

The Alleghanian.

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

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

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1864.

NUMBER 33.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices. Bethel Station Carrolltown Chess Springs Cresson Ebensburg Fallen Timber Gallitzin Hemlock Johnstown Loretto Mineral Point Monaster Plattsville Roseland St. Augustine Scalp Level Sonman Summit Wilmore	Post Masters. Enoch Reese Joseph Bebe Henry Nutter A. G. Crooks J. Houston John Thompson Asa H. Fiske J. M. Christy Wm. Tiley, Jr. I. E. Chandler M. Adesberger E. Wissinger A. Daxbin Andrew J. Ferral G. W. Bowman Stan. Wharton George Berkeley B. M. Colgan B. F. Slick William M. Connell Morris Keil,	Districts. Blacklick Carroll Chest. Taylor Washint'n Ebensburg White Gallitzin Wash'tn. Johnstown Loretto Conem'gh. Monster Susq'haan Clearfield Wash'tn. Croyle Wash'tn.
--	---	--

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 7 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEMMON, Pastor in charge.—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 Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Wesley 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 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, P. M. Prayer 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 JENKINS, 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 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	8.43 A. M.
" Fast Line	9.50 P. M.
" Philadelphia 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.	10.39 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Baily, Henry C. Devine.
Prosecutor—Joseph M. Donald.
Register and Recorder—James Griffin.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—Peter J. Little, Jao. Campbell, Edward Glass.
Treasurer—Isaac Wilke.
Poor House Directors—George M'Cullough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.
Assessors—George C. K. Zahn.
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.
Clerk—James Shannon.
Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.
Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justice 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.
East Ward.
Constable—Thomas J. Davis.
Town 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.
Town Council—John Dougherty, George C. Zahn, Isaac Crawford, Francis A. Shoenaker, James E. Todd.
Inspectors—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.
Judge of Election—Michael Hanson.
Assessor—James Murray.
Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Daniel C. Zahn.

GROWLER'S INCOME TAX.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

My neighbor Growler, an excitable man by the way, was particularly excited over his "Income Tax," or, as he called it, his "War Tax." He had never liked this war—thought it unnecessary and wicked; the work of politicians. This fighting of brother against brother was a terrible thing in his eyes. If you asked him who began this war? who struck at the nation's life? if self defence were not a duty?—he would reply with vague generalities, made up of partisan tricky sentences, which he had learned without comprehending their just significance.

Growler came in upon me the other day flourishing a square piece of blue writing paper, quite moved from his equanimity.

"There it is! Just so much robbery! Stand and deliver, is the word. Pistols and bayonets! Your money or your life!"

I took the piece of paper from his hand and read:

"PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1863.
"RICHARD GROWLER, Esq.,
"Dr. to JOHN M. RILEY,
"Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fourth District of Pennsylvania. Office, 427 Chestnut Street.
"For Tax on Income, for the year 1862, as per return made to the Assessor of the District, \$43 21
"Received payment,
"JOHN M. RILEY, Col.
"You're all right," I said smiling.
"I'd like to know what you mean by all right!" Growler was just a little offended at my way of treating this very serious matter—serious in his eyes, I mean. I've been robbed of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents," he continued. "Do you say that it is all right? A minion of the Government has put his hand into my pocket and taken just so much of my property. Is that all right?"

"The same thing may be set forth in different language," I replied. "Let me state the case."
"Very well—state it!" Growler, dumping himself into a chair, looked as ill-humored as possible.
"Instead of being robbed," said I, "you have been protected in your property and person, and guaranteed all the high privileges of citizenship, for the paltry sum of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents as your share of the cost of protection."
"Oh, that's only your way of putting the case," retorted Growler, dropping a little from his high tone of indignation. "Let me be more particular in my way of putting the case. Your income is from the rent of property?"

"What would it have cost you to defend that property from the army of Gen. Lee, recently driven from our State by national soldiers?"
"Cost me!" Growler looked at me in a kind of maze, as though he thought me half in jest.
"Exactly! What would it have cost you? Lee, if unopposed, would certainly have reached this city, and held it; and if your property had been of use to him, or any of his officers or his soldiers, it would have been appropriated without as much as saying—by your leave, sir? Would forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents have covered the damage? Perhaps not; possibly, you might have lost one-half to two-thirds of all you are worth."

Growler was a trifle bewildered at this way of putting the case. He looked puzzled.
"You have a store on South wharves?" said I.
"Yes."
"What has kept the Alabama or the Florida from running up the Delaware and burning the whole city front? Do you have forts and ships of war for the protection of your property? If not, you provides them? They are provided, and you are safe. What is your share of the expense for a whole year? Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents! It sounds like a jest!"

Growler did not answer. So I kept on.
"But for our immense armies in the field, and navy on the water, this rebellion would have succeeded. What then?—Have you ever pondered the future of this country in such an event? Have you thought of your own position? of the loss or gain to yourself? How long do you think we would be at peace with England or France, if the nation were dismembered, and a hostile Confederation established on our Southern border?—Would our war taxes be less than now? Would life and property be more secure? Have not you an interest in our great army and navy, as well as every other member of the Union? Does not your safety as well as mine lie in their existence? Are they not, at this very time, the conservators of everything we

hold dear as men and citizens? Who equips and pays this army? Who builds and furnishes these ships? Where does the enormous sum of money required come from? It is the nation's work—the people aggregated into power and munificence, and so irresistible in might—unconquerable. Have you no heartwells of pride in this magnificent exhibition of will and strength? No part in the nation's glory? No eager hand helping to stretch forth?"

Growler was silent still.
"There was no power in you or me to check the wave of destruction that was launched by parrioidal hands against us. If unresisted, by the nation, as an aggregate power, it would have swept desolation over the whole land. Traitors in our midst, and traitors moving in arms against us, would have united to destroy our beautiful fabric of civil liberty. The government which dealt with all good citizens so kindly and gently, that not one in a thousand felt its touch beyond the weight of a feather, would have been subverted; and who can tell under what iron rule we might have fallen for a time, or how many years of bloody strife would have elapsed before that civil liberty which insures the greatest good to the greatest number would have been again established? But the wave of destruction was hurled back upon the enemies who sought our ruin. We yet dwell in safety. Your property is secure. You still gather your annual income, protected in all your rights and privileges by the national arm. And what does the nation assess to you as your share in the cost of this security?—Half your property? No—not a farthing of that property! Only a small percentage of the income from that property! Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents!! Pardon me for saying it, friend Growler, but I am more than half ashamed of you."

"And seeing the way you put the case, I am more than half ashamed of myself," he answered frankly. "Why, taking your view, this is about the cheapest investment I ever made."
"You certainly got more for your money than in any other line of expenditure. Yesterday I had a letter from an old friend living in the neighborhood of Carlisle. The rebels took from him six fine horses, worth two hundred dollars a piece; six cows and oxen; and over two hundred bushels of grain. And not content with plundering him, they burnt down a barn, which cost him nearly two thousand dollars. But for the army raised and equipped by the nation, in support of which you and I are taxed so lightly, we might have suffered as severely. How much do you think it cost in money for the protection we have enjoyed in this particular instance?"

"A million of dollars, perhaps."
"Nearer ten millions of dollars. From the time our army left the Rappahannock, until the battle of Gettysburg, its cost to the government could scarcely have been less than the sum I have mentioned. Of this sum, your proportion cannot be over three or four dollars; and for that trifle, your property, may be your life, was held secure."
"No more of that, if you please," said Growler, showing some annoyance. "You are running this thing into the ground. I own up, square. I was quarrelling with my best friend. I was striking at the hand that gave me protection. If my war tax next year should be a hundred dollars instead of forty-three, I will pay it without a murmur."

"Don't say without a murmur, friend Growler."
"What then?"
"Say gladly, as a means of safety."
"Put it as you will," he answered, folding up Collector Riley's receipt, which he still held in his hand, and bowing himself out.

Not many days afterwards, I happened to hear some one grumbling in my neighbor's presence about his income tax. Growler scarcely waited to hear him through. My lesson was improved in his hands. In significant phrase, he "pitched into" the offender, and read him a lesson so much stronger than mine, that I felt myself thrown quite into the shade.

"You have been assessed fifty-eight dollars," he said, in his excited way, "fifty-eight dollars! One would think, from the noise you make about it, that you had been robbed of half you were worth. Fifty-eight dollars for the security at home and protection abroad! Fifty-eight dollars as your share in the cost of defence against an enemy that, if unopposed, will desolate our homes and destroy our government? Already it has cost the nation for your safety and mine over a thousand millions of dollars; and you are angry because it asks for your little part of the expense. Sir, you are not worthy the name of an American citizen!"

"That's hard talk, Growler, and I won't bear it!" said the other.
"It's true talk, and you'll have to bear it!" was retorted. "Fretting over the mean little sum of fifty-eight dollars!—Why sir, I know a man who has given his right arm in the cause; and another who has given his right leg. Do they grumble? No, sir! I never heard a word of complaint from their lips. Thousands and tens of thousands have given their lives, that you and I might dwell in safety. I know mothers who have given their sons, and wives who have given their husbands—sons and husbands who will never more return! They are with the dead. Sir, you are dishonoring yourself in the eyes of all men. A grumbler over this war tax—for shame!"

I turned off, saying, in my thought, "So much good done! My reclaimed sinner hath become a preacher of righteousness."
Sword Presentation.
HEAD-QRS. 11TH REGT. PA. RESERVES, April 26, 1864.

Correspondence of The Alleghanian.
I send you the proceedings of a sword presentation occurring in this regiment on the 25th inst. The recipient of the gift was our beloved Colonel, and the donors the members of the regiment. It was a beautiful evening, warm and pleasant, and just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, the regiment was assembled in a hollow square, the sword, with sash, belt and spurs, placed on a table in the centre. The presentation speech was delivered by one of our bravest Captains, Wm. H. Timblin, and was as follows:

"Col. Jackson—It is enjoined on me to present to you, in behalf of the officers and men of your regiment, the tokens they have procured to indicate their esteem for you as a commander. You will bear with me while I briefly review some of the more important events of the past three years. When this regiment was organized, at Camp Wright, Pa., and we had the privilege of choosing our officers, you were chosen to fill the position of Major. Although a stranger to a majority of the men, they were yet willing to trust you as one of our field officers. Afterward, when a vacancy occurred in the Lt.-Colonelcy, and we still had the privilege of electing our officers, by unanimous consent of the men you were chosen to fill the vacancy. This proved that you had lost none of the confidence of the men, but, on the contrary, that their regard for you was deep seated and abiding as ever. Again, when by reason of a wound received at South Mountain our gallant Col. Gallagher was compelled to quit the service, and it became your right to attain to the Colonelcy, although we did not then enjoy the privilege of voting for you, not a dissenting voice was heard in the regiment.

"When it was proposed to purchase these tokens, the alacrity with which the means were raised proved again that you had completely won the hearts of the men by your generous and manly bearing toward them on all occasions. In our weary marchings, lightings, and privations, for the perpetuation of the Government, you have been with us. At the bloody battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Hill, Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Mine Run, your example and command urged us on to deeds of noble daring. On the march through Maryland and Pennsylvania, and thence to Mine Run, your sympathy for us in privation won your feelings of regard which men feel only toward a gallant commander.

"Would that those whose graves are in Virginia soil—those who gave up their lives for their country in Maryland and Pennsylvania—those who died of disease incurred in their country's service—those who are maimed by wounds or disabled by disease—were here to unite with us in this presentation! But, no; the gallant dead who sleep beneath the sod cannot be recalled to life, and the disabled living are too far from us to participate in this heartfelt tribute to you.

"A bright halo of glory hovers around the graves of our fallen companions, to cheer and encourage us in the good work of contending for the right. And may the God of battles help us to fight the remaining battles of our country successfully, that when peace is restored we may enjoy it in the pleasing assurance of having done our duty."
"Here, Colonel, are the tokens of our regard, consisting of sword, sash, belt and spurs. We do not give them by reason of any pecuniary value attaching to them, but to strengthen the assurance of the past that between you and your men the strongest cords of affection are drawn.—Accept them, Colonel, and use them as you may think best while in the service of our common country; and when you

return to your loved ones at home, they shall constitute a memento for you and yours."

Col. Jackson received the gift in his usual quiet, unassuming manner, and in a clear voice replied as follows:
"Capt. Timblin—Allow me to thank you, and with you the officers and men of the 11th Pa. Reserves, for this unmerited token of your respect. I would be dead to gratitude, indeed, were I to receive, without returning my most sincere thanks, such a beautiful and valuable testimonial as this, and that, too, coming from such worthy donors as the officers and men of the 11th Pa. Reserves. I am not aware that any act or acts of mine should call forth from you such a tribute as this. I have required of you vigilance, punctuality, and faithfulness in the discharge of your duties, and with these requirements you have uniformly complied. I could ask no more, and could not with propriety have demanded less. But I accept this, fellow soldiers, not that I have merited the honor at your hands, but because I recognize in it another symptom of your devotion to that glorious cause in which you have been so manfully struggling.

"It is well nigh three years since you and I first met in the character of soldiers. You were then pleased to place me in a position of honor and authority among you. For this, allow me here to thank you. But have you not since then given me ten thousand more and greater reasons for my thanks! You have been to me more than I could have expected, yea, more than I deserved. You have stood by me and with me where none but hearts of steel could stand, and have cheerfully and willingly obeyed my harshest mandate.—I am proud here to say, (and that at the risk of being considered egotistic,) that no regiment in the Federal service has made a brighter record than that borne by the 11th Pa. Reserves. You showed forth to the world around you, when you first entered the service of your country, that patriotism was your chief, your highest motive—but not that patriotism which needed appeals, or waited for the stimulant of bounties. It was enough for you to know that your country was imperiled. The roar of the first rebel cannon reverberating across our peaceful hills had hardly died away when you sprang to arms, and, hastening across the Alleghenies, placed your own brave breasts a bulwark of strength to stay the tide of rebellion, which then surged against the very base of our country's capital. And since then, whether amid the smoke and tumult of battle, or in the dolorous dens of the rebel prison, you have ever proved true to your country's trust.

"I must not upon this occasion forget to make honorable mention of our gallant dead, those fallen martyrs, whose bleaching bones now whiten the plains of the treacherous South. The gallant Nesbit, the noble Stewart, the brave and determined Lewis, the gentlemanly Krister, the heroic Brady, together with a hundred more as worthy of mention, have all sealed their devotion to their country by pouring forth their life-blood. Their names stand high on the roll of freedom's martyrs, and the blessings of posterity will shed an eternal halo around their memories. 'May the sweetest and softest sunshine of all God's heavens linger where their poor bones are mouldering into dust.'

"I trust the dawn of peace is near approaching, and that ere long it will break with all its God-like effulgence upon our distracted land. Then will our glorious old banner float triumphant and unmoored from Maine to Oregon, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; and then, fellow soldiers, will I place this precious gift among the chief relics of my life, and ever prize it highest of all my earthly stores.

"Again, fellow soldiers of the 11th regiment, accept my grateful and most heartfelt thanks."
After he had concluded, he was given three rousing cheers, when the regiment adjourned to their quarters, satisfied that their gift could not have been bestowed upon a more worthy object.

Col. Jackson hails from Armstrong—that county has just cause to feel proud of him.
T. D.

A Newburyport sugar merchant heard, a few days since, that sugar had gone up two cents, and telling no one what he was going to do, immediately rushed off and bought the whole stock of another merchant at 21 cents. He was so delighted with the operation that he treated the clerks all around on his return, and then learned that a man as clever as himself had bought all his stock at 20 cents while he was away!

Prize riddle—When do chickens cross the road? Ans.—When they want to get to the other side.

Educational Department.

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

OUR SCHOOL BUILDINGS.—In continuation of our article of last week, we propose to discuss some of the requisites necessary to constitute a good county school house. Many buildings now in progress of construction, and others that have been recently built, are sadly deficient in ventilation; while numbers of those of an older date are not fit to be occupied because of the same defect. In the erection of most school houses, the windows are relied on to afford the occupants a sufficient amount of pure air. This they will afford during certain portions of the year, but at other times, they are utterly inadequate. During cold weather, the upper sash of a window can be lowered only at the risk of colds and fevers. If the room is moderately warm, and all the windows closed, and there should be no means of ventilation, but a short time will elapse until the respiration of from thirty to sixty persons will make the air of the room unfit to be breathed. Yet all this can be easily and cheaply remedied by having one or two ventilators placed in the room.

Next we will speak of the size and character of the building. We seldom enter a school building that has sufficient accommodations for the scholars. A school room should not be a great barn of a place, yet it ought to have space enough to allow the operations of the school to be carried on with ease and without any crowding in the movements of the pupils. A poor disciplinarian will not keep good order under the most favorable circumstances, but where there is not sufficient space to allow free and easy movement to and from the classes and the various portions of the room, it is very hard for any one to prevent confusion. A pernicious trick in the erection of many buildings is the old fashioned long benches intended to seat from six to sixteen or twenty persons. No more than two scholars should sit together. The desks should be placed in rows, or divisions, and the aisles between them should be at least three feet in width. Not one school room in a dozen has proper arrangements for classes at recitation. Every school room should be provided with a recitation bench with a back to it, the bench being so placed as to not obstruct ingress or egress. In many of our county (and indeed of our town) school houses, the ceilings are low, the rooms small, and the walls poorly plastered, or perhaps not plastered at all, and destitute of anything to enliven their appearance. No school room should be without blinds. They not only add much to the appearance of a room, but are an actual necessity. It borders on the cruel to have scholars sit through a summer's day with a merciless sun sending his rays on them.

Come with me to two different schools. In the first one the pupils are huddled on long benches in a room twenty by twenty-four feet; the ceiling is low, (say eight feet); the walls are rough, uncoated, and bare of all ornament; the windows have no blinds; and to crown all there are no means of ventilation, and the air is very impure. The teacher and the scholars yawn; the teacher is tired of the place and so are the scholars; and when evening comes both are rejoicing. Why? Impure air deadens the spirit and gives headache, and the headache makes one cross. There is no beauty, no attraction, and why should childhood wish to be cooped up in such a place? Now, come to another school where there is good, fresh air, plenty of room, good accommodations, and some taste and beauty displayed in and about the building. Why, there is but little headache displayed here.—The scholars, too, are cheerful, and so is the teacher. Yes, the scholars feel at home, and contented, and that is the secret.

The softer the head, the harder the work of driving anything into it.