The Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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Western, " at 11½ o'clock, A. M.

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Eastern, daily, at 8 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.

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" Phila. Express	"	9.22 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.33 P. M.
" Emigrant Train	"	2.12 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.43 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	3.20 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.34 A. M.

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" Phila. Express	"	9.45 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.56 P. M.
East—Express Trair	"	8.14 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	2.50 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.04 A. M.

*Daily, except Mondays.

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Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.
Assessor—Thomas P Davis.

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Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

The Battle of Fredericksburg.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes a graphic description of the great battle of Saturday, 13th December, from which we extract as follows:

THE COUNCIL.

Friday evening, a General Council of War, attended by all the grand division, corps, and division commanders, was held at late hour at Gen. Sumner's headquarters, at which Gen. Burnside submitted and explained his plan for the general attack he proposed to make next day upon the position of the enemy.

The plan comprised a simultaneous advance of our whole line upon the enemy's strong positions on the hills in front of us. Left and Right Grand Divisions were to be carried by sudden assault upon the stronghold, of select bodies of troops. [illegible] well known [illegible] was in keeping with the [illegible] bounce and dash of its author, but doubts were expressed in the Council of its practicability by a number of those in attendance. All, however, expressed their readiness to undertake anything ordered by the Commander in Chief, and the necessary instructions were given to commence a general movement upon the enemy by daylight.

THE BATTLE ON THE RIGHT.

Gen. Sumner and staff left their headquarters about 11 o'clock and repaired to the Lacy House, from which a full view of the scene of impending action on the Right Grand Division could be obtained. Gen Sumner had selected French's Division of Gen. Couch's corps for the advance of the attacking column.

It had orders to move from its position in the streets of Fredericksburg next to the river to the outskirts of the town, form line of battle by brigades, and precede by a cloud of skirmishers, move at a double quick upon the first line of the enemy's works.

Gen. French was necessarily obliged to march his troops in solid columns in parallel streets. As soon as the head of the columns had emerged from the lower into the higher portions of the streets, the enemy's batteries opened upon them from several points. Upon reaching the outskirts of the town, the order was given to deploy, but stone and other fences prevented its ready execution.

During the delay thus caused, the troops were exposed to an enfilading fire, which taxed the advance of the troops most severely.

The line being formed at last, about noon the order to advance was given.—The line moved up and over a few range of elevations and down toward the foot of the hills on which the enemy's breastworks were situated. From houses, rifle-pits, barricades across the roads, and other shelter, the Rebel sharpshooters now opened from all sides with fearful effect. The rigor of the fire of the Rebel artillery also steadily increased, and when the line reached the foot of the second range of hills, a perfect hail of lead fell upon it. The advance, however, was continued until within a few hundred yards of the crest of the hill, when a rapid succession of terrific volleys from long lines of Rebel infantry, suddenly rising in front of their works, checked it.

From the position they had gained our troops now exchanged round after round with the enemy until their ammunition became exhausted, and the line fell back some distance, leaving nearly one-half of its number on the field, to make room for Gen. Hancock's division.

This division advanced, likewise formed in parallel lines of brigades. It moved forward steadfastly up to the point where French's had received its check, when it was also stopped by the murderous fire of the Rebel infantry and artillery.

For two hours it alternately replied to the enemy's musketry, and attempted to make its way up the second range of hills. Although unable to advance, and continually losing numbers, it fought until its ammunition gave out, when it was relieved by Howard's division, and retired nearer to town.

Howard's command went into action about 3 o'clock. One after the other of its brigades was advanced to the front, but, like those of French and Hancock, did not succeed in reaching the enemy's works. The last of it, under Gen. Sally, was ordered to charge up the hill with the bayonet, and moved forward in most gallant style, but was checked, as all the other troops had been.

Shortly after French's Division had moved to the attack, Sturgis's Division of Wilcox's Corps advanced over a parallel road on the left of our right upon the works and batteries covering the enemy's right flank. It experienced the same difficulties in forming, in consequence of obstructions on the ground, as French's, but pushed forward with the utmost determination, halting only at times to open its way by musketry.

It reached within eighty yards of the crest of the hill it aimed to take, but having been fearfully weakened in numbers during its advance, had to halt. It held the point gained for three hours.

Notwithstanding it was confronted by vastly superior numbers of infantry, and enfiladed by batteries on each flank—even after its ammunition had all been spent, it did not give way, but firmly held its ground until properly relieved shortly before sunset.

When Howard's Division moved to the front, the last of the available force of Couch's corps, forming our extreme right, was employed. Of Wilcox's corps, Getty's Division, which had been held to reserve during the day, was all that were at command, after Sturgis's had become exhausted by the severity of its protracted struggle. Burns having been sent early in the morning to establish connection between the left and right, and not being [illegible] by march.

within re[illegible] however, Butterfield's Formately, [illegible] Division, which corps of Hooker's Grand [illegible] but, as was acting as a reserve to the ri[illegible] Stoneman's was to the left, came to the rescue, when the energies of Wilcox's and Couch's corps had been nearly spent. It had commenced moving across the river, over the upper and middle bridges, as soon as the advance of Couch's and Wilcox's troops furnished room for it in the lower part of the town.

It had all moved across between four and five o'clock. Shortly before dark Humphrey's and Griffin's Divisions were ordered to advance to the front and relieve the troops of Gen. Couch on the right and Gen Wilcox on the left. They reached the front and formed in line just before sunset, and at once charged upon the enemy's works.

Humphrey's division came within a short distance of them, and Griffin's reached the point held by Sturgis, which respective positions they have since occupied.

During their advance the firing from the Rebel artillery reached the highest intensity of the whole day, but ceased shortly after nightfall.

Simultaneous with the advance of Griffin and Humphrey, Getty's Division moved from its position up the valley of a little stream skirting the town and advanced to the base of the hill occupied by the Rebel batteries on the extreme right, driving the rebel infantry from behind a stone wall from which they had greatly troubled our troops during the day.

Here it lay during the night. Sykes's Division of Butterfield's Corps followed between Griffin and Humphrey to the front, but arrived too late for action.—Thus ended the conflict between our right and the Rebel left.

THE BATTLE ON THE LEFT.

The lines of Gen. Franklin, as formed for the attack, represented an obtuse angle, one line of which—Gen. Reynolds' Corps—extended diagonally from the river bank.

Smith's corps in a line parallel with the river formed on the right of Wilcox's corps. The extreme left was three miles below Fredericksburg, and the right of the Left Grand Division was less than two miles from town. The extent of Gen. Franklin's lines then was more than a mile from right to left.

The position of the different divisions was as follows, commencing on the right: First, Brooks' Division, which lay upon the ground along the road to Fredericksburg, running parallel with the river, and half way between it and the Rebel batteries. Howe's Division next formed on the left; on his right joined Reynold's corps, the 1st Division of which, Gen. Gibbons commanding, took position in advance beyond the road. Meade's Division formed an angle with Gibbons and extended toward the river. Doubleday was next to Meade, and rested on the river. This in general was the position of the Left Grand Division when the action commenced.

The first fire was made by the skirmishers of the 13th Massachusetts in our front. The cannonading soon commenced in earnest. Hall's Battery, the 2d Maine, discovered a battery of the enemy in close proximity, and opened a rapid and vigorous fire upon it.

In a few moments the artillery fire extended along the entire line. The skirmishing was kept up as our lines advanced, and the position of the enemy in the woods was almost reached. A scattering musketry fire continued from the first advance, about 9 o'clock, till noon, and with occasional lulls. The cannonading was heavy and severe.

During the advance of the Left Grand Division upon the enemy's position, Maj. Gen. Stoneman's corps of the Second Grand Division, Hooker's, which had moved to the vicinity of the river the evening previous, moved over the bridges. Gen. Birney's Division, on the advance, moved toward the left to the support of that portion of the line.

Gen. Birney had received orders to place himself in position to support the right of Gen. Reynolds' corps in an attack which was momentarily expected to be made. Orders to advance having been received, Gen. Gibbons' and Gen. Meade's divisions were directed to advance upon the enemy in the woods and upon the hill, holding the position it support should come to them, abandoning it in case they should be too severely pressed.

Now came the most successful and determined effort on this part of our line.—The attack was made from the point of intersection of the angle formed by our lines already referred to. This point was nearest to the woods, and the enemy's shells were falling thickly about it.

Gibbons's Division and the Pennsylvania Reserves advanced boldly toward the works of the enemy. They pushed determinedly through the brushwood and bushes on to a grove of [illegible] bars, and through these up the hills toward the breastworks of the enemy. The works were c[illegible]ried, [illegible] captured, and the crest of [illegible] many prisoners. [illegible] however, without a the hill gained, not, heavy loss.

Gen. Gibbons has fallen, wounded in the arm, while leading his command to the attack. The works of the enemy at this point were gained, but not held. The enemy, unfortunately, possessed the strength to concentrate overwhelming numbers of fresh troops upon the threatened point, and for all the valor of those who survived, and all the sacrifices of those who fell, the position had to be abandoned and our troops were compelled to fall back to the plain.

They had penetrated beyond the railroad and the Bowling Green turnpike, through the woods and across the outer work of the enemy to the top of the hill, and were then forced back to this side of the railroad, where they maintained their stand in advance of that they had originally occupied.

In the meantime Gen. Doubleday had been constantly pushing the enemy upon the left. A most determined resistance was made by the enemy as our skirmishers advanced. The firing which during the forenoon was kept up on the left told of the most severe fighting. For full a mile the enemy was pressed back, contesting the ground inch by inch, receiving and inflicting heavy loss. The enemy fell back upon his defenses and the advantage gained was indecisive.

During these successive advances and checks along the Center and Left Grand Divisions, an uninterrupted shelling was kept up by the Rebel batteries upon the bodies of troops at different points of the plain.

Near this building Gen. Bayard found an untimely death. A shell struck him while sitting under a tree within a few yards of Gen. Franklin, in the leg, without exploding. His leg was nearly torn off, and he died in the course of the evening.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the firing along the lines of the Left Grand Division grew weaker and weaker and gradually settled into a comparative lull.

Shortly before sunset, however, the firing on the extreme left was again renewed with increased vigor, and kept up until after dark. At 5½ o'clock it gradually died away, and at 6 o'clock it had entirely ceased.

On the left as well as on the right the battle came short of our expectations.

We gained some ground, but failed to realize the object of the day's work—namely, the dislodgement of the enemy from their intrenched position on the hights overlooking the plain, held by the Left, and the town, occupied by the Right Division.

By far the severest fighting occurred on the right. All the Generals that have participated in the battle of Antietam say that to-day's contest on this portion of the line exceeded it in intensity. The Rebels had our troops most decidedly at a disadvantage. Their infantry fought principally under cover, while their artillery had it almost all their own way from its elevated position.

On the right it was found impossible to bring any of our artillery into action, for want of proper positions in the early part of the day, until late in the afternoon, when a single battery, Philip's, was employed in sections from high points of the streets of the town. At least sixty pieces played upon our right from the enemy's batteries during the greater portion of the day. The Rebel loss is undoubtedly much smaller than ours.

Life as it Is.

[CONCLUDED.]

Not a sound came from the stricken woman. General Lane listened in an agony of suspense for the faintest sound to relieve the dread he felt lest that heavy blow had killed the frail, loving wife—Several minutes passed. Then he could endure it no longer.

"I am old enough to be her father," he soliloquized, "I will throw aside all etiquette and see if she is hurt." He forthwith opened the door and looked within. Ah! what a sight met his eyes! Upon the floor lay the stricken wife, pale and motionless, the blood trickling from the wounded arm where it had come in contact with the stove. Lifting the inanimate form he laid it upon the sofa, and tears—that were no shame to his manhood—fell upon the pale young face. He bathed her face with water, and soon to his great joy, the large, dreamy, blue eyes opened and rested upon him. She looked at him as though bewildered; then, in a moment, recollection returned, and a flush of shame dyed her fair face in answer to her questioning look in her eyes, he said:

"My room joins yours, Madam. I knew you were alone; and hearing no sound after your fall, I feared you might be very much hurt, therefore I took the liberty of coming in. Do not mind me. I am an old man—old enough to be your father. I will ring for the chambermaid to assist you, and then leave you."

"Oh! no! I can do very well. I would not have her come and see me in full dress at this hour, and see this blood, too."

Trying to rise, she fell back faintly, and tears pressed through the closed lashes.

"I am deeply indebted to you already, Gen. Lane; and if you will assist me into my bedroom, I can then manage alone." Tenderly the noble man supported the slight form into the adjoining room. As he turned to leave, she said:

"General, you will keep this dreary scene a secret, will you not? I should die with mortification to have it known throughout the house."

"I will never speak of it, madam; but I would advise you to inform your brother, and have him remove you from under Mr. Leeds' control. Excuse my bluntness, madam; it is meant in kindness.—My heart aches for you, I cannot help but speak plainly. Good night, madam."

Next day the sweet face was very pale and the eyes heavy; but that was the only trace of the last night's conflict.—The wounded arm was covered up from the brother's sight, and he never dreamt of his only sister's sufferings. Mr. Leeds did not return that day. The brother and sister spent the evening alone—he reading aloud while she sewed. It seemed almost like the pleasant evenings at their own dear home, and something very nearly approaching to a smile lingered about the lips of the anxious wife. Ten o'clock came, and no Harry; then eleven—twelve—one!

"It is strange what keeps Harry. Is he in the habit of staying out so late?"

Before the sister could reply, there was the tramp of many feet upon the stairs, and in another moment a knock at the door. On opening it, four men entered, bearing in their midst a rude litter, on which lay the body of Harry Leeds.

"Drunk!" exclaimed Mr. Sloan, his suspicions for the first time giving themselves vent.

"No; dead, sir," answered the man, "he was killed in a drunken brawl."

The wretched wife sank to the floor in a deadly swoon, while the brother shed manly tears over the wreck of what was once a good man—the loved friend of his early years. Of the sad burial, and the bereaved woman's grief, we need not speak. She had loved him through all, and now that he was dead, his faults were forgotten. Again he was the beloved Harry of other days—the husband of her choice.

Of course, everything was exposed now, and the ladies of the house found out at last the cause of Mrs Leeds' fitful conduct—knew at last why she was so often seen in the halls at night—why she stood listening, with the door ajar, at all hours of the night. Those who had been the first to malign her, now came forward to offer their earnest sympathy. They were all admiration now of the heroic wife who had borne her sorrows so meekly and so quietly. But it was too late. When a kind word would have been grateful to her aching heart, they stood aloof, and gave, instead, cold, suspicious looks, that sometimes cut to the heart with a deeper pang than cold words.

Oh! this scandal, that crushes people to the earth—that tramples thousands of bleeding hearts under the feet of the multitude! Does not life bring enough of sorrow? Will not our earth path be full enough of thorns, and life's cup full enough of woe, that these our friends and neighbors must strike it home more surely? No, it is not enough. Hearts always have and always will suffer from this great crucifixion. While the world lasts, hearts will be shorn of every flower of hope and fancy by the busy tongues of scandal lovers—will see their sources of happiness and their hopes drop off one by one, because a few words of scandal has deprived them of this or that precious friend.

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It was the tenth of July—that warm, oppressive month, when all the fashionable fry are "out of the city." If any are so shorn of the "almighty dollar" that they cannot in reality follow suit, let such put themselves under our guidance, and in the twinkling of an eye our journey is compassed, and we are near the shore of—no matter where; enough that we are at a watering place.

As the steamer rounded up to the landing, all was confusion. Amid the short, hurried puffings of her engines, and the mad shrieks of her whistle, might be heard such exclamations as these:

"John, where is my shawl and basket? Get them quick, and let us hurry out, and get a seat in one of the front carriages."

"Bridget, have you the lunch basket, and the three valises? Are the children safe?"

"Mother—mother! wait a moment—please let us stop at the —— House, the Ridgeways are going to stop there.—It's only fifty cents a day more?"

"Your foot off my dress, sir—there you have torn all the gathers out."

Amid all this hubbub, one gentleman stands calmly by, an amused spectator of the scene.

Look we again. Ah! as I live, it is the gallant General Lane, looking younger and handsomer than he did two years ago. As they landed, seeing that the carriages and hacks would all be full, he threw his shawl over his shoulder cleared the fence at one bound, and after crossing several fields, found himself in a private lane that led up to the hotel. That pleasant, shady lane was familiar to him, for many a time in other years he had travelled it. He soon reached the hotel, and passing into the office, secured a pleasant chamber, overlooking the sea, before the crowd arrived. As he was crossing the hall, he met his acquaintance of two years ago, Mr. Charley Sloan.

The pleasant surprise was mutual; and the General's pleasure was visibly heightened by finding that Mrs. Leeds was spending the summer with her brother in this delightful spot. The General thought, as he sat beside the lady at tea, that she was more beautiful than ever. She still wore mourning for her husband, and though she was still sad, the wild, startled, expectant look was changed for one of calm contentment.

Days and weeks passed rapidly away and still the General lingered. The lady's beauty and rare sweetness of manner seemed to grow upon him day by day.—About a fortnight after his arrival, Charles Sloan was thrown into a state of excitement by the unexpected arrival of Lovelace Canterbury, and his sister Vie—particularly Vie. After that Charlie was, to use his sister's words, "no good at all."—Had it not been for the General, she would have been left to spend her evenings alone, whilst the lovers paced the moonlight strand, or sat in quiet corners, talking that language that is familiar to us all. Somehow, Carrie Leeds learnt to expect his constant presence—to depend on him instead of Charlie; and so it came about that it did not startle her a bit when one starry night he asked her to be his wife. Charlie came upon them suddenly, and saw the General's arm around the waist of his little black-robed sister.

"Heyday! What does this mean?"

"It means, Charlie dear, that I have promised to be General Lane's wife. You treated me so shabbily since Vie came that I was obliged in self defence to find another protector."

"Well done, my demure little sister, but I am really delighted. Give me your hand, General Lane, I can safely trust my precious sister in your hands. May God bless you both."

Soon after they left for home, the entire party together. In October there was a double wedding in Grace Church—that of General Lane and his beautiful Carrie—Charles Sloan and Vie Canterbury—"Lace" standing, looking down to his toes, regretting that he had not made better use of his time, and been married too.

☞ Time and tide wait for no man.