

The Alleghanian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1863.

NUMBER 6.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
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Welch Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.
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Catholic—Rev. M. J. MROZEL, 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 5 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 " 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 " 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.

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Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.
Assessor—Lenuel Davis.
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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 Haddon.
Assessor—George Gurler.

The Rebel Spy.

The other day I met a friend who was formerly one of the Red Devils. During the conversation which ensued he asked me whether I remembered Bill —, who deserted the regiment at Fortress Monroe.
"A slender, dark-eyed young fellow, was he not?"
"The same," replied my friend. "We became chums from the first moment we met at Fort Schuyler; and if you will give me your attention a few moments you shall hear how he came to desert the regiment, and a few other facts that will surprise you."
"By all means," said I, "let me hear the story."
"Well," began my friend, "one day we were sitting in the shadow of a pine tree near our encampment at Fortress Monroe, when my chum commenced to speak of a beautiful girl in the village of Hampton, whom he was in the habit of visiting occasionally.
"She is a beauty!" he exclaimed enthusiastically; "and Jack," he added, laying his hand upon my arm, "you shall go with me to see her."
At first I objected, pleading as an excuse the modesty and bashfulness I always experienced in the presence of the fair sex.
"But she isn't fair," said he; "she is a quadroon."
"When do you think of going?" I asked.
"To-night!"
"But we'll have to 'run the guard'"
"That's nothing," answered Bill; "we can easily manage that."
"So at length I promised my chum that I would accompany him to the village of Hampton to see the beautiful quadroon.
"When night came, and we started upon our nocturnal expedition, we had no difficulty in passing our line of sentinels; for by some means or other Bill had succeeded in obtaining the countersign.
"This task accomplished, we now made our way to the river beach, and after we had walked a short distance, my chum passed near a rock that jutted over the water, and showed me a small skiff moored beneath its shadow. We were soon seated in the skiff, which flew swiftly over the waves before the vigorous strokes of our paddles. In a few moments we reached the place of our destination—a small, dilapidated building which stood a few yards back from the spot where we landed. There was a small archway beneath the house, which evidently led into the cellar, and it was to this quarter that the steps of my chum were directed. Passing through the archway, we found ourselves in total darkness; but Bill shouted "Come on!" and so I followed although I stumbled several times against some empty casks, and once came very nearly being precipitated over a barrel.
"It's all right!" shouted Bill. "Come on!"
"What the deuce tempted you to seek an entrance this way?" I inquired. "There is a good stoop on the outside of the house, for I saw it."
"It's the shortest route," answered my chum. "Here we are—here are the cellar steps," he continued, catching me by the arm, pulling me towards him. "We were soon at the top of the steps, when Bill knocked at a door in front of us. A musical voice said 'Come in!' and we entered a small, neatly furnished room, in which were seated an old negress and my friend's quadroon.
"The latter was indeed a beautiful creature, with long bright hair that descended below her waist, and eyes as dark and soft as summer midnight. She seemed very glad to see us—Bill in particular, around whose neck she threw her arms, kissing him with all the warmth and fervor of her Southern nature, while he was not at all backward in returning the compliment. The old negress rose and left the room; and I was just coming to the conclusion that it would be a good plan for me to do the same, when the unmistakable tramp of horses, hoofs approaching at a gallop saluted my ears and drew me to the window. Looking out into the night, I caught sight of a number of grey uniformed horsemen coming towards the house at a pace which must bring them to the door in a few moments.
"The moon, which had hitherto been obscured by clouds, was now shining brightly, revealing every outline of the approaching figures. They were rebel cavalrymen.
"Bill," I exclaimed, "come here!"
"There was no answer, and without turning around I again called his name.
"Still there was no reply.
"I turned impatiently, and perceived that both himself and the quadroon had deserted the apartment!"

I shouted his name aloud, but there was no response; at that moment a gust of wind swept through a broken pane of glass and blew out the candle, leaving me in total darkness.
"Again I stepped to the window and looked out. The horsemen had halted a few yards from the house, and were dismounting. Presently I saw three of them advance to the stoop; and heard the clattering of their sabres and the noise of their heavy boots as they ascended the steps. I could also hear some of them coming up from the cellar; so there was now left to me but one way of retreat from the apartment, the same by which the old negress had made her exit. As I passed through the doorway I stumbled against the bottom of a staircase. This I immediately commenced to ascend as noiselessly and as swiftly as possible. Arriving at the top, I discovered a door which I pushed open without ceremony, and found myself in a small apartment half lighted by the rays of a lamp which streamed into it from another room connected with this one by a door which had been left open. The murmur of voices, coming from the other apartment, fell upon my ear. I looked through the open doorway, and beheld a sight which surprised me.—Seated upon a sofa at one end of the room were three figures. One was my chum Bill —, with his arm around the waist of the quadroon, and her head upon his shoulder; while the other was a tall figure in the uniform of a rebel lieutenant of cavalry.
"So Magruder doesn't want the village burnt yet?" remarked Bill, as he stroked his whiskers. "There's an excellent opportunity to do it, if he goes, for the pickets are very small around Hampton at present."
"I know that, captain," answered the lieutenant. "but Magruder will wait until he sees how long the d-d Yankees are going to stay. If he sees a prospect of their going into winter quarters here, you may depend upon it he'll burn the town."
"I shall keep my eyes about me," said Bill, "and report matters as usual."
"But when are you going to rejoin us, captain?" inquired the rebel.
"As soon as Magruder sees fit," answered Bill, "though to tell the truth, I'm about tired of playing the spy. It was a damned good idea of his—my going to New York and enlisting in the Fifth Zouaves. Ha! ha! ha! Captain S—, of the rebel service, a Red Devil!"
"At that moment Bill happened to turn his head toward the door. Our eyes met, and he sprang to his feet with an exclamation. At the same moment the lieutenant arose and drew his sword.
"You have overheard us," said Bill.
"Ay, traitor, every word," I answered.
"I might have foreseen this," said Bill, in a tone of chagrin; "but that whisky of yours," he added, turning to the lieutenant, "made me careless!"
"He shall not leave this house alive," exclaimed the lieutenant, drawing a pistol from his belt and pointing it at my head.
"But I had picked up a chair as he drew forth the weapon, and now with the quickness of lightning I hurled it in his face. The pistol was discharged, but the contents whistled harmlessly over my head. I darted from the room, rushed down stairs, and serving myself for a desperate venture, dashed across the apartment below, in the direction of the cellar stairs. The room was filled with rebel cavalrymen, but my sudden appearance so astounded them that they made no attempt to arrest my progress. By the time I had reached the cellar, however, they had recovered from their surprise, and as I sped onward I heard the report of two or three carbines behind me, followed by the whiz of bullets as they flew past my ears. The next moment I had passed through the archway into the open air, and with two or three bounds reached the skiff. Unfortunately, by the ebbing of the tide, it was now high and dry upon the beach. I seized the stern with both hands, and by a great effort of strength succeeded in launching it. But the time occupied in this maneuver enabled the foremost of my pursuers to gain upon me. With his piece clubbed and elevated on high to deal me a powerful blow, he came on. But while he was yet a few yards distant, I stooped and quickly unfastened the rope of the skiff from the stone to which it was tied. Lifting the heavy piece of rock, I suddenly rose upright and hurled it with all my force at the head of my pursuer. It struck him on the temple, and he dropped to the beach like a log. The skiff was now drifting away from me, but I darted into the water, and being an excellent swimmer, soon succeeded in reaching it. I clambered into it, and then looked toward the beach. The cavalrymen were drawn up in line, with their pieces pointed towards me.

"I exclaimed a voice, which I recognized as that of the lieutenant.
"But ere the sharp report of the carbines rang out upon the air, I dropped to the bottom of the skiff, and the storm of lead passed over me and flew hissing into the water beyond.
"I now sprang to my feet, and with a shout of defiance seized the only oar the boat contained, and, adopting the sculling process, sent the light vessel shooting through the water like a rocket. Assisted by the tide, the skiff flew over the waters so rapidly that before the men could reload I was out of range.
"Half an hour afterward I arrived safely in camp, and was just in time to take my place in the ranks, for, having heard the firing, and supposing that our picket was being attacked, the officers had ordered the men under arms. A message from the front, however, must soon have convinced them that such was not the case; and the men were allowed to break ranks and disperse to their quarters.
"Well, com," continued my friend, "this isn't the end of the matter; for I saw Bill again at the battle of Big Bethel. You probably remember that, during the fight, a troop of rebel cavalry attempted to make a dash upon us, but were driven back?"
"I answered in the affirmative, and my friend continued:
"At the head of that troop rode Bill or more properly speaking, the rebel captain. I saw him as plainly as I now see you.—But it was only for an instant. He tumbled from his horse the next moment, his head torn from his shoulders by a shot from one of our brass pieces. At his side rode a rebel who, upon seeing the captain fall, drew a pistol, aimed it at his own heart and fired. The horse becoming unmanageable, galloped into our lines, dragging the rebel after him, the foot of dead soldier having become entangled in the stirrups as he fell. As the steed dashed wildly about the field, the rebel's foot became disengaged from the stirrup, and he fell to the earth a few yards from the spot where I was standing. His jacket had become disarranged and torn around the breast, revealing to my astonished gaze the beautiful but blood stained bosom of a female. I advanced and looked down upon the corpse, closely scrutinizing the features. The face was familiar. Once seen it could never be forgotten. It was the face of the captain's mistress, the lovely quadroon!"

Grammar.

An Essay read before the Cambria County Teachers' Institute, at Wilmore, Wednesday, September 30, 1863, by Mr. Samuel Singleton.

The subject of Grammar should elicit the attention of all; but especially of those whose business is to teach the elements of language. The knowledge requisite for any worthy discourse upon this subject, as also its natural intricacy, will scarcely allow me to hope for success in my attempt. What I shall say, however, shall be to make manifest the necessity, if not the duty, of the study of this useful science, and the results accruing from such study.
Few gifts to man are more inestimable than that of language. Few relations are more intimate than that between grammar and language. But a small number of transactions can be performed without its aid; and from an imperfect acquaintance with it come a large majority of our disputes. How essential, then, that we devote a portion of our time to that science which gives beauty, force and precision to what we write and speak!
Language is properly said to be the medium of communicating our ideas, yet uncertain indeed must be any communication whose words are not defined and limited by grammar. Language is, I suppose, of Divine origin. But let its origin be what it may, its utility almost entirely depends on the rules, limits, and definitions by which we surround it. If a Divine gift, how culpable the man who fails to appreciate it as he should!
All nations have language, but grammar as a science is the companion of refinement. It is a truth no less exemplified among ancient nations than those of to-day, that as a people advance in civilization they desire a language capable not only of expressing their thoughts fully and fluently, but one in which they can also record the highest flights of the imagination and the deepest passions of the soul.
The same quality that so often has developed itself in love of dominion and conquest, seeks under the influence of civilization an altogether different end. By the existence of a copious language, made more and more copious, polite and beautiful by being reduced to a science, the end thus sought is at once attained. There is brought into being a world of literature; and we are given those works, prose and poetic, of fancy and fiction, which constitute our belles lettres.

It is not necessary that I do more than call your attention to the fact, that you shall realize how each age would remain in almost total ignorance of the preceding ones were it not for this useful science, as developed in history. Nor need I show how it is the key to all other sciences, as affording the chief means of investigation and keeping on record that which is discovered. I shall allow these to suffice with this passing notice.
No language, however beautiful, however well adapted to all the purposes of the man of science, the historian, the poet and the orator, is free from the danger of deteriorating into a multitude of dialects. But few bonds of union are stronger among men than that of speaking the same tongue. To be cast among those whose words convey no meaning to your ear, is to be cut off from almost all communication of spirit, and is a fate but little better than isolation. To meet in a strange land, among people of a foreign tongue, one whose words are your words, is to meet but little less than a brother.
If these things are so—and I think they will not be gainsayed—then we may conclude that whatever tends to detract from the goodness or the purity of our language, is a foe to our harmony and our oneness.
No words are sweeter, none more musical to the ear, nor do any satisfy the soul so well as those in which a mother taught the infant lips to pray and a father gave his counsel. Time cannot efface our love for them; nor can change alter their sweetness. In hours of deepest grief they have carried the balm of consolation to the wounded spirit. In moments of greatest exultation they have given expression to the heart's deepest joy. All that has moved us to pity, or driven us to anger, has reached our compassion or resentment through these. Hence it is that even a difference of accent grates on the ear.—Unity of language, no less than unity of sentiment, maintains a people in bonds of union, whether in Divine worship, in social intercourse, or in any other respect. On the other hand, difference in language, incongruity in speech, divides, alienates, and distracts. My plea, therefore, is, that between the sands on either seashore, and from the banks of the Mexican gulf to those of the Northern lakes, the English tongue shall be spoken in all possible purity, free from all dialectic proclivities and barbarous provincialisms. Not that I suppose the majority of men will ever speak in strict accordance with grammatical rules, but that barbarisms and corruptions may not supplant the good Anglo-Saxon speech.
But while the study of grammar has an almost unlimited power in causing correctness in speech, it has other influences no less momentous. Not only is it essential to any one who would attain to comprehensive reading, or to becoming a person of general intelligence, but it also exercises no slight power in the formation of national character. The language of a refined people is the vehicle and preserver of all the nobler thoughts, all the higher aspirations, and all the beautiful imagery which the mind can think, to which the soul can aspire, or which the imagination can picture. He who understands his own language has at his command the learning and wisdom of his own day and of past ages. If his intellect should seek food for thought, if his imagination would revel, or if his patriotism would be aroused, he will find that his mother tongue has kept in good preservation ample gratification for all these desires. If—say for the first time—he should be about to exercise the highest privilege of a citizen, and is in doubt as to the policy for which he should exercise his prerogative, he need only turn to the record of his country and be informed. But all these privileges are denied him who, born in our own land, fails to acquire a proper acquaintance with his mother tongue.
I know that young men sometimes excuse themselves or are excused by others from the study of this branch on the ground that they will occupy but humble positions in life. But what should be said, or rather what should not be said, of those who use such argument? Not counting the avenues of wealth and honor open to all, yet that each one may be fitted to act his part as a good and intelligent citizen, the land is dotted with places of learning, and their doors thrown wide open and all invited to enter, but you turn away, saying, "It is not worth while."
There are too many poor readers; too many who read without being able to grasp the kernel of thought lying beneath the garb of words. There are too many who have no idea of the structure of language; too many who cling to a system that does not deal enough in the relation, power and government of words. We had better, after inculcating its fundamental principles, throw the Arithmetic from the school room than have the child grow to

maturity ignorant of its own language. No other two branches combined have so much to do with making the intelligent man as has grammar. To be acquainted with its principles is to be capable of being the recipient of useful information during nearly every spare moment and under almost every variety of circumstances.—But he who will not or does not master the elements of his own tongue will be likely to find reading an irksome task, and that he is often hindered from garnering the knowledge so profusely put within his reach.
I shall now say in conclusion that he who would become an intelligent citizen, who would open to himself the most profound thoughts of the deepest intellects, the best sentiments of the purest hearts, and most devoted patriots, should at once devote a portion of his time to the study of grammar. Every patriotic and every christian duty urges him to do so.

Letter from our Soldiers.
CAMP, VA., November 1, 1863.
Correspondence of The Alleghanian.
Though at present the chilly, wet and dark days of autumn have succeeded the genial sun of a few weeks since, we are still cheerful. The guiding-star of our nation's destiny to-day shines with far greater luster than it did during the summer days of September. You at home, upon whom we have to depend for support, have spoken to us and to the world in tones of sympathy and encouragement. You have defined your position, and declared yourselves for "conservatism" and not "destruction"—for such did we consider the issue previous to the election, and not a mere party effort. The disunionists, or those who assumed the name of Democrats, clamored for peace, and in their speeches promised the people immediate peace in the event of the success of their principles. A disgraceful, unnatural peace; a base submission to those who are endeavoring to destroy our liberties; a concession of all we have struggled for since the commencement of the rebellion; the separation of the States, anarchy and chaos, sweeping into oblivion at one blow the precious memories of the thousands of brave and noble martyrs that gave themselves a sacrifice to liberty and free government—this is what the peace of the Democracy meant. Away with it! Such a peace is unnatural and debasing, worthy only unqualified loathing. It is incomprehensible to us how men pretending to be actuated by the spirit of American freemen can be so lost to all sense of honor and manliness as to even suggest such a solution of our National difficulties.
The victory has been a most complete one, and has blasted the brightest hopes of the Rebels, sorely wounded the cringing sympathizers, and frustrated the plans of our foreign foes. It has given fresh vigor and confidence to our army and navy, nerved our leaders to firmer and more decisive action, encouraged the timid, and diffused a spirit of cheerfulness throughout the friends of liberty everywhere. We had been told by some that the people were tired of the war, and wanted peace on any terms; but we did not believe it. We are tired of the war, and want peace, but we can see but one road to the attainment of this object—through victory. The patriotism which dies at the end of six months, nine months, or three years, we scorn. Real patriotism continues unabating and unflinching till our country is rescued from the foul grasp of the monster Treason now throttling her.
It is more than probable that the old regiments whose time expires next spring and summer will all re-enlist—that is to say, a majority of each. Our division, the Penna. Reserves, goes in pretty much as a body, the 53d P. V. unanimously, and a large majority of the 91st P. V.—The inducements held out by the government for re-enlistments in the veteran volunteer corps are very fair and encouraging. It promises on two-thirds re-enlisting to send each regiment back to its respective State to recruit and organize, as also to grant fifteen or twenty days furlough to each member. In addition to receiving the \$402 bounty, the unexpired time of his present enlistment will be credited to each soldier upon re-enlistment.
How many of little Cambria's sons are going to join us under the President's late proclamation? We sincerely hope there will not be a few. Volunteering in old regiments is not expected to be so popular as in new organizations, but in the former you will be of vastly more service to the government than in the latter, and in these perilous times we should not consult self-interest so much as the interest of the civilized world. We should also consult the interest of coming generations, or they may look back and say with just reproach