

The Alleghanlian.

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

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

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VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1863.

NUMBER 27.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown	William M. Jones,	Carroll.
Cass Springs	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Conemaugh	Wm. W. Young,	Washington.
Ebensburg	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallatin	J. M. Christy,	Gallatin.
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Mineral Point	E. Wisnager,	Conemaugh.
Monaca	A. Durbin,	Monaca.
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Summit	B. F. Slick,	Croyley.
Waverly	Miss M. Gillespie,	Washington.
Wilmore	Morris Keil,	Sherhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HANCOCK, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. **Methodist**—Rev. S. T. SNOW, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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. **Episcopal**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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. LEON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. **Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. **Services** every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 11 o'clock, A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Newmarket, Pa., arrive on Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Newmarket, Pa., arrive on Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

GREYSBURG STATION.

West—Balt. Express leaves at	9:38 A. M.
" Phila. Express " "	9:22 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:23 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8:43 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	8:20 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 " "	8:56 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	10:04 A. M.

Daily, except Mondays.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Esley, Henry C. Devine.
Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—James Cooper, Peter J. Little, John Campbell.
Treasurer—Thomas Galpin.
Poor House Directors—William Douglas, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Auditors—John P. Stahl, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward B. Donnegan.
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.
Coroner—James S. Todd.
Sup't. of Common Schools—Henry Ely.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

borough at large.
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.
Burgess—James Myers.
School Directors—Abel Lloyd, P. H. S. Noon, John D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.
EAST WARD.
Constable—Erastus Brand.
Town Council—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, J. J. Jones.
Inspectors—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.
Assessor—Lemuel Davis.
WEST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neil.
Town Council—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Ostman.
Inspector—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.
Judge of Election—Michael Hesson.
Assessor—George G. Riley.

COURTING IN THE DARK.

"Almost divine, eh?"
"I think so."
A lady at that moment entered the ball room. The above observations were made by a couple of gentlemen who stood directly in front of me, and who had seen the fair creature's face.
I am very susceptible to female beauty, and therefore my curiosity was slightly aroused at the mention of something almost divine.
"Ah! good evening, Ned," said my friend Bangs, coming in and tapping me on the shoulder. "Did you see Miss Leighton?"
"Miss Leighton—the lady that just now came in?"
"Yes, don't you know the Leighton's?"
"No."
"Why, my boy, Miss Leighton is the most splendid woman in town—the belle, in fact. Shall I make you acquainted?"
"Certainly."
I was soon making my prettiest bow, before the lady aforesaid. She had dark, languishing eyes, that could speak the language of the heart much more eloquently than the tongue; a fine complexion—rose and lily-blended; a voice as sweet as your loved one's, and a form gotten up from the softest cotton, etc.—By the way, what would the ladies do were it not for tutton? But I didn't think anything of that kind at that time. I was doing my utmost to make myself agreeable to that being, who, robed in something soft and gauzy, which I do not know enough about to even tell the name of, seemed to me—if I may use the expression—part blood angel.
Then I was flying—she had wings, or seemed to have—over the smooth floor, with this fair one leaning upon me, to the sound of the music that, in my ecstasy, seemed heavenly.
I passed a delightful evening, and at last had the pleasure of helping Miss Leighton into her carriage, and securing a smile and a sweet "Good night" as the carriage rolled away.
Next morning I saw Bangs, and my first words were:
"Who is Miss Leighton?"
"What, my boy, has Cupid been up to his old tricks?"
"Never mind—answer the question!"
"Well, then, Ida Leighton is John Leighton's daughter. The old gentleman is wealthy, has a fine house in town. Miss Ida has a sister, older than she, who, as their mother is dead, takes charge of the household affairs and does the motherly for her sister; who, considering that she is an orphan, ought to have the protection of some nice young man like yourself. No one as yet has been able to find the tender spot in Miss Ida's heart."
"Twenty sought her hand in vain, and twenty sought her hand in vain, were out and didn't come again, in the ordinary fashion."
"I'm going to call upon her to day," said I.
"Beware! Don't get entangled in the meshes of her net, for she'll laugh at you then."
"Don't make me faint-hearted."
"Well, go on, you have my best wishes," and Bangs turned away and went whistling down the street.
An hour afterwards I was sitting in Mr. Leighton's drawing room. Ida looked as lovely as upon the previous evening; and the contrast between her sister Sally and herself added, I do not doubt, to her charms.
Sally was at least thirty years of age.—She had looked at her face in the mirror so many times and tried to make her immense mouth into a small one, that she had at last settled it into an aggravated pucker, and her sharp nose hung over it as some giant might bend over to look into the crater of Vesuvius.
I did pity Sally, for I knew her face must have felt uncomfortable.
Ida was very social, and when I arose to go I felt that I had made an impression upon her heart. I told Bangs so.
"Really, now, Ned, I must confess that I can't see it," he said, taking out his cigar case and proceeding to light a weed.
"You can't! but I can. Don't you suppose I can tell?"
"Well, no. You see, my boy, that woman understands her art to perfection. You'll slip up in your calculations, and take the arsenic train for eternity."
"You are quite cool about it."
"Yes; I have had several friends go the same road, and I'm getting used to it. I always warned them."
Bangs wasn't congenial, as least that time, and so I left him and sought the solitude of my chamber.
Solitude! Bridget was washing and dusting, and had turned everything in the room topsy-turvy.

"Ned," soliloquized I, "you want a house of your own, and you want a wife to keep it in good order. I'll see about it."
For two weeks I was with Ida the greater part of the time. We rode together, read together, and my love grew stronger, and I didn't doubt it was returned.
But there was one thing that troubled me. I was fearful that Mr. Leighton would not consent to his daughter's marrying a poor man like myself.
"We can elope," thought I; "and as the old gentleman has a cork leg and the gout, he will not be apt to catch us before it is everlastingly too late."
But then, I thought, Ida would not consent to that. She was altogether too good to disobey her kind old father, and so I must win them both.
Bangs was better acquainted with Mr. Leighton than I, and so I went to ask his opinion of the chances of my suit being successful with that gentleman.
"Ned," said he, "don't borrow any trouble at all. If you win the daughter, I'll vouch for the father."
"You think I cannot do that."
"Exactly."
"I will show you your mistake then.—To-night I shall lay my heart at her feet."
"I want to know!" cried Bangs, putting his finger on one side of his nasal organ. "Perhaps you shall step on it. I don't think it would be safe, Ned. However, I should like to go to a wedding, and I hope you'll succeed."
What did I see? A carriage passed me at that moment; Ida was sitting beside a young gentleman, her face turned up to him. I bowed, but she did not see me.—They were chatting gaily. What could it mean.
It was just in the edge of the evening. I did not stop a moment, for I was determined to know the meaning of this. I would be at the house when Ida returned, and know if it was in reality a rival. I was hoping that it might be a cousin, for I could not believe her false. I could not believe she would even smile upon another. But then, how confidently she was looking up to him.
I had walked very fast, and soon found myself almost at the door, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I turned my head, and Bangs was standing before me.
"Take laudanum—it's the easiest way."
He laughed and went on. I entered the gate, and walked up into the house. No one was in the drawing room, and I passed into the library, where I found Mr. Leighton.
"Ida has gone out, has she not?" I asked.
"No, she is in the drawing room," he replied.
I went back. The gas had not been lit, and it was quite dark, but on the lounge I saw Miss Leighton. How it relieved me.
"I thought you had gone out," said I, taking a seat beside her.
"No. Sister went out with Mr. Davis, riding."
"But haven't you been out?"
"No."
"I thought I saw you."
"Who is Mr. Davis?" I asked.
"He is an old friend of ours. He came from New York to-day."
"Only a friend?"
"I believe he and sister are engaged to be married."
That was consoling. I could hardly believe that I had not seen Ida in the carriage, but if Mr. Davis was engaged to Sally, I had nothing to fear.
The moonlight was just stealing into the room. That, and Ida's bright eyes, was light enough; I needed no other. I hardly dared to speak, fearing that it would break the spell, and the dear one would vanish like the angels in our dreams. To-night decides my fate. I bent over her. I took her hand. It lay passively in mine. I felt her warm breath on my cheek.
"Dearest," I whispered.
She pressed my hand. It thrilled me strangely. I felt the blood tingle in my finger ends, and shoot from my heart to the tip of my toes. I knew then that she loved me. I stole one arm around her waist.
"It is needless to tell my love, dearest; you know it already."
"Oh, Edward, this is too much happiness for me!"
She flung herself upon my breast, crying like a child.
I kissed her brow; I wiped the tears from her eyes; I sipped the sweet dew off her soft lips.
"When will you be mine?" I asked, when she had become calm.
"When you will, darling."
"Will your father consent?"
"Doubt it not. He will do nothing that would not tend to our happiness."

"But I am poor."
"I know it, but father already regards you as kindly as if you were his son. Let us go to him now; he is in the library alone."
We got up and went hand in hand to the library. Mr. Leighton had gone out. It was dark, all but where the moonlight shone through the windows and lay in silvery sheets upon the carpet.
"We will wait here till he comes in," said my charmer.
Then we sat down on the sofa, and her soft cheek was pressed against mine. I almost dreaded the coming of Mr. Leighton. I was very happy. I often thought to myself, "what will Bangs say, when I tell him all?" Then I heard footsteps in the hall, and the voice of Mr. Leighton. There was some one with him.
"Sister and Mr. Davis have returned."
"Yes. I hope they will not come in," and I advanced to meet Mr. Leighton, leaving Ida sitting on the sofa.
The gas was lighted.
"Mr. Leighton," said I, "perhaps you have anticipated the request I am about to make."
"Well, well, I don't know—what is it?" he asked, looking somewhat surprised.
"You must be aware that my frequent visits to your house were for some purpose."
"To tell the truth, I had not thought anything about it."
"What never suspected my intentions?"
"No."
He looked at the sofa, and then at me, while a look of surprise came over his face.
"I think I begin to understand what it is all about, now. But then, who would have thought it?"
"Was it strange?"
"Why, thunder and lightning, boy, she's old enough to be your mother!"
What could he mean? I looked at him inquiringly. It was only for a second, for Mr. Davis came in at that moment, and Mr. Leighton turned to him.
"What do you think is up? Sally is going to be married, Frank. We'll have two weddings, instead of one."
"Sally to be married?" cried some one whose voice I knew then so well.
I turned round quickly. Sally was sitting upon the sofa, blushing like a tiger lily. "Horror! I turned again to see Ida standing beside Mr. Davis, almost ready to burst with suppressed laughter.
"Why, what's the matter with you, my boy? you look pale," said Mr. Leighton.
"Nothing sir," I managed to articulate.
"Yes, there is. Bring some water, Ida, quick—she's going to faint!"
They laid me upon the sofa, for I was too weak to stand.
"Leave the room, all of you; he is mine only!" cried Sally, bending down and putting that lovely mouth to my lips.
That revived me. I sprang up. The window was open, and without stopping to say "Good night," I sprang through it, and did not stop till I found myself at Bangs' door.
"What's the matter?" cried Bangs, as I rushed into the room where he was sitting.
"Where's your hat?"
"I've left that at Leighton's."
"Your hat and your heart, I suppose, are lying at the lovely Ida's feet."
"No; worse than that."
"Worse?"
"Yes. I have been courting in the dark, and have offered myself to—to Sally."
"O, ye gods, that is rich!"
Bangs threw himself upon the floor and rolled and laughed until I thought he would die in convulsions. I left him in that state and hurried home to pack my trunks.
At twelve o'clock that night I took a private conveyance and left the town never to return.
ROUGH—A country editor denounces these afflictions upon him who neglects to pay the printer: May 243 nightmares trot quarter races over his stomach every night. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing line break. May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank and hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window each night. May the famine-stricken ghost of an editor's baby haunt his slumbers, and hiss "Murder" in his dreaming ears. May his buckwheat cakes be always heavy and his calf-skin wallet light; his sauer kraut be cooked without "speck," and his rye coffee have no cream or sugar. In short, may his daughter marry a one-eyed podler and his business go to ruin, and he go to—the legislature, generally. That's about what's the matter!

Kisses.

Sitting to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoky wreaths;
Memories tender surround me.
Girls that are married—or buried,
Gather around me.

Schoolgirls in pantalets romping;
Girls that have grown to be misses;
Girls that liked to be kissed, and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses—well I remember them!
Those in the corner were feeblest;
Sweet were those "on the sly"—in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and sweet:
To woo was almost to win her;
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
And cream for dinner.

Nell was a flirt, and coquetish:
"Twas catch and kiss if you can, sir!
Could I catch both—ah, wasn't I
A happy man, sir!"

Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea simmers;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders, and
Cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte, and Susan, and Hattie,
Mary Jane, Emma, and Maggie—
Four are married and plump—two
Maiden and scraggy.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,
Ye angels, minister, over her rest!
Her I loved dearly and truly,
Last and the best.

Thus I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only!

Letter from Co. F. 133d Penna. Vols.—St. Patrick's Day with the Soldiers.

CAMP NEAR STONEMAN'S SWITCH, VA.,
March 18, 1863.

Correspondence of The Alleghanlian.

Yesterday, the 17th, was the day set apart by the Roman Catholic Church as the festival day of St. Patrick, and there are few salets in their calendar remembered more reverently or more joyously honored; there are, it would seem, few salets more truly worthy of reverent memory and joyous honor. It cannot be said that St. Patrick was an Irishman, but he ought to have been one, no doubt. The man, Patrick, was born, according to good authority, near the site of Kilpatrick, at the mouth of the Clyde, in Scotland, in the year 372. The popular superstition or legend ascribes to St. Patrick the abolition of serpents in Ireland, and of all venomous things, by means of his crozier, or staff, so that that Eden of banished patriots became and remains to the present day a paradise without a snake in the grass or under the roses. Whether this tradition be historically true, or this fact vouched for by natural philosophy, I do not care to say, for I am not an Irishman and "have never been there;" but St. Patrick, who let the true light in, made a hole (as an Irishman said of the window he was making into an old cellar) to let the dark out, and the things that love darkness rather than light—"because their deeds are evil"—doubtless crawled after. Happy is Adam in the Emerald Garden of the Western Ocean—he can stay as long as he pleases if he only pay his rent; happy is Eve in Eden—for there the devil himself cannot crawl. Irish humor and Irish religion flow together, and whether they meet in a tear or a smile, they are from the heart and genuine. The reverence of Ireland is heart-deep; its worship is from the fullness of the soul. Hypocrisy crept out under St. Patrick's wand, with the creeping things; its words are now the ringing coins of truth. A bright morning for St. Patrick, and a full tide of festival—Religion and Love and Mirth together, without mask. Patrick was a gentleman, for,

"Take him all in all,
We never shall look upon his like again."

Yesterday was hailed with joy in the army, particularly by the Irish Brigade, as it was the fixed intention of General Meagher, who commands the Brigade, to celebrate "St. Patrick's day in the morning, in the good old quaint way in which they used to do it in 'the old darst.'" The performances were to commence in the morning, but I was unable to attend until after dinner. I arrived on the ground just as the last horse-race was coming off. It was a very fine sight, and one which I had longed to see. The race-course was two miles in extent, traversed with ditches and leaps, ten in number. The riders were dressed in the old country style—green caps, red shirts, white corduroy knee breeches, white socks and red-top boots. I could not ascertain who the horses belonged to, except one—the winner of the race—which was the property of Gen. Meagher.

The race over, the cavalcade of officers turned their horse's heads towards Gen. Meagher's headquarters. Major-General Hooker headed the throng; by his side was Gen. Meagher, followed by Maj.-Gen. Sigel, French, Couch, Hancock, and several others, and a host of Brigadiers, while an almost countless throng of officers of minor rank brought up the rear. They passed on to a large open tent, where a bountiful repast had been prepared for them. I took a position where I could survey the whole mass. I was surprised and astounded at seeing so many beardless boys in the group, with the "sardine boxes" on their shoulders, mingling with the grey-haired veterans, the heroes of a dozen battles; while their affected "ha's" and "yah's" showed them to be nothing but a set of conceited puppies, elevated to their present position through the influence of friends. No sight has ever more fully convinced me that honor is not always given to whom it is due.

After they had partaken of the feast, Gen. Meagher came forward and read the programme of performance. Before reading it, he entertained the crowd with some witty and humorous remarks, which his honest Irish heart prompted, which I honestly believe that that good-natured gentleman was the invincible Meagher, the leader of that noble brigade which was never known to flinch before the most destructive fire, and whose impetuous charges the breasts of the enemy could never withstand. The programme stated that there would be first a foot-race over a half-mile course; next a race in bags—the runners to be tied up in bags, with nothing but their heads protruding; then a race to catch a "soaped pig"—the only difficulty in this case was to find the pig to soap; next the experiment of climbing a greased pole, in hopes of securing a prize placed at the top; and, finally, a contest for the championship on the light fantastic toe. The General told the crowd that they need not for a moment imagine the day played out, nor the night, either! Judging from the variety of exercises, the extent of the platform, and the number of ladies I saw near by, I should think they would have had a good old time of it. But the fate of the day was against them. The foot-race was just over, and the crowd were gathering in anxious impatience for the race in bags, when Gen. Meagher rode up, sword in hand, crying out—"Fall in, boys! the Rebs. are attacking our pickets, and will be down on us in a few minutes!" Then and there was shown the strict military discipline under which they had attained, for no sooner were these words uttered than they gave three cheers for Gen. Meagher, broke for their tents, and soon emerged each with cartridge-box in one hand and gun in the other. Before I had time to leave the field, the companies were all formed and ready to take their place in line. They love Meagher like a father, and would fight for him unto the death.

This morning, news of the attack came to camp. Ten thousand of the enemy attempted to cross the river on our extreme right, but were repulsed by a portion of our troops. We took one hundred prisoners.

E. R. W.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

Some of the juggling feats of a tribe of Indians in Texas are described as follows by an officer of the army stationed near the camp: The medicine man, or juggler, shows you a few grains of common Indian corn. You are called upon to witness the burial of the corn in the ground which is now frozen stiff, and of course not supposed to be exactly in condition for growing maize. But watch the juggler. After the planting, the performer, enveloped in his blanket, bends over the little hillocks for a moment, chanting in a monotonous voice a grand incantation in the Indian tongue, and then suddenly gliding from the spot, lo, and behold! the growing corn plant is seen springing as if by magic—out of cold clay. Another chant in the same dull, unvarying monotone, and the corn is in bloom; and yet another chant, and you are invited to pluck and eat, if you have the appetite for that which seems to have sprung from seeds planted below, of ripened green corn.—This is the dead of winter. Nor is this any more surprising than many more of the tricks these same men perform. I merely particularize this one as being easier of description than some of them of greater complication.

The Postmaster General has authorized postmasters throughout the country to frank all official communications of Collectors and Assessors of Internal Revenue to their deputies and assistants.

The following purports to be an epitaph in an Italian graveyard:
"Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Meagher's headquarters. Major-General Hooker headed the throng; by his side was Gen. Meagher, followed by Maj.-Gen. Sigel, French, Couch, Hancock, and several others, and a host of Brigadiers, while an almost countless throng of officers of minor rank brought up the rear. They passed on to a large open tent, where a bountiful repast had been prepared for them. I took a position where I could survey the whole mass. I was surprised and astounded at seeing so many beardless boys in the group, with the "sardine boxes" on their shoulders, mingling with the grey-haired veterans, the heroes of a dozen battles; while their affected "ha's" and "yah's" showed them to be nothing but a set of conceited puppies, elevated to their present position through the influence of friends. No sight has ever more fully convinced me that honor is not always given to whom it is due.

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The following purports to be an epitaph in an Italian graveyard:
"Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."