

# The Alleghenian.

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

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

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## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

**Post Offices.** Bethel Station, Carrolltown, Chess Springs, Conemaugh, Cresson, Ebensburg, Fallen Timber, Gallitzin, Hemlock, Johnstown, Loreto, Mineral Point, Munster, Plattsville, Roseland, St. Augustine, Scalp Level, Somerhill, Summit, Wilmore.

**Post Masters.** Booth Reese, Joseph Behr, Henry Nutter, A. G. Crooks, J. Honston, John Thompson, Asa H. Fiske, J. M. Christy, Wm. Tiley, Jr., I. E. Chandler, M. Adlesberger, B. Wissingger, A. Durbin, Andrew J. Ferral, G. W. Bowman, Stan. Wharton, George Berkeley, B. M. Colgan, B. F. Slick, William McConnell, Morris Keil, S. Merrill.

**Districts.** Blacklick, Carroll, Chest, Taylor, Washint'n, Loreto, Conem'gh, Munster, Susq'han, White, Clearfield, Wash'tn, Croyle, Wash'n, S. Merrill.

### 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 8 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**—Rev. J. S. LUMMONS, Preacher in charge.—Prayer meeting every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday 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 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Monday evening of each week, and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

**Catholic.**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 6 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. LEVY, 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 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, Stroungtown, &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, Cartersville, &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.
" Fast Line "	9.50 P. M.
" Phila. Express "	9.22 A. M.
" Mail Train "	8.38 P. M.

**East—Through Express** 8.38 P. M.

" Fast Line "	12.34 A. M.
" Fast Mail "	6.58 A. M.
" Through Accom. "	10.29 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.

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Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

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

Treasurer—Isaac White.

Poor House Directors—George McCallough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

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

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—James Shannon.

Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.

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

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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

Burgess—A. A. Barker.

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

**PAST WARD.**

Constable—Thomas J. Davis.

Yemen Council—J. Alexander Moore, Daniel O. Evans, Richard R. Tibbott, Evan E. Evans, William Clement.

Inspectors—Alexander Jones, D. O. Evans.

Judge of Election—Richard Jones, Jr.

Assessor—Thomas M. Jones.

Assistant Assessors—David E. Evans, Wm. D. Davis.

**WEST WARD.**

Constable—William Mills, Jr.

Yemen Council—John Dougherty, George C. Zahn, Isaac Crawford, Francis A. Shoemaker, James S. Todd.

Inspectors—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.

Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.

Assessor—James Murray.

Assistant Assessors—William Barnea, Dan. Mc Zahn.

## THE TWO LETTERS.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

My stay in New York had been prolonged far beyond my original intention when I visited that city, and I was pining to return to my native village, and to the arms of my dear Julia, whom I hoped soon to make my bride. I had drunk deep of the cup of sorrow during my absence from her, and I looked forward with glowing anticipations to the time when we should meet to part no more. At length my business took a favorable turn. There was no longer anything to detain me in New York, and I made hasty preparations for a departure to my native village. It was the evening before I designed to set out, that I wrote two hasty letters to prepare my friends for my reception.

The first of these epistles was to Julia. It ran thus:  
"Dearest Girl:—I shall leave New York in the three o'clock train to-morrow afternoon. In an hour from that time I shall be with you. I never knew how I loved you until my heart was tried by the test of absence; now I feel how devotedly, how truly I am your own. Oh! what joy it will be to meet with you once more! That will be the happiest moment of my life, except when I can, for the first time, call you my bride."  
"Yours, till death,  
FREDERICK."

The second letter was addressed to an old maid of my acquaintance, who had been like a sister to me, and to whom I was indebted for many little acts of kindness:  
"My Dear Friend:—I write this in haste to inform you that I shall probably visit you some time to-morrow evening. You see I don't want to find you unprepared. And I want you to treat me well, too, even if I do not call on you the first or any. Don't think my affection for you has in the least diminished, but you must know my affections for another has increased, and strong as your claims are upon me, hers are somewhat stronger. Now, don't be jealous, for after I am married, I shall be as true a friend to you as ever."  
Sincerely yours,  
"FREDERICK."

Having finished both of these letters, I sealed them with the same haste in which they had been written, fearing that they would be too late for the mail. Superstitious in a hurried hand, I sent them to the post office, where they arrived just in time.

At three o'clock on the following day, I was at the depot, and in the cars. I was too impatient for steam itself. I even believe the telegraph couldn't have transported me to the arms of my Julia soon enough to satisfy my impatience. I thought that the cars moved slower than a mule, and thought at one time of getting out, to run along ahead of them.

However, slow as I thought I was traveling, I arrived in good time in my native village. I did not stop to shake hands with a single soul, but hurried to meet my Julia. I arrived at her father's house. I expected to see her face at the window looking out for me, but it was not visible. However, I reflected that, like all women, she was coquettish, and avoided showing her pretty eyes at the window, just to tease. Yet I felt certain she would be looking out for me, and I have a distinct recollection of offering to bet fifty dollars with myself that she was peeping through the blinds at me, or from behind a curtain.

I ran up to the door, and entered without knocking. I opened my arms, expecting Julia to jump into them, and supposed of course she would; but I shut them up again quick enough, when I saw the old lady approaching, not her daughter.  
"Where's Julia?" I cried.  
"Oh, she's gone—"  
"Gone!"  
"Yes."  
"For heaven's sake," I gasped, "tell me where?"

"I was going to, but you interrupted me," said the old lady, crustily. "She has gone to spend a few days with her cousins."  
I was thunderstruck. I conscientiously believe at that moment I was as white as a piece of parchment. At any rate, I could swear before any court that I felt very faint and sick.  
"When did she go?" I faltered.  
"About two hours ago."  
"Two hours ago! What! didn't she receive my letter?"

I was terribly excited. I felt that my eternal happiness depended upon the woman's answer. If Julia had gone off to see her cousins when she knew I was coming—that I would be there that night—I felt that it would break my heart.  
"Yes, I believe so," drawled out the old lady. "I heard her say something about getting a note from you—that she expected you to call here to-night."  
It was enough. My heart was a heap of ruins! Oh! the faithlessness, the

fickleness, the heartlessness of woman! All that has been said of her is but flattery; she is a serpent in angel's form! Oh, deception! oh, misery! Judge of my disappointment—my despair—my unutterable woe, when I learned that Julia was gone—gone, when she knew that I was coming—and blame me not for giving vent to my feelings in such expressions as these.

I think I should be very scrupulous about swearing to anything that took place the next half hour after my heart received that heavy blow. One thing I am sure of, I left the house, and got into the street, but whether I ran there, staggered there, or was carried there by my friends, I could not conscientiously affirm. The first I heard from myself, I was approaching the door of my friend, the old maid, and she was running out to meet me.—This, probably, brought me back to my senses.

I was past being surprised at anything that might happen, else I should have thought it a little strange that Lucy should throw herself into my arms, and offered me her lips to kiss. As at was, feeling the need of sympathy, I embraced her warmly, exclaiming:  
"Dear Lucy, you are the only true friend I've got."  
"Oh, I hope not," she replied, "but I am glad you think I am a true friend to you, for I am."  
"And will you always be?"  
"Always, Frederick; oh! and we shall be so happy!"

"What does she mean?" thought I.  
"We shall be so happy, dear Frederick," she repeated; "I know we shall.—The truth is, my dear, I have long loved you—in secret—hopelessly; but after receiving such a dear, affectionate letter from you—"  
"What?" cried I, starting in wonder.  
"Why, after receiving such a dear, good letter," said Lucy, "I am so happy that I must tell you all my heart. When we are married, Frederick—"  
"I am dreaming," thought I.  
"We shall have this pleasant event to talk about, won't we? Why, you can't think how surprised and delighted I was to receive your letter. I laughed over it, and cried over it; and if I have read it once, I have read it fifty times!"

Here she took the letter from her bosom.  
"Then it seems," she continued—so happy that I was fairly provoked with her—"it seems that absence has taught you how much you love me."  
I was stupefied—thought I was insane—couldn't understand one word Lucy said. Meanwhile she unfolded the letter. Then—then I understood it all. I uttered a scream that was scarcely human—it was so wild—and eagerly snatched the letter. It was the letter I sent to Julia.

Yes; then I understood it all: I had made a mistake in superscribing the letters, and Julia had got Lucy's, while Lucy had got Julia's. And Lucy had been flattered with the hope and belief that I loved her, while Julia—poor girl!—believed I was about to marry another; this was the cause of Lucy's tenderness; this was the cause of Julia's visiting her cousins.

I laughed; I danced; I dare say I cut up every manner of silly capers which a man ought to be ashamed of. And Lucy all the time was staring at me as I before had stared at her. This thought brought me to my senses.  
"A mistake," I stammered—"this letter—I wrote in a hurry—put the wrong name on the back—sent yours to Julia—sent Julia's—this one—to you!"

I shall never forget the old maid's consternation. She understood what I wished to say—she saw the error in its true light. I thought she would sink through the floor, but she had hold of the door-latch, and that probably sustained her. I was glad that the door-latch was strong. At that moment my conscience hit me a severe cut, and made me smart. How I cursed my carelessness, which had been the cause of so much mischief. I made a hurried apology, but I didn't stop to see if Lucy fainted, or to have the pleasure of holding a smelling bottle to her nose, in case she should sink into that interesting state.

I thought of Julia. I flew to make an explanation. It was three miles to her aunt's house, but I was there in a trifle over three minutes. Puffing like a steam engine, I asked to see her, and was shown into a room where she was alone. She regarded me with so cold a look that I am sure it would have chilled me through—made an icicle of me, perhaps—if I had not been so hot with running. I threw myself at her feet. She started back—it might have been in disgust, and it might have been because her hand touched my face, which was burning like a coal.

"Dear Julia," I sighed.  
I panted, I suppose; but sighed is the better word.  
"Well, sir," said she, coldly.  
"Don't scorn me; I'll make it all right. It's only a mistake."  
"What?"  
"Why, that letter—"  
"That letter, sir, was a very friendly one, I am sure. Indeed!" added Julia, bitterly, "I feel quite flattered by your confidence in me, in making known your intentions to marry. I hope you will get a good wife, sir; hope you will be happy."  
"Julia, Julia!" I cried, in agony. "I say it's all a mistake. That letter was not meant for you."  
Julia's assumed coldness and indifference had vanished in a moment. Then she looked at me.

"It wasn't for you," I repeated. "I wrote that to Lucy Matthews—put the wrong name on the back. Here's the letter I wrote to you."  
I gave her the one I had snatched from Lucy. She read it eagerly. She saw the mistake, and burst into tears of joy. The next moment we were locked in each other's arms. I was intensely happy.—But in an instant the bright heaven of my joy was clouded. I thought of Lucy.  
"What shall I do?" I cried. "She thought the letter was addressed to her, and believed I loved her. What a mistake! What shall I—what ought I to do?"

"Go to her at once," said Julia, "and make a full explanation and a suitable apology."  
I followed her advice. I met Lucy on the threshold.  
"Not a word," said she, laughing. "I don't need any apology from you; you have not done any great damage to my old maid's heart. You see I knew there was a mistake when I received your letter; I was not so foolish as to think you meant all those pretty, tender things for me.—But I meant to punish you for your carelessness, by making you think you had done a world of mischief. Ha! ha! ha! how silly you did act."

I was willing that Lucy should laugh at me; it made me feel more easy, for I knew I deserved it. I pouted a little, however, and strove to look dismal, until she repeated what she had said about our being "so happy when we were married," which caused me to echo back her laugh with a hearty ha! ha! ha!  
"Reader, I didn't marry Lucy, but I did make a bride of Julia, as soon as I could get her parents' consent."

On the very evening of my marriage, the old maid whispered in my ear, with a saucy laugh, and a mischievous twinkle of her eyes, "How happy we shall be when we are married, Frederick!"

**THE DEACON AND THE WASPS.**—A worthy deacon in a town of Maine, was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted scripture on all occasions. The Divine Word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial, as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day, he was engaged in mowing, with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swarth, conning his apt quotation, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swarth just in time to avoid a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.  
"Wasps!" was the laconic reply.  
"Poh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion!" and taking the workman's swarth, he moved but a step when a swarm of the brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Ah!" shouted the other with a chuckle, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on, and are punished."  
The deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote scripture in a mowing field.

"Putting your foot in it," it seems, is a term of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to lands is practiced in Hindoostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyer on either side put one of their legs, and there remain until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In our country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

## Letter from South Carolina.

CAMP 55TH REGT. PA. VET. VOLTS., BEAUFORT, S. C., April 9.

A great number of the 55th hailing from the Mountain county, no doubt many of your readers will feel interested in the movements of the regiment. Company A, commanded by Capt. D. W. Fox, left Cresson on the morning of the 29th February, to report in Harrisburg. The regiment was there quartered in the cotton factory until March 12th, awaiting transportation. We took the cars on the evening of that day for New York, arriving there on the 13th about noon.—We were marched to the Washington House, where Col. White had engaged "the drinks" for the entire regiment, numbering about 1,000 men, after which we were marched up Broadway to the Park Barracks, where we remained until March 17th.

During our stay in New York, we had a fine opportunity of seeing the elephant and experiencing something of life in the Empire city. Your correspondent visited Barnum's Museum, and spent half a day in viewing and admiring the many curiosities, both natural and artificial, which it contains. The greatest natural curiosity is—Barnum himself. Everybody has heard of Barnum, and, on visiting his museum, feels a particular anxiety to see "the public's obedient servant," who has so effectually pulled the wool over the eyes of the people of this country, and humbugged the crowned heads of Europe.

Among other curiosities, I saw a lithograph of Barnum and the "Irish jittle-man" who politely yielded his "turn" in a barber shop to Phineas T., upon the latter promising to foot Pat's bill, which, on being liquidated, was found to amount to only \$1.60!

We remained in New York until March 17th. About 11 a. m. of that day, we received orders to embark at 2 p. m.—This being St. Patrick's day, it was a great festival with a portion of the citizens of New York, and we had ample time, before embarking, to witness most of the display incident to the occasion. Several large processions, consisting of various associations and societies, each headed by a band, passed our quarters on their way to City Hall, where orations were delivered by Richard O'Gorman and others. The green flag of Erin and the glorious old stars and stripes were to be seen floating side by side from almost every housetop, while every breeze wafted to our ears the familiar strains of "St. Patrick's Day," "Garryowen," &c., &c.

On the afternoon of the 17th, we went aboard the steamship "United States," and at 5 p. m. raised anchor and were on our way to the hot-bed of the rebellion—South Carolina. It being about the vernal equinox, our anticipations of a pleasant sea voyage were slightly frustrated. The ship was obliged to contend against a strong head wind and a heavy sea, which prolonged our voyage to six days, instead of three, the usual time required for a vessel to make the run to Hilton Head. Owing to the rolling of the vessel, almost every man on board was attacked with sea-sickness, and on looking around me, I was seriously impressed with the belief that "provisions was coming up!" Fortunately, your correspondent did not experience the least symptoms of internal uneasiness.

When about half way on our voyage, the wind blowing great guns, the waves dashing over the deck, and the ship rolling so that it was utterly impossible for even the sailors to stand upright, the terrifying cry of "fire!" was sounded from one end of the ship to the other. This, indeed, was a moment of frightful excitement! Volumes of smoke were seen issuing from the officers' room, where the fire originated. The officers and all the men who were able to get up immediately crowded on deck, ready to lay hold of anything that might be of avail in escaping should the fire fail to be subdued.—The crew, however, assisted by the soldiers, ultimately succeeded in extinguishing the flames. It is certainly terrifying to even contemplate a vessel on fire almost two hundred miles from land, in the midst of a rough sea! In such event, it is true there would be a choice of deaths—to burn or to drown,—and the individual in such dilemma could choose whatever horn his fancy might suggest. But—who wants to die either one way or the other nowadays!

On the 23d of March, we landed at Beaufort. We were met at the wharf by Gen. Rufus Saxton, who informed Col. White that his old camp was vacant, and at his command, on the 24th, eight companies went to Fort Duane, the old regimental camp ground.—Co. A to battery Taylor, and Co. B to battery Burnside.

There is nothing new in the department

in regard to active operations. A short time since, during the absence at home of the 55th, the rebels attempted to effect a landing at different points of the island, but found our pickets wide awake. They were handsomely repulsed, losing several in killed and prisoners. Since then they have discreetly refrained from making similar demonstrations.

The town of Beaufort is a most lovely and picturesque village, and bears ample evidence of the good taste of its former inhabitants in the neatness and beauty of its buildings and their immediate surroundings. The buildings are almost as if in a forest, so surrounded are they by shade trees and shrubbery. The island is considerably broken by marshes or swamps, but the tillable portion of it is very fertile, producing cotton, rice, corn, sweet potatoes, and all kinds of vegetation, in abundance. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of affairs, the peaceful vocations of life are not wholly neglected. Agricultural pursuits by the negroes, under the supervision of Government agents, are in a flourishing condition, and the results fully and satisfactorily develop the wisdom of such policy, looking both to the individual and national benefits derived therefrom.

Three newspapers are published in this department. There are also places of worship, where the religiously inclined of every denomination can seek salvation in temples dedicated to their own particular belief; while the lovers of amusement are agreeably entertained at the Union Theater. Our post office is doing a thriving business. For the quarter ending April 1, 347,765 letters and 19,799 papers were mailed from this point—of the letters 8,154 being free. The receipts therefrom was \$9,616. As many as 30,000 papers have arrived here from the North in one mail.

The health of the department is comparatively good, but few deaths being reported. The small pox prevails to some extent, but its victims are confined chiefly to the colored population. Thanks to the skill of our surgeons and admirable sanitary arrangements, but few cases have proved fatal.

A number of our officers are of Cambrian extraction, and their friends in their native country will be pleased to know that they all rank No. 1 in point of military excellence. Col. Dick White is too well and too favorably known to your readers to require any notice from my feeble pen. The best evidence of his popularity and his wide spread reputation as a commander is the rapid manner his regiment was filled up to 500 above the maximum of ordinary regiments, in the short space of one month. Capt. D. W. Fox, Quartermaster E. M. George, and Lieut. Jno. Lynch, three of the "Frosty sons of thunder," are officers of high military attainments, and take great pride in seeing to the interests of the mountain boys. Lieut. Hodge, of Co. A, hails from Blair county, I believe. He is a model officer, and has already given evidence that the confidence that has been reposed in him by virtue of his commission as an officer is not misplaced.

Yours,  
NESTOR.

**TWO ROGUES INSTEAD OF ONE.**—An amusing incident is related of a woman in England whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled up in bed as if very sick, and a lawyer was called to write the will. The shoemaker in a feeble voice bequeathed half of all the property to the widow. "What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man;" thus securing a rich bequest for himself! The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare expose the fraud.

The following letter was received by a gentleman of Poughkeepsie through the Sanitary Fair post-office in that place: "Sanitahara P. Offis.—Dear Sir: Enclosed please find Ten dollars—if you can. Very respectfully yours, Josh Billings." The \$10 had not been found at last accounts.

If you wish to relish your food, work for it; if you would enjoy your raiment thoroughly, pay for it before you put it on; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Why is a pig's tail like a carving-knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.