The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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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.*
Beula's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
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Presbyterian—Rev. D. Harison, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. Spow, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. Long, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10½ o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Welch Independent—Rev Ll. R. Powell, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. John Williams, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Disciples—Rev. W. Lloyd, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. David Jenkins, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at at 1 o'clock, P. M.

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 10 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 9 o'clock, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 4½ 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		8.38 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"	9.22 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.33 P. M.
" Local Freight	"	4.29 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.43 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	3.20 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.34 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.

West—*Balt. Express leaves at		9.01 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"	9.45 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.56 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.14 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	2 56 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.04 A. M.

*Daily, except Mondays.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.
Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.
Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglass, George Delany.
Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.
Auditors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donnegan.
County Surveyor.—E. A. Vickroy.
Coroner.—James S. Todd.
Sup't. of Common Schools—Henry Ely.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace.—David H. Roberts Harrison Kinkead.
Burgess—George Huntley.
School Directors—E. J. Mills, Dr. John M. Jones, Isaac Evans.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Thomas Todd.
Town Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, E. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.
Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.
Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—William Kittell, H. Kinkead, R. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.
Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Judge of Election—John Lloyd.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

Under the Ice.

Under the ice the water runs;
Under the ice our spirits lie;
The genial glow of the summer sun
Shall loosen their fetters by and by.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of life—river of love;
The winter is growing worn and old,
The frost is leaving the melting mould,
And the sun shines bright above.
Under the ice, under the snow,
Our lives are bound in a crystal ring:
By and by will the South winds blow,
And the roses bloom on the banks o' spring.
Moan and groan in thy fetters strong,
River of live—river of love;
The nights grow short, the days grow long,
Weaker and weaker the bonds of wrong,
And the sun shines bright above.
Under the ice our souls are hid;
Under the ice our good deeds grow;
Men but credit the wrong we did,
Never the motives that lay below,
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of life—river of love:
The winter of life is growing cold,
The frost is leaving the melting mould,
And the sun shines warm above.
Under the ice we hide our wrongs—
Under the ice that has chilled us through!
Oh! that the friends who have known us long
Dare to doubt that we are good and true.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of live—river of love;
Winter is growing warm and old,
Roses stir in the melting mould:
We shall be known above.

Brown & Co.

A STORY OF LOVE AND DEBT.

Nature evidently intended me to be born wealthy. By some mistake that excellent intention was frustrated. Hence resulted a gentleman of expensive and expansive tastes—which tastes the inconsiderable sums he received from the liberal proprietors of Harper's Magazine in consideration of monthly installments of his brain by no means enabled him to satisfy. Hence, inevitably, non-receipted bills—hence, finally, duns.

This brings me to speak of my arch persecutor—a demon in feature and malignity, a merchant tailor by vocation, Brown (of Brown & Co.) by name.

It is but just to Brown to mention that he had not always seemed the fiend he proved to be. Indeed, I had once thought him, if not an angel, at least the ninth moiety of one. Angelic were his speech and manner when I first casually visited his fashionable establishment with my friend Brayham, the halt millionaire. He spread in resistless array before me rare and costly fabrics, culled from the most recherche fleeces and looms of Europe. He recommended them to me for purposes of coats, waistcoats, and continuations, with moving eloquence. When expiring Virtue hinted at present pecuniary stringency, he stifled her dying sigh with the honeyed assurance that he would wait my convenience. Could anything have been more liberal?

Human virtue, alas! is weak.
My love of goodly raiment was strong
I yielded.

Months passed, during which I was the cynosure of Broadway and in the Academy of Music.

New Year's came, and with it a bill from Brown & Co. My surprise at its amount only increased my grateful sense of obligation to Brown.

A few weeks afterward came Dun No. 1, or Dun Delicate—a polite note, confiding to me the fact that the firm of Brown & Co., had heavy payments to meet on the next day, for which act of liquidation the amount in their coffers was inadequate.

"How sad," I thought, "that such benevolence should end in insolvency."

A fortnight later came No. 2, or Dun Urgent, recapitulatory and pathetic, ending with an allusion to legal measures; delivered by a thickly set young man, who seemed in doubt whether it were not part of his duty to knock me down.

Soon after No. 3, or Dun Diabolical—Brown himself—his errand manifest in every line of his ill-omened face, and each glance of his evil eye—appeared in the parlor of my boarding house, just after dinner, when I was, as usual, the centre of an admiring group of young ladies.

That day I ceased to be the lion of my boarding house.

I will not dwell on the harrowing details of the persecution that finally drove me to seek another home. Like some mariner impelled by the very fury of hostile elements into a haven of tropical delights, so I, in fleeing from the vindictiveness of Brown, was led by relenting Fate to the portals of Elysium. To be circumstantial, I removed to a quiet boarding house in a remote part of the city. My suite of apartments, comprising a chamber and closet, was as usual on the third floor back. It commanded a bird's eye view of two very limited back yards. Beyond them rose, four stories high, the rear of a large double house, which, my landlady had informed me, was Madame Crochet's boarding school for young ladies.

At Madame's window appeared, from time to time, the usual variety of school-girl physiognomies—broad, round, and attenuated, sallow, pale and freckled, merry, mischievous and stolid. I soon, however, remarked at the window just opposite mine one of surpassing attractiveness. Limpid cheeks, lustrous blue eyes, a profusion of sunny ringlets—pshaw! how feeble is language!

I have dealt copiously in the inceptive and progressive phenomena of love in my contributions to Harper's Magazine aforesaid, as the readers of that excellent periodical know; yet I cannot thus violate the sanctity of my personal experience. I have the more reluctance, because I know that every correct-minded reader will pronounce the affair highly apprehensible, if not—as Madame Crochet indignantly characterized it—outrageous. To such I can only plead, in extenuation of my conduct, that I was then very young.

I will not, therefore, reproduce the thrilling epoch when our windows, and I may add, our souls were first brought into communication by a pair of stares. I will pass over the successive stages of the fluttered handkerchief—the projectile kiss—the deaf and dumb alphabet. Nor must I, out of regard for the tranquility of Madame Crochet's *menage*, divulge the secret of the postal arrangement by means of which we were at length enabled, in defiance of espionage, to discharge full broadsides of affection to each other on gilt-edged note paper.

Lest, on the other hand, this veni vidi vici like summing up of the history of so rich a conquest should savor of vanity, I humbly record my indebtedness to two important auxiliary circumstances: first, in Madame Crochet's model establishment the pupils were guarded against flirtation with such lynx like vigilance that it is no wonder the proclivity thereto inherent in young femenine nature, had in them strengthened into a positive mania; secondly, I was yet in the almost undimmed glory of the apparel furnished me by Brown & Co.

I was seated in my room one day reading the following note, which had just reached me in a perfumed condition and pink envelope:

"*Dearest Adolphus:* I have been in my room all day pretending to be sick, but in reality reading your sweet note again and again. Oh! how can I tell you the feelings that agitate and overwhelm me?—Terror at thought of what Madame Crochet would say if she only knew—joy unspeakable at the assurance that I am really, truly loved by one so good, so gifted, so noble as you.

"Then you are really a literary man, and wrote the dear, delightful stories to the Magazines? It seems all a dream that one standing on such a pinnacle of genius and fame should stoop to care for such a plain, foolish, unattractive little body as I. * * * * *

"And is it true that your poverty is the only obstacle to our speedy marriage? (I wish you could see how I blush as I write that word.) I think, dear Adolphus, I can remove that obstacle. My papa is a merchant on Broadway. They say he is rich—I don't know *how* rich, but I am sure he has heaps of money. He would not exactly approve of my getting married now, but if we should do it first and then ask his permission afterwards, I am sure he won't refuse it, for I am his only child, and he thinks all the world of me. Besides I know he will be proud that I have married a man of genius. Then he will give us a home and everything nice.

"Dear, noble Adolphus, do not think me cheap for consenting so readily. If you only knew how unhappy I am, and what cruelties and privations I suffer from Madame Crochet, I am sure you wouldn't wonder.

"But I must bid you adieu, dearest, and get a horrid geometry lesson, or I shall catch a dreadful scolding.

"Write immediately to your ever devoted ARABELLA."

"Angel," I murmured, on finishing it, "commissioned to elevate me to that height of competence and happiness for which nature designed me. Blissful prospects of——"

Just then came a tap at my door—and Brown entered.

"So I have found you at last!" he exclaimed, with unpleasant elation. "Hope you have been well?"

My paradise was in possession of the fiend. No resource remained but diplomacy. Repellant as it was to my feelings, I yet, in my desperation, avanied myself of it.

"Mr. Brown," I said, attempting a cheerful expression of countenance, "I trust the time is near when I shall be able to discharge my long deferred obligations to you."

Brown replied only by an incredulous leer, as one who would say, "That's about played out!"

"Mr. Brown," I continued, drawing my chair confidentially close to his, "I am going to be married!"

"The very best thing a young gentleman can do," he remarked, paternally, "provided he marries well." The last clause was interrogative.

"She is an angel," I replied, (Brown sneered.) "and an heiress, (Brown smiled approval.)—the only child of wealthy parents," (Brown became radiant.)

"The result," he exclaimed, "of being fitted out by Brown & Co. You are not the first young gentleman whose fortune has been made in that way. Very few," he continued, sententiously, "appreciate the value of good clothes."

I will not repeat the conversation that ensued. So satisfactory was it that Brown's original confidence in and benevolent regard for me were fully restored. He even engaged to furnish me a wedding suit, accepting my note for the full amount of my indebtedness to him, increased by interest rather more than the legal rate.

Fortune and Arabella continued to smile upon me. After a few impatient weeks, and numerous ardent epistles, Hymen was invoked to cap the climax of our happiness. A dark evening—the quiet exit of Arabella—a carriage containing myself at the nearest corner—a hurried visit to a certain clergyman, whose sympathy with benighted seekers after matrimony has been a source of much emolument to himself—followed by penitent filial prostration at the paternal feet: this was the programme whose successful execution sent unbounded indignation to the bosom of Madame Crochet and the bosoms of her corps of accomplished instructors, and a thrill of sympathetic excitement to those of her fair pupils, besides leading to occurrences yet to be recounted.

The next morning after the evening of our marriage—thrice happy evening—we presented ourselves at the handsome uptown residence of Arabella's parent.

Seated, waiting him in the parlor, Arabella looked peculiarly lovely. Her complexion was a peculiar mixture of pallor and blushes, and her beautiful eyes were evidently charged with a torrent of tears, ready for effusion at the right moment—As for myself, I was carefully arrayed for the occasion in the irresistible dress suit that had graced my wedding.

At length the door opened. The tears gushed. "Dear Papa," sobbed Arabella, "this—is—my—hu-band."

Turning, I confronted Brown!

That my Arabella, *nee* Brown, should have been the daughter of *that* Brown, of all the thousands in New York bearing that respectable patronymic!

My first impulse was to rush incontinently from the house, but one glance at Arabella incapacitated me for such a proceeding. Brown, on the other hand, exhibited evidences of equally violent and unpleasant tumult of emotions. At length recovering his composure, somewhat as a serpent might revive after an unexpected blow from a cudgel, he remarked, blandly:—"It seems you have done me the honor, sir, to marry my daughter, and now, I suppose, expect me to provide for you both?"

I bowed courteous assent to this proposition.

"Then I am sorry to disappoint you," he continued with emphasis. "My property has been acquired by years of toil, and it shall never support the extravagance of a young gentleman who is incapable of discharging that first of social obligations—the payment of his tailor's bills. Arabella, if you will leave this man and return to me, you shall continue to have a home.—(Here A. embraced my left coat sleeve, sobbing, "Never, never!") otherwise I shall have no further communication with you. While I acknowledge (turning to me) no claim arising from your marriage, yet I do not wish to act ungenerously. Accept this as my daughter's dowry." Here he produced from his pocket book and handed to me a slip of paper. I unfolded it. My own note for three hundred dollars to Brown & Co! Indignantly returning it to him, and dramatically declaring that I would speedily rid myself of the obligation or starve, I left the house, carrying on my arm the half hysterical Arabella.

The next day we took apartments in a modest cottage in New Jersey. Here my Arabella proved a precious treasure, developing marvelous economical resources, and acting as a most efficient amanuensis. With such assistance and encouragement I produced so many thrilling tales for the "Cosmopolitan Sensationist," and such stunning editorials for the "Weekly Paixhan," that in less than two years I had the satisfaction of paying the full amount of my note to Brown & Co.

Marvelous was the change that took place in Brown's estimate of me on that occasion. He at once made satisfactory overtures of reconciliation, and insisted on my accepting from him a new suit of clothes.

To so high a point did his admiration of me at length rise, that he urged me to abandon my literary drudgery and study under his tuition the remunerative and highly respectable vocation of tailoring. I of course accepted so advantageous an offer. Being naturally gifted with high artistic qualities, I have made rapid progress. I record with grateful emotions that I have this day been admitted into the flourishing firm of Brown & Co., merchant tailors, and I herewith take my final adieu of literature.

Letter from Tennessee.

Nashville, Tenn., *Dec.* 1, 1862.

Correspondence of The Alleghanian.

It is transgressing no given rule, I believe, to communicate you a few lines, to post you and many other friends I left in the old Keystone as to my present whereabouts and whatabouts. I feel proud to claim Pennsylvania as the "land of my birth." Often and often has it delighted me to know that she has sent more soldiers into the field, in proportion to her population, than any other State in the Union, and is ready and willing to send more, if necessary, to crush the Rebellion. Glorious old Keystone!

Our regiment, the 69th O. V. I., have been quartered in and about Nashville since about the 20th June, doing picket and guard duty. Since Gen. Buell made his retrograde movement, we, along with several other regiments, have suffered considerably for want of food. The Government stopped issuing rations for man and beast about the 25th August. Subsequent to that period, large foraging trains would go out daily ten or fifteen miles. There were, generally, in the train from four to five hundred wagons, two to three regiments of infantry, two or three hundred cavalry, and two pieces of artillery. Part of the wagons would be loaded with hay, oats and corn, to feed the horses and mules, and the remainder with Irish and sweet potatoes, bacon, flour, salt, and other edibles for the men to subsist on.—Sometimes we got plenty; again our victuals were few and far between. Many a night we would be down on our blankets with an empty stomach, and rise next morning hungrier than ever, to find nothing but a small piece of bread and a cup of rye or corn coffee to appease the appetite. The troops did not grumble much—not so much as would be expected under the circumstances—but forbore all, hoping that Gen Buell would soon drive the Rebels from the soil of Kentucky and reopen communication between us and "the world."

For two long months, a small band of us were hemmed in here by the Rebel guerrillas, who hovered around our picket posts continually. It was unsafe to go outside of our lines one mile. Frequently they would fire on our pickets, but never doing much damage. They burnt several pike bridges, to put a stop to our foraging, but it did not amount to much. When we started out foraging, we *scrat*, and the enemy would be scattered as chaff before the wind. Gen. Negley always made it a point to go out foraging on a road where a bridge had just been destroyed. It is an old saying that "everything is fair in war," and the rule has been pretty well lived up to hereabouts.

On the 5th ult., which was before Gen Rosecrans came through, the Rebels attacked us in force, about 4 A. M., on the south side of the city. While the fight was progressing, the notorious guerrilla, John Morgan, sent in a flag of truce, on pretext of exchanging prisoners, but the gallant Negley, surmising it was only a trick, refused to allow the flag to approach the city. Then, Morgan, with one hundred of his cut throats, made a dash on our pickets, driving them back to where the 16th Illinois were encamped—on the north side of the Cumberland river—when they were repulsed, a few being killed and some taken prisoners. Morgan's intention was to destroy the railroad and pontoon bridges across the Cumberland, but, failing in that, he was obliged to content himself with burning several freight cars and two houses. Our regiment was engaged in the fight on the south side of the city, and came off the battle field more than victors. There were but few killed or wounded on either side. Our forces captured forty prisoners, and drove the enemy from the field.

Twenty-five regular "butternuts," belonging to Forrest's command, some cavalry, some infantry, and some belonging to Freeman's Battery, were brought in Saturday, 22d ult., having been captured by Gen. Crittenden's command. Fifty "butternuts" were also captured by Gen. Davis' command. They are hard looking nuts, and appear badly frostbitten. Uncle Sam will soon have quite a stock of "butternut," on hand. Hope he may succeed, as Sam Slick would say, in getting "the hull on 'em." While the prisoners were standing in the capitol yard, a member of the 1st Middle Tennessee Volunteers, U. S. A., recognized his brother among them. Such is the fate of civil war, when the father lifts his sword against his child, and brother is arrayed against brother.

Thousands and thousands of troops have passed through this city within the past two weeks, wending their way further into the "land of cotton." They find no obstacles in their way in the shape of Rebels, but frequently find a devastated country, railroad and pike bridges burnt, and some of the roads blockaded. Our army is still pursuing the enemy, as fast as circumstances will admit. At present, Gen. Rosecrans' head-quarters are here.—Part of his troops are some seven miles from the city. It is not likely the Rebels will make a stand this side of Chattanooga, where, it is said, they are strongly fortified.

As the troops were passing through the city, I had the pleasure of meeting a few of my acquaintances belonging to Co. C, 19th Regulars. They were in good health, and appeared to enjoy soldiering amazingly. Persons may say and think as they please, but it is my firm opinion that "a soldier's life is always gay."

FRANK.

Interesting Anecdote.

It is about twenty years since one of the members of the present Cabinet was a member of Congress from a distant Western State. He had the usual right of designating a single candidate for admission to the West Point Military Academy. The applications made to him for a vacancy which then existed were not many, but among them was a letter from a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, without any accompanying recommendations or references, asking the appointment for himself. The member dismissed the appeal from his mind, with perhaps a passing thought on the forwardness and impertinence of the stripling who could aspire to such a place on no other grounds than his own desire to get a good education at the public expense.

But happening a short time afterwards to be in the little village whence the letter was mailed, the incident was recalled to his memory, and he thought he would beguile the few hours of leisure that he had by looking up the ambitious youth. He made his way, by dint of much inquiry, to a small tailor's shop on the outskirts of the town, and when he was admitted at the door, he found a lad sitting cross legged upon the tailor's bench, mending a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. But this lad had another occupation beside his manual toil. Near by, on a small block of wood, rested a book of abstruse science, to which he turned his eyes whenever they could be transferred from his hands. The member accosted him by the name given in the letter, and the lad replied, "I am the person." "You wish, then, to be appointed a cadet at West Point?" "I do," he rejoined. "Why?" asked the Congressman. "Because," answered the tailor youth, "I feel that I was born for something better than mending old clothes." The member talked further with him, and was so pleased with his frankness, his spirit, and the rare intelligence he evinced, that he procured him the appointment.

The member is now Secretary Smith, of Indiana, and the youth, Gen Burnside, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac. We should not be surprised if that boy—an excellent specimen of our northern mudsills—were destined to hoist the American flag to its old place on the Capitol at Richmond.—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

☞ "Heavy Boots," began Obson, "are the proper things for the soldier—he must be provided with the heaviest kind of boots."

"Why so?" asked Valentine.

"Because," replied Obson, "the more wait he has in his boots, the less skedaddle."

☞ Rarey subdues vicious horses as schoolmasters do vicious boys—by a system of strapping.