

The Alleghamian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

NUMBER 8.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Joseph Behe,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson,	B. Houston,	Wash'tn.
Ebensburg,	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Asa H. Fiske,	White.
Gallatin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallatin.
Hemlock,	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Wash'tn.
Johnstown,	L. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
Munster,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Plattsville,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Sus'han.
Roseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
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Summerhill,	E. F. Slick,	Croyle.
Summit,	William McConell,	Wash'tn.
Wilmore,	Morris Keil,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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 1/2 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 9 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 JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 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 1/2 o'clock, A. M.

Western, " " 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-town, &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 Newnan'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 " 6.39 A. M.

" Through Accom. " 8.59 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Eastley, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glass.

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. Eastley.

Sup't. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

BOROUGH AT LARGE.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.

Sheriff—James Myers.

School Directors—Avel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Evan E. Evans.

Town Council—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.

Inspectors—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.

Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.

Assessor—Lemuel Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—M. M. O'Neil.

Town Council—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Outman.

Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.

Judge of Election—Michael H. Asson.

Assessor—George Gurle.

Select Poetry.

Our Idol.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with death.
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay.
His arm is about her—
He bears her away!

Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.
Come, stricken weeper!
Come to the bed;
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our idol is dead!

Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eye—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky!
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest;

Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave slumber
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

Weary of Life.

A SKETCH FROM THE GERMAN.

Midnight was past, and the lights of the vessels laying in the stream were beginning to be extinguished, when two men hurried from different directions toward the shore. The elder of the two had already reached the strand, and was preparing to make a leap the design of which was not to be mistaken: but at that instant the younger seized him by the arm, exclaiming:

"Sir, I believe you want to drown yourself?"

"You have guessed it. What is that to you?"

This was the answer spoken in the most angry tone.

"Nothing, I know. I would simply request you to wait a couple of minutes, when, if you like, we will make the great journey together. Arm in arm, the best way of dying."

With these words the younger extended his hand to the elder, whose own was not withheld. The former continued, in a tone of seeming enthusiasm:

"So be it! Arm in arm! Truly I did not dream that a human heart beat with mine in this last hour. I will not seek to know who you are, an honest man or a villain—come, let us begin the journey together!"

The elder held the young man back, and fixed the dim, half-extinguished eyes searchingly upon the countenance of his companion, exclaiming:

"Hold, you seem to me too young to end your life by suicide. A man of your years has still a brilliant, alluring future in his grasp."

"Brilliant!" answered the young man scornfully. "What have I to hope for in the midst of a world full of wickedness, falsehood, treachery and unhappiness?—Come quickly!"

"You are still young! You must have had very sorrowful experiences to make life already thus insupportable to you?"

"I despise mankind!"

"Without exception?"

"Without exception!"

"Well, then, perhaps you have now found a man whom you will not necessarily despise. I live, believe me, during my whole life, lived an honorable man."

"Really! That is highly interesting! It's a pity I did not make your acquaintance earlier!"

"Leave me to die alone, young man.—Live on! Believe me, time heals all wounds, and there are men of honor yet to be found."

"Now, if you take this view, why are you hurrying so fast to say 'farewell' to the world?"

"Oh, I am an old sickly man, unable to make a livelihood; a man who cannot—will not longer see his only child, his daughter, blighting her youth, laboring day and night to support him. No, I would be an unfeeling father, I would be barbarous, if I lived on thus."

"How, sir, have you a daughter who does this for you?" asked the young man, surprised.

"And what endurance, with what love, does she sacrifice herself for me! She works for me, she goes hungry for me, and has only the tenderest words of love—a sweet smile for me always."

"And you want to commit suicide! Are you mad?"

"Shall I murder my daughter? The life which she is now leading is her certain death," answered the old man, in despair.

"Good sir, come, go with me to the nearest inn that is still open, and let us drink a bottle of wine together. You will relate to me your history, and if you like I will let you know mine. So much, however, I will say to you beforehand. Chase all thoughts of self-murder out of your head. I am rich, and if things be as you say, henceforth you and your daughter shall lead a pleasant life."

The old man followed the younger without opposition. A few minutes later, over full glasses, the elder began:

"My history is soon told. I am a merchant's clerk, but always unlucky. As I had nothing for inheritance, and the girl I married was poor, I was never able to commence business on my own account, and remained on to old age in a dependent subordinate position. Finally I was discharged on account of my years, and then began the struggle for subsistence. My wife died of trouble, and now my poor child wearies to gain my support. I can not bear to see her working herself to death for me—therefore it is better I go—now you know all!"

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you are the most fortunate man I ever encountered in my life. It is insane to call that misfortune. Nothing is easier than to help you. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be—no resistance—my heir. The coming night is my last. Before this, however, I must see your daughter, out of pure curiosity. I would for once see how one looked who really deserves the name of 'woman.'"

"But young man, what can it be that so early has made you unhappy?" questioned the elder, much moved.

"I believe it was the wealth which my father left me. I was the only son of the richest banker in this city. My father died five years since, leaving me more than was good for me. Since that time I have been deceived and betrayed by every one without exception, with whom I have any connection. Some have pretended friendship for me—on account of my money. Others have pretended to love me—on account of my money: and so it went on. I often mingled in the garb of a simple workman, with the masses, and thus one day became acquainted with a charming being, a young girl, to whom my whole heart went out in love. I disclosed to her neither my name nor my position. I longed to be loved for myself alone, and for a time it appeared as if I was going to be happy—at last, at last—The young girl and I, whom she still regarded as a simple workman, met every afternoon in the Marcusplatz, where we walked up and down together, passing many happy hours. One day my girl appeared with red eyes—she had been weeping—and told me we must part: confessing that her life belonged to another! With these words she tore herself from me and disappeared in the crowd.—Her faithfulness decided my destiny.—Vainly did I rush into pleasures which so-called 'good society' has to offer, but found my lost peace of soul never! I then determined to bring my joyless existence to a close."

"Unhappy young man," said the elder, wiping his eyes, "from my whole heart I pity you. I must acknowledge that I was more fortunate than you: for I, at least, was, by two women—my wife and daughter—tenderly loved."

"Will you give me your address, good sir, that I may convince myself of the truth of your story? It is not exactly mistrust, but I must see to believe. To-morrow I will arrange my affairs as I have already told you. You will remain in this inn to-night, and in the morning early I will return. Give me your word of honor that you will not leave this house until I come back, and that you will not, in the meantime, speak to any one of what has taken place between us."

"You have my word! Go to my dwelling, to my daughter, and you will find that I have told you the simple truth. My name is Wilhelm S—. Here is my address."

With these words he handed the young man a paper giving the locality of his dwelling. It lay in a suburb inhabited by the poorer class, at some distance from the city proper.

"And my name is Carl T—," said the young man. "Take this bank note; it may reach until my return."

Carl rang for the waiter, had the proprietor called, commended the old man to his care in suitable terms, and left the house.

Hardly had the morning broke, when Carl found himself on his way to the suburb where lived the daughter of the old man with whom he had become acquainted under such peculiar circum-

stances. It was not without trouble that he found the house. It was a poor place. The young man knocked, opened the door, and involuntarily stepped back.

What did he see?

The young girl whose inconstancy had made his life unbearable, stood before him.

She had grown pale—very pale; but he knew her at the first glance. It was Bertha, whom he once hoped to call his own.

At his appearance the young girl sprang towards him, overcome with joy, holding out her little hand. The young man waved her back, exclaiming:

"You did not expect to see me?"

The young girl sank into a seat and covered her pale, beautiful countenance with her hands.

"Are you Wilhelm S—'s daughter," asked the young man, coldly, after a pause?

"I am," answered the young maiden, timidly.

"And who and where is that other, to whom, as you told me at parting, your life belonged?"

"That other is my father," answered the young girl, looking up to the young man with a glance which spoke the tenderest love.

With lightning quickness the truth dawned upon him, the scales fell from his eyes—suddenly all was clear.

Speechless he rushed to Bertha, took her in his arms and pressed her to his breast.

"Come to your father!" he faltered to the young girl.

"My father! Oh, I forgot, where is he? He has been out all night. I have watched for him in tears the long night through."

"Your father is saved. He is with me," was Carl's answer, as he hurried the young girl on, and through the streets to the arms of her—of his father.

A fortnight later, in the midst of the greatest splendor, the marriage of the rich young banker Carl T—to Bertha S— took place.

How they Treat Union Prisoners in Richmond.

Rev. George H. Hammer, Chaplain of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry, who was recently released from Libby Prison, furnishes the Philadelphia Inquirer a long account of his captivity and of the sufferings endured by our soldiers who have fallen into the Rebel clutch. In reference to the treatment in Libby Prison, he says:

"Many sank under it, and falling away into living skeletons, were passed over to the hospital, in the other end of the building, where they lived or died as circumstances might declare. How often have I seen this; so often that it had long ceased to call forth special attention. Did men fall down exhausted upon the floor, those stronger picked them up and strove to have them removed to the hospital. Did they die, their bodies were carelessly thrown to one side until convenience suited them to hurry them underground. During this time the heat was intense, and the suffering from this cause alone was very great. Add to this the fact that from diet and other causes the prisoners suffered greatly from dysentery, aggravated by the disagreeable water we were obliged to drink, and I know not, indeed, how we passed the summer, or bore up under the accumulated woes of our situation.

"Do you ask me as to the amount of food received daily by each officer? One-fourth pound of very tough raw beef and bones, very little over ten ounces of bread, heavy and sour, a little rice and infinitesimal quantities of salt and vinegar. This was the amount of rations received, tho' I will do the authorities the justice to say that it was hardly the amount allowed, the remainder being appropriated by officials. However small the appetite of the prisoner, if well, he could eat the whole of his day's ration at one meal, and look around for more. At the time of which I speak, the officers were not allowed to purchase or receive any food but that furnished by the authorities as the daily ration. The bread was very unpalatable and unwholesome; the beef oftentimes tainted, and sometimes evidently diseased, as we could see where tumors had been extracted. In lieu of rice we obtained beans or peas, we received with them no small quantity of animated life, in the form of worms, fat and plump.

"The treatment received by the officers during this trying time was bad and only bad continually. One seemed to vie with the others in their endeavors to annoy us and make our situation intolerable. Did one under this debilitating process stretch himself upon the floor during the day upon his blanket, unless he had first obtained the consent of the prison inspector

to spread the blanket, and he was never around when wanted, he was rudely aroused, his blanket taken from him and carried down stairs, to be given to some needy rebel or placed under the saddle for one of these ruffians to ride upon. If by any means we offended his supreme highness, the commandant, our supply of water was cut off for half a day and night, and this during the suffocating weather of summer; or to vary the punishment and add zest to the regimen, we would be left without wood for three-fourths of a day wherewith to cook our food, but then we saved our rations and had more the next day.

"I have seen a captain of cavalry, for the simple offense of missing the spittoon and spitting upon the floor, thrown into a dark, damp dungeon for two days and nights, on bread and water, causing a serious inflammation of the lungs. At this time it was required that the officers should perform the most menial services connected with cooking, washing, scrubbing, and the cleanliness of the room.—Lieut. Welch, of the Eighty-seventh Pa. infantry, lay for six weeks in a dungeon under the building, because, as an orderly sergeant, acting under appointment as a lieutenant, though not yet mustered in, and of course not recognized as such, he had rightly classed himself with the enlisted men. When brought up among the other officers, his clothes, shoes, &c., were covered with a green mould. Lieut. Dutton, of the Sixty-seventh Pa. infantry, has been doomed to a dungeon to the close of the war, and is now suffering therein, for a similar offense, with the additional fact that he assumed the name of another. Captain Litchfield, of the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania, was confined in a dungeon for five or eight days on bread and water for forming a plan of escape which was frustrated.

"Colonel Powell, I think, of the Twelfth Virginia Union cavalry, wounded severely in the back from a window in Wytheville, and left behind, was carried to Richmond and placed in the hospital. A few days after, one of the Richmond papers rallied out against him in a most brutal manner, and suggested that he be executed. The same Prison Inspector entered the hospital, and without the knowledge of the rebel surgeons, ordered him to get up from his bed and follow him. He was placed in one of the dungeons spoken of, and upon asking what were the charges against him, was answered, 'God— you, you will soon find out.' Here, with a ball in his back, he remained five weeks and four days, part of the time without a blanket, rarely receiving any medical care, and sometimes his rations withheld. A guard was stationed constantly at the door of his cell, to prevent either escape or communication with others. While confined there, the entry-way was frequently blocked up with dead bodies, remaining there several days, and this during the heat of summer.—This entry performed another important part, it being the place where men and women were daily brought to receive their lawful allowance of lashes at the hands of the Prison Inspector. A letter was sent to Gen. Winder by the colonel, asking the charges against him, and protesting against his treatment. He denied any knowledge of the matter, and suggested that, perhaps, Gen. Jones was acquainted with the facts.

"The Colonel was released, I know not how, and placed among us. This officer was the victim of irresponsible authority and fiendish cruelty as wielded by this prison inspector. While confined in the cell, the colonel, who is a Christian, asked in writing twice for a Bible, but no notice was taken of the request. One officer, taken at Gettysburg, was slapped in the face by this inspector for saying that he thought he had no right to take from him a small fragment of shell which he had in his pocket as a relic.

"I have so far only given an outline of the treatment and condition of the officers, which, in comparison, was a favored one. I cannot describe the condition of the enlisted men, as seen by the officers, and learned from sources at present nameless. Hunger, bad treatment and exposure have done their work too surely for many brave souls, who have gone up to testify at the bar of God to the barbarities practised on them. Many of them, also, were shot by the guard upon the most frivolous pretences. Belle Isle, our place of confinement, is supplied with tents only sufficient for a part of the men; the rest were compelled, during the cold nights, to pace up and down the island and keep warm, and while the sun was shining during the day, they would sleep. I have seen them marched through the city, barefooted, bareheaded, without coats, and with only the remnants of other articles of clothing.

"I have seen them brought from this island in the evening, to ship them in the

morning for City Point, so weak from hunger and disease that they were unable to stand upon their feet. Never have I witnessed such misery and want amongst any class of human beings.

"There are also about a hundred free negroes of the North, officers' servants from the army and navy. They are used at the present about the prisons, or upon the fortifications around Richmond. One of the many nights spent in Libby is deeply engraven upon my mind. A free negro of Philadelphia, captured in the navy, nearly white, received three hundred and twenty-five lashes in a room immediately beneath us, his loud cries and pleadings penetrating every part of the building, as blow followed blow. He was then wrapped in a blanket saturated with salt water, and cast into one of the dungeons for a month or more. Such scenes and cries were frequent. Those of our number who entered there as advocates of slavery, or at least as sympathizers, are such no more."

The War in Tennessee.

The National cause in Tennessee has escaped a great peril. It will do no harm to say now that the Army of the Cumberland was in less danger of destruction at Chickamauga than since its seemingly safe retreat to Chattanooga. Against all the hazards of battle it bore up bravely, but against the imminent certainty of starvation, what fortitude could have held out? Yet until the recent seizure of Lookout Mountain, the army was almost destitute of communication with its base of supplies, and if its condition had been known to the Rebels, and if they had obstinately held the advantage they possessed, we could have had no right to expect anything but an appalling disaster. Little as the public seem to have suspected it, Gen. Rosecrans was besieged at Chattanooga. The position was strong against assault, but the Rebels commanded the river, which was the only practicable route for the transportation of food and ammunition. By wagons it was next to impossible to carry anything. The roads over the mountains and along the bottom lands were equally bad. And so long as the Rebels held Lookout Mountain they held the Army of the Cumberland almost in their grasp.

From this situation the army has been relieved by a movement equally brilliant and audacious. Correspondence containing some particulars has just come to hand.—A force from Chattanooga itself, co-operating with a heavy column under Hooker that marched from Bridgeport, succeeded in completely surprising the Rebel force in possession of Lookout Mountain. But even against a surprise the position was strong, and it was not till Gen. Hazen resorted to the daring expedient of deploying nearly his whole force as skirmishers, covering a line of three miles in extent, and forming apparently the advance of the main body, that the Rebels fell back. The mountain was gained, and once gained became impregnable to any effort of the Rebels to retake it. An attack upon a portion of Hooker's forces was repulsed by Gen. Geary and Gen. Howard, with heavy losses to the Rebels, and the South bank of the Tennessee remains in our possession. The beleaguered forces in Chattanooga are not merely relieved from danger, but may assume at once an offensive attitude, whether for an advance toward Atlanta, or for the relief of Burnside. Within a week the whole aspect of the campaign is changed. Gen. Sherman, in command now of the Army of the Tennessee, is reported to have occupied Tusculum in the face of considerable opposition, and there remains no probability that the Rebels can prevent the junction of his forces with the main body, near Chattanooga, or his direct co-operation with that column if it advances from that point.

DIAMONDS AND WHISKEY.—A Washington correspondent of the Independent says: "There was a sight to be seen in broad daylight a few days ago, in front of the Presidential mansion, which gave those who witnessed it a shocking idea of the outward strides which the vice of intemperance has made in good society during the last few years. A woman clad in the richest and most fashionable garments, with diamonds flashing from her slender fingers in the slant Western sunshine, sat upon the stone balustrade, unable to proceed on her homeward walk without betraying herself. At last she rose and started on, swaying to and fro, and yet soon rested again, utterly unable to proceed. The carriage of a foreign minister passed by—the poor woman was noticed—and it turned, stopped, took in the lady, and carried her to her luxurious home. For the lady is healthy and occupies a high social position, but she was drunk in the streets of Washington. Oh! that man—or woman—should put an enemy, &c."