

The Alleghanian.

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

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1864.

NUMBER 38.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown	Joseph Behr,	Carroll.
Cress Springs	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Coneaugh	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson	John Thompson,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg	Asa H. Fiske,	Ebensburg.
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Johnstown	M. Adlesberger,	Johnst'wn.
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CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEMMON, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Which Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening at 6 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 morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily,	at 11½ 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, Strongs- town, Pa., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebenburg on Friday of each week, at 8 o'clock, A. M.

The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, Pa., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebenburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.

West-Balt. Express leaves at	8:18 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:11 P. M.
" Phila. Express " "	9:02 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	7:08 P. M.
" Emigrant Train " "	3:15 P. M.
East-Through Express " "	8:38 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	12:36 A. M.
" Fast Mail " "	7:08 A. M.
" Through Accom. " "	10:39 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

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

Poor House Directors—George M'Cullough, 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—William Flattery.

Narcotics Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.

Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Eison Kinkead.

Wardens—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 C. 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. Shoemaker, James S. Todd.

Inspectors—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.

Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.

Assessor—James Murray.

Assistant Assessors—William Barres, Dan-iel C. Zahn.

Select Poetry.

June is Here.

June, fair noontide of the year,
Joy is in thy atmosphere,
Flowers and fruit, together born,
Pour from thy prolific horn:
Perfume, beauty, light, and song
To thy golden reign belong—
June is here!

Strawberries in the field are seen,
Blushing 'neath their leafy screen;
Ripening cherries in the lane,
And this planet's landscapes cold
And in yonder meadow, hark!
Sings the yellow-breasted lark—
June is here!

With their blushing burden droop
Rose-briers by the cottage stoop;
Honeysuckles spice the air,
Blooms are opening everywhere,
Round whose nectar-cups the bee
Pours his maudlin melody—
June is here!

Stars, bright isles of heaven's blue sea,
Ye may homes of angels be,
And this planet's landscapes cold
To the scenery ye unfold,
Yet this world to mortals given
Is to me foretaste of heaven
When June is here!

The Pennsylvania Reserves.

THEY SAY "GOOD-BYE" TO THE REBELS AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

The following graphic account is given of the last battle in which the gallant Pennsylvania Reserves participated before being mustered out of service, and in which they punished the enemy most severely: By a singular felicity, the castigation was administered on almost the identical ground whereon the division was thus demonstrating the truth of the axiom that "time at last sets all things even."

On the 30th May, they were marching from Hawes' store towards Mechanicsville, and at noon passed Bethesda Church. By the middle of the afternoon the First Brigade, under Colonel M. D. Harden, consisting of the First Regiment, Colonel W. Cooper Tully; Sixth, Colonel W. H. Erret; Eleventh, Colonel S. M. Jackson; and Bucktail Rifles, Major Hartshorn, with the Bucktails in front, were skirmishing with the rebel skirmishers. The Reserves fell back, making but little resistance, until they reached the road running from Mechanicsville to Hanover Court House.—They at once commenced to throw up breastworks, but had been there but a few minutes, probably half an hour, when they were attacked upon both flanks by the rebels. Some prisoners taken informed them that it was Early's Division of Ewell's Corps, and the order to fall back upon the main body was at once given. They fell slowly back about three-quarters of a mile, firing so steadily upon the rebels that they did not follow in any force.

The Brigade was rallied and formed a new line across the road and through some fields into the woods. The Third Brigade, Colonel J. W. Fisher, consisting of the Fifth, Tenth and Twelfth Reserves, were upon the right of the line, the First Brigade on the center, and Kitchen's Artillery Brigade on the left, in all, numbering not over six thousand men. Near the center of the line were two sections of a Michigan battery, which, for two hours, threw an occasional shell in the woods to our front, which soon elicited a reply from the rebel artillery.

A small house near our lines had a man, his wife, and a large brood of young rebels in it, who were advised to evacuate but declined. Soon a rebel shell stove thro' the room in which they were gathered and exploded in their midst, setting the house on fire, when they at once took to the bushes. Strange as it may appear, not one of them was hurt, but the house was soon burned up, with all its contents.

Our men worked vigorously, throwing up breastworks, and sought to conceal them as much as possible from the enemy. Towards sundown Ewell's whole corps emerged from the woods, and climbing hastily over a fence formed in three lines. They had scarcely moved, when the Third Brigade opened a severe cross-fire upon their flank, which turned them over upon the First Brigade and Kitchen's Heavy Artillery. About twenty-five yards in front of the First Brigade's rifle-pits was a fence and some bushes that concealed our works as well as the men. On the rebels came, with closed ranks, and as they reached the fence, our men, who had not fired a shot, opened a blaze of musketry all along the line. The artillery com-

menced on canister and one-second fuse shells. The rebels fired a few shots and fell on the ground. In vain their officers tried to rally them. It was of no avail, and they soon fled in perfect rout. The first line which had reached the fence were mostly left. Our men slackened their fire as the rebels ran away, and whenever one of those left would try to get up to run, a bullet went crashing through him. Finally, one of our officers singing out that if they threw down their arms, came in and surrendered, they would be spared, about four hundred of them gave themselves up, including two colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, one major and twenty lieutenants. Our guns covered the battle-field, and night closed the scene of the conflict.

Next morning the enemy were found to have retreated near two miles, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. A prisoner says that General Ransom rode in front of their lines before they came out of the woods, and told them in a short speech, addressed particularly to his brigade of North Carolinians, that there was nothing in front but the enemy's skirmish line, and that they would move out at a slow and easy pace, and at right shoulder shift, and when they reached the edge of the woods, form and double quick upon the Yankees and take them prisoners.

General Ransom was left dead on the field, and his sword was presented by one of the private soldiers to General Crawford, and another soldier cut off his coat collar with the stars upon it.

It is estimated that the rebels lost one thousand men in this assault upon the "Yankee skirmishing lines." Prisoners all agree that they never knew such stubborn resistance as our army has lately shown, and that it tells fearfully upon their morals as well as their ranks. They say they are worn out with excessive marching, toil and fighting, but all feel confident of their ultimate success. The words of Ewell's Corps, with such dreadful slaughter, by a force less than one-third of their number, is one of the most gallant affairs of the whole campaign, and is a fitting close to the glorious career of one of the best divisions that ever fired on an enemy. The reputation won by the Reserves will live for all time to come.—How well they were appreciated is shown by the following orders issued on their departure for their homes:

GENERAL WARREN'S FAREWELL TO THE RESERVES.

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS, May 31, 1864.—Soldiers—With this is the order for the return of the Pennsylvania Reserves, whose term of service expires to-day. The general commanding begs leave to express to them his great satisfaction at their heroic conduct in this arduous campaign. As their commander he thanks them for their willing and effective efforts, and congratulates them that their successful engagement of yesterday, closing their term of service and being the last of many battles bravely fought, is one they can ever remember with satisfaction and pride. By command of
MAJOR GENERAL WARREN.

(Signed) A. G. MANN, A. G.

GEN. CRAWFORD'S FAREWELL TO THE RESERVES.

HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE VOLUNTEER CORPS, FIFTH ARMY CORPS, June 1, 1864.—Soldiers of the Pennsylvania Reserves—To-day the connections which have so long existed between us are to be severed forever. I have no power to express to you the feeling of gratitude and affection that I bear to you, nor the deep regret with which I now part from you. As a division you have ever been faithful and devoted soldiers, and you have nobly sustained me in the many trying scenes through which we have passed with an unwavering fidelity.

The record of your service terminates gloriously, and the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House and Bethesda Church have been added to the long list of battles and triumphs that have marked your career.

Go home to the great State that sent you forth three years ago, to battle for her honor and to strike for her in the great cause of the country. Take back your soiled and war-worn banners, your thinned and shattered ranks, and let them tell how you performed your trust. Take back those banners sacred from the glorious associations that surround them, sacred with the memory of our fallen comrades who gave their lives to defend them, and give them again into the keeping of the State forever. The duties of the hour prevent me from accompanying you, but my heart will follow you long after your return, and it shall ever be my pride that I was once your commander, and that side by side we fought and suffered through campaigns which will stand unexampled in history. Farewell.

(Signed) W. CRAWFORD,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding Division.
R. A. M'Coy, Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G.

When the Reserves arrived at Harrisburg, on their way home, the corporate authorities of that city tendered them a public reception. Several speeches were delivered, among them the following by Gov. Curtin:

"I thank you, Mr. Mayor, of Harrisburg, and the people of this city, for this most hearty welcome to these brave men. The hearts of this great people have been stirred to their depths by the presence of this shattered remains of a once mighty corps, and I cannot find language to express to you, brave soldiers, the sentiments and feelings of Pennsylvania more properly than in this brief sentence: You have done your whole duty to your country."

"It is nearly three years since you left this city a mighty army. Nearly that length of time has passed since I had the honor of handing to you these standards, which you are now here to return in honor to the State to-day. You have never visited the State since then save once. Once you came back to Pennsylvania, and then we all heard of 'Round Top' at Gettysburg. When the rest gave way, we heard your shouts among the strongholds of the foe in that devoted country, and to you—to the Reserves of Pennsylvania—belongs the honor of changing the tide of the battle there."

"I cannot speak of your deeds—they have passed into history already. I have not time to enumerate the battles you have been in. History will record all you have done for your country. But there are times when I feel proud of my office, and speaking in my place here for all this State, I bear record of the brave Pennsylvania Reserve Corps that it is without blemish or spot! I this day thank God that we ever armed the gallant Reserves—I cannot, I cannot speak in the perilous times of war with these surrounding; I am not qualified to speak of the heroic deeds you have left upon every battle-field of the Republic; upon their graves center the gratitude of this great people."

"But I can welcome you to your homes. From the North to the South, and from the East to the West, the voice of the old Commonwealth bids you welcome! I need not remind you of your deeds. I am proud of the fellow-citizens. The blood of the dead is upon our hands, and I have no language adequate to express my gratitude to your corps. We did not know three years ago that you would remain so long in the public service; and yet it is so. But I can refer with pride and pleasure to the part this great State has borne in the contest—from Drainsville down to last Monday, when you struck your heaviest blow."

"May you all find a happy welcome to your homes! May you ever be marked as brave men who served their country faithfully in times of great peril. May you never regret that you belonged to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, fighting on every battle-field of the Republic."

"With this welcome, I bid you farewell: I had something to do with making the Reserve Corps—God be blessed!"

"I am not ashamed to boast in this multitudinous assemblage of sunburnt, bronzed faces, that I have stood by the Reserve Corps in all their history. I bid you welcome freely."

The following is a record of the engagements in which the Reserves took prominent and effective part:

Drainsville, Mechanicsville and the remaining six days' fight, June and July 1862; second battle of Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, under Burnside; Gettysburg, Bristow Station, New Hope Church, "Mine Run," battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and all the engagements of the Fifth Army Corps to the 31st of May, when they took up their march for White House, where they embarked for Washington on the 3d of June.

The New York press are generally somewhat averse to conceding honor to Pennsylvania soldiers, yet the Tribune finds it incumbent upon it to speak as follows of the Reserves:

"The Pennsylvania Reserves were originally, three years ago, fifteen thousand strong. They returned on the 6th inst., to the Capitol, Harrisburg, fifteen hundred strong. One in ten. Almost a Marathon—the difference being American thousands seven fold greater than Greek hundreds—counting thirteen thousand five hundred modern democratic to two hundred ancient. To swear by the manes of those that died at Marathon was for centuries the most sacred oath known at Athens. How hallowed shall that adjuration be which takes the bones of the Pennsylvania Reserves for its sanctities."

The last mot of Auber is, that hearing two ladies at the opera sing in discord, he exclaimed to a friend: "How difficult it is, my friend, to keep two women in accord!"

A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came: "Poached eggs and measles."

Campaign Miscellany.

GENERAL GRANT'S POLITICS.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal tells the following story: "Many inquiries have been made about Gen. Grant's politics. I am happy to inform your readers, from his own lips, to what party he belongs and under what banner he marches. A near relative of his has been passing some time in this city. While with General Grant at the West, before he was made Lieutenant General, the friend said to him: 'General, I have been inquired of to-day about your politics.' 'Did you give the parties any information?' was the quiet query. 'I did not,' was the answer, 'for I don't know what your politics are.' Knocking the ashes from his cigar, the General continued: 'When I resided at the South I had the opinions and prejudices of Southern people against the Republican party. I brought those opinions and prejudices with me when I came to Illinois. Had I taken active part in politics I should have been with the party opposed to the Republicans. I watched Mr. Lincoln's course, and was satisfied with his patriotism. But these are not the times for parties. Indeed, in this crisis there can be but two parties—those for the country, those for its foes. I belong to the party of the Union. Those who are the most earnest in carrying on the war and putting down the rebellion have my support. As a soldier I obey the laws and execute the orders of all my superiors. I expect every man under me to do the same.'"

"THE SITUATION."

A gentleman from the front tells us the following good story of Gen. Grant: A visitor to the army called upon him, one morning, and found the General sitting in his tent smoking and talking to one of his staff officers. The stranger approached the chieftain, and inquired of him as follows: "General, if you think Lee and his army are going to leave it up to me to do the fighting, will you not, under Washington, and leave it up to me to do the fighting?" Gen. Grant's discharging a cloud of smoke from his mouth, indifferently replied, "Yes, I reckon so." The stranger, encouraged by a reply, propounded question number two: "General, do you not think Lee can detach sufficient force from his army to reinforce Beauregard and overthrow Butler?" "Not a doubt of it," replied the General. Becoming fortified by his success, the stranger propounded number three, as follows: "General, is there not danger that Johnston may come up and reinforce Lee, so that the latter will swing around and cut off your communications, and seize your supplies?" "Very likely," was the cool reply of the General, and he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar. The stranger, horrified at the awful fate about to befall Gen. Grant and his army, made his exit, and hastened to Washington to communicate the news.

PLAYING CHECKERS.

The Watertown (N. Y.) Daily Reform relates the following characteristic anecdote of General Grant. It says:—"When the General was a young Lieutenant, he was stationed for some time at Sackett's Harbor, and in those days paid frequent visits to our village. He was a famous checker-player, and was wont to spend many an hour at the old American Hotel in this absorbing game. But there was one of our citizens (whose name we are forbidden to mention) who could beat the Lieutenant at his favorite game. But young Grant would never give up, and would insist on his competitor playing with him till he came out ahead, which he would, at last, always do. To secure this end he sometimes kept his friend up nearly all night, and would stay in town three days studying his long-headed moves, and forcing his opponent to play until he beat him in the end. Grant is now playing checkers in the same style with Lee on the Virginia board."

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

During one of these eventful nights, when the troops lay in line of battle behind their temporary fortifications of dirt, logs, and rails, and the continuous crack of the sharpshooter's rifle rolled along our front, a solitary voice struck up the patriotic song, "Rally round the flag boys," and almost instantly thousands of men, who seemed to have been waiting for something to dissipate the gloom which thoughts of the day's carnage had engendered, were shouting in a chorus which "shook the depth of the forest's gloom."

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah! Down with the traitors and up with the stars!"

As down the line it went, the refrain swelled into one vast roar, exultant, triumphant, and breathing defiance to the wary enemy, whose only reply was the spiteful whiz of an occasional bullet.

Educational Department.

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

TEACHING.—It is a prevalent notion, and as pernicious as it is prevalent, that scholarship is the great requisite necessary to constitute a teacher. Such is not the truth. A teacher, to be successful, must thoroughly understand what he teaches, but he may be a thorough scholar and yet unfit to teach. Teaching is itself a business, just as much as any other occupation to which men apply themselves. They woefully mistake who seek even for the commonest of our schools one who can "cipher," and who "knows something of grammar," and is "good enough for a country school," on the score of cheapness as regards wages. So far from any one who "knows something of grammar and arithmetic" being capable of taking charge of even a very backward school, there is no one fit who does not possess a good knowledge of the branches to be taught, and also the true way to teach them. It is a conviction firmly rooted in our mind that there are few callings, whether of one kind or another, more difficult to understand and put in practice than that of teaching. Every person acquainted with the subject will recognize the following attainments and qualities as essential to form a true teacher: scholarship, capability to govern one's self, capability to govern others, kindness, command of good language, the various methods of teaching, and aptness to teach. To these might have been added another—a knowledge of the human mind. Let a teacher lack only one of these, and he will at most be but partially successful. If he cannot govern himself, how can he govern others? But he may be able to control himself, and still be void of the power to control those around him. But suppose he has the first three requisites, and lacks kindness with which to temper firmness. Is he fit for a school-room? But he should use his mother tongue, not as a bungler, but in a manner worthy to be emulated. He should too be acquainted with the different methods of presenting a subject, for sometimes he will fail in one and will need to resort to another. Lastly, he should have aptness to teach. That is, he should have some of the genius requisite for a successful teacher.

Though we should take for an example a primary school, the object of a thorough teacher would not be simply the learning of the lesson in hand. There is a process, sometimes called "cramming," by which a certain amount of knowledge is laid away in the mind pretty much as we lay away books on a shelf. Knowledge is forced into the mind almost in spite of itself. No interest is created, no thought raised, no ideas awakened. During recitation, the first step of a good teacher is to secure attention. The result is concentration of thought. Attention secured, his whole effort should be to make the class exercises interesting. See to it that the lesson in hand receives the greatest amount of attention possible to be given it. When a child has learned to read, it has mastered an art of great utility. But if the teacher who taught the child has failed to make the child's efforts to learn conducive to the development of its mental powers to the greatest possible extent, then certainly he has fallen short of the true aim of teaching. To develop mind, not simply to impart information, is the teacher's true object.

How idly and flippantly the word death is said. Who can tell what a day will bring forth? We are here to-day, and to-morrow numbered with the dead. Our fathers, where are they? To use a correct figure of speech—seventy grains of sand taken from the mighty ocean represent the usual number of years allotted to man. But what mortal can compute eternity? The sands of the boundless deep, aye, and of countless worlds, in the immensity of space—all would be exhausted in computing annual periods of time, similar to this material world. Reader pause! Every pulsation of your heart is a quick step toward eternity.