

# The Alleghanian.

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

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NUMBER 29.

## DIRECTORY.

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**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.  
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### EBENSBURG MAILS.

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Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " 11 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, Strongtown, &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 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.

Line	Time
West-Balt. Express	leaves at 8.43 A. M.
Fast Line	" 9.30 P. M.
Phila. Express	" 9.22 A. M.
Mail Train	" 8.38 P. M.
East-Through Express	" 8.35 P. M.
Fast Line	" 12.34 A. M.
Fast Mail	" 6.58 A. M.
Through Accom.	" 10.30 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahm.  
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### EBENSBURG HOR. OFFICERS.

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**Assistant Assessors**—David E. Evans, Wm. D. Davis.  
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**Inspectors**—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.  
**Judge of Election**—Michael Hasson.  
**Assessor**—James Murray.  
**Assistant Assessors**—William Barnes, Daniel C. Zahm.

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

We have heard of many cases of "popping," under very singular circumstances—the eccentric, the abrupt, the business like, the silly, and a hundred other styles. Of the eccentric, we would cite the case of a well known merchant, who, one day dining at a friend's house, sat next to a lady who possessed rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty in a very rare degree, but he could do that which was next best, he could appreciate, an appreciation which he endeavored to show by the following mode of action:

"Do you like toast, Miss B—?"  
"Yes," responded the lady, quite surprised at the question.  
"Buttered toast?"  
"Yes."  
"That is strange; so do I. Let us get married."  
There cannot be much doubt that the lady was taken slightly aback, a fact, however, that did not prevent the marriage from coming off in a month afterwards, nor the accession of the lady to one of the finest establishments in the city.

As a specimen of the abrupt, we shall cite the case of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty, and built himself a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost.—One day a friend was dining with him, and said half jokingly:

"You have everything here that the heart can desire but a wife."  
"That's true. I must think of it," said the gentleman, and then relapsed into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which-time he rose, begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room. He seized his hat and went instantly to a neighbor's, and was shown into the parlor, with the information that neither the master nor the mistress were at home.—He told the servant that he wanted neither, and requested that the housekeeper be sent to him. She came, and the gentleman thus addressed her:

"Sarah, I have known you for many years, and I have just been told that I should be willing to entrust my happiness with, and if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?"  
Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious and as well weighed as though considered for a year, and she answered him in the same spirit:

"I agree."  
"Would you be ready in an hour?"  
"I will."  
"I shall return for you at that time."  
Which he did, the gentleman who had suggested the idea accompanying him to the clergyman's. Many years have passed since then, and neither party has seen any cause to regret the abrupt proposal and acceptance.

Of the business style, we can cite a case related to us, which we know for a true one. A young man, who had succeeded to the ill kept and badly cultivated, though really valuable, farm of a deceased uncle, saw at a glance that two things were absolutely necessary to enable him to succeed, the first being a wife to take charge of the woman's department, and the second a few thousand dollars to stock it with. He could not help thinking to himself that, possibly, these two great aids to his happiness and prosperity might be found together, and yet without attempting to put his matrimonial and financial ideas into practice, he allowed them to haunt him continually.

With this upon his mind, our farmer started upon a horseback journey to a distant part of the country, and upon his return made an acquaintance upon the road, in the person of an old gentleman, who was jogging the same way. The companions dined together at a wayside inn, and fraternized pleasantly, during which the young man opened his heart to the elder, telling him all his plans and aspirations, when the old gentleman addressed the younger:

"I rather like you, my friend, and your honest way of telling your story, and if you will come and see me, I shall be glad. I have three daughters, all as good girls as ever lived. Now perhaps one of them may be the very one you are looking for; if so, I will do my best toward making the balance of the matter agreeable. Ride over and see me to-morrow, take dinner, and stay the afternoon, which will give you a fair chance to see them and judge."

The young man instantly agreed to the proposal, making only a condition that the young ladies should not be informed of the nature of the errand. This was agreed to, and they separated.

The next day, at the time appointed, the young man dismounted at the door of the house of his new made friend, and was heartily welcomed. The hour before dinner was consumed in looking over the farm, and the old one approving the sensible and practical remarks of the younger, when the meal was announced, and the three young ladies and their mother were introduced. They were all, as the old gentleman had said, fine girls, but the younger, rosy, blue-eyed, and laughing-faced, charmed the young farmer especially. The dinner over, they once more walked out for a chat.

"Well, how do you like my daughters?" was the old gentleman's first question.  
"They are all nice girls, very nice," said the young man, thoughtfully.  
"And which of them do you like best?" was the next question.  
"The youngest, Kate; she is charming, and if I am to be your son-in-law, you must give me Kate!"  
"This will never do, to take the youngest and by all odds the prettiest," said the old gentleman, seriously.  
"I must have her or none," was the response, spoken decidedly.  
"How much money did you say you wanted?"

"Five thousand dollars will put my farm in excellent order, and make it worth twenty thousand to-morrow; I must have five thousand dollars."  
"I'll give you the sum with either of the other girls," said the old man positively; "but I will give but three thousand with Kate."  
"Then I may as well go to my home. Five thousand I must have, I have set my mind upon it."  
"And I have just as strongly determined to do only what I have said," was the old gentleman's reply; "so I suppose the matter is at an end. However, we will be good friends, and you must some times run over and see me."

This ended the conference, and they parted. The young man mounted his horse, and rode down toward the road, but just as he was about opening the gate, stooping from his saddle, the laughing faced Kate sprang through the shrubbery to save him the trouble.

"Can't you accept my father's terms?"  
"Yes, by George, I will; I will, if you say so," was the instantaneous response.  
"Then come over to-morrow morning before ten o'clock and tell him so," and the girl vanished like a fairy among the leaves.  
The young man rode slowly home, but he was on hand the next morning, according to bidding, and married the fair Kate in two months after.

As a specimen of the absurd, we can not do better than cite a case that occurred within the jurisdiction of a county village in Massachusetts. There was a certain Zachariah Peebles, a stout, industrious, sober and bashful farm hand, a resident of that locality. Zack was celebrated not for what he did say, but for what he did not, his silence being a matter of marvel through all that chattering neighborhood. Zack, with all his taciturnity, was not proof against the shafts of love, and one day was smitten with the wholesome charms of the only child of the widow Brown, a bright eyed girl, possessing the same trait of silence as Zack, though not in so eminent a degree.

The first time Zack showed his admiration for Sally was by seizing up a large basket of cow feed she was about to carry into the stables, and hurrying thither in a frightened way, much as though he was taking it from a burning house. After that Zack seemed to be perpetually on the watch for opportunities to save the fair Sally from heavier work. These delicate attentions could not fail to attract the notice of the widow Brown, who, really respecting the young man, invited him into the house to spend the evening, and from that time Zack was a fixture. He would sit in the chimney corner of the old-fashioned house, scarcely ever speaking, dividing his attentions equally between the fire, and feasting his eyes on Sally.—For two years this quiet adoration went on, and the neighbors wondered why, as there was nothing to prevent it, they did not marry. It has never been known whether the idea arose out of Zack's own brain, or whether it was a hint from a friend, but at last he did find courage to pop the question. It was done in this way. The time was New Year eve, and the fair Sally had been preparing a stout jug of mulled cider, that she might have something to cheer Zack's heart when he came in. He came, he drank, and took his accustomed seat in the chimney corner, where he sat quietly as usual for a few minutes, and then, without any previous symptoms, he rose up to his full height, six feet and two inches, putting his head up the chimney, so that but little was seen of him above the waist, and delivered the following oration:

"If somebody loved somebody as well as somebody loves somebody, somebody would marry somebody."  
Zack remained with his head up the chimney after this speech, silent as death, for some minutes, when he came forth from his place of refuge at the earnest solicitation of widow Brown, with a face glowing like the setting sun. The thing was done, however, and Zack and Sally were married in a few weeks after, and we are convinced that if either of them could be induced to talk, now, after a trial of a dozen years, they would say that they were entirely satisfied with that mode of popping the question.

Among the oddities of the mystery, the one over which we have personally wondered much, occurred in Philadelphia, within our knowledge.  
A lady and gentleman, who had been acquainted but one week, and who move in the very first circles, were walking in the street, the lady showing the lions of the city to the gentleman, who was a stranger in Philadelphia. In the course of their ramble they were stopped by a wedding party, who were alighting from their carriages at the church door. The lady proposed to go in and see the affair through. The gentleman consented, and together they stood till the ceremony was over. At the instant, the gentleman took the lady's hand in his, led her unresistingly to the altar, without a single word being spoken, and presented her to the astonished minister, with the request that they should be made one. In ten minutes the knot was tied, and we have no reason to believe that either, in the ten years they have been joined, have seen cause to regret the suddenness of the idea.

### How They Conduct the War in Dixie.

Gen. Neal Dow, a prisoner in the hands of the rebels for a time, but now exchanged and at home, made a speech at Portland, Maine, on the 24th March, from which we take a few extracts:—

"You have heard from high authority that the people of the South are semi-barbarians. Educated, so far as they are educated at all, in a disregard of the rights of 4,000,000 of their fellow men; accustomed as they are to see the rights of others trampled in the dust, and undertaking to subsist upon their uncompensated labor, they learn to disregard the rights of everybody else, in their intercourse with both whites and blacks. You see it in their intercourse with each other.—The Union prisoners have come in contact with this feeling very largely. I would not be understood that there are no cultivated people at the South. The Union prisoners have come in contact with such people and they have experienced the most barbaric treatment.—From the Confederate soldiers at the front, they have experienced kind and courteous treatment. But from the 'Home Guards' it has been more barbarous than any prisoners of war have suffered since the days of the 'Black Hole' of Calcutta. I know of nothing in the history of the war, to compare with the shameful treatment of the Union prisoners at Richmond and at Atlanta, Georgia.

"A large quantity of clothing and blankets was sent to my care to be distributed to the soldiers. I was permitted to visit them for the purpose of distributing the articles. Passing around the camp at Belle Isle, I saw the wretched condition of our soldiers as to clothing and quarters. Nearly one-half of them were without shelter of any kind, and all were in extreme want of clothing. As I passed around the camp, they cried to me to send them food. Shelterless and almost naked, as many of them were, their first want was food—their chief suffering was from hunger. On my return to Richmond I addressed a note to Gen. Winder, in command there, stating that one-half the soldiers were without shelter, and all without sufficient food, and asking his immediate attention to their miserable condition. The result was, that I was not permitted to visit the soldiers any more; their condition was not alleviated, and these stores were put into the hands of another officer who would conduct himself toward the Rebel authorities with a great deal more forbearance than I was supposed to be capable of.—Soldiers perished there at about the rate of 500 per month, during the Winter months, as we were informed.

"As I was at Belle Isle, I went into the hospital, consisting of tents without any floor, the sick lying upon the ground without blankets, without pillows, some of them with sticks of wood for pillows, and on protesting to Gen. Winder against this treatment, I was refused permission to visit these poor creatures for the future. The Government sent large quantities of

provisions to the soldiers as well as to the officers. Much of this was stolen, so that Yankee overcoats were very common. Soldiers in Yankee overcoats promenading the streets of Richmond, drew so much attention that they caused these coats to be colored black. They were ashamed to be seen with Yankee overcoats stolen from the poor suffering soldiers. Large quantities of food as well as of clothing were sent there by the Sanitary Commission also, and these were stolen by the Rebel authorities and appropriated to their own use in large amounts. A very small proportion of these reached our soldiers.

"Libby Prison was a great tobacco warehouse, or rather three tobacco warehouses, three stories high upon the front, four stories upon the rear, separated by brick walls through which doors were cut. Our officers were placed in these rooms with bare walls, bare floors, and without any blankets.

"When I arrived at Libby, I was clad in the lightest summer clothes. It was a cold October night, and my sufferings must have been extreme but for the kindness of my fellow officers in supplying me with garments and blankets. After a while a great number of blankets were sent by the Sanitary Commission, which made us comparatively comfortable, but we were treated in no other respect better than so many negroes sent to a barracoon for sale. An officer who had a very extensive acquaintance at the South, said we were not nearly so well treated as that, for blacks sent for sale were kindly cared for that they might bring a better price. The Union officers were treated as so many cattle turned into a slaughter-pen or barn to sleep.

"A little incident occurred to myself which will illustrate the point of the difference of treatment between their prisoners and ours. I was exchanged for Gen. Lee. As I was called down to pass off, I had two large trunks to take away. I could obtain no assistance in transporting them, no dray or other mode of conveyance. Some of my fellow officers kindly tendered their assistance, and we carried them between us through the streets of Richmond to the steamer, on which we were ordered upon the forward deck, and forbidden to come abaft the wheels. We were situated on the steamer like so many cattle, slaves or swine on the way to market. At City Point we met Gen. Lee in the magnificent saloon of the Federal steamer, New York, we ourselves emerging from the forward deck of the dirty Rebel steamer. When Gen. Lee and his fellow officers were ready to change steamers, the General stooped to take his small valise, when the Union officer in command said to a soldier near, 'Sergeant, take the General's valise on board for him!' I mention this to show the sort of treatment we received down South, and that which the Rebels meet when they fall into our hands; they are treated kindly, courteously; we rudely, barbarously. We don't complain, because we will strike a balance with them one of these days.

"There are a great many Union people down South, even in Virginia; Union men and Union women. I shall not give any names. We had communication with Union people by writing and by signals, and the Rebels could not prevent it. They threatened to shoot us if we looked out of the windows. One of their own men looked out, and they shot him. They were resolved to shoot a Yankee as an offset to this, and a Rebel sentinel fired at us several times, but without success.—They were exceedingly mortified at shooting their own man, the ball entering the right eye, and stopping at the back of the head. These Rebel sentinels watched our men at the windows very much as boys hunt squirrels, looking into the trees for their game. But many of the guards gave us all the information that came to their knowledge, as to the pressure for food in Richmond, and other matters.

"The guard told us of Kilpatrick's raid. On the 1st of March arrangements had been made to receive him. And what do you suppose the arrangements were? To defend Richmond. Was that it? No. They mined Libby Prison, with the intention of blowing it and us up; to use their own phrase, 'to blow us to hell.' [A voice.—'Is there proof of that?'] That is capable of proof. I cannot tell you how the fact was intimated to us the next day without betraying those from whom the intimation came. On the morning of Wednesday, March 2d, after we had been informed of the gunpowder plot, Dick Turner, the Inspector of Military Prisons, was asked by many officers at different times if we were correctly informed, and he assured us it was true; that a large quantity of powder had been placed under the prison, to blow us up if Kilpatrick had come in, and that it would be done yet if attempts were made to rescue us.

"The Rev. Dr. Smith, President of

Randolph Macon College, well known down South, and known in the North, too, as an able and influential man, came into the prison to visit Lieut. Col. Nichols, of the 18th Connecticut Regiment, with whom he was acquainted. He said that powder had been placed in the basement for the purpose of 'blowing us to atoms.' Col. Nichols did not believe it. Dr. S. assured him it was so. He had then come from the office of Judge Ould, Commissioner of Exchanges, who told him it was so. The Rev. Dr. M'Cube said the same thing to Col. Cessola, of the 4th New York Cavalry, and others. Some officers were in the kitchen at the back window, directly over the door leading to the cellar. Major Turner, commandant of the prison—Dick Turner—and four or five Rebel officers went into the cellar, and on coming out they remained a few moments at the door, and one of the officers said, 'By G—d, if you touch that off, it will blow them to hell, sure enough.'

"On the morning we came away, Maj. Turner assured Capt. Sawyer and Fling, who were exchanged in connection with myself, that powder was there, and he said, 'Rather than have you rescued, I would have blown you to hell, even if we had gone there ourselves.' At first we could not believe it; not that we did not suppose them capable of it. We did not suppose them to be fools enough to be guilty of an act like that. The destruction of nine hundred Union officers in that way would not have been a fatal blow to the Union cause, but it would have drawn down upon them the execrations of mankind; it would have united the Northern people as one man, and would have fired the Northern heart with an intense indignation, and when Richmond should be captured, it would have been utterly destroyed, and blotted out forever from the earth. At first we could not believe that such an act could have been contemplated, but we now regard it as established by satisfactory proof. Such is the temper of the leaders of the Rebellion! Such their character!"

### Mustered Out.

Let me lie down.  
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,  
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see  
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear  
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:  
Let me lie down.  
Oh, it was grand!  
Like the tempestive charged, in the triumph to share!  
The tempest, its fury and thunder were there;  
Oh, on, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,  
With the foe underfoot and the flag overhead:  
Oh, it was grand!  
Weary and faint;  
Proned on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,  
With the shot-shattered head, and the sabre-pierced breast!  
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,  
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,  
Wounded and faint.  
Oh, that last charge!  
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,  
Through, without faltering, clear through with a yell;  
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,  
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom!  
Oh, that last charge!  
It was duty!  
Some things are worthless, and some others so good  
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;  
For Freedom and Union, each man owes his part,  
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart:  
It is duty!  
Dying at last!  
My mother, dear mother, with neck, tearful eye,  
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!  
Oh that I now lay on your pillow of rest,  
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest:  
Dying at last!  
I am no saint,  
But boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins—  
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins,"  
Don't forget that part—say it, strongly, and then  
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say Amen!  
Ah, I'm no saint.  
Hark!—there's a shout!  
Raise me up, comrades, we have conquered, I know!  
Up, up, in my feet, with my face to the foe!  
Ah, there flies the flag, with its star-spangled bright,  
The promise of glory, the symbol of Right—  
Well may they shout!  
I'm mustered out!  
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,  
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!  
Oh, hand of earth's hope, on thy blood-red-dened sod,  
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!  
I'm mustered out!