

The Alleghanlian.

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

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VOLUME 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1864.

NUMBER 21

DIRECTORY.

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Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
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Cresson,	J. Houston,	Washt'n.
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CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 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. LEMMONS, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. GRAY, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock, and 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 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Meeting every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JERKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 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	11 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " at	11 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 Newmarket'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	8.43 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	9.50 P. M.
" " " " " " " "	9.22 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	8.38 P. M.
East—Through Express " " "	8.38 P. M.
" " " " " " " "	12.34 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	6.58 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	10.39 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Balt. Express leaves at	9.06 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	9.06 P. M.
East—Through Express " " "	8.11 P. M.
" " " " " " " "	6.36 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

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District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

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

Treasurer—Thomas Callin.

Poor House Directors—George M'Callough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

Auditors—William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahn, Francis Tierney.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—James Shannon.

Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.

Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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

Burgess—James Myers.

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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—Leuel Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—M. M. O'Neill.

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

Inspectors—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.

Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.

Assessor—George Gurler.

Thackeray.

The following exquisite poem, from the New York Round Table, is a noble tribute to the memory of the great departed:

"ADSUM."

DECEMBER 23-4, 1863.

[And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said 'Adsum!' and fell back.—The Newcomes.]

I.

The Angel came by night,
(Such angels still come down)
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town;
Along its lonesome streets,
Where want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep;
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men;
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear;
He never turned his head,
But answered, "I am here."

II.

Into the night they went,
At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
Where the greatest dead abide;
Where grand old Homer sits,
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all,
With that calm eye of his;
Where—little seen but Light—
The only Shakespeare is!
When the new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
He answered, "I am here."
—R. N. STODDARD.

A Gift by the Sybil.

The old farm house clock had just struck seven, and all over the hills the purple vapors of twilight were coming down, awaking spicy odors among the sweet fern in the pastures and the blue wild grapes ripening in the woods, while the whippersnapper sang sadly on the mossy rails of the broken down fence that skirted the ravine, and the katydids chirped shrilly through the morning glory leaves above the windows.

"Seven o'clock," echoed Silas Miller, just as though he had been watching that slowly creeping minute hand for the last half hour. "He will soon be here now—my boy will soon be here!"

What a strange softening of the rugged features, what an unthought quivering of the harsh voice there was, when he uttered the two simple words, "my boy." Yes, it was his boy, who was coming back from the smoke of battle fields. No wonder that the thought sent a thrill through his iron nature. His soldier—his hero!

"Surely I ought to hear the stage horn," he said, feverishly pacing up and down the narrow path, where the maple leaves lay like a carpet of pale gold. "Listen, Sybil. Don't you hear it?"

"It is too early yet, father."

The light figure came stealing out to his side, and both together leaned over the garden gate, gazing into the opal gloom of twilight with wistful, searching gaze.

She was not prettier than many another New England girl, yet there was a delicate type of beauty in her face and form that belongs as much to the frozen north as its pine forests and cliffs of eternal snow.—Pale brown hair, with aureate lights crossing its surface at lines, eyes like the blue larkspur, and lips that had stolen the dewy crimson of the wild rose; in pearls and blue crape, Sybil Miller would have been a beauty—in her dress of gray gingham she was something far better and nobler.

Suddenly the old man started and uttered an indistinct, glad cry.

"It is he, Sybil. Don't you see, beyond the elder bushes? Child, don't hold me back, but let me go and meet my boy."

"No, father, you are mistaken—it is not Laurence. Laurence is shorter by nearly half a head, and that is not his quick, buoyant step."

"You are right, Sybil," said Silas Miller, almost petulantly. "Why do these vagrant soldiers go wandering by, giving honest folks a start?"

"I suppose he did not know we were watching for Laurence," said Sybil, half smiling in the dusk.

"It was only this morning that a beggar, disgracing—I won't say wearing—the

United States uniform, came by, and had the audacity to ask me for money."

"Did you give him something?"

"Give him something?" repeated Silas, angrily; "I would have seen him starve first! I have no patience with these strolling beggars. Here is another specimen of the kind, I suppose. No, my man, you need not trouble yourself to recite your pitiful story!"

For the tall figure, with a halting step, and coat thickly powdered with dust, had paused in front of the gate, and Sybil could just distinguish his dark, piercing eyes, and a forehead traversed by a crescent-shaped scar, apparently newly healed.

"I have nothing for you," said Silas, quite sharply. "Yes, I know what you would say, but it is of no use. If you are deserving, the proper authorities will take care of you; and if you are not, the county jail is the best place for you. Don't tell me about want. What have you done with your bounty money and your pay, if you are really what you pretend to be—a soldier?"

Then, through the deepening twilight, Sybil could see the scarlet flush rising in the scarred forehead.

"Sir, you are mistaken. I did not beg."

"No; you would prefer to play the bully. I have no doubt. But I am not a proper subject for you; so go about your business, my man."

The soldier turned silently away with a step more halting, and a head more depressed, into the gathering dusk.

"Father," whispered Sybil, reproachfully, "had you forgotten that our Laurence, too, is a soldier?"

"No," returned Silas, abruptly; "I remembered it well, and it convinced me all the more that a man, paid and pensioned like our Laurence, has no need to beg on the public highways."

"But, father, he did not beg."

"Because I would not allow it, my child. I pay taxes for the support of such as he, and I declare I will do no more."

He spoke in the sharp, high-pitched accents of passion, and when he looked around again Sybil was gone.

Footsore and weary, the travel-worn pedestrian had sat himself down on a mossy boulder by the roadside, when a quick, light-footed came up a little path leading from the back door of the farm house, through the pasture field, and a slight figure bent over him.

"Do not mind my father's words; he was angry and unreasonable," she said, hurriedly. "I have but little to give, but I want you to take it for the sake of my soldier brother."

Before he could speak she had unfastened from her neck a blue ribbon, with a tiny gold piece suspended from it, placed it in his hand, and was gliding away across the field, like some little gray nun, in her sober-hued dress. He rose up, as if to follow and overtake her, but it was too late, and as he bent his head over the glittering token, something like a tear dropped upon its circle of tiny stars.

"And now tell us everything that has happened to you, Laurence. Oh! Laurence, when I awakened this morning it seemed like a dream that you had come back to us alive and well!"

The bronzed face of the handsome young soldier looked down smilingly into the radiant face nestled against his shoulder, and a serious shadow stole into his eyes as he thought of past dangers.

"I can tell you, Sybil, that it came very near, once or twice, being nothing else but a dream. I have had more hair-breadth escapes than you know of, little sister. I believe I did not tell you of that sharp skirmish along the Potomac, where I stood facing death, an ugly death, too, at the points of the rebel bayonets, when some brave fellow charged down on them and saved my life with his own right hand."

"Who was it Laurence?" said old Silas, with trembling and dilated eyes. "I would give my best wheat field for a chance to grasp that right hand."

"I don't know—I never came across him again. Probably he was in some other regiment. All I know is that he had fiery black eyes, and an odd scar on his forehead, shaped exactly like a Moorish crescent."

"With a straight nose, and a heavy black moustache?" interrupted his sister.

"Exactly."

"Father," said Sybil, turning with sparkling eyes and crimson cheek to where Silas Miller sat, "the wandering soldier whom you turned from your door last night was the man who saved Laurence's life."

Silas arose from his chair and took an uneasy walk across the room, his iron features working strangely.

"It can't be helped now," he said, in a tremulous voice; "but it is the last soldier I will ever send with empty hands from

my door. The man who saved our Laurence's life! Oh! Sybil, if I had listened to your words."

But she never spoke of the little piece of gold. She fancied it might seem like ostentation—this shy fastidious little wild flower of the hills!

"My Sybil going to be married among the fine folks down in Boston. Well, I suppose I might have expected it, and yet it does seem kind of hard," soliloquized Silas Miller, dropping the happy, timid letter in his lap, and looking out through dimmed spectacles upon the sunny hills.

"I wonder who it is. I should like to see the man that is going to marry Sybil Miller."

Silas Miller would have been a proud man could he have beheld his pretty daughter, on that same night, in her white evening dress, with scarlet geraniums lighting up her brown hair and glowing on her bosom. No wonder that Captain Leslie's face brightened with grave, quiet pride as he looked down on his fair betrothed.

"Sit down here, dearest, in this quiet little music room," he said, with caressing and loving authority. "I cannot share your sweet eyes and sweeter words with all the world any longer. I must have you all to myself for awhile."

She looked up with a blushing smile—then down again.

"Well?" he asked, as if she had spoken.

"I was wandering, Allen, about that scar on your forehead."

"What of it?"

"Why, it is such a singular shape—almost a half circle. I never saw but one like it before."

"Did you not? And where was that?"

"A poor soldier passed our gate once with just such a scar on his forehead, and—"

She paused, for Allen Leslie had quietly taken from some inner receptacle in his coat a tiny piece of gold, with a narrow blue ribbon passed through it. He held it smilingly up before her.

"Do you know who gave this to me?"

"Gave it to you, Allen?"

"To me, a footsore, weary wanderer, who had missed his way among your tangled roads. You fancied me a beggar, but it was not so. I had money, friends and position; yet I stood sorely in want of a friend just then, for my brain was throbbing, my limbs weary, and my wounds scarcely healed. That foot-march cost me a weary fever. Yet I do not regret it, for—"

He took her hand tenderly into his, and added—

"For although I might have known that my Sybil was beautiful, yet had it not been for that blue-ribboned piece of gold, I never should have known how very good and true she was."

Changes Wrought by the War.

In "Cudjo's Cave," a war novel by T. Trowbridge, well known as contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, we find the following beautiful paragraph:

"How many a beloved god-for-nothing has gone from our streets and firesides, to reappear far off in a vision of glory! The school-fellows know not their comrade; the mother knows not her own son. The stripling, whose outgoing and incoming were so familiar to us—impulsive, full-loving, a little selfish, apt to be cross when the supper was not ready, apt to come late and make you cross, when the supper was ready and waiting—who ever guessed what nobleness was in him! His country called, and he rose up a patriot. The fatigue of marches, the hardships of camp and bivouac, the hard fare, the injustice that must be submitted to, all the terrible trials of the body's strength and the soul's patient endurance—these he bore with the superb buoyancy of spirit which denotes the hero. —Who was it that caught up the colors, and rushed forward with them into the thick of the battle, after the fifth man who attempted it had been shot down? —Not the village loafer, who used to go about the streets dressed so shabbily? —Yes, the same. He fell covered with wounds and glory. The rusty and seemingly useless instrument we saw hang so long idle on the walls of society, none dreamed to be a trumpet of sonorous note until the soul came and blew a blast. —And what has become of that white-gloved, perfumed handsome cousin of yours, devoted to his pleasures, weary even of those—to whom life, with all its luxuries, had become a bore? He fell in the trenches at Wagner. He had distinguished himself by his daring, his hardihood, his fiery love of liberty. —When the nation's alarm beat, his manhood stood erect; he shook himself; all his past frivolities were no more than dust to the name of this young lion. The war has

proved useful if only in this, that it has developed the latent heroism in our young men, and taught us what is in humanity, in our fellows, in ourselves. Because it has called into action all this generosity and courage, if for no other cause, let us forgive its cruelty, though the chair of the beloved one be vacant, the bed un slept in, and the hand cold that penned the letters in that sacred drawer, which cannot even now be opened without grief."

"Seeing the Elephant."

Some years since, at one of the Philadelphia theaters, a pageant was in rehearsal in which it was necessary to have an elephant. No elephant was to be had.—The "wild beasts" were all traveling, and the property man, stage director and manager almost contracted epilepsy when they thought of it. Days passed in the hopeless task of trying to secure one; but at last Yankee ingenuity triumphed, as indeed it always does, and an elephant was made to order, of wood, skins, paint, and varnish. Thus far the matter was all very well; but as yet they had found no means to make said combination travel. Here again the genius of the manager, the stage director and property man stuck out, and two "broths" were duly installed as legs. Ned C., one of the true and genuine "b'hoys," held the station of fore-legs, and for several nights he played that heavy part to the entire satisfaction of the managers and the delight of the audience.

The part, however, was a very tedious one, as the elephant was obliged to be on the stage about an hour, and Ned was rather too fond of the bottle to remain so long without "wetting his whistle," so he set his wits to work to find a way to carry a wee drop with him. The eyes of the elephant being made of two porter bottles, with the necks in, Ned conceived the brilliant idea of filling them with good stuff. This he fully carried out; and elated with success, he willingly undertook to play fore-legs again.

Night came on—the theatre was densely crowded with the denizens of the Quaker city—the music was played in the sweetest strains—the curtain rose and the play began. Ned and the "hind-legs" marched upon the stage. The elephant was greeted with round upon round of applause. The decorations were gorgeous, the trappings were gorgeous. The elephant and the prince seated upon his back were loudly cheered.

The play proceeded; the elephant was marched round and round upon the stage. The fore-legs got dry, withdrew one of the corks and treated the hind legs, and then drank the health of the audience in a bumper of genuine elephant-eye whiskey, a brand, by the way, till then unknown. On went the play, and on went Ned drinking. The conclusion march was to be made—the signal was given, and fore-legs staggered towards the front of the stage. The conductor pulled the cars of the elephant to the right—the fore-legs staggered to the left. The foot-lights obstructed the way, and he raised his foot and stepped plump into the orchestra! Down went the fore-legs to the leader's fiddle; over, of course, turned the elephant, sending the prince and hind-legs into the middle of the pit. The managers stood horror-struck; the prince and hind-legs lay confounded, the boxes in convulsions, the actors choking with laughter. Poor Ned, casting one look, a strange blending of drunkenness, grief, and laughter, at the scene, fled hastily out of the theatre, closely followed by the leader with the wreck of his fiddle, performing various cut and thrust motions in the air. The curtain dropped on a scene behind the scenes. No more pageant—no more fore-legs—but everybody held their sides. Music, actors, pit, boxes, and gallery, rushed from the theatre shrieking between every breath, "Have you seen the elephant?" Hence the origin of this popular interrogatory.

A young Englishman was "sworn in" to the United States service at New Haven, a week or two since, who was one of the famous "Six Hundred" immortalized by Tennyson.

An old Grecian philosopher advised all men to know themselves. This is advising a good many to make very low and disreputable acquaintances.

The experience of many a life— "What a fool I have been!" The experience of many a wife— "What a fool I have got!"

A pious Jerseyman has willed \$500 to the New Jersey Bible Society for buying spectacles for indigent old folks, that they may see to read.

Look your misfortunes in the face, and reflect that it is better to be accused of a vice, being innocent, than acquitted of it, being guilty.

Educational Department.

[All communications intended for this column should be addressed to "The Alleghanlian."]

CHARACTER OF OUR TEXT BOOKS.

The other evening, we had occasion to pick up a little work entitled, "First Lessons in English Composition..." by G. P. Quackenboss, A. M." The work has been lying on our table for about two years, not attracting much attention as we had but little occasion for using it.—The author claims that the book is adapted to the wants of children taking their first lessons in composition. Rules are given for "purity, propriety, precision, clearness, strength, harmony, and unity." Justification for writing the book, is based on the fact of its necessity. That there is need for a good work on the subject of Composition, we will freely admit, but that the one before us is worthy of patronage, would be hard to acknowledge.

It seems to us that there is scarcely a rule given in this book that is not violated by its author. In almost, if not in every, case where *shall* or *will* should be used, *may* is substituted. On page 119 is the following: "Avoid redundancy." On page 83, in speaking of the relative pronouns, the book reads: "that is used indiscriminately, in either case." On page 109 is advocated the necessity of propriety in the choice of words. On page 93, it reads: "Alter the following sentences, * * * being careful to have them retain the same meaning." How could they retain any other? Again, on page 107, "Do not use obsolete words or such as are fallen into disuse." If this is not redundancy with a vengeance, then we greatly mistake. On page 115, *near* is used for *nearly*. The sentence is as follows: "Place words and clauses as *near* as possible to the words to which they relate." On page 121, in rules III and IV, the conjunction *or* is used instead of *nor*. The first of these rules reads: "Do not use the conjunction *and* too much, or let it commence a sentence." This error is as plain as the nose on a man's face. By looking at page 126, you may see, in regard to parentheses, the following language: "Good writers of the present day, for the most part, avoid them altogether." A school-boy should be ashamed of such a blundering use of language.

In the preface to this work, the author speaks of "the important branch of composition." Pray, is there both an important and an unimportant branch of composition? Further on, this wonderful teacher speaks of a pupil's ability "to analyze compound sentences into simple ones." We thought the age of miracles had past.—Again, the pupil is told to prepare himself to answer the questions in each lesson before "he proceeds to the exercise." A smart pupil who can perform such a task!

Such a book is not fit to be put in the hands of any child. But it is one of a class. Some of our school histories are very little better. Certainly a man's self esteem must be unlimited to place books before the public when blunders can be counted on almost every page.

There is something peculiarly beautiful and soothing in the manner in which the silent processes of the mind are brought into action when we are reading attentively. We must of necessity derive some benefit. What can be more beneficial than improving the vigor and sensibilities of the mind, expanding the reasoning faculties, strengthening the judgment, facilitating the utterance of ideas? Are these benefits more easily attained than by a careful course of good reading?

In books, as well as with men, we may confer with genius and learning. But books have an advantage over men, in that they enable one to contemplate at leisure the finished productions of mature reflection, whilst many of us are not endowed with a memory sufficiently capable of retaining the exact words of the speaker. Moreover, a person is seldom enabled to speak at once so much to the purpose as he would write after consideration.