

The Alleghenian

A. C. BARBER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1863.

NUMBER 17.

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Episcopal—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock. A. M.
Western, " " at 11 o'clock. A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock. P. M.
Western, " " at 8 o'clock. P. M.

*The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, Ohio, 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 Newmarket Mills, Carrolltown, Pa., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock. P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock. A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

GREYSON STATION.

West—B. & O. Express leaves at	8:38 A. M.
" Philadelphia Express " "	9:22 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:33 P. M.
" Emigrant Train " "	2:12 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8:45 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	3:20 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	10:04 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.

West—B. & O. Express leaves at	9:04 A. M.
" Philadelphia Express " "	9:48 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:56 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8:14 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	2:26 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	10:04 A. M.

*Daily, except Mondays.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Burgess—George Hunter.

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Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.

Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.

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Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.

Judge of Election—John Lloyd.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

THE ELECTION OF U. S. SENATOR.

Great Excitement at Harrisburg—Outside Pressure—Intimidation of the Unaffiliated Democracy—Mob Law in the Ascendant.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

The writer reached Harrisburg about 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning, 13th inst., and found the hotels filled with overflowing scores of men sleeping on chairs and sofas, and not a few, wrapped in coats and shawls, endeavoring to woo the embrace of Morpheus upon the floor.

On Sunday night, certain parties, more distinguished for their sympathy with Secession than for their loyalty to the Government, chartered a train of cars in Philadelphia for the exclusive use of a large number of ruffians—at least a thousand—who came here flourishing pistols and bowie-knives, and threatening instant death to any Democrat who should venture to vote for the Republican candidate for United States Senator. Vast numbers of rowdies also came from other places to unite with these "hard customers" in their efforts to intimidate and control the Legislature. These men filled the beautiful little Capital of Pennsylvania and made her usually quiet streets echo with profanity and drunken revelry. The Provost Marshal was absent, and the military force was disbanded by a resolution passed on Monday night, authorizing the Sergeant-at-Arms (a keeper of a grog-shop and dance-house in Philadelphia—a man more notorious than popular) to swear in a force of constables of his own election.

At the suggestion of a friend, I hastened to the House early this (Tuesday) morning to secure a seat before the throng of visitors had taken possession of the lobby. An ex-Clerk, Mr. Capron, a true Republican, gave me a desk which commanded a good view of the House.

On Monday evening, the Republican caucus for the nomination of a candidate for United States Senator met in the Senate Chamber, and after a very harmonious session, and without making a nomination, adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock this (Tuesday) morning.

The Democratic caucus for the nomination of a candidate for United States Senator convened in the Law Library room. Heister Clymer, a member of the Senate from Berks county, was chosen Chairman; Messrs. Boyer of Philadelphia and Neuman of Northumberland acted as Clerks. On the sixth ballot, Charles R. Buckalew, Esq., was nominated, receiving the votes of all the members who had previously supported Henry D. Foster. The ballot was as follows: Buckalew, 39; Campbell, 19; Hughes, 8.

Buckalew is considered by the Democratic party one of the ablest lawyers and statesmen in Northern Pennsylvania. He has served two terms in the State Senate, in which he was a leader. He was a prominent member of the Judiciary Committee and the Committee of Ways and Means. Under Buchanan's Administration he was appointed Minister to Ecuador. Although he is only forty years of age, he has been a prominent politician in the Keystone State for twelve or fifteen years. He belongs to the Seymour stripe of politicians, and would conciliate the Rebels with a sheathed sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other. He is unnumbered in his abuse of Republicans and Abolitionists, while he touches Secessionism as tenderly as old Isak Walton did the frog he carried in his mouth for bait, biting gently for fear of injuring the creature.

Among the exciting incidents of the Republican caucus of Monday night, was the declaration of P. Frazer Smith "that, if this is a Republican caucus, I am out of place here." Thirty-nine out of every forty of the voters in Chester county, who voted for Smith, are Republicans.

A few minutes before the time for opening the business of the House, the Speaker, the Hon. John Cessna, a Douglas War Democrat, directed the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Doorkeeper to exclude from the floor of the House all persons who were not entitled to a place there. Notwithstanding this order, Bill M'ullen, the Isaiah Rynder of Philadelphia, who came here with the rowdies before mentioned, continued to chat in the most familiar manner with a group of Democratic members, in the immediate neighborhood of the Speaker's desk.

Gov. Curtin, who had been at Pittsburgh for a few days past, and who it was feared would not return in time to add the weight of his influence in favor of law and order, returned to the capital soon after the House convened. He came at a time when his presence was much needed, for the roughs and shoulder-biters were jubilant over the prospect of a row, and did not hesitate to sing their Secession songs

in the streets and public houses. The chorus of one of these songs threatens to hang Abe Lincoln on a sour apple tree.—The news of the late disaster to our arms in Galveston was a source of delight to these "Northern men with Southern sympathies." A few minutes past 11 a. m., the House was called to order, when the Rev. Dr. Dewitt invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the President, the Government and the country. During the prayer there was considerable talking in the lobby; but all the members manifested the utmost decorum, rising in their places and standing during the exercises.

After the Clerk had called the roll, and the minutes of the last session had been read, Mr. Hopkins moved that the House adjourn until 12 o'clock. This motion was afterward withdrawn in favor of a motion to appoint a Committee of two to invite the Senate to join with the House, at 12 o'clock, in electing a United States Senator. While these motions were before the House there was a row in the rotunda, which resulted in some rough handling and hustling out of the crowd by force of arms, the doorkeepers calling upon the bystanders for assistance. The ruffians who had been brought here for the purpose of raising a disturbance and intimidating the Legislature, but who were premature in their demonstrations, were finally overpowered; still, the crowd was so dense it was for a long time impossible for a large number of the members of the House to pass a passage to their seats.

Again and again the Speaker, who is evidently a law and order man, called upon the officers to clear a way for the Senators, the mob paying no respect whatever to the men in authority, standing as much in the way of the men for whom they had voted as they did in the way of those against whom they were so bitter in their hostility. Precisely at 12 o'clock the Speaker and members of the Senate entered the House. The President of the Senate took the chair, the rules of the House were adopted for the government of the joint body, and the Clerk commenced calling the roll. At this instant there was so much noise and confusion in the rotunda and about the door, some time elapsed before the Clerk could proceed further. At last order was restored, and as the names of members were called, each one named his favorite candidate—the Republicans voting for Simon Cameron and the Democrats voting for Charles R. Buckalew.

There were symptoms of fear among some of the Democratic members, noticed in their tremulous voices, for the mob surrounded the Capitol building, and did all in their power to mold the decision in favor of their candidate. When the name of Mr. Schofield was called, he said:—"Since the offer of \$100,000 was of no account, he would vote for Charles R. Buckalew." He was hailed with hisses and laughter, and calls to order. The Speaker of the House gave his vote for Buckalew, and was loudly cheered. The vote stood as follows: Buckalew, 67; Cameron, 65; Kelly, 1. I have been assured by men whose judgment is authority, that several Democratic members voted for Buckalew with great reluctance, and were influenced to do so by bodily fear for their personal safety, knowing they were watched with wolfish eyes by men who had been hired to whip refractory members into the harness.

If the war Democrats who voted for a peace Senator had boldly avowed their purpose of sustaining the men of their choice, they would have been protected in the exercise of that right, but unfortunately for them and their constituents, they were too timid to cut themselves loose from their alliance with the anti-war Democracy. Mr. Lupton, who voted for Kelly, expected a second vote, in the event of which he intended to vote for Cameron, but, like many others who decline to do exactly right the first time, he lost the opportunity of doing justice to his own choice, and without aiding Mr. Kelly, did more than any other man to defeat Mr. Cameron. Mr. Schofield, who chose to be the trumpet of his own unpardonable virtues, made a laughing-stock of himself by the proclamation of his unmarketable Democracy. Justice to Mr. Smith, who made the singular remark in caucus on Monday night, demands me to say that he voted for Mr. Cameron.

As before hinted Mr. Buckalew was selected on the first ballot, and before the result could be announced from the chair the exultant Democrats threw up their hats in ecstasies of delight, shouting and cheering vociferously in the House. Soon the mob outside responded in yells that made the walk in ring. At the Wheeler House the Senator elect met his friends and made a speech, the tenor of which I have not been able to ascertain.

A prominent politician, the editor of a Democratic paper, who has occupied a

high position in the State Government, assures me that no Democrat voting for the Republican candidate would have been permitted to leave the Capitol alive—that the name of Wilnot or Cameron on the lips of a Democratic member when the Clerk called the roll in joint ballot would have been the signal for one of the bloodiest assaults ever witnessed in Pennsylvania.

He said he saw members of that body trembling like aspen leaves while the clerk was calling the roll. It was the design of the mob to have taken possession of the contents of the Arsenal early this Tuesday morning, but Gen. Andrew Porter, aware of the plan, placed a double guard about the building, and so arranged his forces that a mob ten times as large as that collected at Harrisburg could not have taken the Arsenal. At the time of the meeting of both Houses a large force of Republicans had gathered about the Capitol building for the purpose of protecting those whose votes might excite the anger of the mobocrats. A large number of brave and stalwart men came up from Philadelphia, accompanied by United States Marshal Millward and W. B. Mann, District-Attorney.

One gentleman, largely engaged in manufacturing iron, offered the services of a thousand of his men to protect the voters; indeed the Republicans had the most efficient, if not the largest, force on hand, but the note of alarm had been given, and the Democracy was not "uninterrified."

The friends of law and order were not only strongest because clad in the paucity of justice—"Thrice armed is he whose cause is just"—but they were nearly, if not quite equal in numbers, a fact which accounts for the good order which finally prevailed when the cowardly ruffians had been driven from the door.

A distinguished Judge who was present said, to his personal knowledge, many of the rowdies who came up in the chartered cars on Sunday night and Monday morning had indictments hanging over them, and belonged to the scum of low life in Philadelphia—men who dare not strike a blow in daylight, but who would not hesitate to dink any one in the dark.

If there had been a regiment of soldiers at Harrisburg, the movement to control the election of Senator by threats of violence and assassination would not have been inaugurated, and a loyal Union Senator would have been elected in the place of the man who supported Buchanan's Lecompton Kansas measures in the State Senate of Pennsylvania, and who has within a few days circulated an autograph letter among his friends in favor of the State Legislature passing a resolution instructing Congress to insert a clause in the Constitution, guaranteeing to "our Southern brethren their rights."

Several weeks ago Governor Curtin asked the Government to send a brigade of Pennsylvania men to Harrisburg, to have the numbers made good, but the Government refused the request. Had that force been on hand, there would have been no such humiliating and disgraceful attempts to coerce men to vote in violation of their wishes.

The latest on dit is that General Tom Thumb, otherwise Charles S. Stratton, is to be Providence permitting, married to Miss Leticia Warren, also a very miniature edition of a woman, and now on exhibition at Barnum's as a curiosity, on the 10th of next month, at a fashionable up town church in New York. Gorgeous cards of invitation will be issued to local aristocracy and to the friends and relatives of the parties, admitting them to the sanctuary, and also to the subsequent "reception" of the happy pair at one of the hotels. After the reception, the bridal party will start for Philadelphia, there to rest themselves until they shall be ready for Baltimore and Washington. To make the "sensation" particularly striking, the ceremonies will be conducted with all the pomp and circumstance of a full-grown "diamond wedding," especial Jenkins being employed to extol the beauty of the bride's complexion, dress and ornaments, the magnificence of the bridegroom, and the superlative aristocracy of the equipages attendant.

No exchange paper gives the following outburst of some inspired genius:—"I kissed the tiny hand I held, I pressed the tiny form, I vowed I'd shield her from the blast, And from the world's cold storm; She raised her melting eyes to mine, All filled with drops of we, And with quivering lip to me she said: 'Now, blama ye, let me go!'"—And he did!

The chairman of a political meeting seeing a rowdy raise his arm to throw a stale egg at him, cried out; "Sir, your motion is out of order!"

"Be Firm as Steel, Boys!"

Inscribed to the memory of Captain J. M. Jones, of Co. F, 133d Penn. Vols., who fell at Fredericksburg.

—BY MRS. V. G. HANSEY.

With arms all ready, and hearts of fire,
We stood on the barren shore,
Watching our banners beyond the stream,
And listening the cannon's roar.
The heart of the earth beneath our feet
Seemed beating against its bars,
And the sun, enwrapt in a veil of smoke,
Looked red as the planet Mars.
We thought of the homes we might see no more,
We thought of our nameless graves;
But calmly we stood by the sullen stream,
And watched the impurpled waves,
For we heard our leader's voice anon,
Clear as a bugle's peal—
"Be firm as steel!"

Over the bridge, when the word was given,
We marched, like a festal train—
Over the bridge, amid the hissing shells,
And the showers of lead, rain—
On, through the streets of the burning town,
We marched to the fatal strife;
For we knew full well the stake that day
Was a nation's precious life.

Oh, where the cannon ploughed the field,
And moved our ranks like grain,
We moved, all the dead and dying were heard
Like sheaves on the harvest plain;
For we heard a voice, 'mid the crash of arms,
Clear as a bugle's peal—
"Be firm as steel!"

Up to the fiery lips of the guns
We pressed, till their sulphurous breath
Fell hot as flame on our burning cheeks,
And we knew that their kiss was death,
But we smiled in their teeth, for we felt that day
It was better to die for the right,
Than to live in a country riven and torn,
And cursed with slavery's blight.

It was then that we saw our leader fall,
And our faces were blanched with fear;
But we heard his voice, ere 'twas lost in death,
Loud as a trumpet blast, and clear—
We heard it above the battle's roar,
As our columns began to reel—
"Be firm as steel!"

—Cambria Tribune.

The Lover's Ordeal.

"It's too provoking, Alice!" uttered the laughing, yet half-voiced voice of Frank St. John. "What can I do to convince that iron-hearted grandmother of yours that I really am desperately in love with you? I can't make a pilgrimage to Mecca, or any such place, nor can I prove my sincerity by getting my head knocked off in a tournament, as the fellows did in old times! What am I to do?"

"Wait, Frank!" returned the gentle voice of his fair young lady-love, "only have patience, and time will decide all things."

"But I can't have patience!" exclaimed St. John, elevating his eyebrows with a conical gesture of despair. "It's a simple impossibility. However, here come the horses. I wish I were going with you, dearest, instead of being the appointed cavalier to drive your grandmother to the railroad station, to meet nobody knows who!"

"Never mind, Frank," laughed Alice. "My brother will make an excellent substitute for the time being."

"Mind Charlie, May," said St. John, lifting up his finger warningly, as he adjusted the reins in Alice's hand, and gave her the silver mounted whip, "you'll have to account to me for this afternoon's excursion!"

"All right!" returned May, laughing. "What simpletons you young lovers are, to be sure," said May's brother, "are you ready, ladies and gentlemen? then forward march!"

He touched his spirited steel lightly with the whip as he spoke, and the whole cavalcade—some dozen or so in number—galloped away from the door, and were soon lost to view where the road wound through the asching boughs of the fine old woods.

St. John stood gazing after them, long after the last flutter of Alice's dark green riding habit had disappeared—stood as if his eyes were glued to the moving boughs of the trees, whose leafy sprays had swept the plumes of her hat.

Late that evening, as he pressed forward through the eager crowd to see what had congregated their ranks about the piazza, his blood was frozen in his veins at the one glimpse of Alice's dead white face, with the hair hanging in gore-matted masses about it, and the bruised, mangled arm, which lay quivering upon the hastily constructed litter.

"The horse took fright, and she was thrown and dragged some distance along

the road," was the hurried explanation of one of the gentlemen who had been with the party.

"Not see her! And what is the reason I cannot see her?"

Frank St. John spoke with quiet decision and resolution of manner, before which even Mrs. May and the grim old doctor gave way.

"It is useless to talk of disturbing her, doctor. Are we not the nearest and dearest to one another, of all the world? Is it not my privilege to sit beside her pillow of pain? Nay, sir—I demand it as my right!—she is my affianced wife!"

"All this is at an end now, Mr. St. John," said the old lady, trembling in spite of herself. "Alice releases you from your pledge."

"But I won't be released!" said Frank, impetuously. "She is my betrothed bride, and I will never give her up!"

"St. John, listen to me, and hear reason," said the doctor, gravely, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder. "The city surgeon has decided that it is necessary for Miss May to lose her right arm."

"Lose her right arm?"

"Yes," said Mrs. May, "and therefore, Mr. St. John, we deem it just and right to set you free from the promise which would bind you for life to a poor cripple."

St. John's brow had grown white with suppressed emotion; he drew up his commanding figure to its full height.

"Do you for an instant suppose," said he, in accents of calm, measured scorn, "that I shall give up my promised darling now? Never! She is mine—mine to cherish, love and protect—mine even more than she was before! I love Alice May, and I will never yield her up save to the hand of death! Let me go to her."

He pushed Mrs. May aside with a strong hand, and entered the darkened room beyond.

"Let him enter," said the old doctor, rubbing a mist away from his spectacles. "He's a noble fellow, and the very sound of his voice will do her good."

Mrs. May stood in silence; she had never dreamed of the possibility of love strong and abiding like this.

"Alice! my own Alice!"

He knelt beside the sofa, his dark curls almost touching her pallid face.

"Frank! I did not think—"

"Hush, dearest!" he said, imperatively. "They talk to me of giving you up! Never! so long as life and consciousness remain."

"But, Frank, you know my arm—"

"I know you are my own little betrothed—and that's all I care to know. Alice, you will not send me away!"

No—she did not. Would you have done it, reader?

"Grandmother," said Alice, softly, the next morning, as she lay among the pillows, in her white dress, her cheek almost as colorless as the muslin robe itself, "what do you think about Frank's devotion, now?"

"My dear," said old Mrs. May, "it's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

Alice smiled; she did not think so, for she had known all along, just what metal Frank was made of.

And it was surprising how swiftly those long hours of illness passed away, when Frank was adjusting her pillows with more than a woman's gentleness, and reading to her, or talking of the future, when she should be all his own. It was not so very disagreeable to be sick, Alice thought. And then it was almost worth the hours of pain to have grandmother learn to appreciate Frank.

At last the eventful hour arrived when the convalescent of solemn-faced old doctors were to arrive at a final decision regarding Alice. Our readers may imagine the feverish impatience with which St. John paced up and down the garden walk, awaiting the termination of their consultation.

"Well?" he exclaimed, pale and breathless, as Dr. Jefferson at length came in from bowing off his fellow Galens.

"My dearest boy," said the old man, in accents scarce audible from emotion, "the arm will be saved!"

"Thank Heaven!" broke from St. John's lips; but it was of Alice he was thinking, not of himself.

"More than this, Frank," went on the doctor, "if you can wait patiently two months, we will give our patient up to you, as lovely as ever, the prettiest bride in the county. You have proved yourself worthy of her, and that's more than I could say to every young man."

Dr. Jefferson was right. The fair bride that stood at the flower-wreathed altar, a few weeks later, was no less beautiful, tho' perhaps a shade or two paler, than the lovely Alice May of old; and Frank St. John loved her all the more for that fiery ordeal of doubt and anguish thro' which they had passed!