

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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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1862.

NUMBER 10.

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MAILES ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 9 o'clock, P. M.

MAILES CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WEST.—Balt. Express	8:38 A. M.
" Philadelphia Express <td>" 9:22 P. M.</td>	" 9:22 P. M.
" Fast Line <td>" 9:23 P. M.</td>	" 9:23 P. M.
" Local Freight <td>" 4:20 P. M.</td>	" 4:20 P. M.
East—Express Train <td>" 8:43 P. M.</td>	" 8:43 P. M.
" Fast Line <td>" 8:39 A. M.</td>	" 8:39 A. M.
" Mail Train <td>" 10:34 A. M.</td>	" 10:34 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.
West—Balt. Express leaves at 9:01 A. M.
Philadelphia Express " 9:45 A. M.
Fast Line " 9:56 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8:14 P. M.
Fast Line " 8:06 A. M.
Mail Train " 10:04 A. M.

*Daily, except Mondays.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.
Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.
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Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—William Kittell, H. Kinkead, R. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.
Inspector—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Judge of Election—John Lloyd.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Mary Thorne's Cousin.

"Mary, I am astonished!"
Of course the grave elder sister was astonished. In truth, and in fact, she lived in a chronic state of amazement; for Mary Thorne was always doing something to astonish her friends and relatives. Miss Ruth could hardly credit the evidence of her own senses, in the hazy glow of the August morning, when she came out of the clematis shadows of the little south porch and discovered that yonder moving object, half way up among the umbrageous branches of the huge, old pear tree, was not a spray of leaves, nor a russet-plumed robin, nor yet a cluster of sun-checked peeps swinging in the blue empyrean, but Miss Mary Thorne, comfortably perched in the crook of the gnarled tree, her curls all flecked with the sifted rain of sunshine that came down through the shifting canopy of leaves, and a book in her lap.
"I don't care," said the little damsel, laughing saucy defiance. "It's the nicest place in the world up here; I feel just like a bird, with the leaves fluttering against my face, and the wind blowing so softly—and I intend to stay here! Wouldn't you like to come up here, Ruth? It's easily done; just put your foot upon that knot, and—"
Ruth, who was thirty, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, bristled up with amazement.
"Mary Thorne, are you crazy? Come down, this instant!"
"I shan't," said naughtily Mary, tossing the silky shower of curls away from her forehead, and glancing down with eyes that shone and sparkled like two blue jewels.
"But we are going—"
"Yes, I understand. You are all going in triumphal procession to the depot, to render an ovation to the great Professor La Place, the wisest, greatest and grandest of mankind, to whom the Thorne family have the unutterable honor of being second cousins, and to escort him solemnly to a month's sojourn at Thorne Hall. Oh, dear," ejaculated Mary, "I wish I could run away somewhere to hide. I hate this paragon of prime precision! I shan't marry him if he asks me, and I mean to behave so badly that he won't dream of it! No, I am not going with you. I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. I shall stay at home."
And Miss Mary settled herself so snugly with one tiny slipper peddler swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled bird's eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.
"Well, then, have it your own way, you incorrigible romp! I wish you weren't too big to be shut up a dark closet, or have your ears well boxed!"
"It is a pity, isn't it?" said Mary demurely.
"Of course it is, Mary. If cousin Tom Bradley comes this morning, be sure and explain to him why we are absent, and behave like a young lady, mind!"
"All right," said Mary, dauntlessly. "I always liked Tom; we used to have grand rumps together when we were children."
She sat there in the old pear tree, prettier than any Hamadryad that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up, rapt in girlish reverie, into the blue sky as it sparkled through ever-moving leaves, and now breaking into a soft little warble of song that made even the robins themselves put their head to one side to listen. The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the dark mantle of shadow was slowly following the creeping sun-glow across the velvet lawn below, and the old church spire, among the far off woods had chimed eleven. And still Mary Thorne sat there in the forked branches of the giant pear tree!
Suddenly there floated up into the leafy sanctuary, a pungent, aromatic odor, which made her lean curiously forward, shading her eyes with one hand, the better to penetrate the green foliage below. Not the hazy moonlight roses, nor the amethyst borders of heliotrope, nor the spicy geraniums; none of these blossoms distilled that peculiar smell!
"My patience," said little Mary, "it's a cigar!"
A cigar it was, and the owner thereof—she could just see a white linen coat and a tall head covered with black wavy curls—stood on the porch steps, quietly smoking and indulging in a lengthened view of the garden slopes.
"That's Tom Bradley," said Mary to herself. "Now, if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious, cool place, to sit up straight in the hot parlors he's mistaken. Tom!" she called out in a silvery accent of imperative summons, and then burst into merry laughter at the evident amazement with which the stranger gazed round him, vainly trying to conjecture whence the call had proceeded.
"You dear, stupid Cousin Tom," she ejaculated, "don't stare off toward the cabbage beds! Look straight up here; you may come up if you please. There's plenty of room for both. You are Cousin Tom, aren't you?" she continued, as a sudden misgiving crossed her mind.
"Of course I am; and you are Mary, I suppose."
"Mary herself! Up with you, Tom—catch hold of this branch—there. Now, shake hands—you saucy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me!"
"Well, I couldn't help it—and besides aren't we cousins?" said Mr. Tom, swinging himself comfortably into a branch just above Mary.
"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might the better view her playmate of childhood's days. "Your hair never curled so before; and what a nice moustache you've got. I shouldn't have known you, Tom."
"No," said Tom, roguishly.
"And you've grown so tall! I declare, Tom, you're splendid!"
The gentleman laughed. "I could return the compliment if I dared. But where are all the rest of my relations?—The house below is as empty as a haunted hall!"
"All gone to welcome that horrid, poky old Prof. La Place, who has graciously indicated his willingness to pass a few weeks with us. Tom, I do hate that man!"
"Hate him! What for?"
"Oh, I don't know; I'm sure he is a snuff-dried, conceited old wretch, and I'll wager a box of gloves that he wears spectacles."
"Nonsense, Mary; why, he's only twenty-six!"
"I don't care; I know he's rheumatic and wears spectacles for all that. And, Tom, now if you'll never, never breathe a word of this—"
"I won't, upon my honor," said Tom.
"Oh, well, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dear old head that I should make a nice wife for the professor, and—"
Mary turned away, with crimson indignation flashing in her cheeks.
"It is too bad for you to laugh, Tom. I never, never will marry that man!"
"I wouldn't if I were you," consoled Tom. "But, cousin Mary, wait and see the man before you decide. He may be quite a decent fellow."
"No," said Mary, shaking her head and biting her cherry lips firmly, "I hate him beforehand!"
"What a spiteful little pussy you are!" said her companion, laughing.
"No, indeed, Tom, I'm not!" and the blue eyes became misty. "I love papa and I love dear—and I love almost everybody. I like you, Tom, but I hate Prof. La Place. And I want you to promise, Tom, that you'll stand my friend, and not allow him to tease me into walks or rides, or tete-a-tetes of any kind. Will you?"
"Would he? If she had asked him to precipitate himself out of the pear tree upon the stone steps below, with those blue eyes fixed on his, he'd have done it. Any man of taste would."
"I promise," he said; and they shook hands on it.
What a cozy place for a chat that old gnarled tree was. And when they had talked over everything they could think of, it was the most natural thing in the world that Tom should recover the book that had slipped down into a network of tiny boughs, and read poetry to his pretty cousin in the deep musical voice that maidens love to listen to. And Mary sat there watching the jetty curls blowing to and fro on his broad white brow, and the long black lashes almost touching his olive cheek. And she thought how very, very handsome cousin Tom was, and how much he had changed in the ten years that had elapsed since she had seen him last; and she wondered whether Tom was engaged to any pretty girl—somehow she hoped not. Now, why couldn't Tom have been rich like that Prof. La Place, instead of a poor young medical student, and—
And when the large black eyes were suddenly lit to hers, Mary felt as tho' he had read every thought of her mind, and blushed scarlet.
"Cousin Tom," she chattered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough. Help me down, and I will show you the old sun-dial that we used to heap up with butternuts when we were children."
What a tiny, insignificant little Mary she felt herself, leaning on the arm of that

And how nice it was to have the stately head bent down so courteously to catch her soft accents—for somehow Mary had forgotten her sauciness, and grown wondrously shy.
A rumble of wheels—it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm.
"The awful Professor," she whispered. "Now, cousin Tom, be sure you stand by me through everything."
"To my life's end!" was the whispered answer, and Mary felt herself crimsoning, much as she strove to repress the tell-tale blood.
But there was no one in the barouche save Mr. Thorne and Ruth, as it drew up on the grand sweep beside the two cousins.
"Where is the Professor?" questioned Miss Mary.
"He was not at the depot," said Ruth, "and—"
But Mr. Thorne had sprang from the carriage, and clasped both the stranger's hands in his.
"La Place! Is it possible? Why, we have just been looking for you at Mill station!"
"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, sir," was the reply; "but I came by the way of Wharton, and walked over this morning."
"Never mind, now, so you are safely here," exclaimed the old gentleman.—"Ruth, my dear—Mary—let me introduce you to your cousin, Prof. La Place."
Mary had dropped his arm, and stood dismayed.
"You told me you were cousin Tom."
"So I am cousin Tom. That is my name and relationship. Now, Mary," and the black eyes sparkled brimful of deprecating archness, "don't be angry because I don't take snuff nor wear spectacles!—I beg the other cousin Tom's pardon, whoever he is, but I am very glad he isn't here. Mary, be just, and don't hate cousin Tom because his other name happens to be La Place."
He need not have been so apprehensive, for, in their twilight walk beside the sun-dial that very evening, she confessed that she did not find Prof. La Place such a terrible ogre, after all; quite the contrary, in fact. And he succeeded in convincing her that he liked his impulsive little cousin Mary all the better for those pear tree confidences.
But, no doubt, it was a very perplexing thing to have two cousin Toms; and so, about six months subsequently, Miss Mary contrived to obviate this inconvenience by allowing one of them to assume a nearer relationship, and in spite of all her asseverations to the contrary, she is Mrs. Prof. La Place.
It's a solemn fact in this world, that whenever a girl says she "never, never" will do a thing, she is pretty certain to go and do it the first chance she gets; and Mary was no exception to the general rule.

Ex-President Buchanan's Reply to General Scott.

[From the National Intelligencer.]
With a few remarks I shall close the controversy with Gen. Scott, into which I have been most reluctantly forced by his voluntary and unexpected attack.—This has, nevertheless, afforded me an opportunity of correcting many unfounded reports which I had long borne in patience and in silence. In my answer, I have already furnished clear and distinct responses to all the allegations of Gen. Scott; and in his rejoinder he has not called in question any of my statements, with a single exception. Which of us is correct in this particular depends upon the question whether his recollection of an event which occurred more than eighteen months ago, or the statement of Mr. Holt, reduced to writing on the very day, is entitled to the greater credit.
The General, in the introduction of his rejoinder, assigns as an excuse for the criticism on my public conduct that this was merely incidental to his alleged official report to President Lincoln on the condition of our fortifications, and was not primarily intended for me. From this statement one would conclude that he had made such a report. But where is this to be found? For it he refers to the Intelligencer of the 21st October; but there I discover nothing but his letter of four points to Mr. Seward, dated on the 3d March, 1861, advising the incoming President how to guide his administration in face of the threatening dangers to the country. In the single introductory sentence to this letter he barely refers to his "printed views," (dated in October, 1860,) which had been long before the public; but it contains nothing like an official report on the condition of the fortifications.
Whether the introduction of this letter to the public, without the consent of President Lincoln, by one of the General's

friends, in a political speech during a highly exciting gubernatorial canvass, had influenced him to prepare his criticism on my conduct, it is not for me to determine. At what period did Gen. Scott obtain the "six hundred recruits to which he refers in his rejoinder? This was certainly after the date of his "views," on the 5th October, 1860; because in these he states emphatically that the forces then at his command were in all five companies only within reach to garrison or reinforce the [mine] forts mentioned in the "views."
Did he obtain these recruits in November? If so, had he visited Washington or written and explained to me in what manner this military operation could be accomplished by the four hundred men in the five companies and the six hundred recruits, I should have given his representations all the consideration eminently due his high military reputation.
But he informs us he did not arrive in Washington until the 12th of December. His second recommendation to garrison these forts must consequently have been made, according to his own statement, on the 13th, 15th, 28th, or 30th of December, or on more than one of these days. At this period the aspect of public affairs had greatly changed from what it was in October. Congress was now in session, and our relations with the Seceding Cotton States had been placed before them by the President's message. Proceedings had been instituted by that body with a view to a compromise of the dangerous questions between the North and the South; and the highest hopes and warmest aspirations were then entertained for their success. Under these circumstances it was the President's duty to take a broad view of the condition of the whole country, in all its relations, civil, industrial, and commercial, as well as military, giving to each its appropriate influence. It was only from such a combination that he could frame a policy calculated to preserve the peace and to consolidate the strength of the Union. Isolated recommendations proceeding from one department, without weighing well their effect upon the general policy, ought to be adopted with extreme caution.
But it seems from the rejoinder that Secretary Floyd, at Richmond, had claimed the honor of defeating General Scott's plans and solicitations respecting the forts, "it being there," says the General, "universally admitted that but for that victory over me there could have been no rebellion." This is, in plain English, that the secessionists of the cotton States who have since brought into the field hundreds of thousands of undoubtedly brave soldiers, would have abandoned in terror their unwise and rebellious designs, had Gen. Scott distributed among their numerous forts four hundred and eighty men in October, or one thousand men in December! This requires no comment. I have never been able to obtain a copy of the speech of Mr. Floyd, at Richmond, to which I presume Gen. Scott refers; but I learned, both at the time and since, from gentlemen of high respectability, that in this same speech he denounced me most bitterly for my determination to stand by and sustain the Union with all the power I possessed under the Constitution and the laws.
And here permit me to remark that it is due to Gen. Scott as well as myself to deny that there is any portion of my answer which justifies the allegation that "the ex-President sneers at my 'weak device' (the words 'weak device' being marked as a quotation) for saving the forts." This mistake I must attribute to his "accidental vision."
And in this connection I emphatically declare that the General, neither before nor after the publication of his "views" in the National Intelligencer of the 18th January, 1862, without my consent, assigned any reason to me for making this publication, or ever even alluded to the subject. In this I cannot be mistaken, from the deep impression which the occurrence made upon my memory, for the reasons already mentioned in my answer.
I should have nothing more to add had Gen. Scott, in his rejoinder, confined himself to the topics embraced in his original letter. He has extended them, and now for the first time, and in a sarcastic and no kindly spirit, refers to the alleged stealing of public arms by Secretary Floyd and their transportation to the South, in anticipation of the rebellion. The most conclusive answer to this allegation is that, notwithstanding the boasting of Mr. Floyd at Richmond, evidently with the view of conciliating his new allies, cited by the General as his authority, no public arms were ever stolen. This fact is established by the report of the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives, now before me, made by Mr. Stanton of Ohio, their chairman, on the 18th February, 1861, and to be found in

the second volume of the Reports of Committees of the House for the session of 1860-1. This report and the testimony before the committee establish:
1. That the Southern States received in 1860 less instead of more than the quota of arms to which they were entitled by law; and that three of them—North Carolina, Mississippi and Kentucky—received no arms whatever, and this simply because they did not ask for them. Well may Mr. Stanton have said in the House "that there are a good deal of rumors and speculations and misapprehensions as to the true state of facts in regard to this matter."
2. Secretary Floyd, under suspicious circumstances, on the 22d December, 1860, and but a few days before he left the Department, had without the knowledge of the President, ordered one hundred and thirteen (113) columbiads and eleven (11) thirty-two pounders to be transported from Pittsburg to Ship Island and Galveston, in Mississippi and Texas. This fact was brought to the knowledge of the President by a communication from Pittsburg; and Secretary Holt immediately thereupon countermanded the order of his predecessor, and the cannon were never sent. The promptitude with which we acted elicited a vote of thanks, dated on the 4th of January, 1861, from the Select and Common Councils of that city to the President, the Attorney General, and the acting Secretary of War, (Mr. Holt.)
After this statement how shall we account for the explicit declaration of General Scott that he accidentally hearing early in March that under this posthumous order (that of Mr. Floyd of the 22d December) the shipment of these guns had commenced, I communicated the fact to Secretary Holt, (acting for Secretary Cameron) just in time to defeat the robbery? And this is the same Secretary Holt who had countermanded the "posthumous order" in the previous December. And, strange to say, these guns, but for the alleged interposition of Gen. Scott, were about to be sent so late as March from the Loyal States into those over which Jefferson Davis had then for some time presided!
Had Gen. Scott reflected for a moment he could not have fallen into this blunder. It is quite manifest he was without a printed document and my (his) own official papers.
3. The Government had on hand in the year 1859 about 500,000 old muskets, which were condemned as unsuitable for public service, under the act of 3d of March 1825. They were of such a character that, although offered both at public and private sale for \$2.50 each, purchasers could not be obtained at that rate, except for a comparatively small number. On the 30th of November, 1859, Secretary Floyd ordered about one-fifth of the whole number (105,000) to be sent from the Springfield armory, where they had accumulated, to five Southern arsenals, "in proportion to their respective means of proper storage."
This order was carried into effect by the Ordnance Bureau in the usual course of administration and without reference to the President. It is but justice to say that from the testimony before the committee there is no reason to suspect that Secretary Floyd issued this order from any sinister motive. Its date was months before Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency, and nearly a year before his election, and whilst the Secretary was still an avowed opponent of secession. Indeed the testimony of Colonel Craig and Capt. Maynard, of the Ordnance, before the committee is wholly inconsistent with any evil intention on his part.
And yet these "condemned muskets," with a few thousand ancient rifles of a calibre then no longer used, are transformed by Gen. Scott into "115,000 extra muskets and rifles, with all their implements and ammunition." This is the first time I have heard—certainly there was nothing of the kind before the committee—that ammunition was sent with these condemned and inferior arms to their places of storage, just as though they had been intended not for sale but for immediate use in the field. The truth is, that it is impossible to steal arms and transport them from one depository to another without the knowledge and active participation of the officers of the Ordnance Bureau, both in Washington and at these depositories. It may be observed that Col. Craig, the head of the Bureau at this period, was as correct an officer and as loyal and honest a man as exists in the country.
Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.
WHEATLAND, near Lancaster, Nov. 17.

Why will Americans have more cause to remember the letter S than any other in the alphabet? Because it is the beginning of Secession and the end of Jeff Davis.