

The Alleghenian.

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

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

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VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1863.

NUMBER 48.

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,	Washint'n.
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Fallen Timber	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Wash'tn.
Johnstown	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'n.
Loretto	M. Adesberger,	Loretto.
Mineral Point	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
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Summerhill	B. F. Colgan,	Croyle.
Summit	M. 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. LEMMON, 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.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 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 JENNINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock.

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, 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 Newmann's Mills, Carrolltown, &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.

CRENSON STATION.		
West—Balt. Express leaves at	7:50 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. " "	3:29 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. Sasley, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

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

Treasurer—Thomas Callin.

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

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

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

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—James Shannon.

Mercantile Appraiser—Geo. W. Easley.

Sup't. of Common Schools—Henry Ely.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

BOROUGH AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.
Burgess—James Myers.

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. Blate, John D. Thomas, George W. Ostman.
Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.
Judge of Election—Michael Haeson.
Assessor—George Gurley.

VICTORY AND MOURNING: A Discourse Preached on National Thanksgiving Day, 6th August, 1863, in the Presbyterian Church, of Ebensburg, by Rev. D. Harrison, Pastor.

EBENSBURG, August 6, 1863.
Rev. D. HARRISON—Dear Sir: Having heard your discourse of the 6th inst., and believing, in view of the great National difficulties afflicting our country, that the public good would be promoted by its publication, we respectfully request a copy of it for that purpose.

Yours, Very Truly, &c.
GEO. M. REED,
R. ROBERTS,
J. MOORE,
JOHN WILLIAMS,
RICHD. JONES, JR.,
JAMES PURSIE,
JOHN THOMPSON.

EBENSBURG, 8th August, 1863.
MESSRS. GEO. M. REED, E. ROBERTS, J. MOORE, and others—
Dear Sirs: The discourse referred to was hurriedly prepared to fulfill the pleasant duties of the late National Thanksgiving Day; and in my judgment is not worthy of the publicity which your partiality would give it. Nevertheless, I now comply with the request of esteemed friends, believing that in times like these every good citizen is under a moral obligation, from which no consideration can absolve him, to do his utmost by word and deed to sustain and strengthen this benign government which so generously throws the broad shield of protection over all. It would be joy indeed to my soul to know that any sentiments enunciated on that happy day would stimulate the christian patriotism of our Mountain Country.

Hoping that your expectations of usefulness to the good cause may be realized in this contemplated publication, and praying that we may soon meet again in God's house to give him thanks for a righteous and honorable peace,
I remain, respectfully,
Your friend and Pastor,
D. HARRISON.

"And the victory that day was turned into mourning."—2d Samuel, xiv, 2.

The lights and shadows that mark the progress of human life not infrequently succeed each other with a rapidity that is amazing. As the bright sunshine from an unclouded sky is followed by the fitting shadow that casts comparative darkness over the object that glittered in the noontide beam, so man's day of joy is often turned into heaviness. Our short life here is indeed a checkered scene, made up of hope and fear, light and darkness, joy and sorrow; and thus, "to every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven: a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance." It is one of the wise arrangements of Providence that our journey through life should be varied with the alternate scenes of rough and plain, crooked and straight, and that the strains with which we beguile the weary pilgrimage should not be the monotonous notes of sorrow on the one hand, or of joy on the other, but that we should sing both of mercy and of judgment. It is, therefore, not only a divine injunction, but it exactly accords with what is proper and wise for us to "rejoice with trembling." Opposite emotions often become so blended that it is with difficulty the one is distinguished from the other. We almost invariably find the necessity of deducting something from our happiness, lest our joy should become immoderate. Is there not a probability that the day of adversity may come close upon the day of prosperity? Hence it is that our purest and highest earthly joys are seldom unmingled. As we drink the cup of bliss, an unseen hand may dash it to the ground. As our hearts rise with pleasurable emotions, the recollection of the high price paid for these may suggest thoughts that will interrupt the loftiest joy. Hope and fear, pleasure and pain become commingled, and the shouts of victory die away amidst the wailings of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the lamentations of hearts made desolate by the casualties of war. The words of our text furnish an affecting illustration of this truth, both as regards the occasion on which they were first uttered and in reference to the National victories for which we this day devoutly give thanks to Almighty God—"And the victory that day was turned into mourning."

It might seem strange that we should choose a subject at all suggestive of what is sad and melancholy on an occasion like the present, when the nation is called by the President, in the manifold mercies of a favoring Providence, to rejoice and give thanks in view of what God has recently wrought by our armies on many battle-fields gallantly won by patriotic soldiers. But a little reflection will show us abundant reason to mingle regret with gladness, and sorrow with joy, and mourning with the shouts of victory—both these emotions may with propriety be indulged to some extent in our present national

situation. Lest we should be swallowed up with over-much sorrow, God has heard our cries on days of humiliation and prayer, and at length has given us abundant reason for joy and thanksgiving.—And now, lest our gladness should be excessive, He reminds us of the propriety of mingling our lamentations with the lofty acclamations of victory.

It might be proper to glance briefly at the circumstances under which the language before us was originally employed. A wicked and wide spread conspiracy had been formed that had for its object the destruction of that government which was appointed and set up, and prospered and defended by God himself. Many who were under special obligation to sustain and strengthen the government of Israel renounced their allegiance, and lent themselves to aid a "rebellion which is as the sin of witchcraft." The King's own son brought the guilt of treason upon his soul, and rallied around the standard of revolt an ill-advised and countless multitude.—That fearful insurrection seriously threatened the stability and unity and very existence of the Israelitish nation. It was, therefore, an absolute necessity to defend the existing and legitimate government against all its enemies. And after a hard-fought battle in the woods of Ephraim, victory perched upon the banners of the royal army. The military success there achieved was decisive and complete, and was the death-blow to Absalom's infamous and unprovoked rebellion. King David did not accompany the army on that memorable expedition, but still he felt an absorbing interest in the issue of the conflict, and was specially concerned for the safety of a rebel son who had taken up arms against his crown and kingdom. When he learned the fate of battle, and felt the bitterness of his bereavement intensified by the reflection that Absalom had died not only in the midst of his days but also in the midst of his sins, the dignity of the monarch was lost sight of and forgotten, and the feelings of a father's heart gained the mastery. He was moved to tears, and wept, and said, "Would God that I had died for thee, my son, my son!" The valiant warriors who had hazarded their lives on the high places of the field for the honor and glory of their king and nation were deeply affected at the sight, "and gat them by stealth that day into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle; and the victory that day was turned into mourning."

Is it difficult to discover many points of striking similarity between that nation and our own? The resemblance appears not only in the early history and in the rapid material prosperity, but also in the perilous times upon which unhappily we have fallen. The conspiracy to destroy our government conceived and matured by men in high places—the armed revolt and terrible conflict and immense sacrifice of human life in order to make the treason successful, and the signal discomfiture of the rebel army completes the likeness, and strengthens our conviction that the issue of the conflict will be like that destruction with which Absalom's rebellion was overwhelmed and annihilated.

May it not be truly said of the important victories with which Providence has crowned our armies that mourning is mingled with them all? Let us contemplate, merely for a moment, the circumstances of actual battle, and the terrible consequences which necessarily result from a hard fought engagement between two hostile armies. And here we must remember that the half has never been told of the sorrows and sufferings endured by our country's brave defenders. Correspondents on the field can see but a small part of the wild dash and impetuous charge in which many a hero falls to rise no more; even what is seen is beyond the power of human language so to describe that we can form proper conceptions of the dread reality. And yet enough is seen and heard, understood and felt to verify the remark that the voice of mourning is heard amidst the shouts of victory. While some rejoice, others feel the bitterness of war's desolation. Every victory costs a price that is wholly incalculable. We speak not now of the waste of perishable property, of fields ravaged and fruitful valleys trampled into a wilderness. Nor do we refer to the immense slaughter among the brute creation, nor the countless treasures spent in sustaining the deadly combat. There is a cost in victory beyond the power of an angel's arithmetic to reckon in the wounds and bruises and pains inflicted upon the actual combatants. None but those who have gone over the battle field during or immediately after a hot encounter can form any proper conception of the agony felt by hundreds and thousands recently whole and hale, now maimed and bleeding and helpless. How would we stand aghast at

witnessing the instant destruction of a single individual by a deed of violence—how would our tenderest sympathies be aroused did we see a neighbor or friend mutilated and doomed to drag out life while unfitted for its burdens! Then who can tell or what heart can imagine the immense sufferings endured by many thousands of brave men helplessly carried from the field, leaving parts of themselves behind and bearing the scars of war on their mangled and dismembered bodies! These are the necessary accompaniments of victory, and the sad thought that the battle is won at such a price leads us to mourn while we rejoice.

In the cost of victory is to be included the immense loss of valuable lives. The poorest, the most obscure soldier in the ranks fills an important place in some social circle. Family attachments and extensive usefulness do not depend upon military rank and office, and when we think of the material of which our armies are composed—the young and promising, the middle aged, and gray headed, men sustaining the various relations of sons and brothers, husbands and fathers, in the highest as well as in the lowest walks of social life—we cannot be insensible to the mournful fact that when the common soldier falls at his post of duty, just as truly as when the superior officer is stricken down, many affectionate hearts are made sad. And the multitudes of widows and orphans rendered desolate by a single battle, furnish a melancholy commentary on these inspired words, "the victory was turned into mourning."

Another oppressive thought suggests itself in this connection. One of the considerations which serve to reconcile us to the separations produced by death, is the preparedness of the soul to appear before God. Is there not reason to fear, from the deplorable state of morals known to exist in an army, that many there neglect the one thing needful. It is awful to rush into the presence of God, unprepared to give an account of the deeds done in the body. We are infinitely far from supposing that the war is, which our Government is now engaged, is useless or unlawful or indefensible. The guilt of blood so copiously shed must rest on those who causelessly took up arms and plunged the Nation into these horrors of civil war. And we are as far from intimating that the salvation of a man who dies in battle is either impossible or improbable. A good soldier of Jesus Christ may be a valiant soldier of the Republic, and falling before the fire of the enemy, his soul will rise to glory. But we cannot forget the profanity and indifference and irreligion that so lamentably prevail in military life, and when victory is bought at the cannon's mouth, feelings of sorrow and regret instinctively commingle with those of gratitude and gladness.

But let us inquire whether there is not yet another ground for grief connected with some of our late important National victories. Let none suppose that we lightly esteem the valuable victories with which Providence has recently crowned our arms. We consider them most seasonable and encouraging, and going far to constrain the enemy to cease the contest. We feel incompetent to estimate the importance of that grand success achieved by the Army of the Potomac on the border counties of our own Commonwealth. An implacable foe, inflated with the visionary hope of conquest, rushed with his trained bands upon our border, scattering dismay among the people, and committing every excess upon the peace and property of unarmed citizens. That was one of the darkest hours in the darkest day of the Republic. The national army had suffered defeat, and many brave hearts were quaking then for fear. Poor and hasty were the preparations made to repel the insolent invader, and to add to the general disquietude and apprehension, the command was assigned to another at the most critical moment of the entire campaign. When we review the history of that memorable march, and eventful battle, and important victory; when we think of the thousands fleeing in wild dismay from cherished homes, powerless to defend themselves from the ruthless foe, our main army dispersed, weary and worn, we cannot regard our great success as other than a most marked and merciful interposition of a kind and favoring Providence. "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when man rose up against us, then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth." It is God who putteth down one and raiseth up another. He went forth with our hosts, attended our army to the fight, and gave us a most marvellous and signal victory. Never was a victory more wonderful, never was a victory more valuable. We even yet tremble at the thought of disaster on that momentous

occasion. Had our brave defenders been driven back, leaving their countless dead upon the field, and their wounded in the hands of the enemy, oh! what consternation and alarm would have spread with lightning speed from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, from Maryland to the York state line.—Imagination can sketch the dreadful picture of cities sacked and reduced to ashes; railroads ruined, or in the enemy's service; trade paralyzed; farmers and merchants plundered, and all of us at the mercy of an enemy whose tender mercies are cruelty. From these sad desolations God has mercifully delivered us, and for this goodness we will sing a perpetual song of praise. He endowed our Generals with skill, He gave our soldiers courage and strength and endurance, so that they quit themselves like men; and on those memorable days around the hills of Gettysburg our brave and valiant warriors fought and won a victory that in importance is second to none of which we have any recollection. While we do not then by any means undervalue that inestimable victory, but on the other hand feel most fervent gratitude to God for it, and warmest gratitude to the soldiers through whose instrumentality God gave it us, we mourn the immense loss of valuable lives, and the families that are made desolate. We mourn the terrible suffering endured by the thousands there seriously wounded. But on another ground this grand victory was turned into mourning. While we are deeply thankful for what was done, without attaching blame or censure to any, we cannot but feel regret that more was not accomplished. We mourn that a solitary invader of our soil was permitted to escape, and especially we mourn that the rebel general did not fall into our hands, that he might receive the due reward of his peridy and ingratitude, in drawing the sword against a Government he had sworn to defend, and that honored him with an important trust of which he has long since proved himself to be unworthy. While we have this cause for sorrow, let us not forget our abundant reasons for rejoicing; there is nothing more contemptible than a disposition that sours every enjoyment by discontent. There are those so constituted with narrow and shallow and evil minds, who can never find anything gratifying in our national success. They look continually for exceptions, and in things the most praise worthy, their sagacity is exerted to make deductions. When our ears are greeted with the pleasing sounds of victory, their Cain-like countenance falls, as if the death knell was rung over their selfish political aspirations. "O, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

Christian patriots, lovers of your national name and glory, be not ye like such craven hearted murmurers. Be not insensible to the numberless blessings of a favoring Providence, and the many hopeful indications that brighten our national prospects. Our joy is rational; may our gratitude be fervent in view of what God has wrought not only in our own deliverance, but in the equally important success of our arms on the distant Mississippi, in the capture of the enemy's stronghold, with garrison and munitions of war, at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, at Helena and Tullahoma. These are all most valuable victories, reducing the strength of the rebellion to the extent of nearly one hundred thousand men in killed and wounded and prisoners of war. If equal success would crown our arms during the coming fall, the rebellion would be dead and buried in a dishonored grave before the dawn of New Year's morn. And with the full consciousness of our cause being just and holy, believing God to be on our side and that we shall yet prevail, why should the auspicious day of peace be postponed by party strife and political bickerings among the professed friends of freedom and order and legitimate civil government. Ah, it is this unhappy and unnecessary division in the public sentiment of the North, engendered by the greed of gain, and gloried in by armed traitors at the South, that has caused this devastating war to be prolonged. And while we bite and devour one another at home, and run the risk of being consumed one of another, the public enemy rejoices and takes courage and gathers strength in our dissensions to renew the combat.

Let us not forget that in Union there is strength, and if divided we must fall. Every good citizen, every sincere christian is morally bound to sustain the powers that be which are ordained of God, by denouncing the rebellion and its abettors, and cheering on to victory the self denying heroes that battle for our National existence. It is only the abandoned and worthless and self-seeking politician that encourages division, that winks at or excuses the mob violence which wantonly murders and robs and ravages. The

down-trodden and abject classes of European despotism have recently shown their unfitness to enjoy free institutions, and their unworthiness of that protection and prosperity denied them in their fatherland, but which all may find in this land of liberty. The outbreak to which we refer puts new life and energy into an exhausted and expiring rebellion, and causes a prolongation of hostilities. While we deeply lament such lawlessness and insubordination, we specially feel grieved at the thought that men pretending to honor and intelligence and patriotism have no language of condemnation, but rather secretly applaud and connive at the desperation of an ill-advised and infuriated rabble. Let all vile outlaws soon find their low political level; and let the majesty of law and order be carried in lofty triumph by a virtuous population to a victory where there is no mourning mingled with the glad hosannas of a rejoicing nation.

Rejoice, then, fellow citizens, on this happy day, but join trembling with your mirth. The war is not yet ended; we are still engaged with a foe fiered by the worst passions of malice and wickedness: We know not to what excess he may be permitted to go, for he is a rod in the hand of a righteous God by which we are scourged for our grievous national sins. While we praise God for what he has done for us, we must continue instant in prayer to him for his presence and blessing to be with our Army and Navy and give us more important victories. He can save by many or by few. He can turn the enemy's counsel into foolishness, and cause his heart to fail in the day of battle. You remember how the haughty Sennacherib invaded the land of Judah, spreading terror among the people and threatening to capture the national capital, but Hezekiah called upon God, and "that night an angel of the Lord smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand." Let our ardent prayers continue to ascend to our fathers' God on behalf of our bleeding country, and we shall find deliverance.

Let us study to be grateful for mercies past not only now, but always, and daily ask, what shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits? Finally, let us show our gratitude by making a worthy thank-offering to those noble men who periled life and limb in the thickest of the fight. Is it necessary for me to appeal to your christian sympathy and large-hearted liberality on behalf of those brave men whose blood was shed on the hills and valleys around Gettysburg—who toiled and fought in the trenches before the besieged Vicksburg,—and who heroically fight our battles on Morris Island in Charleston harbor. Many we know are pleased at an opportunity to give for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers who manfully stood between our peaceful and endangered homes, and the wrathful enemy who was about to divide the spoil. These men have a righteous claim upon our sympathies, our gratitude, our beneficence. And when you cast your quarters and dollars and fives this day into the common collection, think it not a charity, but an instalment of an honest debt which your whole life will be too short entirely to liquidate.

Ah, ye noble and gallant soldiers who generously fell and freely bled, that we might this day walk the earth erect, unscathed and unmolested. Ye brave countrymen who left your homes and families to defend ours from the violence of perjured rebels—we admire your fortitude, we see you unconquainly stretched helpless and exhausted on beds of suffering far away—we hear you say, "we grudge not our services to our country, we fell at our post, we tried to do our duty, and if able we would do the same ten times again." You shall not want the cup of cold water, nor the hospital stores, nor the faithful nurse: such as we have give we unto you, and through the agency of the Christian Commission we send our offerings, and to God we present our prayers in behalf of your bodies and your souls.

A gentleman at a ladies' fair, being solicited to buy something by a fair creature who kept a table, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the sum asked for it, \$10. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend.

"She rather had you," said the friend, "to my certain knowledge she only paid \$3 for the whole wig."

"Porter!" asked an old lady of a railroad porter, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight, num," he replied.

A dollar in hand is generally worth two in the ledger.