

The Alleghanian.

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

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1861.

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DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. SHOW, 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 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 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.

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

Particular Baptist—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 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.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 6 A. M.

The mails from Newmarket, Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock, A. M. 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, Huntington; Associates, George W. Easley, 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. Noon.

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

Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. M' Coy.

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

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

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.

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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.

Town Council—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.

Judge of Election—Meshac Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

THE ALLEGHANIAN—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

Select Poetry.

How They Did It.

A CHARMINGLY DESCRIPTIVE FRAGMENT.

They were sitting side by side,
And he sighed, and then she sighed.
Said he, "My darling idol!"
And he idled, and then she idled.
"You are creation's belle,"
And she bellowed, and then he bellowed.
"On my soul there's such a weight,"
And he wailed, and then she wailed.
"Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown!"
And he groaned, and then she groaned.
"And you shall have your private gig,"
And she giggled, and then he giggled.
Said she, "My own, my dearest Luke!"
And he looked, and then she looked.
"I'll have thee, if thou wilt!"
And she wilted, and then he wilted.

SKETCHES BY A NORTHERN RANGER.

A SCOTT'S ADVENTURE.

We had reached the entrance of a narrow pass which led through some rugged hills. Our party was small, but its members were determined men, none of whom were novices in scenes of danger. We marched in silence, that was broken only by the murmured whispers of the men, the cries and fluttering of birds, or the quick plunge of some small animal through the thick foliage, which, from the very edge of the path we were pursuing, spread amid lofty trees thinly scattered on the hill.

Day was near its close. We were distant some miles from the camp. The enemy might be in possession of the defile in overwhelming numbers. It was determined that we should keep in compact order until we had got well beyond the entrance of the pass, when, as it becomes more obstructed or tortuous, we should advance singly, taking advantage of every bush, rock or inequality, ready for the foe, and reckless of his numbers.

The foliage became thicker as we advanced and as evening fell. On our right was a dense thicket, which we reached after having lost sight of the entrance to the defile in our rear. This thicket reached from the foot of the gorge to its summit. Each step became firmer but more cautious. There was no whispering now, and every breath was guarded. We were far in the glen—on one side gray rocks, lofty trees, flowering plants and creepers in wild confusion spreading over the abrupt sides of dark, fantastic hills, broken at intervals by huge chasms that gleamed wildly in the rays of the declining sun—on the other side the impenetrable thicket was

Still steadily and stealthily advancing, each man with his rifle grasped easily in his hand, glancing quickly to the right and left, with unwearied energy crept along the glen. A whistle, quick and clear, sent its wild sound thrilling through every heart and ear. There was a sudden halt in our little troop. All was breathless suspense. That was no bird's cry—No throat but a human one ever gave out a note so threatening. "What was it?" "Guerrillas!" "Hush!" We listened long and breathlessly, and warily peered on every side. Not a man of us visible but to his fellows. Crouched with our very hearts beating, on the earth, covered by the friendly bush, we lay for many minutes in the hope of hearing the whistle repeated. All was as still as though the spot had never known its wild solitude broken by the foot of man or disturbed by his passions, his schemes or his ambition.

Still we listened, but in vain. No other sound was heard. Why was there no other signal? Was it some solitary wanderer, who sent that shrill cry forth thro' the stillness (in mere wantonness) and with no other motive than that of breaking its monotony. Not so. There was a significance in that sound that breathed war and defiance as plainly as if it had come from the blast of a trumpet. "Up and moving, men!" came in low tones from the lips of the sergeant in command. "Let 'em try it again."

Our march was resumed as before; but we stepped more stealthily, listened with painful attention and glared on every side with the intensity of bloodhounds. The defile took an acute turn to the right, and on the left was a naked space, extending for some yards, devoid of all verdure but the gray moss clinging around the gray rocks.

We began hastily to cross this uncovered space, when there was a report of many pieces, whilst red flashes from rocks and bushes in the front gleamed savagely and suddenly upon us. For a moment we

were staggered. Then with a shout we rushed forward to unearthen the ambushed foe. Again the fire was repeated, with the muzzles of their rifles within a few feet of our faces. I gazed round for an instant, after discharging my piece at one fellow, and with my bayonet transfixing another to the soft, sandy rock, against which he fell, and perceived none of my party by my side. But the thick smoke and rapidly falling darkness that now ruled, in conjunction with shots, yells and groans, in the surrounding glen, made everything invisible beyond the length of the arm.

At that instant I felt a sudden pang; a dizziness, a blackness like death, came on me; I clutched wildly at the sulphurous air, reeled and fell.

When I recovered my senses, I discovered that I was lying on my side, bleeding slightly from a flesh wound in the thigh. I had bled profusely, before recovering, for I was saturated in half-congealed gore. Raising myself on my elbow, I looked round for my comrades. The moon was shining with all the softness of her beauty on the spot. I counted five bodies lying within a compass of almost as many yards. I endeavored to discover their uniforms, but could not at that distance. I rose slowly, and with much difficulty reached the nearest. He was dead, with a blue hole in the centre of his forehead, through which the bullet had passed and the blood still slowly oozed. I crawled to the next one; he, too, was past all earthly aid. So to the third, fourth and fifth. The bullet had done its full work on all. These had been my comrades, a few hours before, eager to deal destruction upon foes, and careless of the fate that met them. I was the sixth and last of the party.

But where was the enemy, or what had been the enemy? I heard no sound, and the moonlight falling directly upon the dead men and the gray, weird-like rocks, produced an effect that was sickening and horrible. I remembered the man I had slain. I searched for his body, but it was gone. I searched for others of the enemy, but all had disappeared.

There were no dead left on that battlefield but the five fallen scouts. Yet it was obvious that others had perished there, from the blood lying in little pools among the rocks, behind which the ambushed foe had lurked and poured upon us his deadly fire.

My wound began to bleed afresh, which brought a faintness upon me, and I sank to the earth. A burning thirst was consuming me, and I groaned in agony.

After a little while I made another effort to rise, but failed; and then falling back, as calmly as possible, I yielded to my fate. I thought of past days, when, in early youth, no cry for blood had yet awakened that inherent ferocity that lurks unseen in the heart of man, until the fearful scent rouses it as it does the bloodhound, and it springs forth with a swiftness that appals, and a strength that desolates.

My reverie was broken by the sound of voices. Then came that of approaching footsteps. As it drew nearer a new life seemed to quiver through my veins, like a fresh gush of virgin spring. The most savage foe, to whom the torture of a captive was an unapproachable delight, advancing upon me with the menaces of a demoniac, would at that moment have been welcome as an angel of light in comparison to the loneliness—the woe of that dismal glen, and its bloody and unburied dead.

In a few moments a dozen armed men were on the spot, leaning upon their rifles and gazing round upon the dead. Some stooped and examined the body with careless scrutiny; others merely stirred them with the foot, or turned them over with the muzzles of their guns, with the brutal indifference bloodshed engenders in the heart.

"They're dead. Let them rot!" said one, who appeared to be the leader of the party.

"Not all dead," I replied.

Had a voice actually issued from the tomb, as mine undoubtedly seemed to do, its effect would not have been much more startling. Each man, for an instant, seemed changed into a statue. Then the whole group made a simultaneous movement toward me.

"That's the fellow that bayoneted Ike," exclaimed one of them, cocking his revolver and thrusting the muzzle between my teeth.

In another instant I should have been in eternity, but for the sudden jerking back of my would-be destroyer's arm by one of his comrades, who calmly remarked: "If he's got through the rough work he had a while ago, we'll not kill the poor devil now." With a muttered curse the ruffian replaced his weapon in his belt and withdrew. "Where are you hurt?" inquired he whose interference

had just saved me; "can't yer get up?" I told him I was shot in the hip, and was dying of thirst. Here he called a member of the party to him, and taking from his hand a canteen, poured some of its contents—brandy and water—down my throat. My wound had entirely stopped bleeding, but my whole side was stiff and painful. With much difficulty I rose to my feet, and by the aid of two of my captors, for such they were, managed to move along with the rest of the band, through what appeared a cleft in the mountain, pursuing a new path to that I had hitherto traversed in the company of those who had fallen, and whom I was now leaving behind me forever.

For some time we followed this road, running at the base of two declivities almost perpendicular, whose dizzy summits I could not scan, and whose rugged sides of gray, at intervals, were shining coldly beneath some stray gleam of moonlight, that, even in that cavernous pass, found its way and smiled amid the gloom, like the good glance of a visiting angel.

Suddenly we emerged from this gloomy defile, and found ourselves in what appeared almost a level country. Here—where some tents were pitched—we halted, and I was a prisoner in a guerrilla camp.

A week elapsed, and I had recovered from my wound. The chief of the party who had captured me offered me my liberty, on condition that I gave my parole not to bear arms against the rebels again during twelve months. This I had sworn never to do in the event of my becoming a prisoner to the Confederate army. I was equally resolved now to adhere to my oath.

From that moment I was closely guarded, with the vigilance known but to an angry foe. No sleepy sentinel ever lounged with heavy limb and weary eye, in mock watchfulness, near the rugged couch whereon I lay. But, sleeping or waking, some hawk-eyed watcher kept guard by my side, marking all my goings and incomings.

In that camp was another prisoner besides myself, a miserable creature, apparently, only waiting the certain death that the caprice of a merciless band would, in some unexpected moment, hurl upon his head, and whom nothing but the same caprice permitted still to move upon the earth a living thing. This wretch had been captured some days after I had, in the act of robbing the dead after a skirmish. His crime in the eye of a soldier is a deadly sin. He is the pariah of his class. A virtue too foul for an honest thief, from whose blood the bright steel would receive a disgrace deeper than its stain. A thing to worthless to hang; one whose loathsome life should be crushed out suddenly, with stone or club, as a reptile should, and the contaminated weapon thrown from the hand forever.

He cringed to his captors, and they drove him from them with curses and kicks, and when he fawned they spat upon him.

AN ESCAPE.

One night, after unwearied watchfulness and ceaseless planning, I broke from the bondage that held me. The night was cloudy and threatened rain. I had heard enough from my captors to know that a detachment of northern troops was encamped to the eastward, within five miles of us. This detachment I resolved to reach or die. From what I had learned among the guerrillas, I felt assured I could with little difficulty find the encampment. After crouching my way through and along the outskirts of a thicket (that grew by the side of a road, old and grass-grown, running nearly east and west) for at least two miles, I merged from it into the road, sweating and bleeding; hatless, my clothes torn into fragments, panting and wearied. I had taken my bearings from the few stars that glimmered through the clouds, in the unobscured spot of the heavens, and was about to start along the road in an easterly direction when a man leaped from the thicket—and the thief of the battlefield, the plunderer of the dead, stood by my side. "On, on!" he exclaimed in hoarse and excited tones, pointing along the road in the direction I was about to take, "they're following." He shook with fear, and I pitied him. Disgust at his presence too, was lessened by a sense of the common danger. Before I could speak he dashed past me along the road. I followed, and thus we fled for more than twenty minutes: he a little ahead of me during the whole time. We reached a narrow unfinished bridge, stretching from high banks across a stream.—We began to cross the bridge, but our progress was much impeded and even endangered, as our only stepping points were from beam to beam and plank to plank, most of them loose and rotten and at uneven distances. The bridge was supported by huge piles set in the river,

whose sullen waters we were able to distinguish rushing far beneath us. Yet the river seemed shallow there, for white breakers curling around the rocks we could detect also. Onward we went. I was now in advance some dozen yards.—All before us, beyond twenty feet, was lost in gloom; behind the same darkness impenetrable at the same distance. Yet on we pressed from one rotten, shaking timber to another. Suddenly loud shouts in the rear proclaimed the pursuing foe.—These were followed by the sharp ring of rifles, and a fearful shriek from my companion. I stopped and turned. He called on me, for the "love of Heaven to help him." I returned some little distance and found him clinging, about a couple of feet above the cross-pieces, to a narrow iron bar that ran from one of the piles to another. He was struggling wildly.—"How is it?" I asked, as I stooped to aid him. But I discovered my assistance to be valueless, unless I could place my feet on the bar, and leaning with my breast upon one of the timbers, and reach over both hands and grasp him by the collar. As I was making this essay, the moon broke fully upon us, and I met his upturned, pallid face. His teeth were set. His bloodless lips drawn from them with a rigidity that left them completely bare.—His eyes were starting from their sockets, and his form trembled so as to shake the last hold to which he clung.

"One of their bullets," he hissed between his teeth, "has smashed my ankle. I am going!" His hold relaxed, another terrible shriek rang through the night air, and he fell crushing among the jutting rocks below; his blood mingled with the pure element that eddied round them.

I again pursued my way along the bridge alone. Many a bullet whistled past me from my inveterate but bewildered foe, and many a narrow escape I ran of being hurled into the dark river, of impalement upon its half-concealed rocks.—But one such death sufficed for that night. At length I reached the other side, thankful but exhausted. Still, with unabated speed, I pursued my way, until the challenge of a sentinel stopped further progress. I had reached one of the pickets of the detachment for which I was bound—our gallant northerners. I was safe, and a free man again.

Gen. Patterson.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, Chaplain of Col. Butterfield's regiment, in a meeting at Utica, recently, made the following statement in regard to Gen. Patterson:

Having acted as Chaplain of Col. Butterfield's regiment during the three months campaign, he was able to speak understandingly of certain military operations, and particularly of the movements of Gen. Patterson, to whose column the 12th regiment (Col. Butterfield's) was attached.—Mr. Smith said that Patterson was directed to do one of three things: either to attack the rebel General Johnston, at Winchester; or, if he was not strong enough to attack him, to at least keep him in check, and prevent him from joining Beauregard; or, in case Johnson gave him the slip, to follow him to Manassas and attack that position in the rear.

But Gen. Patterson said he did not wish to shed blood: he conducted the war on peace principles. Col. Butterfield was then acting as Brigadier General, and appealed to Patterson, time after time, to be allowed, with his single brigade, to attack Johnston in his intrenchments. But Patterson steadily refused. When pickets brought intelligence that Johnson had left Winchester, and was in full march to join Beauregard, Patterson discredited the story, and resisted all entreaties of officers and men to follow. Instead of that, he made a night march of twenty miles in the opposite direction, and thus kept his 30,000 men out of harm's way until the bloody disaster of Ball's Run, which he might have averted, fell like a pall upon the country.

The speaker said there was but one opinion concerning Gen. Patterson among the soldiers of his division, and that was, that he was a traitor. He had heard the Rhode Island regiment call him traitor to his face, and hiss, and groan, and hoot him back to his tent. Mr. S. said that Patterson left his command at midnight, and intimated very strongly that if he had remained much longer he would have been in danger of assassination from his own men.

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other. Says Smith, "You made my head ring!" "That's a sign it's hollow," says Brown. "Didn't yours ring?" queried Smith. "No," returned Brown. "That's a sign it's cracked!" replied Smith.

Villiam and his Havelock.

The members of the Mackeral brigade, now stationed on Arlington Heights, to watch the movements of the Potomac, which is expected to rise shortly, desire me to thank the ladies of America for supplies of havelocks and other delicacies of the season just received. The havelocks are rather gloomy, and we took them for shirts at first; and the shirts are so narrow-minded that we took them for havelocks. If the women of America could manage to get a little less linen in the collars of the latter, and a little more in the other department of the graceful "garment," there would be fewer colds in this division of the Grand Army. The havelocks, as I have said before, are roomy—very roomy. Villiam Brown, of Company G, put one on last night, when he went on sentry duty, and looked like a broomstick in a pillow case, for all the world. When the officer of the night came around and caught sight of Villiam in his havelock, he was struck dumb with admiration for a moment. Then he ejaculated:

"What a splendid moonbeam!" Villiam made a movement, and the sergeant came up.

"What's that white object?" says the officer to the sergeant.

"The young man is Villiam Brown," said the sergeant.

"Thunder!" roared the officer, "tell him to go to his tent and take off that nightgown!"

"You're mistaken," says the sergeant, "the sentry is Villiam Brown, in his havelock, which was made by the women of America!"

The officer was so justly exasperated at his mistake that he went to his quarters and took the oath three times running, with a little sugar in it.

The oath is very popular and comes in bottles. I take it medicinally myself.

The shirts made by the ladies of America are noble articles, as far down as the collar, but would not do to use as an only garment. Capt. Mortimer de Montague, of the skirmish squad, put one on when he went to the Presidential reception, and the collar stood up so high that he could not put his cap on, while the other department did not reach to his waist. His appearance at the White House was picturesque and interesting, and as he entered the drawing room, Gen. Scott remarked very feelingly—

"Ah! here comes one of the wounded heroes."

"He's not wounded, General," remarked an officer standing by.

"Then why is his head bandaged up?" asked the venerable veteran.

"Oh!" says the officer, "that's only one of the shirts made by the patriotic women of America."

In about five minutes after the conversation I saw the venerable veteran and the wounded hero at the office, taking the oath together.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—Mrs. Fremont, as most of our readers know, is the daughter of honest Old Tom Benton, and possesses much of his moral courage. While her husband, Gen. Fremont, is pursuing the enemies of freedom through south-western Missouri, his noble wife faced them in Washington, and traced out the fire in the rear. Old F. P. Blair, father of Col. Blair, met her at the President's house. She demanded to see the letters written against her husband. Mr. Blair, having little else to say, reminded her that she was out of a woman's sphere.

"Here," said he, "is the place where we make and unmake men." "Mr. Blair," retorted she, "my sphere is the defending of my husband, to the utmost of my ability, everywhere. As to your capacity to make men, I have seen two specimens said to be yours, and if you can do no better, I would advise you to quit the business!"

MUST HELP UNCLE SAM FIRST.—A farmer in Wisconsin had a son who joined the Eighth regiment of that State without his father's consent. Several letters were written by the father to the son, while the regiment was in quarters at Camp Randall, for the purpose of persuading him to return. At last he wrote him that he must come; that he had a large amount of threshing to do; that he could not afford to hire help, if it were to be had, which was hardly possible, owing to the number of enlistments; and that he must return home and help him, even if he enlisted again afterward. The young man replied:

"Dear Father: I can't go home at present. Should be very glad to help you, but Uncle Sam has a mighty sight bigger job of threshing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first."