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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1864. Select Poetrn.

Under the Lilacs.

Under the lilac-trees we sat, Beautiful Maud and I-Sweet eyes flashed under a gipsy bat, Sweet lips kept talking of this and that, While under the lilac-trees we sat, Beautiful Maud and I.

Under the trees last night I sat, But ah ! alone was I-No sweet eyes flashed from a gipsy hat, No sweet lips chatted of this and that, While under the lilac-trees I sat-For ah ! alone was I.

The angels claimed sweet Maud one day-She left the gray old grange, Left her home on the beautiful bay, Left birds and blossoms behind, they say Left all in the balmy, blossoming May-

On! beautiful Maud, 'twas strange! Beautiful Maud! shall I ever know, In this lower, lower land,

Why came on my heart that terrible blow Why your cheeks graw pale shall I ever know?

Why you slumber to-day where the lilacs blow-

Can I ever understand ? -- Peterson's Magazine.

Love and the Phthisis.

Our Washoe bachelors are always on the A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, plains with whole troops of sun-browned at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening | damsels.

The girls have all heard that the chances for getting husbands are "awful good in Washoe." They know there are "sights" Pastor.-Preaching every Sabbath evening at of chances, so they begin primping shortly after passing Independence Rock, and by the time they strike the waters of the something. Carson, they are in a perfect state of wrig-

> My friend Condrick wanted a wife. He wanted a piece of "unsophisticated

calico from the States." He talked much of when the trains would arrive, and of pretty emigrant girls.

8 o'clock, P. M. The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-At last it was reported that a big train town, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, was camped on the Carson; two miles be-

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, yond Dayton.

Condrick mounted his mustang and departed with alacrity.

The report proved true, and, what was better, "Women absolutely abounded," as Condrick afterwards informed me, in his enthusiastic way.

He rode among the tents and wagons, ostensibly much concerned to know exactly the State, county and town from which each family hailed, but in reality taking notes of the fine points of all the marriageable looking females in the camp.

At last he struck one that suited him to

*8.40 P. M. Long afterwards he said to me, with a great sigh which he tried to smother in a a gazelle; lithe as a willow; cheeks which (though sun-browned) showed a peachy ruddiness; with eyes! ah! such great feet. brown swimming eyes !- that drove your soul down into your boots, dragged your heart up into your throat, and left you speechless and slaughtered."

To this sumptuous female Condrick laid

His progress was good. upon valley and hill, he and his charmer

took a stroll. George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm. As they walked along the meandering Auditors-William J. Williams, George C. banks of the Carson, the full tace of the moon rose up frem behind the eastern hills. All vature seemed filled and quivering with love.

Love danced in the rays of moonlight

that glanced on the stream; the willows rustled their leaves to the passing breezes, and so sweetly told the story of their love Justices of the Peace-David H. Roberts that even the restless winds were enticed pause. for awhile to linger, torgetful of their journey; enamored night hawks were skimming the love-laden air in voluptuous oshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, circles, rays of languishing light gleaming in answering flashes from their lazy wings; crickets, peeping from their holes in the Town Council-J. Alexander Moore, Daniel neighboring hillocks, chirped to each other in mellow, tremulous notes the ripe and gushing loves of their surcharged hearts; beetles, crazy with love, thundered

Inspectors-Alexander Jones. D. O. Evans. Judge of Election-Richard Jones, Jr. Assessor-Thomas M. Jones. hoarsely their plaints of the tender pain him. Assistant Assessors-David E. Evans, Wm. that racked their mailed bodies, and the sweet honeydew of Heaven fell softly into WEST WARD. the heart-cup that each meek plant held the question- in fear, and with his eyes "Good gracious, Mr. Arden !" exclaim-Constable-William Mills, Jr. trustingly up. The sympathetic hearts of the lovers

dered on of the Branch

December 8 1804

Town Council—John Dougherty, George C. K. Zahm, Isaac Crawford, Francis A. Shoemaker, James S. Todd. acknowledged the tender influences sur-Inspectors-G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans. rounding them, and shared the sweet Judge of Election-Michael Hasson. Assessor-James Murray. thrills with which all nature quivered. Assistant Assessors-William Barnes, Dan-Slowly the pair, in fond discourse, wan-

What throbs of affection stirred Condrick's heart! What fires of love burned in Condrick's

As his charmer leaned trustingly upon

his arm, Heaven seemed to descend and rest on the lower and nearest hills. As the murmur of a bee in a rose, was

her voice to his soul. Seating themselves on a grassy bank, they gazed together on the darkling eddies

of the gliding stream. In glowing colors Condrick painted for the fair being by his side a picture of the wonderful wealth hidden within the rocky comforted him greatly. vaults of the Whipporwill mine.

Charmed by his eloquence and absorbed in the contemplation of the picture he had placed before her, see forgot all else, and to him, and said, "Wait awhile." gradually her beautiful head droopeddrooped lower and lower-and finally it rested upon his bosom-his manly chest

Great Heaven! a thrill darted through his frame, and so affected him that it was a slight one. only by a tremendous effort that he could smother the volcano of emotions swelling within his bosom.

He felt a desire to bound to his feet and utter a wild whoop!

But he didn't. No: he constrained his emotion; he resisted the imsulse.

Her head was now fairly and snugly nestled upon his breast.

As she lay gazing into his handsome face, her parted tresses, of richest brown, fell backward in affluent waves from her qui vive during the last months of summer | broad forehead, unkissed by the sun, and | enough to live a month yet!" and the first and second fall months, when of marble texture and whiteness. Her and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1' o'clock, the emigrant trains are rolling in off the great liquid eyes looked into his, and he gazed down into their unfathomable depths till all the past, all the future seemed to centre there.

Heaven came down still lower, resting on the valley.

But this could not always last. He felt that it could not. She seemed expecting

Her great eyes closed wearily, and the silken fringes of their curtains rested on

He was happy as he was, but he could not be as he was forever.

She seemed to have the same thoughts. She slightly raised her head. Its He swore he would "gobble up one this pressure on his breast was not so great as

> He was distressed. Would she rise?-Was he about to lose her? The thought was agony.

His head grew dizzy. He felt himself standing on a precipice.

He was losing his balance. He was toppling over. Courage! He gasped-gasped out his tale of love.

It was not a long one. But it was to the point. She sighed-a long, long, tremendous,

convulsive sigh. But she said nothing.

In a murmuring tone, he asked her if she hadn't some feelings of the same kind She put her arms about his neck, and

hiding her sweet face in his shirt front, laugh, "Oh! she was a clipper! Trim as sobbed out in a broken voice that that was Heaven let go all holds, and fell at his

Here followed several deep, searching,

delicious kisses. [For the gratification of my lady readers, and that they may know the exact number and duration of these kisses, I have put them all down. They were as follows, the stars representing their num-As the shades of evening settled down | ber, and the dashes the duration of each : *****

> _*. It will be observed that the last one was of immense length. It has a tail to it like a comet. I am not sure that it was not even longer than I have represented, as thinks about here he was insensible for a

The situation to be sure was not an un-

But again my friend felt that it was time for something more.

He had made the leap from one pricipice-another was before him. He was tuttering to its brink. He must speak of marriage.

How would she take that? She had acknowledged that she loved

This gave him courage. He gasped, and chokingly gulped out iting the baby on the mantel-piece. slightly closed.

She clasped him more tightly about the neck, and sighed deeply.

congealing.

Hos I. M. Stanton, Shory, of Was.

He felt a drop of something moist fail | went out to the gate with me, "there's no on his hand. At first he thought her nose was bleed-

He held his hand aloft in the moonlight and on it beheld a glittering tear.

He felt better then. -"Thank Heaven!"

He was now much encouraged.

She said then, in words, that she loved me what you really think." him-"Oh! so much!" which for a time

Condrick now began to urge immediate | question.

Condrick wanted to know if there was any obstacle to their immediate union.

She kissed him [****__*_ *] and said there was

He then tenderly kissed her, [*---*] and asked if they could not be married in

She raised her great swimming eyes to his face, and gazed foundly upon him, but said nothing.

Her pouting lips were in tempting proximity to his own. [***__*_

an agonized voice she cried out : "Oh! dear, I can't tell! I've got a

Condrick is still a bachelor.

A Twilight Wooing.

It is an awful thing to lose a friend by marriage! To see him drop into your room occasionally, always with a paper parcel under his arm, suggestive of lace and ribbons, instead of having him all to yourself, day in and day out. To know that the blue-breathed evening eigar will inevitably be abbreviated by "On, my wife will be anxious if I'm not at home bright thought struck me-I would take by eight o'clock !" To tell him about the woman's wit into my counsel. pretty girl with the pink bonnet that you met on the street yesterday, and be generally confidential, and then find your tongue suddenly palsied by the conviction that he will tell his wife every word you have been saying. There's no use talking about the thing-it's actually inde-

scribable. Do you suppose I didn't feel jealous when Jack Marciyffe got married? Do you suppose the green-eyed monster didn't inspire me with all sorts of unamiable feelings towards the little brown-eyed tell her my love, because my heart sinks beauty who had cut me out so completely? It took some time to reconcile me to the new state of things. But when I found out that she didn't object to my sitting on the balcony and speaking with Jacknay, that she actually lighted our cigars for us, and then brought her little footstool and sat down beside us-that she laughed like a peal of merry bells at our bachelor haps and mishaps -- and that she azure robes, the fall of a fairy footstep. liked to have me come to dinner on Sundays, then I thought Jack's wife wasn't, so bad an institution after all. And one wicker werk-basket, and stood on tip-toe | breast! to sew the loose button upon my coat, I capitulated in good earnest.

"Jack," said I, "your wife is-well, not held the coy, coquettish charmer to my exactly an angel, for I don't believe in heart! angels about the house, but the sweetest little woman I ever set my eyes on. You won't be jealous, old fellow?"

to see Mary's sister !"

About two weeks after this, as I came in at the sweet-brier-shadowed gate, and Mary stood smiling in the background, paused to look at the crimson clove-pinks the veriest spice of roguery gleaming in just opening their fringed petals, the sil-Condrick even is not sure about it. He very tones of another voice sounded in the low-eaved piazza, and almost before I knew it Jack Marclyffe's arm was through After all these kisses came an awkward mine, and he was introducing me to a duplicate edition of his wife-a scarlet-lipped, fastening clicked under Jack's hand, and arch-eyed girl in white muslin, with a coral bracelet on her arm.

From that moment, I was gone. I didn't know whether I sat in Jack's velvet easy chair, or on the top of a rai. fence; I said "No, I thank you!" when my cup of chocolate with a pen-knife, and I irrevocably disgraced myself by putting |-ditto, Arthur." the match-box into the cradle, and depos-

ed Marclyffe, "what's the matter?"

use trying to mince matters-if I can't win Miss Agnes, I shall take arsenic."

Jack squeezed my hand. He had been

'through the mill' himself. "Do you think she cares for me, Jack ?" I asked, plaintively, about a month after-His heart gave a great leap, and he said ward. "I declare, honestly, I've a great mind to jump off the pier, or hang myself, or die by starvation. Now, what does she

tieth time he had been asked the same of the enrolling board of the U. S. should

She objected, but clung more closely might as well ask me to read the Hindoo alphabet as to decipher the mysteries of a termining from all the circumstances of woman's heart. Why don't you ask her yourself ?"

"Me ask her!" and the cold chills ran through me like veins of ice. "Jack, I dare not, for my life!"

Jack burst into a laugh. "Well, I can't give any better advice,"

said he; "only remember, my boy, faint heart never won fair lady.

He turned away, and left me standing in the amber flush of the twilight, among the crimson clusters of cinnamon roses and the tall coronals of gleaming lilies. Up He now repeated his question, when it in the rosy sky the new moon hung, a curved thread of silver, and one bright | your obedient servant, star bore its lance of pearl against the raphthisicy old cuss of a husband out in one diant horizon. I looked absently up at o' them wagons, and he's just spiteful the fair atmosphere-down at the blossoming gardet of flowers, thinking, in the midst of my perplexity, how like the blue heaven was to Agnes' eyes, and marveling that the pink roses were so near akin to the dainty color that came and went upon her silk-soft cheek.

Beside the low French window that flow of muslin drapery through the fragrant gloom-it was where Mrs. Marelyffe the refrain of the low, delicious cradle song warbled in the tiny sleeper's ear. A

"Mary," said I, sitting down on the piazza step, and leaning my head against the rose-wreathed pillar just opposite the window, "I wish you'd tell me what to do: I'm desperately in love with your sister Agnes, and-don't laugh now-I haven't the courage to tell her so."

I paused an instant, and then went on: "I love her better than life. No, that is not saying enough-I would die to make her happy. Oh, Mary, can't you give me a word of encouragement? I dare not so in dread of the one little word, 'No!' Will she speak it, do you think ?"

There was no answer still. "Mary, will she break my heart?" I spoke with trembling accents, fresh from the deepest recesses of my soul.

One instant of silence, in the soft, pulsing fragrance of the midsummer twilight, and then there was a fluttering or light, Ere I could look up, a soft, white arm, gleaming with the clasp of a blood red coral bracelet, was around my neck-a day, when she brought out her tiny shower of brown curls nestled on my

"She will not-never will !" The voice was that of Agnes Day. I

Life has been brimming with sweets ever since-many a golden moment has paused to sprinkle its chalice of joy around "Jealous-no!" stretching his neck to my footsteps, as it passed on into the look after the light disappearing figure. world of the bygone, but in all my exis-"But I tell you what, Arthur, you ought tence there never came a second time like

I had been pleading to Agnes herself! her hazel eyes, through a dim quiver of joyous tears.

"So I'm really to have a brother-inlaw?" she said, putting aside the roses and coming forward, just as the wicket the fiery spark of his eigar flashed thro' the purple gloaming, slowly traveling up the garden walk.

"Halls!" said he, pausing abruptly as he came into our presence, while Agnes tried vainly to escape from my detaining Mrs. Jack asked me how I was; I stirred arm. "Oh, I see now! Well-uponmy-word, for such a bashful young gentried to put the table cloth, instead of my tleman, you've been remarkably expedihandkerchief, into my pocket; and finally tious! Accept my congratulations, Aggie

A professor of penmanship, whose no bigger than your nail, till it has all specimen; of skill have often been on dissolved in your mouth, and then spit it exhibition in various cities of New York, out. This has fortified my teeth, and they "I believe-I think-in fact, I know is a soldier in the Union army. Being are as strong as the pen of Junius. I I've got a cold in my head !" I faltered, at home on furlough, recently, he found learned it of Mis. Grosvener, who had not Poor Condrick! all sorts of fears attack- at the time looking straight at Agnes, the his ballot signed with a cross and his a speck in her teeth till her death." sister, who was toying with her corai mark. Some of the "friends" of Gov. Fr early life, General Sheridan was The very blood in his heart seemed bracelet, and pretending not to laugh. Seymour had been handling it, is the a newsboy. He circulated news then-"Jack," said I, that evening, as he supposition. | makes it now.

prompts from bearing and street who and allow bear bearings from bearings.

About the State Draft.

The subjoined letter, addressed to the Commissioners of Mifflin county by Brig. Gen. Lemuel Todd, the officer entrusted with the organization of the Penusylvania State Guard, will be of interest to our

readers :-"Headquarters P. M. Inspector General's Office, Harrisburg, Nov. 17, 1864.—1. Are He again made inquiry as to her love mean by flirting with that red-whiskered those who hold exemption cordificates from Carew? Oh, Jack, do be merciful—tell U. S. boards exempt under the State law? The pertificate of exemption for mental or Poor Mayeliffe! It was about the thir- physical disability, given by the physician not be received as evidence of disability "Why, how can I tell, Arthur? You or disqualification for State service. Each board must make its own exemptions, deeach particular case whether the party is

a proper subject for exemption. "2. Are those who paid commutation to the U.S. or turnished substitutes exempt? The citizen owes allegiance, and, as a consequence, service to both State and National Governments, and exemption from service under the provisions of the Acts of Congress for curolling and calling out the National forces, does not relieve a party from the service he owes the State under the militia laws of the Commonwealth. It is a superadded obligation.

"I have the honor to be, gentlemen, "LEMUEL TODD,

"Inspector. Gen. Penna. Militia." Major R. I. Dodge has received the

following orders: "To Major R. I. Dodge, Twelfth United States Infantry, Acting Assistant Provost Marshal General, Harrisburg, Pa -Maj. : The Secretary of War directs me to inform you that the President of the United States has ordered as follows :-- In case the Govopened upon the piazza floor, I saw the ernor of Pennsylvania shall organize the Pennsylvania State Guard, and put in service under the State act for that purwas wont to sit, with her baby. I caught pose, a number not exceeding five thousand, it is ordered that any member of said organization being drafted into the United States be at once furloughed, so as to retain his place in said State organization, not receiving pay of the United States, but the time counting on his term under the draft. You are instructed to see that the orders of the President are strictly conformed to.

"I am, Major, very respectfully, your bedient servant. "JAS. B. FRY,

"Provost Marshal General."

General Sherman's Guide.

General Sherman had with him, in his Georgia expedition, one of the best and most reliable "scouts" in the Southwestan old man, a native Georgian, and a wealthy planter and slaveholder at that. It would not be proper, of course, to meution his name, but it is well known to all who visited headquartersa year ago. When the war broke out, he denounced the Southern leaders, and in consequence of his Union sentiments was compelled to leave his home, near Macon, between two days. His neighbors missed him, and su-pecting rightly that he had gone off to join the Yankees, they followed him so closely that he was obliged to hide in the mountains for several weeks. They have since organized all kinds of raids for no other object than to catch this old man. After being in the service for some time, he volunteered his services to General Buell, but that officer didn't need much Southern "guidance." Next he received a position as voluneeer aid to General Rosecrans, to whom he was of great service in the campaign terminating at Chattanooga. He has been with General Sherman since last June. There is not a high way nor byway in the interior of Georgia with which he is unacquainted, and scarcely a town or village in which he is not knewn. -He used to say that with a brigade of eavalry, he could find cotton and niggers enough within one hundred miles of Atlanta, to liquidate the National debt. He is one of the rich men of the South who have remained faithful to the Union cause, when they knew that to dr so was to lose their property, their homes and their comfort. On his present trip he carries with him a black list of those who took pleasure in persecuting him four years ago. He says that he will make it more than even with them before he gets through.

Horace Walpole used to say: "Use little bit of alum twice or thrice a week,