The Alleghanian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON, PUBLISHERS.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

VOL. I. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1859. NO. 16.

"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	*Post Masters.*	*Districts.*
Bean's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Bethel Station,	Joseph S Mardis,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Beajamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Daul. Litzinger,	Chest.
Cresson,	John J. Troxell,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg.	M. C. M'Cague,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Glen Connell,	Joseph Gill,	Chest.
Hemlock,	Wm. M'Gough,	Washt'n.
Johnstown,	H. A. Boggs,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
Munster.	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Pershing.	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Plattsville,	Andrew J. Ferral	Susq'han.
Rraseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Joseph Moyer,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Seaman,	B. M'Colgan,	Washt'n.
Summerhill,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
Summit,	Miss M. Gillespie	Washt'n.
Wilmore,	Andrew Beck,	S'mmerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. Harbison, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 2 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. Shane, Preacher in charge. Rev J. M. Smith, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10½ 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.

Welch Independent—Rev. Ll. 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.

Catamaitic Methodist—Rev. John Williams, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 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. Wm. Lloyd, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. David Jenkins, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. Mitchell, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at	12½	o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at	12½	" A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at	6½	o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at	6½	" A. M.

☞ The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

☞ The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays 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		9.45 A. M.
" Mail Train,	"	8.48 P. M.
East—Express Train,	"	8.24 P. M.
" Mail Train,	"	10.00 A. M.
" Fast Line,	"	6.30 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary.—Joseph M'Donald.

Clerk to Prothonotary.—Robert A. M'Coy.

Register and Recorder.—Michael Hasson.

Deputy Register and Recorder.—John Scanlan.

Sheriff.—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm.

District Attorney.—Theophilus L. Heyer.

County Commissioners.—John Bearer, Abel Lloyd, David T. Storm.

Clerk to Commissioners.—George C. K. Zahm.

Counsel to Commissioners.—John S. Rhey.

Treasurer.—George J. Rodgers.

Poor House Directors.—William Palmer, David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire.

Poor House Treasurer.—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser.—Thomas M'Connell.

Auditors.—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobaugh, Henry Hawk.

County Surveyor.—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner.—Peter Dougherty.

Superintendent of Common Schools.—S. B. M'Cormick.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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

Burgess.—John D. Hughes.

Town Council.—Andrew Lewis, Joshua D. Parrish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M. L. Harr.

Clerk to Council.—James C. Noon.

Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.

Weigh Masters.—Davis & Lloyd.

School Directors.—M. C. M'Cague, A. A. Barker, Thomas M. Jones, Reese S. Lloyd, Edward Glass, William Davis.

Treasurer of School Board.—Evan Morgan.

Constable.—George Gurley.

Tax Collector.—George Gurley.

Assessor.—Richard T. Davis.

Judge of Election.—David J. Jones.

Inspectors.—David H. Roberts, Daniel O. Evans.

SELECT POETRY.

Beautiful Stanzas.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses will bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain
And the Summer sun and dew.

So in the hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom,
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.—

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring
Through the weary, weary time
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

An Adventure in the Cars.

There were five of us—yes, five as happy fellows as were ever let loose from college. It was vacation, and we concluded to take a trip to the Falls. We got aboard the cars at N—, and were soon traveling very rapidly toward our destination.

We had just seated ourselves, and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, and who should it be but our old friend Fred B—. After the common salutations—"How are you, old fellow," etc.,—had passed, Fred said he had some business for us to attend to.

"Out with it, old chum," said we; "anything at all will be acceptable; so let's have it."

"Well, boys," said Fred, in a very confidential tone, "in that next car there is as 'lovin'' a pair as it was ever my lot to see. They are going down to H— to get married, and now if you can have any fun over it, just pitch in. They must be cared for, and I don't know who can do it better than you."

In a moment Fred was gone, and we set our heads together to form a plan for 'taking care of the lovyers.'

"I have it, boys,' said Bill Seevers, "we must make the girl think her lover is a married—"

"That's it, Bill, that's it," said we, not giving him time to finish the sentence.

"That he is a married man, and the father of children," said Bill.

"That's the game, boys; now let us play it."

It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly, I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. Sure enough, there they were.—The girl, thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, had taken a seat on his knees; and he, for the purpose of protecting her, of course, had thrown his arm around her waist; and so they sat, in real soft lovers' style.

All this I gathered at a glance. Stepping up to them, I said:

"Why, Jones, what in the deuce are you doing with this girl?"

The girl arose hastily, and seated herself on the seat.

"See here, stranger,' said the fellow, "you're a mite mistaken; my name ain't Jones; it's Harper. It never was Jones; 'tain't a goin' to be, nuther."

I merely shook my head, and passed on to another seat to see the rest of the fun. The girl looked 'wild' after I sat down; but Jones *alias* Harper soon convinced her that I was mistaken.

About the time they got to feeling right well, in came Elliot Gregg. Walking up to Harper, he accosted him with:

"Why, Jones, you here? How did you leave your wife and babies?"

"Now, see here, stranger, you ain't the fust man that's called me Jones to-day, an' I reckon I must look awfully like him; but I ain't Jones, an' more'n that, you mustn't call me Jones. I'hain't got a wife, nor babies either; but this ere gal an' me is goin' to splice, an' then you can talk about my wife, and I wouldn't wonder but what, in the course of time, you might talk about the babies, too; but you mustn't call me Jones!"

This retort brought forth vociferous laughter from the spectators, and it also brought blushes to the face of the 'gal as was goin' to be spliced.'

"Ah, Jones," said Gregg, "you will regret this in the future. I pity your wife and children, and this poor girl."

"So, Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones, is it? an' you've been foolin' me, have you? Well, we ain't spliced yet, an' I don't think we will be soon," said the girl, and her eyes fairly flashed fire.

"Jane, Jane," said Harper, "don't you know I'm Bill Harper? Thar ain't a drop of Jones blood in me, an' I'll prove it."

At this moment, Jeff Jackson, Bill Seevers and Jim Beyers entered, and of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stepped up to him and said:

"Why, Jones, what is all this fuss about?"

This was more than Harper could stand. He leaped upon a seat.

"Now," said he, "my name isn't Jones, an' I can lick the feller that says it is."

By this time we had got to H—, and our friend Fred came into the car and made Harper keep quiet. She girl that wouldn't be 'spliced' requested Fred to help her on the train that was going back to N—, which he did, and the notorious Jones *alias* Harper followed her.

We learned afterward that he proved himself to be Bill Harper instead of Bill Jones, and he and his gal got 'spliced.'

A Georgia Wedding.—The preacher was prevented from taking his part in the ceremony, and a newly elected Justice of the Peace, who chanced to be present, was called on to officiate in his stead. The good man's knees began to tremble, for he had never tied the knot, and did not know where to begin. He had no Georgia Justice, or any other book, from which to read the marriage service. The company was arranged in a semi-circle, each bearing a tallow candle. He thought of every thing he had ever learned, even to

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,"

but all in vain, he could recollect nothing that suited the occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him, in an agony of desperation he began:

"Know all men by these presents, that I—"

Here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while a voice in the corner of the room was heard to say—

"He is drawing a deed for a tract of land," and they laughed.

"In the name of God, Amen!" he began, only to hear another, in a loud whisper, say:

"He is making his will; I thought he could not live long, he looks powerfully bad."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray—"

was the next essay, when some crudite gentleman remarked:

"He is not dead but sleepeth."

"Oh, yes," continued the 'Squire.

A voice replied:

"Oh, no! oh, no! don't let's."

Some person out of doors sung out—"Come into court!" and the laughter was general.

The bride was near fainting, the 'Squire was not far from it, but being an indefatigable man, he began again:

"To all and singular the sher—"

"Let's run, he's going to levy on us," said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the 'Squire's face; he ordered the bride and groom to hold up their hands, and in a solemn voice said:

"You, and each of you do solemnly swear, in the presence of the present company, that you will perform toward each other and all singular, the functions of husband and wife, as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God."

"Good as wheat!" exclaimed the father of the bride.

Lager Beer.—A lager story which is going the rounds of the papers, the point of which is, that the Dutchman "forgot to take the soap out of the mug when he shaved himself last," not long since in "Camptown" We found ourself up-town one evening, and dropped in at the —— Hose House, to see a friend, who is a member of that company. We chatted awhile upon our adventures in attending the Brooklyn celebration, when he remarked, "I am very dry; suppose we get some lager." Nothing loath, we adjourned to a little crib in the neighborhood, and called for "swi beer." Our engineer while drinking felt something bobbing against his nose, and upon fishing for the cause, drew out a small object of a cylindrical shape and perfectly white. "What the d——l's that?" he exclaimed, with a very perceptible grimace. "Dat?" replied the Dutchman—"Oh, donder and blixen! I vas using dat mug shust ein little vile for a candiestick, and forgot to take him out!" Engineer — made one lunge for Deutscher, who dodged him,—and another for the door, outside of which he lodged lager and supper. He drank nearly twenty glasses of lager at other places that night—"to take that infernal tallowy taste out of his mouth;" but—he looked in the mugs every time!

A Novel in Four Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

In a beautiful log cabin in the mountains of Old Virginia, our tale opens.—Around, nature's wild loveliness was sublime. The lofty trees hung out their green leaves in perfection, and the high rocks caught the gray mists of the mornings, and pressed them to their rough bosoms, until they melted in tears against their sides. A lovely maiden was sitting by a table combing her hair with a fine-tooth comb—a manly form enters the door and stealthily creeps up behind her and—

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, John!" exclaimed the lovely heiress of that beautiful cabin, and the extensive potato-patch behind it, "you oughtn't to do that way!"

"Lay it all on my love, gal."

"Love! There's no such thing as love among folks!—

'The turkle dove
Only knows of love;'

as the poet sings."

"Then you don't love me?"

"No!"

"No. Jane, call back that word."

"No! oh, no? Come back here!—'Twon't come, John—'tis gone."

"Then I'm gone, too!" and the impassioned youth rushed from the lovely cabin like a maniac.

CHAPTER III.

Sadly did the young man run along the road, while the girl, firm and submissive in the discharge of her duty, proceeded to fry some onions for dinner. Meanwhile the youth rushed madly on, the burning fever of his heart maddening his brain, and he thought of self destruction. Jerking his pocket-comb from his pocket, vainly did he attempt to cut his throat.—Nature, however, had blessed him with a tough skin, which proved too strong for him; but he was not to be balked in this way—he rushed to a wagon rut, where the water was at least two inches deep, and flung himself into, or rather upon it.—There he lay for full five seconds, when Harry Cleft, the father of the girl, passed by.

CHAPTER IV.

He soon unfolded his sad tale to his friend, and finally consented to live if Harry would give him a chew of tobacco.

He returned to the house, and in his haggard countenance, Jane saw his unhappy condition. He never got her, tho'. About twenty years after, he fell from a wagon and his neck was broken, for the sheriff had thoughtlessly slipped a rope over it.

Names of the Months.

The names of the months were given by the Romans.

January, the first month, was so called from Janus, an ancient King of Italy, who was deified after his death, and derived from the Latin word Januarius.

February, the second month, is derived from the Latin word Februo, to purify, hence Februarius: for this month the ancient Romans offered up expiatory sacrifices for the purifying of the people.

March, the third month, anciently the first month, is derived from the word Mars, the god of war.

April is so called from the Latin Aprillus, i. e., opening: because in this month the vegetable world opens and buds forth.

May, the fifth month, is derived from the Latin word Majores, so called by Romulus, in respect toward the Senators: hence Maies or May.

June, the sixth month, from the Latin word Junius, or the youngest of people.

July, the seventh month, is derived from the Latin word Julius, and so named in honor of Julius Cæsar.

August, the eighth month was so called in honor of Augustus, by a decree of the Roman Senate, A. D. S.

September, the ninth month, from the Latin word Septem, or seven, being the seventh from March.

October, the tenth month, from the Latin word Octo, the eighth, hence October.

November, the eleventh month, from the Latin word Novem, nine; being the ninth month from March.

December, the twelfth month from the Latin of Decem, ten; so called because it was the tenth month from March, which was anciently the manner of beginning the year

☞ An old divine, cautioning the clergy against engaging in violent controversy, uses the following happy simile—"If we will be contending, let us contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce the most and the best fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind.

Young Men.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man! I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' prosperity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen he illumines his true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue but he heals the wound with his own pure touch; he heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin; the atheist who says, not only in his heart but with his lips, "There is no God," controls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God, and reverences it—of a preserving God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms, and guided by loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy is he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of Christianity.

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thyself for *goodness*. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin, by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that poor drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! Assume the beautiful garments of virtue! It is easy, fearfully easy, to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then; let thy chivalry be aroused against error—let *truth* be the lady of thy love—defend her.

Politeness and Truth.—Many persons plead a love of truth as an apology for rough manners, as if truth were never gentle and kind, but always harsh, morose, and forbidding. Surely good manners and a good conscience are no more inconsistent with each other than beauty and innocence, which are strikingly akin, and always look the better for companionship. Roughness and honesty are indeed sometimes found together in the same person, but he is a poor judge of human nature who takes ill-manners to be a guarantee of probity or character, or suspects a stranger to be a rascal, because he has the manners of a gentleman.

Some persons object to politeness—that its language is unmeaning and false. But this is easily answered. A lie is locked up in a phrase, but must exist, if at all, in the mind of the speaker. Polite language is pleasant to the ear and soothing to the heart, while rough words are just the reverse; and, if not produced of ill temper, are very apt to produce it. The plainest of truths, let it be remembered, can be conveyed in civil speech, while the most malignant of lies may find utterance, and often do, in the language of the fish-market.

Short, but to the Point.—Winchell, the drollerist, has, according to his own stories, a good many adventures—particularly funny when *he* relates them. His last is of a trip from Cleveland to Columbus, Ohio, "on a train," of course. On the cars was one of the real genus Yankee. Finding that Winchell was a man to be talked to, the following conversation is reported to have taken place:

"Goin' ter Klumbus?"

"Yes." (Gruffly.)

"Goin' any further?"

"No."

"Goin' ter stop in Klumbus?"

"Yes."

"Goin' ter see any friends there?"

"No."

"Goin' to do enny kind of work there?"

"Yes."

"Goin' ter start business on yer own hook?"

"No."

"What *are* ye goin' there for?"

"Going for seven years!"

The Yankee's curiosity was *almost* satisfied.

☞ A Traverse juror, named Hershberger, was fined ten dollars and sent to jail for 24 hours, during the sitting of the late Somerset county court, for getting, as the Democrat politely expresses it "considerably inebriated" — in other words, drunk.

☞ Russel, the singer, was once singing in a provincial town, the "Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words.

"Hush! he comes not yet!
The clock strikes one!"

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectably dressed woman ejaculated, to the astonishment of everybody, "Would not I have fetched him home!"

WIT AND WISDOM.

☞ Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest.

☞ Marriage, like fiddling, depends a great deal upon the beau-ing.

☞ No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

☞ Do not believe a man's contemptible because he is quiet and unobtrusive.

☞ Learn to practice self-denial when it will promote the happiness of others.

☞ "Union is not always strenghth," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

☞ "Clara, my dear, what a beautiful sky; how I admire it." "Yes, Charley, I sometimes wish I was a sky."

☞ It is the opinion of a western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors that when well housed.

☞ The 14th of January, on an average of years, is the coldest day in the year.

☞ Half a raw potato dipped in brick dust will, it is said, have an excellent effect in brightening knives.

☞ The politician who got out of breath running for an office, has purchased a pair of bellows and proposes to run again.

☞ "What are you fencing that pasture for? Forty acres of it would starve a cow." "Certainly, and so I am fencing it in to keep my cows out."

☞ We can console ourselves for not having great talents, as we console ourselves for not having great places. We can be above both in our hearts.

☞ The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts by saying that "eighteen springs have passed over her head."

☞ A housemaid in the country boasting of her industrious habits, said on a certain occasion she arose at four, made a fire, put on a teakettle, prepared breakfast, and "made up all the beds," before a single soul was up in the house.

☞ "Are those pure Canaries," asked a gentleman of a bird dealer, with whom he was negotiating for a "gift for his fair." "Yes, sir," said the dealer confidentially, "I raised them're birds myself from canary seed."

☞ The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman in a passion—"By gar, you call my vife a woman two three several times once more, an' I vill call you the vatch ouse, and blow out your brains like a candle."

☞ A spirited woman, in a highly respectable family in Baltimore, caught her husband in the act of breaking up her hoops. The exertion or something else had a singular effect upon him. His hair came out at an astonishing rate.

☞ The first instance of witchcraft known in New England occurred in Connecticut, where Mary Johnson was executed at Hartford, early in the year 1647. Witches were hung in England twenty-nine years after the illusive error was over in this country.

☞ This Gallic expression, *hors du combat*, so prominently brought to the readers' attention at the present time, includes all who, being neither killed nor wounded, are yet put *out of the battle*—used up, done for, or otherwise incapacitated for further hostile effort.

☞ The other day Mrs. Snipkins being unwell, sent for a medical man, and declared that she was poisoned, and that Mr Snipkins did it. "I didn't do it," shouted Snipkins. "It's all gammon; she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor—open her on the spot—I'm willing."

☞ A person said in our hearing the other day, that editors, for the most part, were a pale, thin-faced set. A lad standing near, made this witty observation to his chum: "There, Bob, I told you I had often read about the editorial 'corpses.'"

☞ An Irish Jack Ketch, upon asking a criminal on the point of execution, for the accustomed fee of his office, received something more than the usual sum, on which he exclaimed, in thankful glee, "Long life and good luck to yer honor," and instantly let the drop fall.

☞ An Arkansas editor has been getting married recently, and goes off in the following enthusiastic style:

There is not in this wide world a happier life,
Than to sit by the stovepipe and tickle your wife;
Taste the sweets of her lips in a moment of glee,
And twist the cat's tail as she jumps on your knee.