

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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NUMBER 42.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SEANE, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Wesleyan—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock, and Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MURPHY, 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 12 o'clock, noon.
Western, " " " " 10 o'clock, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " " " 6 o'clock, A. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

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

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

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at 9:08 A. M.
Mail Train " " 8:17 P. M.

East—Express Train " " 7:30 P. M.
Fast Line " " 12:55 P. M.
Mail Train " " 6:23 A. M.

[The Fast Line, West does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Richmond; Joseph McDonald, Frothingham.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.

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Poor House Directors—David O'Harro, Michael McGuire, Jacob Horner.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.

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County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Superintendent of Common Schools—James M. Swank.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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

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Weigh Master—William Davis.

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Constable—George W. Brown.

Tax Collector—George Gurley.

Judge of Election—Mechas Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

The South Wind.

Balmy and soft as woman's sigh,
How gently steals the South wind by,
With incense on its wings;
The trembling leaves it softly wreaths,
And to the listening forest breathes,
In sweet-toned whisperings.

Like plaintive music to the ear,
'Tis sweet yet ever sad to hear
That low wind's echoing moans;
It brings upon the heart a spell—
A voice speaks in each rushing swell,
In tender melting tones.

That zephyr bears a million sighs,
And dews from ever flowing eyes
Are wafted with its breath,
And mingled with the wind's low chime
Come wailings from that far-off clime
Of woe, and pain, and death.

Blow on, soft breeze, a Northern gale
Shall ere long answer to thy wail,
And sweep Columbia's plains;
And ever onward shall it bear
The voice of peace and freedom's air,
Where demon terror reigns.

"Steer N. W."

About two years ago I left the service. I was tired of it; and as I wanted some more exciting employment, I joined a whaler. We were unlucky—somehow. I bring no luck anywhere—and we were nearly empty. We were cruising up here to the north, and thinking of making for home, as the weather had changed; and the ice forms precious quick in those latitudes when it once begins. The captain naturally wanted to lang on to the last for the chance of another haul.

One bright afternoon, just after eight bells, I made up the log and took it to the captain's cabin. I knocked at the door, and as nobody answered I walked in. I thought it odd that the captain hadn't answered me, for there he was, sitting at his desk, with his back to me, writing.— I told him I had brought the log, laid it down on the table behind him, and as he made no answer, I walked out. I went on deck, and the first person I met was the captain. I was puzzled—I could not make out how he had got there before me.

"How did you get up here?" I said; "I just left you writing in your cabin."

"I have not been in my cabin for the last half hour," the captain answered, but I thought he was chaffing, and I didn't like it.

"There was some one writing at your desk just now," I said; "and if it wasn't you, you had better go and see who it is. The log is made up. I have left it in your cabin, sir," and with that I walked away.

"Mr. Brown," said the Captain, "you must have been mistaken, my desk is locked. But come—we'll go down and see about it."

I followed the captain into the cabin. The log was on the table, the desk was closed, and the cabin was empty. The captain tried the desk—it was locked.

"You see, Mr. Brown," he said, laughing, "you must have been mistaken—the desk is locked."

I was positive.

"Somebody may have picked the lock," I said.

"But they couldn't have closed it again," the captain suggested. "However, to satisfy you, I will open it and see if the contents are safe, though there is not much here to tempt a thief."

He opened the desk, and there stretched right across it—was a sheet of paper, with the words "Steer N. W." written in an odd cramped hand.

The captain looked at the paper, and then handed it to me.

"You are right, Mr. Brown; somebody has been here. This is some hoax."

We sat there some time talking, and trying to guess what could be the object of such a joke, if joke it was meant to be. I tried to identify the back of the man I had seen at the desk with that of any of the crew. I could not do it. It is true I had at first taken the man for the captain, but now points of difference suggested themselves. I had not looked very attentively at the figure, but still I was under the impression that the coat it had on was brown, and the hair which appeared under the cap seemed, as I remembered, to have been longer and whiter than the captain's. There was only one man on board who resembled in the least the figure I had seen. I suggested to the captain that it might have been old Shiel, the boatswain. He did not like to suspect the old man, who was a great favorite; besides, what motive could he, or indeed

any one else, have had in trying to change the course of the vessel?

Not to appear to suspect any one in particular, the captain determined to have up all the crew. We examined them, and made all those who could write, write "Steer N. W.," but we gained no clue. One thing was very clear—it could not have been old Shiel, who was proven to have been forward at the time I was in the captain's cabin. The mystery remained unsolved.

That evening I sat drinking my grog with the captain in his cabin. We were neither of us inclined to be talkative. I tried to think of home, and the pleasure it would be to see old England again, but still my thoughts wandered back to that mysterious writing. I tried to read, but I caught myself furtively peeping at the desk expecting to see the figure sitting there.

"Suppose we alter her course to north-west, Mr. Brown?"

I don't know what it was; I cannot hope to make you understand the feeling in my mind that followed those words; but it was a sense of relief as from a horrible nightmare. I was ashamed of the childish pleasure I felt, but I could not help answering eagerly, "Certainly; shall I give the order?"

I waited no longer, but hurried on deck and altered the course of the vessel.

It was a clear, frosty night, and as I looked at the compass before going below I felt strangely pleased, and caught myself chucking and rubbing my hands—at what I cannot say—I didn't know then, but a great weight had been taken off my mind.

I went down to the cabin, and found the captain pacing up and down the small space. He stopped as I came in, and looking up, said abruptly—

"It can do no harm, Mr. Brown."

"If this breeze continues," I answered, "we can hold on for thirty hours or so, but then I should think—"

"But then—we shall find ice. How's the wind?"

"Steady, north by east."

We sat down and finished our grog.— I had the morning watch to keep next day. I was too restless to sleep after it, so I kept on deck the whole of the day. Even that did not satisfy me. I was continually running into the tops with my glass, but every time I came down disappointed. The captain was as quiet as myself. Something we expected to happen, but what it was to be we could form no idea. The second officer, I believe, thought us both crazy; indeed, I often wondered, myself, at the state I was in. The night was bright, and the captain determined to carry on under easy sail morning.

Morning came; and with the first gray light I was on deck. It was bitterly cold. Those only who have seen them can form an idea of the delicate tints of a morning sky in those northern seas. But I was in no humor to appreciate the beauties of nature. There was a mist low down on the horizon; I waited impatiently for it to lift. It lifted soon, and I could not be mistaken—beyond it I could see the shimmer of ice. I sent down to tell the captain, who came on deck directly.

"It is no use, Mr. Brown," he said, "you must put her about."

"Wait one moment," I said, "wait one moment, the mist is lifting more; it will be quite clear directly."

The mist was indeed lifting rapidly.— Far to the north and west we could see the ice stretching away in one unbroken field. I was trying to see whether there appeared any break in the ice toward the west, when the captain, seizing my arm with one hand, and pointing straight ahead with the other, exclaimed:

"My God! there is a ship there."

The mist had risen like a curtain, and there, sure enough, about three miles ahead, was a ship seemingly firmly packed in the ice. We stood looking at it in silence. There was some meaning after all in that mysterious warning, was the first thought that suggested itself to me.

"She's nipped hard, sir," said old Shiel, who, with the rest of the crew, was anxiously watching our new discovery. I was trying to make her out with the glass, when the flash of a gun, quickly followed by a report, proved that she had seen us.

Up went the flag, Union downwards. The captain ordered the second officer off into the boat. I watched him as he made his way over the ice with a few of the men towards the ship. They soon returned with eight of the ship's crew. It was a dismal account they gave of their situation. They might have saved their way out of the ice, but the ship was so injured that

she could not have floated an hour. The largest of their boats were stove in, the others were hardly seaworthy. They were preparing, however, to take to them as a last resource, when our welcome arrival put an end to their fears. Another detachment was soon brought off, and the captain with the remainder of his crew was to follow immediately.

I went down to my cabin, and tried to think over the singular fate which had made us the preservers of this ship's crew. I could not divest myself of the idea that some supernatural agency was connected with that paper in the desk, and I trembled at the thought of what might have been the consequence if we had neglected the warning. The boat coming alongside interrupted my reverie. In a few seconds I was on deck.

I found the captain talking to a fine old sailor-like looking old man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Squires. Captain Squires shook hands with me, and we remained talking some time. I could not keep my eyes off his face; I had a conviction that I had seen him somewhere, where I could not tell. Every now and then I seemed to catch at some clue, but which vanished as soon as touched. At last he turned to speak to one of his men.

I could not be mistaken—there was the long white hair, the brown coat. He was the man I had seen writing in the captain's cabin!

That evening I and the captain told the story of the paper to Captain Squires, who gravely and in silence listened to our conjectures. He was too thankful for his escape out of such imminent peril to question the means by which it had been brought about. At the captain's request he wrote "Steer N. W.," and we compared it with the original writing. There could be no doubt of it. It was in the same odd, cramped hand.

Can any one solve the mystery?

Colonel Ellsworth.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

Col. Ellsworth was born in Saratoga county, New York, in the year 1837, and was therefore in his twenty-fourth year when he fell. He was a student at West Point Academy, and after leaving that institution he removed to Chicago, where, eight years ago, he arrived almost friendless and penniless. His innate integrity, with the force and energy of his character, soon won him hosts of friends, until he gradually rose to respect and position.—The exciting exploits of the French Zouaves at Sebastopol led him to investigate this description of drill. Coming to the decision that the Zouave tactics were the most efficient yet studied, he set to work to organize a company of this character in Chicago, by the title of "The Chicago Zouaves." After a practice of about a year, a tour to the East was proposed.—The novelty of their drill, their fantastic dress, the precision of their evolutions, attracted general attention, not only from military men, but from the general public, and Colonel Ellsworth became known all over the country as the originator of the Zouave drill in the United States.

Col. Ellsworth at one time studied law with Mr. Lincoln, and after Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency, it was generally understood that Colonel Ellsworth would be attached to his person. It was expected that he would be placed in some important position in the War Department, but it is not probable that such a position would have been in accordance with his desires. Immediately upon the outbreak of the war he sought active service, and came forward to New York and commenced the organization of a Zouave Regiment from members of the Fire Department. The freedom and dash of the Zouave drill exactly suited the spirit of the firemen, and in an incredibly short time a full regiment was obtained.

Colonel Ellsworth was exceedingly beloved wherever he was intimately known. The impression was sometimes entertained by strangers that there was a degree of affectation in his deportment, but those that knew him best were his warmest and most devoted friends.

The most melancholy reflection connected with this sad and horrible murder, aside from the loss which the country and the service have suffered in Col. Ellsworth, is the impenetrable grief in which it has enshrouded the heart of one who had enshrined the living hero in a glory known only to a young heart's love, and to whom he was affianced for the last three years. The lady, who is spoken of as highly accomplished, is the daughter of Charles E. Spafford, of Rockford, Illinois. Of course the sympathies of the world would only be so many intrusions could they reach the ears of the stricken lady, in the bereavement of her young love, and yet the country will follow her with its condolence, if only in the silent offerings of its sympathies and respect.

We can offer no more elegant tribute to the memory of Ellsworth than by quoting the following lines from the pen of John W. Forney, which originally appeared in the Washington Sunday Morning Chronicle:

So young, so brave, so early called,
We mourn above his laurelled bier—
His name on every heart enrolled,
To friends, and home, and country dear.
Struck by the traitor's reckless hand,
Falling without a chance to raise
His sinewy arm with flashing brand;
And in the morning of his days,
Entering upon the eternal land,
He goes his waiting God to meet,
Without a sin, without a fear;
And as he walks the golden street,
Of yon fair far and wondrous sphere,
The angels all their harps will bring,
And hymn their holy welcoming.

Southern Forts.

The forts South of Mason & Dixon's line, now in possession of the Confederate States are seventeen in number, costing the United States more than \$6,000,000, which when fully manned and armed, hold 5,280 men and 1,310 guns. Those held by the United States at the South number fourteen, costing about the same amount and of similar capacity. Hampton Roads, Virginia, is the great naval station and rendezvous on the Southern coast. Pensacola has the only good harbor for naval vessels and a naval depot on the gulf. The forts at Key West and Tortugas are among the most powerful in the world. Every vessel going into the gulf passes in sight of each.

The proprietor of a pistol gallery in Milwaukee has prepared a target in the shape of a man, over which is painted in conspicuous letters: "This is Jefferson Davis—shoot the traitor." He has plenty of custom.

Signs of the times.—Ensigns.

The Proclamation of the Queen of England.

The following is the proclamation of Queen Victoria in relation to the American war:

Whereas, we are happily at peace with all the sovereign Powers and States; and whereas, hostilities have unhappily commenced between the Government of the United States and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America; and whereas, we being at peace with the Government of the United States, have declared our royal determination to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality between the said contending parties, we therefore have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to issue our royal proclamation; and we hereby warn all our loving subjects, and all persons whatever entitled to our protection, that if any of them shall presume, in contempt of this proclamation and of our high displeasure, to do any act in derogation of this duty, as subjects of a neutral sovereign in said contest, or in violation or contravention of the law of nations, and more especially by entering the military service of either of the contending parties, as commissioned or non-commissioned officers or soldiers, or by serving as officers sailors or marines on board of any ship, or vessel-of-war, or transport of, or in the service of either of the contending parties, or by engaging to go or going to any place beyond the seas, with the intent to enlist or engage in any such service, or by procuring or attempting to procure, within her Majesty's dominions at home or abroad, others to do so; or by fitting out, arming or equipping any ship or vessel, to be employed as a ship-of-war or privateer, or transport, by either of the contending parties, or by breaking, or endeavoring to break any blockade, lawfully and actually established by or on behalf of either of the said contending parties, or by carrying officers, soldiers, despatches, arms, military stores or materials, or any article considered and deemed to be contraband of war, according to law, or the modern usage of nations, for the use of either of the said contending parties, all parties so offending will incur and be liable to the several penalties and penal consequences by the said statute, or by the law of nations, in that behalf imposed.

And we do hereby declare that all our subjects, and persons entitled to our protection, who may misconduct themselves in the premises, will do so at their peril and of their own wrong, and they will in nowise obtain any protection from us against any liabilities or penal consequences, but will, on the contrary, incur our displeasure by such misconduct.

Given at Richmond Park, May 13, 1861.

Secretary Seward on Treason.

The following letter from Secretary Seward defines the law of treason in very simple and forcible language:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 16, 1861.

SIR:—I have received your letter of yesterday's date, asking me to give you in writing, my reasons for considering an acceptance on your part of Governor Letcher's proposition to purchase the steamship Yorktown and Jamestown, recently seized by his orders and now in his possession, an act of treason. With this request I readily comply. An insurrection has broken out in several of the States of this Union, including Virginia, designed to overthrow the Government of the United States. The executive authorities of State are parties to that insurrection, and so are public enemies. Their action in seizing or buying vessels to be employed in executing that design is not merely without authority of law, but is treason. It is treason for any person to give aid and comfort to public enemies. To sell vessels to them, which it is their purpose to use as ships-of-war, is to give them aid and comfort. To receive money from them in payment for vessels which they seized for these purposes would be to convert the unlawful seizure into a sale, and would subject the party so offending to the pains and penalties of treason, and the Government would not hesitate to bring the offender to punishment. I am, sir, your obedient servant.

WM. H. SEWARD,
To G. HEINEKEN, Esq., Agent New York and Virginia Steamship Company, Washington.

A fellow attempted to pass himself off for Senator Benjamin in Virginia, and came near getting his neck stretched on account of it.—Exchange.

Pray how did the fellow enact the character of Benjamin? Did he steal something, and threaten a lawsuit when charged with the theft?—Prentice.

If you marry a scolding woman your children will be hot house plants.