, and four times in the city of Harrisburg.
Very Respectfully Yours,
A. G. CURTIN, Gov. of the Com'th.
L. W. HALL, Speaker of Senate.
JOHN ROWE, Speaker of House of Reps.
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Harrisburg, Jan. 4, 1862.

A Southern Traitoress.

A correspondent of the the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Tennessee, relates the following romantic adventure of a young Harrisburger in that State:
A young man belonging to one of the Tennessee regiments—he held the rank of first lieutenant in his company—was very dangerously wounded in Saturday morning's strife, and was not expected to live when I left Dover, where he lay in much pain and in more remorse.
The young man told me he was a native of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and had resided there until the autumn of 1859, when he went to Columbia, Tennessee, and there engaged in the practice of the law with considerable success. While in that State, he became acquainted with and enamored of a young woman of culture and fortune, a distant relative, I understand of Gen. Pillow, and was soon engaged to marry her. The love-stream of the young couple flowed smoothly enough until the fall of Sumter, and the secession of Tennessee, when the affianced husband, a strong advocate for the Union, returned home, desiring to wed after the troubles were over. The betrothed pair corresponded regularly; but some weeks after the lover had gone to Harrisburg, the girl, who had suddenly grown a violent secessionist, informed him that she would not become his wife unless he would enlist in the rebel service and fight for the independence of the South. The young man was exceeding loth to take such a course, and remonstrated with his beloved to no purpose, and at last, in the blindness of his attachment and in the absorbing selfishness of passion, he informed his parents of his intention to win his mistress on the tented field. In vain they endeavored to dissuade him from his resolution. He went to Tennessee raised a company, received the congratulations of his traitorous friends, and the copious caresses of his charming tempter.
Last December the Lieutenant proceeded to Donelson, and a few days before the fight, heard his betrothed was the wife of another. His heart had never been in the cause, though it was in another keeping; and, stung by remorse, and crushed by the perfidy of his mistress, he had no desire to live. Unwilling to desert on the eve of battle the cause he had embraced, lest he might be charged with cowardice, he resolved to lose the existence that had become unbearable to him; and in the thickest of the fight, while seeking death without endeavoring to inflict it, he received a mortal wound. Before this the misguided and betrayed lover had ceased to think of her who so cruelly deceived him; for the Lethan stream of Death is flowing around the Eternity-bound island of his soul. The double traitress will soon learn all; for her lover dictated a letter to her upon his couch of pain. Will she be happy; can she be happy in the rosy hours of her early marriage, when the thought of the dead adorer, slain by her hand, rises like a portentous cloud upon the fair horizon of her life? Will not his pale corpse, with its bleeding wounds, glide between her and her husband's arms, and banish Contentment forever from the profaned sanctuary of her Spirit? If that fair and faithless woman have conscience or feeling, who would ever, though she were the diadem of an empress? And yet she will not suffer. Her heart is made of sterner stuff. She would laugh and mock, though her sacrificed lover stood beside her in his winding-sheet, asking her absolution for the sins she had caused him to commit. Was not the old English poet correct in saying:
"When Woman once to Evil turns,
All Hell within her bosom burns!"
WIT AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—Vanity Fair has the following good thing:
Our "Washington Reliable" sends us the following flash of federal fun by telegraph:
At the late lereen at the White House, the President asked the Russian Ambassador whether he would have taken him for an American, if he had met him anywhere else than in this country.
"No," said the distinguished Muscovite, who, like Old Abe, is a bit of a wag, "I should have taken you for a Pole."
"So I am," exclaimed the President, straightening himself up to his full altitude, "and a Liberty Pole at that."
A shop was broken open one night, but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked so high, they couldn't afford to take them."