

The Alleghenian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1864.

NUMBER 34.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Post Offices. Post Masters. Districts.
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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEM-WAS, Pastor.—Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.
Wesleyan—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, P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.
Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " at 11 1/2 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.
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. " 10.39 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.
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Sheriff—John Buck.
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Treasurer—Isaac Wike.
Poor House Directors—George M'Callough, George DeLong, Lewis Rutledge.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Auditors—William J. Williams, George C. Zahm, 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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Sergeant—A. A. Barker.
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EAST WARD.
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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. Zahm, 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 Barnes, Daniel C. Zahm.

ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL MAN.

Harry Gordon Singleton made his debut into the world on Friday. We deem this fact worth chronicling, since it was an event of some importance to our hero, and because we hope to show unbelievers that the old say about the unluckiness of Friday is correct. From his very birth, Harry was stigmatized. He was an exceedingly pretty babe, fair complexion, blue eyed, brown haired, plump and rosy; but he was endowed with a heritage far worse than a hump back, a club foot, or a squint eye—he was bashful! When the ladies came to look at him in his cradle, and to call him little beauty—the express image of his pa, the little "sweet" would invariably put his fist into his mouth and hide his interesting face in his pillow.
Mrs. Singleton—a fair faced, handsome woman—regretted very greatly this unfortunate trait in the temperament of her beloved first born, and used every endeavor to break him of it, but without success; and Harry grew up to youth the most bashful and retiring of human beings.—He was also singularly unlucky. No child ever received so many thumps and bumps since the fall of Adam; his forehead was a populous archipelago of blue, yellow and black bruises, in various stages of coloring.
When there was company at the house, Harry generally retired to an unoccupied room in the attic, where having ensconced himself in the bed which stood there, he passed the day reading some old novel or book of history, picked out of the great chest in the garret used for the repository of rubbish; by way of variation, he sometimes took refuge in the barn, and snugly hidden on the hay mow, spent the time in silent meditation on his unfortunate destiny. He would walk a mile around through the fields to avoid meeting a young lady; and when in the street if he heard the sound of wheels, he would leap over the wall or fence and lie prone on the ground until the vehicle had passed by.
As he grew older, he lost none of his peculiarities, and before he was sixteen years of age, his mother's chief difficulty was the fear that he would live an old bachelor. Hundreds of silver dollars could not have induced him to speak to a girl of his age, and his father was obliged to forego his purpose of sending him to the Whitestone Academy, and have him educated at the boys' school.
But notwithstanding Harry's excessive bashfulness, he grew up to be a fine fellow, brave, generous and handsome, and there was not a girl in town but would have felt herself honored by his presence. Harry, however, stood aloof from all the female sex, and as a natural consequence, he was the subject of numberless practical jokes and the hapless occasion of continual giggling among the gay girls at singing school.
When Harry was nineteen, Rosalie Waters came to Whitestown to pass some time with her Aunt, Mrs. Judge Flanders. Rosalie was a pretty eyed, mischievous fairy of seventeen, and if the truth must be confessed, she took quite a liking to Harry Singleton; but of course she was too much of a coquette to allow Harry to guess it. He, on his part, thought himself dead in love, though he dared not raise his eyes to the peerless face of his guiding star. For whole days he racked his brain, planning how he should address her, but without deciding upon anything definite. One night at a singing school a bold idea flashed across his brain; its every boldness made it seem practicable. He would offer to escort Rosalie home!
It was an audacious act, and Harry trembled in every limb at the thought of it; a cold perspiration started out of every pore; his hair nearly stood erect, and his face flushed hot as the bosom of Vesuvius. He attempted to sing, but his fine tenor voice broke down; he coughed, hemmed, flourished his handkerchief, and was at last obliged to sit down in despair.
The exercises of the evening closed.—Harry seized his hat and rushed to the entry, where he took his station in full view of the door through which Rosalie would emerge. Her crimson hood appeared in the doorway, and his teeth chattered in his head, but his resolution was unshaken. He made a sortie in her direction, knocking over little James Brown, the barber, and fearfully mutilating the new calash of Miss Winn, the milliner, in the act; but these were minor affairs, and not worthy of his notice. He touched the shoulder of Rosalie.
"May I—may I—go home with you tonight—this evening?" stammered he.
She put her little hand within his arm and they went out together into the starlight. Harry seemed to tread on air.—This world was this world no longer, but the charmed paradise of impossibility, and

he dared not speak lest he should break the spell.

The little lady too was strangely silent, and the entire distance to the house of Judge Flanders was passed without a word.
At the door Harry would have bidden his companion good night, but she retained his hand and drew him into the parlor; and there the light of the chandelier fell full on the face of the laughing woman, and with dread dismay Harry saw that not Rosalie, but Mrs. Judge Flanders herself stood before him! He had waited on the aunt and not the niece. Uttering an exclamation, he was about to retire, but Mrs. Flanders good humoredly detained him.
"O, don't go," she said kindly, "you really did bravely. I am proud of you; I knew from the first that you had made a mistake, but was fearful you would never try again if I denied you escort. Rosalie will be in soon; wait for her."
"Indeed, ma'am—I—should be happy to—not to—in fact, ma'am, I believe I am wanted to home."

Starting for the door backwards, instead of choosing that by which he had entered, he bolted out into the dark kitchen and seized the handle of the first door that offered. Mrs. Flanders was following close, but before she could utter a single word, his "good night" was succeeded immediately by a series of thumps and rumblings in the direction of the cellar.
The truth burst upon her at once, that he had taken the cellar door and fallen down stairs! She seized a light and flew down the steps. There he lay, with his head in a trough of ashes and his feet unromantically elevated over the shelf of a neighboring cupboard. He was considerably bruised and stunned, but not otherwise injured. Mrs. Flanders would have raised him up, but he anticipated her, and without stopping to shake himself, bounded up stairs and made a dive for the outer door, the ashes streaming out behind him like a cloud of gray smoke.
The door was opened from without, and Rosalie herself appeared. At sight of hatless, smoking Harry, she uttered a loud shriek and fell fainting to the floor, while our hero dashed over her prostrate form and took the track for home at a speed unequalled in the annals of foot races.—Breathless and used up generally, the young man reached home, crawled in at a back window and retired to his bed, which he kept for three days afterwards.

In spite of all apologies and flattering courtesies from Mrs. Flanders—in spite of gentle, affectionate advances from Rosalie herself, Harry Singleton could never be tempted to step inside the mansion of the Judge; and Rosalie, after waiting two years for Harry to make himself agreeable to her, gave up the vain hope and became the wife of a substantial widower with four children, which was quite a good beginning.
Harry went on his way alone, as his mother had feared and prophesied, and the exemplary little woman set about learning him to repair stockings and replace buttons with commendable patience; he had studied for the law, had been two years admitted to the bar, and was a talented and rising young man.—Being also wealthy and handsome, half the ladies in the village were in love with him; but he gave them a wide berth and passed them by.
Mr. Singleton dabbled somewhat in politics, and at the early age of thirty was elected member of Congress. In celebration of this event, a grand supper in his honor was given at the Whitestown Hotel. Of course, the successful candidate must be present, and etiquette demanded that he should bring a lady with him. The committee of arrangements waited upon him to inform him of the fact, and it may be well believed the communication filled him with horror. He begged of the gentlemen to provide him a partner, if he must have one, stipulating only that the lady should not be a young lady. In due course of time he was informed that he was to attend Mrs. Grubbins, the wealthiest as well as the tallest and fattest woman in the whole county.
The eventual evening arrived. Mr. Singleton took Mrs. Grubbins to the hotel in a chaise. The lady was magnificently attired in a double skirted tarleton, with ribbons, feathers, and fearfully extended crinoline.
Poor fellow! The thought of escorting that giantess into a room filled with people made him perspire like one under the influence of a powerful dose of ipecacuanha. But he was in for it, and must get out the way he could. Mrs. Grubbins, proud and triumphant, preceded him, breaking the passage, and compelling lesser people to yield the ground. Just as she arrived on the threshold of the

banqueting hall, she dropped her fan; and just at that moment the audience, perceiving the gentleman in the background, proposed "three cheers for Hon. Mr. Singleton!"
Stopping to reclaim the fan, when the enthusiastic multitude looked for their champion he was nowhere visible. Cries circulated around the room, loud and vehement—
"Mr Singleton! Mr. Singleton! where is Mr. Singleton?"
Directly Mr. Singleton, looking very hot and very much confused, appeared from under the upper skirt of Mrs. Grubbins' dress—that lady having completely submerged the honorable gentleman in the folds of her drapery! Gentlemen smiled in their sleeves, and ladies giggled behind their handkerchiefs. Mrs. Grubbins looked more regal than ever, and Mr. Singleton leaned against a pillar for support.
The announcement of dinner was a great relief. Judge Flanders presided; Mrs. Grubbins occupied the seat at Mr. Singleton's right; Miss Flambeau sat at his left, and Lucy Deane, the village belle, was his vis-a-vis.

Our hero's position was exceedingly embarrassing to one of his peculiar temperament. He dared not refuse anything that was offered him, lest some one should look at him, and the consequence was his plate soon literally groaned beneath its weight of edibles. Tomato sauce, his especial horror, passed around; a preserve plateful was allotted to him, from which he attempted to swallow, but the substance only stuck fast in his throat—it choked and sickened him, and set him coughing violently.
"You have taken a severe cold, I presume," remarked Miss Flambeau.
"Yes, madam, thank you, I have," returned Singleton, trembling on the verge of another sneeze.
"Why don't you eat your tomatoes?" queried Mrs. Grubbins. "My poor dead and gone Daniel used to say there was nothing in the whole vegetable empire equal to the tomato."
"No doubt, madam, they are very fine," and Singleton essayed a second spoonful. The second dose had well nigh been too much for him, and with desperate resolve he watched until the whole company were engaged in drinking a toast, when he tilted the preserve dish and allowed its contents to run into his napkin, which he promptly whipped into his pocket, and immediately felt easier. A moment after, Judge Flanders proposed a sentiment—
"Mr. Singleton: may he always retain the title of 'honorable,' but may he soon resign his seat to be called 'single.' It is not good for man to be alone."

The sentiment was drunk with applause. Singleton, blushing red at the insinuation conveyed by the words of the Judge, thrust his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief, but instead of that useful article he drew forth the napkin, tomato and all. Mopping his forehead vigorously with it; the luscious vegetable formed an unctuous poultice thereon, completely transfiguring his countenance. Blinded with the juice, and half dead with mortification, he thrust the napkin back into his pocket and secured the handkerchief, while the astonished company beheld him in silent amazement.
"Does your nose bleed, sir?" inquired Mrs. Grubbins, quite audibly.
"What in goodness is the matter?" screamed Judge Flanders.
"Ahem! only a slight cold, thank you, sir," stammered Mr. Singleton.
"A cold is it!" exclaimed Mr. O'Toole, the Irish orator; "faith, now, an' yer honor's nose must be arter turning yer self inside out, then!"
Lucy Dean was laughing; Flambeau was horrified; Mrs. Grubbins looked shocked; our friend Singleton was nearly suffocating with shame. Leaning back in his chair to recover his breath, and as soon as he could speak, he begged to be excused a moment as he did not feel quite well. And forthwith he arose and made for the door—but horror of horrors!—he had sat on the pocket containing the napkin of tomatoes, and his white pantaloons were dripping red with the sanguinary vegetable!

A simultaneous shriek burst from all assembled.
"Good gracious, Mr. Singleton is wounded! Murder! Murder! Call a physician! Seize the murderer! Send for Dr. Spillpowder! Quick—he'll bleed to death! Murder! Murder!"
The infuriated audience rushed hither and thither, and some one encountering John, the waiter, with a carving knife in his hand, took him for the perpetrator of the crime and seized upon him without delay. John struggled and swore, and laid about him with right good will, but he was overpowered by numbers and at

last obliged to yield. There was a regular fight, and black eyes, and swelled noses, added largely to the beauty of the scene. The ladies fled to the ante-room; Judge Flanders ran for a surgeon, and during the melee Singleton made his escape. No grass grew beneath his feet as he sped for home, but the night being dark, and he being slightly flustered, he unfortunately mistook the house, and entered, not his own residence, but that of a correct old spinster named Mary Willis. The houses were somewhat similar, and Singleton, without pausing for a light, rushed up stairs and into his own chamber, as he thought, where breathless and exhausted he flung himself upon the bed.
Mary had retired some time previous, and the sudden advent of Mr. Singleton aroused her from a sound slumber.—Springing from the bed, regardless of the fact that her teeth were out and her "natural" curls reposing in the bureau-drawer, she fled to the house of her nearest neighbors, and securing assistance returned to meet the horrified Singleton just emerging from the door.
Poor Singleton tried to explain, but Miss Willis would listen to nothing; her reputation was ruined she said, and Singleton must either settle or marry her!—A fifty dollar bill was given freely; mending the broken character and learning Singleton never to go to bed in the dark.

The affair at the Whitestown Hotel was a rather serious one. The orator O'Toole had his nose broken, Dr. Spillpowder broke his horse's wind to get there before he should bleed to death; John, the waiter, broke the heads of half a dozen gentlemen who assisted in his capture; and Judge Flanders broke all the buttons off his waistbands running after the surgeon and shouting murder.
Mr. Singleton is yet unmarried.

Gen. Grant.

A correspondent with the Army of the Potomac writes as follows of the Lieutenant General of our armies:—
"General Grant messes with his staff, and at his table sits familiarly every member of his military family. There is not the slightest attempt at show or parade in the furniture and equipage—everything is for use and economy of time and space. The crockery is scanty and of the plainest, and the fare, though sufficient in quantity, is just as homely and thrifty as that of the common soldier. A chop with a cup of coffee for breakfast; a bit of roast beef with potatoes and 'hard tack,' confronting a dish of pork and 'greens,' serves for the five o'clock dinner; and a cup of tea with bread and butter at half-past eight o'clock finishes up the day. The beds are simply camp cots, some with and others without mattresses, and all the toilet apparatus anywhere visible are a few tin wash-basins, a moderate supply of towels, a bit of looking-glass, and a horn comb. At the table neither distilled liquors nor wine is permitted.
"General Grant never swears. No man in his camp has ever heard him give utterance to profanity in any of its forms. He rarely laughs, either; but he has a sort of grim humor which is not without its effect. It is related as a part of the gossip of the front, that an officer attached to the Quartermaster's Department of his army waited one wet day to consult with the General-in-Chief. He is a believer in the old regime, and practised what, under M'Clellan, he was taught.—He had half-a-dozen miles to go, more or less, so he ordered out his close carriage, and as it was likely that night would come before he could return, the lamps were trimmed and hung out on each side of the driver's seat. Then, with an escort of twelve dragoons, he started, happy, no doubt, in the belief that he was proof against the descending rain. Approaching Culpeper, he met an ordinary-looking man on horseback, attended only by an orderly.
"As he passed, he recognized the Lieutenant-General, who, in spite of the rain, was making his usual round, in his usual modest way. To descend from his carriage and salute his chief was but the work of a moment; but Grant, irritated by the style and pretension of his officer, was in no hurry to see him gain the shelter of his carriage roof again. "Walk along with me a little," said the General, "I want to talk with you." With polished boots and unexceptional kids, Mr. Quartermaster did as he was bidden; and with a touch of that grimness to which I have referred, the General led him through the muddiest part of the road, and did not release him till he was wet to the skin—as wet as the General himself. He was then dismissed with an admonition that will be remembered, though it was interlarded with no oaths."

"Thirty-Seven."

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.
Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to Heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
And we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to Heaven.
Oh, 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fife, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.
Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.
For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup,
As we toasted "Our flag and land!"
And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and
The dead
Who had made us thirty-seven!

REMARKABLE PREDICTION BY DOUGLAS.

—Mr. Arnold of Illinois made a speech in the House of Representatives on Saturday last, from which we quote the following:
"Here I will pause a moment to state a most remarkable prediction made by Douglas in January, 1861. The statement is furnished to me by Gen. C. B. Stewart, a gentleman of the highest respectability. Douglas was asked by Gen. Stewart, (who was making a New Year's call on Mr. Douglas,) 'What will be the result of the efforts of Jefferson Davis and his associates, to divide the Union?' Douglas replied, 'The Cotton States are making an effort to draw in the border States to their schemes of secession, and I am too fearful they will succeed. If they do succeed, there will be the most terrible civil war the world has ever seen, lasting for years. Virginia will become a charnel-house; but the end will be the triumph of the Union cause.
"One of their first efforts will be to take possession of the capital, to give them prestige abroad, but they will never take it. The North will rise en masse to defend it; but it will become a city of hospitals; the churches will be used for the sick and wounded; and even this house and the Minnesota block (now the Douglas Hospital) may be devoted to that purpose before the end of the war." Gen. Stewart inquired: "What justification is there for this?" Douglas replied: "There is no justification, nor any pretence of any. I will go as far as the Constitution will permit to maintain their just rights, and I do not doubt but a majority of Congress will do the same. But," said he, rising on his feet and extending his arm, "If the Southern States secede from this Union without further cause, I am in favor of their having just as much slave territory as they can hold at the point of the bayonet, and no more."

Glancing at some of the amenities of war, Mr. Sala, in his correspondence with the London Telegraph, says: "I was told recently of a Northern cavalry officer who for months was opposed to the renowned Confederate sabreur—the Murat of the South—Fitzhugh Lee. The two gallant foemen fought each other like a couple of wild cats; but they were out of the fight, always on the friendliest of terms. Both happened to be gentlemen, school-fellows, classmates, West Point men, who had puzzled their heads over the same mathematical problem and smoked the same prohibited tobacco. They could find time in the intervals of fighting to keep up a jocular correspondence.—Thus the Confederate would write to the Federal, 'clear out; you've no right in this part of the country, anyhow. Send me a bag of coffee.' To which—having sent the coffee—the Federal would reply, a few days later, 'I played the deuce with you on Thursday, and mean to finish you up next week. Old rye is scarce. Could you manage to let me have a few bottles?' And the old rye, or in default thereof, Bourbon, was punctually sent.
Mrs. Tom Thumb, it is whispered, will soon be "as well as could be expected under the circumstances."