

# The Alleghanlian.

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, APRIL 30, 1863.

NUMBER 31.

## DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.		
Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	William M. Jones,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson,	Wm. W. Young,	Washington.
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Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Wash'tn.
Johnstown,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'n.
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### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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. SNOW, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 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.

**Wich Independent**—Rev. L. 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 7 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. LEONARD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at 10 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 10 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, 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 7:58 A. M.  
Fast Line " 9:11 P. M.  
Mail Train " 7:58 P. M.  
East—Through Express " 7:58 P. M.  
Fast Line " 12:27 P. M.  
Fast Mail " 6:58 A. M.  
Through Accom. " 9:29 A. M.

**WILMORE STATION.**  
West—Balt. Express leaves at 8:21 A. M.  
Mail Train " 8:25 P. M.  
East—Through Express " 7:30 P. M.  
Fast Mail " 6:30 A. M.  
Through Accom. " 8:59 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts**—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.

**Prothonotary**—Joseph McDonald.

**Register and Recorder**—Edward F. Lytle.

**Sheriff**—John Buck.

**District Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.

**County Commissioners**—James Cooper, Peter J. Little, John Campbell.

**Treasurer**—Thomas Galloway.

**Poor House Directors**—William Douglass, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahn.

**Agitator**—Thomas J. Nelson, William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahn.

**County Surveyor**—Henry Scanlan.

**Cornucopist**—James Shannon.

**Mercantile Appraiser**—Geo. W. Easley.

**Sup't. of Common Schools**—Henry Ely.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**BOROUGH AT LARGE.**  
**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.  
**Burges**—James Myers.  
**School Directors**—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.

**EAST WARD.**  
**Constable**—Evan E. Evans.  
**Town Council**—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.  
**Inspectors**—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.  
**Judge of Election**—Daniel J. Davis.  
**Assessor**—Lemuel Davis.

**WEST WARD.**  
**Constable**—M. M. O'Neill.  
**Town Council**—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Ostman.  
**Inspectors**—William Barnes, Jas. H. Evans.  
**Judge of Election**—Michael Haszton.  
**Assessor**—George Gurley.

## Select Poetry.

### Our Union.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Our Union, the gift our fathers!  
In wrath wars the tempest above!  
The darker and nearer our danger,  
The warmer and closer our love.  
Though bleeding, it never shall perish;  
It bends, but not sinks to the blast;  
Foes rush on in fury to rend it,  
But we will be true to the last.

Our Union, ordained of Jehovah,  
Man sets not the fiat aside!  
As well cleaves the walkin' asunder  
As the one mighty system divide.  
The grand Mississippi sounds ever,  
From pine down to palm, the decree;  
The spindle, the corn, and the cotton,  
One man shout, Union, to thee!

Our Union, the lightning of battle  
First kindled the flame of its shrine!  
The blood and the tears of our people  
Have made it forever divine.  
In battle we then will defend it!  
Will fight till the triumph is won!  
Till the States form the realm of the Union,  
As the sky forms the realm of the sun.

### A MOUSE IN THE ROOM.

A careless observer of the odd world in which we live and help to make it strange might think the lives of old maids uneventful, viewing the seemingly dull, still tenor of their isolated beings with an apathetic, uninterested eye; but old maids themselves know better. And both Betsy Daw and Nancy Poody can cite, as an instance, that period of their existence when, both spinsters, and something past thirty, they met, were mutually pleased, joined hands, struck a bargain, got a few housekeeping things, took a room together and commenced boarding themselves.—This was at the large boarding and lodging house of the energetic Mrs. Prink.

The two spinsters promised themselves great happiness. They, sat, sewed, sang, cooked, and slept together, and moralized upon the evils of marriage and man's society, with much harmony; and bore an equal share in the expense of board and rent, and in the household affairs of their one apartment; and might have been living there together to this day, if—

Betsy was buxom and a hearty eater. If she had sorrows, she "revenge'd herself upon her wittles," as the saying is; taking, in fact, such thorough vengeance, that Nancy said she often had the nightmare, and "snored horrid," which was very annoying to Nancy, who was but a thin and timid being, a spare eater, and nervous and wakeful of nights; and Nancy gradually complained to her chum of the discomfort to which she was put.

But the bold Betsy laughed at the nervous Nancy, and denied her charges; and when Miss Poody insisted that she did, Miss Daw said as positively that she didn't. This was the beginning of the end. Their opposites began to disagree.

Miss Poody was always particular about the door being fastened; and if they happened to retire without being sure on that point, Miss Daw was called upon to get up and make sure, Poody being mortally afraid of moving about at all in the dark. Miss Daw was proud of her own boldness—a wholesale sort of a creature—and afraid of but little.

Then again, while the careless Betsy was engaged busily in sleep, the fearful Nancy gave herself much trouble about the multitudinous midnight noises in the street; the occasional bacchanalian yells, or songs, or laughter, approaching steps, alarms of fire, etc.; and would often wake her chum to get sympathy or encouragement; and as often would Betsy rebuke her, and pooh! pooh! And the measure of Nancy's horizontal cares were filled up by Betsy's snores and nightmares, tossings, elbowings, and kickings of the clothes off, with occasional apprehensions that a spider was in the bed, or a man under it; and of course she called upon the bounding, billowy Betsy to cease her motions or emotions, or get up and search, and see if all was right.

If these evils were upon the suspicious and susceptible Nancy, they in time also wore upon the stolid, solid Betsy, who, wrapped with so many interruptions of her slumbers, when roused, complained in turn; and then they would have loud criminations and recriminations by the hour, thoughtless of who might be disturbed in rooms overhead or adjoining.

"I never heard of such a scarecrow," Betsy would declare. "You are afraid of your own shadow, and so suspicious you will suspect yourself into a consumption yet. Your nerves are out of order, and you ought to take something to prevent, or being so restless. Valerian tea, or assafetida is good for the nerves. Why don't you take some?"

"It is you who are restless," replied Nancy; "always on the move when you are asleep, and making such loud cries that I wonder the people in the house or the watchman haven't complained before this. I often tremble for fear they will break the door open and come in; and then I should certainly give up, and die of fright and shame."

"He, he!" laughed Betsy. "I should laugh to see them make such fools of themselves."

"You eat too much, and that's what gives you the nightmare. If you keep on eating so much, you will die in a fit."

"I must eat what I want when I'm hungry," declared Betsy. "You mustn't be afraid of your victuals, neither. I pay half. Now, you don't eat enough. You should more, and exercise, and you would be as stout and well as I am."

"I know you are fatter than I am," said Nancy; "but it isn't the fattest people that can stand the most. I don't believe it's healthy fat. You mustn't blame me for being worried about you, Betsy; but I am afraid that if you keep on eating so much, and having the nightmare, you will sometime be carried off in your sleep, and I shall wake up and find you dead by my side, and perhaps, be charged with murder, and hung, when it is all your own eating."

"Ha, ha! No danger of dying and your not knowing of it. For you're all ways awake—as a mouse, and not half so bold."

"Besides, you talk in your sleep, sometimes, and might tell secrets," added Nancy, wishing to frighten Betsy by further prudential considerations. But Betsy was impragable, turned her back, pshawed mildly, fell asleep again and snored.

Nancy, now, not only heard that, but heard, or fancied she heard, another noise, new to her timorous hearing. Betsy had compared her to a mouse and now—did she?—she thought she heard a mouse. A mouse! and that mouse in the room.

"It was a slight, rattling sound. She listened. Her heart beat violently.—Again she heard it. It must be a mouse—a thieving, mischievous, mercenary mite of a thing, come perambulating after provender, and she was horrified. She thought that, as there was plenty of food, she should hereafter be constantly worried by another nightly torment.

Afraid to get up in the dark, and afraid of the mouse, she again awoke her impatient chum, announced the arrival of a new terror, and begged her to arise and strike a light, and search.

"Dear me! what a Poody!" expostulated the sleepy Betsy. "What harm can come of a mouse?"

"I wouldn't sleep with a mouse in the room for worlds!"

"Why not? They won't bite!"

"I think I've heard of people running mad from the bite of a mouse. Do get up."

"Nonsense! A rat-bite is poisonous; but a mouse can't bite more than a canary-bird. Some folks make pets of them. I'd as lief have a little tame mouse in bed with me, all night, as not."

"O you wretch! How can you tease me so? Do get up, if you ain't afraid, and hunt."

"It isn't a mouse; folly, can't be! There ain't no holes here."

"How do you know, when you haven't looked? I know if you should strike a light and look sharp, you'll find one.—There's the noise again. Hark!"

"I don't hear anything. But to please you, I'll get up. I ain't afraid of twenty mice. There are things worse than mice in this world, to torment folks. Pooh!"

Betsy got up and lit a lamp, and commenced fumbling about the room, receiving anxious directions, as she proceeded, from the tremulous Miss Poody, who, during the reconnaissance, leaned on her elbow, a general and sentinel, at her bed-post.

"Look a little more, do. Here! There! Over yonder! Under the bed. Under the stove. Wash-stand lounge—the corners—in the drawers. I thought I heard him, just then."

But Betsy, having trod on a tack, jammed a corn, bumped her head, and bruised a shin, with a sudden expression of scorn and contempt, blew out the light, jumped into bed again, and vowed she would hunt no more.

"I won't get up again, even a rat should come! If you want to catch a mouse, you must get a cat, or a trap. Watch for yourself, you're so fond of keeping awake. I'm going to sleep, and don't you dare to wake me up. If you do, I'll bite you myself!"

And so Miss Poody was left to her fate, and lay quivering till daylight.

When morning broke, nerved by desperation, she went out and bought a

mouse-trap before breakfast. It was a cheap affair, costing but sixpence. But it was bored for three mice, and she came back with an air of triumph, confident that it was good for three mice a night, and would thus stand picket over her sinless slumbers.

As she had no chess, she baited it with bread; and though a renewed search of the two chums resulted in the discovery of no mouse-hole, Nancy relied upon the trap to seize the intruder that night, and retired with comparative calmness, leaving the ingenious apparatus in the middle of the room, where even a blind mouse would be liable to find it. She watched long, till exhausted nature entrapped her into a doze, when suddenly she started, for she had heard it spring.

Instantly, she awoke her snoring chum, who reluctantly rose and lighted the lamp. The trap was indeed sprung, but no mouse was to be seen.

"It must be a poor trap, or you didn't set it right," said Betsy, snappishly, resetting it. "The least jar will set these cheap affairs going." And out went the light again, and in went she.

For two or three such nights, at intervals, Miss Poody heard, or fancied she heard, the ominous noise; but Betsy was obstinate, and the trap remained un sprung; and Nancy, declaring that her health was declining, complained to Mrs. Prink, the landlady, vowing that either the house was haunted, or infested with rats or mice.

Mrs. Prink indignantly declared that such a thing was never said of her house before, and entered the room and made a thorough search for mouse holes herself; but all to no purpose, though baggage and bedding were included in the noisy and fussy investigation.

One of the male boarders assisted, and after suggesting the propriety of stopping the keyhole, and keeping the stove tight, assured them that they would be in less jeopardy if they should have a little bell handy, during the night, and ring it whenever they heard the little persecutor.

"It is a sure cure for mice, in a short time," said he. "They hate the sound of a bell. My uncle has tried it."

With much thankfulness, Miss Nancy promised to adopt this easy plan; and for want of a smaller, borrowed the large hand-bell used by Mrs. Prink to summon her boarders to meals.

"What it is to be pestered with nervous old maids!" sneered the landlady, irritated at the trouble proceeding from the affair, and the fuss made by the boarders on account of it.

"What it is to live in a house where there are mice!" worried Miss Poody.

"What it is to sleep in the same bed with a wakeful woman!" thought Miss Betsy Daw.

"What it is to be bothered by two noisy chattering women all night, right under one's bed room!" grumbled an old bachelor, who had long been annoyed by the screams and altercations of the two spinsters beneath, and had vowed to be avenged on them in some way.

The introduction of the bell, which was now regularly heard two or three times a night, and the loud responsive laughter of the boarders all over the house, who knew the clamorous jangle to be the signal of affright, increased the nightly disturbances of the two excited chums; and when, at last, Miss Poody, finding that the added introduction of a monstrous rat-trap was of no more avail than the bell, secured the services of two tom-cats for her room, and those feline monsters fought like fiends in the dark, most of the night, the combined array of disagreeable noises induced Mrs. Prink to believe in the idea advanced by some ill-natured body, that the old maids had some spite against her; and that there was no mouse in the room; and that the conspirators were evidently determined to render her house a nuisance, and disgust all her boarders away.

"I'll sleep in the room with them myself," said the suspicious hostess, "and I'll see, then, for myself, whether there is really the first sign of a mouse, and if the nightmares are humbug or bona fide."

She accordingly acted upon this shrewd conception, and ensconced herself on a sofa which stood in a jog of the room—much to the sincere relief of Miss Poody. And in the dark they now watched together, Miss Daw treating them to two nightmares and a powerful set of snores before midnight came.

At about the dread time "when churchyards yawn," Miss Daw having relapsed into temporary silence, both Mrs. Prink and Miss Poody heard the long sought-for sound.

"He's come, or coming! There's the mouse!" cried Miss Poody, in a loud whisper.

"I hear him," responded the landlady,

softly. "Don't move for the present."

But Miss Poody, emboldened by the presence of a third party, and anxious to strike a light in time, to convince her, rose softly and crept toward the lamp, near the landlady, just at the moment when that person, half-risen from the sofa, felt something light and cool passing over her expectant countenance.

"Here he is!" she shrieked. "He's just touched my face. Strike a light, Nancy."

Nancy lit the lamp in an instant, but did it so soon that Mrs. Prink at once suspected her of touching her face in the dark, and trying a trick on her, particularly as no mouse was found, and, as she afterwards declared, "it didn't feel exactly like a mouse."

She now loudly berated the unfortunate Miss Poody, causing another midnight row, and went off to her own room, scolding to the great astonishment of the wakeful boarders in the night, and their inquisitiveness in the morning.

The end was not yet, but soon to come. The next night, the climax arrived, and there was a terrific outburst from the haunted room.

The enraged hostess, according to a concerted plan, forced the boarders to go with her. They entered, pell-mell, with lights, and found, not only the legitimate occupants of the room, but half a dozen mice, alive and scampering about; and the odds were so great that all were put to death, when the victors retired, the exasperated Mrs. Prink, notwithstanding the discovery, warning her two noisy tenants that they must surely leave next morning.

To cut the mystery short, they did so; and after they were fairly and completely gone, it was discovered, by the confession of the vindictive old bachelor overhead himself, that he had cut a small hole through a corner of the ceiling, and had made the mysterious noise by lowering a penny through the hole, that continual and increasing uproar might result in the ejection of the two spinsters from the premises. His last device was the procuring of the six *bona fide* mice, and thrusting them, also, through the hole.

"And now," said he, "do with me as you please. I am ready to meet my fate."

But all were so glad that the noisy chums were gone, that the landlady pardoned the old bachelor on the spot!

### DANGERS OF PRECOCITY.

Bartlett mentions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian, so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermonogenes, who, at the age of fifteen, taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost his faculties, and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pico di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin verses, and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself at ten years old, did not attain the third of a century. In 1791, a child was borne at Lubeck, named Henri Heincken, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age, he spoke distinctly, at twelve learned the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years he was as familiar with Ancient History as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sauson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge. In the ancient and modern languages he was a proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year.

A ten year old who, though ungovernable, calls his father Governor, asks his older sister:

"If the Governor up stairs, Maria?"

"If you mean father—yes."

"Well, then, tell him if he wants to speak to me about staying out late of a night, he had better come down and do so now, as I have got an appointment at ten o'clock, to take home the two Miss Sparkles! Believe me, there's a good girl!"

A precocious youth, a student in an academy, not fifty miles from Delhi, not having the fear of snakes before him, and instigated by the spirit of truth, being asked in his geography what they raised in South Carolina, replied: "They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil!"

One of the best jokes of the season is the statement that one of the candidates for Governor, in New Hampshire, who was "stumping the State," got some thirteen miles into Canada, making speeches to the K'nucks, before he knew he was out of his own "balliwick."

### Jackson and Calhoun.

A scene at the White House in 1833, at the lodgings of John C. Calhoun the same night, and a death-bed scene at the Hermitage, were thus graphically portrayed by Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, in the debate on the Confiscation Bill. It is a very striking picture:

MR. PRESIDENT:—If Calhoun had been executed for his treason in 1833, there would have been no rebellion now; and perhaps he came nearer his execution than most people are aware. You well know the conspirators in South Carolina proceeded to the commission of the overt act.

Calhoun was the chief adviser. Gen. Jackson knew it well, and determined that the law should be put into execution against him, not against the poor misguided men that followed, but against the chief conspirator. He had resolved on his prosecution and trial, and if convicted, his execution for treason. He said that if he had an Attorney General that would not draw an indictment, he would find one that would. Things were approaching a crisis. Calhoun became aware of Jackson's determination, and sent Letcher of Kentucky to confer with him on the subject, and to learn his real intentions. He went to the President's house. It was already late at night. The President received him with his usual courtesy; but, sir, that mild blue eye, which at times would fill and overflow like that of a woman, was kindled up that night with unwonted fire. He reasoned with him for a while, then paced the floor. His indignation became fully aroused. At times he stormed in passion towering and sublime, till, rising to its full height, his frame dilating and quivering, every feature glowing with the living fire within, with that oath which in him never seemed profane, but the struggle of a great soul to take hold of the Almighty for the strength of his purpose, he declared to Letcher that if another step was taken, "by the Eternal," he would try Calhoun for treason, and if convicted, he would hang him on a gallows as high as Haman's!

Letcher could not misunderstand his purpose. He saw that he was terribly in earnest. From that interview he hastened to the lodgings of Calhoun. He had retired to his bed. He knocked at his bed chamber and was admitted. Calhoun received him sitting up in bed, with his clock around him. Letcher detailed all that occurred, giving the entire conversation between him and Jackson, and described the old hero as he took that oath.

There sat Calhoun, drinking in eagerly every word, and as Letcher proceeded he became pale as death, and trembled like an aspen leaf. Yes, sir, Calhoun, great as he was in intellect, quaked in his bed! And for what? Was it from fear or cowardice? Ah, no. It was the consciousness of guilt. He was the arch traitor, who, like Satan in Paradise, "brought death into the world and all our woe." Within one week he came into the Senate and voted for every section of Mr. Clay's bill, and General Jackson was prevailed upon not to prosecute him for his crime.

I have been told, upon authority upon which I rely, that during the last days of General Jackson at the Hermitage, while he was slowly sinking under the ravages of consumption—that mysterious disease, which, while it wastes the body, leaves, if possible, the mind more clear and nearer to inspiration—he had a conversation with his family physician and friend.

While lying upon his bed one day, and speaking of his past Administration, he inquired:

"What act in my Administration, in your opinion, will posterity condemn with the greatest severity?"

The physician replied that he was unable to answer—that it might be the removal of the deposits.

"Oh, no!" said the General.

"Then it may be the specie circular?"

"Not at all!"

"What is it, then?"

"I can tell you," said he, rising up in his bed, his eyes kindling up. "I can tell you. Posterity will condemn me more because I was persuaded not to hang John C. Calhoun as a traitor than for any other act of my life."

Sir, does not this seem inspiration now? If Calhoun, the originator of this conspiracy to dissolve the Union, and to build up the Southern Confederacy, had been executed for his treason, we would have had no rebellion now.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend: "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" He answered, "Upon my life, I do not know whether I am an uncle or aunt!"

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Sir, does not this seem inspiration now? If Calhoun, the originator of this conspiracy to dissolve the Union, and to build up the Southern Confederacy, had been executed for his treason, we would have had no rebellion now.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend: "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" He answered, "Upon my life, I do not know whether I am an uncle or aunt!"

Calhoun was the chief adviser. Gen. Jackson knew it well, and determined that the law should be put into execution against him, not against the poor misguided men that followed, but against the chief conspirator. He had resolved on his prosecution and trial, and if convicted, his execution for treason. He said that if he had an Attorney General that would not draw an indictment, he would find one that would. Things were approaching a crisis. Calhoun became aware of Jackson's determination, and sent Letcher of Kentucky to confer with him on the subject, and to learn his real intentions. He went to the President's house. It was already late at night. The President received him with his usual courtesy; but, sir, that mild blue eye, which at times would fill and overflow like that of a woman, was kindled up that night with unwonted fire. He reasoned with him for a while, then paced the floor. His indignation became fully aroused. At times he stormed in passion towering and sublime, till, rising to its full height, his frame dilating and quivering, every feature glowing with the living fire within, with that oath which in him never seemed profane, but the struggle of a great soul to take hold of the Almighty for the strength of his purpose, he declared to Letcher that if another step was taken, "by the Eternal," he would try Calhoun for treason, and if convicted, he would hang him on a gallows as high as Haman's!

Letcher could not misunderstand his purpose. He saw that he was terribly in earnest. From that interview he hastened to the lodgings of Calhoun. He had retired to his bed. He knocked at his bed chamber and was admitted. Calhoun received him sitting up in bed, with his clock around him. Letcher detailed all that occurred, giving the entire conversation between him and Jackson, and described the old hero as he took that oath.

There sat Calhoun, drinking in eagerly every word, and as Letcher proceeded he became pale as death, and trembled like an aspen leaf. Yes, sir, Calhoun, great as he was in intellect, quaked in his bed! And for what? Was it from fear or cowardice? Ah, no. It was the consciousness of guilt. He was the arch traitor, who, like Satan in Paradise, "brought death into the world and all our woe." Within one week he came into the Senate and voted for every section of Mr. Clay's bill, and General Jackson was prevailed upon not to prosecute him for his crime.

I have been told, upon authority upon which I rely, that during the last days of General Jackson at the Hermitage, while he was slowly sinking under the ravages of consumption—that mysterious disease, which, while it wastes the body, leaves, if possible, the mind more clear and nearer to inspiration—he had a conversation with his family physician and friend.

While lying upon his bed one day, and speaking of his past Administration, he inquired:

"What act in my Administration, in your opinion, will posterity condemn with the greatest severity?"

The physician replied that he was unable to answer—that it might be the removal of the deposits.

"Oh, no!" said the General.

"Then it may be the specie circular?"

"Not at all!"

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