

The Alleghenian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1862.

NUMBER 7.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.		
Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bona's Creek.	Joseph Graham.	Yoder.
Bethel Station.	Enoch Reese.	Blacklick.
Carrolltown.	William M. Jones.	Carroll.
Chess Springs.	Dani. Litzinger.	Chest.
Cresson.	Wm. W. Young.	Wash'tn.
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Hemlock.	Wm. M. Gough.	Wash'tn.
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CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HAMBSON, 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 8 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. SNOW, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Welch Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Duoeples—Rev. W. LLOYD, 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. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 9 o'clock, P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 4 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 8 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 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.

CRESSON STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	8.51 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	8.56 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	7.35 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	7.42 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	12.17 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	6.50 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	9.13 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9.18 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	8.09 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	7.20 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	11.53 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	6.23 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Esley, Henry C. Devine.
Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—D. T. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.
Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglas, George Delany.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.
Auditors—John F. Stall, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donagan.
County Surveyor—E. A. Vickers.
Coroner—James S. Todd.
Sup't. of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Rogers, Harrison Kinkead.
Judges—George Huntley.
Town Council—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 Kittell, H. Kinkead, R. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.
Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Judge of Election—John Lloyd.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

Little Feet.

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes.
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.
This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
(Our other one has wings.)
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follows his tinkling feet.
When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city,
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portals
I see, by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin born little girl.
I asked to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light;
And hear, amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the stary floor of Heaven
The patter of little feet.

On the Heights—Harper's Ferry.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following graphic sketch of the scenery and various points of interest in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, Virginia:
"The view from the mountains at Harper's Ferry," said Jefferson, "is worth a journey across the Atlantic." Let us purchase it at the lower price of climbing Maryland Heights.
Down through Harper's Ferry, where the ruined walls, astonishing street-angles, quaint old Catholic Church perched upon the hill, wooden shutters, and low stone houses half buried in the earth, recall some ancient Mexican city. Through the trestle work under the railroad; by the sentry, who examines your pass; across the narrow pontoon bridge, where the dry planks on their anchored flat-boats give a hollow rattle under your horse's feet, and you are in Maryland.
Over the canal, then a sharp turn to the left, up the river, along the shell road barely wide enough for two wagons. A deep gorge, cut through the Blue Ridge in some primeval period, when the Potomac was an ocean torrent. On the right, abrupt rocks, rising two hundred feet, overhang your head—a continuous sword of Damocles. Far up are great caves, gaping mouths in the rugged face, worn by the wash of waves in those ages when deep answered unto deep. On the summit one huge block has somewhat the contour of a human face—the Old Man of the Mountains.
Diagonally to the right, and your panting horse climbs the steep wagon road, over the rocks, through the dense woods.
A great open field half way up the mountain. Here is a battery, with its bottle shaped Dahlgrens, sure at 3,500 yards, capable, at their utmost elevation, of three and a half miles; its black, slim Parrotts, with iron-banded breech, and its shining howitzers of brass. Some are the guns which were spiked and rolled down the hill at Ford's most shameful evacuation; others have been brought up since from Harper's Ferry.
Each conical tent of the garrison is set upon a circle of upright logs rising three feet above the ground, "chinked" and plastered with mud. In the center within is a fire place, with one covered trench leading in for ventilation, and another passing out on the opposite side to carry off the smoke. The occupants are well protected against the bitter breath of Winter.
A third of a mile to the north are the white tents of the First Division of the Twelfth Corps—Banks's heroes, who have melted away in so many trying marches and hard-fought fields—who have left their honored dead at Winchester and Front Royal, at Cedar Mountain, Bull Run, and Antietam. Now their stricken ranks are filled up with fresh regiments, and under Gordon, who, rising from the colonelcy of the 2d Massachusetts, has won an enviable repute throughout the army, they are again ready for the field.
On again, up the lonely road, then to the left, climbing the brow of the ridge, over stones and fallen trees, until the path studded with sharp rocks, grows impracti-

cable for horses. Tie your steed to a stump, and continue on foot. Here, as on all the neighboring heights the commander has a severe attack of lignomania. The trees, of chestnut and pine, have all been felled; their trunks and branches are blazing with crackling, and your eyes are blinded with smoke. The entire mountain top is burning off, that no possible enemy may find cover for another attack.
Here is a stockade and lookout, built by the Rebels before our first occupation. A few hundred yards beyond is the long breastwork of Miles's men, where two companies repulsed a Rebel regiment. How high the tide of war must run when its ebbing and flowing waves wash this mountain-top!

You are on the extreme summit. Here is an open tent of the signal corps labelled: "DON'T TOUCH THE INSTRUMENTS. ASK NO QUESTIONS." Inside, two operators are gazing at distant heights, through fixed telescopes, and calling out "45," "103," "81," &c., which a clerk records. Each number represents some letter, syllable or abbreviated word.
Look through the glass, at one of the seven signal stations, from four to twenty miles distant, which communicate with this. You see a flag of white ground, with some large black figure upon the centre. It dips and rises; so many waves to the right, so many to the left; then a different flag takes its place and dips and rises in turn. These combinations form a perfect system of telegraphing, by which from one to three words per minute are transmitted. This operator signals to the one at headquarters: "200 Rebel cavalry riding out of Charlestown this way; field-piece on road, just this side;" and it occupies five minutes.
Five miles is an easy distance to signal; but messages can be sent between stations twenty miles apart. The signal corps keeps on the front, and their services are often of great value. Our troops in taking possession here a month ago, came up in line of battle, with skirmishers out, to pounce upon any remaining enemy.—Arriving here, they were somewhat chagrined to find the flags flying, and learn that these telegraphic pioneers, close upon the heels of the Rebels, had been signaling from the summit for twenty-four hours.

You are on the highest point of the Blue Ridge—1,400 feet above the sea, 1,000 above the Potomac, 400 above Loudon Heights. Up the rocky path by which you came climbs a pony; on the pony's back a negro; on the negroes head a bucket of water. Behind comes a mule, with a coffee sack thrown over his back, and in each end of it a keg of water.—Thus all burdens are brought up.
Here is a pyramidal lookout of logs, 25 feet high, built as children build cob houses. Climbing to the top, you have an unobstructed view. In the early morning here you could only look out upon a cold, white, shoreless sea of fog. Now, what a grand panorama! You look down into all the country within a radius of twenty miles, as you look down into the great South Park, 75 miles in length, from that peerless standpoint, the summit of Pike's Peak, or as you gaze into your garden from your own housetop.
The circle in your sweep of vision, forty miles in diameter, is divided into four parts like the face of the compass—the Blue Ridge crossing it from north to south, the Potomac from west to east.
Face toward the east. To your right stretches the summit of the Blue Ridge. Loudon Heights, only a continuation of these, seem distant hardly a stone's throw.
You see no hint of any break in the summit. But they are a mile away, and the Potomac in its deep, hidden gorge, rolls between. In the tents scattered over them are the troops of the second division of the twelfth corps under Geary, who as Governor of Kansas, in the days of Franklin Pierce, made the acquaintance of the same slave power he is fighting now.

Before you winds the Potomac, its glassy surface broken by shrubs, rocks and islands; the canal fringing its left bank like a faint line of silver; the villas of Weavertown and Knoxville, and the lonely stone piers of the destroyed Berlin bridge. There the river plunges into the green, wooded hills and is lost to view.—Ten miles away near Point of Rocks, it reappears—a straight, smooth, flashing bar of light. To the left of it Sugar Loaf Mountain; and still further, sweeping around toward the north, dim, hazy hills bound the view.
At your feet lies Pleasant Valley—a smooth, symmetric trough, scooped out of the mountain—a great furrow, five miles in length across from edge to edge. It is full of camps—white villages of tents, with their streets and squares, and black groups of batteries; but the scene is pastoral rather than martial. You look

down into the valley of white dwellings, with great, well-filled barns; of red brick mills; of straw-colored plowed fields, dotted with shocks of corn, and jutting far up into the dark, hill side woods; of green-sward fields, mottled with orchards, shade trees and browsing cattle, threaded a little, shining stream. A dim haze rests on the mountain-guarded picture; and the soft wind seems to sing with Whittier:
"Yet calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Tho' o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell."
"And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-bappy farms;
And still she wears her fruit and flowers,
Like jewels on her arms."
"Still in the cannon's pause we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm,
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm."

There are the regiments on dress parade; long, double lines of dark blue, with bright bayonets flashing in the waning sunlight. Each, as it is dismissed, breaks into companies, which move off towards their quarters by the flank—looking from here like dark, monstrous aediluvian reptiles of many legs.
Upon a distant hillside, just on the edge of the forest a modest group of tents, are Burnside's headquarters. You see, through your field-glass, standing in front of them the Major-General himself; the military man with a limit to his ambition, who refused to accept the chief command of the army. Burnside, the favorite of the troops, in his blue shirt, knit jacket, and riding boots, with his fine, frank face, and his full, laughing eye.
Further to the left, in the midst of the valley, you note a dense little village of tents. They are McClellan's headquarters. At the time of Stuart's raid they were on the other side of the mountain, away from all the troops. The dashing Rebel passed only five or six miles from them, but he did not know what a prize was within his grasp. The next day headquarters were removed to their present location.

In the valley, the sun is setting; the shadows, a mile long, have crept half across it. Here, on the heights, we have a longer lease of day.
To the north-east rises a solitary church spire, cut off midway by an intervening mountain. It is Middletown, Md., 12 miles distant. To the north and west, your eye sweeps around over a level section of country, with thrifty farm-houses and columns of rising smoke, past Frederick, Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, and Williams port, to the Potomac. South of it, the conspicuous buildings of Shepherdstown, Martinsburg; Charlestown, behind its narrow fringe of woods; our balloon of observation high in the air, but still far below you; and so your eye reaches the Shenandoah, at the foot of Loudon Heights, disappearing toward the south-west.

Nearer, under your very feet, are Bolivar Heights, looking not like a hill, but broad plateau; crowned with the tents of Couch's corps, dinged by their long campaigns, like a spring snowdrift through which the dirt is beginning to sift.—Leading to them is the steep street through the village of Bolivar, which here seems perfectly level; then Harper's Ferry, and glimpses of the Potomac, glistening in the sunset, with trees, rocks, and walls mirrored in its mellow face.
The sun disappears; the gold of the western hills turns to silver; the evening air is cold and piecing. You descend the heights, and relapse into the routine of daily life; but the picture you have seen is one which memory paints in fast colors.

ONE THOUSAND LOYAL INDIANS IN COUNCIL.—From headquarters we learn that Col. Chipman, chief of General Curtis's staff and who is on a tour of inspection in Kansas, recently attended a council of over one thousand Indian refugees at Le Roy, O-po-to-the-lo was the leading spirit. The Indians insist on fighting the rebel Indians in their own way. Gen. Pike's Indians may prepare for war, as he has commenced it at Pea Ridge. Important movements are contemplated by the old chief—Missouri Democrat.

DOUBLE CROP.—An apple tree on the premises of Samuel Pyle, Kennett township, Chester co., has produced two crops the present season. The first crop came forth in proper time and was taken off, when shortly after, the tree again blossomed and now the second crop of fruit has made its appearance. What is still more singular, nearly all the apples of the last crop are double.

Orpheus C. Kerr wishes to know why our people cannot realize that a nation, like a cooking stove, cannot keep up a steady fire without a good draft.

Parson Brownlow at Chicago.

One of the strongest and most effective speeches yet made by this energetic Tennesseean, since he made his escape from the rebels, was the one delivered at Chicago a few days since. We make room for a few extracts:

Gentlemen, I take the ground that we are in the midst of a wicked rebellion, for which there is not and never has been, any just or sufficient cause. And I go further than this: I make my statement still stronger and more emphatic—we are in the midst of a rebellion for which there is not, and never has existed, even the shadow of a pretext. Why do I say so?

This Government of ours, in its present form, and under our most excellent Constitution, has existed a little over seventy-five years. During that time we have held in this country nineteen Presidential elections. In that period, we at the South—don't forget my figures and don't forget my facts—we at the South, with half the States and Territories you have at the North, with half your population, with half the electoral votes you have cast in a Presidential contest, have elected the President thirteen times. We have graciously condescended to allow you to elect six times. Not only so, but we re-elected, to fill a second term, five of our men at the South. Those five men occupied the Presidential chair twice to your once—not content with having controlled the patronage and power of the Government twice to your once, we seized upon, appropriated and used, for the meanest and dirtiest of purposes, two or three of the six you had elected, who turned out to be Northern men with Southern principles.

The last one of those that was made the cats-paw of, and the meanest one of the whole crowd, by any odds, was the Old Public Functionary of Pennsylvania.—[Laughter.] An old man whose heart and soul is with the rebellion. [That's true.] I have canvassed the State of Pennsylvania. I have been in Lancaster, and all about over that country. I have not talked with him. I have not got so low yet. But I conversed with reliable and intelligent Pennsylvanians of high standing and integrity, who had conversed with him, to whom he said, "This war is all wrong; it ought to be stopped. We ought to stop it. We can never subdue this people. They are not the people to be conquered." And so on, evidently showing, by the tenor and tone of his conversation, that he is with the enemy.

The truth is, these leaders at the South are and have been for years sick and tired of a Republican form of Government. I know it. I have known it all the time, in fact. A Republican Government never did exist in South Carolina. If the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States had been adhered to, she never could have been admitted in the Federal Union as a member thereof, for she never had a Constitution that was in letter, spirit or form Republican. I have lived in South Carolina. I have traveled extensively there for years. Why, in their legislative assemblies, the sergeant-at-arms and a deputy or two, with cocked hats and swords, retire and bring in the Speaker of the House, or Speaker of the Senate, who comes robed in enough black silk to dress out in all the amplitude of fashion any two ladies here, even in times of the most extravagant hoops. The Sheriff accompanying them, with cocked hat and sword, gives three raps upon the floor and cries, "Make way for your Speaker!" Then he marches grandly in and takes his seat.—The same pompous forms are observed with one of their circuit judges. He is conducted in in the same way. I have seen old Judge Butler, afterwards Senator, march in with his silk robe on, preceded by his Sheriff and deputies, with cocked hats and swords, crying, "Make way for the Honorable Court!" and everybody squatted like so many quails when a hawk is about. [Laughter.]

Do you know that a man has to own so many negroes in South Carolina before he can either vote or occupy a seat in the Legislature? The limit is ten. Now, if you, as a South Carolinian, have nine valuable negroes worth nine thousand dollars, you cannot be admitted; but if I have ten or eleven little, yellow, ashy picanninies, brought out of an alligator swamp, and raised on green persimmons, I can take my seat, while you must stand back!

Almost the last thing that happened to me before the Rebels crushed out my paper was a challenge to fight a duel from a secessionist editor in the South, Louis H. Pope, a specimen of humanity who weighs ninety-five pounds—a worse looking man than Aleck Stephens. He supposed that, being a preacher and editor, I wouldn't fight, but he waked up the wrong passenger. I accepted his challenge, and wrote in the letter that, being the challenged

party, I had the right to dictate weapons, time and place. It was then summer and hot weather. I said: "I elect that we fight immediately after the first hard rain that comes, in a bog-pen. The weapons shall be two large, four-pronged iron dung-forks, and whoever shall shovel the other out shall be regarded as having killed him in mortal combat!" [Vociferous laughter.] He replied that the terms were cruel, inhuman, and contrary to the laws of dueling, and he backed out. And well he might, for he knew that I could have shoveled him out in less than no time. [Laughter.]

It is sheer nonsense to be raising all this hue and cry through the land against the Administration and President Lincoln about the Emancipation Proclamation.—He proposes to give the rebels now in rebellion against this Government one hundred days of grace to reflect and do their works over again, and return to the fold from which they have strayed away. If they do not choose to do that, he proposes to emancipate their negroes, and he proposes to pay loyal men for their property—all any Union man, North or South, ought to ask, and it ought to be done.—The rebels make the negroes an element of strength in this rebellion. They have them by hundreds of thousands at home raising bread and meat, while all the white men are conscripted and out fighting against this government. If Lincoln did not take from them everything which lay in his power, which strengthens and enables them to carry on the war, he would be guilty before God of perjury. I therefore endorse the proclamation.

"Oh! but it's unconstitutional!"—Where does that cry come from? Is it from loyal men? [Cries of "No! no!"] No! it comes from these sympathizers with the rebellion. The Constitution troubles their consciences now. Ladies and gentlemen, the rebels by their course of conduct have made that expedient, proper and constitutional, which, if they had behaved themselves would have been wholly inexpedient, improper and unconstitutional—the issuing of that proclamation. It is a war measure. It is necessary, it is constitutional and right. I say confiscate everything they've got. To emancipate their negroes, and drive the last scoundrel of the rebels down into the Gulf of Mexico, as the devil did the hogs into the sea. But I find a class of men in all the Northern States where I have been in sympathy with this rebellion, and they might be so and behave themselves; but they go farther—they meddle and throw obstacles in the way of recruiting, and in every possible or conceivable way they attempt to retard the operations of the army and the Government.

Gen. Rosecrans on the Crisis.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, at the headquarters of the army of the Mississippi, July 20th, 1862. Gen. Rosecrans is a Catholic, and a devout believer in the testimony of Gregory XVI, concerning the "hatefulness and wickedness of human slavery." Gen. R., says:
"For more than a year we have been engaged in this struggle, into which an arrogant and dictatorial slave oligarchy has driven a free, happy and peaceful people, fighting for the rights of all. With true bravery and invincible patience, our citizen soldiers have stood on this ground to the present moment, against violators of the laws of war and humanity. Remaining true to their principles, they have said by words and actions to their fellow-citizens in the South, we fight for common rights. If we win, you win. If the Government is maintained, you will dwell under its protecting shadow as freely as we. And there we stand, and thus we say to-day.

"But if the Confederates prevail, farewell peace and safety to us; farewell freedom, forever! Their principles and leaders are known to us. They cheated us, crying out no coercion; holding out false hopes and deceitful assurances of friendly regard, while, assassin-like, they were preparing to destroy our government and reduce us to anarchy or servitude.—The past year's experience renders it certain that if they triumph, blood and desolation, fire and sword, or arbitrary subjection to their will, awaits every white man who has manhood enough to dislike their system of slavery, tolerable only as a cruel necessity, but as a principle hateful to God and man.

"They will omit no means, honest or dishonest, to insure success. Misrepresenting, calumniating our motives, ridiculing our honest efforts to mitigate the horrors of war, and inflaming the passions of the populace by low epithets—these are among the milder and more ordinary means resorted to by this pseudo chivalry, the meanest aristocracy that ever stood at the head of a civilized society.