

The Alleghanian.

BOLINGER & HUTCHINSON,

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

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

EBENSBURG PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1859.

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Western, " " 11 " P. M.
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SELECT POETRY.

An Ode to a Strawberry.

BY A FELLOW WHAT WENT TO THE FESTIVAL.

Hale strawberry! doant blush so, modest frute,
Because, I speke to yer. Your appearance is
Decidedly seady; are you out of kash?
If so speake. I have a dime a solematary dime,
Here in my vest—we'l "lager."
Frute thou excitest my admyrashun! Thou
makest one
To think on the green fields, and how I like
Tu place thi wurthy progeneters, who like the
Good of arth, full filled thar destiny,
A lass, a lass! those days have gorn,
No moar I roam a bare fat boy among
The tangled grass—feering big dogs & furious
farmers
But am hyved among brik walls, and awl the
grass
I see on the square—whar onst yer ancisturs
Did dwell. But like the aboriginal salvages
Tha have witted before the face of civilization,
Nun ever being left tu tell thar tail!
Frute, you are cultivated, and the seedy, I per-
ceive
Yur rich, butt soft, exseedingly soft.
Pepecream and sugar yu andt talk you in egre-
jously.
If you was moar gritty, or had moar vinegar
Yude live longer, but wudent be so well likt
Bi the girls, who air all in in luv with yu.
They get up festivals in honor of thar komin.
And maik the counterhoppers and fellers shel
out
Mity free befour thar gals, and sware when
they
Git home in thurd story bed rumes, thinkin
how
Haf a months wages is busted to smash
But i must stop solillierquin. Strawberry,
Yure my victim.

ORIGINAL STORY.

Sporting Adventure.

BY ALFRED JINGLE, ESQUIRE.

I had come to the deliberate conclusion that I was, in the true sense of the term, a "sportsman"—none of your cockney articles, however, who, once a year, makes a trip to the country for the purpose of trying to deal out death and destruction to the denizens of the forest, be they deer or chip-munk, wild turkey or blue-bird; neither one of those milk-and-water hunters who occasionally make an incursion into the woods to "shoot squirrels" or "bag pigeons," and, by chance, returning with a dozen or so, immediately lay claim to the appellation of "sportsman"—but one, in the definition of Webster, "skilled in the sports of the field." That was my opinion.

Certain it is, I could always bring in my quota of canvass-backs, pheasants or squirrels, and in piscatorial efforts was hardly excelled by famous Old Isaac Walton. But I was yet to learn, as the sequel will show, some lessons in a branch of sporting unknown to me, as, perhaps, to many of my readers.

I had, in my country experience, heard a great deal about the fun attendant on "coon-hunting," so I concluded to be one of a party of young 'uns who had determined to flesh their maiden swords in the art and mystery aforesaid.

It is presumable everybody knows these expeditions take place at night, the rendezvous being a corn-field in the vicinity of a woods. There is a barbarous method of slaughtering these little animals, namely, by closing the means of ingress, and then cutting down the trees in which they lodge; but such system could only be properly carried into effect by the first-named marauders.

True to the infallible workings of the laws of Nature, the night of our great expedition at last arrived. All our arrangements having been previously made—our double-barrels and rifles put in order, a liberal supply of eatables and drinkables provided, and two dogs pressed into the service—we started. The dogs were not exactly such as a skillful hunter would prefer for the service in view, the "leader" being something like a cross between a bull-dog and a wolf, having all the obstinacy of the former coupled with the untrustworthiness of the latter, his only redeeming feature being his evident desire to return home, showing him to be a respectable cur not given to the evil of night-running; while the other, a small spaniel, was decidedly the reverse, being so unambiguously friendly as never to leave my heels after starting, except when beaten off—but, being about the best in the market, had to answer.

We had been informed that the best place for the game in question was about five miles from town, consequently, after a walk of about an hour and a half, we arrived at the wished-for locality. Our

party consisted of six individuals, so, to extend our field of usefulness, we resolved to divide into two parties, of three each,—one under the leadership of Joe Smith, a sportsman of no mean renown; the other, consisting of Jerry Robinson and Gus Stanley, under my direction.

After reviving our energies by sundry deep-drawn draughts from a black bottle, erroneously supposed to contain water, we took our respective stations; but for several hours saw nothing to justify us in arriving at the conclusion that "coon were very plenty out at Jones' corn-field, by the Five-Mile Run," and were almost prepared to dispute the applicability of our situation of that good old promise, "Seek and you shall find;" but our patience, as will be more fully shown in the subsequent portions of this veracious epitome of the history of that night's adventures, was well rewarded.

We had sat and talked, and talked and smoked, and smoked and "smiled," for about four hours, on a rough calculation, when Jerry, after numerous injunctions to "keep cool," prefixed by the assurance that "he'd fix him," proceeded to direct my particular attention to the fact that he saw a 'coon.

He pointed it out to me; and, sure enough, there *was* a 'coon; but, unfortunately for my expectation of distinguishing myself by a crack shot, Gus, spying it at almost the same moment, fired at it.—He had, in consequence of not being able to procure a better gun, a remarkably antiquated musket, whose day of usefulness was supposed to have been prior to the Revolution, and had made no allowance for rust and other serious inconveniences incident to ancient guns. The effect of this, after putting in a load to "carry a pretty good distance," was to knock him off the fence where he was sitting, and otherwise disturb his equilibrium. It is needless to add that he missed the 'coon.

Leaving him to pick himself up as soon as circumstances would permit, away we went helter skelter after the 'coon, the leader giving mouth loud enough to scare all the animals within half a mile into convulsions. After an intensely interesting race of about a mile, through bogs and ditches, up hills and down hollows, over logs and through brush-piles, the 'coon under consideration suddenly stopped in its mad career, and immediately after changed its course,—that is to say, instead of being the pursued, became the pursuer.

I had heard a great deal of the ferocity of all animals when closely pressed, but this was more than I ever expected to see. The use of our guns was suddenly forgotten in the panic that immediately seized upon us, and, by common consent, we took the back-track, faster, if possible, than we came—making time which would do no discredit to Flora Temple—the 'coon in the meantime pursuing and rapidly gaining on us.

I repeated all the prayers I had ever learned, beginning at "Now I lay me down to sleep," and going through; and made many resolutions for the better, (to be carried into effect if I was spared,) for the various incidents of my life rushed through my mind with overwhelming force, displaying not much to soothe one in expectation of instant death, for I had never before seen a 'coon, and knew nothing of their nature.

Jerry had got separated from me in the beginning of the return trip, so I was obliged to fight it out alone.

Everything must have an end—so had my "race for life." In my swift career, I chanced to plout right into a mud-puddle, where, in spite of my endeavors to the contrary, I stuck. Then I thought all was over with me, but I struggled round resolved to face my deadly foe.

Oh, the agony of those moments, as there I stood, unable to fight, or as before, run for my life!

The animal was within a rod of me!

At this critical juncture I bethought myself of my rifle, which all this time I had carried with me. To raise, aim and fire was the work of a moment. I then closed my eyes, and commenced reciting my prayers again.

When I had finished my devotions, and once more opened my eyes on worldly things, I beheld the blood-thirsty creature stretched out at full length, dead as a door nail, not six feet from me. I felt considerably relieved when I perceived this, for I would have one trophy to show of my success, at all events, besides saving me from the other alternative of being made mince-meat of by it. To prevent such a catastrophe in the future, I added another resolution to the category aforementioned—never again to go 'coon-hunting.

I then set about gathering up the details of my miraculous escape to tell to my companions, as also to manufacture an account of the way in which I came to be

mad-died, for I knew they would come up on hearing the report of my gun.

But they didn't come as soon as I expected—in fact I thought they would never come. I felt that it would be a dreadful thing, after my providential escape, to be left to perish ingloriously in a mud-puddle—not ending my days in a hand-to-hand encounter with the foe, and, like Emerson Bennet's heroes, nobly giving up my existence in defence of man's prerogative of shooting game and injins, or covering myself with glory, and becoming a great and good man, loved by many and respected by all—but being smothered in a mud-puddle! I yelled and hallooed until I could do so no more. A coldness came creeping over me; my faculties became benumbed, and my mind wandered. I thought I was dead; so, to settle the matter satisfactorily, I concluded to pinch myself on the arm, which I did so effectively that it elicited a tremendous yell, and an exclamation greatly at variance with the pious resolves made a short while before.

But at last they came; and proceeded to pull me out of my unenviable resting-place. After regaining terra firma, I immediately picked up my now quiescent 'coon in order make a closer examination of him than I had done during our short acquaintance, when—"tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon"—the much-dreaded 'coon, from whose ravenous jaws my wonderful escape I was prepared to relate, on examination proved to be nothing more or nothing less than the smaller dog—the one which had manifested so much affection for me from the start of our journey—and who, having strayed away from the party soon after its arrival at the field, was returning to meet us when he was arrested in his course by Gus's shot, which, frightening him considerably, induced him to turn tail instanter! The balance is known.

I don't remember how we made home that night, but I do know that that last resolution has been faithfully adhered to. The damages for the killing of my canine friend was twenty-five dollars. Henceforth, in the category of "field sports" I except corn-fields.

SCHAMYL.—It is said that Schamyl, abandoned by his people, has been given up a prisoner of war to the Russians. Such is the gratitude of the Caucasians. At the age of sixty-two, after being for twenty-five years the victorious chieftain of the Caucasus and causing the deaths of at least half a million of Russians, he is at last surrendered with a baseness characteristic of the Asiatics in the hands of his life-long enemies. Schamyl was born in 1797, and nurtured in just those influences that were calculated to develop his extraordinary character. From early youth he is said to have been conspicuous for his strength of will and intensity of purpose and determination. His title among the Caucasians, it will be remembered was that of "Prophet and Priest." Schamyl appears on one occasion to have sworn fealty to the Emperor of Russia, but he looked upon the oath as a mere form, considering that no faith need be kept with the infidels.

SPECTACLES.—Dr. Johnson expressed his surprise that the inventor of spectacles was regarded with indifference, and found no biographer to celebrate his deeds. Deeds, however, there are none to celebrate; his very name is doubtful, and his life a blank. His invention is his history, and a history which merits attention for the information it conveys; 't' it is now too late to confer honor on the assemblage of letters which form the words Salvino and Spina. A monk, named Bivalto, in a sermon preached at Florence, in 1305, says that spectacles had been known about twenty years. This would place the invention in the year 1285, which coincides with the period when the reputed rivals for the honor flourished.

A late number of the London Illustrated Times, in commenting upon the approaching Presidential canvass, mentions, among other illustrious candidates, the names of "Wire and Bolts" (Wire and Bolts!) who, from the tenor of the article, the *Times* evidently think have the field to themselves, "Wire" having the advantage as yet, though "Bolts" appeared to be gaining on him.

Archdeacon Fisher, having preached an old sermon once, when he was not aware that Constable had heard it before, asked him how he liked it. "Very well, indeed, Fisher," replied Constable. "I always did like that sermon."

A young Tennessee girl married an entire stranger recently, alleging she should have plenty of time to become acquainted with him afterwards.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Serenading.

In my young days I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and somewhat celebrated for playing on the flute. Hence it was generally expected that when an invitation was extended, my flute would accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request.—The company appeared delighted; but more particularly so, was a young lady, who raised her hands and exclaimed it was beautiful, delightful, &c. I, of course, was highly delighted, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night. I started the next night in company with several young friends, and arrived, as I supposed at the lady's residence, but made a glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady, the moment I strike up the 'Last Rose of Summer.' I struck up, but the window remained closed, and the boys began to smile.

"Oh," said I, "that's nothing; it would not be in good taste, to raise the window on the first air."

I next struck up "Old Robin Gray."—Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more boys," said I, "and she must come." I struck up again—"My love is like the Red, red rose." Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys," said I, "she's a humbug. Let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and if that don't bring her, I'll give up."

We struck up, and as we finished the last line, the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys; I knew we could fetch her."

But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night-cap and dressing-gown.

"Friend," said he, "there was singing of thy home—and if I recollect right, thee said there was no place like home; and if that is true, why don't thee go to thy home? Thee is not wanted here—thee nor thy company. Farewell!"

We, and our bats, went home!

INSTINCT OF A CAT.—We have a near neighbor, and that neighbor has a cat, and that cat has had several litters of kittens during her day and generation; each litter consisting of triplets. On the discovery of each of these triple feline progenies, the family in which her catship resided were in the habit of destroying two of them, without leave or license. Puss was, of course, indignant, and changed her nursery, but to no purpose; her offspring were found and all but one unceremoniously despatched. Latterly she was observed in an unaccustomed place, nursing a single kit, which it was supposed, for the first time, constituted the whole brood. Thus matter stood for near three weeks, when it appeared that Mrs. Puss had outwitted all the humans of the household; for, having learned by sad experience that if discovered with the usual number, two of them must be sacrificed on the altar of domestic economy, she had early taken the precaution to carry off and deposit two of them under an old out-building, keeping the one and the two separate and apart, and nursing and caressing them alternately, day and night, as she was recollected to have been seen during all hours of both, going from one place to the other, until they had nearly arrived at the stature of cathod, when this clever trick of feline strategy was brought to light. Was this instinct, or reason?

PERUSING OLD PAPERS.—How depressing is the overlooking of old papers long locked up, and fled away, written many years ago, when the world was brighter and friends more numerous than now, before misfortune had dimmed the one, or death had snatched away the other! Nor are one's spirits made more cheerful, when some old document or letter transports us backward to a season of bereavement or sad mischance. The sunshine of the present is clouded by these reminiscences which produce in all their gloom the shadows of a former day. But when it happens, as is most commonly the fact that a day of darkness is selected for the melancholy review of past scenes, the sombre skies above us mingle their weeping with the tears of revived afflictions, and then a pall of darkest hue settles upon the mind. Beware of this; let no one unlock the trunk of old papers, especially such as concern the heart, except on a cloudless day—when the sun is shining in his meridian splendor.

The end of this column.

WITARD WISDOM.

Hungry men call the cook lazy.

Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is the least tide-y.

It has been said that to make home happy, the husband must be somewhat deaf, and the wife somewhat blind.

The statute legalizing matrimony at a certain age, is properly speaking, a *mar-i-time* law.

Why was Adam like a sugar planter? Because he first raised Cain.

Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, and two lovers after one gal.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw craps on the door the next morning."

"We wear short dresses and pants, or nothing," said the Bloomers in a late Convention. By all means, then, let them have their favorite costume.

What fades and what endures—Mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

A sailor who has recently returned from Newfoundland, says that the fog is so thick that he used to drive a nail in to hang his hat on.

Noah is thought to have had on board a supply of "Exterminator," from the fact that for nearly six weeks he was without seeing Ary-rat.

One of our modest exchanges speaks of a lady who was bitten by a dog "in a lower limb." What in the world is that?

Mrs. Partington insists that to be struck by lightning is *shocking*. Our in-sane reporter thinks that gathering sheaves of grain together in a harvest-field is more *shocking*.

A short time ago the following notice was stuck up at a tailor's window, near Manchester:—"Wanted, two apprentices; they will be treated as one of the family!"

"Ma, didn't the minister say, last Sunday, that sparks flew upward?" "Yes, dear; how came you to think of it?" "Because yesterday I saw cousin Sally's spark staggering down the street, and fall downward."

A young "buck," now-a-days, is curiously compounded; he has a *beaver* on his head, a *goatee* on his chin, *kids* on his hands, *calves* on his legs, (and *doe-skin* also,) casts *sheep's* eyes, and is looked upon by his *docting* duck as *deer* at any price.

"Come, don't be proud," said a couple of silly young roysters to two gentlemen; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "We should have to blow our brains out to do that," replied one of them.

Great men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was illustrated once by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position that all men are *not* "created free and equal." "Said he, "Only two men were created, and one of these was a *woman*."

"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to her hopeful son, just budding into breeches, "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie, "I've got some tobacco."

A married lady being asked to waltz, gave the following appropriate answer:

"No, thank you, sir—I have just as much hugging at home as I can attend to."

"My friend," remarked a sympathizing individual to the possessor of an inflamed ocular, "you've got a *sty* in your left eye."

"Yes," replied the other, looking sharply at the speaker, "and a hog in my right eye to put in it!"

Young ladies, if they know how disgusting to a man slovenliness is, and how attractive are displays of neatness and taste, would array themselves in the simplicity and cleanliness of the lilies of the field; or, if able to indulge in costly attire, they would study the harmonious blending of colors which nature exhibits in all her works.

A girl of good taste, and habits of neatness, can make a more fascinating toilet with a shilling calico dress, a few ribbons and laces, and such ornaments as she can gather from the garden, than a vulgar, tawdry creature who is worth millions, and has the jewelry and wardrobe of a princess.