

The Alleghanian.

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

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Select Poetry.

Who Are the Rich?

Who are the rich?—the favored few
Whose hand their dazzling treasures hold,
With luxury deck their halls, and strew
Their path with gold.
Not for the wealth so proudly got,
Is borrowed all—the fatal bond,
May grant it to the grave, but not
An hour beyond.
They are rich whose treasures lie
In hearts, not hands—in heaven, not here;
Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh,
And Mercy's tear.
No borrowed wealth, no falling store,
These treasures of the soul remain
Its own; and when to live is o'er,
To die is gain.
Who are the poor?—the humble race,
Who dwell where luxury never shone—
Perchance without one friendly face,
Save God's alone.
No! for the meek and lowly mind,
Still following where its Saviour trod,
Though poor in all may richly find
The peace of God.
They are poor, who, rich in gold,
Confiding in that faithless store,
Or tremble for the wealth they hold,
Or thirst for more.
Whose hands are fettered by its touch,
Whose lips no generous duty plead;
Go, mourn their poverty, for such
Are poor indeed.

MY FIRST LOVE.

That I was borne in love was a fact
That did not admit of a shadow of a doubt.
I departed like a person in love;
I looked like a person in love, and I felt
Like a person in love. The affection that
had taken possession of my young heart
was no every day one; I was sure of that.
There wasn't words enough in the Eng-
lish language to describe the height,
depth, length and breadth of its grandeur.
It was destined to be a grand accompani-
ment of the ages yet to be; a fixed prin-
ciple throughout eternity; a plant of sur-
passing beauty in the broad heavens of
home affections. My love was returned
—the strong yearnings of my nineteen-
year old heart went out in the direction
of the most beautiful maiden in all —
shire, and the most beautiful maiden in all
—shire in return, sent the yearnings
of her heart to meet mine. Twice a
week, as often as the week came around,
I went up to the old brown home of Dr.
Stoddard to tell his daughter my love, and
regularly listened to a recital of its return
from the red lips of the charming Janet.
The good doctor made merry at our ex-
pense, and his jolly wife took a wicked
pleasure in constantly reminding us of
our youth. Janet was tortured by sly
references to her play house in the shed,
her long-sleeved pinafores and pantalotes
of six months before; while I was offered,
while the doctor's wife wore a face of
immovable sobriety, an old coat of the
doctor's for my mother to make into a
dressing-gown for me.
We were, nevertheless, determined to
be married. We would steal slyly away
from the house while our cruel friends re-
posed in the arms of Morpheus; he us,
on "the wings of love," to the nearest
city; Janet would become in a moment's
time, Mrs. Jason Brown, and I, Mrs. Jason
Brown's husband.
At once we set about making prepara-
tions for this important journey. Every-
thing, of course, must be conducted with
the greatest secrecy. At twelve o'clock,
I was to leave my home stealthily, get my
father's gray nag noiselessly out of the
barn, harness her, and proceed to Janet.
Janet was to be waiting at her chamber
window; I was to place a ladder at the
same window; she was to descend that
ladder; we were to fly down the road
through the old lane, to the spot where
the horse was fastened, and then the wind
should not outrun us.
There was but one difficulty in the way.
Janet's room was shared by her sister
Fanny, a mischievous, wicked little crea-
ture of eleven summers, who, to use Jan-
et's words, "was awake at all hours of
the night." There was but one way for
us if Fanny was aroused; she must be
bribed into silence. For that purpose I
placed in Janet's hand a round, shining,
silver dollar. But Janet needed assis-
tance, and concluded to make Fanny her
confidante the very afternoon before we
started, and, in that case, prevent all pos-
sibility of her raising the house by a sud-
den outcry.
Well, the long looked for, hoped for,
and yet-dreaded night, arrived at last.—
How slow its leaden feet carried away the
hours, and what a strange heartful of emo-

tions I bore up as I sat by my chamber
window, looking out, as I thought, for the
last time upon the home of my father.—
The moon was out in all her splendor;
she was kind to me, lighting up, with her
silver touches, all the spots my eyes might
wish to rest upon before I went out into
the world a wanderer. The broad fields
lay out smooth and shining before my
gaze; the fields in which I had worked
by my father's side since I was a little
boy—ah! a dear, kind father, he had
been! (At this juncture my throat be-
gan to swell.) I turned away from the
window.
"If I could but see my mother once
more!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes
with my coat sleeve. "No one ever had
a better mother than I have."
I sat down in a chair and sobbed out-
right. I looked around for something to
take with me that my mother's hand had
blessed with her touch. There was a
spinning-wheel in the room where I slept;
and at the end of the spindle hung a
wooden roll. With my knife I half cut
and half tore it off, pressed it fervently to
my lips, and then placed it tenderly in
my vest pocket. I had no time to do
more; the old clock in the kitchen warn-
ed me solemnly that my appointed time
had arrived; and with a slow, sad, yet
noiseless step, I left the house. Once
out in the open air, my wonted lightness
of spirits returned; I consoled myself
with the thought, that in a few short
years I should return again, a strong,
healthy, wealthy, and influential man, an
honor to my parents, a blessing to friends,
and the husband of Janet.
I have often wondered since, how I
succeeded in getting away from home with
my horse and cart without arousing any
one. But as good luck would have it, I
made a triumphant exit from the old
place, and in a few moments was jogging
along towards the home of Janet. My
only dread was of the spite little Fanny;
if, after all, she betray us, what a dread-
ful, direful, desperate mischief it would
be! I groaned aloud at the thought;
I said that if it was right that we should
go, we should go; if it wasn't right, in
all probability we should stay at home;
yet, right or not right, if that miserable
little Fan did betray us, I'd spend all my
days in avenging the wrong—that was
certain. Was I in earnest?—did I mean
it? But we shall see.
How earnestly and anxiously I gazed
towards the chamber window of Janet, as
after fastening my horse by the road side,
I walked cautiously up the long lane that
led to the doctor's. Oh! joy inexpressible!
The waving of a white handker-
chief in the moonlight told me that every-
thing was right; that in a few moments
I should clasp Janet to my breast, mine
forever! Ah! how happy I was!—so
happy, indeed, that I stood still there in
the moonlight, with my two hands pressed
firmly to my left side, for fear my
overloaded heart would burst away from
me entirely. What a figure I must have
cut then! What an Apollo I must have
looked, with my fine proportions wrapped
up in my wedding suit! I was slender;
I was tall; I was gaunt; I am sure I was
ugly looking at that moment.
What possessed me I cannot tell, but
from an old chest I had taken a blue
brocade swallow-tail coat, which had
belonged to my grandfather in the time
of the wars, and, in the pride of my youth,
had got into it. The tails came nearly to
my heels, while the waist was nearly up
to my armpits. The sleeves reached down
to the tips of my fingers, hiding entirely
from view the luxuriant pair of white silk
gloves, which I had allowed myself for
this important occasion. Above this un-
couth pile of brocade was perched a
hat. Oh ye stars and moon that looked
upon it, testify with me that it was a hat,
a hat and not a stove pipe, a hat and not
a boot leg! That hat!—looking back as
if through the mists of twenty-five years,
seemed to have arisen to the stature of
two full feet, while the brim appeared
little wider than my thumb nail. My
eyesight isn't quite as perfect now as it
used to be, so I may not see quite
rightly. Make all due allowance, dear
reader.
I say I must have looked ugly at that
moment. Be this as it may, I thought I
was looking splendidly. I thought that
the figure I cut was an honor to the name
of Brown, and felt proud of it; proud as
I walked up to Janet's window, and plac-
ed the ladder carefully there that was to
bear her to my side. Everything was
quiet about the house. Fate was surely
with us, and Fanny had been bribed into
service. As I stood there, I could see
her light, lithe, little figure fit noiselessly
to and fro by the window, and ah! how
I blessed her—blessed her, from the very
bottom of my heart, for her kindness.
At last Janet commenced descending
the ladder, and as she did so, the moon

crowded in out of sight under a huge
black cloud. The very heavens favored
us—our success might be looked upon as
certain. Three steps more upon the lad-
der's rounds, and Janet's dainty little feet
would stand upon terra firma beside my
own. The steps were taken, and she held
for a moment fondly by the sleeve of my
blue brocade before we looked up to the
window, both with upraised hands, to
catch a small bundle of clothing that Fan-
ny was to throw down to us, and which
we had no other means of carrying with
us.
"Be quiet, Fan," whispered Janet, as
her sister appeared at the window, and
poised the bundle above our heads. "Be
quiet, Fan, for heaven's sake, and drop it
quietly."
But Fanny still stood there, swinging
backward and forward, backward and for-
ward, the huge bundle, without heeding
Janet's earnest entreaty.
"Do, do throw it, Fanny, dear! Do
have some mercy on me! What if father
should know of this! What if he should
be wakened—"
"Oh! give it to her, Fan; don't plague
your sister—she's in a hurry!" called a
voice at that moment from the closed
blinds of the parlor window, which be-
longed to none other than Dr. Stoddard.
"Give her the things, and tell the boys
to carry out a bag of corn, a cheese, some
wheat, and some butter, to the cart! Jan-
et must have a setting out. Only be
still about it, Fan!"
For a moment we were petrified on the
spot. I thought I should have fallen to
the ground. What were we to do—run,
faint, die, evaporate, or go mad? While
we stood undecided, two huge mattresses
fell at our feet from the window, follow-
ed at once by sheets, pillow-cases, quilts,
table-cloths, and sundry other articles neces-
sary to the setting up of respectable house
keeping establishments.
"Mother, mother, don't one of these
new feather beds belong to Janet?" called
Charles Stoddard, from one part of the
house.
"Yes, yes, and a bolster and a pair of
pillows, too. Carry 'em right out of the
front door," was the answer.
"Whose horse have you, Jason?" asked
the doctor, pushing up the blind. "Your
father's?"
"Y-e-e-s, sir," I stammered.
"Humph! didn't you know any better
than that? The old gray isn't worth a
button to go. Why didn't you come to
my barn and get my black mare? Sam,
Sam, hurry away straight to the barn and
harness Black Molly for Jason. If you
believe it, he was going to start off with
his father's old horse! Be quick, Sam—
work lively—they're in a hurry—it's time
they were off!"
"Have you anything with you, Janet,
to eat on the road?" put in Mrs. Stod-
dard, poking her head out of the window.
"No, ma'am," faltered Janet, moving a
step or two from me.
"Well, that's good forethought! And
as I live, there isn't a bit of cake baked
in the house, either. Can you make some
white bread and bacon, and some brown
bread and cheese do, Jason? It's all we
have!"
"Yes, ma'am," I said, meekly, stepping
easily as I could a little further from Jan-
et.
"Look! father, mother, quick, now the
moon is out—and see Jason's new coat
and hat!" called Fan, from the window,
her merry voice trembling with suppres-
sed laughter. "Isn't that coat a splendid
one, father—just look at the length of its
tails!"
"Just give me my glasses, wife," said
the doctor. "Is it a new one, Jason?"
"Yes, sir, rather new," I said, giving
an eager look in the direction of the lane.
"Well," drawled the doctor, eyeing me
slyly, "that coat is handsome!"
"And his hat, father," called the wick-
ed Fan.
"I declare!" exclaimed the doctor.
"Wife, wife, just look here, and see Jan-
son's new coat and hat!"
What should I do—stand there till
morning before that incessant fire of cut-
ting words? Should I run? Should I
sneak off slowly, as Janet was doing?—
What, oh! what should I do?
"Don't they look nice, mother?" asked
the doctor, putting one broad, brown hand
over his moth, and doubling his grey head
almost down to his knees. "He-haw, ho-
haw, he-hi-haw! mother, he-haw! don't
they look nice!" roared the doctor.
I couldn't stand it any longer; the doc-
tor's laughter was a signal—it was echoed
from all parts of the house. Fan cackled
from the chamber window; Sam shouted
from the barn; Mrs. Stoddard he-he-ho'd
from the kitchen; while Charley threw
himself down in the doorway and scream-
ed like a wild Indian.
I turned around, and gave one leap
across the garden. Every Stoddard called

after me. I am wrong—every Stoddard
but Janet; she remained silent. One
told me to come back for the bread and
cheese; another that I had forgotten my
bundle and bride; another bade me wait
for Black Molly and the new buggy; Fan
bade me hold my coat-tails, or I should
them dragged. I didn't heed any of
these requests. I made directly and by
the nearest route for home.
I reached the paternal domicile, feeling
sheepish. No, sheepish is a weak word
for it—I can't express how I felt. I had
a great idea of hanging myself; I thought
I had better be dead than alive—that I
had made an idiot of myself.
It was all plain, however. Fan had
betrayed us! I vowed vengeance upon
her until broad daylight, then sneaked
out to the barn and hid myself in the hay-
stack. I staid there until Charles Stod-
dard brought home my father's horse.
The old gentleman was frightened, and
wanted to know how he came into posses-
sion of the horse. He was told to ask me,
and I made a clean breast of it. I didn't
promise him not to repeat the offence—
there was no need of it. But I am sure
of this: I did not look at a girl for seven
years—no, not for seven years. When
the eighth year came around, I remem-
bered my old vow against Fanny Stod-
dard. Well, to make a long story short,
I married Fanny; and that's the way in
which I became even with her. Janet
settled down in life as a parson's wife.
And here let me tell you, in confidence,
reader, that I really think little Fanny
Stoddard had a very deep motive in her
head when she betrayed Janet and I, tho'
she was but a child. She liked me very
well, I believe. At any rate, she always
every time the affair is mentioned that I
have had my revenge upon. Bless her!
It has been a sweet one, indeed.

Gen. Butler and New Orleans.

The telegraph informs us the females
of New Orleans vie with the blackguards
of that city in insulting our officers and
men who have, by their own admission,
treated them with the greatest courtesy
and consideration. So gross and unbecom-
ing has been the conduct of their so-called
ladies that Gen. Butler has been com-
pelled to adopt measures to protect
himself and command from insult, and
enforce respect to the authority of the
Government he represents. If the ladies
of the South would preserve their honor
they must invest it with modesty and not
play the wanton by parading the streets
to join the rabble in taunting our soldiers,
or standing in their doors to spit upon
the officers as they pass along. This silly
and insulting conduct may provoke a re-
taliatory fearful to contemplate.
Pierre Soule, formerly United States
Senator, who has been considered as op-
posed to secession, begged Gen. Butler to
remove the military to the environs of the
city, as the "people" would not stand their
presence. This singular demand fired
the General, and he said:
"He would gladly take every man of his
army out of the city the very day and
hour that it was demonstrated that the
City Fathers could protect him from in-
sult or danger, if he chooses to ride from
one end of the city to the other alone or
with one gentleman of his staff; but, he
said, your inability to govern the insulting,
irreligious, unwashed mob in your midst,
has been clearly proven by the insults of
your rowdies toward my officers and men
this very afternoon, and by the fact that
Gen. Lovell was obliged to proclaim mar-
tial law while his army occupied your city
to protect the law abiding citizens from
your rowdies. I do not proclaim martial
law against the respectable citizens of
this place but against the same class that
obliged General Wilkinson, General Jack-
son and General Lovell to declare it. I
have means of knowing more about your
city, continued the General, than you
think of, and I am aware that at this hour
there is an organization here established
for the purpose of assassinating my men
by detail; but I warn you that if a shot
is fired from any house, that house will
never again cover mortal's head; and if I
can discover the perpetrator of the deed,
the place that now knows him shall know
him no more forever. I have the power
to suppress this unruly element in your
midst, and I mean so to use it, that, in a
very short period, I shall be able to ride
through the entire city free from insult
and danger, or else this metropolis shall
be a desert from the plains of Chalmette
to the outskirts of Carrollton."
This fell like a thunder-clap on the
braves and rowdies, known in that city
as "know nothings," who had been insol-
ently defying authority and committing
all kinds of depredations.
Transported for life—The man
who marries happily.

The Zouave and F. F. V's.

A correspondent of the New York
Tribune, writing from the army before
Richmond, relates the following incident
of adventure characteristic of the Ander-
son Zouaves, and of rigorous barbarism
characteristic of the blood-earned warriors
of these rebels: On picket yesterday,
Henry Oehl of the Anderson Zouaves,
with a comrade, went forward to a dis-
tant farm-house to get information and
enlarge his topographical knowledge of
Virginia. The farmer came into the yard
and conversation soon sprang up between
the three. "Suddenly," said Oehl, "twen-
ty Rebel soldiers rose like ghosts from the
edge of the woods just beyond the house,
and rushed toward us, calling to us to
surrender. Not being in that line of
business, we raised our pieces and let fly
at them." They returned the fire. A
ball struck Oehl's right hand, knocked
his musket out of it, and entered the ab-
domen at the center, and went out at the
left side. To run had no become a duty.
Oehl doubled the corner of the house,
and made for the nearest recesses of the
White Oak Swamp via a corn field, and
the bushy covers of a line of old rail
fence. The chase was a keen one. Oehl's
coolness, cunning and courage saved him.
Embosomed in the swamp, he watched
his own hurt, and plugged the wound
through his abdomen with his fingers.—
Soon he saw his pursuers return to the
house, talk a moment with the farmer,
and gesticulate forcibly to the doomed
man. Some seized him, and some entered
his house. The hidden Zouave was near
enough to the building to catch the sounds
within of the shrieking children. Imme-
diately these rushed out of the door, fol-
lowed by smoke, and soon by flame. The
ruffians burned the Virginian's house over
his head for the crime of talking with
Northern soldiers who entered his yard,
and Oehl says he feels sure that they killed
him beside. Are these people barbarians
or are they only earnest in carrying on
war? While this tragedy of Virginia
justice was in performance, at the house
adjoining, Massachusetts soldiers were
buying hoe-cakes for 25 cents apiece, eggs
at 50 cents a dozen, and butter at 75 cents
a pound, and playfully sustained the abuse
of the virago on the profitable side of this
commerce, who gnashingly informed the
soldiers that they would "catch falling
fits" in a few days.

WHERE HAVE THE REBELS GONE?

The evacuation of Corinth by the grand
rebel army of the Mississippi was proba-
bly due to two reasons, viz: The want
of supplies, and the probability of its be-
ing surrounded by Gen. Halleck's forces.
As to the first, the enemy obtained most
of his supplies from Texas, Arkansas, and
Louisiana, but the capture of New Orleans
and Vicksburg by the Federal fleet, which
also held control of the Mississippi from
its mouth to the latter point, cut off Beau-
regard's communication with the above
named States. The telegrams from the
southwest stated that Beauregard had re-
turned to Okolona, on the Mobile and
Ohio railroad, but it is more than proba-
ble that he was on his way to Columbus,
Miss., which city is connected by railroad
with Artesia, a station on the Mobile and
Ohio Railroad. It does not seem likely
that he would attempt to join Johnston at
Richmond, as to do this he must trans-
port his army by steamboat via the Tom-
bigbee and the Alabama rivers, to Mon-
gomery, or march across the country from
the Mobile Railroad to that place, a dis-
tance of 150 miles. A railroad has long
been agitated, connecting the Ohio and
Mobile road with Montgomery, but only
a few miles of it, near Selma, have been
completed. After getting his troops to
Montgomery, Beauregard would have the
choice of two railroad routes into Virginia
—one by East Tennessee, and the other
by the route through the Atlantic States.

GEMS FROM VANITY FAIR.

Commo-
dore Foote has a high opinion of his gun-
boats, but, since its surrender to Farragut,
he never looks towards New Orleans
without wanting to "run them down."
The rebels are tearing up the rail-
road tracks rapidly, and putting down
their own tracks still more rapidly.
The rebel rams are nearly all destroy-
ed. The South will soon be an utterly
ramless Confederacy.
The rebels are not disposed to obey the
law until our armies show them its
cautions.
Wise Saws: The loyal Chickisaws.
"Wife, I thought you said you were
going to have a goose for dinner."
"So I did; and I've kept my word."
"Where is it?"
"Why, my dear, ain't you here?"
Smith, couldn't see the point of that
joke.