

# The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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West—Express Train leaves at	9:44 A. M.
Fast Line " "	10:00 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.

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## Select Poetry.

### The Equality of the Grave.

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against Fate—  
Death lays its icy hands on kings.  
Sceptre and crown  
Both lie down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.  
Some men with swords may reap the fields,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong arms at last must yield;  
They tume but one another's ill.  
Early or late,  
They stoop to Fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.  
The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds  
Upon Death's purple altar now,  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb!  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

### A BOLD AND TIMELY SPEECH.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN BEFORE AN ENGLISH AUDIENCE.

From the London American.

The reflecting men of England are concentrating their thoughts on the American question; all classes discuss it, and it is the general theme of conversation wherever men gather together. Each newspaper has its leaders, and each member of Parliament has his fling at the "Bubble bursting Republic of the West." At a dinner given by Henry Wood Esq., the large anchor and chain manufacturer of Birkenhead, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, this all-absorbing subject, the American question, was the feature of the entertainment. Our Consul, Mr. Morse, made a most eloquent speech. Mr. Bell the builder of the Warrior, Mr. Gladstone, and a distinguished gentleman from Georgia, who recently left that State for his Union sentiments, and several other gentlemen joined in the animated debate between the English, the Scotch, and the Americans. Mr. George Francis Train, whose strong Union sentiments have so often been recorded in these columns, created some excitement by his attack on England's unmanly course in this ungodly rebellion, and some of his strictures were emphatically denied by some of the gentlemen present—the chairman especially, who asserted that he knew there was the most friendly feeling in this country towards America.

Some extracts from Mr. Train's speech will show the warmth of the debate. Mr. Chairman—You are an old friend of mine, and knowing me so well I am surprised that you call me up on street railways when the American question is on the table. (Hear.) I admit I am good for a speech on that or any other topic, but to-night I intend to sink the shop and talk the Senate chamber—suffice it to know that my success is complete. (Hear, and cheers.) I have run the gauntlet, with all kinds of weapons aimed at me, but have passed the Manassas Gap of English conservatism and introduced a carriage for the people—(cheers)—with colors flying and lots of money still in the treasury. (Hear and laughter.) But no more of that, let me talk on America. I thank you, Mr. Wood, and you gentlemen, for your good wishes for peace, but we want no peace. You say England is with us, I know that she is against us, and has been from the first. (No, no.) I say yes, yes—and the question is, how much plain talking can you stand from a man who loves his wife, his children and his God, but who loves his country more than all—(loud cheers)—for a man without a country is unworthy of wife and children, and poor God-forsaker: devil he had better die—(hear, hear)—and this gentleman, is what England has recommended.—(No.)

England's neutrality has already cost five thousand lives. She has made a great mistake, and three months hence she will acknowledge it. Will you let me speak my mind? (Yes.) Now, I beg of you, gentlemen, not to get excited when I tell you a few startling facts to prove how unwise, how ungenerous, how dangerous has been England's so-called neutrality on the American question. England's sympathies are with, and have been with the South, not out of hate to the North, but because she wished to see us break in two. (No.) When a man is very ill it is, to say the least of it, bad taste to go and order all your mourning, for perhaps he may get well again, and how surprised he would be to see the notices of his death which were prepared. England's neutral-

ity consists in standing on the platform and cheering the rebels on. Read the secession organs of the country. Secession organs, did I say? There are no others save the Daily News, the Star, the Liverpool Post, and two or three more journals—the rest all have flags flying and cannons booming to stimulate treason on to murder. The press leads the way. The Cabinet would declare war at once if it dared; and I am not sure but what the Mexican intervention is war in disguise. Read the speeches of members of Parliament to their constituents. You find them secession to the backbone. Is there any question about Lindsay's language, or Captain Jarvis, or Bulwer Lytton? I like Bulwer for his frankness and his honesty. He is no hypocrite. He talks as he thinks, and says that he hopes the country will not only break up in two, but in four pieces! It is already too powerful, and its growth should be checked. England's neutrality consists in giving all her sympathy to the rebels. Suppose you and I, Mr. Chairman, were friends of forty years' acquaintance, and some night on the highway a burglar tries to assassinate you after having stolen your money, would you not think it almost out of the pale of humanity in this civilized age to have me remain neutral? or, what is worse, to hear me cheer the thief on in his bloody work?—(Chairman—It is not a fair analogy.) Analogy or not, that is England's position to-day toward America. (No, no) Ere many months you may have revolution in this garden island—the revolution that arises from a starving population—for is there not unmistakable signs of a corn famine in Ireland and a cotton famine in England? Suppose such to happen, and class should be arrayed against class, would you not think it damnable for America to join the rebels, and cry lustily for the destruction of this proud nation, as England is continuing to cry for America's ruin? (Hear, hear, and No.)

Here are the facts I wish to make known. The South has always been the enemy of England, as the North has been her friend. (Hear and true.) Every act of hostility has emanated from that quarter. Look along our history's page. What was the Non-Intercourse act previous to the last war but a Southern institution? The whole North was against it, and the Hartford conventionists, to this day, are subjects of derision by the Southerners for the sympathy New England showed for Old England. (Hear and cheers.) What was the High Tariff act, the twenty-five cents a yard duty on cotton, of 1816, but a Southern institution? All New England voted against Mr. Calhoun's American system. It was the same in 1820 and 1824; but the South having passed their High Tariff, the North showed its enterprise by putting up cotton mills, and it was not for some years after (1828) that the North voted for protection. Then Mr. Calhoun, in 1832, wanted to kill the bantling he had created in 1816, and because he could not succeed, started his hell-born nullification cry, which was so summarily stopped by General Jackson. What was the Mexican war but a Southern institution to get new slave lands? What were the filibustering expeditions against Cuba but Southern institutions? Where did Lopez hail from? where Walker? Where did Lynch law, the bowie-knife and the duellist originate, but in the South? Is not repudiation purely a Southern institution? Who was it that showed their sympathies against England, in the Russian war, but the entire democratic party, which for forty years has been a Southern institution? The whigs were with England, but the democrats cheered the Russian arms.—These are all Southern institutions, and certainly negro slavery is not an institution of the North. Where, then, does England find food for sympathy with the damned traitors in this hell-born conspiracy? Was it the North or South who sent the contributions to Ireland in their distress? (Hear, hear.) Was it the North or South who put the flags at half-mast on the death of Havelock? (cheers) and tell me, gentlemen, who received the son of your Queen with open arms, but the proud children of our Northern country? Boiling over with good will to England, we took the prince and embraced him, because we loved this old land and its mighty associations. (Cheers.) We loved to mix our history and lose it even in yours. (Cheers.) We loved your Christian Queen, and showed all these things in the warm and honest reception we gave her son. (Loud cheers.) All this was in the North, but when he crossed the border into the slave country, he hastened away quickly, for fear of repeated insult! Yes, gentlemen, it was in the capital of the so-called Confederate States, Richmond, that the Prince of Wales feared the action of the mob, and saw for the first time that he was not welcome in the land where his

ancestors had once ruled. (Hear, and true.) Knowing, then that all these acts of violence and hostility against England came from the South, you can imagine the disgust of the North at reading the Times day after day, and the Telegraph, the Herald, the Chronicle, and nearly all the entire British press, encouraging the rebels on in their unchristian work!—England has made a mistake—a fatal mistake. To make sure that I am not in the wrong, I am preparing a book of opinions of the press—extracts from speeches of members of Parliament and the Ministry, which will prove the hostility of England against the Federal Power.

Mr. Bell asks, how could we have done otherwise than remain neutral? But I maintain that you are not neutral. When you find two boys at blows you must not forget that while you do not enter the ring, the more you hurrah for Bill, the stronger it makes him, and the more it discourages Joe. You cheer one side continually, and hiss the other, and call it neutrality. (Hear, hear, and applause.) However, it has taught America one lesson—that is, not to put her trust in princes, (laughter) but to rely on her own strong arm. It has opened her eyes to many things, but none more important than this, namely, that England may war with Russia, with France, with Austria, and all Europe may be blazing away with the flash of musketry, the clang of armor, and the sound of cannon, without America being affected. But when America, desirous of showing off her military nature, gets up a little national sham fight within her own borders in three month's time, with a million of soldiers, fires off a million of rifles, discharges a million of revolvers, and has her artillery booming on every hill—I say, when the American people, in the absence of foreign war, get up a grand review, and kill ten thousand traitors on the Champs de Mars of the Potomac, all the world tremblingly stops to gaze, and all the world's commerce becomes deranged. (Hear, hear.) Europe may fight but America cares not. America plays with firearms to keep her hand in, and Europe is pale for fear, for it has come to pass that the commerce of the United States with Europe sums up each year one hundred millions of pounds sterling! Stop this commerce for twelve months and millions here are thrown out of employment. (Hear.) Even my friend, Mr. Wood, will feel it, in the absence of orders from the ship yards of the North. (Hear, hear and laughter.) I have listened with earnestness to the bold words of Mr. Morse. I meet him to-night for the first time, and I congratulate, at last, our people at having a live Consul to represent them in London.—(Cheers.) We have had enough of dead men, God knows. (Cheers.) His Union sentiments are refreshing. Now we shall have no more treason-hatching in the American consulates of England. His predecessor was buying muskets all the time—so was it at Liverpool, and so was it with the Paris Embassy—the flag was outraged, the consuls and the ministers are guilty of high treason, and should suffer the doom of traitors.

No man dared to speak out until the Russian Ambassador arrived. I endorse every word of Cassius M. Clay, and wish all our representatives were equally national. I say I welcome our new consul, and give him a cordial shake of the hand over his brave, bold words for the land I love; and you, too, my eloquent friend from Georgia—whose name shall not go into the papers, for I would not have your children who remain in the State suffer for your love of the Union—you, too, we welcome for your honest defence of the nation. You have astonished many present by your graphic description of affairs in the South. I knew it must be so; I knew that the Southern country was full of Union men, who will spring around the flag the moment our forces land in Savannah! (Yes, and cheers.) Secession in your part of the country is fashionable. No wonder the fair Southern ladies are enraged, for all their ermine was used up long ago, and they do not make it in the South. (Laughter.) How can they be out of fashion? They believed that Mrs. Davis would hold levees in Washington; they believed that Mr. Walker would raise the traitor's flag on the capitol; but when the truth breaks upon them, what a sensation of shame awaits them! For it must be a terrible thing to realize that they have been the wives and daughters and sisters who have made red so many battle-fields. It looks to me, I am sorry to say, as though the rebellion were nearly dead—the war nearly over. I want it to last another year. I want Europe and England to know us better, and another year's war will best explain our strength. I have a policy of my own.—Away with free trade these distracted days. Let England have her own laws,

and let America have hers. You may not agree with me—few people do—but nevertheless I have opinions, and will express them, even if the distinguished archangel who got put out of Court on a memorable occasion had his carriage at the door. (Cheers and laughter.) Here is my platform: Take China and Japan for a model; that is, live a few years by ourselves—(cheers)—clap an export duty on our cotton and our tobacco, and double the Morrill tariff. Destroy the port of Charleston, make a Sebastopol of its forts and channels, and give Beaufort or Savannah all its commerce. Partition the State, and ink-blot her name out of the map. Build the Pacific railroad, and establish a line of swift steamers between San Francisco and China. Make New York the stock market of the world. Establish military schools; have a decent army—it looks respectable when you want a review. (Laughter.) Augment the navy, and give Spain a hammering for her impudence in landing in St. Domingo. Wait till she gets into Mexico, under the guarantee of France and England, and get the military roads built; then let the Northern and Southern army close up and take Cuba as a dependency, and carry out the Monroe doctrine. We want more room. (Laughter.) We are getting cramped and crowded, and we must have an outlet for the rush of emigrants that will pour into the country when we declare peace. Put a discriminating duty on, shutting out English goods, if England continues to side with the rebels.

Don't get alarmed, gentlemen, you know it is all fun. (Loud laughter.) You know you call me eccentric, and I must keep up the illusion. England has slept in the middle of the bed long enough!—The times are changing. The speak on the horizon is already bigger than an ox cart! The fires of free opinions have been smouldering in Europe for nearly fifteen years. Poor Poland is in sackcloth and ashes! Hungary sleeps awakingly, and will shortly spring upon the enemy's camp, when Caprea's chief will land in Venice. France groans under a disordered commerce and a diseased finance. Europe has enough to look after without troubling herself with America. Let America lock her gates for a while—economize—buy no foreign fabrics—live within herself—manufacture her own cotton, and take the profit we have so long given to England. Our strength is shown by this contest.—Six hours of such rebellion would have changed a dynasty in France; six days in Austria, or Prussia, or Spain. Six weeks without a Ministry would capsize the English Constitution, but after six months of preparation, America begins to show her strength. It was a clever move of the President in this great national game of chess to give up Fort Sumter—always give away a castle to checkmate your opponent. (Hear, hear.) The Cabinet have done nobly; Seward upheld our foreign relations, and proved himself the man we knew he was. So has Chase, and Welles with his five hundred ships of war, armed to the teeth; and Cameron, too, with his half a million of fighting men. (Hear, and cheers.) I don't believe the reports of corruption in the departments; they are circulated by rebel spies and enemies of the country. I have faith in Seward and Cameron and Welles and Chase, and know the President is an honest man. I like the strong measures of the Administration. In times like these one cannot do things too firmly. Act first and apologize afterward; strain a point in the Constitution, if necessary, to save a nation; over with the spies; down with the traitorous women; down with the vile hordes who infest the country with their treason; macadamize Fort Lafayette with the best bones of the land if they have crystallized into patriotsides.

The civil power is nothing when a country is to be saved. Give us martial law; overboard with Habeas Corpus Act, and command obedience with the sword and the gallows. Yes, gentlemen, to put down treason I would put on the thumbscrew. Out with the guillotine; raise the inquiry and enforce the law, at whatever cost of money and men. Break up the printing press; shut the mouth that dares to breathe against the "Army of the Constitution." Who thinks of saving brush and comb, sponge and towel, when the house is in flames? Who stops for overcoat and carpet-bag when the ship is in the breakers? Who thinks of wearing white kids when shells are exploding in the drawing room? Let the Administration save the nation and overlook any little thing that may have been omitted.

Christians hate Iscariot, Romans despise Cataline, Americans loathe the name of Arnold. So will the Southern pirate chieftains in their exile be marked with contempt by the patriots of the Constitution! Separation is impossible! Annihilation is absurd! Who ever heard of

twenty millions being annihilated? America must change her policy; be more republican, less aristocratic, overcome our modesty, and not be too religious about forms. America fights with her own men; our soldiers go to battle for liberty, glory, law; Europeans fight for pay.—Ours is a volunteer army; we have no Hessians or hired battalions.

Our thirty million loan, so readily taken by our people, is nothing to what we can do. England spends that sum every year on army and navy. The days of Perry and Decatur and Paul Jones are to be revived. The fleets are off; a new set of tactics; take Hatteras. Send back the North Carolina troops! telegraphs the Governor. Take Savannah! Send back the Georgian regiments, telegraphs the general in command to Beauregard;—take New Orleans! send back the Louisiana contingent, and shortly Beauregard is left high and dry without an army, having reduced Virginia to a desert, like a vineyard destroyed by locusts. Where is Beauregard? alone, uncared for, forgotten. Where is Davis? ill in mind, ill in body, the shattered frame battling with the diseased brain and the seared conscience. The North flourishes amid the clash of arms—stocks rising, bullion increasing, ships launching, factories building, corn shipping, while the South is paralyzed, and England and the world wondering where it is all to end! Why do consuls droop day after day unless there is some terrible secret in Downing street? Why does France borrow two millions on the Bank of England unless France is about to lead an army somewhere? Verily the times are changing; and it may turn out that America is not only the richest country, but possesses one half the common sense, three-fourths the enterprise, and seven-eighths the beauty of the world. (Laughter, and loud applause.)

### Gen. Halleck's Plan.

The Enquirer's St. Louis correspondent gives what he understands to be General Halleck's plan of operation against the enemy. He says:

The newspapers of the country are continually alluding to the expedition down the Mississippi river, as if that was actually the contemplated programme of the movement under General Halleck. The movement will not be down the Mississippi river, but go up the Tennessee river, where Gen. Halleck's forces, 75,000 strong, will leave the river and march in the rear of Columbus, Hickman, and other points, towards Memphis. This maneuver will compel the rebels at Columbus and other points to fall back on Memphis, thus leaving the river clear for the gunboats and transportation vessels to pass up and down unmolested. The Confederates are occupying their time in fortifying New Madrid, Columbus, and other points, and are mounting the same with a large number of guns.

Upon the approach of our troops toward their rear, rather than be cut off from all communication with the South, the Confederates will have to fall back. No defences have been thrown up on the Tennessee river, and the continual running up and down that stream of gunboats has kept the shores entirely clear of masked batteries and fortifications. Our army will meet with no resistance, and will by this movement accomplish the same result without loss of life and property that the river expedition might have done after severe loss on both sides, and a fearful destruction of property, both private and public. The column of Major General Halleck will move forward in conjunction with General Buell's division of 60,000 men from Louisville, which proceeds through Kentucky, via Bowling Green to Nashville.

### VANITY FAIRES.—Epitaph for Wood:

Peace to his ashes.  
The best War report: The report of our cannon along the Potomac.  
What we will do with King Cotton: "Flax" him.  
Davis's Straits: Between Richmond and Nashville.  
Government Sinking Fund: The appropriation for the Stone Fleet.  
The most obnoxious paper to Mason and Slidell: "Wilkes' Spirit."  
Question for a Debating Society: As to whether Shaker Hosery is adapted for people of Steady Habits.  
Shakespeare, altered a little for our Soldier Boys: "Do not stand upon the order of your 'going in,' but 'go in' at once."  
Give and Take: The Rebels say they will give no quarters in Charleston. Well, Uncle Sam may, for all that, take up his quarters there. It is also more than probable that he will, in return, compel them to take the bit.