

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1861.

NUMBER 50.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Beall Station,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Blacklick,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Benjamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Class Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Crosson,	John J. Troxell,	Washington.
Ebensburg,	Mrs. H. McCague,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzia,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzia.
Hollock,	Wm. M. Gough,	Washington.
Johnstown,	H. A. Boggs,	Johnstown.
Loretto,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wisinger,	Conestoga.
Monaster,	A. Durbin,	Monaster.
North,	Francis Clement,	Conestoga.
Paris,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Coushango.
Richland,	G. W. Bowman,	Richland.
St. Augustine,	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Somerset,	B. M. Colgan,	Washington.
Summerhill,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
Summit,	Miss M. Gillespie,	Washington.
Winore,	Andrew Beck,	Summerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

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 8 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. SPROW, 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.
Wich Independent—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.
Catholic—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. 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.
Duquesne—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. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and every evening at 8 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

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.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.
West-Express Train leaves at 8:33 A. M.
" Fast Line " 9:07 P. M.
" Mail Train " 8:02 P. M.
East-Express Train " 3:42 A. M.
" Fast Line " 7:30 P. M.
" Mail Train " 9:45 A. M.
[The Fast Line West does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. DeLoach; Associates, George W. Linton, Richard Jones, Jr.
Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.
Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Storm, James Cooper.
Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. McCoy.
Treasurer—John A. Blair.
Poor House Directors—David O'Harrow, Richard McGuire, Jacob Horner.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.
Auctioneers—Henry Hawk, John F. Stall, John S. Rhey.
County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.
Coroner—James S. Todd.
Superintendent of Common Schools—James H. Swank.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.
Burgess—David J. Evans.
Town Council—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel O. Evans.
Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.
Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.
Weigh 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.
Inspector of Election—Mehach Thomas.
Inspector—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

Jefferson D.

You're a traitor convicted, you know very well,
Jefferson D! Jefferson D!
You thought it a capital thing to rebel,
Jefferson D!
But there's one thing I'll say:
You'll discover some day,
When you see a stout cotton cord hang from
a tree,
There's an accident happened you didn't fore-
see,
Jefferson D!
What shall be found upon History's page?
Jefferson D! Jefferson D!
When the student explores the Republic's page,
Jefferson D!
He will find, as is meet,
That at Judas' feet
You sit in your shame, with the impotent plea
That you hated the land and the law of the free,
Jefferson D!
What do you see in your visions at night?
Jefferson D! Jefferson D!
Does the spectacle furnish you any delight?
Jefferson D!
Do you feel, in disgrace,
The black cap o'er your face,
While the tremor creeps down from your heart
to your knee,
And Freedom insulted approves the decree?
Jefferson D!
Oh, long have we pleaded till pleading is vain,
Jefferson D! Jefferson D!
Your hands are imbued with the blood of the
slain,
Jefferson D!
And at last, for the Right,
We arise in our might—
A People united, resistless and free,
And declare that rebellion never shall be!
Jefferson D!

THE OLD GROWLER.

Corporal Ploquet, of the Sixty-first Regiment, French, was undoubtedly the greatest original of the grand army which invaded Russia under Bonaparte. It was from his snarlish disposition that his regiment received from Bonaparte the sobriquet of the Growlers.
Ploquet was a good comrade; but more he was a brave soldier, having no fault but that of never being pleased. He complained of everything, at all times, and in all places. During the four years I was his bed-fellow I never heard one approbatory word escape his lips; never did his countenance indicate the least sign of satisfaction, even when a victory was gained and booty was certain to be had.
While he was in garrison he complained of want of sleep, and when on a march, he was fatigued; when his knapsack was well garnished, he complained that it was too heavy; when empty too light, and fretted that he had not the means to replenish it. From his habit of always being dissatisfied, the soldiers would remark to him that if a regiment of malcontents should be raised, he would certainly be chosen Colonel. But after all this, failing of his never caused offence to be taken for the soldiers would but laugh at his eccentricities, and even the officers would overlook his cross answers on account of his otherwise good conduct, and in consideration of his many feats of valor in many desperate conflicts, and the many other good qualities he possessed.
It was more especially during the Russian campaign that this monomania was fully developed. The long and fatiguing marches of the army through a sterile and inclement country, was a fertile source of indulgence for this penchant. He would remark, "That we had nothing to expect here but to carry our bones to the end of the earth. What can we expect to do in a country of savages? We have already marched a hundred leagues without seeing a single potato; it would be some relief if we could but hear the crack of a cannon, as among civilized people—but no, we never hear the puff of priming though I have carried at my back four packs of cartridges." He dwelt particularly on this point, as if these cartridges were a grievous trouble to him, and he believed they never would be used, but would still continue to be a heavy load.
At last the two armies came in sight of each other, but seemed to avoid an encounter. The Russians at length daringly drew up in front of our troops. Two days before the battle of Moskawa, the Emperor inspected the army, and our Colonel rode from rank to rank of the regiment to inspire them for the coming conflict. "Soldiers," said he, "the Emperor has given us the glorious mission to attack one of the redoubts which the enemy had raised to arrest our march—

Long live the Emperor!" The regiments received this information with loud huzzas; the only exception was Ploquet, who was heard muttering through his teeth—"Pshaw! these Parisians are all alike—they tell us the greatest favor they can confer upon us is to order us where we may be cut down by the balls of the enemy."

"How is this, Corporal," said I; "are you not pleased to see these bravadoes so near us?"
"Yes! so near us; when we have marched an hour under this stiff harness, and entered their batlements, more than half of us will be cut to pieces before we know where we are."
"But look at the glory," said I.
"Glory—death! The glory is neither for you nor me," said he; "it is for all these Parisians, dressed out with glittering caps of general officers, triply appareled, their boots shining, and who feast three times a day."

The army was then ordered to advance. In the space of an hour we deployed under the fire of the enemy's batteries, which swept off whole files of our men. Our regiment, being exposed to the destructive artillery, suffered most dreadfully. For a moment hesitation prevailed—a panic had seized the new allies, who were on the eve of retreating. Ploquet, who was in the third rank, immediately threw his musket across them and swore he would split the first man who would attempt to leave the rank. While thus acting, a ball struck his cartridge box, and carried part of it away, which caused him to make one of the drollest grimaces I ever beheld.

"Five packages of cartridges lost," said he, gnashing his teeth; "after carrying them two hundred leagues without firing one—it is aggravating!"
The regiment then rushed forward at double quick time. The Russian artillery soon quit firing—it was awful—it had a solemn effect—the oldest sighed aloud, and the officers raised their hands in supplication. Ploquet seized his musket, his brilliant eyes flashed like lightning, and after muttering a dreadful oath, he rushed impetuously forward. Suddenly a blue light was seen to rise from the redoubt—an awful explosion had taken place, which made the ground shake like an earthquake; then a dense smoke enveloped the whole battle-field, and hundreds of shattered bodies were strewn around Ploquet was no longer near me, and I thought he had been among the slain. When the wind had cleared away the smoke, I saw the lower part of his body entering the breach which was made. He was easily distinguished by the remnant of his cartridge box, which still adhered to his back. I hastened to his assistance, and although I followed the way, he was not to be seen.

True, the carnage which was going on in the fort did not allow much time for search. The assault was continued unabated, as the example set by the Corporal stimulated the other braves to follow to his support. Powder was useless, the sabre and bayonet alone glittered in the melee which was dreadfully severe. The battle was fought man to man, and the slain on both sides lay together on the spot where they fell. The skirmishing lasted more than twenty minutes, and seldom was a duel fought with more desperation and obstinacy. When the skirmishing had ceased, the cry of victory was heard—the redoubt was ours, and the eagle was placed on the walls.

Over the noise and confusion which then prevailed, a voice was heard calling on the drum major to lower the flag, but there was no answer; the drummer was called, but no drummer appeared—all were slain. Out of an army which had mustered four effective battalions, of eight hundred men each, four hundred alone remained.
Very soon after, I found Ploquet leaning up against a wheel of the advanced train, endeavoring to staunch with his shirt sleeve the blood which was flowing in streams from a wound he had received on his head. I hastened to his relief, and saw that the blow which he had received had split his shako. "It was lucky," said I, "that your head was so well protected."
"Ah! my friend," said he, "do you call that lucky, when I have lost two bundles of cigars such as you never have smoked and such as I do not expect soon to find again."

He then showed me the cigars, that the sabre cut in two.
"But," said I, "these cigars must have saved your life, probably."
He replied very briefly, "it might be probable."
Happily his wound was not a very serious one, and he refused permission to absent himself from duty—but he only asked that his services might be dispensed with for twenty-four hours.

Next morning it was rumored that the Emperor had received the portrait of his son, and that it was placed outside of his tent, that all might see it. I proposed to Ploquet to accompany me to see that portrait. He very reluctantly consented, and we proceeded to the tent. Many of the superior officers were there, and the name of the Corporal was soon whispered around, and the crowd gave way to him. The Emperor soon after made his appearance at the door of his tent, and looking round perceived the wounded Corporal, whom he at once recognized by the bandage around his head, tied with a bloody handkerchief. He beckoned to Ploquet, who stepped forward without seeming to be the least abashed.

"Corporal Ploquet," said the Emperor, "I am told that you were among the first of those who entered the redoubt yesterday."
"True," he replied, "but that ought not to afford you much pleasure, for it was dreadful hard work for those engaged."
A look from the Emperor put an end to his murmurs.

"Ah! then tell us," continued the Emperor, "would a promotion please you?"
"Thanks, my Emperor, but that would not suit me; I am content with the bars on my arm already."
"Perhaps, then, the Legion of Honor would best please you—take it, and we may remain friends." Then untying the cross from his breast, amidst a general acclamation, he presented it to the Corporal, who received it with one hand, and with the other gave a military salute. He then fastened it to a button on his coat very leisurely, without any sign of emotion. Indeed, of all those who were present, he seemed the most unconcerned. The Emperor, on entering his tent, coolly observed, "behold a growler who never was satisfied."

A few days after this, there was read to the soldiers a proclamation, beginning, "Soldiers, the battle you so much desired," &c. (Moscow)—"Desired!" said Ploquet, "there need be no haste to beat the empty wind."

"Corporal," said I, "you are excused from serving on this occasion, you had better go to the rear."
"What could I do there?"
"You would be under shelter of the cannon."
"I don't wish to be there. What! under shelter—that would be amusing, indeed, to hear, but to see nothing. I am rather curious." He was determined to share in the fight which was about to take place, happen what would.

During the night he suffered much pain from his wound. In the morning the Major declared that gangrene would be sure to take place, if he should get himself overheated. In despite of his anxiety he had to remain inactive during that memorable day, (the battle of Moscow.)

It is well known that Bonaparte easily recognized the countenance of those he had once seen, and that he had the remarkable faculty of remembering proper names. During the fatal retreat from Moscow, a little on the other side of Smolensk, as the Emperor rode past the regiment, which marched in concert with the guards, he recognized the old corporal—"My poor Ploquet," said he to him, "you now have some reason to be dissatisfied."
"Yes, my Emperor, I think you must be a little more than we are."

We had now to pass the Berisino river, and Ploquet and I had now passed over about two-thirds of the bridge, when the crowd precipitated themselves like an avalanche, in order to pass over, and we were pushed into the river. The Corporal, who was a good swimmer, placed his left hand under my chin, and with the other bore us along, dashing away the ice which threatened to cut into us. We succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, where the Russian cannon were playing on the retreating soldiery. I felt a great inclination to sleep, but Ploquet declared this to be dangerous—that if we ceased marching we should be frozen to death in half an hour. He began to run, pushing me before him. We had advanced about a hundred steps when he fell in the snow, a ball having fractured both his legs. I turned to assist him—"March on!" said he.
"But, Corporal, you have saved my life and I cannot leave you." "March on—I am happier than many others. In five minutes I will feel no longer cold."

This was, perhaps, the first time in his life he was content with his fate. He expired a few moments after, pressing the cross to his lips which the Emperor had given him.
Some Eastern paper having remarked that Mofagin, the Secessionist Governor of Kentucky, was in a tight place, the Louisville Journal says that's nothing uncommon, as he's most always tight.

The Stars and Stripes.

The most interesting incident connected with the battle of Saratoga was the unfurling for the first time of the Stars and Stripes at the surrender of Burgoyne.—Bunker Hill was fought under a red flag, bearing the motto, "Come if you dare;" but on the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." This was made public on the 3d of September following. Previous to this our national banner was the Union flag, combining the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, (taken from the English banner,) with thirteen stripes, alternately red and white. The banner of St. Patrick (Ireland's emblem) was not combined with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the standard of Great Britain until 1801, the year of the union with Ireland.

The stars of the new flag represented the new constellation of States, the idea taken from the constellation Ursa, which signifies harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the covenant's banner in Scotland, likewise significant of the league and covenant of the united colonies against oppression, and incidentally involving vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union, the circle being the sign of eternity. The thirteen stripes showed, with the stars, the number of the united colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to and their dependence upon the Union, as well as the equality among themselves. The whole was a blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag, viz: the red flags of the army, and the white ones of the floating batteries—the germ of our navy. The red color also, which in Roman days was the signal of defiance, denoted daring, and the white purity.

What eloquence do the stars and stripes breathe when their full significance is known. A constellation; union; perpetuity; a covenant against oppression; justice; equality; subordination; courage; purity.
By the United States law of January 13, 1794, it was enacted "that from and after the 1st of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white," and "that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This was our national flag during the war of 1812.

On the 4th of April, 1818, Congress altered the flag by directing a return to the thirteen stripes, as follows:
"Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the 4th of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white in a blue field."

"And be it further enacted, That on the admission of a new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission."

The return of the thirteen stripes was by reason of the anticipation that the addition of a stripe on the admission of each State would make the flag too unwieldy. The old number of stripes also perpetuate the original number of States of the Union, while the addition of the stars showed the Union in its existing state.

The flag planted by our troops in the city of Mexico, at the conclusion of the Mexican war, bore thirty stars.
The size of the flag for the army is six feet six inches in length, by four feet four inches in width, with seven red and six white stripes. The first seven stripes (four red and three white) bound the square of the blue field for the stars, the stripes extending from the extremity of the field to the end of the flag. The eighth stripe is white, extending partly at the base of the field. The number of the stars is thirty-four.

"There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the house on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storm can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor."

Miss Que asked "the pleasure of Captain Jones' company to tea." At the time appointed, the Captain, being in command of the Rifle Company, made his appearance with the whole of his company in parade dress.

In one Ohio regiment sixteen brother named Fisch enlisted at the same time. A big haul!

The Bayonet.

George Wilkes, of New York, in a recent letter to his *Spirit of the Times*, thus remarks on the weapon with which this war is most likely to be fought. The Southern troops are said to have resolved upon testing Yankee pluck at the point of the bayonet, and the contest promises, therefore, to be one unparalleled in despatch.

"Some importance has been attributed to the fact that the Southern men, as a general thing, are better marksmen than the soldiers of the North, and that they will consequently possess a great advantage through such superiority in the hour of battle. But while I do not believe that this is the case to any great extent, I would not, even if it were so, give much consideration to the fact; for in battle but few special shots are made, and the coming struggle is not destined to be a contest of mere marksmanship or evolution. War began with a spear for its weapon; after a variety of changes, through several centuries, it yielded its refinements, and under Napoleon III, on the fields of Magenta and Solferino, came back to the spear again. On those bloody and bitterly contested fields, the alert Zouaves and the Chasseurs d'Afrique refused to accept the rations of powder and ball when served out to the troops, just previous to battle; nay, when the charge was given, refused even to discharge the loads already in their guns—but, rushing forward to hand and bayonet them in the ranks. This is unquestionably the true resource of superior physical condition.

"On this plan the coming war between the North and South will surely be contested; and in fact evidence thereof I will point to the fact that the Government has already taken away the little costly breech-loading toys which the munificence of New York put in the hands of Col. Ellsworth's regiment, and served out to them the spear, in the shape of a sabre on the end of a Minie musket; and may Heaven help those under the edge of whose bayonet the 'pet lambs' shall succeed in getting. There will be some strange fighting, in which, probably, even 'butting' and wrestling and throttling may form a part; but, after a short turmoil, the result will be a heap of slain and a flying remnant, each of whom will probably render his verdict of the struggle in the exclamation that 'those fellows are not gentlemen!' The sabre bayonet is also to be distributed throughout the entire army, and I feel certain, from what I have gathered through military men, that the actual embrace of battle, man to man, is what the Northern captains of this war intend mostly to rely upon."

A Crack Shot.

After the City of Mexico was entered by Gen. Scott, it is well known that the troops had to fight their way from house to house and street to street, until they expelled the remnant of the Mexican army, which disputed every inch of ground from the gates of the city to the palace.—The 2d Regt. U. S. Infantry, (to which the writer belonged,) under command of that sterling veteran soldier and honest man, Colonel, (afterwards General) Bennet Riley, were gaining ground step by step, under a hot fire from housetops and church steeples, when Pat Mulloney, a private in company F, made a dash and entrenched himself in a doorway (the doorways are large, with heavy projecting jambs,) a full half square in advance of his company, and commenced a spirited fire.

When he had fired five shots he was joined by a comrade just as he was preparing for another round, who asked him what he was firing at and desired a chance in. "Hist!" says Pat, "wait till I fetch another of the blackguards. I have done the business for five of 'em, and there is another waiting to be served the same sauce." Bang! went his sixth shot, when his comrade, together with two others who had joined them, exploded with laughter.

"What in the devil's name are you laughing at?" said Pat. "Sure, didn't I fix his flat nice enough? and, by all the powers, there is another spalpeen just stepping in his place, and waiting for a dose," ranning his cartridge house with energy.

"Stop, Pat," said his comrade, "don't you see you are firing at the Apostles?"
"An' is it the Apostles, is it? Now may the howly St. Pether forgive me?" exclaimed Pat, his eyes opening like two saucers as he made the discovery that he had been firing on two life-size statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, which stood on each side of a church door about musket shot down the street. Pat had hit St. Peter six times. It was a standing joke against him, and he never heard the last of it as long as he remained in the regiment.