

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

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NUMBER 7.

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Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 9 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.
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Eastern, daily, at 8.50 o'clock, a. m.
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Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
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Station.	Time.
West-Balt. Express leaves at	9.13 A. M.
" Phila. Express "	9.55 A. M.
" Fast Line "	10.33 P. M.
" Mail Train "	9.03 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ml. "	7.48 A. M.
" Altoona Accom. "	4.32 P. M.
East-Phila. Express "	8.31 P. M.
" Fast Line "	2.21 A. M.
" Day Express "	6.43 A. M.
" Cincinnati Ex. "	1.11 P. M.
" Mail Train "	5.21 P. M.
" Altoona Accom. "	12.36 A. M.

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Assessor—Capt. Murray.

SOCIETIES, &c.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the second Tuesday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.
I. O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.
T. O. S.—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TO
"THE ALLEGHANIAN."
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE,
OR
\$3.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

The King and the Miller.

BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forer used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I!
And nobody envies me!"
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King
Hall,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;
And tell me now what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I am King,
Beside the river Dee?"
The miller smiled and doffed his cap—
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife; I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."
"Good friend," said Hall, and signed the
while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
Oh! miller of the Dee!"

Hon. Schuyler Colfax on Reconstruction.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, was serenaded in Washington city on the evening of the 18th instant, and in reply to the compliment, made a brief speech, which may be fairly accepted as embodying the collective judgment of a large majority of the new Congress on the subject of Reconstruction. The following is an extract:

A Wall Over New Jersey.

ON THE WING, Nov. 9th, 1865.

Never wuz I in so pleasant a frame of mind ez last night. Aft wuz peas with me, for aiter been buffeted about the world for three score years, at last it seemed to me as though fortune, tired uv persekutin a unocheunitt being, had taken me into favor.

I had a solemn promis from the Democratic State Central Committee in the grate State uv Noo Jersey, that ez soon ez our candidate for Guvnor wuz dooly elected, I shud hev the position uv Door-keeper to the Hous uv the Lord, (wich in this State means the Capitol) and wich iz certainly better than dwellin in the tents uv wicked grocery keepers, on tick, ez I do), and a judicious exhibition uv this promise had prokored for me unlimited facilities for borrorin, which I improved muchly.

On Wednesday nite I wuz sittin in my room, a enjoyin the pleasin reflectin that in a few days I shud be placed abuv want, & beyond the contingencies uv torchune. Wood! oh, wood! that I had died then and there, before that dream uv bliss wuz rudely broken. A wicked boy cum running past with a paper, which he had brot from the next town where lives a man who takes one. He flung it thru the window to me and parst on. I opened it and glanced at the bed lines!

"NEW JERSEY—5,000 REPUBLICAN!"
One long and perein shriek wuz hard thru that house, and when the inmates rushed into the room they found me inanimate on the floor. The fatal paper lay near me explainin the cause uv the catastrophe. The kind hearted landl'rd, aiter feelin uv my pockets, and diskiervin that the contents thereof wuld not pay the arreages of my board, had a hurried consultation with his wife as to the propriety uv bringin me to, he insistin that it wuz the only chance uv gettin what wuz back, —she insistin that it I wuz brung to I'd go on running up the bill bigger and bigger, and never pay at last. While they wuz arguin the matter pro and con, I happened to get a good smell uv his breath, wich restored me to consciousness at last, without further ado.

When in trouble my poetic sole alluz finds vent in song. Did ever poet who delighted in toms, and dark rollin strens, and consumption, and blighted hopes, and decay, and sich themes, ever hev sich a pick uv subjects ez I hev this time?—The tollerin may be a consolation to the fu Dimokrats uv the North, who hev gon so far into copperheadism that they can't change thar base.

A WALE!

In the mornin we go forth rejoicin in our strength—in the evening we ar bustid and wilt!
Man born uv woman (and most mear is uv fu days, and them is so full uv trouble, that its skarsely worth while bein born at all.
In October I waded in woe knee deep, and now the waters uv afflickshun ar about my chin.
I look to the east and Massachusetts rolls in Abolishun.
To the west I turn my eyes and Wisconsin and Minnesota and Illinois aser Abolishun.

Third, the President, on all occasions, insisted that they should elect Congressmen who could take the oath prescribed by the Act of 1862. But in defiance of this, and insulting to the President and the country, they have, in a large majority of instances, voted down meritoriously Union men who could take the oath, and elected those who boasted that they could not, would not, and would feel disgraced if they could. Without mentioning names, one gentleman, elected in Alabama, declared in his address to the people before the election that 'the iron pen of history would declare the emancipation act as the most monstrous deed of cruelty that ever darkened the annals of any nation.' And another, who avowed that he gave all possible aid and comfort to the rebellion, denounced the Congress of 1862 for enacting the oath. The South is filled with men who can take the oath. It declares, 'I have not voluntarily taken part in the rebellion.' Every conscript in the Southern army can take that oath, because he was forced into the ranks by their conscription act; and every man who stayed at home and refused to accept civil or military office could take that oath. But these were not the choice of the States lately in rebellion.

"Fourth, while it must be expected that a minority of these States will cherish for years, perhaps, their feelings of disloyalty, the country has a right to expect that before their members are admitted to share in the government of this country, a clear majority of the people of each of these States should give evidence of their earnest and cheerful loyalty—not by such speeches as are so common, that they submitted the issue to the arbitrament of war, but that they are willing to stand by and fight for the flag of the country against all its enemies, at home or abroad.

"The danger now is in too much precipitation. Let us rather make haste slowly, and we can then hope that the foundations of our government, when thus reconstructed on the basis of undisputed loyalty, will be as eternal as the stars."

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Man born uv woman (and most mear is uv fu days, and them is so full uv trouble, that its skarsely worth while bein born at all.
In October I waded in woe knee deep, and now the waters uv afflickshun ar about my chin.
I look to the east and Massachusetts rolls in Abolishun.
To the west I turn my eyes and Wisconsin and Minnesota and Illinois aser Abolishun.

Southward I turn my implorin gaze, and Maryland sends greetin—Abolishun. In Noo York we hed 'em, for lo! we run a sojer who fot valiantly, and we put him on a platform wich stunk wuz nigger—yee, the savor thereof wuz londer than the Abolishun platform itself.
But behold! the people jeer and flout and say, "the platform stinketh loud enough, but the smell thereof is not the smell of the Afrikan—it is uv the rotten material uv wich it is komposed, and the korrupshun they hev placed onto it"—and Noo York goes Abolishun.
Slocum held himself up and sed "come and buy." And our folks bought him and his tribe, but he getteth not his price.

Noo Jersey—Abolishun!!!!

Job's cattle wuz slain by murrain and holler horn, and sich, and not livin near Noo York, the flesh thereof he culd not sell.
But Job had suthin left still—he culd sell the hides and tallow!
Lazurus hed sores, but he hed dorje to lick them.
Noo Jersey wuz the tallow and tallow uv Dimokracry, and lo! that is gone.
What little is left of the Dimokracry is all sore, but where is the dorje so low as to lick it?

Noo Jersey wuz our ewe lamb—lo! the strong hand uv Abolishunism hev taken it.
Noo Jersey wuz the Arryat on wich our Ark restid—behold! the dark waves of Abolishunism sweep over it.
Darkness falls over me, like a pall—the shadow of woe encompasses me.
Down my furred cheeks roll the tears uv anguish, varyin in size from the large pea to a small tater.
Noo Jersey will vote for the Constitution Amendment, and lo! the niggers will possess the land.
I see horrid visions!
On the Comboy and Amden nigger Grakesmen—and at the polls, niggers!
Where shall we find refuge?
In the North? Lo! it is barred agin us by Abolishunism.

Anecdote of President Johnson.

"I say, I say, General Jackson, for fear you should think I have some axe to grind because I try so hard to keep you at my poor house all night, I will agree to entertain you free of expense!" expostulated the landl'rd of the only inn in the village of Jefferson, Ashe county, North Carolina, to General Jackson, late one evening in the autumn of 18—, as he entered his carriage to pursue his journey toward Tennessee. "The Blue Ridge, sir, is infested with banditti, and you will certainly be robbed, and possibly murdered, before morning. I beseech you to stay!"
"You are very kind, sir, and I thank you," replied the General, "but I will proceed, and try and reach the Tennessee line at all events. I have no fears of being molested. Drive on, Ned, briskly. Adieu, gentlemen, all!" and the old hero drove off at a rapid pace.

"Hilloa there, youngster!" cried the landl'rd to a slim, witty, flaxen-headed stripling, standing in the motley crowd in front of the tavern, "if you are going to Tennessee, you had better jump up behind and go along with the General; it's as cheap riding as walking!"
"Sure enough; I reckon I'd better, and thank you," replied the young man, jumping up behind the coach as it drove off.

They rode on quietly for some hours, until they began to ascend the mountains, when the General, hearing a slight cough behind, called out, sternly:
"Who's that?"
"It's me, sir—Andrew Johnson. I am a traveler, on my way to Tennessee, and I thought I might get a lift on your carriage, sir. I beg your pardon, sir."
"You are quite welcome, sir, to my carriage. Come forward and take a seat with me."

"Thank, you, sir, but as the mountain is rather steep here, I'll jump off and walk up."
He walked forward up the mountain side in advance of the carriage, but had not gone far when he saw a man ahead of him ascending the mountain. He appeared to be intoxicated. He lurched backward and forward; now his knees would double up, and he would miss a step, as if the earth had suddenly vanished before him; then he would cross his legs, and a lurch would send him diagonally across the road. He stopped and braced himself up so as nearly to fall

backward, and then drifted helplessly along. Presently he turned an angle in the road and was out of sight.
"That man is beastly drunk," remarked the General.
"Drunk!—not much, sir," laughed the young man; "he's no more drunk than I am. He's playing 'possum and means mischief. Look there! he's lying on the road!"
As they drove up he raised himself lazily and hailed them. "Hic! ah! I—I say, gentlemen, can't you give me a lift? I—I—hic! can't walk; I'm loaded too heavily with d—d mean whisky."
"Then stay where you are and get rid of it," replied the General sternly.
"The devil!" exclaimed the man, springing to his feet with the agility of a cat. He gave a keen whistle and planted himself in front of the coach. Three men sprang out from the bushes and made a rush at the carriage.

Quick as thought the General sprang upon one of them, and they rolled over in the road together. A dull, crashing sound was next heard over the conflict, and a second rolled over in the dust, propelled by the loaded whip in the powerful hands of the driver. The young man, by a timely shot, fired and brought down a third, and then sprang to the assistance of the General, who still fought manfully with his herculean antagonist, while the driver engaged the remaining robber.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried the General to the young man; "we are men to man. I'll give the villain fair play. By the Eternal, I have you now!" and he threw his antagonist over, apparently lifeless.
"Are you hurt, my boy?" asked the General. "And you, too, Ned? Where's Ned?"
"Here, massa!" replied the boy, puffing up the road. "My robber coward—he run—he! he! he! I golly, I save one, massa save one, an' de young gentleman save one—he! he! he!"

All this occurred in less time than it takes to record it.
"But you, General, are you hurt?"
"No, nothing but a few bruises, thank God! But look there! one of them is stirring. 'You, sir, and Ned, pinion his hands, while I examine the others.'"
None of them were found to be dead. Two were only stunned, and the third had received a pistol-shot through the shoulder, and was crouching in affright. They were all soon poisoned, and a council was held, when it was determined to disarm them and let them go rather than be detained on the road. No further incidents befel our travelers during their jaunt.

On their separation in Tennessee, the General gave the young man much good advice. He recounted to him his own history, and bade him aspire to be good and useful. The General continued en route for his home in Middle Tennessee, and the young man stopped and settled in the town of Greenville, Tennessee, as a journeyman tailor. Of his subsequent career it is needless to speak; it is part of the history of our country.

A BLUNT WAY OF PUTTING IT.—The Secessionists in Memphis, like their brethren elsewhere, says an army historian, insisted that all the points we had captured were given up because they had no further use for them. The evacuation of Columbus, Fort Pillow, Fort Henry, and Bowling Green, with the surrender of Donelson, were parts of the grand strategy of the rebel leaders, and served to lure us on to our destruction. They would never admit a defeat, but contended we had invariably suffered.

An uneducated farmer, on the route followed by one of our armies in Tennessee, told our officers that a rebel general and his staff had taken dinner with him during his retreat from Nashville. The farmer was anxious to learn something about the military situation, and asked a rebel major how the Confederate cause was progressing.

"Splendidly," answered the major.—"We have whipped the yankees in every battle, and our independence will soon be recognized."
The farmer was thoughtful for a minute or two and then deliberately said:
"I don't know much about war, but if we are always whipping the Yankees, how is it they keep coming down into our country after every battle?"
The major grew red in the face, and told the farmer that any man who asked such an absurd question was an Abolitionist, and deserved hanging to the nearest tree. The farmer was silenced, but not satisfied.

A Frenchman writing a letter in English to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "preserved," and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: "May you and all your family be pickled to all eternity."
A conversation once turning on first love, Thomas Moore compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes."
"Or rather," exclaimed Lord Byron, "because it becomes less by pairing."
Why cannot slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

The most delicate method of giving a lady a key to your feelings is to send her a lock of your hair.

"Old Hickory"

All Americans are familiar with this sobriquet of General Andrew Jackson, yet very few know how it was earned by the old hero. A writer in a Southern journal gives the following information on the subject:

"In 1836, I was intimately acquainted with Colonel John Allen, United States agent of the Chickasaw Indians, residing in Pontotoc, and with his brother, Capt. Wm. Allen, then a merchant in that town. I learned from Capt. Wm. Allen that his father was a near neighbor and devoted friend of General Jackson, and that he and his brother John served as soldiers in his escort, in all his campaigns, and camped at the same fire, and messed with him during the Creek war. They were certainly great favorites with him; and he rewarded them for their friendship by giving them lucrative appointments in the Chickasaw nation while he was President. In conversation with Capt. Allen about General Jackson, on one occasion, I asked him how he acquired the name of 'Old Hickory?'—I give his reply, as well as I can remember, in his own words:

"During the campaign which included the battle of Emucklaw Creek, the army was moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and we were without tents. In the month of March, a cold equinoctial rain fell on us, mingled with sleet, which lasted several days. The General was exposed to the weather, and was suffering severely with a bad cold and a sore throat. At night we bivouacked in a muddy bottom, while it was pouring down rain, which froze as it fell. My brother John and I, finding that the General was very unwell, became uneasy about him, although he did not complain, but laid down upon his blanket by the camp fire with his soldiers. Seeing him wet to the skin, stretched in the mud and water, in his suffering condition, we determined to try and make him more comfortable.

"We cut down a stout hickory tree, in which the sap was rising, and peeled the bark from it in flakes; cut two forks and a pole; laid down a floor of bark and dead leaves, and roofed it, and closed one side, or rather one end of the structure, against the wind, and left the other end open.—We then dried our blankets, and made a pallet in the tent we had constructed. We woke up the old General, and with some difficulty persuaded him to crawl in. With his saddle for a pillow, wrapped in our dry blankets, and his feet to the fire, he slept soundly all night, well eased in hickory bark.

"The next morning, an old man from the neighborhood came into camp with a jug of whisky, with which, after imbibing quite freely himself, he gave us all a 'treat' as far as the liquor would go. He seemed to be a kind-hearted, jovial, and patriotic old fellow; a sort of 'privileged character' in his country. While staggaring about among the camp fires, full of fun and whisky, he blundered upon our little hickory bark tent, which immediately arrested his attention. After eyeing it for a moment, he exclaimed, 'What sort of an outlandish injin fixin' is this?' and gave it a kick which tumbled down the queer looking structure, and completely buried the old hero in the bark. As he staggered out of the ruins, and looked fiercely around for the author of the mischief, the old toper recognized the general, and exclaimed, 'Hallo, old Hickory! come out of your bark and join us in a drink!'

"There was something so ludicrous in the whole scene, that respect for the old hero's presence and rank could not restrain our merriment. He very good humoredly joined us in laughing at the mishap. As he rose up and shook the bark from him, he looked so tough and stern; that we all gave him a 'viva'—'Hurrah for old Hickory!' This was the first time he ever heard these words, which were afterwards shouted by the millions of his countrymen whenever he appeared among them."

A Yankee lawyer, who was pleading the cause of a little boy, took him up in his arms and held him up to the jury, suffused in tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the boy—
"What makes you cry?"
"He's pinching me!" answered the boy.

"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "how do they find out the difference between the earth and the sun?"
"Oh," said the young hopeful, "they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four."
A Jerseyman was very sick, and not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them said: "John, do feel willing to die?"
John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered, in a feeble voice:

"I—think—I'd rather stay—where I'm better acquainted."
A parson once prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

A young lady says she can't understand what her brother Dick sees in the girls that he likes them so well; for her part, she would rather have one young man than twenty girls.