

The Alleghanlian.

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

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

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DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANLIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Benn's Creek.	Joseph Graham.	Yoder.
Bethel Station.	Joseph S. Mardis.	Blacklick.
Carrolltown.	William M. Jones.	Carroll.
Cress Springs.	Danl. Litzinger.	Chest.
Cresson.	John J. Troxell.	Washint'n.
Ebensburg.	John Thompson.	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber.	Isaac Thompson.	White.
Gallitzin.	J. M. Christy.	Gallitzin.
Hemlock.	Wm. M'Gough.	Washint'n.
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Mineral Point.	E. Wissingner.	Conem'gh.
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Willmore.	Morris Keil.	Summerhill.

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, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. G. GOGLEY, Assistant. 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.

Welch Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Catholic—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 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.

Episcopal—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MURPHY, 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, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 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	9.44 A. M.
" East Line " " "	10.59 P. M.
" Mail Train " " "	4.01 P. M.
East—Express Train " " "	8.25 P. M.
" Fast Line " " "	2.28 P. M.
" Mail Train " " "	6.23 A. M.

CRESSON STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	9.22 A. M.
" Mail Train " " "	3.31 P. M.
East—Express Train " " "	8.53 P. M.
" Mail Train " " "	6.50 A. M.

[The Fast Lines do 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.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

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

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

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

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.

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

County Surgeon—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 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—Mehach Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

The Picket Guard.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle!"

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
* Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Thro' the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep watch—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the Mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Oh! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket's off duty forever!

A VISIT TO FORT WARREN.

APPEARANCE AND CONDITION OF THE EIGHT HUNDRED PRISONERS.

We find the following sketch in a recent number of the Boston *Traveler*:

The eight hundred political prisoners and prisoners of war, recently sent from the forts in the New York harbor, are now getting settled down into their new quarters at Fort Warren. There are still needing many things, which, in consequence of the advent of such an unexpectedly large number, have not been provided. Colonel Dimmick, the veteran commander of the fort, is doing all in his power to render their situation as comfortable as circumstances will permit, and though many may grumble at the condition in which they are placed, none will find fault with their custodian.

The political prisoners and the officers among the prisoners of war are quartered on the west side of the fort, the former south and the others north of the main entrance. The headquarters of the commander of the fort are in apartments immediately south of the political prisoners, and the hospital close by, in the south-west corner of the fort. The great body of the prisoners of war are quartered in the casemates on the north side of the fort.

Each of these three classes of prisoners are allowed to converse freely among themselves, but they can have no conversation with another class. They are allowed to have newspapers, and to write to and receive letters from their friends. Letters to them, however, have to pass through the hands of Col. Dimmick, and be opened by him. Their correspondence is not very extensive, although quite a number of letters are received and sent out daily.

The prisoners are allowed every freedom consistent with safe-keeping. When the weather permits, they come out in front of their quarters, and walk about or stand in groups, smoking and conversing like a party of do-nothings in front of a fashionable hotel. Their walks, however, are limited, except in company with some person of the garrison.

Of course the garrison and the few persons admitted into the fort, on business, are most interested in the movements of the political prisoners. They occupy the

The War and Slavery.

On the 7th ult., the 24th Indiana regiment paid a visit to the headquarters of Gen. Lane, at Springfield, Mo., and called for the "Liberator Jim Lane." Gen. Lane made his appearance amidst the loud huzzas of the whole camp, and made one of his characteristic speeches. We take a few extracts:

GENTLEMEN: I shall not conceal the fact, that in one respect I differ from some of my compeers in command as to the mode of warfare which is best calculated to bring this wretched contest to a speedy, durable and honorable close. The point of difference refers, of course, to slavery—the cause of all differences—the Pandora's box from which has issued all our national troubles. My creed is—let slavery take care of itself. If it can survive the shock of war, let it live, but if between an upper and nether millstone it be ground to powder and the winds drive it away, it is not for me to gather up the dust again. I do not propose to make war upon slavery, but upon rebels, and in the meantime to let slaves and slavery take care of themselves. An oligarchy more cruel and proscriptive than ever scourged and cursed a nation, ancient or modern, has brought on this war for slavery, and if we are required to protect, defend, or in any way help slavery, then we are required to co-operate with the enemy, help him, defend him, and to work for the same end. Can we place ourselves thus in alliance with our deadly and barbarous foes, and at the same time conquer them, subdue them, crush them? When lesser contradictions are reconciled, will we think of harmonizing this.

War, at the best, is a terrible calamity to a nation. In all the country through which we have passed, the mails are stopped, schools are suspended, churches are turned into hospitals for the sick and wounded, and general demoralization prevails. Protract the war one year and desolation, moral and material, alone would mark the track of armies. Justice, humanity and mercy require that the conflict should terminate as soon as possible, and with the least practicable shedding of blood.

ASTONISHING as it may appear to you, gentlemen from Indiana, yet it is a fact we have repeatedly demonstrated, that a heavier blow is dealt out to the realm of secession in the abduction or freedom of a slave than the killing of a soldier in arms. Yes, and I may put the truth in a stronger light still. Abduct from the same family a slave, and kill in arms a son, and the loss of the slave will be regarded as the greater misfortune—the calamity for which there is no healing balm. I could bring up a thousand witnesses whose observation and experience qualify them to speak of the truth of my remarks.

If, then, by allowing the slave to fall into the wake of the army and find the priceless boon of freedom, we avoid bloodshed, save property from destruction, and strike death-dealing blows upon the head and front of this rebellion, does not every consideration that is good and just require that this policy be adopted? This war is for slavery—let us make it the mighty engine for slavery's destruction, and the rebels will soon cry enough.—They will see that, like Saturn in the fable, they are eating up their own children, and will consent to cut short the repast. Every guarantee that is given to slavery, by the government strengthens the rebels in their course.

The Kansas Brigade has met the enemy in battle and routed him in every conflict. We have destroyed Osceola, a sort of half town and half military post; but all these things combined have not brought the rebels to their knees as have the escaping of a few hundred slaves, by following the back track of the army.—[Cheers.]

Since the rebels have failed to nationalize slavery, their battle cry is "Down with the Union." Let slavery lift up its crest in the air, and here I solemnly vow, that if Jim Lane is compelled to add a note to such an infernal chorus, he breaks his sword and quits the field. [Thundering applause.] Let us be bold—inscribe "freedom to all" upon our banners, and appear just what we are—the opponents of slavery. It is certain as if written in the book of fate, that this point must be reached before the war is over. Take this stand, and enthusiasm will be inspired in the ranks. In steadiness of purpose and courage each soldier will be a Spartan hero. The spirit of the Crusader will be united with the iron will of the Roman, and an army of such soldiers is invincible. [Cheers.] These things to you, Indians, may appear strange, but when your military education has received that peculiar cast which experience

When Parson Brownlow Will Join the Democrats.

An Arkansas correspondent, who probably wanted to "wake up" Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig*, wrote to the latter, stating that he had learned with pleasure upon what "he considered reliable authority," that Mr. B. was about to join the Democrats, and asked for the probable date of that interesting occurrence. Mr. Brownlow gave the date, or at least data for the date, as follows:

"KNOXVILLE, Aug. 6, 1860.

"MR. JORDAN CLARK: I have your letter of the 30th ult., and hasten to let you know the precise time when I expect to come out and formally announce that I have joined the Democratic party. When the sun shines at midnight, and the moon at midday, when man forgets to be selfish, or Democrats lose their inclination to steal—when Nature stops her onward march to rest, or all the water courses in America flow up stream—when flowers lose their odor, and trees shed no leaves—when birds talk, and beasts of burden laugh—when damned spirits swap hell for heaven, with the angels of light, and pay them the boot in mean whiskey—when impossibilities are in fashion, and no proposition is too absurd to be believed, you may credit the report that I have joined the Democrats.

"I join the Democrats! Never, so long as there are sects in churches, weeds in gardens, fleas in hog pens, dirt in victuals, disputes in families, wars with nations, water in the oceans, bad men in America, or base women in France. No, Jordan Clark, you may hope, you may congratulate, you may reason, you may sneer, but this cannot be. The throne of the Old World, the court of the Universe, the governments of the world may all fall and crumble into ruin; the New World may commit the national suicide of dissolving this Union, but all this must occur before I join the Democracy!

"I join the Democracy! Mr. Jordan Clark, you know not what you say; when I join the Democracy the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church, when Jordan Clark, of Arkansas, is President of the Republic of Great Britain, by universal suffrage of a contented people, when Queen Victoria consents to be divorced from Prince Albert by a county court in Kansas, when Congress obliges, by law, James Buchanan to marry a European princess, when the Pope leases the Capitol at Washington for his city residence, when Alexander of Russia, and Napoleon of France are elected Senators in Congress from New Mexico, when good men cease to go to heaven, or bad men to hell, when this world is turned upside down, when proof is afforded, both clear and unquestionable, that there is no God, when men turn to ants, and ants to elephants, I will change my political faith, and come out on the side of Democracy.

"Supposing that this full and frank letter will enable you to fix upon the period when I will come out a full grown Democrat, and to communicate the same to all whom it may concern in Arkansas, I have the honor to be, &c.

"W. G. BROWNLOW."

A GOOD STORY ABOUT MR. SEWARD.—The Philadelphia *North American* tells this story of Secretary Seward:

Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, passed through the city yesterday morning, at 11 o'clock, on his way from New York to Washington. Mr. Seward has a weakness whenever possible for traveling *inocoo*. He is an inveterate smoker. When he enters a passenger train he seeks out the smoking car, and finds beatitude in puffing La Norma until the end of his ride. Between New York and this city he occupied a seat with a pleasant looking genius, who talked about "that d—n fool Seward" during the whole trip. The stranger supposed his fellow traveler to be a sutler's book-keeper. Mr. Seward pitched into himself in a most scandalous manner, seconding every objection of the stranger with a hearty emphasis. When the latter observed Mr. Seward identified and saluted by a gentleman on the boat, his feelings can be better imagined than described. The last seen of him by our informant, he was hiding behind the steamer's smoke-stack.

A Universalist minister of Chicago, in the course of a recent sermon on the duty of christian patriots in the present National crisis, remarked that he was aware that most of the christian public differed with him on the mooted question of future punishments. But he would say that he agreed with them on one point: he wished it to be distinctly understood that he had a hell for all rebels and traitors!

Trumps for Policemen.—Clubs.

Ice Houses.

ICE HOUSES.—We cannot see a good reason why such a useful commodity as ice is not kept more generally in the country than it is. The greatest trouble no doubt is in the fact that many of the ice-houses built do not keep ice. The editor of the *American Agriculturist* says: "Houses for the keeping of ice can easily be built, and where the luxury of ice in summer is once enjoyed, it will not readily be given up. If no better structure can be erected, an ice-room in one corner of the woodhouse, or any shed where room can be spared, will answer. The north-east corner is the best. Set a row of upright posts one foot from the inner sides of a building, and two rows of posts a foot apart for the other two sides of the room; make the enclosure say eight or ten feet square. Cover these with rough boards or slabs, and fill the space between with spent tan-bark. Lay down a loose floor, and cover a foot deep with straw. When ice is forped, select that which is pure, clear and hard, cut it into pieces of convenient size, and pack it closely in the room. Leave six inches space between the ice and the side of the room, and fill this with sawdust. Also cover with sawdust a foot thick, and fill up to the roof with straw. Packed in this way, ice enough to supply a family of average size has been kept safely the year through."

MITS FOR THE SOLDIERS.—A "New England Lady" gives the following directions as to the manner of knitting mittens suitable for the soldiers: "Cast twenty-six stitches on each needle. Rib two inches two and two. Commence the thumb by taking two stitches between these two seam stitches. Knit three rounds between each, widening until you have twenty; take these twenty off for the thumb, make twelve stitches, then decrease every other round at the beginning and end of the twelve until only three of the increased remain. Knit a little more than an inch plain. Now for the finger: take off twenty stitches, make twelve, and knit the same as at the thumb; knit about an inch and a half plain, then narrow every sixth stitch; knit six rounds, then every fifth, and five rounds, and so on. Then take up the finger, narrow to twenty-nine stitches, make the finger a little shorter than the mitten; now the thumb, reducing the stitches of thirty."

Vanity Fair gives the following as the "Essence" of the Rebels' style of Battle Reports—done into easy verse by Mother Goose:

With dauntless backs we charged the foe,
All on a moonlit day;
We slew them all, the rest we took,
The others ran away!