

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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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1863.

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DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEMMONS, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. GRAY, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 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.

Wich Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 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.

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Duquesne—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MURPHY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " " 10 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, 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 SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.		
West—Balt. Express leaves at	7:11 A. M.	
" East Line " " "	7:58 P. M.	
" Mail Train " " "	7:58 P. M.	
East—Through Express " " "	7:58 P. M.	
" East Line " " "	12:27 P. M.	
" Fast Mail " " "	6:58 A. M.	
" Through Accom. " " "	9:20 A. M.	

WILMORE STATION.		
West—Balt. Express leaves at	8:21 A. M.	
" Mail Train " " "	8:25 P. M.	
East—Through Express " " "	7:20 P. M.	
" Fast Mail " " "	6:36 A. M.	
" Through Accom. " " "	8:50 A. M.	

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Mercantile Appraiser—Geo. W. Easley.

Supt. of Common Schools—Henry Ely.

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Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.

Assessor—Lemuel Davis.

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Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.

Judge of Election—Michael Hannon.

Assessor—George Gurley.

Playing Secesh.

BY RUFUS HARE.

We had a genuine Secesh at our hospital, and the lady visitors were in ecstasies with him. It is a fact. I did not think the women could be such fools before.—Whether it was because of the novelty, or because of the romance, or because of an inexplicable whim, it is hard to say; but they certainly treated him with flattering distinction. An ugly dog he was, too; short, thick-set and swarthy, with a half-healed wound over one eye, which did not add to his beauty. He was captured after Fair Oaks, being out on picket. And ill he had been, undeniably ill, ever since he came North. A complicated affection of the heart, they pronounced it, which we'd not admit of his removal; so he staid on with us, instead of going down to the fort with the rest of the prisoners. Nominal as his captivity was, it was galling to him; and he was sullen as the mischief, withal he got the lion's share of the jellies, flowers, books, and other niceties which came to the hospital.

It was ridiculous to see him with his lady-sympathizers. But it was provoking as well. We poor fellows, on the broad of our backs, stiff and sore with loyal wounds, bit our lips with vexation many a time when we saw the delicacies traveling past our Federal mouths, and dropping into the ugly little traitor's. Not that we begrudged him the trifles; but there is a medium in all things, and the women ought to have known better.

In the next bed to mine was my chum, Ike Russell, the greatest limb, and most thorough practical joker in the regiment. He was an incorrigible fellow. The doctors had given him up twice since the fever had got hold of him; but his constitution was of gutta-percha. It would stretch to the fullest extent before it would break.

"They may give me up, like a bad riddle, as often as they like," was his characteristic remark, "but I don't think they will play the 'Dead March' over me yet awhile."

And they didn't. It was a hand-to-hand struggle, but Ike fought the fever as fiercely as he had fought the foe, and conquered. He was now convalescent, and most indignant, as was natural, at the partiality shown Secesh.

"See here, Rufus," he said to me one night, in a heat, "don't you think this is pretty near played out?"

"What?"

"This jolly and flower business."

"I should judge so, my son."

"It is a burning shame," went on Ike, wrathfully. "I didn't think Northern girls could be such geese. I wonder what the mischief they see in him. The fellow is as ugly as a porilla."

"Chacun a son god," said I, thoughtfully.

"That's so; but I've made up my mind it shall not last."

"How can you help it?"

"Leave that to me; I'm no novice.—Before the week is out I warrant you we shall have plenty of delicacies and light reading."

There the conversation dropped.

The next morning, on opening my eyes, I became aware of a change. The Rebel's bed was opposite mine—it was empty. Secesh was *non est*. The man who was there yesterday, who had been there all these days, never able to lift or turn himself without help, was gone.

"Halloo! Ike," said I, poking that gentleman with my crutch, "have you spirited him away? What has become of the pet of the ladies?"

Ike raised himself on his elbow, and stared at the vacant bed.

"Ye gods! he is gone!"

"Fact," said I. "Thou art gone from my gaze, like a beautiful dream!"

"Josh!" cried Ike, laughing at the adjective, "horrible would have been more to the point. But, bless my soul, Hare, what can have become of him?"

"For further particulars inquire within," said I, tapping him jocosely on the head with my crutch.

Ike looked at me.

"You think I have had something to do with it? You were never more mistaken in your life. I only hope," added he, pleasantly, "that they have sent him to the fort, and may keep him on bread and water for a month. Rufus, my warrior, that Secesh was the Mordecai in the gate."

"He will not be likely to trouble you again," said the Surgeon, who was then passing.

"What's the reason he went?" we both chorused.

"No levity, boys. He is dead."

"Dead?"

Ike's face was sobered at once. He was wild enough, in all conscience, but far from heartless.

"When, in the name of Lincoln, did he die?"

"About daybreak this morning."

"I didn't dream of such a thing. Poor rascal! Very sudden, wasn't it?"

"Not to me. I anticipated as much from his disease—the heart, you know," said the Surgeon, with professional sang froid, moving away.

Ike's mercurial nature was recovering from the shock.

"Hold on a minute, Doc," he called out. "A word with you, if you please."

The Surgeon turned back. He was a grave, decided man, of staunch Union principles; and I fancied he had not relished the sympathy with Secesh any more than ourselves.

"Be quick, then," he said; "I have my hands full."

Ike had a face of brass.

"I only wanted to know where that Rebel's uniform was?"

The Doctor looked at him sharply. He knew his reputation.

"What do you want of it?"

"That isn't a fair question," said Ike, boldly. "It is certainly of no use to its owner now, unless as a shroud. If you've no objections, I shall borrow it for a few days."

The Surgeon shrugged his shoulders.

"You are welcome to it. None of your practical jokes, remember, Russell." And off he went.

Ike spread out his wrapper with both hands, as soon as his back was turned, and danced a Spanish fandango, which nearly sent the *bois* into convulsions.

"Veni, vidi, vici, Hare," he whispered to me. "Now for some fun."

That day we had a shoal of visitors. It was quite the rage last spring, you may remember, to visit the hospitals. There was a good deal of genuine charity and a good deal of idle curiosity, as well.—People seemed to feel that there was something so good and so evangelical in walking through the wards and talking patronizingly to the sufferers. It was a form of philanthropy which was both cheap and comfortable; at least to those who were not overburdened with sensitiveness.

In the afternoon there came a bevy of young lady teachers. They were all strangers, but had evidently heard of the caged lion.

"We have been told that there was a rebel here. Can you point him out to us?" one of their number asked of the Ward-master.

With an ill suppressed smile, the official indicated a bed.

"That is his bed," was the reply; true, as far as it went; but poor Secesh would never sleep on it again.

At the little table beside it, however, Ike was gotten up, like a tableau vivant. The rascal was as handsome as he should be, in the black and green uniform of the departed rebel. Interestingly pale, as became a captain chieftan of the U. S. A., he was reading from a volume of blue and gold; his elbow on the table, his head supported by his hand. Ike had a nice hand; brown enough, to be sure, but well shaped and slender. The young ladies' eyes lit upon it at once. The *tout ensemble* was faultless. But they seemed unimpressed. There was some little debate with their pretty heads together.

"An Apollo Belvidere, upon my word, Lilly."

"How queer! And they say he was so ugly, and not a bit young."

"Such a love of a hand, too! and look at that profile, will you girls? If the rebels are all like him, I—well! (ahem!) I wouldn't mind living in the South, myself."

"For shame! Maybe he isn't the rebel after all."

"But then his uniform? there isn't another like it in the ward."

"Wait; I'll ask him to make sure."

Ike, the rogue, had heard every word as well as myself; but he read on, severely unconscious. A plump little Miss approached and laid an orange on the table.

"Who told you I was?" quoth Ike, with a sweet smile—a trifle pensive, however.

"Oh dear! I don't know indeed. I think the man at the door said something about it; and then your uniform, you know is different from all the rest! But,"—winding up pensively—"but you aren't the rebel, after all, are you?"

"If rebellion, Madam," said Ike throw back his head, and coming the heavy thing, after Forrest—"If rebellion consists in loyalty to the noblest Government that was ever framed, then I am indeed a rebel!"

"How treasonable!" murmured a strong minded young lady.

"But how eloquent!" rejoined a weak minded one.

"And you really think your Government the noblest ever framed?" said a third.

"Unquestionably."

"And that we are all mistaken?—all upon the wrong track?"

"As far as regards your present views, at least," returned Ike with a twinkle of the eye.

"Deluded man! But you will learn better in time. How long have you been here?" put in the strong minded lady again.

"Some two or three weeks. I was taken after the battle of Fair Oaks"—with bilious fever, he might have added but he prudently forbore.

"I hope they have treated you well," replied the plump little Miss, simpering.

"A true soldier never complains," said Ike with a look suggestive of secret martyrdom.

I thought I should have exploded, I was forced to dive under the quilts, to recover myself. When I came to the surface again, the conversation was in cheerful progress. One of the girls had secured the blue and gold volume, and was examining the fly leaf. On it was written in Ike's characteristic hand, "St. George Algernon Fairfield, Sumter, North Carolina." The rascal had prepared the ruse most carefully.

"What a distinguished name," whispered one. "I wonder if it is his own?"

"Is this your book, sir?" said another, looking over her shoulder.

Ike bowed with the grace of a "chivalry" and sighed profoundly.

"I suppose it recalls your name, Mr. Fairfield," said the plump little Miss, sympathetically; "and your Southern friends, and all their sweet recollections of by-gone days. Ah! what a terrible thing is civil war!"

"My home—my friends," murmured Ike brokenly, and making much of his handkerchief; "do not mention them! It is more than I can bear. This weakness may seem unmanly, but the Fairfields are a sensitive race, and—and—" he buried his face in his hands, and added in a stage whisper, "my home—alas! it is mine no longer!"

Which was a fact for he had been sold out by the sheriff just before he joined the army.

"Why don't you take the oath of allegiance?" said the strong minded girl rather irrelevantly.

Ike drew himself up to his full height (five feet eleven in his stocking soles) and regarded her with intense scorn.

"Such suggestions are unnecessary, Miss!" he returned, folding his arms with dignity; "and from any but a lady, would be insulting!"

"Fie, Lilly!" replied the plump little Miss, who was evidently smitten; "you should not be so blunt. Consider his unpleasant circumstances. I have no doubt, now, she added, in a tone intended for the pseudo rebel, "you find your present society very un congenial."

"Mudsills!" cried Ike forcibly; "greasy mechanics! shoemakers and carriers? Shall it be said that the scion of the St. Georges, the Algernons, and the Fairfields stooped to such associates? Never! I spit upon them; I despise them; I—"

"Time is up," said the Surgeon approaching with a glitter in his grave eye. "My friend, you are exciting yourself too much. Ladies, I regret to disturb you."

And the girls made their adieu, leaving behind them most pleasant mementoes, in the shape of fruits and delicacies.

"Ike!" cried I, choking with laughter, "get your discharge, and go upon the stage. You'd make a fortune."

"Softly, my boy, softly," replied that incorrigible. "The comedy is not over yet."

And neither it was. For a whole week he was besieged by visitors, principally ladies; and he played his *role* to perfection. Luxuries of all kinds poured in upon him, and were distributed among the boys with a liberal hand—for Ike was no glutton. Photographs and letters directed to "St. George Algernon Fairfield," became such a drug on the Ward-masters hands, that worthy began to vote it a bore. If Ike had advertised for a wife, I think it could scarcely have been worse.

But one day a shell exploded in the magazine. Some enemy of Ike's made himself busy. A report was circulated, and the Provost Marshall came down upon Isaac Russell, Esq., like a wolf on a fold. There was a laugh at first, (it was all so ridiculous) but the official "couldn't see it." The circumstantial evidence was strong against poor Ike, and after the

first uproar he was too proud and too indignant to say anything in his own defence. So they marched him off to the fort.

I saw him the day after his release.

"Hare," said he, with the old sparkle: "You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, but the scent of the roses will cling round it still!"

"I don't regret it. It is a famous joke."

"Rather an expensive one, I should say, my good St. George Algernon."

"You are right, *mon brave*, you are right; but then—the jellies were excellent."

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"You don't mean so—you don't really mean that Dora West is married again?" cried Mrs. Mills, as she came down to the front gate, with both hands uplifted in surprise and dismay at the fact which I had just communicated to her.

"I must say I really had too good an opinion of the woman; but there's no knowing what folks will do in this world. And it's only two years since her husband met with that awful death. How I pitied her, and what a fuss she made at the time. I really thought she would never get over it; but she's done herself up for me, now."

I opened my lips to speak; and then, on second thought, I closed them again. There would be no use in defending my dear friend, Dora West, to such a person; and yet, do not misunderstand me, reader; Mrs. Mills was a kind hearted, good sort of woman, and would have made almost any sacrifice for a friend or neighbor who was in trouble; but she was narrow-minded, and, of course, she was guilty of all that vast burden of petty sins and little uncharitableness which are the indigestible fruit of this quality; so I merely replied—

"Oh! Mrs. Mills, you don't understand Dora as I do; but I haven't time to discuss the matter now. Good morning."

And, walking slowly down that little grassy road, my thoughts went back to a night two years before, that had burned itself into my memory.

It was evening, in the early October, and the rain was falling slowly and languidly outside. The day, too, had been a languid one, with a kind of wistful, blue-gray sky, and a slight chill in the still air, which was a far off whisper of the winter.

Dora and I sat sewing in the little back parlor that evening, by the round mahogany table, and there was a sort of rivalry kept up between our tongues and our fingers—I cannot tell which were the nimble.

How pretty she looked that night; she, the well beloved wife of five years, with the smiles darting among the dimples of her sweet lips, and the light of a glad heart beaming out from her blue eyes.

"To think, Alice," she murmured, "Harry's been gone a week, and I thought it would seem an age, that morning he kissed me good-bye. It would, too, if you hadn't been with me. But he'll be home to-morrow. Oh! how glad I shall be to see him."

At that moment the bell rang, sudden and loud.

"Oh dear! I hope nobody's come to bore us to night. We're so cozy and happy together."

"Here's a dispatch for you, Mrs. West," said a small boy, whom the servant ushered into the room.

Dora sprang up quickly.

"It's from Harry, I know."

She brought it to the light and opened it with eager fingers. Her eyes—those blue, beautiful eyes—ran across the page, "My God! my God!"

Then Dora West clasped her hands, and laughed loud and wild. Oh! how that laugh rings down now, through those two years, and curdles the blood in my veins, and fairly stops the beating of my heart.

Then she came round to me with that wild, scared, pitiful look in her face, that was more terrible than the face of the dead.

"What does it mean, Alice?" she whispered. "I can't read it, but it struck my heart just now, and froze it."

"Nothing has happened to Harry, has there?"

"He'll come home to-morrow, and put his arms around me, and call me his dear little wife, won't he, Alice?"

"Yes, yes, he will," I tried to say, but I hardly think I succeeded, for my lips had grown dry and parched, and my voice died away in my heart, where a terrible fear had come down.

Then I drew Dora into my lap, and laid her head on my shoulder, and then, bend-

ing down, I read the paper which she held tight in her hand.

There were but few words—the great crises of life are generally acted and told briefly. There had been a fearful collision on the railway, somewhere between New York and Boston. Several passengers were killed. Among them was—yes, I looked twice, bending down my eyes close to the paper—it was his name!

I hugged Dora to my heart. I do not remember anything that happened for the next five minutes.

"He will come back, Alice! Harry will come back!"

These were the first words that aroused me. Dora was smiling, and playing with my hair.

Then the truth rushed over me, and I could neither move nor speak.

At that moment Mr. Lee, a neighbor and friend of Harry's, burst into the room.

"Has she heard of it?" he cried; and our faces answered him. Dora sprang toward the gentleman.

"Oh! Mr. Lee," she cried, "nothing's happened to Harry, has there? You know he always thought so much of you. Do tell me he's coming back to-morrow!"

She staggered against him, but he caught her in his arms, and the tears ran down the strong man's face as fast as they run down the face of a tired little child.

He laid her on the sofa, and slowly the truth broke over the darkened mind of Dora West. What a night that was—God, in his great mercy, save me from such another!

After this, I thought, for many weeks, that Dora would soon walk with her husband through the rooms of the mansion prepared for them on high; but God spared her, and at last her life began to take up some of its old sympathies and interests.

I remember the first time she rode out. It was a bright day in the early spring, and Mr. Lee and I accompanied her. He and Harry had always loved each other as brothers do, and it was not strange the young man was moved with much pity for the widow of his friend.

In the course of our ride, we came across a patch of early violets on the sunny side of a bank, near a small stream.

"Oh! how beautiful they are," cried Dora, clapping her hands with something of her old animation; and then a change came over her face. "Harry loved violets; and don't you remember, Alice, he used to twine them in my hair? Oh! to think now he will never see them any more."

Amid her quick sobs, her head sank down on my shoulder; and I could only tell her there were fairer violets in the land to which Harry had gone.

Mr. Lee did not speak; but I saw the glance that he bent down upon her for a moment, and I knew then his heart was stirred with something more than pity for Dora West.

She did not, I know, suspect this for some time, and thought it was only for Harry's sake that he called so often, showed her a thousand little nameless attentions, and was so thoughtful of her happiness.

Well, the truth came out at last. Dora was still in her youth, and she had one of those clinging, vine-like natures that need something to lean upon; in short, love was with her a great necessity; she could not walk through life alone.

"He says he will take Harry's place to me. Shall I give it to him, Alice?" whispered Dora.

And I lifted up her face and