

The Alleghenian.

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

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

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THE ALLEGHENIAN—\$1.50 in advance

Select Poetry.

To The Editor, Greeting.

Here is a charming little Valentine, addressed to an editor by a young lady of elegant taste and right excellent discernment:

I saw you one day, oh, Editor dear!
In your cozy office chair,
With your indolent pen behind your ear—
(It usually seemed to be there)
You used the scissors, you used the paste,
And the Daily Thunderer grew;
And once in a while, in desperate haste,
You seized the pen, and, in excellent taste,
Invented an item new!
A murder and burglary here and there,
A steamboat or railroad accident rare,
A pleasant fiction of stocks—
An account of a temperance meeting some-
where,
Or a "great revelation" to make people stare,
From the knowingspirit that knocks!
And you put up your feet on the table to rest,
And pronounced to-day's Thunderer one of
the best—
An exceedingly graphic sheet;
But you looked round the sanctum, and
heaved a low sigh,
And mournfully wished some dear praiser
were nigh—
But our eyes chanced not to meet!
Surely, the pleasantest thing in this life
Were to be an agreeable editor's wife,
And up in the sanctum to stay—
And sit among papers up to one's ears,
In a dear little chair, with some dear little
shears,
And help him to edit all day!

To turn the machine for the poems sometimes,
Or help disentangle refractory rhymes,
From lines that poets might send—
No cooking to do, for we'd live on "puff paste,"
And if e'er that sweet nutriment palled on the
taste,
Why, we'd go and take tea with a friend!

THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

From the fields Jena and Auerstadt, Frederick William, the king of Prussia, fled more than five hundred miles to the banks of the Vistula, in Prussian Poland, where he found refuge in the army of the emperor Alexander. The Russians, amazed by the disaster which had so suddenly overwhelmed their ally, opened their arms to receive the fugitives. Alexander, alarmed, called all his resources into requisition; and for every part of his vast empire troops were on the march to swell the ranks of his army.

Napoleon was a thousand miles from his capital, and the snows of winter already began to whiten those northern hills. If a blow were not immediately struck, the foe might accumulate in such masses as to fall upon the French in the spring with overwhelming numbers. In an address to the troops, which electrified all hearts, the army was inspired with enthusiasm to disregard all fatigue and peril, and again advance to meet the foe. Through rain and snow and miry roads, the wheels of the ponderous artillery often sinking axle deep, the eager army followed their chief-tain.

It required a march of four hundred miles to pass from Berlin to Warsaw. Upon the right bank of the Vistula Alexander had a force of one hundred and twenty thousand men, whom he was strongly entrenching. It was now the stormy month of December. Through a dreary country of forests, morasses and bleak plains, the French army passed on, day by day, occasionally encountering opposition, which they swept before them as the gale sweeps autumnal leaves, until, early in January, the army entered the black forests which crown along the Vistula. Here the French troops encamped to prepare for the spring campaign. Their entrenchments extended along the left banks of the river for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. All the passes of the stream were so occupied as to render surprise impossible.

Comfortable huts were built from the logs of the forest, arranged in regular and neat streets, and supplied with every comfort. Immense convoys of provisions were incessantly arriving, the soldiers being supplied with several millions of bottles of wine. The sick and wounded especially were nursed with the most tender care. Over each hospital a chief overseer was appointed, always supplied with ready money, and ordered to supply the sick with every needful comfort. A chaplain was also appointed over every hospital to minister to the spiritual wants of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was bound to watch over all under his care, and to report to the emperor the slightest irregularity or negligence toward the sick.

Winter brooded drearily over the bleak northern plains, as the month of January passed slowly away. Europe contemplated

with wonder the aspect of a French army of nearly two hundred thousand men, encamped in the forests of the Vistula, and yet provided with every comfort. Alexander, with hardy troops accustomed to these frigid realms, prepared to attack Napoleon by surprise, in his winter quarters. But Napoleon was rarely caught napping. Keeping himself constantly informed of every movement of the enemy, he met them in their stealthy march, and overwhelmed them in their entirely unlooked for assault. The whole French line was urged impetuously forward, and a series of battles ensued, amidst the drifts and storms of winter, such as the annals of war had never before recorded. In every forest, mountain gorge and by the banks of every swollen stream the retreating Russians planted their batteries.

But the French, with impetuosity which nothing could retard, still pressed on, in an incessant storm of battle. The snow, crimsoned with blood, drifted over the dead. Mutilated forms, frozen to the ice, drifted down the stream to unknown burials. The scene at night was wonderfully sublime. The country was densely wooded. No tents were used. The soldiers hastily constructed with logs and boughs protection from the wind, and with huge camp fires blazing at their feet, slept soundly. These lurid fires gleamed over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley, illuminating the landscape with an almost supernatural radiance.

Napoleon had now driven his assailants two hundred and forty miles north from the banks of the Vistula. At length the Russians concentrated their forces, and made a stand for a decisive battle, on the plains of Eylau. It was the 7th of February, 1807. The pursued and the pursuers were within cannon shot of each other. The night was dark with threatening clouds, and intensely cold, as the Russians took their positions on the brow of a gentle swell of land, extending three miles, and overlooking and commanding a bleak, unsheltered plain, from which the French would be compelled to make their assault. Upon the ridge Alexander spread out his lines of defence, and planted his batteries of five hundred guns. As the soldiers threw themselves upon the icy ground for their bivouac, the rising storm commenced its dirge, and sifted down upon them the winding sheet of snow.

Through the drifts and the gloom of this storm Napoleon also led his troops upon the field, and, with characteristic skill, took position for the decisive battle which the morning was to usher in. Two hundred and fifty pieces of heavy artillery were planted to rain destruction upon the lines of the foe. Eighty thousand Russians occupied the ridge. Sixty thousand Frenchmen were spread over the plain below. Throughout the night there was the murmur of voices and the confusion of military movements as horsemen and footmen selected positions for the battle. The sentinels of the two armies exchanged friendly greetings, and could almost touch each other with their muskets. In these sad hours the spirit of humanity triumphed over the ferocity of war, and the soldiers of the two armies, feeling no personal hostility, as they walked their dreary rounds, cheered each other with the interchange of food and wine.

The morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. Seven hundred pieces of artillery, working by the most expert gunners, mowed down the opposing hosts upon the hill and the plain. Column after column melted away before the merciless discharges. At the same time a smothering blinding storm of snow swept the field. The smoke of the battle, blending with the storm, enveloped the combatant in the gloom of almost impenetrable night. Beneath this sulphurous canopy, where the flash of the guns could scarcely be perceived, squadrons of horsemen and footmen were hurled against each other.

Thus for eighteen hours the battle raged one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each others bosoms. In the midst of the conflict the emperor was informed that a church, which occupied a position deemed of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. Spurring his horse into the midst of a column of his troops, he said: "We must have that church back again at every hazard!"—*vice l'empereur* the column made a resistless charge, through a storm of bullets, upon the foe. The emperor espied in the ranks an old grenadier, with bloodstained clothes, blackened with gunpowder, and his left arm just torn off by a shell, while drops of blood were fast falling from the ghastly wound.

"Stay, stay," cried the emperor, "and go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed."
"I will," said the soldier, "so soon as we shall have taken the church," and rushing on with his comrades, he disap-

peared amidst the smoke and tumult of the battle.

The twilight of the stormy day gradually gave place to the gloom of night.—The storm of battle raged with undiminished fury. Thirty thousand Russians were already stretched upon the frozen ground. Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strewn upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had also been struck by the balls. Some were struggling in the convulsive agonies of death, while others, in the wildest terror were rushing riderless over the plain.

It was now ten o'clock at night, and nearly one-half of the Russian army was exhausted and despondent. At that hour a fresh division of the French army impetuously entered the field. This decided the day. But still the Russians, though retiring, maintained a brave and unbroken front. The victors utterly exhausted, sought such repose as could be found, shelterless beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon, according to his invariable custom, traversed the field of battle, to minister, with his own hands, to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight, cold and stormy. Perhaps never before did earth present a spectacle of such unmitigated misery. Frightful was the scene which the dawn of the morning revealed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully mutilated, were stretched upon the crimson snow.—A wail of anguish rose from the wounded, which froze every heart with terror. For eight days Napoleon remained at Eylau, until all the sick and wounded were carefully provided for, when he returned to the Vistula. In the spring he again marched forth to the victory of Friedland, and the peace of Tilsit.

Getting Married.

During the last summer a little incident transpired in one of the eastern towns, which afforded some amusement to the spectators at the time, and furnished food for considerable gossip thereafter.—It occurred in church, in one of those quiet afternoons when all the world seems ready to drop asleep, when the flies buzz lazily on the window-panes, and the dogs lie on the door-stone.

The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when, to the great astonishment of the worshippers, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said, in a calm, clear voice:

"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position to catch a view of the couple who were to be married.—No one arose, however, nor seemed the least inclined to rise.

Whereupon, the worthy clergyman, believing his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation in a still plainer voice:

"Let those persons wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony now come forward!"

Still no one stirred. The silence became alarming, and a painful sense of the awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman who had occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, slowly arose and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was a good looking and well dressed man; but no one knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectful distance of the clergyman, he paused with a reverent bow, stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married without a bride.

The clergyman looked earnestly around for the bride, who he supposed, was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an under tone:

"The lady, sir, is dilatory."
"Very, sir."
"Had we not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not. Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"Me, sir!" said the astonished shepherd—"that is a matter belonging to you."

A few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories:

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour?"
"What lady?"
"Why, the lady you are here waiting for."
"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the young gentleman's unsatisfactory reply.

"Then, sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the clerical gentleman, evidently somewhat enraged.

"I came sir, because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I happen to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and now I wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered with a solemnity of tone little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves; and when, after the church was closed, the story got wind among the congregation, more than one girl regretted that her wishes had not been as boldly expressed as those of the young gentleman who had really wished to be "united in the holy bonds of matrimony."

Case at Fort Lafayette.

From the New York Evening Post.

Treason is frequently regarded as a gentlemanly crime, and the person guilty of it often pretends to a daintiness to which common felons are forbidden to aspire.—Hence the traitors in the present rebellion claim and receive British sympathy, not because they do not richly deserve the halter, but because they are "gentlemen." The Tories of the Revolution made similar pretensions. Rev. Dr. Dutche once wrote a letter to General Washington urging him to abandon the patriot cause on the ground that he was a gentleman, whereas the members of Congress from New England and other revolutionary leaders were not.

A gentleman of this city, a native of a southern State having occasion to visit Fort Lafayette, was addressed upon this subject. He found there ninety-seven prisoners, divided, like Hindu society, into four castes, each possessing a social status of its own.

"When we first came here," said his informant, "we suffered much inconvenience, and our residence was made disagreeable. We were associated promiscuously together, not classified, and were confounded with the vulgar characters whom the government had seen fit to incarcerate with us. Gentlemen of refined taste were compelled to associate with traders, common sailors, and the like; to sit at the same table and eat similar food.—It is now improved. There are ninety-seven of us here, and we have been divided into groups and companies, more in accordance with our tastes, making it much pleasanter.

"Thus we have here a number of sailors. They constitute classes. One class is made up of pirates outright, who enlist without regard to principle or consequences. The other is composed of seamen who have been employed on vessels which were attempting to run the blockade. They were generally engaged upon the pretext of being employed in the West India trade, and had no idea or knowledge of being concerned in acts of this character.

"Then there is a third class—the traders. These are purely mercenary. They have been arrested and placed here for such offenses as supplying arms and munitions of war to the rebels, and would seldom omit an opportunity for traffic if money was to be made, no matter what was the character of the business. Gentlemen do not like to associate with such men on terms of familiarity.

"Among the gentlemen present are ex-Governor Moorehead, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Smith, Marshal Kane, the Police Commissioners of Baltimore, &c. These are state prisoners, and should be confined in a separate place. With them are others who belong to a sub-class—respectable men but not moving in higher circles. The members of the Legislature of Maryland of this character."

As he was expatiating upon this subject Marshal Kane came along and invited our informant to come and see the legislature of Maryland at dinner. They were seated in an apartment at a plain pine table. The food was bread without butter and coffee without milk. Each man had a tin cup, but no other table service.

The lack of these elegancies greatly annoys the "gentlemen" at Fort Lafayette, and they are of the opinion that they ought to be immured in some "respectable" place of confinement.—They would tolerate their condition of durance if their instincts were better regarded.

During the unlucky hunting tour of the London Times correspondent, he was welcomed in the following terms by an old farmer near Racine: "We are glad to see you, Mr. Russell. Hope you will find lots of game. You can have all the game you want, but you must not make game of the American Eagle out here."

Stray Floatings from the Camp.

AN ENLISTMENT INCIDENT.

At Newport, R. I. recently, one of the companies of a new regiment was mustered in, but several minors were rejected because they could not produce the certificate of consent of their parents. One young man, the son of a widow, who had enlisted, went to his mother with his certificate for her signature. She was unwilling for him to go, and withheld her consent; but finally, after much persuasion, agreed upon one condition, namely, that her son should thrust his finger at random through the leaves of the closed Bible, and the language of the text upon which it rested should decide her action in the matter. He did as requested, and his finger, where the Bible was opened, was found to rest upon the two following verses:

"To-morrow go ye down against them; behold they come up by the cliff of Ziz; and ye shall find them at the end of the brook, before the wilderness of Jerusalem. "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you. Oh Judah and Jerusalem, fear not nor be dismayed; to-morrow go out against them; for the Lord will be with you."—[2d Book of Chronicles, 20th chapter, 16th and 17th verses.]

The mother read and consented.

THE CARNIVAL OF DEATH.

Dr. Lyon, brigade surgeon under General Lyon at the battle of Wilson Creek, was witness to the following extraordinary incident: A tall rebel soldier waved a large and costly Secession flag defiantly, when a cannon-ball struck him to the earth, dead. A second soldier instantly picked up the prostrate flag and waved it again—a second cannon-ball shattered his body. A third soldier bore the flag aloft, and a third cannon-ball crashed into his breast and he fell dead. Yet the fourth time was the flag raised, and the soldier waved it, and turned to climb over the fence to get under cover. As he stood astride the fence a moment, balancing to keep the heavy flag upright, a fourth cannon-ball struck him in the side, cutting him completely in two, so that one-half of his body fell on one side of the fence and the other half on the other side, while the flag itself lodged on the fence, and was captured a few minutes afterwards by our troops.

WAITED UNTIL HE WAS READY.

When the rebels took possession of Munson's Hill, even some of the army officers were alarmed, and went to McClellan to remonstrate against his passive conduct in the matter. To which the shrewd young General is said to have replied:—"I know Munson's Hill very well; the enemy cannot so strengthen it but that I can take it whenever I need it, in an hour, and with three regiments. Meantime, it is a great advantage to new troops to see the enemy before them; it makes them watchful, gives them occasional rifle practice, and puts them in spirits. The Confederates may keep the hill till I want it." The event has proved the correctness of Gen. McClellan's assertion.

PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE.—The regiments of the Pennsylvania reserve force are now formed into a division, and will be known as "McCall's Division." The division is divided into three brigades, and each of these made up as follows:

First or Reynolds's Brigade—First Cavalry, Fifth, First, Second and Eighth infantry regiments, commanded by Brigadier General John F. Reynolds.
Second or Mead's Brigade—Kane's Rifles, Third, Fourth, Seventh and Eleventh infantry regiments, commanded by Brigadier General George G. Mead.
Third Brigade—Tenth, Sixth, Ninth and Twelfth infantry regiments.

Some of the regiments have already received their new suits, and really look quite cap-a-pie in them. The First regiment a few days ago received new arms, eight of the companies the plain rifle musket, and the two flank companies the same with raised sights for a distance of nine hundred yards. The Fourth regiment (Mead's Brigade) is said to have the Belgian rifle.

In the five regiments sent out by Connecticut, there are but four men that could not write their names. These musketeers of Connecticut have to fight Southern gentlemen, like the Tar River Boys taken at Fort Hatteras, where, in a company of sixty-four, but five were able to sign their names to the enlistment roll.

Governor Curtin has determined to stop all enlistments in this State for other State regiments, and will issue a proclamation to that effect.