

# The Alleghanlian.

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

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## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
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Bethel Station.	Enoch Reese.	Blacklick.
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Cress Springs.	Dani. Litzinger.	Chest.
Cresson.	John J. Troxell.	Washint'n.
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Fallen Timber.	Isaac Thompson.	White.
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### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian.**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 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. SEOW, Pastor 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.

**W. 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.

**Baptist Methodist.**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. 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.

**Particular Baptists.**—Rev. DAVID JENSEN, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

**Calvary.**—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	8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " "	at	8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongtown, &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 Newman'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.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**WILMORE STATION.**

West—Express Train leaves at	9.44 A. M.
Fast Line	10.00 P. M.
Mail Train	4.45 P. M.

**CRESSON STATION.**

West—Express Train leaves at	9.22 A. M.
Fast Line	4.16 P. M.
Mail Train	8.53 P. M.

[The Fast Lines do not stop.]

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Keeley, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward P. Lytle.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.

Treasurer—Thomas Gallin.

Poor House Deputies—Jacob Horner, William Douglas, George Delany.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrel.

Auditors—John F. Stall, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward B. Donagan.

County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Sup't. of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace.—David H. Roberts, Harmon Kinkaid.

Burgess—George Huntley.

School Directors—E. J. Mills, Dr. John M. Jones, Isaac Evans.

**EAST WARD.**

Constable—Thomas Todd.

Town Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, E. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.

Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.

Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.

Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.

**WEST WARD.**

Constable—M. M. O'Neill.

Town Council—William Kirtell, H. Kinkaid, E. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.

Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.

Judge of Election—John Lloyce.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

## Select Poetry.

### Victory.

BY GEORGE PERRY.

Huzza, the brave old Banner  
Moves on its conquering way!  
Its foes go down like shadows  
Before the blaze of day!  
O, mark its glorious coming  
Above the stormy fight!  
The Bow of Heaven's Blessing:  
The stars of Truth and Right!  
What shouts and tears of gladness,  
When the blest vision comes!  
How thrill the brave to see it  
Unfurled above their homes!  
Sun of all joy to freemen!  
Bright glory of the sky!  
Pledge to the slave and exile,  
Of hopes that shall not die!  
Speed on thy course triumphant!  
The thrones of despots fall!  
Thy lightning rive the shackles!  
\*And men are brothers all!  
Wave in thy glorious splendor!  
O'er earth thou'lt'er shall roll,  
While a star illumines the heavens,  
And a noble hope the soul!

### THE BOY PATRIOT.

#### A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

History is filled with the deeds of the men of the Revolution, nor are the patriot women forgotten in the burning words of the annals of '76, but where is the history that tells of the patriotism of the boys of that gloomy period? Who writes their biographies?

There were boys in the Revolution—boys of noble patriotism and dauntless spirit—boys who would not become traitors though the rank and gibbet confounded them—boys who toiled with an endurance and boldness unequalled in the annals of a nation for the independence of "Old Thirteen," and had their just desert, the brightest star in America's constellation, and the widest stripe in her broad canvass, would be dedicated to the "Boys of '76."

Let us relate an instance: It was in the year 1776, Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the field of Brandywine gave the American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scouted the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would disgrace a Vandal.

On the evening of a delightful autumn day a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenanted storehouse in the little village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely, and with the exception of the band referred to, not a human being met the eye. All the men capable of bearing arms had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the Schuylkill. A youth of sixteen years mounted on a barrel, was giving an account of the disastrous battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the orator, was a bold boy, enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His bright blue eyes and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath that plain homespun jacket throbbed a heart that never shrank before any obstacle. His father was the commander of the Delaware troops, and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narrative and was lamenting that he could not join the army.

"I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a good musket I would not stand idle here with my hands useless by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description in the village?" asked a listening youth.

"No, I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect that the old tory Livingston has several in his house, but as he allows no one to trespass on his land, I am unable to say positively."

"Why not take a party and search his dwelling?" said Frank Howard. "He has no one to assist him but his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easily as that," and the boy snapped his fingers to announce the readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's cowardly son.

James Wilson's eyes sparkled with joy at the thought.

"If there are any three boys in this crowd who will help me, I will search old Livingston's house this night. All who are willing to go, just step forward three paces."

Every boy in the crowd stepped forward without a moment's hesitation.—James' eyes flashed fire.

"Now by the death of Bunker Hill, I will search old Livingston's house, though death stands in my path."

With firm tread, and with the utmost silence, the young heroes took up their march for old Livingston's. Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and some of his former laborers had reported that he kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events, he was generally regarded by the Whigs as a dangerous man. His house was situated on all sides by tall trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the purpose of plotting treason.

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted storehouse in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the dark shades of night; still it was not dark, the new moon was shining brightly through the clouds, and every object was perfectly discernible. The boys walked firmly, maintaining a solemn silence. At length they gained the bank of the creek and slowly following the winding path, soon came to a little bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet, leading into Whiteclay, and James ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself reconnoiter the premises first, to see whether any danger may be apprehended. All the rest stand here until we return. Make no noise and keep a constant watch."

James and Frank silently departed, and were soon lost in the thick woods through which the path ran. Scarcely had they gone from their companions, when the quick ear of Wilson detected a noise.

"Hut!" said he to Frank, as he pulled him behind a gigantic beech tree. Presently George Livingston came in sight.—James Wilson darted from his covert and tightly grasped the boy by the neck.—The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor, "and I'll toss you into the creek!"

The tory's son, struck dumb with fright, found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, with the vice-like grasp of James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me truly and promptly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear? Who are in your father's house at this moment?"

"I—I—cannot tell!" stammered the half dead boy.

"You shall tell, or—"

"Spare me, and I will tell everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our family and Major Bradstone."

"Who is he?" said James.

"I don't know—I don't indeed," said George.

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is the captain of the Yorkshire dragoons."

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy, and he soon gained from the tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character.

He soon discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a correspondence with the British commander, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous design that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and women and children left exposed to the pitiless foe. The old tory was to receive, as his reward, the land whereon the village stood, and an annual pension from the British Government.

But, stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a neighbor, about two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned, too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingston's stable, and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them besides their captain.—Major Bradstone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart, a thorough demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant or the sick wife. Not a few in that youthful band trembled for a widowed mother or a defenceless sister. Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp on the tory's son, ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was tied hand to foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston. Wilson motioned his little band to follow him, and in a few minutes they stood on the summit of a high precipice which overhung Whiteclay Creek.

"Now boys," said Wilson, "the narrative which we have just heard is true, and as we have no muskets or ammunition, we

must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boats, and as we have an hour to work, let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the men and boats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy immediately set to work, and in an incredibly short space of time, nine huge rocks, each half a ton in weight, were balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide and was directly overhung by the mass of rocks on which our heroes stood. If the British descended the creek they would certainly pass this spot; and if they passed it death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of James Wilson detected the muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered, "let no one drop his oar until I give the word, and then all at once!"

It was a beautiful night to wreak a work of death. The heavens were spangled with innumerable stars, and every object which the moon beams played upon, sparkled with silvery radiance. Closer and clearer came the doomed royalists, and the hearts of the boy patriots beat wildly within their bosoms.

Peeping cautiously over the cliffs, Jas Wilson saw the tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bows guiding the oarsmen, by the orders and the epaulets on his shoulders told that he was the identical friend, Major Bradstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about twelve feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defense and shouted: "Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing, and gazed with astonishment above them. The impetus which the boat had acquired, caused it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and just as it was fairly below, came forth the loud doimed words: "Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant as if with one impulse; the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how well the plan had succeeded, and as the exultant boys again looked over the rocks nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood. The boat had been burst to pieces, and the occupants found a grave at the bottom of Whiteclay. A cry of victory burst from the joyous lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed along in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoners!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that in his efforts to get free, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord and choked to death. There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved doom, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such is the end of America's foes forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder, and an abundance of balls, were found concealed in the old tory's cellar. The military stores found here were given over to the American troops, and found a joyous welcome at their headquarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the Whiteclay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers. James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Greene, and served with distinction in the Southern campaign. Frank fell at the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, bewailed by all who knew him. James lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued, and he expired with the ever to be remembered words on his lips—"Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity.—The scene of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots is still pointed out, and is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

Such, readers, were the acts of the boys of '76, and though they have no monumental pile to preserve their memories, their life in legends, songs and verses, where they will exist when history has been swept into obscurity. Let our literary men redeem from darkness the deeds of American youths, and while they recount the achievements of our Revolutionary patriots, let them not forget the boy heroes.

The Japanese embassy to England will comprise sixty members, many of them princes and others belonging to the highest aristocracy. Tommy is not mentioned.

### President Lincoln's War Orders.

The following orders by the President were published by authority in the *Intelligencer* of March 12. Their importance and bearing are manifest:

WAR GAZETTE.—PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.  
Executive Mansion,  
Washington, Jan. 27, 1862.

PRESIDENT'S GENERAL WAR ORDER, No. 1.—Ordered that the 22d of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces. That especially the army at and about Fortress Monroe—the army of the Potomac—the army of Western Virginia—the army near Mumfordsville, Kentucky—the army and flotilla at Cairo, and a naval force in the Gulf of Mexico, be ready for a movement on that day. That all other forces, both land and naval, and their respective commanders, obey existing orders for the time, and be ready for additional orders when duly given. That the heads of Departments, and especially the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, with all their subordinates, and the General-in-Chief, with all other commanders and subordinates of land and naval forces, will severally be held to their strict and full responsibility for the prompt execution of this order.

[Signed.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
Executive Mansion,  
Washington, March 8, 1862.

PRESIDENT'S GENERAL WAR ORDER, No. 2.—Ordered first that the Major General commanding the army of the Potomac proceed forthwith to organize that part of said army destined to enter upon active operations, including the Reserve, but excluding the troops to be left in the fortifications about Washington, into four army corps, to be commanded according to seniority of rank, as follows:

- 1st. First corps to consist of four divisions, and to be commanded by Major Gen. J. McDowell; 2nd corps to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brig. Gen. E. V. Sumner; 3d corps to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brig. Gen. S. P. Heintzleman; 4th corps to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brig. Gen. E. L. Keyes.

2d. That the divisions now commanded by the officers above assigned to the commands of corps, shall be embraced in and form part of their respective corps.

3d. The forces left for the defence of Washington will be placed in command of Brig. Gen. James Wadsworth, who shall also be Military Governor of the District of Columbia.

4th. That this order be executed with such promptness and dispatch as not to delay the commencement of the operations already directed to be undertaken by the army of the Potomac.

5th. A fifth army corps, to be commanded by Major Gen. N. P. Banks, will be formed from his own and Gen. Shields' (late Gen. Lander's) division.

[Signed.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
Executive Mansion,  
Washington, March 11, 1862.

PRESIDENT'S WAR ORDER No. 3.—Major Gen. McClellan, having personally taken the field at the head of the Potomac army, until otherwise ordered, he is relieved from the command of the other military Departments, he retaining command of the Department of the Potomac.

Ordered further, that the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under Gen. Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tenn., be consolidated and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that, until otherwise ordered, Major General Halleck have command of said Department.

Ordered also, that the country West of the Department of the Potomac, and East of the Department of the Mississippi, be a Department to be called the Mountain Department, and that the same be commanded by Major General Fremont.

That all the commanders of Departments, after the receipt of this order by them, respectfully report, severally and directly, to the Secretary of War, and that prompt, full and frequent reports will be expected by all and each of them.

[Signed.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

### The Great Naval Fight.

We condense the following account of the naval engagement off the mouth of James river from the daily papers:

The contest between the two iron-clad steamers, as seen at a distance by spectators is described as intensely exciting.—At one time, when they were grappling with each other, they were wholly enveloped in smoke. Separating again, and coming out into a bright sunshine, their iron armor glittered brilliantly, as flash after flash broke forth, followed by deep reports like distant thunder. It is said the attempt by the Merrimac to run her steel plow into the Monitor was a dead failure. She rebounded without producing the slightest effect. The experiment was tried but once.

Subsequently the fight was altogether with the batteries. The sharpshooters on board the Monitor, aiming from the numerous small gun holes, took advantage, when the port holes of the Merrimac opened to run out her guns, to pour volleys of rifle balls at them, doing, it is thought, considerable execution. Occasionally faces could be distinctly seen at these openings for a short time. As soon as the rifles were discharged they appeared to fall back. The Merrimac at one time had careened considerably, and at this juncture it is thought two or three balls from the Monitor's guns struck her wooden works and went through. Immediately after this she hauled off, abandoning the contest, evidently disabled. Such is understood to be Lieutenant Worden's opinion.

In the *Tribune* we find an account by eye witnesses of the contest. At half past eight o'clock on Sunday morning the Merrimac, accompanied by the Jamestown and Yorktown, and steam tugs, came in sight, heading for the Minnesota. A shot from the Monitor, which had steamed up to meet the Merrimac, surprised her, and she seemed to start back, as if finding an unwelcome assailant. From half past eight till ten minutes past twelve the battle raged—the Pig's Point and Sewall's Point batteries joining the rebel fleet in the assault upon the Monitor and the Minnesota, which was assisted by the gunboat Whitehall, once a ferry boat, and one or two other vessels.

The interest in the contest centered in the struggle between the two iron clad vessels, as the rebel wooden boats kept their distance, and only manifested themselves by an occasional shell, and the Minnesota's broadsides glanced off harmlessly from the Merrimac's mailed planks. The Monitor for nearly two hours steamed round and round the Merrimac, sometimes at a distance of half a mile, sometimes touching her, constantly hammering her with immense shot from her two guns.—The effort was to hit her stern, which was believed to be the heel of this Achilles; but the Merrimac, aware of this, kept turning, also trying to strike the Monitor with her bows.

Once only the Monitor got into position behind the Merrimac, but, unfortunately, the current did not stop rotating at the right moment, and their shot missed their work. In the course of the fight the Monitor discharged from eighty to ninety shots, and the Merrimac, flying as some officers think, a black flag, some two hundred. At length the Merrimac retired with her consorts.

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.—The telegraphic line to Fortress Monroe from Washington has more than paid for itself by the first dispatch flashed over the wires. It was that which told of the providential interference of the iron clad Monitor in the Naval fight off Hampton Roads. Without the comforting assurance of that dispatch, every seaboard city in the North would have passed a day of extreme gloom and anxiety. Many a person, indeed, went to bed that night in despondency to dream of a great iron monster making its way through the deep to Washington, or Philadelphia, or New York, in order to vomit fire upon those unprotected cities. A blue Monday in every sense would it have been under the apprehensions awakened by the first reports from Fortress Monroe. Stocks would have fallen, and a general state of uneasiness prevailed for twenty hours at least. But our fears have been happily disappointed, and all that remains to us is to derive such lessons of wisdom as we can from the event.

### TOP AND BOTTOM.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a resident of Brooklyn, of his servant girl, as she came up from the kitchen. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at all on the top," was the reply.

A down East paper speaks of the finding of a skull in a well, and innocently remarks that "the person to whom the skull originally belonged is dead."

SEEING NOT BELIEVING.—A young man meeting an acquaintance, said: "I heard you were dead."

"But," says the other, "you see me alive."

"I do not know how that may be," replied he, "you are a notorious liar, and my informant was a person of credit."