

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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NUMBER 46.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Bethel Station,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Blacklick.
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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. SNOW, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. G. GOOLEY, Assistant. 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.
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Particular Baptist—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.
Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAELS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, noon.
Western, " at 12 o'clock, noon.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 6 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 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	8.33 A. M.	
" Fast Line "	9.07 P. M.	
" Mail Train "	6.02 P. M.	
East—Express Train "	3.42 A. M.	
" Fast Line "	7.30 P. M.	
" Mail Train "	1.45 A. M.	

[*The Fast Line West does not stop.]

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Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.
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Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.
Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.
District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.
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Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. McCoy.
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Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
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Coroner—James S. Todd.
Superintendent of Common Schools—James M. Swank.

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Burgess—David J. Evans.
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Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.
Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.
Ward Master—William Davis.
School Directors—William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, Hugh Jones, David J. Jones.
Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.
Constable—George W. Brown.
Tax Collector—George Gurley.
Judge of Election—Meshac Thomas.
Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

THE ALLEGHANIAN—\$1.50 in advance.

National Poetry.

The American Flag.

BY J. RODMAN DRAKE.



When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And stripped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light—
Then from its mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rearest aloft the regal form,
To hear the tempest-trappings loud,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun to thee is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war—
The harbingers of Victory!

Flag of our country! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glittering bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon mounting loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And glory sabbres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And covering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.
Flag of the Seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush madly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BY CATHARINE ALLEN.

The wife of Washington must ever be a subject of interest to the women of America. Her own virtues, apart from the exalted position of her husband, have made her worthy of remembrance and esteem. She was, in every respect, a model for her sex.
The maiden name of Lady Washington was Martha Danbridge, and she was born of an honorable family, in the county of New Kent, Va., in May, 1728. She grew up beautiful and amiable; and at sixteen was already the belle of the district. Accomplished, at least for that day; peculiarly fascinating in manners, and possessed of a graceful and pleasing countenance, she was sought in marriage by numerous admirers, and she finally bestowed her hand, at the age of seventeen, on Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, of her native county. Two children were the fruits of this marriage, neither of whom survived the mother.

While yet in the full bloom of beauty, Mrs. Custis was left a widow. With an ample fortune, and unusual charms of person, she was soon again besieged by suitors. But none made any impression on her heart until she had attained her twenty-sixth, when she accidentally made the acquaintance of Washington, then a Colonel in the service of Virginia. Her grandson, George W. Parke Custis, in a biography of her life, has given a romantic account of this first interview between Mrs. Custis and her future husband.
"It was in 1758," says her biographer, "that an officer attired in a military uniform, and attended by a body servant, tall and militaire as his chief, crossed the ferry called Williams', over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River. On the boat touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime—the very soul of kindness and hospitality. He would hear of no excuse on the officer's part for declining the invitation to stop at his house. In vain the Colonel pleaded important business at Williamsburg; Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that his friend must dine with him at the very least. He promised, as a temptation, to introduce him to a young and charming widow, who chanced then to be an inmate of his dwelling. At last the soldier surrendered at discretion, resolving, however, to pursue his journey the same evening. They proceeded to the mansion. Mr. Chamberlayne presented Col. Washington to his various guests, among whom was the beautiful Mrs. Custis. Tradition says that the two were favorably impressed with each other at the first interview." It may be supposed that the conversation turned upon scenes in which the whole community had a deep interest—scenes which the young hero, fresh from his early fields, could eloquently describe; and we may fancy with what earnest and rapt interest the fair listener "to hear did seriously incline," or how the "heavenly rhetoric of her eyes" beamed unconscious admiration on the manly speaker. The morning passed; the sun sank low in the horizon. The hospitable host smiled as he saw the Colonel's attendant, Bishop, true to his orders, holding his master's spirited steed at the gate. The veteran waited, and marvelled at the delay. "Ah, Bishop," says a fair writer, describing the occurrence, "there was an urchin in the drawing-room more powerful than King George and all his governors! Subtle as a sphynx, he had hidden the important despatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his ears from the summons of the tell-tale clock, and was playing such mad pranks with the bravest heart in christendom, that it fluttered with the excess of new-found happiness."
Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that no guest ever left his house after sunset; and his visitor was persuaded, without much difficulty, to remain. The next day was far advanced when the enamored soldier was on the road to Williamsburg. His business there being despatched, he hastened to the presence of the captivating widow.

The marriage that followed the acquaintance thus romantically begun, took place in 1759, and was attended by all the beauty and wealth of the neighborhood. After the ceremony, Colonel and Mrs. Washington repaired to Mount Vernon, where they took up their abode. By this union, an addition of about one hundred thousand dollars was made to the fortune of Washington, an accession which rendered him one of the most opulent gentlemen of the Old Dominion. Engrossed with each other, the young couple continued to reside on their estate, until the war of Independence breaking out, Washington was summoned to the field to lead his country's armies. Mrs. Washington, however, even now would not consent to part entirely from her husband. She accompanied him to Cambridge, and remained until the evacuation of Boston, when the army moving on to New York for an active campaign, she returned for awhile to Virginia.
After this it was her custom to spend her summers at Mount Vernon, rejoining the General as soon as the army went into winter quarters. At the close of each campaign, accordingly, an aid-de-camp was despatched to escort her to her husband. Her arrival at camp was always a season of rejoicing. The plain chariot, with the neat postillions in their scarlet and white liveries, was welcomed as the harbinger of rest and cheerfulness. Her example was followed by the wives of the other officers. Thus, every winter, something like society was established at headquarters, when the smiles and affection of woman relieved, for a season at least, the gloom of disaster and despair.
Lady Washington was accustomed to say that it had ever been her fortune to hear the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing of all the campaigns of the war of Independence. During the terrible winter of 1777-8, she was at Valley Forge. The privations to which she had to submit may be judged from a letter she wrote to Mrs. Warren, in which she says: "The General's apartment is very small; he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at

first." Think of a woman of Lady Washington's fortune and position, dining now-a-days, for a whole winter in a log cabin! During this awful season the august female sought out the most distressed of the soldiers, and alleviated their sufferings, as far as possible, out of her private purse. Such was a lady of the olden time! Instead of lounging idly at home in luxury, she shared fully her husband's trials; instead of exhausting her wealth on selfish indulgences, she divided it with the hungry and the sick.

The Marquis de Chastellax, who visited the United States after the alliance with France thus describes the camp life of General and Lady Washington: "The headquarters at Newburg consist of a single house, built in the Dutch fashion, and neither large nor commodious. The largest room in it, which General Washington has converted into his dining room, is tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors and only one window. The chimney is against the wall; so there is, in fact, but one vent for the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a long room which served as a parlor. At nine, supper was served, and when bed time came I found that the chamber to which the General conducted me was the very parlor spoken of, wherein he had made them place a camp-bed.—We assembled at the breakfast next morning at ten, during which interval my bed was folded up; and my chamber became the sitting room for the whole afternoon; for American manners do not admit of a bed in the room in which company is received, especially women. The smallness of the house, and the inconvenience to which I saw that General and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, made me apprehensive least M. Rochambeau might arrive on the same day.—The day I remained at headquarters was passed either at table or in conversation."
When at Mount Vernon, before and after the war, Lady Washington, like a wise household wife busied herself in superintending personally, her domestic affairs. As that was a day when cotton factories were as yet unknown, every household had to do most of its own spinning; and Lady Washington kept sixteen spinning wheels constantly going. She was accustomed frequently to wear fabrics thus made.
One of her favorite dresses of this home manufacture was cotton, striped, with silk, weighing not quite a pound and a half.—Her coachman, footman and waiting-maid were all dressed in domestic cloth. She was economical without being niggardly and this from principle. She knew that in consequence of her station, she was looked up to by the imitators and she wished to show an example of moderation. Even when Washington was President, she continued this praiseworthy conduct. As late as 1790, Mrs. Wilson, inquiring for pocket handkerchiefs at a fashionable store in Philadelphia, was shown some pieces of lawn, of which Lady Washington had just purchased; and the information was added, that she paid six shillings for handkerchiefs for her own use, but went as high as seven shillings for the President.

Her ease and elegance of manner, joined to her affability, rendered her, when the wife of the Chief Magistrate, beloved by all. Mrs. Ellet says of this period of her life: "The establishment of the President and Mrs. Washington was formed at the seat of government. The levees had more of courtly ceremonial than has been known since; but it was necessary to maintain the dignity of office by forms that should inspire respect. Special regard was paid to the wives of men who had deserved much of their country. Mrs. Robert Morris was accustomed to sit at the right of the lady of the President, at the drawing-room; and the widows of Greene and Montgomery were always handed from their carriages by the President himself, the Secretaries and gentlemen of his household performing those services for the other ladies. In this elevated station, Mrs. Washington, unspoiled by distinction, still leaned on the kindness of her friends, and cultivated cheerfulness as a duty. She was beloved as few are in superior condition. Mrs. Warren says, in reply to one of her letters, "Your observation may be true, that many younger and graver ladies consider your situation as enviable; yet I know not one, who, by general consent, would be more likely to obtain the suffrages of the sex, even were they to canvass at election for the elevated station, than the lady who holds the first rank in the United States."
She did not long survive her august husband. Less than two years after his death, she was attacked by a fatal illness, and feeling her end approaching, she called her grandchildren around her, dis-

coursed to them of religion, and amid the tears of her family, quietly resigned her life into the hands of her Creator. Her death took place on the 22d of May, 1802; and she was buried beside her husband.

Lady Washington is a model for the imitation of her sex. Her abilities were superior, her heart kind, and her conduct under the control of Christian principle. The gentle dignity of her manner inspired respect without creating enmity. In her youth, and even in mature womanhood, she was distinguished for personal loveliness.—*Ladies' National.*

General Scott.

History teaches the best lesson man can learn. When we bring up its records with the present—when we array its truths with our own experiences, we are as often impressed with the fact that we have been mistaken in our estimation of men and our judgment of their merits, as we have heretofore shown our ingratitude for their services. Gen. Scott, for instance, was a great man and as skillful an officer twenty years ago as he is now, but how many of the American people would admit the fact? He fought as well at Lundy's Lane as he did from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, but when the smoke of battle had vanished and the intoxication of victory had passed away, Gen. Scott was rejected by the American people for the highest office in their gift, and the honor conferred on one below him in rank in the army, and scarcely his equal as a wise and sagacious statesman. This rejection did not affect the loyalty of the hero. While the Americans thus preferred another, Gen. Scott expressed no chagrin at his own rejection, showed no bitterness towards those who were successful, but steadily and sternly devoted himself to his country. He was almost forgotten in the midst of the political revelry and debauchery that filled the country after the Mexican war—forgotten by all save the malvolence and spite of those who were in power. It was not enough that the American people should refuse him their confidence after he had crowned the national escutcheon with the trophies of his victories, but it was reserved for the American Government to attempt the disgrace of its own veteran chief, to labor to destroy one who was bleeding from the wounds he received while struggling in its defence. Had such ingratitude occurred when Caesars wielded their falchions, the hero backed by his army would have demolished the government that sought his disgrace. But while all other departments were reeking with corruption—while place made men dishonest, and public servants either became secret or avowed traitors, Winfield Scott almost stood alone, the friend of his ungrateful country in her darkest hour of peril. He saw the army dwindling away under the influence of treason—he beheld its resources destroyed, its supplies fleeced, and discipline closed his lips; but he was still the friend of his country. For four years he was aware of the existence of treason, but was prevented from striking, until at length crime and the excesses of traitors brought the guilt before the country—and then Winfield Scott stood forth almost the only support and defender of that country. He turned a deaf ear to flattery, and remembered none of the insults and neglects heaped upon himself. He refused the appeals from the State of his birth, scorned offered honors, and spit upon their proffered praises. His country was in danger, and that demanded and received loyalty, and his labor and his services.

Honor, then, to Gen. Scott! He may be engaged in his last campaign, but the last laurel to decorate his home will never be wreathed. That will be immortal.

QUAKER TOAST.

This is from me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thou and thine come to see me and mine, that me and mine, will treat thee and thine as thou and thine have treated me and mine.
This is a new version of the old compliment which runs somewhat after this wise.
I wish thee and thy folks loved me and my folks, as well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks. For sure there never was folks, since folks was folks, that ever folks loved folks half so much as me and my folks loved thee and thy folks.

One of the slaves at Newport News on being questioned as to whether he had run away from his master, replied, "No golly, Massa run away from me! When he see de soldiers comin' he run, like de debil; I spe' he's gone to Richmond!"

A great deal of love lost—women kissing each other.

Standing Guard.

A member of the Schuylkill regiment, in camp near Washington, writes thus about the incidents of standing sentinel: "The manner in which the sentinel receives the countersign is as follows: He permits a person to come to a distance of twelve or fifteen paces of his post, and then commands him to 'halt!' and asks, 'who comes there?' The answer will generally be, 'a friend.' The sentinel commands, 'advance, friend, and give the countersign.' The person advances, and leaning over the point of the bayonet of the sentry, gives the password, (the guard must always receive it a 'charge bayonet,') and proceeds on his way. The guards are all numbered, from one upward. If anything is wanted, or wrong, the sentinel calls for the 'Sergeant of the Guard,' mentioning his number, which is passed from guard to guard until it reaches No. 1, where the Sergeant of the day is stationed, who immediately repairs to the post designated.

During the night the orders are more strict than in the daytime. If any one then attempts to pass the guard without the countersign, he calls for the Sergeant; if the intruder, after being warned several times, won't come down to dots, you draw trigger on him and of course kill him if you can. Last Sunday night we were on the picket guard: our beat was about thirty yards long, on the borders of a graveyard. Near midnight it commenced to rain with a vengeance, and was so dark that the eye could not penetrate further than ten feet in advance. Strange sounds came from the woods and swamps around, while in the graveyard dark red phosphorescent lights would rise from the earth, and after illumining for awhile some gray tomb, sink again apparently in the ground, separated from the camp by a hill, and surrounded by thick darkness, the rain strangely pattering as it fell, the mysterious situation was well calculated to remind one of wonderful stories often told, but seldom experienced, as well as to arouse superstitious fears. About every fifteen minutes the deep gloom would be broken by the voice of the guards crying, 'No. 1, all's well,' 'No. 2, all's well,' and so on, each sentinel taking it up until it had passed around the camp and came back to the place from whence it started. A few nights ago two of our company were doing night guard duty on the borders of a wood, about a quarter of a mile from camp, one of them observed, some twenty yards from him, what was apparently a man, standing and silently gazing at him. He demanded 'who came there,' but received no reply. He called the attention of a sentinel near him to the matter, and together they marched with charged bayonets against the immovable and silent 'what is it,' and, with true soldierly courage, gallantly ran their bayonets in a small—cedar tree.

Gen. Butler's Expedients.

We do not believe, says an exchange, that Gen Butler will be in the least embarrassed as to the final disposition of the contraband articles now housed at Fort Monroe. He will not require instructions from head-quarters to settle their destination—his ready wit will suggest an expedient to meet the emergency. Indeed, a precedent has already been given by Gen. Butler himself:
In his earlier law practice, the General was obliged to take up a class of shabby cases, which he was glad to get rid of as soon as fortune smiled. But after he was well rid of such practice, a poor loafer was brought into court without counsel;—whereupon, the Judge, with a malicious twinkle of his eye, requested "Brother Butler to act for the defendant. A little nettled, Butler determined to avenge himself upon the judge. He retired with the prisoner to a side-room, and presently returned alone.
"Are you ready to bring on that case?" asked the judge.
"May it please the court, there is no case," answered Butler.
"No case! how is that?—the man is accused so and so."
"Well," said Butler, "I examined the fellow, and I made up my mind either that he had not done anything, or that nobody could prove anything against him, and I said to him, 'My good fellow, that window is open, and it can help you out of this scrape much quicker than I can.' And, may it please your honor, I have not seen him since?"
We suspect that when the time comes to bring on that contraband case, Gen. Butler will show Sambo the open window on the north side of the house, and never see him afterwards!

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive? Because it is not of much account without it's tender!