

The Alleghenian.

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

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MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock. A. M.
Western, " " 11 o'clock. A. M.
MAILS GO.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock. P. M.
Western, " " 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 Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 5 A. M.
The mails from Newnan'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.

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CRESSON STATION.
West—Balt. Express leaves at 8.38 A. M.
" Phila. Express " 9.22 A. M.
" Fast Line " 9.33 P. M.
" Emigrant Train " 2.12 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8.43 P. M.
" Fast Line " 3.20 A. M.
" Mail Train " 10.34 A. M.
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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 " 10.04 A. M.
*Daily, except Mondays.

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Didn't Think.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.
"Raining, as I live!" said Mrs. Fairhaven, in a disappointed tone, as she threw open the shutter. "It's just my luck! I've waited over two weeks for that girl. She was to come this morning; and now it's pouring down in torrents, and the wind is fairly blowing a hurricane. Of course she won't be here! What shall I do? The children are all in rags and tatters. Katy hasn't a dress fit to be seen."
"You are worrying yourself for nothing," interrupted Mr. Fairhaven. "A little rain isn't going to keep the girl away.—She'll be along in good time."
"Don't you believe it!" returned Mrs. Fairhaven. "I noticed her—a frail little body that a breath would blow away. I was not going to engage her, but Mrs. Crosby said she was the best and fastest sewer she ever had, and fitted children's dresses to a charm. O, dear! It's just my luck!"
"Hark!" said Mr. Fairhaven. "Wasn't that the bell?"
A wild rush of wind and rain against the window filled their ears, and obstructed the entrance of all other sounds for several moments. In the hall that followed they heard the street door open and shut. Soon after there came a tap to Mrs. Fairhaven's bed-room door.
"What's wanted?" asked the lady, as she partly opened, and held the door ajar.
"Miss Annable has come."
"Oh! The seamstress! Very well. Take her up stairs, and say that I'll be with her right away."
"Scared before you were hurt," said Mr. Fairhaven, good-humoredly.
"Better scared than hurt," replied his wife, with returning cheerfulness. "Thank fortune, she's here, and I intend to make the most of her."
Mrs. Fairhaven was right when she spoke of Miss Annable as a frail little body. That word "frail" gives the true idea. She was small of stature and very slender; her face was thin and colorless. Her large, brown eyes were bright, usually soft, and a little sad in their expression, but sometimes intense, and sometimes flashing.
It was in November. The storm had reduced the temperature to an uncomfortable coldness. Miss Annable's feet were wet, and some portions of her clothes dripping from the rain. She felt chilly when she came in. She stood by a register in the hall, accepting the grateful warmth that came up from the heater, while the servant went to announce her arrival; but the shiver had not died on her pale lips, nor grown quiet along her nerves, when the servant called from above:
"Up here, if you please."
Miss Annable went up to the third story.
"This is the sewing room." The servant opened a door, and Miss Annable went in. The air felt damp and cold; for one of the windows was partly raised. The servant pushed back the shutter, and closed the window. Then, saying that Mrs. Fairhaven would be there in a few minutes, she went out.
Miss Annable had scarcely laid aside her bonnet and cloak, when Mrs. Fairhaven entered.
"Good morning," she said in a cheerful tone. "I was afraid, when I saw it was storming, that you wouldn't come. I should have been dreadfully disappointed." Then, without waiting for a reply, or noticing that the pale young girl was wet and shivering, she took up an old dress that hung across a chair, and handing it to Miss Annable, continued, "The first thing I want done is this ripped to pieces. It will make up sweetly for Kate. After breakfast you can fit the body."
The large, bright eyes of Miss Annable rested for a few moments on the lady's face. There was an appeal for consideration in them. But Mrs. Fairhaven was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to comprehend their meaning. On entering the room, she had perceived a difference in temperature—the air struck coldly on her face. But hurried movements had given a quicker circulation to her blood, and prevented the chilliness from being further perceived. It did not for a moment occur to her that the room might be too cold for one to sit down in, who had just come out of the rain, with wet feet and damp garments. In fact, she didn't think anything about her seamstress as a human being; only about her as an agent to serve—as a machine for the production of dresses, mantles, capes and the like for her children. We don't mean to say that Mrs. Fairhaven was a cold-hearted or cruel woman. Nothing of the kind. If she had clearly understood that Miss Annable's feet were wet, and her clothes damp, she

would not only have insisted on her going down to the kitchen, but would have supplied her with dry stockings and shoes. But Mrs. Fairhaven didn't think. That was the trouble.
She went down stairs, and Miss Annable commenced ripping the dress to pieces. The cloud-curtained sky made the room dark, and the shivering girl drew near the window in order to see clearly. Through every crevice in the sash came chilly currents of the searching east wind, striking upon her neck and face, and making every wave of blood that returned to her heart colder. There was a register on one side of the room. She went to it and held her hand against the opening. There came no pressure of warm air. There was plenty in the room below—more than was needed; but the damper was closed, thus arresting the supply needed for the room above. There was no design in this; only Mrs. Fairhaven didn't think. And so, for want of proper thought on the part of Mrs. Fairhaven, her frail seamstress was left to shiver in wet garments, in a damp, cold room.
A cup of hot coffee sent up from the breakfast table would have been as cordial and would have given a sustaining warmth to Miss Annable. It is strange that this was not done! You call it culpable indifference and neglect. You pronounce the lady heartless and inhuman. She didn't think—that was all! If she had comprehended the case, the cup of coffee would have been sent to the shivering girl before any one at the table was served.
"Go and ask Miss Annable if she has had breakfast," said Mrs. Fairhaven to a servant, after her husband and children had left the table.
Miss Annable came down. The coffee was lukewarm, and the tough remnants of steak cold. She drank a single cup, and forced herself to eat a few mouthfuls of bread and butter. Almost any kind-hearted, observant woman, you will say, would have noticed her pale, shrunken face, and blue lips, and her want of appetite; would have had, in consideration of the wet, cold morning, and her walk in the rain, something hot and inviting for her breakfast. But Mrs. Fairhaven had not considered; did not observe. She was absorbed in matters concerning herself. Was pondering the subject of her children's wardrobe, and counting over the various garments she was to extract from her seamstress. In a word, teaching Miss Annable as an individual abstracted from a useful household machine, she didn't think.
"I'll be with you in a little while," she said, as the girl, after finishing her almost useless meal, went out of the breakfast room.
Again, on entering the apartment that had been assigned to the use of Miss Annable, Mrs. Fairhaven noticed a difference of temperature; but she was fleshy and warm-blooded, and felt the cooler sensation as agreeable. She never thought of its being too cold for the white-faced seamstress. In adjusting work, she touched her hand frequently; it was like marble; but she didn't think. She talked with her, constantly, looking into her bright, glittering eyes, at her colorless cheeks, upon her blue lips—yet, she didn't think. After a couple of hours, two bright spots shone on Miss Annable's face; but Mrs. Fairhaven didn't think. Then at intervals she coughed slightly, and sometimes laid her hand against her side. Still, she didn't think. She was too much interested in the work that was in progress, and too much concerned about results, to consider the instrument.
After mid-day, Miss Annable was no longer cold. Fever had warmed her thoroughly.
"What rosy cheeks you have!" said little Kate, in admiration. "And how bright your eyes are!" Then, in an undertone to her mother, "Isn't she beautiful, ma?"
Mrs. Fairhaven didn't answer, didn't look up; didn't think!
Dinner time came. Miss Annable scarcely tasted food. Mrs. Fairhaven noticed it, but didn't think. All the afternoon she was busy with her seamstress, touched her hand frequently, as in the morning; it was hot now, but she didn't think. Looked into her face often—it was white before, but ruddy now; but still she didn't think.
Miss Annable would not stay until tea-time, but left as soon as the evening closed.
"You'll come in the morning," said Mrs. Fairhaven, as the girl stood, slightly bent forward, with one hand pressed to her side.
"If I'm well enough," she answered.
"Oh, you must be well enough! Don't go to getting sick until you're through with my work. Remember, I've waited for you nearly three weeks."
Mrs. Fairhaven spoke lightly, yet in earnest. There was not in her mind the

slightest concern for the girl, so far as she might be affected by sickness or health; she was only concerned for her children's dresses. And yet, let us repeat, Mrs. Fairhaven was not naturally unkind.—She didn't think—that was the trouble.
The next morning was clear and warm. One of those sweet bright days that come in the latter autumn, after a deluge of rain. But Miss Annable did not appear. Mrs. Fairhaven wondered and scolded.—"There's no dependence on these people!" she said, fretfully. "It's as much as your life is worth to get them; and then you are not sure of them for a day at a time."
Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, and still Miss Annable had not appeared.—Then Mrs. Fairhaven changed her dress hastily, and went to see Mrs. Crosby, at whose house she had engaged the seamstress, in order to learn from her exactly where she lived. Mrs. Crosby did not smile as they met, but looked at her with an unrelaxed, almost severe face.
"That girl hasn't made her appearance this morning," said Mrs. Fairhaven.
"Miss Annable."
"Yes. She came yesterday and worked all day. But there isn't a sign of her this morning."
"A circumstance not to be wondered at," replied Mrs. Crosby, speaking very seriously. "I have seen her to-day."
"You have! Where is she?"
"At home and in bed, where she will remain for a long time; perhaps never rise again."
"What!" Mrs. Fairhaven's countenance changed. She was startled. On the instant, Memory, that faithful recorder whether we will think or not, had presented certain facts in the previous day's experience, that smote her with accusation.
"One day in your house will be all that she can ever give," said Mrs. Crosby.—"She went to you, according to engagement, through a cold, driving storm, and arrived with soaked feet and under-garment, wet almost to the knees. You did not offer a change of anything, not even to a pair of dry stockings. You did not ask her to warm herself by your kitchen fire, but set her down to work in a cold room, into which no heat came all day.—A hot cup of tea or coffee might have saved her. But not even these were provided. Oh, madam! I am not speaking to hurt or offend, but all this was a neglect on your side, and the consequences are most disastrous—may prove fatal!"
Mrs. Fairhaven stood confounded.—She clasped her hands in the anguish of sudden conviction—shuddered and turned pale.
"That I should have done this!" she exclaimed.
"It is inconceivable," said Mrs. Crosby. "I have but one excuse to offer—want of thought. It was not indifference, not inhumanity—but simple lack of thought. Oh, my friend! I would give worlds if this had not happened! How will it sound when the story gets abroad? I shall be despised and execrated!"
"Think, rather," said her friend, "of the consequences to Miss Annable; and do all in your power to mitigate them. She is poor, dependent, sick; I might almost say, dying. The surest way to save your reputation is to show your sorrow for the great wrong done, in giving her every attention that a mother would give a child. It will be the surest way to satisfy your conscience; and the only way to turn aside that public opinion you dread."
All that lay in her power was done for Miss Annable by Mrs. Fairhaven; but it availed not to save the life whose foundations had been too surely undermined.—Miss Annable never left her room again, and in a few months went down into the valley of the shadow of death. Untiring, self-devoted, constant in ministrations was Mrs. Fairhaven; thus atoning for her thoughtless wrong, to the utmost in her power. But it is easier to set the elements of destruction in motion than to arrest the destroyer after his bonds are loosened.
Among the troops in Western Virginia, stories about the Phillippa affair still form a staple of conversation. Here is one of the best.—A certain Indiana company, almost worn out with march, was straggling along with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the captain shouted, "Close up, boys! d—n you, close up! If the enemy were to fire on you when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a d—m one of you! Close up!" And the boys closed up immediately.
"So you are going to keep school," said a young lady to her aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with five children."
"I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where shall I find the widower?"

A Curious Story About J. D.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from New Orleans, Jan. 29, relates as follows:—
I have a good story to tell you, with only the slight drawback that not a word of it may be true. It is credited, however, by its narrators, and has cost me at least two miles of bipedal locomotion, in the attempt to trace it to some authentic source, this very day. Considering this, you will not be surprised at my relating it, especially as there is no intrinsic improbability involved in the business; only let it be definitely understood that I, myself, assume the position of the pragmatic British Ambassador, who, writing from one of the petty German Courts in the time of the first George, informed St. James that "some say the Pretender is dead, some that he is not;" adding sagely, "for my part, I believe neither of them."
You know that the little steamer S. W. Brown has recently made a trip from this city across Lake Ponchartrain to Confederate Dixie, conveying thither a cargo of "registered enemies" to the United States, principally in crinoline. It also brought back a few—I will not say enemies—but as good friends to American unity as may be supposed to exist in the dominions acknowledging the sway of Jefferson Davis. From them the following story is derived. I believe they told it originally to Col. Clark, chief aid on Gen. Banks' staff, a gentleman whose gallantry toward them was rewarded, says *The Delta*, by three cheers, subsequent to a similar manifestation in honor of the arch Secessionist. It relates to the latter, and is as follows:—
On the first of the month and year, or the fifth—for the date is variously stated—Jeff. Davis was at Mobile. It is known that he has been visiting the south-western portion of the "so-called Confederate States" very recently, involving a look in at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, presently bringing up at the best known city in Alabama, there to celebrate the inception of 1863, and the third year of his reign. While there he resolved on a voyage of inspection to Forts Morgan and Gaines. With him went his suite, Gen. Buckner and staff, also Governor Brown, of Georgia, and a goodly company of ladies and gentlemen, all as ardent Secessionists as the majority of the population of the town in which I write—I cannot think of a stronger comparison. These embarked on board the steamer Florida, and steamed gallantly onward, unimpeded or defiant of our blockading flotilla.
Simultaneously—I would not add intentionally—the captain of her Britannic Majesty's frigate Vesuvius obtained permission of Commodore Hitecock to allow the English Consul to visit him, which was accomplished by means of a small steamer, known as the Crescent, belonging to the Florida—described as a big, black-looking vessel, mounting half a dozen guns—nearly the blockading fleet. Her machinery had got broken—became unmanageable—and she was drifting helplessly outward, a prey to any who might choose or dare to board her. She came, indeed, close to the flag ship of our squadron—the Susquehanna—all unwitting of the prize within her reach.
Why was she not boarded—fired upon? Well, the British Consul's steamer was in the way, and our sailors could not be un-gallant enough to avail themselves of a palpable accident, to the detriment of a baroness party of ladies and gentlemen (and Jeff. Davis!). So the engineers of the Florida contrived to reassert their mastery over the vessel, and to return in safety to the city. Some say they displayed a flag of truce; others that the steamer was actually boarded and allowed to retire scot free, of course in ignorance of her contents. I spare you other conflicting rumors.
If this story be true, as may be the case for anything I know to the contrary, here is a historical might-have-been worthy of consideration.
"I say, husband, if you don't get rid of that nasty dog I'll leave the house. It's a perfect nuisance. Just you go and look at the dirt."
"Oh, Sally, dear, I've sold Bully for ten dollars!"
"You don't say so! Well, that's the best piece of news I've heard this many a day. Have you got the money?"
"Oh yes! all right.—I took two pups at five dollars each!"
A loafer who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate!
"Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it."

Gen. Washington and the Negro

Many persons in Boston and vicinity can remember a colored man of the name of Primus Hall. He had a good deal of natural intelligence, has amassed a comfortable property by his industry, and was always active in his efforts to promote education among the colored people of that city.
During the war of the Revolution he was the servant of Col. Pickering, who was an intimate and confidential friend of Gen. Washington. This circumstance brought Primus Hall into frequent relations with the Commander-in-Chief. He had a great fund of anecdotes concerning him, which he was fond of relating. One of them conveys a lesson which may not be without some usefulness at the present time.
Gen. Washington often held consultations concerning military matters with Col. Pickering. His headquarters were at a considerable distance from his friend's tent, and one evening, finding they were likely to be occupied till a late hour, he proposed to remain all night with the Colonel, providing there was a spare blanket and straw. Primus was appealed to, and being eager to oblige the Commander-in-Chief, that worthy stretched the truth by replying,
"Plenty of straw and blankets; plenty."
Two humble beds were prepared, side by side, and when the long conference was ended the two officers lay down to rest. Primus pretended to be busy until they were asleep, and then he scated himself on a box, leaning his head on his hands, to take as comfortable a nap as his uncomfortable position would allow.
In the night Washington awoke and saw his humble friend nodding on his box. He called out, "Primus!" The servant, starting to his feet and rubbing his eyes, exclaimed,
"What do you wish for, General?"
"You told me you had plenty of straw and blankets," replied Washington; "but I see you sitting up all night for the sake of giving me your bed!"
"Don't trouble yourself about me, General," rejoined the negro. "No matter about me."
"But it is matter," said Washington. "This will never do, Primus. If either of us must sit up, I will take my turn. But there is no need of that. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down with me."
Primus, who revered the Commander-in-Chief as he did no other mortal, protested against such an arrangement; but Washington threw open the blanket and said, in a decided tone,
"Come and lie down, I tell you! There is room enough for both, and I insist upon it."
The tone was too resolute to admit of further parley, and the General and his colored friend slept comfortably under the same blanket till morning.
Flag for the 54th Penna. Vols.
In the House of Representatives, Penna., Feb. 9, inst.—
Mr. PERSHING (Cambria) read in his place a joint resolution relative to the purchasing of a flag for the 54th regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and moved that the orders be suspended and the House proceed to the consideration of the bill. The motion was agreed to.
The joint resolution was read and agreed to, as follows:
"Whereas, The flag presented by the State to the 54th regiment Pennsylvania volunteers was accidentally destroyed by fire in the camp of said regiment, in the absence of Col. Jacob M. Campbell, the commanding officer, who at the time, with the greater portion of his command, was in pursuit of guerrillas under Col. Inboden, of the rebel army; therefore,
"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, etc., That the Governor be and he is hereby authorized to procure, at the expense of the State, a flag, and present the same, on behalf of the State, to the said 54th regiment."
The rule being suspended, the joint resolution was read the third time, and the question being on its final passage.
Mr. PERSHING said: Perhaps, Mr. Speaker, it is due to the House that I should make a brief explanation in reference to the proposition now before the House. In conformity with the action of the Legislature authorizing the Governor, in behalf of the State, to present flags to the various regiments, a flag was presented to the 54th regiment. That regiment was made up of men from Cambria and Somerset counties. It has been engaged for the last year along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; and although it has been placed in a position in which its officers are out of the line of promotion, yet it has rendered most eff-