

# 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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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1863.

NUMBER 45.

## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

| Post Offices.  | Post Masters.      | Districts.  |
|----------------|--------------------|-------------|
| Bethel Station | Enoch Reese,       | Blacklick.  |
| Carrolltown    | William M. Jones,  | Carrick.    |
| Chest Springs  | Dani. Litzinger,   | Chest.      |
| Coneanagh      | A. G. Crooks,      | Taylor.     |
| Cresson        | Wm. W. Young,      | Washingt'n. |
| Ebensburg      | John Thompson,     | Ebensburg.  |
| Fallen Timber  | Isaac Thompson,    | White.      |
| Gallitzin      | J. M. Christy,     | Gallitzin.  |
| Headlock       | Wm. Tiley, Jr.,    | Wash'tn.    |
| Johnstown      | L. E. Chandler,    | Johnst'n.   |
| Loretto        | M. Adlesberger,    | Loretto.    |
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| Munster        | A. Durbin,         | Munster.    |
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| St. Augustine  | Wm. Ryan, Sr.,     | Clearfield. |
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| Sommer         | B. M'Colgan,       | Wash'tn.    |
| Summerhill     | B. F. Slick,       | Croyle.     |
| Summit         | Miss M. Gillespie, | Wash'tn.    |
| Wilmore        | Morris Keil,       | S'merhill.  |

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HANBISON, 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. Prayers meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. S. LEMMON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayers meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

**Wesleyan 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. Prayers meeting every Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

**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 1/2 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " at 10 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, 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 Newstadt'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 | 7.50 A. M.  |
| " Fast Line "                | 8.11 P. M.  |
| " Mail Train "               | 7.58 P. M.  |
| East-Through Express "       | 7.58 P. M.  |
| " Fast Line "                | 12.27 P. M. |
| " Fast Mail "                | 5.58 A. M.  |
| " Through Accom. "           | 9.29 A. M.  |

  

| WILMORE STATION.             |            |
|------------------------------|------------|
| West-Balt. Express leaves at | 8.31 A. M. |
| " Mail Train "               | 8.25 P. M. |
| East-Through Express "       | 7.30 P. M. |
| " Fast Mail "                | 5.30 A. M. |
| " Through Accom. "           | 8.59 A. M. |

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts**—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Esley, Henry C. Devine.

**Prothonotary**—Joseph M'Donald.

**Register and Recorder**—Edward F. Lytle.

**Sheriff**—John Busk.

**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 Rudledge.

**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.

**Sup't of Common Schools**—Henry Ely.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**BOROUGH AT LARGE.**  
**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.

**Treasurer**—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.

**West Ward.**  
**Constable**—M. M. O'Neil.  
**Town Council**—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Osaman.

**School Directors**—William Barnes, Jas. H. Evans.  
**Judge of Election**—Michael Heason.  
**Assessor**—George Gurley.

## Put your shoulder to the wheel.

There's a voice that speaks within us,  
If we own no craven heart,  
As we press along life's pathway,  
Taking our appointed part;  
And it bids us bear our burden,  
Heavy though it seem and feel,  
And with strong and hopeful vigor  
Put our shoulder to the wheel.

What though clouds are darkening o'er us,  
They but hide a tranquil sky,  
Or should storm drops fall around us,  
Soon the sunshine bids them dry.  
Never doubt and faint and falter;  
They but hide a tranquil sky,  
Or should storm drops fall around us,  
Soon the sunshine bids them dry.  
Never doubt and faint and falter;  
They but hide a tranquil sky,  
Or should storm drops fall around us,  
Soon the sunshine bids them dry.

Folded hands will never aid us  
To uplift the load of care;  
"Up and stirring," be your motto,  
Meek to suffer, strong to bear,  
'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps,  
Or our destiny can seal;  
With a will, then, strong and steady,  
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Men of worth have conned the lesson,  
Men of might have tried its truth,  
Aged lips have breathed the maxim  
In the listening ear of youth;  
And be sure, throughout life's journey,  
Many a wounded heart would heal,  
If we all, as friends and brothers,  
Put our shoulders to the wheel.

## OUR GAL.

BY MARY FORMAN.

I must write it; if nobody ever reads a line of it, I must, while it is all new and fresh in my mind, write out the history of the last two weeks, and the description of "our gal," as Harry calls her.

Our gal first made her appearance in the house two weeks ago last Monday, and I hailed her broad face and stout figure with a most hearty welcome. Little did I realize—but to begin at the beginning. I was, I am a very young housekeeper, yet theoretically I do know something of the arts and sciences thereunto appertaining. I was married about two years ago; but we have always boarded until now, and when I started in my pretty house, with two good girls, and everything new, I fancied that clockwork would be a mere wandering vagrant compared to the regularity of my proceedings. "Twas on a Sunday morning," as the song says, that my troubles began. I was dressing for church, when my chambermaid came up with a rueful countenance.

"If you please, Mrs. Harvey, I'm going."

"Going!" I exclaimed; "Where?"

"To leave, ma'am! Home! I've got a spell of neuralgia coming on, and I'm going home to lay by."

"But you can lie down here, if you are sick."

"Well, ma'am, I ain't to say sick, exactly, but I'm fixing for a turn."

"A turn?"

"Yes; I have neuralgia in spells, and I always feel 'em coming."

Words were vain. Go she would, and go she did. I went into the kitchen to explain to the cook that she must do double duty for a time. She was a perfect termagian, and to my utter amazement she wheeled around with the cry—

"Come! Jane gone! Will you get another girl?"

"Certainly."

"To-day?"

"How can I get a girl on Sunday?"

"And to-morrow wash-day! Well, I'm not going to stay to do all the work. You will either get another girl early to-morrow, or I'll leave!"

"You'll leave now, in the shortest space of time it takes to go from here to the door," cried Harry, from the sitting room where he could overhear us.

With many insolent speeches she departed, and inconvenient as it was, I was glad to see her go.

Of course there was no church, and I began to get dinner. Harry, like a masculine angel as he is, took off his coat and came down to help me, with the assurance that he actually could not sit still and hear the cook use the tone she did, one instant longer.

It was a merry day. Harry raked the fire till his glossy brown curls were powdered with gray, which premature sign of age was produced, he assured me, by care, and not "the weight of years." He peeled potatoes so beautifully that they were about as big as bullets, after he had taken off the skin an inch thick all round. Pies were the only article of cookery with which I was practically acquainted, so I made a meat pie, two apple pies, and short-cakes for supper, which we ate with the dinner at six o'clock. It was late enough when we cleared up, but at last all was done but one thing. Harry was in

the bath-room, refreshing himself, when I discovered that the coal was all gone. I hated to call him down, for he had worked hard all day, so I took the scuttle and went down in the cellar myself, laughing to think how he would scold when he knew it. I am a wee woman, and not very strong, but I filled the big scuttle, and tugging away with both hands, started up stairs. I was at the top, my labor nearly over, when somehow, I could not tell how, I lost my balance. I reeled over, and the heavy thing came with me, down to the bottom of the stairs. I felt it crushing my foot. I heard Harry's call, and rush down stairs, and then I fainted. I know now, though I did not then, how he lifted me in his strong arms and carried me up stairs, and the touch of the cold water which he poured over me is the next thing I remember. As soon as I was conscious, and able to speak, I let him go for a doctor, lamenting that mother and Lou were both out of town for the summer.

Well, well! it was a weary night; no time to scold, Harry said, so he petted, nursed and tended me, till my heart ached with its fullness of love and gratitude. Morning found me, my fractured ankle in a box, lying helpless in bed, and Harry promised to send me a girl immediately. So after all this long prelude, I come to "our gal." Oh, I must tell you how Harry made me a slice of buttered toast for breakfast, by buttering the bread on both sides, and then toasting it.

It was about nine o'clock when my new girl came. Harry had given her a dead-latch key, so she entered and came up to my door. Her knock was the first peculiarity that startled me. One rap, loud as a pistol shot, and as abrupt.

"Come in!" I cried.

With a sweep the door flew back, and in the space stood my new acquisition—Stop a moment! I must describe her. She was very tall, very robust, and very ugly. Her thick black hair grew low on her forehead, and her complexion was a uniform red. Her features were very large, and her mouth full of (her only beauty) white even teeth. The mouth, though large, was flexible and expressive, and the big eyes promised intelligence. But oh, how can I describe her "ways," as Harry calls them. She stood for an instant perfectly motionless, then she swept down in a low and really not ungraceful courtesy.

"Madam," she said, in a deep voice, "your most obedient."

"You are?" I said, questioningly.

"Your humble servant."

This was not "getting on" a bit, so I said—"Are you the girl Mr. Harvey sent from the Intelligence Office?"

"I am that woman," she said with a flourish of her shawl; "and here," she added, "is my certificate of merit," and she took a paper from her pocket. Advancing with a long step, a stop, another stop, and stop, till she reached my bedside, she handed me the paper with a low bow, and then stepping back three steps, she stood waiting for me to read it, with her hands clasped and drooping, and her head bent, as if it were her death warrant.

It was a well written, properly worded note from her former mistress, certifying that she was honest and capable, and I really had no choice but to keep her, so I told her to find her room, lay off her bonnet, and then come to me again. I was half afraid of her. She was not drunk, with those clear black eyes shining so brightly, but her manner actually savored of insanity. However, I was helpless, and then—Harry would come as early as he could, and I could endure to wait.

"Tell me your name," I said, as she came in with the stride and stop.

"My name is Mary," she said, in a tone so deep that it seemed to come from the very toes of her slippers.

"Well, Mary, first put the room in order before the doctor comes."

Oh, if words could only picture that scene! Fancy this tall, large, ugly woman, armed (I use the word in its full sense) with a duster, charging at the furniture as if she were stabbing her mortal enemy to the heart. She stuck the comb into the brush as if she were saying "Die, traitor!" and piled up the books as if they were fagots for a funeral pile. She gave the curtains a sweep with her hand as if she were putting back tapestry for a royal procession, and dashed the chairs down in their places like a magnificent bandit spurring a tyrant in his power.

But when she came to the invalid she was gentle, almost caressing in her natural manner, propping me up comfortably, making the bed at once easy and handsome, and arranging my hair and dress with a perfect perception of my sore condition. And when she dashed out of the room, I forgave the air with which she returned and presented a tray to me, for the sake of its contents. Such deli-

cious tea and toast, and such perfection of poached eggs, were an apology for any eccentricity of manner. I was thinking gratefully of my own comfort, and watching her hang up my clothes in the closet in her own style, when the bell rang. Like lightning she closed the closet door, caught up the tray, and rushed down stairs. From my open door I could hear the following conversation, which I must say rather astonished even me, already prepared for any eccentricity.

Dr. Holbrook was my visitor, and of course his first question was,

"How is Mrs. Harvey this morning?"

In a voice that was the concentrated essence of about a dozen tragedies, my extraordinary servant replied—

"What man art thou?"

"Is the woman crazy?" cried the doctor.

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul!" cried Mary.

"H'm—yes—" said the doctor musingly; then, in his own cheery brisk tone, he added: "You are the new servant I suppose?"

"Sir, I will serve my mistress till chill death shall part us from each other."

"H'm. Well, now, in plain English, go tell her I am here."

"I go, and it is done!" was the reply, and with the slow stride and halt I heard her cross the entry. She was soon at my door. "Madam, the doctor waits!" she said, standing with one arm out in grand attitude.

"Let him come up," I said choking with laughter.

She went down again.

"Sir, from my mistress I have lately come, to bid you welcome, and implore you to ascend. She waits within your chamber for your coming."

It is to be wondered at that the doctor found his patient in perfect convulsions of laughter, or that he joined her in her merriment.

"Where did you find that treasure?" he asked.

"Harry sent her from the office."

"Stage-struck evidently, though where she picked up that fifth act actress manner remains to be seen."

The professional part of his visit over, the doctor stayed for a chat. We were warmly discussing the news of the day, when whew! the door flew open, and in stalked Mary, and announced, with a stung of her arm—

"The butcher, madam!"

I saw the doctor's eyes twinkle, but he began to write in his memorandum book with intense gravity.

"Well, Mary," I said, "he is not waiting?"

"The dinner waits!" she replied: "I shall I prepare the viands as my own judgment shall direct, or will your inclination dictate to me?"

"Cook them as you will," I said, "but have a good dinner for Mr. Harvey at two o'clock."

"Between the strokes 'twill wait his appetite," and with another sweeping courtesy she left the room, the door, as usual, after her exit standing wide open.

She was as good as her word. Without any orders from me, she took it for granted that Harry would dine up stairs, and set the table out in my room. I was beginning to let my keen sense of the ludicrous triumph over pain and weariness, and I watched her, strangling the laugh till she was down stairs. To see her stab the potatoes, and behold the celery was a perfect treat, and the air of a martyr preparing poison with which she poulticed out the water, was perfect. Harry was evidently prepared for fun, for he watched her as keenly as I did.

Not one mouthful would she bring to me, till she had made it dainty as could be; mashing my potatoes with the movement of a saint crushing vipers, and buttering my bread in a manner that fairly transformed the knife into a dagger. Yet the moment she brought it to me, all the affection dropped, and no mother could have been more naturally tender. Evidently, with all her nonsense, she was kind hearted.

It took but one day to find that we had secured a perfect treasure. Her cooking was exquisite enough for the palate of an epicure; she was neat to a nicety, and I soon found her punctual and trustworthy. Her attentions to myself were touching in their watchful kindness. Sometimes, when the pain was very severe, and I could only lie suffering and helpless, her large hands would smooth my hair soft, and her voice became almost musical in its low murmurings of "Poor child! Poor little one!" I think her large strong frame and consciousness of physical superiority to me in my tiny form and helpless state, roused all the motherly tenderness of her nature, and she lavished it upon me freely.

I often questioned her about her former places; discovered to my utter amazement that she never was in a theater, never saw or read a play, and was entirely innocent of novel reading.

I had become used to her manner, and no longer feared she was insane, when one evening my gravity gave way utterly, and for the first time I laughed in her face. She had been arranging my bed and self for the night, and was just leaving the room, holding in one hand an empty pitcher, and in the other my wrapper. Suddenly a drunken man in the street called out, with a yell that was really startling, though by no means mysterious. Like a flash, Mary struck an attitude. One foot advanced, her body thrown slightly forward, the pitcher held out, and the wrapper waved aloft, she cried out, in a voice of perfect terror—

"Gracious heavings! What hideous screams is those!"

Gravity was gone. I fairly screamed with laughter, and her motionless attitude and wondering face only increased the fun.

"Go down Miss Mary, or you will kill me!" I gasped at last.

Apparently unconscious of the cause of my merriment, she went slowly from the room, waving, alternatively, the pitcher and wrapper.

To see her brandish a dust-brush would strike terror to the heart of the most daring spider, and no words of mine can describe the frantic energy with which she punches pillows, or the grim satisfaction on her face at the expiring agonies of a spot of dirt she runs out of existence. The funniest part of all is her perfectly stolid unconsciousness of doing anything out of the way.

Harry found out the explanation. She has lived for ten years with a retired actress and actor who wish to bury the knowledge of their past life, and who never mention the stage. Retaining in private life the attitudes and tones of their old profession, they have made it a kind of sport to burlesque the passions they so often imitated, and poor Mary unconsciously has fallen into the habit of copying their peculiarities. When they left for Europe, she found her way to the Intelligence Office, where Harry secured her. Long, long may she remain "Our Gal."

**THE POETICAL AND THE PRACTICAL.**—A gentleman of means, and an enthusiastic sportsman, having purchased a country residence, began to the astonishment of his neighbors to devote his time to his gun and hounds, instead of the culture of his land. After a time, an old farmer took a favorable opportunity to make some remarks upon his course, that was, in his view, not only profitless, but devoid of interest.

"If you will for one day go with me," says the sportsman, "I think I can convince you that it is intensely interesting and exciting."

The farmer consented to do so; and the next morning, before breakfast, wended their way to the hunting-ground. The dogs soon took the scent of a fox and were off, and our two worthies followed; through woods and meadows, and over hills, for two or three hours. At last, the sportsman hears the dogs diving the game in their direction; and soon the pack, in full cry, comes over a hill that had previously shut out the sound.

"There! my friend," says the sportsman, "there, did you ever hear such heavenly music as that?"

The former stopped in an attitude of intense listening for some moments, and then said:

"Wa'al, the fact is, those confounded dogs make such a noise that I can't hear the music!"

Efforts to convert him were immediately abandoned.

A lad, after asking his father if he might enlist as a drummer boy, was told that he was not old enough.

"Pooh," said Young America, "Bill Jones has listed."

"Well," said the father, "Bill is eighteen years of age, and you are only twelve."

"I should like to know what that's got to do with it," replied the lad; "if he is older than I be, I've licked him three times, and can do it again, and not half try. Now may'n't I go?"

A negro having been brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to remonstrate.

"Do you know how to read?"

"Yes massa, little."

"Well don't you ever make use of the Bible?"

"Yes massa, strap the razor on him sometimes."

## A Story of Grant.

The hero veteran, who was citizen, captain, colonel, brigadier and major general within a space of nine months, though a rigid disciplinarian, and a perfect ironist in the discharge of his official duties, would enjoy a good joke, and is always ready to perpetrate one, when an opportunity presents. Indeed, among his acquaintances, he is as much renowned for his eccentric humor, as he is for his skill and bravery as a commander.

When Grant was a brigadier in south-east Missouri, he commanded an expedition against the rebels under Jeff. Thompson, in northeast Arkansas.

The distance from the starting point of the expedition to the supposed rendezvous of the rebels, was about one hundred and ten miles, and the greater portion of the route lay through a howling wilderness. The imaginary suffering that our soldiers endured during the first two days of their march was enormous. It was impossible to steal or "confiscate" uncultivated real estate, and not a hog, or a chicken, or an ear of corn, was anywhere to be seen.

On the third day, however, affairs looked more hopeful, for a few small specks of ground, in a state of partial cultivation, were here and there visible.

On that day Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance guard, consisting of eighty mounted men.

About noon he came up to a small farm house, from the outward appearance of which he judged that there might be something fit to eat inside. He halted his company, dismounted, and with two second lieutenants entered the dwelling. He knew that Grant's incipient fame had already gone out through all that country and it occurred to him that by representing himself to be the General he might obtain the best the house afforded. So, assuming a very imperative demeanor, he accosted the inmates of the house, and told them he must have something for himself and staff to eat. They desired to know who he was, and he told them that he was Brigadier General Grant.

At that name they flew around with alarming alacrity, and served up about all they had in the house, taking great pains all the while to make loud professions of loyalty.

The lieutenants ate as much as they could of the not over sumptuous meal, but which was, nevertheless, good for that country, and demanded what was to pay. "Nothing." And they went on their way rejoicing.

In the meantime General Grant, who had halted his army a few miles further back, for a resting spell, came in sight of, and was favorably impressed with the appearance of this same house. Riding up to the tenec in front of the door, he asked if they would cook him a meal.

"No," said a female in a gruff voice.—"Gen. Grant and his staff have just been here, and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin pie."

"Humph!" muttered Grant; "what is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman.

Casting a half-dollar in at the door, he asked if she would keep that pie till he sent an officer for it, to which she replied that she would.

That evening, after the camping ground had been selected, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at half past six, for orders. Officers would see that their men all turned out, &c.

In five minutes the camp was in a perfect uproar, and filled with all sorts of rumors. Some thought the enemy was upon them, it being so unusual to have parades when on a march.

At half past six the parade was formed—ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

After the usual routine of ceremonies, the A. A. G. read the following order:

"Headquarters Army in the field.—Special Order No.—Lieutenant Wickfield, of the—Indiana cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Iron-ton and Pocahontas; and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry, and eat that pie also."

U. S. GRANT,  
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

Grant's orders were law, and no soldier ever attempted to evade them. At seven o'clock the lieutenant fled out of camp with his hundred men, amid the cheers of the army. They concurred in stating that he devoured the whole of the pie, and seemed to relish it.

Why is an old lemon like an old maid?  
Because it isn't worth squeezing.