

# The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

TERMS: (\$2.00 PER ANNUM.  
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.)

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1861.

NUMBER 9.

## DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Ben's Creek.	Joseph Graham.	Yoder.
Bush Station.	Joseph S. Mardis.	Blacklick.
Carrolltown.	William M. Jones.	Carroll.
Cass Springs.	Dani. Litzinger.	Chast.
Chesnut.	John J. Troxell.	Washington.
Ebensburg.	John Thompson.	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber.	Isaac Thompson.	White.
Gallitzin.	J. M. Christy.	Gallitzin.
Hemlock.	Wm. M'Gough.	Washington.
Johnstown.	I. E. Chandler.	Johnstown.
Loretto.	P. Shields.	Loretto.
Mineral Point.	E. Wissinger.	Conem'gh.
Monster.	A. Durbin.	Monster.
Pershing.	Francis Clement.	Conem'gh.
Plattsville.	Andrew J. Ferral.	Susq'anna.
Roseland.	G. W. Bowman.	White.
St. Augustine.	Wm. Ryan, Sr.	Clearfield.
Scalp Level.	George Conard.	Richland.
Sonnan.	B. M'Colgan.	Washington.
Summerhill.	Wm. Murray.	Washington.
Summit.	Miss M. Gillespie.	Washington.
Whitmore.	Morris Kell.	Summerhill.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. S. T. SNOW, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. G. GOOLBY, 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.

**Independent**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Disciples**—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.

**Catholic**—Rev. M. J. M'CONNELL, 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 6 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " at 6 o'clock, A. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-town, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 10 o'clock, P. M.

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

The mails from Newnan'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.

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**WILMORE STATION.**

West—Express Train leaves at	9.44 A. M.
Fast Line " "	10.09 P. M.
Mail Train " "	3.31 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8.25 P. M.
Fast Line " "	2.04 P. M.
Mail Train " "	10.05 A. M.

**CRESSON STATION.**

West—Express Train leaves at	9.22 A. M.
Mail Train " "	3.01 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8.53 P. M.
Mail Train " "	10.36 A. M.

[The Fast Lines do not stop.]

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Esley, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Storm, James Cooper.

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

Poor House Directors—David O'Harro, Michael O'Quire, Jacob Horner.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.

Auditors—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, John S. Rhey.

County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Superintendent of Common Schools—James M. Swank.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.

Burgess—David J. Evans.

Board Council—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel O. Evans.

Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.

Weigh Master—William Davis.

School Directors—William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, Hugh Jones, David J. Jones.

Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.

Constable—George W. Brown.

Tax Collector—George Gurley.

Judge of Election—Meshach Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams, Astor—Richard T. Davis.

## Select Poetry.

### Our Country.

On primal rocks she wrote her name;  
Her towers were reared on holy graves;  
The golden seed that bore her came  
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,  
And open flung his sylvan doors;  
Meek rivers led the appointed Guest  
To clasp the wide-embracing shores.

Till, fold by fold, the broadened land  
To swell her virgin vestments grew,  
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,  
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of kings!  
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!  
The refuge of divined things,  
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front  
Let the crown jewel, Fruth, be found;  
Thy right hand flung, with generous wont,  
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scale,  
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;  
Thy commerce spread her shining sails  
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,  
So follow firm the heavenly laws,  
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,  
And storm-spied Angels hail thy cause!

O Land, the measures of our prayers,  
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,  
Be thine the tribute of the years,  
The gift of Faith, the crown of song!

### THE THREE FRIENDS.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

#### CHAPTER FIRST.—A MEETING.

It was on the afternoon of the Fourth of July, 1851, that two boy-friends, Frank Harris and Ben Brown, walked together down the streets of a quiet country village. It was scarcely a quiet village that day, to be sure, for military companies paraded through its streets with music, and were followed by crowds of children, and everything seemed gay and lively.—Flags with the beautiful stars and stripes floated from many a housetop, and boys carried little banners that fluttered and waved in the wind, like joyous living things.

You would have known Frank and Ben for good boys anywhere; they were so neatly dressed, so clean, and looked so good-natured. Though they laughed and talked loudly, and even hallooed as boys will, especially on the glorious Fourth, they still did it all in a gentlemanly way, and stepped kindly aside for little girls walking four abreast, to pass them. They spoke respectfully, too, to the old lady behind the counter who sold them buns; nor did they like many boys, tease the poor fellow with only one arm, from whom they bought the fire crackers; but Ben said as they left the shop,

"How dreadful it would be to lose an arm!"

"Unless," said Frank, "you should lose it in war—then a fellow would glory in it!"

From that they went on, having quite a discussion about war, and glory, and generals, and were just saying the same sentence at the same time, and that sentence the true sentiment of every American boy, that "Washington was the greatest general and one of the best men ever known to the world," when they were overtaken by their country friend, Will Penn, who lived on the farm over the hill.

Now, Will Penn was a red-faced, bushy headed fellow, and though near the same age of the other two, and that was fourteen, he made you feel when you looked at him that he was already too big to wear round-a-bouts, and you saw that his hands and feet were overgrown. He had a clear gaze out of his gray eyes though, that pleased you, and his coarse voice was kind in its tones, and his laugh as jolly as a laugh could be.

Will flung a hand over the shoulder of each boy; said they were just the lads he wanted to see; that he had come to town early; it was now past noon, and a half day in town was plenty for him; so, he proposed that the boys should go home with him. The parade was about over, anyhow, and it was a fine thing to be out in the country, and the walk through the woods would be pleasant. Glad of the invitation, Frank and Ben agreed to go at once.

Swiftly paced their young feet over the bricks of the last pavement, down the last back street, then over the old bridge, and they were in the woods. Oh, but it was cool and pleasant there! and they walked under the trees bareheaded, fanning themselves with their hats, Will Penn's face blazing redder than ever.

A shadowed but laughing stream wound through the woods, bridged over by a mossy old log, on which they stood awhile to listen to its murmurs. They heard a quail in the distance, calling "Bob White,"

and the song of a thrush, and the winds of the early July seemed to chorus over again in a fresh, sweet voice, the last refrain of the lovely June.

But the walk was not more pleasant than all the rest of the afternoon. Will's father and mother were glad to see his friends, and very kind, and an uncle and some girl-cousins were there on a visit.—There were indeed five girls there, with Will's sisters included, and all rather inclined to be romps, till they got the boys to overcome their shyness and run races down the orchard with them. They bantered them, too, to go fishing with them, which they did, though they had an "immensity of trouble," as Will said, to find rods and lines for the whole party. But to the astonishment of the boys, they had scarcely reached the creek and began fishing, when the girls one and all wanted to go back home, and home they started—"girls are so notional," said Will. So our young friends had to leave all nibbles and hopes of fish behind them, and carry the rods to the house again.

On the sunny slope before the gate the boys then played leap-frog. They were all strong and active, and they pronounced it "splendid sport." You should have seen Will's red face and bushy head, and heard his jolly laugh then. The father and uncle stood in the gateway and enjoyed the fun too. When wearied with the game, the lads sat down on the grass till tea time, and after tea Mr. Penn bro't out a new gun to show the boys, and the gun reminded them of war, and again they talked of battles—dreadful, bloody battles, and gallant officers and poor wounded soldiers. Then one of them spoke of the youth in town, in the shop where Frank and Ben bought the fire crackers, who had but one arm; and Will told them how the other had been torn off in a threshing machine. And Ben said again—

"How dreadful it would be to lose an arm! And Frank made the rejoinder of the morning—

"Unless it should be lost in war; then a fellow would glory in it."

But the fire flies came out among the dewy shrubbery, and the boys parted for the night more intimate friends than before, and never to forget that Fourth of July.

#### CHAPTER SECOND.—MET AGAIN.

Years went by;—the boys were men. Frank and Ben continued to live in the same old, quiet village; they had gone through college, and were now partners in business together. Will Penn was not a great, awkward, red-faced, bushy-headed farmer, but a large, fine-looking young man. He had gone to live in a great city, where he was a lawyer, and had married. He, Frank and Ben, had not met for four years. And now it was in July, 1861. The store of Harris & Brown was left to a clerk, the young merchants having gone off as volunteers to the war; for in our so lately happy country there was a Rebellion, and to fight for that country and under the flag of the glorious stars and stripes, hosts of the true and brave had already left their homes and dear ones. Then came the day of a great battle, and the two friends still, Ben and Frank, as in boyhood, rode side by side together with a great army, under skies somewhat softer than those that bent above their old home. Into the midst of the fray they went together. Never was greater enthusiasm than amid that army of untried soldiers. There were hurried charges, exulting shouts, the booming of cannon, and the clashing of steel, all mingling in a terrible confusion that cannot be described. This for hours—then, alas! came a panic, a retreat, with a mad fee charging after them—and all was lost.

That evening, at sunset, in a shadowy wood, not far from the battle-field, Frank Harris lay dying, with a wound in his breast, and faithful Ben watched by his side. He did not complain, but he gave fond messages for his friend to carry to the loved ones at home; then with his old boyish smile, he says,

"This is a sweet place to die in; it reminds me of that green, sunny slope at Penn's farm, where Will and you and I played leap frog, when we were boys."

Just then—how strange it was—there came towards them a surgeon, accompanying some Zouaves bearing a wounded companion—a man with one arm missing, and that man was Will Penn! His face was now pale, under his still bushy hair, but his gray eyes were clearer and brighter than ever.

The party stopped beneath the tree where the dying and the watching friend were still together, and Will, looking keenly at them, shouted,

"Hurrah for you, boys! Hurrah that I find you here! You see I've but one arm now, but I saved the flag! Hurrah for the flag!"

Ben did not make his old observation,

"how dreadful to lose an arm," for he only felt that Frank was dying; but Frank, brave Frank, looking up into Will Penn's face, spoke gayly as he had spoken on that Fourth of July ten years ago, and said,

"But to lose an arm in a cause like this, Will, a fellow must glory in it."

Then, when Will saw that Frank was dying, he wept like a woman, and Ben, too. Frank lies buried in that sweet wood, his grave is the grave of a hero.

Where Ben and Will are now, I know not; but I do know that they are brave, true and noble, as their boyhood promised when they walked through the wood, stood on the mossy foot-bridge, romped with the five girls and played leap frog when poor Frank Harris was with them.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., 1861.

### Gen. George B. McClellan.

HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

George B. McClellan was born in Philadelphia on the 3d of December, 1826, his father being an eminent physician of that city. At the age of sixteen, or in 1842, he entered the West Point Academy, and in 1846, at the age of twenty, was graduated second in his class. On the 1st of July of that year he was brevetted second lieutenant of engineers. By an act of Congress passed during the May previous, a company of sappers, miners and pontoniers was added to the engineer corps, and in this company McClellan was commissioned.

Brevet Brigadier-General Totten, Chief Engineer of the army commanded by Gen. Scott before Vera Cruz, speaks of McClellan's genius and energy in that company in the highest terms. His exertions in drilling the recruits who came into his company to be prepared for the arduous labors of the Mexican war, were indefatigable. With the aid of but two other officers he succeeded so perfectly in drilling the seventy-one raw men who had come into his hands only two months before, that on the 24th of September they sailed from West Point, reported by General Totten "as in a state of admirable discipline."

During the war this company was reduced to forty-five effective men and two officers—one of whom was McClellan. He is repeatedly mentioned in connection with the corps as exhibiting consummate patience and ability. His company never once lost its discipline, and performed some of the most toilsome duties of the war under very trying circumstances.—General Totten makes especial mention of the labors performed by McClellan before Vera Cruz. He speaks of him as "animating his corps by his own devotion and zeal," of "the unsurpassed intelligence and zeal with which he took his share in the direction of the siege."

At Conteras, McClellan was selected with another engineer to reconnoitre the strong breastworks of the enemy. They had their horses shot under them, and barely escaped capture by the Mexican pickets. When the action commenced McClellan was with Magruder's battery. While it was still doing splendid service, its commander, Callender, was wounded. McClellan immediately took command of it, and managed it until it was entirely disabled, with such success as to sustain all its previous reputation. Gen. Twiggs immediately presented his name for promotion, to General Winfield Scott, and, after showing consummate bravery in the action of Churubusco, which took place next day, he was brevetted first lieutenant. In the next battle, Molino del Rey, his behavior was so gallant that he was elevated to a captaincy. He declined to receive it, and continued lieutenant on the day of Chapultepec, when Gen. Scott mentioned him as "winning the admiration of all about him." He was the first to enter the Alameda with a company which he commanded, and during the day of the assault repulsed a body of Mexicans greatly outnumbering his own corps, with a loss of twenty to the enemy.

He continued in active service from the commencement of his company's organization until General Scott occupied the city of Mexico. He returned from the war with the rank of captain, and the command of the company, now greatly augmented, of sappers, miners and pontoniers. Between 1848 and 1851 he translated from the French a manual of bayonet exercise, which has become the text book of the army.

In 1851 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware. In 1852 he explored the Red River, under Captain Marcy, and surveyed the harbors and rivers of Texas as senior engineer on the staff of General Persifer Smith.

In 1853 McClellan was employed on the survey to ascertain the best route for a railroad between the Mississippi and the Pacific—also in the exploration of the

forty-seventh and fifty-ninth parallels of north latitude. His report gained the commendation of Jeff. Davis, then Secretary of War.

For three years more McClellan was variously employed. After executing a secret service commission in the West Indies, and receiving a commission in the United States Cavalry, he was appointed one of a military commission of three officers to proceed to the Crimea and Northern Russia, for observation on the conflict then existing, and his report on "The Organization of European Armies, and the Operations of the War," is thought by army officers a most valuable work.

In 1857 he resigned his position in the army, the peaceful condition of the country seeming to demand his services no longer, to take a place in the management of the Illinois Central Railroad as its vice-president and chief engineer. After three years of work upon that road he became general superintendent of the Ohio and Mississippi line. He was acting on that post when the rebellion broke out. Governor Curtin, with his peculiar sagacity and knowledge of men, and still recognizing him as a citizen of Pennsylvania, applied to him to undertake the organization of the volunteer force of that state; but he had previously accepted a similar offer from Ohio. In the assembling of the forces of the latter state, and in placing them upon an efficient war footing, he exhibited so much of that determination and originality which had characterized his former services in Mexico, that he was appointed Major General in the United States army, with the command of a department, which included Ohio and western Virginia. Since that time his record is not history—it is the present.

#### HOW McCLELLAN BECAME SUCCESSOR OF GENERAL SCOTT.

We have heard many inquiries made how it was that General McClellan became the Commander-in-Chief upon the resignation of Gen. Scott from active service. It occurred in this wise. At the outset of the rebellion we had but two Major Generals, Winfield Scott and David Twiggs, the former of whom, by virtue of his seniority, was the Commander-in-Chief. The title of Lieutenant General, conferred on Scott by Congress, gave him no additional command, but increase of dignity and higher pay and rations were attached to it. He was the oldest Major General, and as such was the Commander-in-Chief of our forces. Twiggs, on account of his defection to the South, was dismissed from the army. A new batch of Major Generals were created shortly after the war broke out, consisting of McClellan, Fremont, Dix and Banks. Of these, McClellan's commission was first issued, which made him the oldest Major General next to Scott, and Commander-in-Chief upon his retirement. Had McClellan never resigned, but continued in the regular service, he could hardly have been higher than Major, and probably not higher than Captain. His resignation was lucky for him, for it gave him a chance to come in ahead of Wool, Harney, Hunter and the old Brigadier Generals who have been in the service for thirty or forty years.

### Port Royal.

FACTS ABOUT AND HISTORY OF THE LOCALITY.

Port Royal is fifteen miles northeast from the entrance of Savannah river, and is perhaps the most important point on the Atlantic coast of all the Southern States which border upon that sea for the purpose of a hostile visit.

The entrance itself is an inlet from the Atlantic, in latitude thirty-two degrees eight minutes north, fifty miles southwest of Charleston, and fifty miles northeast of Tybee Inlet, the entrance of Savannah river. The opening from the Atlantic is between Edding Island and Hilton Head Island, and at that point is about three miles wide. The prolongation inward of Port Royal entrance is called Broad river and Port Royal river. Running up this for about twenty-five miles, bending off eastward through the Coosaw river, and coming out to the Atlantic again through St. Helena Sound, you have an irregular area of about twenty-five miles by fifteen. This amphibious region is cut up by numerous rivers, creeks, and inlets into a great many islands (Sea Islands) of various sizes, the chief of which are Port Royal, St. Helena, Paris, Ladies, Coosaw, Morgan, Bathaw, Edding, Chaplin, Prentiss, and Hunting.

Along the coast of South Carolina, as of North Carolina and Georgia, stretches a low and narrow sand-bar—a kind of defensive outwork to the land—seldom inhabited except by lost Indians and runaway negroes, who subsist by hunting and fishing. At distant intervals there are shallow breaches through which the quiet tide steals twice a day, swelling the nat-

ural lagoons and damming the outlet of the fresh water stream till the current is destroyed and turned back, and their flood dispersed far and wide over the debatable land of the Cypress Swamp.—Then, when the heavy rains in the interior have swollen the rivers, their eddy currents deposit all along the edges of the sandy islands and capes the rich freights they have brought from the calcareous or granite mountains in which they rise, with the organic waste of the great forests through which they flow. This is the soil of the rice and cotton plantations, which are always found in such parts of the tidal swamps adjoining the mainland or the sandy islands as are left nearly dry at the ebb of the water.

The region around Port Royal entrance and island has a strange, eventful, and romantic history. It was, in fact, the first settled spot on the coast of North America. How interesting, in view of our expedition, to read the story of another expedition to the same locality just three hundred years ago! The first colony was sent out by Admiral Coligny, a zealous Protestant, and then one of the Ministers of the Crown, who, at the time of the war between the French Protestants and the Catholics, obtained permission of Charles IX. to plant a colony of Potestants in Florida—a name then applied also to a great part of the Southern coast. Command of two vessels was accordingly given to Jean Ribault, "a man expert in sea causes," and in the spring of 1562 he landed on the Florida coast. Sailing northward, he discovered several rivers, which, from "the fairness and largeness of its harbor," he called the Port Royal river. The old chronicler, Laudoniere, who accompanied the expedition, describes the scene in glowing colors. Splendid forests, shores festooned with rich grape clusters, birds of brilliant plumage, stags and deer in the luxuriant savannahs. As the commander cast his eye across the waters of the beautiful river before him, says Laudoniere, and measured the breadth of its mouth and the depth of its soundings, he persuaded himself that "all the argosies of Venice could ride upon its bosom." Accordingly, upon the island a few miles up Port Royal river he erected, it is said, on the very spot where the town of Beaufort now stands, a pillar, with the arms of France, and in a few days after built a fort, which, in honor of his King, Charles IX, he called Charles Fort—*Fort Carolina*—from which circumstances the country took the name of Carolina. Ribault reminded the Colonists that they were now occupants of a "vast country, filled with every goodly promise, where every man was to be honored, not for his birth or fortune, but on account of his own personal achievements." Thus it was on that very spot that, for the first time, three hundred years ago, on the North American coast, the flag of a civilized colony might be seen by the approaching mariner. But this first French colony did not flourish, and after sending out another to the same locality, the French, in 1569, gave up all idea of making settlements.

It was almost a century after this before the English began to colonize around Port Royal. Early in the seventeenth century, Lord Cadross led a colony from Scotland, and settled at Port Royal; but this place, claiming, from an agreement with the Lords Proprietaries, co-ordinate authority with the Governor and Grand Council of Charleston, it was compelled, with circumstances of outrage, to acknowledge submission.

In 1670, William Sayle was sent out as Governor, and in his letter of instructions he was told to "cause all the people at Port Royal to swear allegiance to our sovereign Lord the King, and subscribe fidelity to the proprietors and the form of government established by them."

With regard to the capabilities of Port Royal, an English writer spoke of it as follows: "The whole royal navy might ride with safety in Port Royal harbor.—Its situation renders it an excellent station for a squadron of ships in time of war."

A glance at the map will show that a more vulnerable spot for striking at the rebels could not be selected. On either hand lie Georgia and South Carolina, with their capitals, Charleston and Savannah, the hotbeds of Secession. The communication between the cities would be seized, the distance between the two cities being 104 miles, and a force moving up the waters from Beaufort would strike the road at Pocolago, fifty-five miles from Charleston and forty-nine from Savannah, by which means Charleston or Savannah could be taken on the rear. The forts and batteries of both harbors would thus be rendered useless as defences to their respective cities.

California is the only State that casts a heavier vote this year than last.