

# 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, JANUARY 30, 1862.

NUMBER 19.

## DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Benn's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Bethel Station,	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carralltown,	William M. Jones,	Carroll.
Cresson,	Danl. Litzinger,	Chest.
Ebensburg,	John J. Troxell,	Wash'tn.
Fallen Timber,	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Gallitzin,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Hemlock,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Johnstown,	Wm. M'Gough,	Wash'tn.
Loretto,	I. B. Chandler,	Johns'wn.
Mineral Point,	P. Shields,	Loretto.
Munster,	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
Perryville,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Plattsville,	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Roseland,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.
St. Augustine,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
Scalp Level,	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Sonman,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Summit,	B. M'Colgan,	Wash'tn.
Summit,	B. F. Slick,	Croyle.
Wilmore,	Miss M. Gillespie,	Wash'tn.
	Morris Keil,	Summit.

## Select Poetry.

### The Volunteer's Mother.

He is my boy, my only boy;  
His other died long years gone by;  
And life have I known of joy,  
But aching on his dark blue eye.  
'Tis lighted now with higher glow—  
His country calls him: let him go!  
He never grieves me; tender, kind,  
Strong, young; full of hope and grace;  
My life wain his own entwined,  
My heart mirrored back his face.  
With stern love he seeks the foe;  
His country tills him: let him go!  
How often I lie at his side  
Him sleeping, clustering round his head  
Those rich brown locks, my praise, my pride,  
And now the earth must be his bed.  
His wrong to give for this, I know—  
His country call him: let him go!  
Ah! in how many hearts this strife  
Is waged in prayer, by prayer won;  
There is the wood, the fire, the knife,  
And for the sacrifice—our son!  
'T would kill me if he fell, but no—  
His country calls him: let him go!  
For God, who gave our land so blest,  
Would have us guard—heart and home,  
Give up their best at sea; best;  
The Gulf was closed, the Roman  
With one young warrior's woe,  
His country calls him: let him go!

## SPEECH OF GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

TO MR. JOHN BULL, GENT.

"Spread Eagle" Train, a great Yankee Street Railway man, & been ventilating the American Question in London again. Having been invited to lecture for the benefit of a charitable association, after devoting an hour to a humorous recital of his experiences in difficult lands, and having thoroughly won the good will of his audience, Mr. Train delicately introduced the topic of the evening—America, thus:

More than an hour, Mr Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I have spoken for your amusement; will you now give me a little while for my own? First, let me say that I am no enemy of your cause, and tell you in the name of our people that we want no war. We are to-day with our own affairs to think of you—much more to goad you on to blooded. America has heard of the man who earned a comfortable livelihood solely minding his own business. Your signature, I am sure, will tempt you into having some latitude in what I may say. I am the defendant, you the juror, you, Mr. Chairman, shall be the trial come to judgment. I am but among many. I have no friends out there. You are in your own camp, and have five hundred papers advocating your side. Therefore, it is for you to say whether you will allow a hearing to the defeat. [Cries of "hear, hear!" and "yes, yes!"]

All I ask is not to be interrupted when I get my steam up. You get your money's worth. To coincide, let me say that I am delighted to like having captured the pirate ens—delighted, because I can now make fishermen understand what we are fighting for. We never thought of your flapper intended to outrage your laws—yet, we never thought of all of you in affair. Our Government had nothing to do with the arrest. Wilkes acted on his own responsibility.

But I say I am very of it, because if England will lash people into war over an alleged insult! This for her flag, what reason has she suppose that America will remain silent when traitors fire upon our standard, drag the emblem of our nation bent their prisoners' feet? My child's associations are as dear to me as yours are to you—The family ties that Americans together are as sacred as which belong to England. My relations are as dear to me as yours are to you and I love my flag and my country as you can love yours. I love you better than I like England, I love people better than I love your people, should I tell you to the contrary, you'd know that either I did not speak truth or else I was a traitor to that that gave me birth. England is set into fury, for she is proud and set as the ocean.

But let us calculate the point—First, the captain of Trent outraged the proclamation of Queen by taking the pirate envoys; second, he laid himself out having the ship seized by his coil proceedings—England says that she had no right to

constitute himself an Admiralty Judge upon the seas. Pray, where is it written that Lieutenant Williams, the mail agent, who became so presumptuous in the matter, pronouncing it an outrage against international law, was appointed an Admiralty Judge? Why should he be better posted than the older explorer, Wilkes? England decides that he could have legally taken the Trent to New York, but had no right to take out the envoys; or, as General Scott has clearly put it, the greater crime would have been the lesser. This is the first time I ever saw Napoleon's remark verified, that a blunder was worse than a crime! There are several ways of settling the matter without war.

I wish our Government had tried the traitors, convicted them for high treason, and sentenced them to be gibbeted, and then, in its strength, generosity and clemency, banished them forever from the country they betrayed. Had this been done before Earl Russell's dispatch, all would have been in order, and your beloved Ambassadors would shortly be your guests again, with the brand of treason on their passports. England says it would have been in order had the Trent been taken to New York. Why then not send her over, keep back the specie, the passengers and the mails—simply send the ship there—or if not, the affidavits, and let it go through the Prize Court. I will guarantee that Slidell and Mason shall have a fair chance. Another way—remembering how well Lord Ashburton and citizen Daniel Webster settled matters on a former occasion—why not let Milner Gibson, or Gladstone, or Lord Stanley, or Cobden, talk the matter over with Edward Everett, Thurlow Weed, or Bancroft, or Seward, or some properly chosen referee.

Again, let us see what the meaning of international is. From what I observe, the word seems to mean England alone; but on examination it may turn out that it means more than one, or several nations. If so, then England has no right to settle it, nor America—why, then, not allow Russia, Prussia and France to put the matter straight, and give them one per cent. on the estimated cost of the war towards wiping off their annual deficits? That is to settle it by contract. Suppose Mr. Seward, as he most likely will do, condescends to argue the point—has he not a right? Suppose he takes out his pigeon-hole—he always has these things handy—some chap, some sea, some page, a long suit of references. For instance, in 1812, the right of search was then discussed, and don't be surprised when I remind you that Lord Palmerston was then Secretary of War, or let me start with that disputed case of the Congressional President, H. Laurens, ambassador to Holland, ferociously taken out of the Mercury by the British ship Vestal, carried to England, tried, convicted of high treason, and sent to the Tower to await the malefactor's doom. That was in 1780, and this was the man afterwards exchanged for Lord Cornwallis, whose remembrance we continue to celebrate on the 19th of October.

Take another question—say nothing of the kindred cases in the Foreign Office, the Leopard taking the man out of the Chesapeake, and the Leader's experiences—but take the American ship Hercules in the Levant (1819) putting into a Sardinian port with the brother of the Emperor III on board. The moment the captain of the British man-of-war heard the name of Bonaparte, he boarded the ship with drawn cutlasses, and forcibly seized Lucien Bonaparte, and carried him a prisoner to England. I believe the American had no mail agent on board, and that Bonaparte had no daughter to throw herself in the doorway, and slap the face of the British officer, which may prevent this case from being exactly analogous.

Take another epoch. The Caroline—Lord Palmerston was Premier then, also—was said to be assisting the Canadian Rebels in the Niagara river (of course the Bermuda, Fingal, and Gladiator got off their arms as a matter of course, England being neutral.) Col. McNab, with his armed men, boarded her in the night time on the American shore, killed Amos Durpee, set the ship on fire, and let her drift over the Falls. England said it was all right, and the gallant Colonel was knighted. Stand forth, Sir Allan McNab! He was the Wilkes of that day, and last week was the guest of the Queen. Later still, did not your officers board the N. B. Chase and take the Irish patriot, whose funeral was celebrated by some fifty thousand of his countrymen the other day in Dublin, forcibly from under the American flag, and bear him away to England? All these cases I find in the law books, chapter on chapter, page on page. You say they are not analogous—what of that? There are certain rules laid down, and I have consulted all those rus-

ty old lawyers who have been so long dried up. The senior partner of that distinguished firm—Grotius—says it is all right; Puffendorf says it is all right—Harrah for Puffendorf. Lord Stowell says it is all right. So does Chitty and Parsons in the law of nations. Hurrah for Parsons—and all the junior members of the firm say it was all right—Wheaton and Kent and Pratt in his work on Contract. So does Phillimore and old Vattel. Hurrah for Vattel. They all say that Wilkes was in order—and I propose as the last way of avoiding a conflict:—Let the Lord Chancellor sum up the evidence—and if England will say that all similar acts on her part were illegal, then America may fairly say that this act of Wilkes was equally so.

Why has England the right of monopoly in all these good things? England is always a Christian—America a heathen. England is the law, America the prophet. You speak of our getting up a national debt. Pray tell me what right England has to monopolize all the national debt of the world? Why is she the only nation allowed to put great burdens on her unrepresented millions? You say England has seen the evil of them—America wants to see it, too. England has sown her wild oats on the battle-field; America is emulous of a similar amusement. How singular that the Queen's proclamation should come out just after the Southern cargoes of arms and powder had sailed! Why is it that the Confederate flag is allowed to plant its traitorous folds over the Strand; while the Stars and Stripes in Fleet street over the London American are ordered down by the Chief of Police? Is it the way England has of showing her neutrality? Are you aware that the pirate Nashville is now in your graving-dock at Southampton?—You have kindly let me state my case, and if you are willing to allow America any of the rights that England assumes, you will, I am sure, give me a verdict for peace. But what mean these bitter leaders of your journals—such animus is seldom seen in the English press. Do you believe it all? You cannot, for those I meet are not anxious for war. The papers would lead you to suppose that the moment England said war, America was a dead man. As you have heard your side, should you like to hear mine?—Will you let me talk it right out, just as I feel. [Yes.]

Well, then, I think that war with America is the worst thing that could happen your empire. America can shut your nation's gate and live; close England's door and she must starve. You are in no position to go to war. England is not a military nation. You have always fought with hired soldiers—Hessians in America, Swiss and Germans in the Crimea. To-day, you have not forty thousand men in your empire, and what are forty thousand soldiers, fighting for a shilling a day, against our two millions who fight for the glory of the nation? You are in no position to go to war—never so weak as now—and America never so strong. Here are some obstinate truths. It looks as though England was short of corn this year. Is that so? and Ireland is short of potatoes. Then you have elements of famine in the land; famine means the importation of 150,000,000 bushels of grain! Where can you get it? From France? No. She is short, and the Emperor St. Antoine will take care that Napoleon don't get the taint of Secession. Egypt is short this year, and the Baltic and Black Sea will ask higher prices. War with America means starvation prices for bread in England, when millions of men are thrown out of employment. Never before did famine in corn, and famine in cotton occur the same year. England, then, cannot go to war at the present time.

Then look at Canada. Not a gun, a fort, or defence on a thousand miles of frontier? What protects the Canadian towns? Can you depend upon the Orangemen of Toronto? The French Canadians of Montreal? And are you sure you have not some belligerents nearer home than the Carolina shore? Do you not think that workmen crying for bread may make good material for belligerents? And for your sake look at Ireland before the war commences! Is not the O'Donoghue a belligerent? And Sullivan of the Nation? War with America means fighting with your own blood relations. What other people sends you over a million a year in small bills of exchange to your emigrants? Depend not too much upon your navy. Navies are deceptive. No worse investment can be found. There is no bar in America that will take the Warrior. Twenty-seven feet is too deep. America has five thousand fishing snacks coasting packets, brigs, barques, and ships that don't pay just now in regular trade. They are ready for action, not as pirates

nor privateers, but with regular commissions from the United States navy. These vessels will not hug the coast to meet your Agamemnon and Warriors, but start for Australia, and India, and China, and take your merchant shipping prizes into a thousand Eastern ports. What can you do? If it has taken twenty men-of-war to find the Sumpter and Nashville, how many ships will it take to catch five thousand privateers? War with America means the destruction of British commerce. It means more—civil war in this happy land. Revolutions are contagious. Revolution in New Zealand, revolution in Hungary, in Poland, in Italy, revolution in Russia, revolution in America; and pray why do you except England?

War with America is not like war with European powers. It means the destruction of twenty-five millions of Americans, or victory. I would rather you would express no signs of appreciation or disapprobation until I have painted my picture.—Your papers are guilty of goading you on to all the horrors of a brutal war, and lead you to suppose that America is your bitterest enemy instead of your truest friend. Perhaps I can bring the frontier closer home by drawing another picture. I will in a few words state who is your friend—your enemy. Well, then, France is your natural friend—America your natural enemy! Of course the Americans know that your great army of Volunteers is got up against them—not your old friends, France. Your enormous Army and Navy they know is not against their true friend France, but against their natural enemy America! Let me show you the force of my argument in another way. During seven hundred years have you not always been friends? Have you not a common literature, a common law, and do you not speak the same language? What better proof can you have that France is your best friend than by talking with the officers of the French Navy, who worship England for the burning recollections of Trafalgar. The army, too, love you as a brother, for the sterling lessons you taught them at Waterloo. The merchants like you for having rivaled them everywhere in trade. And the priesthood almost adore you for having done so much for their religion, and showered so often blessings on the head of their Pope.

Have I not proved that France must naturally be your friend? If not, then, I have another argument stronger yet.—The people—they must naturally admire—revere and respect the nation that took their royal guest out of the Bellerophon, and sent him to die, Parrhasius-like, on a sterile rock in the Southern Ocean! Oh, yes! France is your friend. Read the Debats, the Moniteur, La Presse and the Constitutionnel. Don't you see how friendly they are? How different from the hostile comments of your national enemy, America! A nation that takes twenty-three millions of your manufactured goods, and gives you forty-four millions of your raw material, must naturally be your enemy. Are we not always insulting you?

Read your papers—what an outrage that was fourteen years ago—how insulting to sell Erin, pale with want, large cargoes of food for nothing. Admitted gross insult was offered by our having burned down the City Hall to honor your officers in New York at the time of the Atlantic cable—And more yet, that outrage of sending out the Arctic wanderer as a token of our desire to insult your Queen. But if I have failed to show that America is your natural enemy, observe how we outraged all rules of etiquette in the royal welcome we gave the son of the noblest lady that ever sat upon the throne of a mighty people. That insult should never be forgotten. This change of position of France and America may show you how uncalled for is this upraising of your people—civilization is barbarism when its result is anarchy.

Americans want to come out to your Exhibition next year. How can they in the midst of war—then you will want to turn it into an exhibition of improved firearms. Americans do not think that England would be guilty of doing so bad and dastardly an act as to strike a nation when it is down. It is unworthy of great England. If she agitates on this issue, rest assured that no apology would suffice. It looks to me merely as a ruse to get arms into Canada, to be prepared for European complications, and to take advantage of leading the passions of a strong people in order to keep up a weak ministry—but there will be no war. My instincts are sometimes prophetic—there will be no war; just thirty years ago placards were posted all over the Kingdom with these words: Stop the Duke, Run for Gold!—The remedy was powerful—the cure perfect—in fifty-eight hours the Duke was out of office—and the home guards did not shoot down the people.

Let us respect the dignity of our respective lands—respect each other's pride and do anything but dishonor each other rather than go to war. If America is wrong she is manly enough to make it right. If England finds herself in error she is too proud to do so mean a thing as to strike a nation she thinks paralyzed by domestic discord. Hurrah for America! Hurrah, then, for England. Mr. Train was frequently cheered, and spoke for two hours and a half to an audience who expressed a desire through their chairman to hear him again.

## The Battle of Somerset.

"Occasional" writing from Washington to the Philadelphia Press under date of January 21, says: "The battle of Somerset, Kentucky, is a terrible blow to the rebellion. It is a forerunner of their defeat on a more extensive field, and a sure pledge of the deliverance of Tennessee. We shall now almost daily hear of victories, and it is possible that as the traitors are struck in the flank and rear, the great host on the Potomac may make a comparatively easy advance on Richmond. The friends of General McClellan justify delay in this quarter by the argument that he will not move till he can do so irresistibly. And if you have carefully read the late Richmond papers, you will remember that they no longer conceal the panic and discontent that have been created among the Southern people by the formidable preparations of the Federal Government and the poverty and indecision of the rebel usurpation. Day is at last dawning; and when it comes upon us, the heart of the nation will be lifted from despair, and every element of society, business, politics, and religion, will feel its reviving influence.

"Felix K. Zollicoffer, who fell at Somerset, on Sunday last, was one of the most reckless and gifted of all the rebel chiefs. He was cruel, remorseless and cold. I knew him well as a Representative in Congress from the Nashville (Tenn.) district. He was more of a controversialist than an orator. Tenacious in debate, logical in his argument, and perfectly fearless, he was a formidable adversary at all times. A highly educated man, he became a practical printer after he graduated at college, and was directly or indirectly connected with Whig newspapers, even while holding official positions, for twenty-three years. From being a Whig he advanced into Know-Nothingism; and from being a vehement Unionist, of the Henry Clay-John Bell school, he broke out into a worshipper of the Calhoun doctrine of Secession, giving up his life as a sacrifice to that shameful heresy. Is it not strange that so many of the Southern Americans should have become so active in the rebellion? John Bell, himself, Zollicoffer, Percy Walker, of Alabama; Jere Clemens, of the same State; Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky; Albert Pike, of Arkansas, have been among the most unforgiving of these leaders. The secret is undoubtedly to be found in their hatred of the adopted citizens, who are distrusted in the South, and recognized in the North for their loyalty and courage on the side of the Union. Zollicoffer was not quite fifty when he fell. He resembled John Hickman in appearance, though a little taller, and was greatly confided in by his followers. He has shown great tact and energy since the breaking out of the rebellion; and was, beyond doubt, the best general that Tennessee has furnished to the traitor forces.

"The next news from Kentucky will prove that our Pennsylvania boys have been doing good work. They are regarded by Mr. Crittenden, Andy Johnson, and the other Union men in Congress from Kentucky and Tennessee with high favor; and they will do honor to their State and country when an opportunity is presented to them."

HEALTH OF JEFF. DAVIS (IN A HORN.)—At a festival on some occasion among the soldiers in Missouri, one of the men from Adrian offered the following extravagant sentiment, which we copy from a Missouri paper:

"Jeff. Davis—May he be set afloat in an open boat, without compass or rudder; may that boat and contents be swallowed by a shark, and the shark swallowed by a whale, the whale in the Devil's belly, and the Devil in hell, the door locked and key lost, and further, may he be chained in the southwest corner of hell, and a north-east wind blow ashes in his eyes to all eternity, G—d—n—him."

The soldiers who fight may indeed be said to belong to the Army. The soldier who runs away should rather be considered as belonging to the Leggy. A nice distinction, truly!

## CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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. SNOW, Pastor in charge. Rev. J. G. COOLEY, 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 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. LYON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Calholite—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 3 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " " at 3 o'clock, P. 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, Carrollton, &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 Offices open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

## RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.  
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.  
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, Henry C. Devine.  
Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.  
Recorder and Recorder—Edward P. Lytle.  
Sheriff—John Beck.  
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.  
County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.  
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.  
Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglass, George Delany.  
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.  
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.  
Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.  
Avalitors—John F. Stall, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donnegan.  
County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.  
Clerk—James S. Todd.  
Superintendent of Common Schools—W. A. Scott.

## EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kincaid.  
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 H. Jones.  
Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.  
Constable—George W. Brown.  
Tax Collector—George Gurley.  
Judge of Election—Meshac Thomason.  
Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.  
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.