

# 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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VOLUME 6.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1864.

NUMBER 12.

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**MAILS ARRIVE.**

Eastern, daily, at	12 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at	12 o'clock, A. M.

**MAILS CLOSE.**

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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.

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" Phila. Express "	9:57 A. M.
" Fast Line "	9:58 P. M.
" Mail Train "	8:59 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. "	7:34 A. M.
" Emigrant Train "	4:55 P. M.
East—Phila. Express "	8:40 P. M.
" Fast Line "	8:53 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. "	7:03 A. M.
" Harrisb. Accom. "	11:27 A. M.

[Don't stop.]

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**Assistant Assessors**—William Barnes, Dan. C. Zahm.

## Select Poetry.

### What the Birds Said.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

The birds, against the April wind,  
Flew northward, singing as they flew;  
They sang: "The land we leave behind  
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."  
"Oh, wild birds, flying from the South,  
What saw and heard ye, going down?"  
"We saw the mortal's upturned mouth,  
The sickened camp, the blazing town!  
"Beneath the broadest starry lamps,  
We saw your march—your children die;  
In shrouds of moss, inypress swamps,  
We saw your dead unclaimed lie."  
"We heard the starving prisoners' sighs;  
And saw, from line and trench, your sons  
Follow our flight, with homesick eyes,  
Beyond the battery's smoking guns."  
"And heard and saw ye only wrong  
And pain," I cried, "oh, wing—your flocks?"  
"We heard," they said, "the Freedman's song,  
The crash of Slavery's broken locks."  
"We saw from new uprising States  
The treason-nursing mischief-spread;  
As, crowding Freedom's ample skirts,  
The long-straggled and lost retreated."  
"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,  
And hands horn-hard with ungodly toil,  
With hope in every winking fold,  
We saw your sin-drop fall in vain."  
"And, struggling up thro' sounds accursed,  
A grateful murmur clomb the air—  
A whisper scarcely heard at first,  
It filled the listening heavens with prayer,  
"And sweet and far, as from a star,  
Replied a voice which shall not cease,  
THU, drowning all the noise of war,  
It sings the blessed song of peace!"  
To me, in a doubtful day,  
Of chill and slowly greening spring,  
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,  
The wild birds sang or seem to sing,  
They vanished in the misty air,  
The song went with them in their flight;  
But, lo! I they left the sunset fair,  
And in the evening there was light.

**Imagination.**

"Why are you so cross, my darling?"  
said M. Melcourt to his daughter; "readily  
there is no pleasing you, though every  
one in the house, including myself, is try-  
ing to do it."  
"I can't help it, papa; I am weary of  
life."  
"Weary of life at eighteen! Oh! don't  
say that, child. If you only knew what  
it is to get old, and find life fading away  
from you, you would not speak thus.—  
Weary of life! Is there anything that  
could reconcile you to it? I have fifty  
thousand francs a year, entirely at your  
disposal, besides the affection of a father  
that has only you to love in the whole  
world."  
"Dearest father, I wish you had been  
my mother."  
"Your mother! what a very strange  
idea."  
"Not at all, for I have a secret to con-  
fide that a mother only could understand  
—at least so I have found in all the books  
I have ever read; no one ever confides in  
their father."  
"Except when that father has been both  
father and mother, as I have been."  
"Yes, but then you have promised my  
hand to the son of your old friend, M.  
Delmar, of Bordeaux—Jules Delmar—  
whom I can never love, and you will, no  
doubt, insist on my marrying him."  
"I certainly shall, unless you can give  
a good reason why you should not."  
"That is precisely my secret. I can  
give you a good reason why I should not  
marry this man—because, because, I love  
another."  
"Love another, good gracious! Why,  
who the devil can that other be? You  
have never been out of my sight, and I  
am at a loss to see who there is around us  
likely to strike a girl's imagination."  
"You don't look far enough back. Do  
you remember my cousin Charles?"  
"My nephew, who was sent from Mar-  
tinique to my care? Yes, to be sure I  
do; what of him? He has been away  
back to his father over six years now, and  
take six from eighteen there remains but  
twelve. You couldn't be in love at twelve  
years old!"  
"Oh! but I was, and a great deal son-  
ner. You know my Aunt Judith taught us  
to read out of the books she was so fond of  
herself. Well, among them was Paul and  
Virginia. Now Paul remembered all  
about Martinique, and this book made a  
strange impression on us, children as we  
were. till at last we called each other Paul  
and Virginia, and when we were cruelly  
separated—"

"Cruelly separated! Why the boy went  
back to his father and his home."  
"Yes, but that's just the way they sent  
away Virginia, you know, and Paul thought  
it cruel—so did Charles."  
"Well, what happened then?"  
"Why, before he went we swore eternal  
love and fidelity for each other. "Gabrie-  
elle," said he, "I am going far away; sent  
to Martinique, just as they sent Virginia  
to France. In all probability, when you  
grow up to be a woman, your father, with  
the tyranny and injustice of all fathers,  
will—"  
"All fathers—am I unjust and tyrannical?"  
"No, but all the fathers in the book we  
had read were, and Charles thought at the  
time that printed books could not be  
wrong, so "Gabriele," said he, "when your  
father tries to give you to another, remember  
our solemn vows, and have courage to  
resist him. I swear I would be faithful,  
and so we parted."  
"Six years ago, he was then fourteen,  
and you, as I said before, just twelve  
years old. Well, you have never met  
since then—"  
"Never, of course, since; I have never  
left Paris, nor he Martinique."  
"Nor have you corresponded with him."  
"Yes, I have corresponded with him."  
"Good heavens! I thought I saw all  
the letters that came into this house."  
"Letters! you don't think we correspond  
by letters—oh! no, indeed, no, it is thro'  
the medium of the moon that we corres-  
pond."  
"The moon?—oh! I don't mind that  
kind of correspondence, though I should  
much like to know how it was managed."  
"Why, 'at a certain hour, when there  
was a moon, we agreed both to look at it,  
and we should know that at that moment  
each was thinking of the other."  
"That shows that you and your precious  
cousin know mighty little of geography  
and astronomy, or you would know that  
when the moon is shining in Paris, the  
sun is just rising in Martinique. How-  
ever, you imagined that it was all right, and  
it did quite as well."  
"Now you have my secret."  
"And this moonlight cousin of yours  
the only obstacle between Jules and your-  
self?"  
"The only one, but it is an insuperable  
one."  
"Nonsense; so far from being an insu-  
perable one, I am going to fix your wed-  
ding day, and to tell Jules that you are  
prepared to receive him as a suitor."  
"I am your child; I dare not resist you,  
but remember, I warn you, my obedience  
will cost me my life."  
"Your life! Why, Gabrielle, what do  
you mean?"  
"I feel that this marriage will break my  
heart and drive me into a consumption; and  
then, when you have lost me, when you  
shall stand weeping over my grave, you  
will remember the words of your poor,  
dear, devoted, darling Gabrielle."  
"Monsieur Melcourt, with all his prin-  
ciple, could not stand his daughter's tears.  
If he had only given his word, he would  
have found means of being released from  
his promise, but he was under the greatest  
obligations to M. Delmar—owed him his  
fortune, and even his life, for Delmar had  
saved him from suicide, and to break his  
promise to him, to dissolve a marriage on  
which his friend had set his heart, seemed  
like ingratitude. But he had never been  
accustomed to refuse his daughter any-  
thing, and he felt that after all he would  
have to yield; still he endeavored to tem-  
perize, and turning to Gabrielle—"Child,"  
said he, "the object of my life is your  
happiness; rely on it, I will do all I can  
not to compromise it, only allow me to do  
it my own way."  
"Of course, darling."  
"Well, then, to-morrow Jules will be  
here. Promise me that you will receive  
him civilly."  
"I promise anything."  
"And you will be in a good humor, and  
not go into a consumption?"  
"Not as long as you let me have my own  
way."  
The next day Gabrielle, to please her  
father, made herself as pretty as possible,  
and received her father's guest in the most  
amiable manner. It was a sacrifice she  
owed her father. She was not sorry, for  
of course love, true love, such as she felt  
for her cousin Charles, was always destined  
to encounter persecution. She was a  
victim, beyond all doubt; all she could do  
was, for the sake of her father, to bear her  
destiny.  
The evening passed in the most agree-  
able manner. It was not violating in any  
way her faith to the absent lover to admit  
that Jules Delmar was exceedingly good-  
looking, that his conversation was inter-  
esting, because he possessed such varied  
information; and that he sang exceedingly  
well.  
Jules continued to visit the house every

day for a fortnight. By that time Gabri-  
elle had arrived at the conclusion that she  
wished she had such a brother; but her  
father put an end to all her wishes and  
fancies by abruptly bringing her back to  
reality, and reminding her that Jules  
Delmar aspired to no such fraternal dis-  
tinction, and that now the time had ar-  
rived for her to give her decision.

"Will you let me manage this affair  
myself? I know it is contrary to all rule,  
but—"  
"Don't apologize, my dear Gabrielle, for  
I am only too happy to get rid of the job.  
I really did not know what to say to Jules,  
and much less did I know what to write  
to his father."  
That evening, at a sign from his daugh-  
ter, M. Melcourt sauntered into a room  
adjoining the drawing room, saving ap-  
pearances by leaving the door open. Then  
Gabrieelle, who had rehearsed the scene  
all day in her own room, turned toward  
Jules:

"Monsieur Delmar," said she, "I have  
no mother; therefore you must excuse all  
that is unusual in what I am about to do."  
"Of course you must be aware that I  
know of the arrangement between our  
families?"  
"Of course I imagined you did."  
"Well, Monsieur Delmar, a marriage  
between us is impossible."  
"Impossible! You should not have  
waited until now—now that all my happi-  
ness is centered in you, now that I love  
you, to tell me this. But why is our  
marriage impossible?"  
"Because I love another."  
"Another?"  
"Yes, and have loved him ever since I  
was ten years old."  
"Where is he?—why have I never seen  
him?"  
"I have never seen him since I was  
twelve years old. It is my cousin, Charles  
Melcourt, whom I love, and he has been  
for the last six years in Martinique."  
"And you have loved him all this time?  
That proves you are capable of fidelity."  
"Well, so on."  
"That's all. I would have told you  
about the moon but that papa explained to  
me that there was a difference in the  
rising of the moon here and there. We  
used to correspond by the moon."  
"Poetical but not astronomical."  
"Monsieur Delmar, you are making fun  
of me."  
"I am treating a disease of the imagi-  
nation."  
"A disease of the imagination?"  
"Yes, your love for Charles is a disease  
of the imagination, and if it is the only  
obstacle that prevents our marriage, all I  
can say is dear Gabrielle, fix the wedding  
day."  
"Then you will be content to take my  
hand without my heart?"  
"I shall have your heart; you will love  
me, and I shall be your first love, for you  
have never loved before. Come, dearest  
Gabrieelle, come, fix yourself our wedding  
day."  
"Never!" exclaimed Gabrielle; "I am  
resigned to my fate; I will obey my father,  
but never, will I with my own lips pro-  
nounce my own doom."  
"But you will be my wife—you will  
keep the contract made by our two fathers  
—will you not?"  
"I will sacrifice myself to my father's  
honor," replied Gabrielle, with all the  
dignity she could assume.

Gabrielle from that hour assumed the  
attitude of a sublime victim. Her father  
was much concerned, and the threatened  
consumption seemed to frighten him, but  
Jules, now his ally, laughed away his  
fears, appearing not to notice the mel-  
ancholy downcast looks and the deep sighs  
of his intended.  
Gabrieelle's grief did not prevent her  
from paying great attention to her tress-  
seau, and when the victim was led to the  
altar it was at least most admirably  
adorned.  
M. Melcourt had made it one of the  
conditions of the marriage that the young  
couple should reside with him; but Jules,  
though he was delighted to remain with  
the fine, spirited old man, resolved that  
he himself should take charge of his wife's  
special establishment. A suite of apart-  
ments was furnished, and though they  
had been together but three months, it  
was astonishing how well he had divined  
Gabrieelle's peculiar tastes and fancies.—  
The carriage he gave her was one of the  
prettiest at the Bois de Boulogne; her  
husband was the most charming compan-  
ion, the most attentive of lovers; in fact  
life was an enchantment, but Gabrielle  
fought vigorously against the conviction,  
and tried to convince herself that she was  
not happy. She resumed her moon-  
gazing and sighed whenever she was not  
laughing.

Jules Delmar always allowed his wife to  
indulge her caprices, and though some-  
times on the sharp Parisian nights he

shivered when she opened the window to  
look at the moon, he never made the  
slightest opposition.

One day Gabrielle sat alone in her  
boudoir trying to recall the perfection of  
her first and only love, and finding always  
her husband's handsome, intelligent, im-  
pudent face rise up before her, when her  
valet entered the room, and announced  
that a gentleman wished to see her.

"What is his name?"  
"Madame, he did not give his name,  
but he told me to tell you that he came  
from Martinique."  
"From Martinique? Admit him?"  
In another moment the door opened  
and a young man who seemed to have  
outgrown his strength, so tall was he and  
so light, entered the room. Gabrielle gazed  
at him for an instant and then coldly in-  
formed him that she was Madame Mel-  
court—what was it he desired?

The gentleman had not inspired her  
with any confidence or sympathy; he had  
a very small head, with a mass of straight,  
black hair, features that were regular  
without expression, with dull, sleepy eyes,  
that wandered about with a sort of appeal-  
ing, helpless, vacant gaze.

"My dear cousin," said the gentleman  
with a low giggle, "don't you know me?  
I am Charles."  
"Charles! Here Gabrielle fell on her  
knees before him and burst into tears  
while she sobbed out these words:—  
"Oh, Charles, Charles, forgive me!"  
Charles looked exceedingly embarrassed,  
then murmured—  
"What for?"  
"I have been faithless."  
"To whom? To what?"  
"To our love!"  
"Our love? why cousin, I don't remem-  
ber, I am sure I—"  
"I am married."  
"Married? Oh! I am so glad."  
At these words Gabrielle rose, dried  
her tears, and calmly asked her cousin to  
sit down.

"Oh! cousin I hope you are happy;  
I'm in such a scrape! I'm married, too."  
"Oh! indeed," exclaimed Gabrielle,  
blessing her stars that she was married,  
too, and was spared the humiliation of  
being forsaken.

"Yes, and I ran away from Martinique,  
for my father was offended, and—but my  
wife is in the carriage below; will you see  
her?"  
"And take her to my heart. Oh!  
Charles, I will be a sister to her."  
Charles rushed from the room, whilst  
Gabriele, throwing herself into a chair,  
heaved a deep sigh of relief, exclaiming:  
"I am free; I can love him now."  
At this moment Charles returned, his  
wife on his arm. Gabrielle rushed toward  
him, but as she got near her cousin she  
started back; his bride was the color of a  
very light lemon, that not even the Email-  
de Paris could make white, and though  
she was beautiful, it was evident at the  
first glance that there was the blood of  
another race in her veins.

"Do you, too, draw back? I thought  
there was no prejudice in France."  
"No, no; I welcome your wife, and offer  
her a sister's love!" exclaimed Gabrielle,  
holding out her hand to the "yellow girl,"  
saying to herself, "She will never know  
how welcome she is!"

Gabrielle, who was all-powerful, made  
M. Melcourt welcome his nephew, and in-  
stall his bride with him in an apartment  
in his mansion, promising to be the medi-  
um of reconciliation with his father in  
Martinique.

When, on the night of this arrival,  
Jules and Gabrielle were alone, he sat  
down beside her, and, putting his arm  
round her, he drew her towards him.

"Gabriele," said he, "the idol of your  
fancy has returned—poor Gabrielle!"  
"How dare you pity me! Oh, Jules,  
how could I ever have been such a fool?"  
"No—such a baby. All young girls  
pass through the same process, only they  
don't always find a Jules who knows how  
to distinguish between the heart and the  
imagination."  
"I am afraid to say, my darling husband,  
that I love you, for—"  
"You fancy you have loved your cousin.  
You never have. The imagination is de-  
veloped before the heart, but the dreams  
of the imagination are easily dissipated;  
the heart has for its advocates, sense,  
feeling, the understanding, passion. This  
forms love."  
"And this is what I feel for you—and  
have felt for a long time."  
"Yes, I know it well. Come, never  
hide your head, but give me a long, wifely  
kiss, and then let us plan together how we  
are to make Parisian society accept your  
straw-colored cousin."  
"We can never do that."  
"Yes, we can; we will invent a romantic  
history for her, and make her a heroine."  
"Nonsense!"  
"No; imagination."

## "Greenbacks."

In a speech recently delivered at St  
Louis, ex-Secretary Chase gave the follow-  
ing definition of a "greenback":

"I have been called the father of green-  
backs. What is a greenback? Did you  
ever think what it was? Why, it is sim-  
ply the credit of this great American  
people put in the form of money, to circulate  
among the very people whose credit  
makes it worth anything. When I was  
Secretary of the Treasury, the question  
arose, how should these vast armies and  
navies be supplied? How should the  
boys be fed in the field, the sailors in  
ships, and provision made for their sup-  
port, for their clothing, their food and  
transportation? I found the banks of the  
country had suspended specie payments.  
What was I to do? The banks wanted  
me to borrow their credit, or pay them  
interest in gold upon their credit. They  
did not pay any gold, or propose to pay  
any themselves, but they wanted me to  
borrow their notes. I said, 'No, gentlemen,  
this great American people is worth all of  
you put together, and I will take the  
credit of these people and cut it up in the  
form of little bits of paper, and we will  
circulate that paper, and we will receive  
that paper for bonds, upon which we will  
punctually pay the interest in gold.' And  
then, in order that the national currency  
might be permanent, and that nobody  
could have just cause to complain, I called  
the national banking system into existence,  
and pledged every bank to redeem its cur-  
rency in greenbacks, and the government  
pledged that every dollar should be re-  
deemed in the end—the securities to be  
pledged and provided—that in the end  
everything should be made equivalent in  
gold."

"I think this is the true idea of green-  
backs. It is the credit and property of  
the American people—made to serve the  
purpose of money in the midst of a great  
strife, when we must have everything we  
can get. And, fellow-citizens, in my  
humble judgment, if out of this war this  
national currency comes as is provided for  
in our platform, so that no Western farmer  
or merchant will be obliged to pay tribute  
to the East in his exchange, so that we  
shall not lose upon exchange so large a  
profit upon our industry; so that the labor-  
er receives his dollar or two dollars, or  
dozen dollars at the night's or the week's  
end—shall be perfectly sure that it won't  
turn to dust and ashes before the morning  
sun rises. I say if we can get such a  
sound currency as this, then this country  
will not at least have been without one of  
the collateral benefits of this war; if you  
can take your money on the Atlantic and  
go to the Pacific and pay your bills all the  
way, without having to change the cur-  
rency at every tavern you stop at."

"I say if the government is adminis-  
tered as it should be, with proper vigor and  
economy, every dollar in greenbacks would  
be as good as a dollar in gold. Why,  
eight months ago, if I could have had the  
assurance that I would not have been  
troubled with any other issue—if I could  
have been assured that there should be no  
trouble from any unauthorized currency  
by any but the nation itself, I would have  
undertaken to re-sume specie payment in  
a week, if anybody wanted it; and I say  
now, if the war is prosecuted as it ought  
to be, and the government is administered  
with the economy and prudence that I  
trust it will be, then there is no more  
danger of that currency than there is that  
the American people will fail."

The Charlevoix journals relate the  
following instance of remarkable bravery  
and fortitude on the part of a little boy  
only eight years old, the son of a laborer  
named Malhaux, living at Farcieux, near  
Belgium. One evening, three or four  
weeks since, he was sent by his mother to  
fetch a loaf from a baker's on the opposite  
side of the railway. On his return, when  
passing a level crossing about 150 paces  
from the Farcieux station, he saw a  
train approaching, and in his alarm stum-  
bled and fell. He nevertheless had the  
presence of mind to roll into the space  
between the rails, and lie still. Unfortu-  
nately, the clearing iron had caught his  
blouse and dragged him along till the  
train stopped at the station, but the wheels  
had meanwhile passed over one of his  
arms, and cut it nearly off. When liber-  
ated, he exclaimed, looking at his mangled  
arm, "Pray, do not tell mother!" and  
asked the bystanders to fetch his loaf. It  
was found necessary to amputate the arm,  
and, endeavoring having been applied with-  
out producing insensibility, he bore the  
operation with the utmost courage, and  
only asked once or twice if the surgeons  
would soon have done. His arm is now  
healing, and the brave little fellow has  
returned to school, sporting as gayly and  
cheerfully with his companions as before  
the accident occurred.