

The Alleghanian.

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

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

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VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1861.

NUMBER 2.

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. S. T. STOW, 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 6 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.

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

Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 4 o'clock, P. M. 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, " " 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.

The mails from Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newman'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.	Time
West—Express Train leaves at	8.33 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	9.07 P. M.
" " " " " " " "	8.02 P. M.
East—Express Train " " " "	3.42 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	7.30 P. M.
" " " " " " " "	9.45 A. M.

[The Fast Line West does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Wasley, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Lyon.

County Commissioners—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Storm, James Cooper.

Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. McCoy.

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

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

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.

Assessors—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, John S. Rhey.

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.

Burgess—David J. Evans.

Town Council—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel H. 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.

Judge of Election—Meshac Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

THE ALLEGHANIAN—\$1.50 in advance

Select Poetry.

Lines to a Wife.

In these touching lines, addressed to a wife "On a Wedding Day," there is the true touch of nature:—

Nine years ago you came to me,
And nestled on my breast,
A soft and winged melody
That settled here to rest;
And my heart rocked its babe of bliss,
And soothed its child of air,
With something 'twixt a song and kiss,
To keep it nestling there.

At first I thought the fairy form
Too spirit-soft and good
To fill my poor, low nest with warm
And wisely womanhood.
But such a cozy peep of home
Did your dear eyes unfold,
And in their deep and dewy gloom
What tales of love were told!

In dreamy curves your beauty drooped
As tendrils lean to twine,
And very graciously they stooped
To bear their fruit, my Vine!
To bear such blessed fruit of love
At tenderly increased
Among the ripe vine-bunches of
Your balmy-breathing breast.

We cannot boast to have bickered not
Since you and I were wed;
We have not lived the smoothest lot,
Nor found the dullest bed!
Time hath not passed overhead in stars,
And underfoot in flowers,
With wings that slept on fragrant airs
Thro' all the happy hours.

It is our way, more fate than fault,
Love's cloudy fire to clear;
To find some virtue in the salt
That sparkles in a tear!
Pray God! all come right at last,
Pray God it so befall,
That when our day of life is past
The end may crown it all.

A TALE OF THE DEEP.

In the year 1840, said Captain Miller, I was bound, in a fine stout ship, from the port of Philadelphia to Liverpool. The ship had a valuable cargo on board, and about nineteen thousand dollars in specie. I was prevented by other business, from giving much of my attention to the vessel while loading and equipping for the voyage. When we were about to sail, the chief mate informed me that he had shipped two foreigners as seamen, one a native of Guernsey, and the other a Frenchman. I was pleased, however, with the appearance of the crew generally, and particularly the foreigners. They were stout, able-bodied men, and attentive to orders.

The passage commenced auspiciously, but, to my great sorrow, I soon discovered a change in their conduct for the worse. They became insolent to the mates, and appeared to be frequently under the influence of liquor. Their intemperance soon became intolerable, and it was evident they had liquor on board with them, and I determined on searching the fore-castle and depriving them of it. An order to this effect was given to the mates, and they were directed to go about the execution mildly and firmly, taking no arms with them.

It was not without much anxiety that I sent them forward to this duty. In a few moments a loud and angry dispute was followed by a sharp scuffle around the fore-castle companion way. The steward, at my call, handed my loaded pistol to the cabin, and with them I hastened forward. The Frenchman had grabbed the second mate, who was a mere lad, by the throat, throwing him across the heel of the bowsprit, and was apparently determined to strangle him to death. The chief mate was calling for assistance from below, where he was assailed by the Guernsey man. I presented a pistol at the head of the Frenchman, and ordered him to release the second mate, which he instantly did. The steward then brought another pair of pistols, with which I armed the second mate, directing him to remain on deck, and went below into the fore-castle myself. I found that the chief mate had been slightly wounded by the knife of his antagonist, who, however, ceased to resist as I made my appearance, and we immediately secured him in irons with his comrade. The search was now made, and a quantity of liquor was found and taken into the cabin. I then expostulated with the others at some length on their improper conduct, and expressed the hope that I should have no reason for further complaint during the voyage. This remonstrance, I thought, had the desired effect; as they were contrite and promised amendment. They were then dismissed, and order was restored.

The next day the foreigners strongly solicited pardon, with the most solemn promises of future good conduct; and as the rest of the crew joined in their request, I ordered that the irons should be taken off. For several days the duties of

the ship were performed to my entire satisfaction, but I discovered in the countenances of the foreigners expressions of deep rancorous animosity to the first mate, who was a prompt, energetic seaman, requiring at all times ready obedience to his orders.

A week passed in this way, when one night, in the mid-watch, all hands were called to shorten sail. The night was dark and rainy, but the sea was not high, and the ship was running off at about nine knots. The weather being very unpromising, the reefs were taken out of the fore and main-top sails; the mizen handed, and the fore and main-top gallant yards sent down. This done one watch was permitted to go below, and I prepared to betake myself to my berth, directing that the mate, to whom I wished to give some orders, should be sent to me.

To my utter astonishment and consternation, word was brought to me soon after that he was nowhere to be found. I hastened upon deck, ordered all hands up again, and questioned every man in the ship on the subject, but they, with one accord, said they had not seen him forward. Lanterns were then brought and every accessible part of the ship unavailingly searched. I then, in the hearing of the crew, declared my belief that he had fallen overboard accidentally; again despatched the watch below, and repaired to the cabin in a state of mental agitation not to be described. I felt that under critical circumstances, my main support had fallen from me.

My first step was to load and deposit in my state room all the arms on board, amounting to several muskets and four pair of pistols. The steward was a faithful mulatto man, who had sailed with me several voyages. To him I communicated my suspicions, and directed him to be constantly on the alert, and should any farther difficulty occur, to repair immediately to my state room and arm himself. After this, I hid down in my bed, ordering that I should be called at 3 o'clock for the morning watch. Only a few minutes had elapsed, when I heard three or four knocks under the counter of the ship, which is that part of the stern immediately under the cabin windows. In a few minutes they were distinctly repeated. I arose, opened the window, and called. The mate answered. I gave him the end of a rope to assist him up; and never shall I forget the flood of gratitude which my delighted soul poured forth to that being who had restored him to me uninjured.

His story was soon told. He had gone forward upon being ordered by me, after the calling of all the hands, and had barely reached the fore-castle, when he was seized by the two foreigners and thrown over the bow. He was a powerful man and an expert swimmer. In an instant he found the end of a rope, which was accidentally thrown overboard, within his grasp, by which he dragged himself into the dead water or eddy, that is always created under the stern of a vessel, particularly if she is full built and deeply laden, as was the case with this. By a desperate effort, he caught one of the rudder-chains, which was very low, and drew himself upon the step or jog of the rudder, where he had sufficient presence of mind to remain until the search for him was over. He then made the signal for me.

No being in the ship was apprised of his safety. It was at once resolved that the second mate alone should be informed of his existence. He immediately betook himself to a large state room for the remainder of the passage, and all his wants were attended to by me.

Nothing of note occurred during the remainder of the voyage, which was prosperous. It seemed that the foreigners had only been actuated by revenge in the violence they had committed. In due season, we took a pilot in a channel, and in a day or two we entered the port of Liverpool. As soon as the proper arrangements were made, we commenced warping the ship into the dock, and while engaged in this operation, the mate appeared on deck, went forward, and attended to his duties as usual! The warp dropped from the paralyzed hands of the horror-stricken sailors, and had it not been taken up by some boatmen on board, I should have been compelled to anchor again, and procure assistance from shore. Not a word was uttered, but the wretches staggered to the mainmast, where they remained petrified with horror, until the officer, who had been sent for, approached to take them into custody. They seemed, in a measure, to be recalled to a sense of their awful predicament, and uttered the most piercing expressions of despair.

They were soon tried, and, upon the testimony of the mate, capitally convicted and executed.

Life in Fort Lafayette.

From the New York Tribune.

The little brown fort in the middle of the Narrows, known to military authorities as Fort Diamond, and to the rest of mankind as Fort Lafayette, has within the last two months become one of the most noteworthy places in the country.—On the 20th day of July, Mr. E. S. Ruggles, of Fredericksburg, Va., entered its portals as a political prisoner, and since then it has become a regular retreat for persons who are laboring, as Daniel S. Dickinson said at the Cooper Institute the other evening, under constitutional difficulties. Since that time a good business has been done by carrying visitors down to see the fort, but they have been limited to an outside view. Those gentlemen who have been admitted to look upon the inner sanctuary have, with very few exceptions, found the entertainment of such a character that they have not returned to the profane life of the world at large. For the benefit of those who have looked on the pile of brown-stone and sighed in vain for the little ticket, issued only by the Secretary of State, which gives admission, we are permitted to lay before our readers some account of the actual conditions of life in the fort.

The prisoner, on his arrival at Fort Hamilton, finds that the charge against him is registered there by the Colonel commanding, and a transcript is sent with him to Fort Lafayette, where a receipt is given for him on delivery. He is then conducted to some one of the apartments originally intended for the officers of the garrison, which are situated on the ground floor of the Fort, fronting on the esplanade, a handsome well graded parade ground of about three acres. These rooms average about nine occupants each; and lately the number of guests has become so large that some of them have been obliged to accept accommodations in the casemates. About thirty prisoners, who have friends and money, have formed a mess and fare better than the rest; but the majority live just as well as and no better than the soldiers. About the rooms are conspicuously placed the rules of the establishment, which prescribe that the prisoners' rooms must be ready for inspection at 9 o'clock in the morning; that washing must be done in the yard of the Fort; that prisoners must not talk with any member of the garrison, but can communicate their wants to the Sergeant of the Guard; that they must not leave their rooms except in company with a guard; that they must obey implicitly the directions of any officer or soldier of the guard; and they are informed that any transgression will be punished with solitary confinement, or such other restriction as may be necessary to a strict enforcement of the rules.

Those who belong to the mess are furnished with an excellent breakfast at 9 o'clock, and dinner at 3, at which liquors are allowed in moderate quantity, and for which the charge is \$1 per day. These meals are quite as good as are furnished at second-rate hotels. Liquors can also be had at other times, at the discretion of the Sergeant, and without extra charge. This mess is composed principally of Southern men, but not exclusively, as all have the privilege of entering it who are able to pay. The prisoners are now organizing themselves into smaller messes, which will render their situation still more comfortable. The majority of the prisoners who live upon the fare which is furnished them, do not find it quite so comfortable. They are supplied with the ordinary army rations, which are said to belong rather to the necessities than to the luxuries of life. The facilities for cooking these rations are poor. The stove on which it is done is not large enough, and it is set up without any chimney in a casemate. The pork and other meat is consequently often very badly cooked. At 5 o'clock in the morning the doors of the rooms are opened.—Between 6 and 7 o'clock the prisoners are allowed the full liberty of the esplanade, after which they are confined to their quarters and to the walks on the borders of the esplanade until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when they have full range over the interior area. Whenever it is necessary that they should go outside of the fort they are attended by a sentry, and every comfort consistent with their safe-keeping is furnished to them with the utmost care and humanity. No complaint is made to the commanding officer which is not promptly attended to. As a general thing, the prisoners conduct themselves with perfect propriety, and wear an air as nonchalant as possible, though there are a few unruly spirits who still talk as loud about the American Bastille as they did previous to their arrest.

In cleaning a gun, cold water loosens the dirt better than hot water.

Col. James A. Mulligan.

The following sketches of Col. James A. Mulligan, the brave defender of Lexington, Mo., are given by a gentleman of Detroit, who has been intimately acquainted with him for the past five or six years.

Col. James A. Mulligan was born in the city of Utica, N. Y., in the year 1829, and is consequently in his 32d year. His parents were natives of Ireland. After the death of his father, which took place when he was a child, his mother removed to Chicago, where she has resided with her son for the past 23 years. She married a respectable Irish American in Chicago, named Michael Lantry, who has steadily watched, with a father's solicitude, the expanding mind of the brave young soldier. He was educated at the Catholic College of North Chicago, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Kinsellar, now of New York city. He is a strict member of the Catholic Church. In 1852, 1853 and 1854 he read law in the office of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, Congressman from the Chicago district. For a short time he edited *The Western Tablet*, a semi-religious weekly newspaper, in Chicago. In 1856 he was admitted an attorney-at-law in Chicago. At this time he held the position of 2d Lieutenant in the Chicago Shields Guards, one of the companies attached to the Irish Brigade, now in Missouri, and which has done so well at Lexington.

In the winter of 1857 Senator Fitch, of Indiana, tendered him a clerkship in the Department of the Interior. He accepted the position, and spent the winter at Washington. During his residence in Washington he corresponded with the *Utica Telegraph*, over the signature of 'Satan.' After his return from Washington he was elected Captain of the Shields Guards.—On the news arriving of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he threw his soul into the National cause. The Irish-American companies held a meeting, of which he was Chairman. Shortly afterwards he went to Washington with a letter, written by the late Senator Douglas on his deathbed, to the President, tendering a regiment to be called the "Irish Brigade." He was elected Colonel, and immediately went to work with a will. The course of the "Brigade" up to the battle of Lexington, is well known; it has nobly, bravely and honorably done its duty.

Col. Mulligan is worthy of all praise. A purer, a better man does not live in the State of Illinois. Since he was able to tell the difference between ale and water, a glass of spirituous or malt liquor has not passed his lips. He is a rigid temperance man, although he is jocund and whole-souled to a fault. He is six feet three inches in height, with a wiry, elastic frame, a large, lustrous, hazel eye, an open, frank, Celtic face, stamped with courage, pluck and independence, surmounted with a bushy profusion of hair, tintured with gray. Honorable in all relations, respected by all, he has won his way by untiring industry and unquestionable courage. On the 26th day of October, 1859, he was married to Miss Marian Nugent, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago.

A fine scholar, a good speaker, a brilliant writer, a promising lawyer, was he when the banner of the Union was insulted. Now he is—long may he continue so—one of the brave defenders of the Union. In one of his last letters received by the gentleman above alluded to, he says: "If I die—if I fall in defense of our laws and Constitution; let my example be followed by all—by every man who loves the fame and renown of the fathers who made us a great and honored people."

AN INCIDENT AT CRESSON.—An affecting incident took place at Cresson, Cambria county, on the occasion of the arrival of the train bearing Gen. Lyon's remains at that point. The moment the cars stopped, General Anderson most unexpectedly appeared on the train, and shook hands with the escort. He said he was stopping at Cresson, and could not allow the occasion to pass without taking a final farewell on earth of the remains of so brave a soldier and excellent an officer as Gen. Lyon. The General then passed on to the coffin, and bending his head above it, said with a trembling voice: "We could ill afford to spare so courageous a soldier at this time. America needs all her heroes now." As General Anderson was leaving the car, Mrs. Plummer, wife of Captain Plummer, U. S. A., one of the escort, and wounded at Wilson's Creek, rose from her seat, and saying she would be most happy to know the hero of Fort Sumpter, the General cordially grasped her hands, and gallantly replied, pointing to the Captain: "You need not seek, my dear Madame, to know heroes when you have so brave a one in him you have chosen for your husband."

Stray Floatings from the Camp.

A CAPTAIN SOLD.
A N. Y. paper says that a gallant volunteer officer was badly sold a few days since. He was searching the houses of citizens for arms, with a squad of men, and on arriving at the residence of an old gentleman named Hayes, was met in the hall by his daughter—a beautiful, black-eyed girl of eighteen—who appeared deeply agitated, and implored the captain not to search the house. The officer was immovable, resolved to do his duty, and the more bent upon searching, from the apparent dismay of the fair girl. "Indeed—indeed," she exclaimed, "we have only three guns in the house."

The captain smiled incredulously. Then remembering the fate of poor Ellsworth, he ordered them to be brought to him.—The young lady hurried up stairs, and returned with an old, rusty, double-barreled shot gun, that no prudent man would have ventured to load and discharge. "The others—the other two?" demanded the officer. "Oh, sir, my brothers!" sobbed the girl. "I cannot take them from my brothers!"

The captain pushed her on one side—"Forward, men!" he shouted, falling into the rear himself. As the file of soldiers hastily mounted the stairs the young lady clung to the skirts of the officer, who was the last to ascend, exclaiming wildly, "but—oh, sir, my brothers—you will not harm my brothers?"

The captain shook her off somewhat up gallantly, and rushed up after the soldiers, who by this time reached the closet door of a chamber. After a pause they pushed open the door, and rushed in with bayonets fixed, when two juvenile Zeuses, of the ages of eight and ten years, fully armed and equipped with wooden guns, appeared drawn up in line before them. At the same moment the sivory laugh of the black-eyed beauty was heard on the stairs, echoed by a couple of chambermaids who were peeping over the banisters from above. The officer beat a hasty retreat, without making a seizure of the two remaining guns.

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN HE IS SHOT.
A majority of our readers, probably, have never had the gratification of stopping a bullet in the field of battle or elsewhere, and do not know how it goes. The following extract from a letter written by one of the gallant Iowa volunteers who fought in the battle near Springfield, Mo., will explain something about it:

"I was standing, or rather kneeling, behind a little bush, reloading my musket, just before the rebels retreated. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in the shoulder, and fell to the ground. Jumping up, one of our boys asked me if I was hurt. I replied I thought not, and drew up my musket to fire, when he said: 'Yes, you are shot right through the shoulder.' I think it was this remark, more than the wound, which caused the field all at once to commence whirling around me in a peculiar manner. I started to leave it, with a half ounce musket-ball in my shoulder, and once or twice fell down with dizziness; but in a short time I recovered sufficiently to be able to walk back to Springfield, nine miles, where the ball was taken out.

"SWEAR HIM AND LET HIM GO."
The best piece of satire upon the leniency observed by the authorities in this section, in reference to rebels found committing depredations, is in the shape of a story told, we believe, by Governor Pierpont. As the story goes, some of the soldiers in General Cox's camp, down in Kanawha, recently caught a large rattlesnake. The snake manifested a most mischievous disposition, snapping and thrusting out his forked tongue at all who came near it. The boys at last got tired of the reptile, and as nobody wanted such a dangerous companion, the question arose, "what shall we do with it?" This question was propounded several times without an answer, when a half drunken soldier, who was lying near upon his back, rolled over upon his side, and relieved his companions by quietly remarking: "Damn it, swear him, and let him go."

TIMING EACH OTHER.
They have a story in Chicago about a drunken captain in camp who met a private of his company in the same condition. The captain ordered him to "halt," and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet and to speak with dignified severity, exclaimed: "Private Jones I give you't (lie) four clock to gissober in." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you'r (hie) d-n sight drunk-erium I'll give you til (lie) five clock to gissober in."

A RECKLESS JOKE.
It is rumored that, if Hatteras Light is restored, the North Carolinians will be rendered perfectly wreckless.