

The Alleghanlian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1863.

NUMBER 42.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown	William M. Jones,	Carroll.
Chess Springs	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Conemaugh	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson	Wm. W. Young,	Wash'tn.
Ebensburg	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Wash'tn.
Johnstown	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
Mineral Point	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
Munster	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Plattsville	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.
Roseland	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level	George Conrad,	Richland.
Sonman	B. M'Colgan,	Wash'tn.
Summerhill	F. F. Slick,	Croyle.
Summit	Miss M. Gillespie,	Wash'tn.
Wilmore	Morris Keil,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEMOS, 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.

Wesleyan—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.

Catholic—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 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 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, 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, 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	7.58 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9.11 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	7.58 P. M.
East—Through Express " "	7.58 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	12.27 P. M.
" Fast Mail " "	6.58 A. M.
" Through Accom. " "	9.29 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.	
West—Balt. Express leaves at	8.21 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	8.25 P. M.
East—Through Express " "	7.30 P. M.
" Fast Mail " "	6.30 A. M.
" Through Accom. " "	8.59 A. M.

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 Bask.

District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—James Cooper, Peter J. Little, John Campbell.

Treasurer—Thomas Callin.

Poor House Directors—William Douglass, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Auditors—Thomas J. Nelson, William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahm.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—James Shannon.

Mercantile Appraiser—Geo. W. Esley.

Supt. 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, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.

EAST WARD.
Constable—Evan E. Evans.
Town Council—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.

Inspectors—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.
Assessor—Lemuel Davis.

WEST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Ostman.
Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.
Judge of Election—Michael Hazzon.
Assessor—George Gurley.

Select Poetry.

"Riflemen Form!"

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well, if it do not roll our way.
Form, form, Riflemen form,
Ready, be ready to meet the storm.
Be not deaf to the sound that warns,
Be not gull'd by a party plea,
Are figs of thistles or grapes of thorns?
Union alone can keep us free.
Form, form, &c.

Let your reforms for a moment go,
Look to your butts and take good aim,
Better the loss of a limb or so,
Than loose the tree in the raging flame.
Form, form, &c.

Form, be ready to do or die,
Form in Freedom's name for the fight,
Give to the breezes our battle cry,
"Forward and God defend the right."
Form, form, Riflemen form,
Ready, be ready to meet the storm.

MRS. WELL'S SUCCESSOR,

Farmer Wells' Two Wives.

"And so poor Mrs. Wells is dying!"
This was spoken mournfully by more than one person, as glances long and yearning were cast toward that window where the blinds were shut.

"Poor Mrs. Wells! just as she had got so comfortably settled in her new house, too; poor Mrs. Wells!"

Yes, it was "poor Mrs. Wells"—a withered, pale, almost deformed woman, old at forty-two, when she should have been in the prime of life, healthy and blooming. The street was a village street whereupon stood the new house that Farmer Wells had bought. It had a pleasant look, a hospitable, handsome presence, and seemed to invite alike, the stranger and the friend. Everything around was well laid out; the trees had once been monarchs of a forest, and the farmer had wisely let them stand around his new home. Freshness and beauty marked all the premises, from the handsome portico to the ample stable and barn. The garden was just beginning to send forth its choicest treasures, the trees were giving bountifully of their blossom and fragrance, and everything spoke of spring, and the fruits that lay concealed in her bosom; but, poor Mrs. Wells was dying.

Her husband sat sorrowfully in the darkened chamber, battling with his grief, for he had loved that patient wife for twenty long years, and if any misgivings came there to his mind, it was on account of the toil he had brought upon a frame that was young and beautiful.

Yes, those sharp, pinched features were beautiful when she became his wife, and those dull eyes sparkled with the fire of joy and health. Children had been carried in those wasted arms, and thence all too soon to the grave. The hands so motionless had moved in labor incessantly, beginning action before the sun began to kindle the dawn into day, and ceasing only when the task was finished, whether it were twilight or midnight. Two sons stood in the chamber with solemn faces, awaiting the last lingering breath,—consciousness there was none.

Twenty years ago Mrs. Wells was installed by a happy husband, mistress of his home. It was not his own farm whose broad acres he cultivated; consequently, he had determined in his mind to work hard, to be diligent, frugal and saving, so that in years to come he might have some place to call his own. Into this pleasant scheme the handsome young wife entered with all her heart.

She was healthy and strong, knew how to work, was not afraid of labor; she would aid him by every means in her power; be his co-worker, his help, as well as his wife. So she went to work, and her thrift and her toil told. Every year a farmer laid by money toward his purchase. People wondered why the Wellises would go to meeting in that rickety old cart, or why Mrs. Wells wore the same faded calico that she had worn for ten years at least. But she knew, and though her form began to bend, though her hands had grown coarse and misshapen, and she felt pains and ills she never knew before, it did not once occur to her that these were the effects of hard and wearing labor.—Time to read! Why, the good woman would almost have laughed in the face of any person who might have asked her the question. Look at her work, and then imagine, if you could, that she had any time.

Why, she hadn't even leisure enough to eat her meals properly. That was most lamentably true; what with cooking huge messes of pork and beef, cabbage and potatoes, filling tub after tub with apple sauce, making all the cheese, bread, and butter for the household and hired men, how could she eat her meals as she ought?

Yet, strange to say, she never regretted all this outlay of strength, all this waste of human life. Ever before her was the prospect of that farm, cleared, planted and paid for.

She never would allow herself to have any help, except when her children were born, and even then she gave the wearied frame no repose, but stitched and mended, propped up by pillows, before her nerves or her muscles were able to perform their proper functions. And thus it was that she grew deformed, shrunken and old; grew into a machine of flesh and blood that never tired of the huge toil it had taken upon itself to bear.

Her husband became accustomed to seeing her pale face, and so often had he listened to her reiterated declaration that she wouldn't have a girl near her, that at last he gave up all thought of it. He had several times in the early years of their marriage, proposed to drive and visit, but she had always something to do, until he never dreamed of taking her out for a drive.

One day he came in early in the afternoon. It was an unusual hour for him, and his wife remarked it, as she looked up off the pile of shirts she was mending.

"Well," said he, with a flush and a smile, as he seated himself in one of the high backed wooden chairs, "I've bought a farm at last, and paid for it, every cent of it."

At first the faded eye kindled, the lip smiled; but suddenly the wife bowed her head on her hands and burst into tears.

"Why Sarah, why wife, I—I thought you'd be pleased," exclaimed the farmer, quite chagrined at this very unusual exhibition.

Sarah, after a little struggle with herself, lifted her head and wiped away the tears, striving to smile.

"I am, dear," she said, "very much pleased, but there did come such a dark feeling over me just then as you spoke, that I had to give way to it, and cry for a minute, like a baby."

"Well, well, that is strange for you, Sarah; you're feeling sick, perhaps?"

"O no; I feel well—that is, my head aches just a little after dinner; but then I suppose I was tired," she replied.

"Tired—yes, that's just it," said the farmer; "well, you shall have a girl after this; no more slaving. I'm rich enough, now, and it's nonsense for you to kill yourself."

"I ain't killing myself, John, and I'd rather not have a girl now. The boys are grown up, and there are no babies to take care of; so you see I can get along nicely. Besides, I am used to my own ways, and shouldn't like anybody to break in upon 'em. Everything will be new there, and nice; but do tell me all about it; where is the house, and what did you give?"

He answered her question by resolutely declaring that she must come out and get into the carriage, and go and see for herself.

For once she laid aside that important, all engrossing work, and did as she was desired. As for the house and grounds, she was almost in ecstasies about them; everything was so pleasant and convenient for her work. Work was uppermost, and her theme was, how easy it would be to do this, and how easy to do that—still work!

They were settled, and much of the old furniture was replaced by new, and yet so fearful was the good wife that things would not be kept up to just the point where she found them, that it was scrub and delve, delve and scrub, from morning till night, just the old way, only a little worse.

At last nature would hold out no longer. After enjoying the new farm for six months, Sarah complained of feeling strangely, one evening, fell down in a fainting fit, and was taken to her bed, which she never left again.

The neighbors, as they passed and repassed, soon saw a black crape tied to the front door, and then they knew and looked sorrowful. Poor John Wells! he stooped also, and bore a hopeless, melancholy face at the funeral, and his new, smart house felt like a new smart tomb, where the bricks, the varnish and the painting were all fresh.

It took him two years to get accustomed to his loneliness, and he would have lived on single forever, if some presumptuous friends had not undertaken to find him a wife, and then almost do his wooing for him.

Miss Sally Holt was the woman destined to take the place of the late Mrs. Wells. She was an active, enterprising girlish old maid as the term goes, and a woman who knew how to take care of herself, too.

At first, she laughed the idea to scorn. What! she be married? No indeed!—Not to the best man that ever trod in two shoes. The idea! She, Sally Holt; it wasn't a going to do. But it did do, and Sally had the prefix of Mrs. before her new name. She went into the house, and gloom took itself off before her bustling ways and sunny face. She must have a girl, she said, yes a girl, the first thing and a smart capable one, too. John rather opened his eyes at this, for it seemed indeed a new doctrine, but he was able, and forthwith a girl was installed in the kitchen. Still John Wells stooped and looked perplexed and careworn. It quite startled him on the spring in which they were married, to hear his wife ask him to spade up a bit of land in a favorite spot, where she could plant some flowers, and then stranger of all! commissioned him to go to the city to buy some choice seeds.

Why! Sarah would have done both, herself, or else gone without them—this he only thought, however, but said aloud, "he didn't know as he could spare the time." Sally said "he must," very playfully, though under the trifling air she assumed, lay a resoluteness that conveyed itself even through smiles. John went.

Not long after, harvesting time came on. Sally saw what was required of her, and in her half serious, half sportive way protested that she could not do the work for all the men who were coming; that she didn't like the manners and the conversation of those she had seen, and it would be very much against her inclination to have anything to do with it.

"Why Sarah never said or thought of such a thing," was his astonished (mental) exclamation!

Sally divined his thoughts. She was cute, was Sally, and sometimes very abrupt with her tongue.

"I know that poor Mrs. Wells always did these things," she said mercilessly, "and I know, and every body knows that she worked herself to death."

"Well, true enough, it might be," said the farmer, slowly and thoughtfully, "he never thought of it. But what shall I do?" he asked, fingering his hair nervously.

"I will try and get along with a little extra help, but I have a plan;" said the determined Sally, her black eyes shining "That little old house on your place?"

"Well, what of it?" asked John Wells, not a little curious.

"Fit it up and let Harry Lee take it.—Give him ground for a garden, a privilege in the wood lot, and pay him a small sum over. He will bring his wife here; she will help me enough to allow me to dispense with the services of a girl except in harvest and planting time; then let the men eat with them, you paying the difference of table expenses, and you will save yourself money, and me my health, besides having a good reliable man always within call."

John Wells looked and thought, toyed with his hair, knit his brow, and thought, and looked again. He couldn't see into it just then, but it didn't take long after that to appreciate the whole thoroughly, and to put the plan into execution. The next move of the adroit little Sally was to induce her husband to procure a neat, inexpensive little carriage, and after that, she found it convenient to affect that she wasn't used to driving, and it would do them both good to take a daily drive.—John Wells did not like this at all, at first. It broke in upon his habit of taking a "snooze," as he called it after tea, but the break up put new life in him. It was a great point gained to get him to put on a clean suit of clothes for supper, and the John Wells sitting at the table with hair curled and clean collar on, (John was really a handsome man,) would not be known for the same dirty, tired, stooping husband of the first Mrs. Wells.

Now if he would only take a paper!—It was a pity, but he had a sort of moral horror of newspapers. He thought all the fashionable foibles and extravagancies, even crimes of the country, originated in the columns of the newspaper. It took a long time for the cunning Sally to gain her point. Like a true woman she never gave up, but after every failure turned her tactics, and of course came off conqueror. A splendid paper that treated largely of farming, soon laid on his table, and John Wells acknowledged to his wife a year after that, well, really it was astonishing how much one could learn from a little paper; it was really! He had actually saved all of twenty dollars by a judicious expenditure of two!

"Didn't I tell you so?" asked Sally, with a comical face.

"Yes, you did, and that's a fact. It's strange I didn't see all these things before," and he sighed to himself.

Well, the result of all this is—for Sally is alive and well, and blooming, too, at forty-nine.

I say that the result of all this is, that if you, reader, ever happened to see farmer John Wells twenty years ago, you wouldn't know him to-day; no, that you would not.

Look up the road; see that dashing carriage. Well, that is the property of Esquire Wells and his still handsome wife. Mark the old gentleman as he glances this way. With what an air he bows! Perfectly well bred, I assure you: perfectly at his ease. His cheeks are ruddy, you perceive, although his hair has turned gray, and his eye has fire and expression, both of which were wanting there once. He sits quite erect, also, thanks to his wife, for she has been the magician's wand, the transforming power. She knew what she was about when she took upon herself the matronly office. Go to his home and see the three happy, ruddy children there. "Poor Mrs. Wells," when she bore children could not snatch the time from ordinary domestic duties to take care of either souls or bodies, and the consequence was a deterioration of both, and five little graves in the churchyard. The sacrifice of so much life was not needed; doctor bills and interments came to more than two strong healthy girls would have cost, to say nothing of medicines, anxiety and the wear and tear of the spirit and frame. Farmer Wells, with a little more judicious management, might have bought his farm and kept his wife and children; for however prettily we may talk of the "little angels in heaven," it is certain that the human race was not destined to die off like sheep, in the first and tenderest years of existence. However, such cases may be held up as profitable examples, to warn not farmers' wives alone, but all women who drudge and delve, destroying all hope of the future in the wearing anxiety of the present. Farmer Wells and his wife are a happy couple, and if you call upon them you will see abundant prosperity, and plenty of books and papers.

KISSES.—A sensible cotemporary says: "The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco."

So they had! but the deuce of it is, all the handsome men use it in some shape! And kissing is a little luxury not to be dispensed with.

As to a female kiss, laugh! there's no effervescence in it—it's as flat as an un-mixed soda powder! If I'm victimized that way, I always take an early application of soap and water! You will see women practice it sometimes, just to keep their hand in, (lips, I mean,) but it is a miserable substitute—a sham article—done half the time to tantalize some of the male audience! (I hope to be pardoned for turning "State's evidence," but I don't care a pin if I ain't.)

Now, kissing is a natural gift, not to be acquired by any bungler; when you meet a "gifted brother," "make a note on it," as Capt. Cuttle says. There's your universal kisser, who can't distinguish between your kiss and your grandmother's. Faugh!—There's your philosophical transcendental kisser, who goes through the motion in the hair! There's, oh! my senses! they say there's such a thing as "unwritten music," and "unwritten poetry," and I've my private suspicions that there are "unwritten kisses." FANNY FERN.

WELL TIMED.—While the rebel hordes were swarming into Pennsylvania on the 17th, and were seizing horses, cattle, boots, shoes, &c., and Indiana also invaded by another band of rebels at the same time, the great "Democratic Mass Meeting" assembled at Springfield, Illinois, and passed an out and out peace resolution, condemning the war, and calling for its instant stoppage.

Had the invasion been of Illinois instead of Pennsylvania and Indiana, they would doubtless have done the same thing! Are such men patriots? Do such men manifest no sympathy with traitors? No kindness for them? no fellowship with them? Are they loyal and true, and to be trusted? Could they in any other way so unaccountably publish to the rebels of the South, their friendship and their sympathy?—Could they in any other way so effectually invite them to invade the North?

Let thinking, honest, true men consider these things. Our own State invaded by armed traitors, and a "Great Democratic Mass Meeting" in a sister State, at the same time passing a resolution condemning the war waged against them, and against the invasion!

Honesty is the best policy.

AN INCIDENT AT VICKSBURG.—Quite an excitement was raised a few nights ago by a deep-voiced private in one of our rifle-pits calling out as follows:

"Attention! battalion! Order arms! Fix bayonets! Shoulder arms! Charge bayonets! Forward, double-quick! Just at this juncture an entire volley of musketry from the rebels greeted our pits.—It was dark, and they thought a charge had been made. As soon as the report of the discharge had died away our hero cried out, as if to a regiment:

"Why are you wavering there? Forward! I say forward!"

Another volley came rattling over their heads, when, having carried the joke far enough, the boys fell to shooting at the rebels, and ceased only when the pickets were put out.

Another "Arbitrary Arrest."

The Bellefonte Press gives the following account of copperhead proceedings in Centre county:

On last Thursday our town was pretty near the scene of a serious affair. The particulars, as correct as could be got from the many flying reports, are as follows:

It is very well known to the most of our inhabitants that a portion of the people of Penn's Valley are not loyal; and to speak plainly on the subject, we think we are justifiable in pronouncing them traitors to the very Government that protects them and their property by the strong arm of the law from their enemies. They have openly declared their intention of resisting the draft, and vowed vengeance on the enrolling officer, should he be caught in their midst. But, nothing daunted, and determined to fill the responsibilities of his office to the utmost, the officer made his appearance amongst them, and at once proceeded to enroll those of the inhabitants subject to the draft. He met with some opposition at different places, but ran no risk of personal danger until he got within the limits of Penn township.

He met with a man by the name of Charles Wingert, who refused to be enrolled, and also used threats of a dangerous character towards the officer, one of which was, that if he did not leave the premises immediately he would shoot him.

The officer came to town and related the particulars of the affair, and on Thursday night a posse of men headed by Provost Marshal Butts, went to the residence of Wingert, and demanded that he should deliver himself up; this he refused to do, and they were compelled to force the door. When they did so he was found under the bed, and his loaded gun near at hand, but which he was too cowardly to use. Mr. Wingert was escorted to town, and engaged boarding at Sheriff Alexander's stone boarding house on the hill.

The next day couriers arrived here with the information that one hundred armed men from Penn township were marching on Bellefonte, with the intention of freeing the prisoner, and if any resistance was offered, of burning the town. This news spread like wild fire, and in less than two hours over a hundred men, armed and equipped for a fight, had assembled to go down the town. When this reached the ears of the Penn's Valley chivalry, they thought proper to "skeddaddle," which they did in double quick time across the mountain.

It is well the two parties did not come in collision, for had they done so, the loss of a great many lives undoubtedly would have been the result. An example should be made of the ringleaders of this open contempt of the law, or serious results might yet arise from it. If such is the opposition to be made to the enrollment of names, what will it be when the draft takes place.

On Saturday Wingert was taken to Williamsport to await his trial at the United States Court, now in session at that place.

The question of rank between the Major Generals of the army has been decided by a board of officers, to which it has been submitted, by determining the following order of precedence:

Maj. Gen. M'Olellan, appointed May 14th, to take rank from the same date.

Maj. Gen. Fremont, appointed July 1st, to take rank from May 14th, 1861.

Maj. Gen. Banks appointed June 5th, to take rank from May 16th 1861.

Maj. Gen. Dix, appointed June 14th, to take rank from May 16th, 1861.

The decision is upon two grounds:—First, that an appointment may be antedated by the President, as in General Fremont's case; and, second, that order in which the names stood on the list, when the appointments were sent into the Senate. It decides the rank between Banks, Dix and Butler, without regard to actual date of appointment by the President.

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