

The Alleghanian.

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

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

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

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1861.

NUMBER 3.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bean's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Blacklick,
Rebel Station,	Yoder,	
Carrolltown,	William M. Jones,	Carroll,
Chess Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest,
Flensburg,	John J. Troxell,	Washin'tn,
Eden Timber,	John Thompson,	Ebensburg,
Gallitzin,	Isaac Thompson,	White,
Hemlock,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin,
Johnstown,	Wm. M'Gough,	Washin'tn,
Loretto,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn,
Mineral Point,	P. Shields,	Loretto,
Munster,	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh,
Pershing,	A. Durbin,	Munster,
Plattville,	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh,
Roseland,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han,
St. Augustine,	G. W. Bowman,	White,
Scalp Level,	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield,
Selman,	George Conrad,	Richland,
Summerhill,	B. M'Colgan,	Washin'tn,
Summit,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle,
Wilmore,	Miss M. Gillespie,	Washin'tn,
	Morris Keil,	S'mmerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 3 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. SPOW, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning 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.
Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 6 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.
Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Particular Baptist—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 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 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, Strongs-town, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 6 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 "	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. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Esley, Richard Jones, Jr.
Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Clerk—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. M'Coy.
Treasurer.—John A. Blair.
Poor House Directors.—David O'Harro, Richard M'Guire, Jacob Horner.
Poor House Treasurer.—George C. E. Zahm.
Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.
Auctioneer.—H. C. Devine.
Assessors.—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, John S. Rice.
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 O. Evans.
Borough Council.—T. D. Litzinger.
Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.
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.

Select Poetry.

The Hand upon the Latch.

A YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

My cottage home is filled with light
The long, long summer day,
But ah! I dearest love the night,
And hail the sinking ray,
For eye restores me one whose smile
Doth more than morning match—
And life afresh seems dawning white
His hand is on the latch.
When autumn fields are thick with sheaves,
And shadows earlier fall,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the eaves
Along our trellised wall—
I dreaming sit—the sleeping bird
Faint twitter on the thatch—
To wake to joy when soft is heard
His hand upon the latch.
In the short winter afternoon,
I throw my work aside,
And through the lattice, while the moon
Shines mistily and wide,
On the dim upland paths I peer
In vain his form to catch—
I startle with delight, and hear
His hand upon the latch.
Yes; I am his in storm and shine;
For me he toils all day,
And his true heart I know is mine,
Both near and far away,
And when he leaves his garden gate
At morn, his steps I watch—
Then patiently till eve await
His hand upon the latch.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."
Years and years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed and clamored, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and said—
"Pray, who are you, sir?"
"Do not ask my name," he replied; "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and came here on trial."
"You'll be sure to get the place," the sexton exclaimed. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir!"
"No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand pæan, and the mysterious organist—
"Looking upward full of grace,
Prayed till from a happy place,
God's glory smote him on the face,"
and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido. Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he had caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet in hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears, than she started, as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lip quivered, her whole frame grew tremulous.—At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and the organ once more wailed and sighed and clamored.
"By my faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a master-hand. Hark ye, child, he shall play at your wedding!"
The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Aye, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed

breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. As he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained till the worshippers had dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said—
"Madame, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."
"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave me."
The sexton drew back into a shadowy niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee.—At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the musician.
"Bertram," she murmured.
Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a grey serge robe, and a long, thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair, girlish face.
"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sank at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.
"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the Princess.
"I came to bid you farewell, and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."
A low moan was his only answer, and he continued—
"You are to be married on the morrow."
"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me vows which will doom me to living death!"
"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist, but a poor musician must give up!"
"It is like rending soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, go, and God bless you!"
She waived him from her, as if she would banish him while she had the strength to do so, and he—how was it with him! He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame colored flowers nodded by the wayside, flame colored leaves came rushing down from the trees and lay in light heaps upon the ground; the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.
At length the palace-gates were unclosed and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and the festal robes that streamed down over the housing of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snow-white palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looking pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a rush of organ-music, which, tho' jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ-loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the King, to whom she had been betrothed, from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar stone—mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered—
"Elizabeth, my Queen, my wife, look up!"
Trembling in every limb, she obeyed.

Why did those dark eyes thrill her so?—Why did that smile bring a glow to her cheek? Ah! though the King wore the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittering on his breast, he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach her organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.
"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar are one! Forgive my stratagem, I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."
While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new-made Queen returned her husband's fond kiss, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

Fortress Monroe.

STRENGTH OF THE POST—ITS DEFENSES AND CAPACITY.

Comparatively few persons are aware of the real strength of Fortress Monroe, and of the powerful influence it must exert, if under the right direction, all along the Southern border. No careful observer who becomes attached to this garrison, and who has good opportunities of inspecting the surrounding country and its approaches, can fail to be impressed with the impregnability of the position. With regard to the Fortress itself, the original point of attack and defence is toward the sea. But little apprehension seems to have been entertained by our Government at the time of the construction and equipment of Fortress Monroe, that it would ever be assailed on the land side; and such infamous treason as we are now called upon to encounter, does not seem to have been contemplated by our patriotic fathers. The war with England had inspired our rulers of that day with the conviction that the sea-board section was our weak one; that its security would best protect our commerce as it came into Hampton Roads for safety, and that from this point our ships of war could go out to clear the ocean of the hostile craft.—The events of the last few months, however, have shown the importance of this post as a means of defense against enemies on the land; so that the Fortress is doubly serviceable as a protection against foes without and foes within.

The principal sea-front of the Fortress is toward the South-east; the next, towards Hampton Roads, is South-west; that toward the James River is North-west; that toward the York River and the tongue of land running down from the interior, is North and North-east.—The area inclosed within the walls is eighty-five acres, and the walls are more than a mile in length. On the sea-front is a large water battery, in a commanding position; and on the beach side, toward the country and sea, are the salient points of a series of embasures for outposts of the most formidable character. The capture of the water battery and low embankment by an enemy would be a task of great difficulty and danger; and before they were carried, their defenders could spike all their guns and retire by private passages into the Fortress.

INTERIOR OF THE FORTRESS.

Entering the main gateway of the Fortress, the embankments, covered with grass, rise all around you, stretching away grandly in the distance. Barbette guns are placed at regular intervals along the parapets, and heavy artillery occupies the embasures. On the land side the great columbiads and siege mortars are in position. One of the latter bears this inscription:

"This mortar was taken from the English: It was captured at Fort George, U. C., May 27, 1812."

Passing around the ramparts to the point of starting, we find the gun positions capable of being increased by hundreds at very short notice. The cannon are all ready, and a railroad is now just completed for bringing along by the embankments as many more large cannon as may be desired. All these barbette guns are so ranged that they can sweep across the Fortress and all around it. They command the only bridge leading through the main entrance over the moat, and two shots from the columbiads would dash that to pieces in an instant.

We now come down to the ramparts and pass along the casemates. Here, again, is another range of hundreds of the largest class of cannon—among them as many columbiads as are required. They command the level of the sea, and can be elevated or depressed, like the guns on barbette, at the pleasure of the gunners. At intervals the great magazines are

stationed, all protected and out of harm's way. It is impossible to reach them by an attack from without. The powder is as secure as if it was stored in the Rock of Gibraltar, while the proper precautions are continued. In connection with the general magazines are subordinate ones, all constantly supplied and ready for instant use. Within hail the projectiles lie in vast abundance, while they are constantly manufactured by trustworthy men and of the best materials. It is enough to say that the active munitions of war are all that the patriots of the land could desire.

Such is Fortress Monroe. It is capable of receiving within its area five thousand soldiers and gunners, all working its cannon and musketry. If necessary, ten thousand infantry could be encamped on its grounds. Thus, as it is a settled principle of war that one thousand men well entrenched are equal to ten thousand men in the open field, it would require one hundred and fifty thousand fighting men to stand before the organized force of this fortress.

Why Men Should Enlist.

The N. Y. Tribune gives the following as some of the inducements that should impel loyal men to promptly enroll themselves in the army of the Union:

1. The cause. We fight for the life of the Nation, the maintenance of free institutions and the protection of our homes and property. Patriotism, love of liberty and self-preservation, call to arms.
2. Our common soldiers, under the recent act of Congress, are better paid than those of any other nation.
3. The rations provided for troops have been recently increased. They are now more liberal than those given to any other army in the world.
4. The clothing furnished, we hope, will from this time onward, be of an excellent quality. The reign of "shoddy" is over.
5. Camp equipage and hospital furnishings are being placed upon the very best footing. All the modern improvements to secure the health and comfort of the men are being adopted.
6. The weapons now being supplied to all arms of the service are of the most desirable and effective patterns.
7. For all these expenditures, the Government has ample means to pay. Its treasury is full, and its credit firm and unquestioned.
8. Special care is being taken to place none but competent officers in command of regiments, brigades and divisions. Imbecility and ignorance are either resigning, or being forced out of the service.
9. The Autumn, with its healthy sun and bracing breezes has arrived. The Summer solstice deterred tens of thousands of Northern citizens from following their flag into the sultry rebel States—From this time onward, for the coming eight months, the country below the Potomac and the Ohio, will, to our Northern troops, be one long, genial Autumn.
10. The harvest being over, and the hard times upon us, swarms of men can find no employment so profitable, viewed as mere work for hire, as going into the army. This is true of traders and mechanics, as well as farmers, and applies with great force to the redundant population of our large cities.
11. Hereafter, our troops along the frontier lines will not be compelled to fight against such an overwhelming superiority of numbers as heretofore. It is plain that henceforth the Navy is to give the traitors plenty of employment upon the Atlantic coast. The rebels will be compelled to withdraw large masses of their soldiers now in the Border States, in order to defend their menaced and harassed harbors and inlets.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—Henry Carey, a lyricist and satirist wrote both the words and music of "God Save the Queen;" yet notwithstanding the popularity of the anthem, poor Carey suffered so much from poverty and destitution that he hanged himself. They found him cold with only skin on his bones and a half-penny in his pocket. Think of this when next you hear "God Save the Queen."

The rate of speed on the English railways is not hereafter to exceed forty miles an hour, the Inspector of Railways having reported that safety cannot be assured beyond that maximum, and Government determined to punish running over it. Previous to this check, on some of the roads the extraordinary speed of eighty miles per hour had been reached, and one hundred were expected.

If a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way into it.

Stray Floatings from the Camp.

DRAWING RATIONS.

There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to disperse in a measure the ennui of camp life. This is one of them; A farmer, who did not reside as far from the camp of a certain regiment as he could have wished, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had mysteriously disappeared from his field the preceding night. He bore it for some time, but when the last half of his field of fine "kidneys" began to go, he imbibed the notion that the joke had been carried far enough, and he determined to stop it. Accordingly, he made a visit to the camp early the next morning, and amused himself by making observations as to whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found one of the "boys" just serving up a dish of "kidneys," which looked marvelously like those his gudewife brought to his own table at home.

Whereupon he halted, and the following colloquy ensued:
"Have fine potatoes here, I see."
"Splendid!" was the reply.
"Where do you get them?"
"Draw them!"
"Does the Government furnish potatoes in your rations?"
"Nary potato!"
"I thought you said just now that you drew them?"
"We just do that thing!"
"But how, if they are not included in your rations?"
"Easiest thing in the world," said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table opposite the smoking vegetables; "very easy. In fact nothing could be easier. We draw 'em by the tops mostly!—sometimes with a hoe, if one is left in the field. But we draw 'em!"
"H'm! yes! I understand! Well, if you will agree to draw no more potatoes from my field, I will bring you a basket every morning—and draw them myself."

Three cheers and a tiger were given for the farmer, and since then his potatoes have remained undisturbed.

THE COW-BELL DODGE.

The rebels have resorted to an ingenious way of luring our men into their snares. It is known as the "cow-bell dodge," and was very successful for a time, especially with newly-arrived regiments, companies of which were placed on picket for the first time. Approaching within thirty or forty rods of our outposts, and concealing themselves in the woods, they commence the irregular tinkle of a cow-bell. The uninitiated picket, not suspecting the ruse, and not yet reconciled to drinking his coffee without milk, goes out to obtain a supply from the supposed cow of some Virginia rebel, flattering himself that he has got a "big thing on Seseesh." Not until he finds himself surrounded by a half-dozen or so armed rebels does he learn his mistake. In Richmond are nearly a dozen of our soldiers who are probably now regretting their ready credulity and their appetite for milk.

A GOOD RETORT.

A Presbyterian clergyman, while walking the deck of a steamer at St. Johns, New Brunswick, where secessionism has obtained considerable footing, noticed the American flag flying from the masthead of a ship, and tauntingly said to a Federal Colonel who was present:

"Why don't you take a slice off that flag, since you have lost a portion of your country?"
Yankee-like, the Colonel quickly replied:
"Why don't you tear a leaf from your Bible because a part of your church have fallen from grace?"
The clergyman had no more to say on the subject.

DIDN'T SEE IT.

A good joke is told of one of the new recruits at the army at Baranacas. Col. Forney visited the fort, and on his appearing before the sentinel, was challenged:
"Who comes here?"
"Inspector General!" was the reply of Forney.
"Don't keer a delicious darn whether you are a respectable gentleman or not—can't come in here without the countersign!"

BULLY FOR THE QUAKER.

He was an honor to his cloth, was the Quaker volunteer who participated in a recent Virginia skirmish. Coming to pretty close quarters with a rebel, he remarked, "Friend, it's unfortunate, but these stands just where I am going to shoot!" and blazed away.
It is needless to say that Seeseh "came down."