The Alleghanian.

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

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DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	*Post Masters.*	*Districts.*
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Catholic—Rev. M. J. Mitchell, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 10½ 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	"	6.36 A. M.
" Through Accom.	"	8.53 A. M.

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Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

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Coroner.—James Shannon.

Mercantile Appraiser—Geo. W. Easly.

Sup't. of Common Schools—Henry Ely.

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Burgess—James Myers.

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Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.

Assessor—Lemuel Davis.

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Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans

Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.

Assessor—George Gurley.

THE EXPECTED LETTER.

"Maggie, lass! come in! 'Tis too late for Roger to-day, and you are at the door all the day long."

"Nay, only when the work is all done up, father. I can see Roger so much sooner, and my heart is heavy waiting for news."

"You heard last month"

"Last month! Yes, early in May, and 'tis now the last of June. O, father, the days are long, when the ocean rolls between Martin and me!"

"You think he will send for you soon, lass!"

"If it were not for leaving you, I should say, I *hope so*. But when I think of you, and Annie here—" And Maggie's voice faltered as she bent over the babe in her arms.

"Well, well, we must get on as best we can. There, my iron is hot, and I must stop chatting."

The heavy clang of the falling hammer filled the blacksmith's shop; but Maggie, who had been hushed to sleep by such music from her babyhood, mused, unheeding the clear, ringing sound.

She was very pretty, this lowly heroine of mine, of the true English type, with rosy cheeks, and a complexion pure and white as ivory. She had dainty rows of white even teeth, which, with a pretty winsome mouth, made her smile very beautiful. Her brown, waving hair was the true chestnut, throwing back in the sunlight rays of golden threads as bright as those of the invader who brought them into sight. She was the eldest child of Mark Lee, the blacksmith of the pretty hamlet of Landsdale, and one of the belles of the village. Yet, with the beaux of the whole neighborhood at her feet, Maggie's constant heart had clung to the first love of her childhood—the wooer of her girlhood, Martin Hayes. Martin was her cousin by courtesy, and as handsome an English boy as ever drove a plough, or made his bow at beauty's shrine. It would have been a difficult matter for either of these young lovers to tell when they first loved. From the time when Martin, some five years old, was first permitted to hold his baby cousin in his arms, his life's devotion was hers, and she gave him a sincere, earnest love in return. So as they grew to maturity, they learned how sad life must be to either were they parted, and with the same trusting love that had submitted her baby steps to his sturdy little arm, Maggie gave her woman's heart to his honest, manly care.—They were very young when the blacksmith opened his large eyes wide at their love story; but he gave them his hearty consent, only stipulating that Martin should have something wherewith to support a family before he took a wife. Now, as Martin was the eldest of nine children, and the son of a farmer not very well to do in life, this condition cost him many an anxious hour. His time was valuable to his father, so like a dutiful son he worked away, hoping for a turn of Fortune's wheel, until he came of age; then, leaving two brothers to his place, he bade adieu to Maggie, and emigrated to America to win the right to claim his wife.

Poor Maggie! It was the beginning of sorrow for her when Martin pressed the farewell kiss upon her lips, with a promise to send for her as soon as the New World had given him a niche to place her in. The winter which followed his departure was a hard one, and the blacksmith's wife died, leaving a baby only a week old to Maggie's care. She had never had brother nor sister before, and this wee burden became to her tender heart a sore weight. She loved it passionately, but this very love added to her fear lest thro' her ignorance it should sicken, perhaps die. Mark watched with a father's love both, worried, too, lest Maggie should tire of her charge, or the babe suffer in such young, inexperienced hands. Yet, as the child grew older, and every steamer brought good news from Martin, the old light came back to Maggie's eyes, the smiles to her lips, the roses to her cheeks. Martin was in a pleasant situation in the large wholesale store of Symmes & Bro., New York. He had entered into their employ as porter; but his honesty, intelligence, and good parts had made his services more valuable till he was admitted as confidential messenger of the counting-house, respected and trusted, with a salary that would soon warrant his sending for Maggie to join him in America. This was the news in his last letter, written just two years after his departure from England, and Maggie sat in the doorway of the blacksmith's shop musing over it all, thinking proudly of her Martin, tenderly of his love, regretfully of her father, and oh! so anxiously of the little sister on her knee.

Sometimes raising her soft, dark eyes from Annie's laughing face, she looked longingly down the sunny road, as if her very wishes could bring Roger's red coat and gold-banded hat in sight. Roger was the Queen's mail from Landsdale; and Roger was a boy lover of Maggie's. He dearly loved to tease her about the letters, certain that his reward for bringing one would be the sweetest dish of fruit and best glass of ale from Maggie's cellar.—The long summer afternoon was fast turning to twilight, and Maggie had determined to go in, thinking her hope and watching over for the day, when Annie, sitting up, clapped her hands to greet Roger's pony as it came down the road on a full gallop.

"Roger! Father! He is coming!"

Mark looked up, gave a little grunt of approval, and then resumed his hammering.

"No letter for me, Roger?" asked Maggie, half crying, as he made a feint of dashing past.

"Letter for you, Miss Maggie! Letter—for—you? O, now you mention it, I think there *is* a letter for you."

"Quick! Oh, Roger, how long you fumole in that bag! Give it to me."

"Can't. It's against orders to trust the mail out of our own hands. Ah!" and he slowly dismounted and stood leaning against a tree, just out of reach of Maggie's impatient hand.

"Oh, Roger, give it to me!"

"Miss Maggie Lee," read the provoking Roger, "per Asia's mail. America—oh, pshaw! it can't be for *you*. You have no beau away out there."

"Oh, Roger, don't tease me! Come give me the letter, and you shall have a draught of the old ale you like so well."

"You are sure it is for you?" he said, holding it out, and looking with mischievous eyes into her smiling face, lighted by the pleasant certainty of her anxiously expected letter being there at last.

"Give the lass her letter," said Mark, gruffly, looking up from his eternal hammering; and, with a comic affectation of extreme terror, Roger tossed the letter into the baby's lap, sprang upon his pony, and was off like a shot.

There was a long, long silence. Annie had let the soft white eyelashes fall over her blue eyes; the long shadows were falling around the house before Maggie raised her eyes from her letter. Then her father's "Well, Maggie!" roused her.

"He wants me to return in the Asia, father; or, if that is too soon, to write by her at what time I can come."

"Well, Maggie," for her voice had faltered, and her eyes filled.

"Oh, father! you—and—Annie—"

"You expected it, Maggie. You are all ready."

"Yes; but—"

"But you think the lassie and I will miss you. So we will, no doubt; for you've been a good girl, Maggie; but I have been waiting for that letter to tell you a piece of news."

"News?" and she looked up wonderingly.

"I never would have placed a stepmother over you, Maggie, for you've been housekeper and mother; but as you are to go away to—I pray and trust—a happy home, I am going to marry again."

"Yes—" she gasped; "yes—who?"

"Mrs. Lawrence. She—"

"Oh, father!" cried Maggie, joyfully. "You are willing to trust Annie and me to her?"

"Annie would have died in the first month of her life if Mrs. Lawrence had not been so kind to her, and so willing to teach me. O, father, she is so good, so gentle! Oh, you must be happy; only," and she laid her head lovingly on her father's arm, "she must not make you forget Maggie."

"Nothing can make me forget Maggie. She has been too long the sunshine of my home for that," said her father. "Write to Martin by the Asia that you will leave in the next steamer, for you must stay to the wedding lass."

It was a quiet, happy wedding a few days later; and accompanied by her father, sister, and the new mother, Maggie went to Liverpool. The parting was sad; but that once over, the young girl would let none but happy, hopeful thoughts fill the hours of a long voyage across the Atlantic. She was going to Martin.—Fifty times a day she looked into her little mirror to see if she was as fair as when Martin left her, and the little locket that contained his picture was consulted as often, with speculations as to where and how the past two years had changed him. An old Irish woman, who was on her way to join her "two gurls, shure in Ameriky," became Maggie's especial friend and confidant; and many an hour was spent in telling her old friend of her true-hearted manly lover.

"You'll see him at the landing; he'll meet me there. I'm sure he'll meet me for I wrote by what steamer I wo'd come."

At last the long, weary voyage was over, and the vessel arrived at the port of New York. Maggie's heart beat high; but she kept near her friend, Mrs. Michaelhenny, watching from the deck for the face and form she was sure she could distinguish even in that confusing, crowded mass of human beings. Mrs. Michaelhenny's two "gurls," Mary and Nora, the latter leaning on the arm of "John Murphy, my husband," as she proudly introduced him, good-naturedly waiting with the pretty English girl, cheering her with hope, as her heart grew heavy with long, weary waiting. The long day drew to a close; and all the passengers had left the vessel; the wharf was cleared of its bustling crowd, the heavily laden drays had rolled off with their burdens, hacks full of smiling friends had claimed their relations or visitors from the steamer and driven away, yet Martin did not come.

"Come home with us the night," urged Nora Murphy, "and you'll have the clear day to-morrow to hunt him shure. John will show you the way, if you know the store."

"Symmes & Brother, ——Street," said Maggie.

"Och! Ain't I working just forninst it, the other side of the street? I'll take you in the morning early. Come home, honey; you are white as a sheet with the worry."

"But I am strange to you," faltered Maggie.

"Never mind that," said Nora kindly; "you can stay the one night, at any rate. Perhaps he is extra busy, and can't get off."

But poor Maggie could not admit that comforting assurance. She felt sure that no trifle would keep Martin from meeting her at that time, and his employers, of whom she had had many accounts, were not, she was certain, the men to detain him. With a very anxious heart, she accepted the kindly offered hospitality of her new friends, passing a wakeful night full of sad forebodings. He must be sick; perhaps, she shudderingly thought—dead. Oh! for morning, to see those who knew him!

[*Conclusion next week.*]

Spicy Correspondence between a Butternut and a Soldier.

[The following correspondence has been sent us from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, for publication. It is genuine.]

Hamilton, Ohio,
Sunday, March 22, 1863.

Dear Bob:—I suppose you were in a harder battle New Years than I and Rash were with the skunk, and more serious, too. I suppose that before this reaches you that you will have been in another. From what you say, I suppose it is an awful sight to see the slaughter of men. You undoubtedly know of the heavy draft that is awaiting us. The people here are all of one mind—that is to resist the draft. They all say that they will rebel against it. I don't know how that will work, but if they do I am in. Do you think the soldiers will fight us if they were brought up here to take us? I don't. I think they would be wise if they would throw down their arms. Bob, we had a big Democratic meeting in Hamilton, yesterday, and the speakers all said they would have big fighting here soon. One said that Lincoln would be out of the White House in less than three mopths. Bob, there must certainly be some rough times here before long. Bob, you may know that us boys had big times in Hamilton yesterday. We listened to the speaking until we got tired, the next was euchre and bar. Well, Bob, I must quit for this time. Write soon if you don't get killed. J. H., Jr.

REPLY.

Murfreesboro, April 2, 1863.

John—Your cowardly and disgraceful letter is just received. You can better imagine than I can define my disgust at receiving such a contemptible and treasonable letter from one claiming to be a citizen of the American Republic. A man raised and educated under the auspices of the best Government ever enjoyed by any people, who has so degenerated in the scale of morality and love of country, is an object of contempt rather than of sympathy. I blush to think that one of my former associates, who but a short time since, boasted of love for his country and her free institutions, is to-day, from motives of cowardice, cringing in the attitude of supplication at the shrine of the Southern Confederacy. What has so recently come over the spirit of your dreams, that you can thus meanly repudiate both your God and your country? The sentiments which you express savor very much of human depravity.—Have you lost all the pride of manhood? Have you become so demoralized as thus to acknowledge yourself at once a traitor and a disgrace to the free institutions of the country which gave you birth? May God, in his infinite justice, prosper the glorious cause for which the Federal arms are contending; while to the wretched torment of fire and brimstone, in the deepest gorge of hell, consign, not only the rebels in arms against our government, but also—and three fold more deserving—the unprincipled and cowardly wretches who openly avow themselves traitors, but who have not the moral courage to take up arms in favor of the rebellion for which they profess so much sympathy.—If such men as Vallandigham and his followers expect to receive mild treatment at the hands of the soldiers in this department of the army, they are laboring under a most woeful delusion. The scorching flames of hell would be to them a welcome relief if they should be unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of our justly indignant army. You greatly mistake the loyalty of those who so freely gave their blood at the battle of Stone River, if, for a single moment, you entertain the opinion that we would justify you in resisting the draft. We will, with one accord, lay down our lives in support of the cause for which we enlisted, but never, till the last armed foe expires, will we ingloriously lay down our arms, as intimated in your letter. We will return home for no other purpose than to bayonet and, if need be, exterminate all such contemptible treason-mongers as you have described. This letter will no doubt conclude our correspondence, to which I do not object; and, since you have taken the liberty to write such an insulting letter to me, I propose to deal plainly with you, and, in doing so, allow me to say that all your boast about resisting the draft is mere cowardly bombast. You and all of your stripe lack the courage to resist the draft. You will, no doubt, purchase a revolver, and talk loudly about resistance, as all cowards do; but, mark me for the expression, you will never use them. I despise a coward as I despise the Devil, and forever hence you are in my humble estimation, a cringing coward, of the lowest order. Only think for a single moment of a spirit so contemptible as to express the wish that we might desert the graves of our brethren to the desecration of rebels. Go on in your mad career of opposition to the war, but remember that the day is fast approaching when you will gladly give your right arm to be able to recall the treasonable acts of the past. If you desire to know how your letter was received here, you can readily determine from the following. One of the boys present when it was read, remarked that "If you were here your skin would be taken off and twisted into whip-lashes, with which to lash your soul to Hell." All denounce the author of such a treasonable letter as a mean, contemptible coward, who dare not fight for or against his country.

With every sentiment of profound disgust, I subscribe myself, forever, the enemy of traitors at home and rebels in in arms, while I am unalterably for the Union. R. M. M'COY,

Co. F, 69th Reg't. Ohio Volunteers.

Letter from Mr. Chase.

The following is a correct copy of the letter of Mr. Chase to the Loyal National League, in response to their invitation to attend the Sumter meeting:

"Washington, April 9, 1863.

"Gentlemen: Imperative demands on my time compel me to deny myself the gratification of attending the meeting to which you kindly invite me.

"You will meet to send words of cheer to our brave generals and soldiers in the field; to rebuke treason in the panoply of war; to maintain inviolate the integrity of the national territory and the supremacy of the national constitution and laws; to strengthen the hands and nerve the heart of the President for the great work to which God and the people have called him. For what worthier purposes can American citizens now assemble?

"It is my fixed faith, gentlemen, that God does not mean that this American republic shall perish. Notwithstanding all the violence and all the machinations of traitors and their sympathizers, on this or the other side of the Atlantic, our country will live.

"And while our country lives, slavery, the chief source, and cause, and agent of our ills, will die. The friends of the Union in the South, before rebellion, predicted the destruction of slavery as a consequence of secession, if that madness should prevail. Nothing, in my judgment, is more certain than the fulfilment of these predictions. Safe in the States, before rebellion, from all federal interference, slavery has come out from its shelter, under state constitutions and laws, to assail the national life. It will surely die, pierced by its own fangs and stings.

"What matter now how it dies?—Whether as a consequence or object of the war what matter? Is this a time to split hairs of logic? To me it seems that Providence indicated clearly enough how the end of slavery must come. It comes in rebel slave states by military order, decree or proclamation; not to be disregarded or set aside in any event as a nullity, but maintained and executed with perfect good faith to all the enfranchised; and it will come in loyal slave states by the unconstrained action of the people and their legislatures, aided freely and generously by their brethren of the free states. I may be mistaken in this, but if I am another better way will be revealed.

"Meantime it seems to me very necessary to say distinctly what many yet shrink from saying. The American blacks must be called into this conflict, not as cattle, not now, even, as contrabands, but as men. In the free states, and, by the proclamation, in the rebel states, they are free men. The Attorney-General, in an opinion which defies refutation, has pronounced these freemen citizens of the United States. Let, then, the example of Andrew Jackson, who did not hesitate to oppose colored regiments to British invasion, be now fearlessly followed. Let these blacks, acclimated, familiar with the country, capable of great endurance, receive suitable military organization, and do their part. We need their good will, and must make them our friends. We must have them for guides, for scouts, for all military service in camp or field for which they are qualified. Thus employed, from a burden they will become a support, and the hazards, privations, and labors of the white soldiers will be proportionably diminished.

"Some will object, of course. There are always objectors to everything practical. Let experience dispel honest fears and refute captious or disloyal cavil.

"Above all, gentlemen, let no doubt rest on our resolution to sustain, with all our hearts and with all our means, the soldiers now in arms for the republic.—Let their ranks be filled up; let their supplies be sufficient and regular; let their pay be sure. Let nothing be wanting to them which can insure activity and efficiency. Let each brave officer and man realize that his country's love attends him, and that his country's hopes hang upon him; and inspired by this thought, let him dare and do all that is possible to be dared and done.

"So, gentlemen, with the blessings of God, will we make a glorious future sure. I see it rising before me—how beautiful and grand! There is not time to speak of it now; but from all quarters of the land comes the voice of the sovereign people, rebuking faction, denouncing treason, and proclaiming the indivisible unity of the republic; and in this Heaven inspired union of the people, for the sake of the Union, is the sure promise of the splendid hereafter.

"With great respect, yours very truly.
"S. P. CHASE.

"Hon. George Opdyke, George Grisgold, Esq., and others, Committee of the Loyal National League, New York."

In a private letter accompanying the above Mr. Chase uses the following words, the latter of which may well be adopted as a motto by every Loyal National League in the land:

"What said the Roman orator when Catiline armed against his country: Let what each man thinks concerning the Republic be inscribed upon his forehead."

☞ The private secretary of a cabinet minister is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber and asked for the Governor.

"What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary.

"Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure."

"Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water cure."

A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished.

☞ There is an Irishman employed as a bridge hand out west, on the Central railroad, who brags of having a time piece that keeps correct time. He was haerd to remark a few mornings since, upon pulling out his watch: "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minute and a half he will be late."

☞ "Husband and wife should be adapted to each other's needs," said a gentleman. A wag in company immediately put the following poser: "Are we then to infer, sir, that a woman without arms and a man without legs would be a fair match?"

☞ A man's boots and shoes get tight by imbibing water, but the man doesn't