

# The Alleghanlian.

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

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## Select Poetry.

### "Good-Night!"

"Good-night!" Its simple accents roll  
With thrilling cadence thro' the soul,  
Swaying with strangest power.  
Our heart-strings vibrate to its tone,  
We say, with sad, despairing moan,  
"Tis past, that happy hour!"

"Good-night!" The tones are ling'ring yet;  
We would not, if we could, forget!  
Thro' memory's open door,  
From silent halls of our dear past,  
Come those from whom we parted last,  
In the sweet days of yore.

"Good-night!" Warm lips to ours are pressed,  
And dear arms clasp with love's caress,  
As parting words are said,  
But now we see each "vacant chair,"  
Our outstretched hands grasp open air—  
Our early loves are dead.

Ah! now the track of by-gone days  
We see hope's firelight brightly blaze,  
And tears fall down like rain.  
Some friends are changed and some are dead,  
Some hopes forgotten, some are fled—  
And some were but in vain.

Dear hope and faith say, "Weep no more!"  
They wait us on the blissful shore  
Of fairest, fadeless light.  
There we shall dwell where joy ne'er ends,  
There we shall clasp the hands of friends  
Who bade us here "Good-night!"

### Life as it is.

In one of the principal streets of a great city stood a large boarding house, whose white marble front and general air bespoke the aristocracy of its inmates. One could tell it was a boarding house from the many faces, fair and plain, sitting at or near the windows. It was five o'clock—the fashionable dinner hour.

Already the public drawing rooms and private parlors were filled with youth and beauty. In one, a bevy of fair women were grouped together, talking rapidly and excitedly.

"I tell you, it is very strange," Jane saw him come out of her room twice to-day; and last night, after the southern train came in, at one o'clock, he went straight to her room!"

"Are you sure you can rely on Jane's word, Clara? I know I should not trust my maid in a similar case. They are all fond of the marvellous."

"You are really complimentary, Miss Bradley. If you keep servants whose word you cannot trust, I do not."

"The halls are dimly lighted at that hour," said another kindly voice; "perhaps it was Mr. Leeds she saw."

"No; Mr. Leeds has dark hair and eyes. This man had fair hair and blue eyes—real aristocratic looking, Jane said."

"For pity's sake, do let that poor Mrs. Leeds alone. Of course it was some relative, or he would not be going to wake her up at that time of night. As for being in her room in daytime, that is nothing strange—if he had gone thirty times. At a hotel, one's room is one's home, and who wants to run to the drawing rooms to see every one that calls?"

"Well, I agree with Clara Wilbur," said another voice. "I do not think we should notice Mrs. Leeds any more. I shan't, for one. She is too secretive and mysterious."

"I shan't notice her, either."

"Nor I—nor I," said one and another.

"Well, ladies, I am very sorry for the course you have taken—for my part, I condemn it. I cannot blame Mrs. Leeds, if she is not disposed to be communicative regarding her family affairs. I believe she has some sorrow that we do not know of. I am interested in her—her pale, sweet face touches me. I, for one, shall treat her politely—having seen nothing to cause me to do otherwise. We, none of us, have more than a speaking acquaintance with her, at any rate. It is not at all likely she would confide her troubles, or the motives of her actions, to almost strangers," and the lady passed into an adjoining room.

"Dear me! how independently we are! It seems to me Mary Bradley plumes herself a great deal upon her wealth."

"Oh, Clara! how can you say so?" said the kindly voice before mentioned. "Mary has less pride, and cares less for money, than any of us."

"Well, she needn't be so wonderful straight-laced—but, girls, there comes General Lane. Let us get up our very prettiest smiles!"

A tall, noble form, in full regiments—chapeau, sash, epaulettes, etc.—entered the room. He was a handsome man of fifty—dark eyed and olive-skinned—the bent of the house. Though fifty years had passed over his head, his lofty form was yet unbent, and his heart as young as

it was twenty years ago. He was a noble specimen of manhood; and notwithstanding his half century, not one of the fair beauties around him would have refused him her "lily hand"—for was he not handsome and wealthy? And, although he had seen many a bloody field, his deep voice was almost gentle, and an almost womanly tenderness brooded in his eyes. As he approached the ladies, he said:

"Good evening, fair dames. What is the news?"

"General! you have just missed a rare dish of scandal. Mrs. Leeds was 'done to a turn.' I am sorry you missed it."

"No need for sorrow, my dear young lady; as I was sitting out on the Veranda, enjoying my cigar, I heard it all. I suppose I should have moved, but I was too lazy, and you were talking so loudly I did not suppose it was a secret."

Clara Wilbur "wilted" down considerably, for it was her custom to do the soft and gentle before the General.

"What do you think of Mrs. Leeds?" asked the gentle Maud Miller.

"Well, Miss Maud, I think she is beautiful, graceful, and a perfect lady. If she were a widow to-morrow, I would try to win her."

As he finished speaking, two persons came peering slowly down the broad hall. The woman was slight and graceful, with dark hair and eyes. She wore a robe of black velvet, her only ornaments being a coral brooch, clasping a collar of rich beaded pearls, and a diamond necklace. The gentleman was "tall and aristocratic," with "fair hair and blue eyes"—being, doubtless, the identical man that "Jane" had seen enter Mrs. Leeds' room the night before. Whilst they watched the graceful movements of the two, the young son of the General, who had just returned from the city a fortnight before, after an absence of seven weeks, during which time the stranger, Mrs. Leeds, had come among them. Immediately after dinner he had retired to his own room, much to the discomfiture of the ladies, and as he sat reading—Mrs. Leeds and the world forgotten—he heard a knock at the lady's door, and as it was opened, heard a woman's voice exclaim:

"Oh, dear Charlie, is it you! Come in; you look tired and worn out. Come and lie down on my comfortable lounge and rest, while we have a real good old-fashioned talk."

The General was surprised to hear how plain he could hear, until he remembered that there was a door between the rooms.

"How long can you stay, Charlie?"

"Only till ten, Carrie. I have an engagement at ten to meet Lee Canterbury. But Carrie, you too look tired and worn out. What is wrong, my girl?"

"Nothing, Charlie; you only fancy so."

"You cannot deceive me, Carrie—you are changed. Something is missing from your eyes; and the rare old gladness of spirit, that was my pride, is gone now."

Then, ere she could reply, he added, "Where is Harry to-night?"

The clear voice was faltering that replied,

"He has business out to-night."

"He was out last night, when I came at one o'clock. Is it his custom to leave you thus alone at night, Carrie?"

"Oh! no, indeed. It just happened so."

"Come into the inner room, dear I have much to say to you; it is now home like."

Their voices only reached the General's ear now in a kind of subdued murmuring. Yet he could not read. The spell seemed broken. For an hour he alternately paced the floor and tried to read. He was just about retiring, when voices from the next room again issued.

"So you must go, Charlie? I dislike to have you go, but I must not be selfish."

"And I dislike to leave you, sister mine; but it must be. To-morrow I will speak with you—day and evening, too—look in your mirror, Carrie—see what a tiny thing you are! Who would imagine we were children of the same parents? You, with your dark hair and eyes, and mine both bright. It is too bad! I should have had the dark hair and eyes, Carrie."

"Yes, Charlie, but, then, you know, Vic Canterbury says fair hair and eyes are so aristocratic," said Carrie, archly.

"So she does. But good night my precious sister. You grow more like your mother every day, Carrie."

"His sister! Oh, I am so glad!" And the noble old warrior felt almost like falling upon his knees and thanking God for the woman's purity. He had not doubted it; but the curse of scandal is that in

spite of one's better nature—when one hears so much—something of distrust will cling to the heart.

Soon there came a knock at the General's door—a summons for him to go to the apartments of a brother officer, on business, whose rooms were situated in another part of the house.

As he was returning, at twelve o'clock, he saw a small, slight figure coming up the hall from an opposite direction. As he came nearer he saw that it was Mrs. Leeds. She still wore the rich dress she had worn to dinner. A superb crimson shawl of Canton crape was flung over her head almost covering the black curls, and tightly clasped under the chin by two small, white hands. But the white despairing face that rose from out that crimson drapery would haunt one a life time.

As she passed the General, she drew her shawl over her face, as though to conceal it; and he gallantly fixed his eyes upon the floor, as though in a brown study. He reached his room too exhausted to sleep. Something was a-gore; what was it? Taking down his well worn Bible, this "hero of a hundred battles" read as was his nightly custom. It might have been ten, or perhaps fifteen minutes, when a light step passed his door, accompanied by one slow and heavy—the two entering Mrs. Leeds' room.

Soon he heard the sweet voice of Mrs. Leeds saying pleadingly:

"Don't be angry, Harry. Sit down, dear; I have a nice cup of strong coffee on the bed-room stove for you. Come and drink it, and then let us go to bed, I'm so tired."

"Why don't you go to bed, then?" said the man crossly, in thick, drawling tones, that showed he was in liquor.

"O, Harry, I can't! But now that you are here safe, I can sleep quite content. Come Harry?"

"Go to bed yourself, Mrs. Leeds, I shan't sleep to-night. Where is that precious brother of yours? Has he come here to act as a spy on my actions?"

"O, Harry! you know that Charlie would not do that—Charlie, that has been your friend from boyhood. He was sorry you were not here to-night."

"Ay! I'll be bound you had a rare dish of scandal at my expense. Ha! ha!"

"Harry Leeds, you know better!" and for the first time the tones were indignant.

"You know that I have been a faithful, true wife, and would speak disparagingly of you to no one—not even to my brother. But come now, Harry, undress and let us go to rest."

"There is no use in fooling, Mrs. Leeds. I am going back to room 195; the boys want me. Mind you don't come after me again." And he rose to go.

"Oh, my dear husband, please don't go off again," said she in pleading tones.

"Take your arms from about my neck, woman, or I will strike you."

"No Harry; you are but jesting. You would not strike me, your own Carrie?"

"Wouldn't I? Then to convince you take that." And a heavy, brutal blow fell upon the slender form; and with an oath, the man left the room, slamming the door after him.

[Conclusion next week.]

IMPORTANT TO VOLUNTEERS.—It has been decided by the authorities at Washington that a soldier is discharged before he has served two whole years, or to the end of the war, if sooner ended, he forfeits his \$100 bounty. The back dues for wages and fifty cents for each twenty miles travelled from the place of discharge to the place of enrollment, he is entitled to on the pay certificates from his nearest paymaster. If a soldier is killed, or dies of disease, before the end of two years, or of the war, he has, under the liberal construction of the law, served to the end of the war, so far as he is or can be concerned Congress intended by the provisions of the law that no one should have the bounty until the end of the war. The \$100 bounty, by this law, will be immediately paid, so soon as audited.

Under an order and rule of the War Department, there can be procured for the wives of a soldier imprisoned in the South the monthly wages of the soldier, to the date of allowance, except the last month's wages, which the government reserves—If no wife, the minor children, by their guardian, are entitled. If the soldier is unmarried, his widowed mother is entitled.

An important decision has been made by the Secretary of War and the Paymaster General, in effect that a soldier is entitled to pay from the day he enlists, and that he is not to wait until his company is full or the formal muster of the regiment into Government service.

Some sorts of charity will swallow the egg and give away the shell.

**News from the Capital.**

Oppens C. Kerr is heard from again—in this wise:

On Wednesday I took a trot on the war path upon the architectural steed, Pegasus, and found the veteran Mackerel Brigade back at Paris again. They had made a great maree from Blue Ridge, my boy, and when I reached the front I found a scientific chap from Cin Laoshi taking observations. He stuck a tall stick into the ground, and scratched a long line on the damp sand, from the foot of this stick to the extreme right of the Spenceville Brigade, letting the toes of the front rank of the Mackerels just touch it. Then he attached a powerful magnifying glass to about the centre of the upright stick, and commenced looking through it very intently all along the line he had drawn.

I observed him attentively, and says I: "What is the nature of your contract with the Government, my serious friend?"

He rubbed the glass with his blue silk pocket handkerchief, and says he: "I have invented this useful arrangement to ascertain whether or not the Army of the Accommodated is really advancing. I closely watch the line to which the toes of the front rank of the army are already very near, and could almost swear that the forward movement is still going on. The average speed of this army," says the scientific chap, calculatingly, "has hitherto been six miles in six weeks; but now that the war is about to commence in earnest, I think that the troops are making better time."

And so they were, my boy, so they were; for the heels of the front rank's boots were almost on the line in less than an hour—no Confederates being in sight.

But let me change my subject for a time, and relate the great triumph of our new naval artillery on Duck Lake, which majestic sheet of water has returned to earth with the late rains.

Rear-Admiral Head, my boy, has so improved the deadly swivel gun of the Mackerel iron plated squadron, that it will send a ball some distance without kicking the gunner overboard. The secret of this improvement is known only to the Government, my boy, and will be used to advantage when our gory conflict with combined Europe comes off.

It was on Thursday morning, my boy, when an enthusiastic military mob, consisting of Captain William Brown, Capt. Bob Shorty and myself, stood once more upon the familiar shore of Duck Lake.—The squadron, which has been named the "Secretary Welles," having been launched upon the treacherous element by Rear-Admiral Head and one Mackerel, we took out our piece of smoked glass and prepared for the usual pageant.

We could plainly see the stern old Rear-Admiral bustling about on the gallant Grandmother of the Seas, as I may term the noble craft, and hear him swearing in his iron-plated manner.

"Practice my turret," says the old sea dog, "if I don't think this gun will snuff the Armstrong—blockade me, if I don't."

When it became the duty of the solitary Mackerel crew to load the awful instrument of destruction, it was discovered that the ramrod had been left behind at the Navy Yard foundry. This nautical disaster might have marred the experiments, had not the Rear-Admiral chanced to have his brown gingham umbrella along with him. This was used as a rammer, and the experiment proceeded.

The first charge was twenty pounds of powder, not more than nineteen of them rained out of the touch hole. The ball slightly touched the water and went down, the recoil of the squadron being only the width of Duck Lake.

The second shot was made with only one pound of powder, as it was feared that the rudder might be strained by too much concussion, and we saw the ball drop into the ocean wave. At this shot, the "Secretary Welles" only hopped out of the water a few inches. The third shot was made with half a pound of powder, as it was not deemed advisable to do too much damage to the surrounding country by the gunnery.

We were gazing intently at the merciless implement of death, through our smoked glass, when this shot was fired, and suddenly beheld a phenomenon, my boy, which made us catch our breath.

Mixed up with the bread smoke, there emerged from the mouth of the swivel gun, what appeared to be an immense brown bird of some kind, spreading its huge wings as it came out, and skimming wearily to the shore!

Captain Bob Shorty commenced to quake, and says he:

"It's a Confederate insect!"

"No, says William, lowering his smoked glass and speaking to a solemn whiff-pering.

"It's the distracted bird of our Country,

floating spectrally on the bill-smoke.—Ah!" says William, abstractedly uncorking my canteen, "our distracted bird is no insect."

Was it indeed a majestic Eagle, my boy, stooping from his clouded heights to sanctify the terrible naval scene? I guess not, my boy—I guess not, my boy, for we presently ascertained, that when the careless Mackerel crew rammed home that last charge, he bravely set Rear-Admiral Head's brown gingham umbrella sticking in the gun; and it was the flight of the umbrella he had witnessed.

Umbrellas, my boy, and horses, may be said to have some relations. We put one up when it rains, and we rein the other up when we "put."

**A French Journalist on American Affairs.**

One of the ablest papers in France is the *Revue de la Loire*. It is, moreover, a French and enlightened friend of the United States and of Liberty. The following eloquent letter from its chief editor to our emissary at Nantes we find in the *Phare* of October 25th:

"To M. Jules de Montaigne, Consul of the United States at Nantes:

"The editorial columns of the *Revue* are devoted to the defence of two principles, too much misunderstood to-day, but which have in their sufficient vitality to vanquish all resistance—Law and Liberty.

"In the modest sphere of our influence, we have devoted what little power and publicity we may have acquired, to sustain existing authorities; and we consider ourselves bound with those, whatever may be their nationality, who, in other countries, contest for the same cause.

"We have professed sympathy and esteem for free people; for the practice and enjoyment of liberties are, with motives, signs of the most advanced civilization and the highest appreciation of human dignity.

"We see in them pioneers who plant stakes for the guidance of those who come after, and we regard as a calamity every trial or crisis which puts their existence, within or without, in peril.

"The Northern States are fighting not only against the South, but for the law written in the Federal Constitution. In view of the principle of universal liberty, they have to fulfil the highest mission that can be given to armed men to accomplish—that of restoring to humanity a race unjustly held, by virtue of a law that politically your Government yet recognizes, but that its conscience, responding to the consciences of all, has virtually yielded.

"The philosophy of history, the idea of equity in this world's affairs, tell us and teach us that the greatest people are not those who have received from nature, or acquired by force, the most vast territory, but those who have made the highest conquest over ignorance, wrong, and injustice, and who have consecrated it by examples of the highest self-denial.

"In this view, there never was an act more calculated to honor a country, and to console, by way of compensation, for the oppressions which elsewhere gain ground, than the act of emancipation.

"The Union has, then, a double claim upon the support of the *Revue*, upon which the Government places a higher value than is called for the discharge of a simplicity.

"Each individual who entertains hope for human advancement has a part of his moral being engaged in the problem whose solution should be the crowning point of the war which is now waged. Those who have mingled in the contest, either personally or mentally, will find their share of the triumph.

"Accept, sir, the assurances of our sentiments of affection and devotion.

"For the editors of the *Revue*:

"VICTOR MANGIN"

**RETIRED FISHERMAN HERO.**—A distinguished character has withdrawn from public life. Mr. Tom Sayers, the hero of Farnborough Heath, whose boat with Heaven resulted in a drawn game, announces his intention "never again to fight, or second any man who may fight." Deposing upon his laurels, Mr. Tom Sayers relinquishes the farther pursuit of fame, subsiding into the quiet but respectable vocation of keeper of a tavern, and declares himself forever out of the "ring." Battered in many hard contests, damaged as to nose and eyes in the practice of that noble art of self defence, which is the Briton's pride and boast, and considerably disfigured in general personal appearance in consequence of his devotion to his peculiar pastime, he no longer threatens the "champion of America," and there is no reason to apprehend the recurrence of an "international fight" any time soon.