

The Alleghanian.

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

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

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VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1863.

NUMBER 46.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Post Office, Enoch Reese, Blacklick.
Post Office, William M. Jones, Carroll.
Post Office, Danl. Litzinger, Chest.
Post Office, A. G. Crooks, Taylor.
Post Office, Wm. W. Young, Washnt'n.
Post Office, John Thompson, Ebensburg.
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Post Office, B. M'Colgan, Washnt'n.
Post Office, B. F. Slick, Croyle.
Post Office, Miss M. Gillespie, Washnt'n.
Post Office, Morris Keil, Smerhill.

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. 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. 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.
Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock.
Baptist—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 6 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, " at 10 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, Strongtown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 4 A. M.
The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrollton, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 5 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.
" " " " 9.11 P. M.
" " " " 7.58 P. M.
East-Through Express " 7.58 P. M.
" " " " 12.27 P. M.
" " " " 6.58 A. M.
" " " " 9.29 A. M.
WILMORE STATION.
West-Balt. Express leaves at 8.21 A. M.
" " " " 8.25 P. M.
East-Through Express " 7.30 P. M.
" " " " 6.36 A. M.
" " " " 8.59 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington Associates, George W. Bailey, Henry C. Devine.
Prosecutor—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 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. Easley.
Supt. of Common Schools—Henry Ely.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

BOROUGH AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.
Soleas—James Myers.
Soleas Directors—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua L. 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. Oatman.
Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.
Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.
Assessor—George Gurley.

When This Cruel War is Over.

Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.
Chorus.—Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.
When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song,
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.
If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call—
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.
But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the stary banner,—
Emblem of the free.

Queer Candidate for Church Membership.

"Old Steve," or "Lying Steven," as he was familiarly called, by virtue of a strong original genius, and an indefatigable perseverance and application, had acquired the reputation of being the greatest liar that ever existed in the State of —. Wherever he made his appearance, therefore, at muster or training, he was sure to be surrounded by a host of eager listeners. He greatly excelled the renowned Munchausen, who simply told extravagant stories, and sometimes blundered on the truth. Steve, on the other hand, never told a word of truth, even by mistake, in all his life, and lied circumstantially and in every particular. In short, it came to him as naturally as eating and drinking, or rather as breathing, for he not only lied to listeners, but when he had no other person to lie to, he would tell lies to himself, just to keep his hand in. This fact was ascertained beyond any doubt by his denying it in the most solemn manner when somebody accused him of the practice.
It was Mr. Stevens' misfortune, one time to lose a good deal of money on a horse race. This made him feel uncommonly serious; so he went to a camp-meeting, which was held about five miles from his residence, to see if he couldn't make up a little by "shaking props" with the boys. They happened, however, to be too much for him that time, and he was completely cleaned out. This made him, if possible, feel more serious than ever, and as there happened to be a powerful preacher who could make himself heard at the distance of a mile, he thought he would turn over a new leaf at once. When he got home, therefore, the first thing he did was to send for a minister. The worthy man came, and to his extreme amazement, found that Stevens wanted to join the church.
"I have no hesitation in laying your proposition before the brethren," said the good old man trying to smother a laugh. "Of course you haven't," responded Steve with great confidence.
"And if you could give satisfactory evidence of amendment, Mr. Stevens," continued the minister, emphasizing the word, "they might take you on probation, at any rate, we have a meeting to-night and I can let you know to-morrow."
"Probation be d—dogged!" ejaculated Steve, as the minister hastily retreated, "why can't they let me join at once while I feel like it?"
The proposition, as might have been expected, created a real sensation. There was hardly a member of the church, male or female, who had not, at sometime or other, been victimized by Stevens' slanderous tongue, and they could hardly hear his name with patience. Some of them went so far as to say if he joined they would leave; and that settled the matter, for they were among the "forehanded members," who could afford to speak out because the church couldn't afford to lose them.
However, to avoid any trouble with an unscrupulous fellow like Steve, it was re-

solved to break the matter as gently as possible. Two of the most respectable men in the church were appointed to call upon him, and it was generally understood that such was their known mildness of disposition, that every possible excuse consistent with truth would be made for not receiving him.
The rest of the story must be told in Steve's own words:
"When old Deacon Peabody came along I sot in the back door whittlin' a hoe handle, and I hope to suffer if I wasn't made enough to rare right up. A cousin of my wife's, whose sister was a member, had come over airy, and told us all about it. "Good mornin', Mr. Stevens," says the old hypocrite, with a face as long as a yard of pump water.
"I said nothin', but kept on whittlin'."
"I came down to see you this mornin'," says he.
"Well," says I, "how do you like my looks?"
"Oh," says he, "what I mean is, that I came down to labor with you."
"Work away, then, why don't you?" was all he got out of me.
"Bat, Mr. Stevens," said he very solemnly, "the church sent me down here to talk with you a minute."
"Well, you've been talkin' for more'n five minutes, Deacon Peabody," said I, "and you've said nothing yet; now, when are you goin' to begin?"
The old Israelite looked almost mad enough to bite my head off at a snap; but he tho't it best to keep cool, so he drew a long breath and went on:
"Nobody wants to hurt your feelings or make any trouble, Mr. Stevens; but the church have come to the conclusion that, perhaps, on the whole, under the circumstances, and in view of everything, it might possibly be best all around, and taking all things into consideration, for you not to be hasty in applyin' jist at present. They think on mature reflection that it might be as well if you'd conclude to postpone it a little while, say a year or eighteen months."
"They dew? Wall, now, Deacon, what makes 'em think so? The church ain't full, is it?"
"This was a hard question. The old serpent knew very well that it wouldn't answer to say he didn't know, for he knew fast enough—and knew that I knew he did. So says he—
"Mr. Stevens, I'm sorry you're so riled about it—you've no occasion—I didn't come to offend you, but you know as well as I do, why the church won't accept you."
"If I knew I wouldn't ask you to tell me, Deacon Peabody."
"Wall," says he, "don't you know what large stories you're in the habit of tellin'?"
"Who says I tell large stories?" says I; "it ain't the truth, and you can't prove it ain't. Now ain't it a shame, Deacon, for a man like you to go round scandalizin' a neighbor that way? What story did you ever hear of mine that wasn't true? Come, lay your finger on the first story, and I won't say another word."
"Why, there's so many on 'em," answered the deacon, "that it's almost impossible to specify any one in particular. But now I think on it; don't you remember that story you told about your father's bein' killed by a bear?"
"My father's bein' killed by a bear?" says I; "there it is now! That is jist the way! It's an untruth like the rest on 'em, and you ought to be ashamed, Deacon Peabody, to be runnin' round town, tellin' things that ain't so."
"Well," said he pretty short, "you've made them 'ere observations about often enough; if you didn't say your father was killed by a bear, what was it you did say?"
"I'll tell you. I said that father was one of the first men to bring sheep into this 'ere town, and that is no story, is it?"
"No," said he, "it ain't."
"And one day I said that he lost one of them 'ere sheep in the woods; and that is likely, if it ain't true—and when he was lookin' for it, I said he came across a bear. The bear growled at dad, and dad boller'd at the bear, and finally the bear came at him, and tore all his insides out, and then your father, Deacon Peabody, who was a respectable man, sir, and never would 'agone about town scandalizin' his neighbors—your father heard my father holler, and came up, and seen' how matters stood, ran for the doctor."
"When the doctor came, the first thing that he done was to catch a sheep and cut its insides out, and put them in the place of dad's, and I never said dad was killed by a bear! No, sir! I told the naked truth—I said he grew as well as ever he was, except that he hanker'd after bay all winter and had wool enough grown to make him an overcoat in the spring.—

You don't call that a large story, I hope. If you won't let a feller jine the church because he tells the truth, you won't find many decent members, I guess!"
"The old man riz rite straight and walked away without sayin' another word. What he thought I never could learn, for the old christian hain't opened his head to me since."
Democratic Axioms.
Nobody has a right to be President except a pro-slavery Democrat. We have no Government when the people elect from any other party.
Whenever a State becomes dissatisfied with any act of the Federal Government, it can secede at will, and it is a violation of the Constitution to coerce it into submission.
Andrew Jackson violated the Constitution when he coerced Calhoun and his coopeers into submission to the Federal Laws in 1832.
Wigfall and others had a perfect right to fire on Fort Sumter. The Federal Government is violating the Constitution in resenting the insult.
The Constitution as we interpret it, and the Union as it was when Davis, Toombs, Thompson and Floyd controlled it.
Lincoln is not President of the United States, and we owe no allegiance to his Administration.
It is unconstitutional to arrest anybody who is aiding and abetting the Southern Confederacy.
Stephen A. Douglas was a fool for asserting "that every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war—only patriots and traitors."
Jeff. Davis is a high toned, chivalrous gentleman, and Abe Lincoln a negro worshiper, and a low, mean Yankee.
Ben Butler is a beast.
C. L. Vallandigham is a polished statesman and a pure patriot.
The Union can be restored only through the agency of the glorious old Democratic party.
Abe Lincoln is an imbecile, and ought to be impeached.
Slavery must exist, if the Union is dissolved.
It is unconstitutional to vote any other than the Democratic ticket.
Everybody is an abolitionist who is in favor of suppressing the rebellion.
AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.—Judge H—, of Missouri, was an accommodating man, but he would drink more than was beneficial for his head, or the bench upon which he sat. On one occasion, after his appointment, business called him to Liberty, and while there, meeting with many of his old associates at the bar, he got into a convivial mood, which lasted several days, and on going out he looked rather worse for wear. In crossing the river at Owen's Landing, there was a boat discharging freight, and in great haste for fear that another boat would pass that just hove in sight.
The clerk sang out:
"I say, old man can't you lend the men a hand in taking off that furniture? I will pay you well for doing so, and double fully in the bargain."
"Oh, yes," said the judge always ready to help in time of need.
"Then turu in and be quick," said the clerk.
The first thing was a marble-top bureau. In going off the plank the judge slipped, and the clerk roared out:
"There now, throw that into the river, will you?"
"Certainly," said the judge, and giving a kick with the order, overboard it went.
"Hello! what is that for?" said the clerk.
"I always obey orders when I work for a man," said the judge.
"Leave," said the clerk.
"Agreed," said the judge.
"Who is that man?" said the clerk.
"That is Judge H—, of the fifth Judicial District of Missouri," said a bystander.
"Let go that line!" cried the clerk, and the boat put into the stream at its highest rate of speed.
A correspondent writing of the late assault on fort Wagner says: One of the colored soldiers who had faithfully stood at his post, and refused to fall back when the rebels drove in our pickets, was afterwards brought into our lines. The rebels not content with having murdered him, had cut both his ears off and scalped him. As his comrades looked upon this hideous sight they grit their teeth and swore never to take another prisoner; and I can assure you that the rebels will find that the 54th will retaliate in this case with out waiting for special or general orders.

How He Got a Supper.

A few months since, a man who called himself a conjuror, entered a tavern in a country town, and asked the company who were assembled in the bar room if they would like to witness one of his tricks.—The fellow looked cold and hungry, so the landlord gave assent, and stated that he knew a few tricks himself, and had seen a great many wonderful ones.
The conjuror then requested the company to place three hats upon the table, which being done, he desired the landlord to bring a loaf of bread, and the stranger cut three pieces of nearly half a pound each, and placed one upon each hat. He then stated that he could do the trick much more comfortably to himself if he had three pieces of cheese. The cheese being brought, he cut three good sized pieces, and placed one by each piece of bread. Now was the grand trick. The conjuror turned up the cuffs of his coat, took off his necktie, and unbuttoned his shirt collar, and stated that he would now proceed to eat the three pieces of bread and afterward bring all under one hat.
He commenced eating the bread and cheese, and after eating two pieces, could not proceed with the third and finish the trick, unless he had something to drink. The landlord, wishing the wonderful trick to proceed for the amusement of his customers, immediately proceeded to give the fellow a quart of ale, and the third piece of bread and cheese soon followed the first two pieces. Now the grand trick was to be disclosed, and the landlord and his companions anxiously waited to see it.—The conjuror said, "Now, gentlemen, which hat shall I bring the bread and cheese under?"
The landlord pointed out his hat, wishing it to take part in the trick as well as his bread and cheese. It being so arranged, the conjuror said, "Gentlemen, I have eaten the bread and cheese, and now I will bring it under the landlord's hat," and he immediately placed the hat on his head and continued, "now you will perceive that it is under the hat, without any deception."
There were shouts of laughter from all the company except the landlord, who was minus three pieces of bread and a quart of ale.
The fellow left the house without making a collection of the company, he being satisfied with the landlord's generosity.
A SCORE OF IMPOLITE THINGS.—1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company, without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting finger nails in company.
7. Leaving a church before public worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat, in church or elsewhere.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without any expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistake of others.
16. Joking of others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and—
20. In not listening to what one is saying—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well bred person will not make an observation, while another of the company is addressing himself to it.
SCENE IN THE PATENT DEMOCRAT OFFICE.—The following almost to the letter, lately transpired in the office down street:
Subscriber—I want you to stop my paper.
Editor—Your paper is paid up about two months yet.
Subscriber—I don't care how long its paid for—I want you to stop it.
Editor—What's wrong? why do you wish your paper stopped?
Subscriber—Why, sir, when I want a d—d secession sheet, I'll send for the Richmond Enquirer.
Exit Subscriber.
Whereupon, rumor says, the editor sat down and wrote an editorial thanking the public for a large increase to his subscription list.—*Lewistown Gazette.*

Editing A Paper.

If the paper contains too much political matter, people won't have it.
If it contains too little, they don't want it.
If the type is large, it don't contain enough reading matter.
If the type is small, people can't read it.
If we publish telegrams, people say they are nothing but lies.
If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.
If we have in a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattle head.
If we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil.
If we publish original matter, they find fault with us for not giving selections.
If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read before in some other paper.
If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial.
If we do not, all hands say we are a greedy hog.
If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, the men become jealous.
If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.
If we attend church, they say it is only for effect.
If we do not, they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.
If we speak well of any act of the President, folks say we dare not do otherwise.
If we censure, they call us a traitor.
If we remain in the office and attend to our business, we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.
If we go out, we never attend to our business.
If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted.
If we do pay promptly, they swear we stole the money.
If we wear poor clothes, they say business is poor.
If we wear good ones, they say we are a spendthrift.
Now, what is a poor fellow to do?
HEBREW NAMES WITH ENGLISH ACCENTS.—Some young ladies who had been attending an evening party, desired to return home, but had no male attendant. The master of the house requested his son to accompany them, and made use of a scripture name. What was it?
Jereboam—Jerry, bean 'em.
Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman desired another son to act as escort. What scripture name did he utter?
Lemuel—Lem, you will.
Still there was a difficulty, and a like request was made in a similar manner to another son. What was it?
Samuel—Sam, you will.
Samuel having consented, the party took their seats in a sleigh for the purpose of going home. It was found, there was plenty room for one more. What scripture name did the old gentleman use to induce another son to accompany the guests?
Benjamin—Ben, jam in.
The driver was requested to start in another scripture name. What was it?
Joshua—Jos, away.
When the sleigh was fairly off, it was discovered that one of the young ladies had been left behind. There was no possibility of recalling her companions, so the old gentleman asked still another of his sons to condescend the young lady for her disappointment. What was the last scripture name used?
Ebenzer—Eben, ense her.
Women will be pure if men be true. Young men, this great result abides with you. If you would but see how beautiful a flower grows upon the stock of self-denial, you would give this plant the honor it deserves. If it seems hard and homely, despise it not, for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the glory of its blossoming during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes to gladden your closing eyes with their grateful perfume.

The true way of reaching the right is through the heart of wrong; he who goes around it finds but the other side of wrong, and the wrong side of right.