

The Alleghanian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1864.

NUMBER 44.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
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Cheese Springs	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
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Hemlock	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Wash'tn.
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CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, 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 Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. S. LEM-VOY, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. H. M'BRIDE, Assistant. 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.

Wich 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.

Catholic—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 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.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. **Catholics**—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 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.

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

The mails from Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.
West—Bait. 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. Sailer, Henry C. Drayton.
Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.
Register and Recorder—James Griffin.
Shirif—John Buck.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glass.
Treasurer—Isaac Wike.
Poor House Directors—George M'Callough, 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.
Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.
Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.
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.

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. Shook, James S. Todd.
Inspectors—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.
Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.
Assessor—James Murray.
Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Dan. C. Zahn.

Select Poetry.

The Puzzled Census Taker.

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said,
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"
"Got any girls?" the Marshal said,
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"
"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"
"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"
"The d— you have!" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"
"What do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering 'Nine!'"
"Ich kann necht Englisch," civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.
["Nein," pronounced nine, is German for no.]

Soldiering.

WET WEATHER.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial draws the following picture of campaigning in Georgia:

For two weeks together, as the clock runs, the rain has fallen upon this army more or less—generally more—in quantities about as great as could descend thro' the thick trees, and it will scarcely be disputable at present that matters generally are very moist. The extent to which such a state of affairs is productive of inconvenience and downright nuisance, every one who has not actually experienced it will utterly fail to appreciate. Let the reader look for a moment into a camp on a rainy day, and note what presents itself. Look—just a minute at the teamsters' camp in the evening after a day's march, when the wagons are parking for the night. In a convenient tract of open woods, the train of one corps, forming a line seven miles long, and composed of about six hundred and fifty wagons, will be massed with as much regularity as possible. In one part of the woods three or four hundred wagons have already disposed themselves in order, and the six-mule teams are tied around a tree or elsewhere, while each individual mule of them divides his spare time between kicking the remaining five and braying his own variations of the assinine symphony. In one place a teamster, in attempting to "carry" one of his animals to water and lead the remainder, is hustled by his unruly caravan under an overreaching limb and suddenly deposited in the mire; in another place, one is gathering savory oak boughs, a part of which he spreads before the team to lighten their pinched rations, and with another part spreads for himself a couch. A part of the wagons have not yet come up, and are still in the midst of the troubles of a march. In a profound slough at the bottom of a valley, they are laboring through the mud, which is nearly hub deep, when one of the animals, weak from long starvation, is cast, and the driver, after a nominal effort to restore him to his feet, cuts him out of his harness and drives over him if he can. When ten wagons have passed over the place, the wretched brute is half submerged, and soon disappears entirely. If any part of the army swears, it is the teamsters, and if any part is excusable for it, it is they.

In the camps of the soldiers, everything is discomfort. The tired and bedraggled soldier is often willing to satisfy his hunger with a hard cracker and a slice of raw meat, rather than lose any hours from sleep to kindle a fire. Others are determined to be comfortable at all hazards, and set about achieving that result with much ingenuity. One cuts around the base of a large tree, and, dividing the bark into slips, strips it up, often fifteen or twenty feet, and, if it "slips" well, this will yield him a very useful slab. Upon this he measures off his own stature, as many times as it will contain it, and, laying the pieces down with the outside up, he stretches himself upon them, under his "pulp tent," and sleeps. If the surface of the bark is somewhat uneven, and not of the nature of feathers, it is, nevertheless, dry. Another, more intent still on the comfort, nails a coffee mill to a tree, or cracks the kernels in a cup with the end of his musket, collects a little water from a reservoir where several regi-

ments have already dipped, and proceeds to make a cup of army coffee. It is surprising to those who may not have seen it, what an amount of substantial comfort the soldier appears to extract from a pint of the sorry beverage. Had as it is, it goes far to compensate for every discomfort that may befall. Despite all effort and ingenuity, the rain will overcome everything. Though the soldier may have elevated himself above the surface of the ground by a contrivance of forked sticks and poles, still, wherever a leaf touches the canvass, there the water will distill through in gentle drops upon him, and he awakes in the morning to find himself as damp as the night before. With nothing but a bayonet to construct a ditch about his tent, a sudden flood of water will break over the slight barrier, and spread itself cozy and soothing all through his solitary blanket, together with so many haversacks of hard tack as may unluckily have been left upon the ground; nor does the influence of capillary attraction tend in any degree to keep his blouse dry. A tired soldier, who has lost his tent in battle, or is otherwise without it, will throw himself upon the ground at midnight, and may be seen the next morning, sleeping soundly, while a little purling stream frisks through his curling beard, and thence washes the entire coat, through the dilapidated shoes, and thence issuing out through a convenient opening at the toe.

But then the marching the next day after the rain, when ten thousand men have already passed over the road! Evil be upon the head of the maker of army shoes, who forgot to make them boots.—But to enumerate all the vexations of a rainy day might induce the belief that the soldier's life is always trist and damp.—Not so; it is a happy one, if there is such to be found. Very soon the sun appears, the mud is assuaged, the days of weary memory are quickly forgotten, the soldier's face beams again with smiles, and he swears no more for many hours.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.
A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press gives the following description of life in the trenches:

Humboldt once said that the most exciting life that one could lead would be to cross from peak to peak of the Alps on a cable fastigium, and keep it up from day to day. That, indeed, would be a dangerous mode of life, but I question whether it would be more exciting than that which is every day experienced by our gallant boys in the rifle-pits. They take their position in the darkness of the night, when the keen eye of the rebel cannot pierce through the mists between the lines. The enemy raise their heads above their works, but they can see nothing, save the occasional sound of a discharged rifle. Our men peer over the breastworks, but cannot see a living thing. This is the hour for stationing men in the trenches. Both rebels and Federals, covered by the thick darkness that veils them, are, for the moment, comparatively friendly—not of their own wish, but made so by the interposition of Nature. Silently and cautiously our men move down to their positions; each one is stationed where the judgment of his commanding officer sees proper to place him, and he accordingly at once makes himself at home. The hole, perhaps, is not large enough to comfortably accommodate him. Taking out his cooking utensils, he begins with his spoon to loosen the earth around his body, and then with his stew-pan he shovels it out, and throws it upon the top of his breastwork. He works out for himself a friendly orifice to screen him from any desultory shell that might wish to disturb his new home. This he excavates at a declining angle of forty-five degrees; when this is finished the officers give him his orders, and all are commanded to do their duty. Every one is in his position, and now he is left all alone. A thick ridge of earth, running at right angles to the breastwork, forbids a glance at his neighbor, but he can talk, and be heard with distinctness. He expects a hot day, and accordingly raises above his head a small sheet of shelter-tent for protection; the gray dust of early morning has given the enemy "a sight," and a bullet whistles near his head, reminding him that he must beware of exposure. Working with more cautiousness, he arranges his shade cover, and is glorying in his constructive ability, from the exercise of which he expects some little comfort, when another bullet, with terrible precision, cuts the cord which bound the tent to its stake, and it falls to the earth. That was a plunge shot, and he knows that one of those deadly sharpshooters is watching his movements from the cover of some near tree. To more fully impress his mind of this position, he raises his cap gently above the work; in a second of time a

bullet from the same direction striking it, sends it spinning on its axis. Day has now been ushered in, and it behooves him to beware of his situation, and not expose himself to the unerring aim of the enemy's rifle. The sun pours down with the most deadly heat. Still, he cannot move; he must be watching his opportunity, as best he can, to lessen the number of his country's foes. Soon he summons up his courage, which the sun, more than the enemy, had well nigh driven from him, and he creeps toward the opening of his rifle-pit. Then comes an event which, in one case at least, actually occurred. He espies a rebel cautiously pushing his way from tree to tree; his movements betray his purpose, which is to ascend a tall pine that commands a measured view of our lines. He gains the tree, and upon the opposite side he proceeds cautiously to raise himself. Just as he reaches a cross-bough of the pine, and is about to move out upon it, the Union boy sees his exposure, and his only opportunity to take advantage, pulls his trigger, and the gaunt rebel falls headlong from that limb dead upon the ground below. And there lays that body until the shades of night give opportunity for its removal. Toward that point at dusk are aimed a score of rifles, and at different hours throughout the night volleys are fired in its direction. Perhaps the morning light will reveal the dead bodies of a score of rebels who had attempted to "bring in" the form of their departed comrade. So goes the days, so the nights, of those in trenches; a life full of danger, and crowded with incidents.

A Bad Old Predicament.

Once upon a time, in the village of B, State of Massachusetts, lived a handsome young maiden of seventeen, whom we will call Fanny L., and George Y.—was her accepted lover. The course of true love ran smooth, and in due process of time the twain were made one by the benediction of the church.

They were married early one summer's morning, and the same day traveled cozily and happily together to the stage of the wedding tour. A younger brother of the bride, a most mischievous rascal, accompanied them as groomsmen.

Behold the party arrived at the Galt House, Philadelphia. While George was dutifully attending to the comforts of his young wife, the brother, in the performance of his duties as groomsmen, went to the office of the hotel to enter the names and select appropriate apartments. Pen in hand, a brilliant idea struck him, and in pursuance therewith he registered the names thus:

JAMES L.—
MISS FANNY L.—
GEORGE Y.—

Fanny, being somewhat fatigued with travel, retired early. George smoked his cigar for an hour or two, and dreamed of his bachelorhood, we suppose. Finally, he requested to be shown to his apartment. An obsequious waiter, with candle in hand, attended him.

"With the lady who came with me," said George.

The waiter smiled, hesitated, and then disappeared, returning shortly with an exquisitely dressed clerk.

"I desire to be shown to the apartment occupied by the lady who arrived here with me," repeated George, blushing to the tips of his ears.

The clerk smiled, and shook his head, as though in pity of the young man's ignorance.

"It will not do, sir," he said; "you have mistaken the house. Such things are not allowed here, sir."

"Will not do?" stammered out the astonished bridegroom; "why, I only want to go to bed."

"That you may certainly do in your own room, sir, but not in the lady's apartment, sir."

"The lady's apartment! Why, the lady is my wife."

The clerk bowed ironically. "All very fine, sir, but I can't see it, sir. Here is the entry, sir."

George looked at the register, and there was the entry, sure enough: "Miss Fanny L.—" "George Y.—"

He saw the whole secret at a glance.—He protested and entreated—but it was no use. He called on James to set the matter right, but James was nowhere to be found. The bystanders laughed, and the clerk was inexorable, and the poor fellow was forced into his solitary chamber, to pass his bridal night in unmitigated wretchedness. It is to be presumed he did not fail to invoke dire curses on the whole class of "respectable hotels," while younger brothers have been his especial abomination ever since.

Why I Ran Away.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded with little more than friendship pretty Helen Graham, our oldest girl at school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends.—But the time was to come when jealousy lit the spark in my bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the green-eyed monster perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford, where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to, with hands interwoven "chair fashion;" and thus we carried our pretty passenger over the brook.

Just as we were in the middle of the water, (which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves) a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I know not, for we had carried Helen across the brook ere now without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quick or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank I had wished Donald at the bottom of the sea. Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—"You need not stand so gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fall. I can carry ye lighter than Donald can carry 'o' ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my power. But Donald's fire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of physical courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to Helen. With the utmost care I carried her like an infant to the middle of the water.—Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form, and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine.—All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But alas! in the very deepest part of the ford I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise till fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the accusing silence of Helen.—Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness—and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, bearing her in his arms a long distance on our homeward path.

As we approached her home, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to reconcile me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negotiation which it had received, and prompted me to better results than generally attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburg, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed in upon him.—I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated, and, in short, everything but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, my attention was taken by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression indicated a mind of extraordinary power. I was introduced, but Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something; and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure and pain.

We became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been well educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now acting as governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never before conversed with any lady. Her questions about the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and she possessed a large store of useful information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned upon the causes which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl while crossing a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the room, laughed, and, at her request, proceeded to relate my ford adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked—

"Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant, remembered, and was dumfounded. The lady with whom I had thus become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married, and Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached it in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out, in the old style—

"Hey, Donald, man, dinna ye ken your old treens?"

The man looked up in astonishment.—It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage, and answer our numerous queries as to our friends.

Different men start in life in different ways. I believe that mine, however, is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

Artemus Ward Redivivus.

I return to the Atlantic States after an absence of six months, & what State do I find the country in? Why, I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice it to say that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.

I find some things that is cheerin, particularly the resolve on the part of the wimmin of America to stop wearin' furrin goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things; she may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountains, and bombazine from Injy's coral strands, if she wants to, but I am glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin clothes and jump into fabrics of domestic manufacture.

But, says some folks, if you stop importin' things you stop the Revenue. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenue can. On the same principle young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy and to make their livers as dry as a corn-cob with Cuby cigars, because a sooth if they don't it will hurt the Revenue. This talk 'bout the Revenue is all bosh, boshy. One thing is to' bly certain—if we don't send gold out of the country we shall have the consolation of knowing that it is in the country. So I say great credit is doo the wimmin for this patriotic move—and to tell the truth, the wimmin generally know what they're about. Of all the blessens they're the soothinest. If they'd never bin any wimmin, wherd' my children be to-day.

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that are just as much needed, one of which is general and therrer curtaining of expenses all around. The fact is, we are gettin' ter' bly extravagant & onless we paws in our mad career, in less than two years the goddess of liberty will be seen dodgin' into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown done up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her head-band. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centisibly, like our forefathers, who know'd mornen we do, if they want quite so honest.