

The Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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Eastern, daily, at 6 o'clock, A. M.
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" Fast Line "	9.07 P. M.
" Mail Train "	8.02 P. M.
East—Express Train "	3.42 A. M.
" Fast Line "	7.39 P. M.
" Mail Train "	9.45 A. M.

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SELECT TALK.

MRS. JUJUBE AT HOME.

Why this line of carriages standing in stately repose before Madame Larami's door in Great Jones Street? Why that continual pouring of old ladies in quiet silks and Indian shawls, and young ones trembling beneath the weight of flowery bonnets and rustling with brocades? Madame Larami's negro boy, Alphonse, is weary of continually opening that heavy door, and bowing to his mistress's customers as they sweep up stairs to the show-rooms. He is beginning to doze, and the poor boy will be fast asleep in another half hour. Meanwhile Madame Larami herself is up stairs in her element. And what an element it is! What clouds of tartan floating like pink and blue atmospheres through the three rooms that form, *en suite*, the temple in which Madame Larami, as high priestess, sells, like other sacred officers, the benedictions and scapularies of the God of Fashion! What wonderful bonnets perched on wire frames, buried in masses of the best French flowers! What rivers of ribbons! What acres of shawls! What odors of luxury and elegance! The place glistens with shining satins and bloomy silks. Little groves of marabout feathers wave gently in the perfumed air. Long mirrors here and there duplicate, reduplicate and multiply in bewildering infinities all the elegances, the wonders, the charms of this rich interior. The rooms are filled with ladies whose toilets display an intoxicating splendor. They talk, they whisper, they admire this bonnet; they criticize that mantilla. They survey each other's toilets with eyes practiced in such scrutiny. A confused murmur of voices, a voluptuous rustling of rich silks, an intoxicating odor of a thousand and delicious perfumes, intermingling, fill the rooms. Through this wondrous atmosphere Madame Larami glides quietly and gracefully. Her black eyes see every thing, her crimped and rather brown ears hear every thing. She receives orders, and delivers them to her book-keeper with wondrous rapidity. She displays a silk, calls attention to a bonnet, or insinuates a charming shawl. With what address she induces those who hesitate over a mantle to make their decision! How carelessly she attracts their attention to those dangerously beautiful pocket handkerchiefs just arrived from Paris! There is a new style of sleeve to be shown to Mrs. Crystals, which will suit her figure admirably; Madame has a marvelous piece of lace for old Mrs. Honiton, who patronizes "point," and comes to parties looking as if she had been dipped in coffee after she was dressed. A hook has been baited for fat Miss Tintamarre with a freshly invented collar, which is fast and knowing, and will suit that rapid young lady admirably. Miss Toko fastens on a pocket handkerchief, price one hundred and fifty dollars, the beauty of which consists in having only one square inch of material in the centre that can by any possibility be applied to the use for which pocket handkerchiefs were invented. The tall bride, Mrs. Tantalus, better known as having been the sarcastic and witty Miss De Fleche before her marriage, ponders over a brocade of large pattern. By-the-way, why will large women always wear large patterns? They surely ought to know that it nearly doubles their apparent size. In short, this is a field-day at Madame Larami's. All New York—or at least all that set that think themselves New York—is thronging to her show-rooms. There is a terrible murmur of consultation, and one might hear such words as "hoops—powder—wonder if it is becoming—red heels—shocking trouble," floating about the apartments. You naturally get interested in all this excitement, and begin to wonder at the cause of this concentrated extravagance on the part of your lady friends. You listen a little more attentively, and at length you discover that Mrs. Jujube is about to give a *bal poudre*. Yes! all those heads that you see now dressed a *la Vierge* or a *l'Imperatrice*, will have to be twisted and frizzed out, and greased and fluffed all over with flour; and those little feet, now pattering about Madame Larami's floor, will then be aching in queer little shoes with high heels and diamond buckles.—There will be monstrous skirts and long stomachers, fans and whalebone hoops. Marquises will be abundant, and abbes as gay and dissipated as if we lived in the time of Scarron and De Retz. Dolcissimi, the Italian barber, is about to reap a golden harvest. He has already one hundred ladies on his list whose heads will have to be powdered and tortured for that eventful evening. His labors will commence at six o'clock in the morning and end at eleven at night. What lies he will tell in his broken English during that time!—What ecstasies he will fall into over Miss

Griffin's hair, who is as gray as a badger. How gracefully he will compliment old Mrs. Honiton on the smallness of her ears—for even Dolcissimi can not discover in that wretched old woman any other charm! With what a greasy chuckle the fellow will hint at Miss Tintamarre's approaching marriage! Nor is the excitement confined to Dolcissimi's establishment.—There is a fashionable fever in all the pulses of the city. Livery-stable keepers and ladies' maids, supper-contractors and musicians—all share in this tremendous agitation. Mrs. Jujube, *bal poudre* will be one of those rare events that even fashionable people will remember for two months after it has taken place.
"Now, Harriette," said Mr. Roland de Boore to Miss Jujube, as they sat together on a big sofa, arrayed in all the splendors of powder and brocade—"now, Harriette, you must on no account dance with that young fellow, Beaufort. I positively object to it."
Miss Jujube bit her pretty lips, and said nothing.
"This is to be your *bal de debut*, and it is given to announce your engagement to me. Now it would never do for the future Mrs. Roland de Boore to be seen dancing with an artist—a fellow that draws things for comic periodicals."
"Mr. Beaufort is as good a gentleman as any that will be here to-night," said Miss Jujube, in a cold and rather haughty tone. "Besides, he is clever, and I like him."
"A gentleman, Harriette! Why, he's an artist!"
"The words mean the same thing, sir."
"Then am I to understand that you refuse to obey me?"
"There can be no disobedience where there is no right to command."
"Really, Miss Jujube," said Mr. Roland with a furious look in his small white eyes, "one would think that you were more interested in this artist fellow than in your future husband."
Miss Jujube did not reply; but she rose slowly from the sofa, walked toward a mirror at the other end of the room, and turning her back on Mr. de Boore, commenced arranging some of the pearls in her hair. Mr. de Boore, who was pale and short, with very thin legs, that were now completely lost in a large pair of mousquetaire boots, clutched the hilt of his sword, and uttered an exclamation which was neither "*Mordieu*," nor "*Cop de Blout*," nor any of the oaths of the period in whose costume he had attired himself.
"Well, Madame," he exclaimed to a large, red-faced woman, who now sailed majestically into the room, arrayed as Anne of Austria—well, Mrs. Jujube, this is a pretty bringing up to give your daughter."
"What's the matter, my dear Roland?" said Mrs. Jujube, suddenly stopping, and looking as if she would like much to have given a tragedy start, but was afraid of shaking the powder out of her hair.
"Matter, Madam! Matter enough, I should think. Harriette there treats me as if I were a dog, instead of her husband that is to be."
Harriette remained perfectly immovable before the mirror.
"Harriette, I am astonished!" exclaimed Mrs. Jujube. "What I hear is really dreadful; may I beg that you will immediately express your regret to Mr. de Boore?"
"I shall do no such thing, mamma!" said Harriette, turning round with a cold, determined air. "Mr. de Boore chooses to insist on obedience before he has bought his slave. Let him see to his purchase."
"I'm sure I asked nothing unreasonable," said Mr. de Boore. "I merely desired her not to dance with that fellow Beaufort—an artist, you know. It's highly improper the attention Harriette pays him."
"Will you come and see the theatre, Miss Jujube?" said a tall, handsome-looking fellow who just entered; "every thing is arranged."
"With pleasure, Mr. Beaufort," answered the young lady, taking the newcomer's arm, and sweeping by poor little Mr. de Boore as if he never existed.
"By heavens, Madam!" said Mr. de Boore, in a fury, as the pair left the room, "if this continues the match must be off.—That girl hates me!"
"My dear Roland," said Mrs. Jujube, laying her hand on his arm in a motherly sort of way, "you are quite mistaken.—Harriet adores you; but she is very young, you know, and wilful; and girls will be girls!" Here she looked profoundly at the young man, as much as to say, "There, you can't answer that, I think."
"She talked about my buying her!" answered Mr. de Boore, savagely. "You know very well that it is you who are buying me. You know very well that I could smash the house of Jujube to-mor-

row if I wished, and that the proposition came from your husband first."
"Alas!" answered Mrs. Jujube, with a reproachful sigh, "you do us injustice. Believe me, Roland, that no mercenary motive whatever induced us to seek this alliance. Your own merits, my dear young friend, were quite sufficient to account for our wishing this connection."
"Well, ma'am," said Roland, rather mollified, "I wish you would teach your daughter to be a little more respectful, if she is not affectionate."
"*Taisez vous, mon ami!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jujube, as a loud whistle without was followed by a scuffling in the hall; "here come all the people." And so Mrs. Jujube settled her skirts and prepared to receive her company.
Mrs. Jujube's ball was a brilliant affair. "Our best society is proverbially given to spending money, and such a golden opportunity as this was not lost sight, I assure you. The diamonds, the dresses, the feathers, the jeweled poniards, the blazing buckles, that waved and flashed and rustled through the rooms that night were wonderful to behold! There was a *minuet a la cour* danced at the beginning of the evening, which had been rehearsed by the performers with the utmost care for weeks previous. Then with what wild joy did the assemblage launch itself into a redowa at the conclusion of the solemn ceremonial of the *minuet!* Toward the middle of the evening the theatre was thrown open. Among other entertainments Mrs. Jujube had fitted up a very pretty little theatre, where a select few were to perform a little comedy, written by Mr. Beaufort for the occasion. Of these theatricals Mr. Beaufort had taken supreme charge. He had painted the scenery, written the play, directed the rehearsals, and scolded the performers.—The piece was called "An Impromptu Wedding," and turned on the adventures of a young French cavalier, who found himself to marry a lady in order to save her life; was miserable at the way in which he has been obliged to sacrifice himself; but in the end discovered that he loved his wife, and was happy as a prince forever after. Mr. Beaufort played the hero, and Miss Jujube the heroine; while Mr. Roland de Boore, to his great indignation, found that Mr. Beaufort had not included him at all in the cast.
As the curtain drew up and the lights blazed out the little theatre sparkled like a gem. The gay dresses of the audience, the picturesque groups that formed here and there, the nodding plumes and diamond-billed swords might have made one fancy that they were in the theatre at Fontainebleau, about to witness one of the masques or pastorals of which Louis the Fourteenth was so fond.
The play went on, and was acted with the greatest spirit. Miss Jujube played the adventurous court-lady with admirable grace and vivacity; and Beaufort's splendid figure and handsome face made him an excellent cavalier. The little drama proceeded. The lady was taken as a spy in the camp of the Prince de Conde, and was about to be hanged, and the young cavalier had been forced by the conspirators to whose party he belonged to offer himself as her husband in order to save her life. The Prince had sent for an abbe, and the ceremony was to be consummated on the spot.
"Do you know that ceremony looks horribly real!" whispered Mrs. Tantalus to Miss Tintamarre, just as the abbe was marrying the despairing couple, who exchanged vows with averted heads.
"Yes," answered the young lady; "and Harriette does not, it seems to me, act this part as well as she does the others.—She should appear angry and horrified, whereas she looks as if she rather liked it."
"Look at Roland de Boore!" joined in Mrs. Crystals, pointing with a malicious smile to where that young gentleman stood leaning gloomily against a pillar.
"He does not appear to have any taste for the drama."
"As I live," exclaimed Miss Tintamarre, "Beaufort is putting a real ring on her finger! Did you ever see such a piece of impertinence?"
"He gives it to her that she may put it in her husband's nose!" said Mrs. Tantalus, with a sneer.
"Pon my word," said Miss Tintamarre, as the curtain fell on the act, "I never saw anything so like a real marriage!"
"Don't say so to Mr. Beaufort," answered Mrs. Tantalus. "He intends the play to be a comedy, and you would be turning it into a tragedy."
"Harriette may like that sort of thing," continued Miss Tintamarre; "but for my part, I know, I should be very sorry to play such a character, and be married, as it were, by a sort of drum-head court-mar-

"You will never, perhaps, be cast for the part, my dear," said Mrs. Tantalus, wickedly, for poor Miss Tintamarre was rather *passee*.
Miss Tintamarre colored.
"If I were," she answered, rather spitefully, "I would endeavor to sustain my role."
It was now Mrs. Tantalus's turn to look vexed, for the world said that that worthy lady led her husband rather a sad life of it. "That would be kind toward your husband," she answered, "for he would have much to sustain also."
If Miss Tintamarre had not known by long experience that those who entered upon a wordy war with Mrs. Tantalus were always sure to get the worst of it, she would certainly have resented this allusion to her competency. As it was she bit her lip, and sat out the rest of the play in silence.
The whole of this wedding scene, which Miss Tintamarre and Mrs. Tantalus made the subject of their jests, was gall and wormwood to Mr. Roland de Boore. If he had not been a coward he would like to have jumped on the stage and torn Beaufort limb from limb. As it was, he contented himself with grinding his teeth, and vowing vengeance on Harriette as well as the presumptuous artist.
The ball went on. Redowa, schottische, polka, all succeeded each other until the festival of motion was crowned by the immortal "German." Then arose the fiery mist of excitement in which the dance is veiled. Wearied feet no longer lagged, slender necks no longer drooped with fatigue. Languid eyes sparkled, grave lips smiled, as couple after couple swung off in intoxicating waltz. Feuds between young people were made up that night with a twirl round the rooms. Soft speeches were panted out in the orbits of wild polkas, that made certain little hearts beat faster, and certain little heads dream when they went home. All was music, motion and fiery excitement. The powdered heads grew mottled, and the thick brown locks began to shine through the grease and flour. The wide skirts began to collapse, and the cavaliers' lace ruffles became limp and tumbled. Even the fairest cheeks seemed somewhat flushed and heated. Occasionally some young mousquetaire, with unsteady eyes and slippery legs, would make his appearance on the floor, in a brief attempt to execute a figure; but he would, after a few plunges, be dragged home to his seat by his laughing partner, where he would console himself with the bottle of champagne under his chair.
Beaufort and Harriette Jujube danced together, while a little way off stood Roland de Boore watching and keeping up his courage by periodical visits to the buffet.
"De Boore looks mischievous, Harriette," whispered Beaufort to his partner. "Do you think he suspects anything?"
"He suspects everything," answered Miss Jujube. "His mind was created only to hold suspicion."
"Very shortly he will make the experiment as to whether it will hold facts," said Beaufort with a laugh. "It is our turn, Harriette," and the young artist and his partner darted off into a figure.
German cotillions, however, like all mortal things, must come to an end. One by one the chairs grew empty, and the dim eyes and weary legs began to slink out by the hall door to their carriages.—Beaufort and Harriette were talking earnestly together.
"Harriette! come away from that fellow," said De Boore, coming up suddenly to them. His face was flushed, and one could see that he had been drinking.
Harriette looked at him as if she had never seen him before, and then without reply resumed her conversation with Beaufort.
"Don't you hear me?" shouted De B., maddened by this contempt. "Give up that beggarly artist, madam, or—"
"She hears you perfectly well, Mr. de Boore," said Beaufort, advancing calmly, in all the dignity of his six feet, upon poor little Roland, who shrank as he approached; "but will not answer you, first, because you have no right to question her, secondly, because you are impertinent."
"What authority have you, sir, to mix yourself up in this business, pray? Stick to your pencils, sir," cried De Boore, quailing, however, before Beaufort's steady glance.
"The authority of a husband, Mr. de Boore," said Beaufort, calmly. "This lady became my wife a few hours ago in the presence of witnesses of which you were one. She never loved you. Her consent to your engagement was forced from her, and she has freed herself."
"Then that cursed play was—was—"
"A reality, not a drama," continued Beaufort.
"It's false! I'll not believe it!" cried

De Boore, aghast. "You are a liar, sir. You could not be married without a clergyman."
"We had one. My friend Mr. Coggeshall, who played the abbe, has taken orders.
"It is infamous! It is a swindle!" shrieked De Boore.
"Mr. de Boore," said Beaufort, very shortly, "if you are abusive I will throw you from the window."
"I will go and tell Mrs. Jujube," said De Boore, grinding his teeth.
"Do not trouble yourself to anticipate me," answered Beaufort; "I am going to tell her myself. Come, Harriette, let us look for your mother."
There was no remedy for it, and the matter had to be hushed up. Of course Mr. Jujube stormed and declared himself ruined, and Mrs. Jujube announced her intention of turning her daughter out of doors every morning at breakfast for a week. But things settled down in the end. It was whispered about that Beaufort and Harriette had been married privately to please old Jujube, and the engagement to De Boore was every where contradicted. Few imagined that the ceremony had been performed on the stage of a theatre in presence of four hundred witnesses. Miss Tintamarre was one of the few who had hit upon the truth.
HOW THEY ARE TRAINED AT WEST POINT.—At West Point the cadets are daily trained to shoot at a target with the musket or rifle. They fire ten shots, in squads of ten, at as many iron targets, the size and form of a man. Each squad is arranged in lines, so that each cadet fires at his own target, which has its number painted upon it. The shooting of each cadet and each squad is recorded, so that the qualities of each marksman are well known to the instructor.
While on a visit to this famous military school last summer, we paid close attention to the rifle shooting of the cadets.—It was what may be called in general, loose firing; yet we could not fail to notice how some of the cadets appeared to be born marksmen, while others appeared to be naturally incapable of learning the art.
One cadet, whom we watched, tried in vain to hit his target at a very moderate distance. Not believing the fault was in himself, he complained it must be in the rifle. He was soon convinced of his error by the instructor taking up his rifle and planting a bullet right in the "bull's eye." We made some inquiries of the instructor respecting the qualities of the cadets in learning to shoot, when he told us that the youth of whom we have just referred to could not make a marksman.
Chapman in his book called "The American rifle," states that all men dodge in firing—some before, and others just after the shot is fired. The latter class may learn to be marksmen, the former never. In learning to shoot with a rifle, a person should endeavor to acquire a steady, cool demeanor, with a true, quick eye and nimble finger. Practice, and nothing but practice, can make a good marksman.—At the same time mere firing is not the only practice necessary.
A New York Fire Zouave recently took a horse belonging to a rebel, and ever since has been much elated with his capture. A day or two since, the owner of the animal presented himself to the Zouave, and demanded the horse.
"I have taken the oath of allegiance," said he, "and the horse is mine."
"You may have taken the oath," answered the New Yorker, "but the horse has not, and I shall keep him till he does."
There was no replying to this, and the Zouave keeps the horse.
A good joke is told of one of the new recruits at the army at Barnabus. Col. Forney visited the fort, and on his appearing before the sentinel was challenged: "Who comes there?"
"Inspector General," was the reply of Forney.
"Don't care a cuss whether you are a respectable gentleman or not. Can't come in here."
The Charleston Mercury calls the Yankee troops now threatening the South "tin pedlars."
It is true that the Yankees have generally, in their visits South, peddled tin, but we guess they mean to peddle lead this time.—*Prentice*.
It is easy to raise a standing army in time of peace, but sometimes difficult to make it stand in time of war.
The immediate successor of Gen. Beauregard is already appointed—General Ruit.