The Alleghanian.

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

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM; $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 4. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1862. NUMBER 9.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	*Post Masters.*	*Districts.*
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CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. Harison, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. Show, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. Loxg, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10½ 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.

Welsh Independent—Rev. Ll. 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 2 and 6 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.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. David Jenkins, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. Myernan, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 9 o'clock, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 4½ o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 3 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, Carrolltown, &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.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.

West—*Balt. Express leaves at		3.38 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"	9.22 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.53 P. M.
" Local Freight	"	4.20 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.43 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	3.20 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.31 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.

West—*Balt. Express leaves at		9.01 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"	9.45 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.56 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.14 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	2.56 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.01 A. M.

*Daily, except Mondays.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.
Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.
Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglass, George Delany.
Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.
Auditors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R Donnegan.
County Surveyor.—E. A. Vickroy.
Coroner. James S. Todd.
sp't. of Common Schools—Henry Ely.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace.—David H. Roberts Harrison Kinkead.
Burgess—George Huntley.
School Directors—E. J. Mills, Dr. John M. Jones, Isaac Evans.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Thomas Todd.
Town Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, E. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.
Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.
Assessor—Thomas P Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—William Kittell, 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.

Time.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Solemn, yet beautiful, O Time!
Thy shadowy mantle sweeps
Along the mountains of the stars
And o'er the lower deeps;
The music of the spheres is thine,
The music of the sea,
And at thy bidding concord keep
With these all-changing notes of our Humanity.

Solemn, yet beautiful, O Time!
Thou walk'st in regal worth,
Rearing the myriad sounding marts,
And temples of the earth.
Thy very ruins are but change:
Still grander trophies rise
Where lesser monuments appeared,
Enriching evermore thy last and thoughtful eyes.

Solemn, yet beautiful, O Time!
Thy shadowy mantle sweeps
Along the mountains of the stars,
And o'er the lower deeps.
Thy ruins are a prophecy
Of still diviner might,
Telling to man thy own dark grave,
And o'er it, lie for him the great Eternal Light.

One Night's Picket Duty.

Luther Kingston and Frank Milton were chums in one of the Maine colleges and they had nearly completed their course when their studies were interrupted by the reverberations of the rebel cannon planted about Fort Sumter. "War has commenced," said one, "and we are tied to books under the eyes of profs and tutors." "Alas, just so," replied the other. "Why could they not have waited a few months longer? I would then have given up my promised European tour and have gone South instead, with knapsack and musket."

A day or two after came the call for troops. The whole college was in commotion. "I must go, and will," said Kingston. "But not without me," answered his friend. They expected opposition from the president and faculty; but old and young were alike filled with enthusiastic devotion for the old flag of the republic and for those sterling principles and great ideas of which it is the emblem. The friends expressed their desires and intentions. So far from meeting with any opposition from the President, the venerable patriot praised them for their determination, and encouraged them to honor themselves and their college by faithfully doing their whole duty as patriot soldiers. He gave them prayers and bade them God speed, when, full of hope and determination they left the college gates.

The friends obtained commissions in the same company as lieutenants, Kingston being the first and Milton the second. In this matter, as in many others, Frank gave precedence to his friend, for no other reason than this: Luther had a sister of such transcendent beauty and incomparable perfections (in Frank's estimation) that he regarded all connected with her, by ties of blood, as belonging to a superior race of beings. Lucy Kingston was certainly a fine girl—young, amiable and refined; and, strange as it may seem, her opinion of Frank exactly corresponded with his opinion of her. So that most of their disputes, and they were seldom very serious, arose out of protestations against over-estimates. They loved each other as only the young and hopeful can love, but Lucy made no attempt to keep Frank within call when the trumpets sounded. She told him to go, while tears filled her eyes. Moreover, she embroidered a white silken banner for his company, and we happen to know, from a perfectly "reliable gentleman," that when the orator who was to make the presentation speech desired to be "crammed," she told him to say that the donors of that white flag would rather it should become the shroud of its bearers, or return all blackened with powder smoke, riddled with bullets, and stained with the blood of those they loved most dearly, than to see it waving again over dishonored soldiers; with much more to the same purpose. Out of this, the orator—the village lawyer—manufactured certain periods, glowing with eloquence, all of which would have caused immense enthusiasm had not the effect been marred by the too frequent introduction of the words, "gentlemen of the jury," by mistake.

Lucy was a noble, brave girl. She meant all she said, and if any soldier entered the field full of that high and chivalrous courage which love and patriotism combined alone can inspire, that soldier was Frank Milton.

The long days in camp, before starting for the seat of war, were weary enough, but at length the order came to march.—When the parting came, Lucy said nothing at all about "coming back with your shield or on it," because she had no time to "get up" anything in the dramatic line, and besides she had forgotten all about those old Spartan women, who used to say such things because they were made without hearts, or had their hearts hardened by a peculiar and disgusting process before they arrived at maturity. She only said:

"Dear Frank, I hope this war will soon be over, and that you will come back to us all safe. You and I love each other all the same while we are separated. Good bye, Frank, good bye, keep with Luther all the time. Good bye, my own dear Frank." And she wound her arms about his neck, and nestled closely to his heart and wept there—good, honest New England girl as she was and is.

Frank could not stand this. His own eyes were swimming; he left the house almost repenting of his patriotic resolution. A great crowd was about the depot where the regiment was to take the cars. A bystander said in a gruff, coarse voice:

"There goes a pretty soldier; he is crying because he has got to leave his mother."

Said Frank turning about, "You are a snivelling coward, or you wouldn't have said that."

"Coward, am I?" said the bully, approaching with clenched fist.

"Yes, a coward," said Frank, and he gave the ruffian's nose so hearty a twist that he shrieked with pain, while the bystanders said, "That's right." After this Frank felt better; his spirits revived, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Luther and Frank loved each other better than brothers generally do, and they never tired of each other's society; on duty and off, they were as much together as circumstances would permit; they mutually confided in each other; and when Frank sometimes read over Luther's letters to his sister, he wondered how his comrade could address an angel precisely as if she were only an ordinary human being.

One thing only marred the happiness of the friends; they were comparatively idle, and wanted action; the mere routine of camp duties palled upon them, and they refrained from complaint only because they had sense enough to understand that the discipline of the camp was a necessary preparation for successful action upon the field.

It was July, and an advance was to be made. Both of our friends were full of joy. With banners flying, and drums beating, the army marched out toward Manassas. The —— regiment was in the thickest of the fight; in the midst of the confusion of that terrible day the companies became separated from each other, and many of them wholly disorganized; the company to which our friends belonged formed no exception. When the retreat was ordered, Lieut. Kingston could not muster more than twenty men; Milton was no where to be found.

"Who knows anything of Lieut. Milton?" said Luther.

"I saw him try to lift up the captain, a minute after he fell," said one from the ranks, "but it wasn't no use; the Captain was dead. After that he waited to give one of them dyin' rebels some water, and whether he's killed or took's more'n I know—but one or t'other."

The next day in his report to the Col., Kingston named Lieut. Milton among the missing.

The term for which the two friends had enlisted had expired, but Luther could not make up his mind to return home alone, and he applied for and obtained a captain's commission in a new regiment. But no movement of importance was made, and the young captain, dwelling upon the loss of his comrade, became depressed in spirits; he felt lonely and desolate, and oftentimes expressed a wish that he might exchange places with Frank, who he fully believed was under the sod of the battle-field.

When a forward movement was made, Kingston's regiment was in the advance, and his own company was detailed for picket duty, on the day when they came in sight of the enemy's line. The long march, the necessity for action during the operation of laying out the camp and pitching the tents, had partially removed the young officer's melancholy, but it returned with tenfold force after nightfall, when the thought would come that he was drawing nearer to the spot which had been made sacred to him by his great bereavement. He rejoiced when his duty called him to make the rounds of the picket post, and he walked rapidly in the chill moonlight from station to station, exchanging a kind word with each sentinel. He had nearly gone the entire round when he stopped for a few moments at a post occupied by a soldier from his own town, one of his boyhood's playmates; he was leaning heavily upon his rifle, and his attitude betokened that degree of fatigue which verges upon exhaustion. A few moment's conversation ended in a proposition from the captain to complete the round as soon as possible, then to return and take the place of the third picket guard until the relief came, which would be in a little more than an hour.

This arrangement being made, Captain Kingston soon found himself, musket in hand, sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree, watching the glimmer of the rebel fires on the sides of the hills only a mile or two away. His thoughts were not of the most amiable description. Behind those hills the bloody battle had been fought; there his warm-hearted, brave young friend had fallen, one of the sacrifices on the altar of our country's liberty—perhaps even now the feet of traitors were on his breast. Many weeks had passed since that fatal day. Frank might have lingered on, grievously wounded, for many days, tormented with thirst and fever by day, and feel the marrow of his bones grow cold when the chill night winds swept over him—perhaps his bones still lay bleaching on the field. All images of horror forced themselves into the mind of the watcher; he could not shake them off, and he began to repent of his kindness to his fellow-soldier. His tho'ts were interrupted by the sudden, quick crack of half a dozen rifles from the enemy's lines far away; but, hearing nothing more, he soon concluded that the rebel pickets had given an alarm without cause, and resumed his watching and thinking. He lighted a match, and examining his watch, found that the relief might be expected in half an hour. He had just returned the watch to its place, when he heard a rustling among some bushes only a few paces in advance. He leveled his rifle and cocked it before saying—

"Who goes there?"

"If you are a Union santry, a friend," was the answer.

"Halt, and give the countersign," said the captain.

"That's more than I can do; but call your guard, there's only two of us—one a deserter, the other a Union prisoner just got away."

The captain was still suspicious, and taking his revolver from his belt, ascertained that it was ready for use, before he said:

"Advance, I will look at you myself."

"You will find us all right," said one of the men, as he advanced slowly from the bushes. "Our friends over on the hills gave us a taste of their quality less than half an hour ago, by sending a volley of rifle bullets over our heads. We hope you will be more glad to see us than they were to have us come. In the name of hospitality and good fellowship, where are you? It's so long since I have seen the face of a true man, that I'm hungry for a good long look. Ah, there you are, and—what! Luther, my old chum! God bless you! How is Lucy?"

It was Frank, sure enough, rather dirty and dilapidated in the matter of costume, and somewhat grizzly about the face, but not in much worse condition, bodily, than when Kingston last saw him.

Frank's story was a short one. He had been wounded and taken prisoner while in the act of giving to a wounded rebel a drink of water from his canteen. His wound was not serious, and he had been removed from place to place, until an opportunity should occur of sending him to Richmond; he had accidentally met the very soldier to whom he had given the water upon the battle field; he had argued or ridiculed his treason out of him, and they had managed to come together to pay their respects to the stars and stripes. All that Frank wanted at that particular moment was a couple of clean shirts, a decent suit of clothes, and a free ticket home.

The next day, preceded by a telegraphic message, the friends, having obtained a furlough, started for Washington. They arrived home in good time, and in one short month after the performance of his one night's picket duty, Capt. Kingston was busy superintending the distribution of cards, fastened together in pairs by knots of narrow white satin ribbon. One of those pieces of cards reached us in our retirement, and even then we thought of putting the little story of which they formed the climax upon record. But we forgot that "the flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it," and we might have done nothing about it until this day had we not seen the name of Col. Frank Milton mentioned with honor in the late battle of Fair Oaks.

The facts above recorded are substantially true. The names, of course, are wholly disguised.

☞ Soldiers are always most fatigued in April, after finishing a March.

Eyes.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the eye has been prescribed as a cure for Atheism. I am not certain that the prescription would prove generally efficacious among the fools who say in their hearts, "There is no God." But certainly the evidence of skill and wisdom are so apparent in the mechanism of the human eye, as to make manifest the stupid depravity of those who fail to see that a divine hand was employed in its creation. Nor is the human eye more curious or beautiful than the organs of vision of many of the lower order of animals. The investigations of the anatomist, especially when aided in his studies by the microscope, make us acquainted with a world of wonderful facts. Crabs have their eyes placed at the extremities of shelly foot stocks, which themselves are movable hinges, capable of being projected at pleasure, moved in different directions, and packed away, when not in active use, in certain grooves hollowed out expressly for them in the front margin of the shell. The garden snail carries his eyes at the extremity of a pair of horns. Most persons suppose the scallop to be blind, but it has eyes by the score, and every one of them bright as an emerald, and beautifully set. A single dragon fly, according to computation of naturalists, has more than twenty thousand eyes, and splendid ones they are. The spider has fewer eyes—generally not more than eight in number—but they are perfect in form, finely set, and almost as brilliant as diamonds. The eye of the eel is protected by a tough transparent covering that enables him to thrust his head through sand and mud without at all impairing his vision. The fish hawk has eyes that are both microscopic, to fit him for the life he leads.—Animalculæ too minute to be seen by the human eye are found, when examined by a magnifying glass, to have well defined and useful organs of vision.

Solomon seems to have made the eye a study, and frequently refers to it in his writings. He warns us against eating the bread of him that hath an evil eye—that is, of the covetous hypocrite who grudges his guests the entertainment to which he has invited them. In the East, the words of Solomon would receive a more literal application; for to this day there are whole nations that have full faith in the malignant potency of an evil eye. Thomson tells us that the Syrians stand in such dread of this blight that they resort to countless charms to ward it off. If you only look at a beautiful child, you must repeat the name of the Prophet of God, or of the Virgin, with a prayer for protection. If you extol the beauty of a horse, you must immediately spit on it; and the same is done to a child, though most persons are content to blow in its face and pronounce a charm. Bright and striking figures are made on fig trees to draw attention from the fruit, lest it be blasted by a too steadfast look. We read also of haughty and lofty eyes, that are wanton, of the eyes of a fool that are in the end of the earth, and of the eyes of the spouse in Cantitle, which are like the fish pools in Heshlow, by the gate of Bathrabbim.

Sermon on Education.

To the Reverend Clergy of the State:

Gentlemen—The Educational State Convention, which was in session in Harrisburg last August, unanimously adopted a resolution, "That ministers of the Gospel throughout the State be requested to preach, on the first Sunday in December, 1862, a sermon on popular education."

As the Convention adopted no means to make its wishes on the subject known to you, other than the publication of the minutes of its proceedings, I have taken the liberty, in this manner, to invite your attention to it.

At all times, the due training of the young is of great importance, and the relation to it of the Christian ministry is plain and intimate. In the present unhappy juncture of our national affairs—regarding the future through the uncertain light of the present—this importance is vastly increased, and the relation of your body to it seems to become in the same proportion nearer.

The wishes of the Convention are therefore cordially commended to your favorable consideration, with the hope that you will simultaneously add your prayers to the Father of Light that He will at this time especially bless the cause of general education, and so guide the efforts of all entrusted with its care that the youth of the land may become Christian citizens of a once more united and prosperous Republic. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
THOMAS H. BURROWES,
Supt. Com. Schools.

Department of Common Schools,
Harrisburg, Nov. 11, 1862.

Interesting Ceremony---Sword Presentation.

Camp Hammond, D. C., Nov. 13, 1862.
Correspondence of The Alleghanian.

Last evening, just after coming in from dress parade, it was my good fortune to witness one of the most interesting ceremonies which has occurred in the regiment since we came out. I allude to the presentation of a sword to Captain S. H. Brown, of Company C, 137th Penna. Vols., as a token of the respect and esteem of the company under his command, and of their gratitude for the unnumbered acts of kindness shown them.

The company being drawn up in front of the Captain's marquee, in presence of the staff and line officers, the sword was presented on behalf of the company in the following brief and patriotic address:

"Captain Brown: The soldiers of your company have selected me as the medium through which they desire to present you with this testimonial of their regard and esteem. They have purchased, and have here for you, a magnificent sword and pair of shoulder-straps, and as if to make them more expressive of their bountiful regard for you, they purchased them with the Government bounty. No words that I can utter, nor any outward show, can more than feebly express the earnest inward impulses of the hearts that prompt the present. Your social qualities when off duty; your strict military discipline when on duty; the generous impulses of your nature; the noble qualities of your head and heart, all combine to call forth the testimonial of their due appreciation. Take, then, this splendid sword and these beautiful epaulettes—the one true as the generous and brave hearts that give it; the other adorning as are the graces of their recipient. If, perchance, the fortunes of war bring you and the donors face to face with the rebel foe, be assured, yea, doubly assured, that wherever you bravely point this glittering blade, they will gallantly follow."

On receiving the sword and epaulettes, Captain Brown replied in the following words:

"Fellow Soldiers: In accepting this testimonial of your affection, I must say that the joy and gratitude it calls forth on my part are mingled with a degree of regret, and that regret is, that I am unable to express to you my true feelings and emotions upon the reception of so valuable a token. Although at present we are rather peacefully employed in cutting timber, building forts, erecting log cabins, &c., we may soon be called to the sterner duties of war. Should we be so called upon, I hope and trust that I may use this handsome and valuable present of yours in such a way and manner as to cause you no regret at its bestowal; and wherever I go, I shall carry the remembrance of this day as one of the proudest of my life—never to be effaced or forgotten while reason lasts. And now, one and all of you, accept my best wishes and most unqualified thanks for this flattering proof of your confidence."

The Captain's speech was followed by three tremendous cheers and a "tiger" from the approving spectators. The ceremony was then wound up with a piece of patriotic and soul-stirring music from our excellent Band, after which we retired to our quarters, highly gratified with the entire proceedings and regretting that there are so few such men in the world as Captain Brown.

Romping—Don't be afraid of a little romping on the part of your girls, and never punish them for indulging in it, but thank Heaven, who has endowed them so largely with animal spirits. These must have vent in some way, and better the glow which a little romping imparts to the cheeks, than a distorted mind or a pallid brow. Health is one of the greatest blessings; and only a good share of physical exercise can secure this to children. Let them romp, then, even if they do make some noise, and tear their dresses occasionally, and lead you to cry out, "Oh, dear, what shall I do!" Yes, let them romp. Soberer times will come by-and-by. Life brings its cares soon enough to all; and let the children be happy while they are young. God made them to be happy, and why should parents thwart His plan? We do not believe in a dull childhood, but in cheerfulness in youth and cheerfulness in age.

☞ Nearly every evil has its compensation. For instance, if a man has but one foot, he never treads upon his own toes.

☞ Rarey subdues vicious horses as schoolmasters do vicious boys—by a system of strapping.