

The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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NUMBER 18.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Post Offices. Bethel Station, Carrolltown, Ches Springs, Conemaugh, Greensburg, Ebensburg, Falla Timber, Gallatin, Meadock, Johnstown, Loretto, Mineral Point, Manster, Hartsdale, Rockland, St. Augustine, Scap Levee, Sonmar, Summerhill, Summit, Wilmore.
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EBENSBURG MAILES.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " at 8 o'clock, P. M.
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, &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 SCHEDULES.

CRENSHAW STATION.
West—Palt. Express leaves at 8:38 A. M.
" Phila. Express " 9:22 A. M.
" East Line " 9:33 P. M.
" Emigrant Train " 2:12 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8:43 P. M.
" East Line " 3:29 A. M.
" Mail Train " 10:34 A. M.
WILMORE STATION.
West—Palt. Express leaves at 9:01 A. M.
" Phila. Express " 9:45 A. M.
" East Line " 9:56 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8:14 P. M.
" East Line " 2:56 A. M.
" Mail Train " 10:04 A. M.
Daily, except Mondays.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Court.—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Poler, Henry C. Devine.
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District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.
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Coroner.—James S. Todd.
Supt. of Common Schools.—Henry Ely.

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Inspectors.—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election.—Thomas J. Davis.
Ward Wagon.—Thomas P. Davis.
Constable.—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council.—William Kittell, H. Klunkend, L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.
Ward Wagon.—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Ward Wagon.—John Lloyd.
Ward Wagon.—Robert T. Davis.

Found in the Snow.

[FROM GODEA'S LADY'S BOOK.]

"Oh! Louey, Louey, how could you fall in love with a Dutchman?"
Louey Hill turned her sweet, blushing face to her laughing cousin to say, earnestly—
"He is a German, Mollie, and of very good family, though not noble. Father is very willing to have me marry him, so his letters must have been good."
"Yes; if ever a father idolized a child, Uncle Will is that father. Well, now, Louey, take pity on my curiosity, and tell me all about it."
"May I come in?" said another voice at the door.
"Yes, come in, and hear Louey's confession," said Mrs. Lawton.

Another lady, the sister of the bright, merry Mollie, came into the room. The ladies were the only occupants of the house at that hour, if we except the servants, and having congregated, let me describe them: Mrs. Lawton, the hostess, was a brunette of the brilliant, witty kind, and her sister, who was only a year or two younger, Miss Meta Hill, was like her in face, form and disposition. Louise Hill, the visitor and cousin, was a blonde, fair, gentle and petite, who, having just passed her seventeenth birthday, was announcing herself as engaged to be married to Rolph Gottslem, professor of languages in a German university.

"What is there to tell?" asked Louey, with a little conscious laugh. "We met, we loved! There is the whole story in four words."
"Not a bit of it. Answer your elders, Miss Hill," said Mrs. Lawton. "First, who is he?"

"He is the only son of Rolph Gottslem, of Wirtenburg, who was a professor of languages, as his son is, only in a different place. He, my Rolph, was left motherless when he was only five years old, and his sister Bertha only three, and they were educated together by their father for fourteen years. Then he died, and having been both liberal and hospitable, he left his children without any property, but with a most finished and remarkable education. Music, languages and science were the atmospheres of their life; but they were young, and had lived a life almost reclusive. Bertha was taken into the family of her aunt, and Rolph then came to America. He brought good letters from his father's old friends, and soon made a class of scholars in New York. For ten years he lived there, and then came to our town, with the appointment of professor in the college over which father presides. He has been with us for a year."

"And the sister?"
"Bertha married, and went to Berlin. For some years they corresponded. Then her husband removed to a more remote part of Germany, and the letters were not so frequent. At last they ceased, until within a few months, when Rolph received a letter, telling him of Bertha's widowhood and intention of coming to America with her little girl. Since then, he has heard nothing. She may be waiting to send him word exactly when to expect her, or she may have started, and be on her way."
"What is her name?"
"I never heard him call her anything but Bertha, and I never inquired her husband's name. There, girls, you have all the story. Now, it is my turn to question. What in the world, Mollie, sent you out of town at this season?"

"Oh we are going to have a Christmas in the English style. Harry can come down by the cars you know, every day; so he allowed me to come here last week to get ready. I have sent out my invitations for the twenty-fourth, to give everybody a day for rest, and the guests will stay till after New Year, when we all return to town together. Write to day, Louey, and ask Rolph to join us. It is holiday time."
"Oh yes, he will be delighted to come. Where is Will, Meta?"
"Oh! he comes up and down with Harry," said Mrs. Lawton. "You must have a double wedding, girls. When, Louey?"
"Next spring. Shall you have a house full, Mollie?"
"For the week there will be twenty or thirty, and on Christmas Eve we give a ball. How it snows! I meant to go to Dayton to-day for some titles that were forgotten in town. But we must postpone it until to-morrow. The tea-bell, girls; and there is Harry at the gate."
"And Will," said Meta. "You have no eyes for him, Mollie."
"Never mind; yours see for two."
Christmas was near enough to make any delay about procuring the "titles" inconvenient; so, the next morning, the ladies wrapped themselves in hoods and cloaks,

and started for a ride to Dayton over the newly fallen snow. The air was keen, but light hearts and heavy wrappers bade it defiance, and the carriage rang with merry voices and laughter as they drove slowly through the deep drifts. They were nearly a mile from the house, in a part of the country but little built up, when Meta held up her hand for silence. A low, wailing cry, made fainter by distance, came on the sudden hush; a cry of despairing pain that thrilled those warm, young hearts.

"What is it?"
"Suppose it should be a child lost in the snow?"
"Stop, John," cried Mrs. Lawton. "Come, girls, we will get out and see."

A child lost in the snow! Aye, a little child, crouching down near a deserted house, her arms round the neck of a dog, her face hidden in her poor dress, and her wailing cry growing weaker with each repetition. They found her very soon, for the dark stuff of her dress was distinct as she lay in the cold white snow bank. Louey's cloak was off in a moment, and Mrs. Lawton raised the shivering form from its cold bed.

"My child! my poor child! how came you here?"
The little one looked up gratefully at the kind, tender voice, but only shook her head, sadly.

"She must be a foreigner, Mollie," said Meta. "Try French."

The question in French was succeeded by one in Italian, but only the sad negative was answered.

"My stock of German is very scanty," said Louey; "but it will do no harm to try."

One word only fell on the little girl's ear, and the dark eye kindled and the pale face flushed with keen pleasure.

"Yes, yes, lady," she said, eagerly, in German, "Maria is German."

"How came you here?"
"Maria walked from New York."

"Walked! Why, it is twenty miles!"
"Yes; Maria started yesterday."

"Take her to the carriage, Louey, and we can talk on the way home. I must postpone going to Dayton till afternoon, and make this poor child comfortable.—Come, little one."

But Maria clung to Louise, not heeding the request in a strange language. Louise was but little skilled in German; yet by dint of attention she made out the child's story. Her name was Maria Berkemann, and she had come from Germany in the summer, with her mother, who died on the ship before they reached New York. One of the other emigrants had taken Maria because she could sing, and made her go out with a hand organ to sing in the streets. The little girl showed the welts on her neck and arms where a cruel hand had strapped her for any deficiency in the supply of pennies, and told how she had run away to walk back to Germany; but the snow storm had covered the road, and she was tired and cold, and thought she would sit down in the snow, and perhaps God would take her to heaven, to her dear, lost mother.

Mollie's generous heart suggested every comfort, and Louey's imperfect German conveyed some consolation to the poor little wanderer. After a hearty meal, she was put into a warm bed, and soon forgot her troubles for a time in a sound sleep.

After some deliberation, the ladies decided to keep her until Rolph came, to see if he could find some clue to her relatives or friends, and return her to them. Everything about the child denoted her claim to a place in a good circle. Her beauty was delicate, her hands and feet small and perfect, her accent pure, and her manners gentle and graceful. No mark of coarseness or low breeding showed any fitness for the trade she had pursued after arriving in New York, and her quiet look at the handsome house and furniture, and ease at the well spread table proved that such a home was not entirely new to her.

"Rolph will be here to-morrow; so let her stay with you, Louey, till he comes."

Louey's heart was already open to the child who came from Rolph's home, and she readily consented to share her room with the poor little stranger for the time before Rolph arrived.

The next day, however, brought not the expected guest, but a letter saying that he could not join them until evening. It was nine o'clock before the train reached Dayton, and Mrs. Lawton drove over to meet the new comer. Maria was lying in bed, trying to mind Louise and go to sleep, when the carriage drove up and she heard the glad welcome given to Rolph. The tears coursed silently down her cheeks, till, as the sadness grew too oppressive, she stole quietly to the window, and sat pondering over her loneliness and troubles. The moon shone down through the clear glass, making the shadows dark, and the light weird and ghastly, and the child

brought memory to people the scene till her poor heart seemed breaking. Her home, her mother, the sea voyage with its trying incidents and desolation, all rose vividly before her, and in sad connection came the uncertain future. For two long hours she sat mourning, till suddenly a sound fell on her ear that brought a flush to her pale cheeks, dried her tears, and started her, trembling to her feet. With a rapidly beating heart she groped for her clothes, and with shaking hands arranged her dress.

Leaving her, let us look in on the family in the parlor. Rolph, as the greatest stranger, comes first. He is a handsome man, with sad, earnest eyes, that light only when they rest on Louise. His fine face speaks of intellect and cultivation, and his manners are courteous, yet quiet. In a very little time the whole party were charmed with their guest. All restraint was thrown aside, for they were yet a family party, as the guests for Christmas did not come until the next day. After some conversation, the gentleman opened the piano, and several songs and pieces of music filled up an hour pleasantly.

"Now, Rolph, it is your turn," said Louise.

"Do you play?" said Mollie.

"Indeed he does, but I love best to hear him sing. Sing my favorite, Rolph," said Louise.

"Her favorite," said Rolph, "is a song my father wrote for my sister and myself. He was passionately fond of music, and no mean composer, and when any event affected him deeply, he would often give his heart voice in music. After my mother died, he went one evening to the room where my sister and myself lay sleeping, and there he sang, as if by inspiration, this 'Prayer for the Motherless.' It was sacred to any one. We were allowed to sing it only when alone or with him, and it never passed my lips after he died until I sang it for Louise."

The symphony was plaintive; but when Rolph let his voice join the music, every one of the listeners was spell bound. Not only the air, but the deep, rich melody of the fine voice, and the touching expression he gave to each word, made the song a prayer indeed. He sang one verse, and then the door behind him opened slowly, and with a hushed step, an eager yet still face, Maria came in. Softly, her eyes fixed on Rolph, she crept to his side, and then suddenly, as if by an irresistible impulse, she poured forth a wailing volume of song. Rich, clear, true, yet heart-breaking in its emotions, her voice sang, unheeding that Rolph had ceased, and with white lips and quivering frame was watching her. The last note died away, and then with a cry of agony the child fell at Rolph's feet.

"Take me home! Oh! take me home!" she sobbed.

"Child, child, where did you learn that song?" he cried, taking her up in his strong arms.

"It is mamma's song. All her own song, she told me once. Grandpa wrote it when her mother died. Oh! shall I never see my mother! Can I never go home?"

All the pent up agony of months was shaking her frame now, as she lay sobbing in the arms that shook so with agitation they could scarcely support even her light figure.

"Tell me your name. Where is your mother?" said Rolph.

"Mother died on the ship. My name is Maria Berkemann."

"Bertha's child! My child!"
It was long before Maria could realize that such happiness lay in store for her. Her uncle, and the sweet lady who had found her in the snow, promising her home, love and care. It was too bewildering for belief.

There was a merry Christmas at Mrs. Lawton's, but with some hearts prayers at the once sorrowful and glad, sad yet grateful, went up on that holiday, for the loved lost, and the lost found.

A lady was not long since traveling in England when she occupied a railway carriage in company with a well-dressed man and woman, the former of whom offered her a copy of an illustrated newspaper for her entertainment. She accepted the civility, opened the paper, perceived a powerful and peculiar odor, became immediately insensible, and awoke to find herself robbed of her money and railway ticket, together with sundry articles of jewelry. The paper was supposed to have been saturated with chloroform, the scent of which was disguised with lavender.

One Jones, who had been sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two they fought each other.

Letter from the 54th Pa. Vols.

NORTH MOUNTAIN, VA., Jan'y. 18, 1863.

Correspondence of The Alleghanian.

Since my last letter, many events worthy the pen of the historian have occurred, wherein this regiment has played the conspicuous part. True, I cannot write you of "battles fought and victories won," yet I may be allowed to narrate a small part of the trials and troubles we have experienced among the rugged hills and the sequestered vales of the Old Dominion, where the hawk-eyed "Specials" of the daily papers never come. Left to ourselves when the powerful armies of the Rebels, under their best Generals, had crossed into Maryland, we have experienced trials and tribulations that would astonish many of the kind friends we have left behind did they but know the plain, unvarnished facts.

From the date of the surrender of Harper's Ferry to the first of November, this was the only regiment of Union troops on the "sacred soil" between the South Branch of the Potomac east to Harper's Ferry. Let the reader take the map of Virginia, and he will see at a glance the position we were in. With a force treble ours pressing us from the east, with Imboden in our rear, no support on the west end of our line, and the Potomac in front of us, we were in a position neither pleasant nor satisfactory. To add to the perils of our already insecure situation, Stuart made his raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania, crossing the Potomac within sight of our pickets on the east, leaving it extremely doubtful at what point he would recross, and thus compelling us to picket the Maryland side of the river. And here let me state that Col. Campbell telegraphed the first news of Stuart's raid to Gen. McClellan; but for some reason or other his information was not acted on until some ten hours had elapsed, whereby Stuart was enabled to make good his escape.

All these perils, combined with the fact that we had not a single wagon to transport our effects, nor a single cavalryman to scour the country and give warning of the approach of the enemy, nor a single piece of artillery to resist attack, with our single regiment of infantry spread over fifty-six miles of broken, mountainous country, each company out of supporting distance of the other and isolated from the rest of the world, as it were, make up a chapter of difficulties and dangers which will surprise our friends and astonish even our enemies.

But we lost somewhat in the undertaking. Imboden captured the whole of Co. B and the larger half of Co. K, and Major Linton, with sixty-six men, was compelled to fall back from Back Creek before a force sufficient in number to have captured the whole regiment, losing three prisoners and the most of the camp and garrison equipage of the balance. Those disasters were but the result of the vicious practice of the Government in attempting to surround the Rebels, placing detached parties in isolated places, where they must fall an easy prey to the superior concentration of the enemy. Our army is broken up in fragments, and scattered here and there, whilst the active enemy in the center leisurely calculates the force required to capture any one part, and, having his entire army well in hand, can and always does defeat us by superior numbers. His purpose accomplished, he falls back to his grand center again, ready to pounce upon some other weak outpost, where the policy of carpet-generals has seen fit to locate it.

A single company of our troops are stationed at Paw Paw. Imboden comes in and captures it, and falls back to his centre of operations. Another company is then sent forward to take its place—and undergoes the same treatment. And thus it is all over the country. We invariably fight the Rebels with inferior numbers, not because our army is smaller than theirs, but by reason that when the decisive moment arrives they always have their entire force concentrated at the scene of operations, whilst ours, on the contrary, are generally scattered all over the country, vainly endeavoring to "pen the ball in the ring."

On the 22d December, last, we received the very welcome order to concentrate the regiment and proceed to North Mountain. We obeyed with alacrity, coming here as part of Gen. Kelley's brigade. Hardly had we got seated in our new quarters ere Imboden made a dash on Col. Mulligan, of Lexington notoriety, at Morfield, and we were ordered to proceed by railway to Green Spring and there await orders.—We moved at 4 o'clock in the night, arriving at Green Spring the day following, (January 6.) Here we laid in the ears until after midnight, when orders were received to march with five companies, by a roundabout road, to Romney.

Col. Campbell designated companies A, B, D, E and I to constitute the five companies, and in a few minutes they were on the march, leaving Major Linton, with companies C, F, G, H and K, to repel any attack that might be made on the railroad near Green Spring. About three A. M., we came to where the road crossed the South Branch, and, although it was extremely cold, the boys plunged in and over we went. Continuing our march, we arrived at Fox or Mechanicsburg Gap about daylight. Here we lay all day, ready to receive Imboden should he attempt an attack on Romney. Here, too, Col. Campbell received a telegram from Gen. Kelley, complimenting him for his celerity of movement.

No enemy came, however, and in the morning we took up our line of march for Green Spring via Romney, arriving at our destination just after nightfall.

The celebrated village of Romney is about the size of Stoytown, Somerset county, only far more antiquated, and now that it is almost barren of inhabitants it is one of the most desolate spots I ever saw. The county seat of Hampshire county, it boasts its Court-house and jail. I thought, as I stood and gazed upon the records and documents strewn in rich profusion over the floor and outside the Court-room, that here would be "fine food for lawyers."

I noticed among the papers several precepts issued under His Majesty George III, King of England, Ireland and Scotland. Ancient documents, indeed, but the sacrilegious hand of war had strewn them broadcast to the wind!—Well, these people have brought the curse upon themselves and must suffer the consequences of their rash folly.

The peril over, we were ordered back to camp here, where we are pleasantly situated. What part we are destined to play in the Great Rebellion further than guarding the B. & O. RR. of course I know not; but I assure you we will all hail with delight the tocsin that sounds the note for our departure hence for more active service.

We have now at this post a section of artillery, the 1st Virginia Vols., and our own regiment. Col. Campbell, by virtue of seniority, commands the whole, hence Cambria county is entitled to the honor of at least one acting Brigadier General in the field. HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Let us imagine that nothing better is to be found, at times, than the advertising sheet of an old newspaper—never mind. Let the unfortunate man fall to and read the advertisements courageously, and make the best of them. An advertisement is itself a fact, though it may sometimes be the vehicle of a falsehood; and, as some one has remarked, he who has a fact in hand is like a turner with a piece of wood in his lathe, which he can manipulate to his liking, tooling it in any way, as a plain cylinder or a richly ornamented toy. There have been fortunate instances of people driven to read their finding good jokes and other enjoyable things in advertisements—such things as make one almost regret that so little attention has been paid to this department of literature. Advertisements, in fact, bring us into the very heart of life and business, and there is a world of interest in them. Suppose that the dirty broadside you pick up in the dingy inn's soiled room contains the annual announcement of the re-assembling of the school of your boy-life—what a mingled and many-colored romance does it recall of all that has befallen to yourself and others since the day when the same advertisement made you sigh, because the hour was close at hand when you were to leave home and all its homely ways to dwell among strangers! Take, for instance, the announcement of the wants of an affluent and pious elderly lady, desirous of having the services of a domestic like-minded with herself, who appeals to the public for a "groom to take charge of two carriage-horses of a serious turn of mind."—So also the simple-hearted innkeeper, who founders on his limited "charges and civility;" or the description given by a distracted family of a runaway member, who consider that they are affording valuable manors for his identification by saying, "Age not precisely known, but looks older than he is."

We hear a good anecdote concerning a soldier laddy on one of our gunboats. The vessel was just going into action, and our soldier was upon his knees, when an officer sneeringly asked him if he was afraid? "No, I was praying," was the response. "Well, what were you praying for?" continued the officer. "Praying that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same way as the prize money is, principally among the officers!" was the quick and ready retort.