

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, OCTOBER 31, 1861.

NUMBER 6.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

| Post Offices. | Post Masters. | Districts. |
|----------------|--------------------|-------------|
| Beno's Creek. | Joseph Graham. | Blacklick. |
| Bevel Station. | William M. Jones. | Carroll. |
| Carrolltown. | Dani. Litzinger. | Chest. |
| Chess Springs. | John J. Troxell. | Wasbint'n. |
| Cresson. | John Thompson. | Ebensburg. |
| Ebensburg. | Isaac Thompson. | White. |
| Fallen Timber. | J. M. Christy. | Gallitzin. |
| Gallitzin. | Wm. M'Gough. | Washt'n. |
| Homelock. | I. E. Chandler. | Johnst'n. |
| Johnstown. | F. Shields. | Loretto. |
| Loretto. | E. Wissingner. | Conem'gh. |
| Mineral Point. | A. Durbin. | Munster. |
| Munster. | Francis Clement. | Conem'gh. |
| Pershing. | Andrew J. Ferral. | Susq'han. |
| Plattsville. | G. W. Bowman. | White. |
| Roseland. | Wm. Ryan, Sr. | Clearfield. |
| St. Augustine. | George Conrad. | Richland. |
| Scalp Level. | B. M'Colgan. | Washt'n. |
| Sommer. | Wm. Murray. | Croyle. |
| Sommerhill. | Miss M. Gillespie. | Washt'n. |
| Summit. | Morris Keil. | S'mmerhill. |
| Wilmore. | | |

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, 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 6 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. SNOW, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. G. GOSLEY, 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.
Wesleyan 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 2 and 6 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. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAELS.

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, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 6 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.

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

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at 8.33 A. M.
" Fast Line " " 9.07 P. M.
" Mail Train " " 8.02 P. M.

East—Express Train " " 3.42 A. M.
" Fast Line " " 7.30 P. M.
" Mail Train " " 9.45 A. M.

[*The Fast Line West does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lyle.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

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

Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. M'Coy.

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

Door House Directors—David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire, Jacob Horner.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

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.

Assessors—David J. Evans.

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

Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.

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—Mehane Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

The ALLEGHANIAN—\$1.50 in advance.

Select Poetry.

Patriotism.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

I had spent a night in a stage, a day in the saddle, a night in a sleeping car, half a day doing business, half a day in bed, and was, after supper, enjoying a cigar and a newspaper, in the reading room of the R—House in F—, Indiana. The newspaper was uninteresting, or else I was rather sleepy—and I guess it was a little of both, so that I soon neglected it, to watch the fantastic curling of the smoke from my fine flavored Principe. I didn't feel much like talking, and felt still less like reading; but I did feel as if I would like exceedingly well to hear a good story.

I had barely come to this conclusion and commenced wishing for some one of my acquaintances to amuse me until the time was up for the train, which was to take me to G—, when I recognized in the person who sat next to me, a fellow traveler in the sleeping car of the night before.

He was a very agreeable looking little man, with a clear, gray eye, light hair, sandy whiskers and smiling mouth. Indeed he had so much the appearance of the man that I would like to hear tell a story, that I thought Dame Fortune had smiled upon me, when he recognized me with a genial:

"How dy'de do, Stranger?"

I returned his salutation, and asked him some common-place question about how he had enjoyed the ride we took together.

He said something in reply about the running being too fast for the poor track, and from this the conversation ran upon fast traveling in general for some time.—At last I remarked that sixty miles an hour was the most speedy traveling that I had ever done. Whereupon my friend informed me, with a pleasant but knowing smile, that he had traveled considerable faster than that, and, in fact, faster than he had ever heard of, beside.

Of course I was anxious to know where when and how he had done it; and after the modest assurance that he feared his tale would not be interesting, my friend relieved my anxiety by relating the following story:

"I am a railroad engineer. In fifty-seven, during the great panic, I was running on the F. & C. R. R. The railroad companies were growing tender in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures; and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was looked upon as one of the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any great fear that it would fail to survive the general smash up. But yet I did not fully share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down; arrears collected; and a great many other little matters seemed to indicate to me that the road had got into rather deeper water than was agreeable, all around. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the Spring, that the company had ordered four first quality Taunton engines for the Fall passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition, and other preparations were made, to cut down the time, and put the trains through quicker than was ever known before, when the new engines should come. Well, there was but one of the new engines came.

"I said there was but one engine came, and she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out at the Taunton Works. And this is as much as could be said in praise of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine.

It was Saturday when she came out of the shop, and I was to take a special train up to Y—. The train was to carry up the president, and several of the other officers of the road, to meet some officers of another road which crossed ours there, and arrange some important business with them. I had no trouble at all, making forty miles an hour going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully.—

We were just holding up at Y—, when Aldrich, the treasurer, who had come out on the platform to put the brake on, slipped and fell. As we were yet under good headway, he was very much injured, and was carried to the hotel insensible.

"According to the president's directions, I switched off my train, turned my engine, and stood ready to start back to C— at a moment's notice.

"Aldrich's presence was of so much importance, that the business could not be transacted without him. So all those I had brought out, except the president and Aldrich, went back to C—, on the three o'clock express train. This was the last regular train which was to pass over the road until the following Monday.

"Early in the evening, I left the machine in charge of my fireman, and went over to an eating house, to see if I could not spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was taking a game of dominoes with the station agent, when in came Roberts, the president, in great excitement.

"Harry," said he to me, "I want you to put me down in C—at 12 o'clock."

"As it was near 11 o'clock, and the distance was seventy-five miles, I thought he was joking at first; but when we got outside the door, he caught me by the arm, and hurried me along so fast that I saw he was in earnest.

"Harry," said he, "if you don't set me down in C— by twelve o'clock, I am a ruined man, and this road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead; but he told me before he died, that he had embezzled from time to time fifty thousand dollars of our money; and his clerk is to start on the 12 o'clock boat, from C—to Canalia. If we don't have that money on Monday morning, to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands, and if you put me down in C— at the right time, so that I save the money, you shall have five thousand dollars. Understand it, Harry? Five thousand dollars!"

"Of course, I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down; I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road if I lived, and told Roberts so.

"See that you do it, Harry," he replied, as he climbed up the steps of the coach which was coupled to my engine.

"I sprang up into the foot-board, got up the switch tender to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and, just as she commenced moving, I looked at my watch—it was just eleven o'clock, so that I had one hour to make my seventy-five miles in.

"From Y—to C— there were few curves in the road; but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it, so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter; and when I saw how the engine was moving I felt very little fear of the result.

"The road, for the first few miles, was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with a scarcely perceptible jar. I was so busy posting myself up, as to the amount of wood and water aboard, etc., that we dined by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having been five minutes out, and having five miles accomplished.

"You are losing time!" yelled a voice from the coach. I looked around, and there stood Roberts with his watch in his hand.

"I knew very well that we should have to increase our speed by some means, if we carried out our plans of reaching C— by midnight, and looked anxiously around to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at one hundred and ten pounds, so I turned down the valve to two hundred, for I knew she needed it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C—.

"It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed to be a rather long curve, at the station, but which was, at our high speed, short enough, I looked at my watch, and we had done it in two minutes and a half.

"Gaining," I shouted back to Roberts, who was standing outside on the platform of the coach.

"Look out for the heavy grades," he replied, and went inside the car.

"The next six miles rose gradually from a level, the first, to ten and a half feet grade, the last which lay between us and the next station. My fireman kept her full; and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red and the steam raised continually, so that she kept her speed, and passed the station like a streak of light, in five minutes.

"Now came nine miles like the last, over which she kept pace with her time and passed the station in seven minutes.

"Here, for ten miles, we had a twenty foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would have to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around and saw him filling the tender from the coach, with wood which had been placed there before starting, while he was gone after me.

"I believe he would have made his ten miles at the same speed as before; but through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain-valve, on the left hand side of the engine, got opened, and the water rose in the boiler, so far as to run the steam down to one hundred points, before I discovered where the difficulty lay.

"At first Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as if for dear life. But presently he looked up and seeing that the speed had decreased, he shouted:

"Harry, we are stopping!"

"And then coming over to where I was, he said:

"Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand, if something is not done. The speed is continually slackening. What is the matter?"

"I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and after having tied down the safety valve, he climbed back over the tender, exhorting me to put her through, for God's sake, or we are beggars together!

"Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road, and we had lost nearly ten minutes time, and had left only twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-four miles in.

"I had shut the water off both my pumps a little back, where I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam finely down a slight grade. From less than one hundred, with which we started over that ten miles' stretch she had two hundred before we finished it; and as the gage indicated no higher than that, and the valve was tied down, I could not tell how much over two hundred she carried, but she certainly carried none less the rest of the journey. And well might she carry such an enormous head of steam; for after passing over that ten miles in eight minutes, there lay ten miles of a five feet up grade, and fourteen miles of twenty-to-the-mile depression between us and C—, and it was now eleven o'clock and forty-seven minutes.

"Now the engine was hot in earnest.—The furnace-door, smoke-arch and chimney, all were red; while she seemed to fly onward as if the very evil one himself operated her machinery.

"Six minutes carried us over that ten miles, and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C—. Now we had fourteen miles to go, and my time showed eleven o'clock and fifty-three minutes.

"If I live," said I to myself, "I will make it," and we plunged down the twenty feet grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run, say that it was so soon after they heard the first sound of her approach, when the strange object, which looked as if it was a flame of fire, darted by, and then the sound of its traveling died away in the distance, that they could hardly convince themselves that they had seen anything. It seemed more like a creature of a wild dream than a sober reality.

"And now let me tell you that no engineer ever beat the time we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels, eleven feet in diameter, spun round so swiftly that you couldn't begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along, and although the track was as true as it could be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine would hold together if crowded to a greater speed.

"Well, just as I came to a stand at the depot in C—, the big clock boomed out twelve, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time and nothing to spare.

"And he saved the money, did he?" I asked, when I saw that my friend had finished his story.

"Yes; he found it hid away in some old boxes, as Aldrich had directed."

"If you are a passenger for G—," said the waiter, the 'bus' is ready."

So I thanked my friend for his story, and bade him goodbye.

We say to young ladies:—"As you prize your beauty, as you value your future prospects, go to bed early. Look at Cinderella. Whenever she went to a ball, she was bitten by her godmother to leave off precisely at twelve. And what was her reward? Why she married a Prince!—Punch.

Senator Baker.

THE COLONEL OF THE CALIFORNIA REGIMENT: HIS EVENTFUL LIFE AND UNTIMELY DEATH.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer, Oct. 23.

The country will be profoundly affected by the intelligence that the Hon. E. D. Baker, Senator from Oregon, Colonel of the California Regiment recruited in this city, and commander of a brigade mostly made up of Philadelphia regiments, was killed in battle yesterday, near Leesburg, Virginia, while gallantly leading his men into the fight. A more noble and patriotic statesman and soldier did not live, and it is a sad, sad task to chronicle his untimely death.

Senator Baker's life has been almost a romance. He is an old Philadelphian, and of Quaker lineage. His ancestors were English Friends. Col. Baker himself was born in England, but was brought to Philadelphia when an infant, where he, with a younger brother, were left orphans soon after their arrival.

This calamity left them no resource but to work their way through the world with their own hands. For a while young Baker, the present Senator, worked as a hand-loom weaver in a small manufacturing establishment near Thirteenth and South streets, where the loom upon which he labored is still standing. It is likely, now, to become an object of interest. Before he reached manhood, he paid some attention to the study of the law, and left Philadelphia for the Great West. His purse being light, he and his younger brother crossed the Alleghenies, and went through Ohio and Indiana, all the way on foot, until they reached the Wabash river, which they descended in a canoe, and at last found themselves on the broad prairies of Illinois. In this State, Col. Baker took up the study of the law in a regular way, and soon made for himself a name, even at the bar of Springfield, where he met—sometimes as colleagues and sometimes as adversaries—both the deceased Douglas and President Lincoln.

Being of active mind, he took part in the politics of Illinois, but as he was a Whig, and in a strongly Democratic State, he did not appear in public life until 1845, when he was elected to Congress. Shortly after this, the Mexican War having occurred, he raised a regiment in his State and went out to re-enforce General Taylor. Returning home as a bearer of despatches, after several months' service on the Rio Grande, he resumed his seat in Congress, but almost immediately resigned and rejoined his regiment. He participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, and in the bloody struggle at Cerro Gordo, and after General Shields received his apparently mortal wound at the latter battle, Colonel Baker took command of the brigade.

After the war was over, Col. Baker was again elected to Congress from Illinois, where he served with distinction during the sessions of 1849 and 1850. In pursuance of a contract with the Panama Railroad Company, he raised, equipped and led to the Isthmus four hundred men, with whom he surveyed and cleared much of the track of that important highway. Here, in common with many of his laborers, he was seized with the deadly Panama fever, and nearly lost his life. He returned to Illinois with both health and fortune impaired, and in 1852 went with his family to California. In San Francisco Col. Baker soon took a front rank in his profession of the law, and acquired a most lucrative practice. His fame as a lawyer and orator penetrated every part of that remarkable State. But he was famous also as an orator, and his panegyric of Broderick, over the body of the murdered Senator, is said to have been one of the grandest exhibitions of fervid eloquence ever seen or heard on this continent.

But little more than a year ago, the spirit of progress being in full vigor in his breast, Col. Baker removed to Oregon.—His character and fame had preceded him, and almost immediately after his arrival, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for six years. True to his instincts as a patriot, he a second time, under almost similar circumstances, laid aside the robes of the legislator for the armor of the soldier.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, he raised a regiment called the California Regiment, mostly enlisted in this city. Subsequently, he added another battalion to it, also of Philadelphians. Not satisfied with this, he undertook to organize a brigade, which he successfully accomplished out of several Philadelphia regiments. It was at the head of one of these that he yesterday lost his life, falling in defense of his country's life and honor.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PRESENTMENT.

Mr. George Wilkes, in a biographical sketch of Col. Baker, published in the New York Tribune, gives the following

characteristic reminiscence of the departed hero:

"It was our good fortune to know Col. Baker well, and we had the honor to entertain him as our guest at dinner, on an afternoon in the month of August last.—On that occasion, when we expressed (in view of the recent disaster at Manassas) a natural concern as to the department of his troops, he said: 'Wilkes, I have some peculiar notions as to the part I am destined to play in this extraordinary war; and I want you to bear in mind that what I now say to you is not the result of any idle fancy or vague impression. It is doubtful if I shall ever again take my seat in the Senate!' To the look of surprise which I turned upon him at this expression he replied, 'I am certain I shall not live through this war, and if my troops should show any want of resolution, I shall fall in the first battle. I cannot afford, after my career in Mexico, and as a Senator of the United States, to turn my face from the enemy!' There was no gloom or depression in his manner, but it was characterized by a temperate earnestness which made a deep impression on my mind.

"Lo! before October has shed its leaves, his sword lies upon his pulseless breast, and his toga has become the cerements of the grave.

"Good friend! brave heart! gallant leader! hail and farewell!"

HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF A HERO.

The following General Order was issued, at Harrisburg, immediately on receipt of the intelligence of the death of Colonel Baker:

"It is with great pain that the Governor and Commander-in-Chief has learned of the death of Col. Edward D. Baker, upon the field of battle. Although not a citizen of Pennsylvania, he had been elected by many of her sons as their commander, and he met his death while gallantly leading them into action. The same feeling which inspired his soldiers to regard no State lines when our common country was in danger induced the Commander-in-Chief to recognize him, while living, as a Pennsylvania soldier, and impels him now that he is dead to bear public testimony to his gallantry and worth.

"By command of A. G. CURTIS."

A Veteran Soldier.

Among the men enlisted with Capt. Williams, of the regular infantry, in Johnston, is an old soldier who has already seen nineteen years and three months service—having served nine years in the British service, ten in the United States service, and three months in the recent volunteer service as a member of the band of the 3d regiment of volunteers from this State. He has also four sons enlisted in the United States service—two in Col. Campbell's Cambria County Regiment and two in Capt. Williams' Company.—The name of this veteran soldier is Elisha C. Bennett. He is over 45 years of age, and last week married a second wife half his age, who will accompany him in the campaign upon which he will soon enter.

During his term of service in the British army he visited the West Indies and Canada. His first enlistment in the U.S. service—from 1839 to 1844—was spent principally in Maine and Rhode Island, at Newport Barracks. During his second term he passed through the Mexican war, in Gen. Taylor's division of the army, participating in all old Zach's battles, from Palo Alto to Buena Vista, and received his discharge at Newport Barracks, Kentucky, in 1849. His entire nineteen years and a quarter's service was put in as a musician, but he entered the public service for the fifth time as a private in the ranks. We are pleased to say, however, that since his enlistment with Capt. Williams he has been assigned the position of 2d Sergeant, and will remain among us for some weeks yet on recruiting service for the Company. We question whether a similar instance of faithful and persevering public service and devoted patriotism can be found in the land, even in this most prolific era of patriotic examples. Pass around the name of Elisha C. Bennett—the man who has already given nine years to the country of his birth, ten to that of his adoption, and now gives himself, wife and four sons for three years more to the support of the government.—Cambria Tribune.

Three important points have been effectually gained already this month by the Union forces, viz: The Big Kanawha Valley and the whole of Western Virginia have been cleared of rebels; Kentucky is no longer a question of doubt, and the rebel hordes in Missouri, according to all accounts from that quarter, are demoralized and in full flight.

Man without money is poor; man without anything else is poorer still.