

The Alleghanian.

BOLINGER & HUTCHINSON,

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

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1859.

NO. 18.

"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Benn's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Bellevue Station,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Benjamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Cresson,	John J. Troxell,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg,	M. C. McCague,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Glen Connell,	Joseph Gill,	Chest.
Hemlock,	Wm. M. Gough,	Washint'n.
Johnstown,	H. A. Boggs,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
Munster,	A. Darbin,	Munster.
Pershing,	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Plattsville,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Sus'han.
Roseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Joseph Meyer,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Souman,	B. M. Colgan,	Washint'n.
Sommerhill,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
Summit,	Miss M. Gillespie,	Washint'n.
Wilmore,	Andrew Beck,	Sommerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 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 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.

Wesley 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 7 and 9 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 JESKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 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 MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 12 " " " A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 6 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 6 " " " 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 Newmarket and 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, " "	6.50 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. McCoy.

Register and Recorder.—Michael Hasson.

Deputy Register and Recorder.—John Scanlan.

Sheriff.—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm.

District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners.—John Bearner, 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 McGuire.

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

Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser.—Thomas M'Connell.

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

County Surveyor.—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner.—Peter Dougherty.

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

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. S. Hart.

Clerk to Council.—James C. Noon.

Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.

Weigh Masters.—Davis & Lloyd.

School Directors.—M. C. McCague, 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.

Astorian.—Richard T. Davis.

Judge of Election.—David J. Jones.

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

POETICAL GEM.

Parting.

Like evening shadows creeping
Across the summer sky,
Come to our young hearts weeping,
The last, the fond good bye.

We list its tones in sadness,
While stealing on the ear;
We know that hours of gladness
With them will disappear.

As o'er the sea-wave dances
The sun's bright golden rays,
Has all that life enhances
Illumed our youthful days.

Then ever, from the future,
A tearful sigh we'll give,
For those whose kindly nature
Have made it sweet to live.

INTERESTING TALE.

ONLY A PRINTER! Or, a Tale of the F. F. V's.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY GOV. FLOYD AT THE "WHITE HOUSE."

Had I a tale to recount of the olden time, laying the scene thereof in England, France, Spain, or any of the old countries, to us associated with so much romance and gorgeous grandeur, in which there would be a piteous sprinkling of lords and ladies, priests and nuns, magnificent palaces, haunted castles and gloomy monasteries, it would be far more acceptable to the great masses than if the scene was laid here in this land of plodding Yankees, railroads, manufactories, and cotton speculations; nevertheless, I will endeavor to spin a yarn, which, by the way, is not altogether a yarn, but facts and unvarnished truths.

I had the pleasure of spending a few days recently, continued Gov. F. with a distinguished friend of mine in Richmond, and while there heard the following conversation between the wife and daughter of my host.

"Liz! me, what impertinence!" exclaimed Lizzie K. as she scanned a beautiful colored note handed her by a servant.

"What occasions your surprise, my dear?" enquired her mother.

"Rather say indignation, mother, at being asked, and even urged to take tea this evening at Mrs. Downer's, the tanner's wife."

"And why should you not, my dear?"

"Think you it would be proper, mother, for me, the daughter of Judge K. one of the wealthiest and most distinguished men of the city, to associate with such low-bred mechanics?"

"Indeed, my daughter, if they are mechanics, they are a people well to do in the world, respectable, pious, agreeable, and every way worthy of your acquaintance."

"Really, mother," continued the young lady, as she tossed her pretty head, "I'm disposed to think differently, and so far from encouraging, I prefer always being removed as far as possible from the laboring classes. Besides, how is it expected that I should enjoy myself in converse with such people, whose only talk would be about the stocks, the market, and their own private concerns. Quite an intellectual *le-to-acte* would it be, mother, dear?"

"Oh! fie, Lizzie, fie! But I am to blame for this. I've shown you too much indulgence; you are spoiled; so I must even now set about repairing my garden, and pluck out the weeds and tares ere it be too late."

"Come sit down beside me, Lizzie, and I will give you your first lesson of worldly experience, by relating to you a story, which I trust will lower your pride, and make you a better woman. A woman with no pride my daughter, is but a drowsing, easy creature, but one with too much, is haughty, niggard and selfish; both the extremes contemptible and mean. Be then neither too fashionably dressed nor too slovenly, too devout nor too worldly. A mere butterfly in the world of fashion and pleasure, making but small pretensions to religion, is a character bad enough, but worse to my thinking is the fiery zealot, on the other hand, who has too many rigid virtues; who is continually railing against the world, displeased at anything like social and rational enjoyment, and shocked at the least merriment, dancing, playing or any amusement that the heart, in its fullness and gladness, prompts the young and sprightly to indulge. So, then, avoid extremes of every description." But to the story:

Sixteen years ago, Salem, in Virginia, was one of the most lovely villages imaginable; situated in the heart of the great valley of Virginia, yet commanding a magnificent view of the bold outlines of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge.—The village contained no buildings of note

save two; one of them, a magnificent tenement, the princely residence of one of the "old Virginia aristocracy;" the other, the only Inn, a small, quaint, yet pleasant house nestled in the centre of the town. The proprietor of the one, a wealthy planter and distinguished officer of the State; the other a poor widow, whose only living depended on the profits of her table, which were but scant, as there was little traveling done, at that day, through this retired village. And the advent of a stranger was always a subject of curiosity and interest to the good townfolks, as it is always so in the secluded villages and inns, in the out-of-the-way places of America.

To this little Inn a gaily dressed, yet weary worn, traveler picked his way one evening in the autumn of 18—. The buxom hostess, and her tidy daughter, were all life, and frisked about bestirring the savory viands, delicious cakes and eggs, much to the satisfaction of our hungry traveler, who appeared to be a young man of some twenty summers, tall, commanding, of fine appearance and pleasing manners. He soon, by dint of frankness and suavity of manner, insinuated himself into the good graces of the hostess and daughter, with the latter of whom he appeared to be much struck, for she was as lovely as she was neat and graceful.

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"Possessing charms not unlike one almost equal to whom I adore," exclaimed the young traveler admiringly, as he placed himself before the sparkling fire after finishing his repast, "and expect ere long to lead to the altar, and with whom you are doubtless acquainted, as she lives only in the mansion above the village as I understand."

"What! Emma White?" enquired the hostess. "Even so my good dame; I met her at the Springs some months ago, became enamored with her, wooed, won, and am now come to claim my bride."

"She is a beautiful creature, indeed!" interposed Augusta, the hostess' daughter, "but somewhat proud as is her father."

"Not so, indeed, gentle Augusta, if she has pride it is nothing but nature, maidenly pride, which every lass should have. And you say, Miss Augusta, she is quite well,—well, I will let this pleasing intelligence restrain me to-night, and to-morrow I will give the fair enchantress, I trust, an agreeable surprise."

Early next morning as etiquette would permit, the young man set out with buoyant heart and high hopes to the mansion. But he will precede him and look in on his fair betrothed.

In a magnificent parlor of the mansion, sat Emma White and her mother, the one thumping a piano, and the other interrogating a servant.

"And you say, Sambo, he lodged last evening at the Inn?"

"Yes, Misse, de cook say he dare now."

"Well, you can retire—and so Ma, it is even as I expected; I thought it was him as he rode past last evening."

"Well, Emma, how do you intend to bluff him off; I'm thinking it will be a shameful and delicate business."

"Shameful indeed! When attorney Logan introduced him to me at the Springs, he brought him forward as one of the law students, and not as a poor printer as he is—I'll never forgive Mr. Logan."

"He is not to blame my dear, he is his pupil, didn't the letter say he was a journeyman printer at A—, but in consideration of his promising abilities, Mr. Logan undertook gratuitously to bring him to the bar?"

"Well for all that I'll never marry a poor printer. I did have a tender regard for him once, and when I gave him my hand I deemed him somebody, so I acted from the promptings of the heart, but now I'll be ruled by my better judgment."

"Well please yourself in that matter, my dear, I'm disposed to think honorably of—, but la! me, if he isn't at the door now!"

Scarcely had she done speaking when our hero entered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love, sprang forward to greet the object of his idolatry, but imagine his surprise and dismay when he received only in return a cold, distant courtesy, which froze his blood and rooted him to the spot. Bewildered and astonished at such greeting from his fair betrothed, he turned for explanation to the mother, who, perceiving the general embarrassment, stepped forward, and offering him a seat, explained to him that since her daughter's return from the Springs, she had, after mature reflection and examining her heart, thought it best to dissolve the engagement that had been made between them.

The ruddy cheeks of the suitor became of an ashy paleness, and his bloodless lips quivered like an aspen leaf, as he falteringly exclaimed—

"And wherein is my offence? have I merited this? good heavens! and is this

the gentle, the tender, the confiding Emma White?"

"Sir, this is not the stage of a theatre to enact scenes," now spoke up the daughter, "let it suffice to know we are ever to be strangers to each other. You attempted to deceive me and pass yourself off for a gentleman, when it turns out you are of the working classes, only a PRINTER, a portionless journeyman, a fortune seeker. If you had an honorable profession, sir, and was of a good family, as I once fondly thought, we would be united, but as it is I cannot and will not descend so low!" and as the young lady thus spoke, she tossed her head, and with a look of ineffable scorn and contempt, proudly sailed out of the room.

Overwhelmed with dismay and stung to the quick, the young man sat paralyzed many moments, but recovering somewhat of the shock, rose and staggered out of the room.

Alas! how crushed were his hopes now. Deceived, slighted, wronged, confidence betrayed, laughed and treated with scorn and contempt by one whom he adored and loved, alas! too well, and all for being a "low bred, base mechanic!" And rushing madly to the Inn he sought his room and threw himself desperately on his humble cot, from which he did not rise for two long, weary months; for the unwooled disappointment and excitement of the morning had brought on a burning fever. From morn till night and night till morn, the patient raved a wild maniac, calling and conjuring his Emma to come back to him, and with his impatience and querulousness, wearied all about him, save one. The physician despaired of restoring him, and resigning him to the care of the gentle Augusta, who watched at his bedside night and day with unremitting assiduity, bore with his imbecility, administered to his wants with kindness and soothed his irritated spirits by the gentlest words and treatment.

Finally, after the lapse of several weeks, he began slowly to recover, and reason returned once more. When having entirely recovered, he thanked the kind hostess and daughter with tearful eyes and heart overflowing with gratitude for their kindness in watching over him in his weakness and infirmities. He called Augusta his preserver, his guardian angel, and told her he owed to her his life, and that he would ever hold her in grateful remembrance, and though he was then about to depart, and would not see her again for years, yet when fortune smiled upon him again, she should hear from him. Till then he bid her a sorrowful, a tearful farewell, and departed.

Years passed, and still the unfortunate stranger was unheard of, and almost forgotten, by the good gossips of Salem, and even by the one who caused his misfortunes, Emma White, herself; yet there was one in that little village who still gave him a place, not only in her memory, but also in her heart. It was the hostess' daughter.

* * * * *

Five years from the events just related, Richmond was crowded to overflowing, for the Legislature was in session, and had brought its usual retinue of strangers, office and pleasure seekers. It was by far the gayest season the capital had seen for many years; and balls, parties, soirees, and picnics followed each other with unabated zest.

* * * * *

Gorgeous lights streamed from a score of windows of one of Pearl street's stately mansions, and sounds of music and revelry are heard within. Luscious and sylph-like forms skip over the richly carpeted floor, and grave gentlemen sit comfortably in the background, talking politics, gossiping, and admiring the light hearted, the lovely and happy beings around them. We will draw near one of these companies—that one near the chandelier, consisting of two gentlemen and a young lady—and listen; and as we are inco in matters, but little harm will ensue if we are caught eavesdropping.

"It is just as you say, Colonel White, the Legislature has done but little as yet, still I think they have redeemed themselves somewhat by one judicious act, in appointing our young friend K— to the fifth judicial judgeship."

"A very proper appointment, sir, very; but yonder he is now—see, the servant is just ushering him into the room."

"La! me, Pa," exclaimed the young lady admiringly, "how interesting he looks, and so young too, to be appointed a judge."

"He is a clever young man, Emma, and able too, or he would not have been honored with the responsible office just conferred upon him."

"How I should like to become acquainted with him; Pa, pray introduce him."

"Most assuredly I will do so, for here he comes now."

"A pleasant evening to you, gentlemen

—Colonel White, pray how do you do?"

"Quite well, quite well, I thank you, Judge. Permit me to present you to my daughter. Judge K—, Miss White."

And with low deferential courtesy the lady greeted the gentleman, and seated him beside her. With many an art and while did she attempt to amuse, please, and insinuate herself into the good graces of the promising young judge. But her efforts were in vain, her arrows were aimed against a heart of steel, and the countenance of the judge the while wore a contemptuous and sneering expression that baffled all hearts and penetration.

"Heavens! what a face, how lovely, how angelic! But methinks I should know that countenance!" exclaimed the judge, as he caught the beautiful black eyes of a lovely lady in a distant corner of the room riveted full upon him.

"Who? the young lady in the black velvet mantilla? ha! ha! that's my protegee; she is an orphan—her parent was a *Maitre de Hotel* in Salem, Virginia, so, being left alone, I took her under my charge, and right useful I find her; she answers both for a companion and maid. I would not have brought her here, but she seems so sad and melancholy that Pa would make me bring her, thinking it might somewhat revive her drooping spirits."

"It is, it is the pure, the gentle Augusta! How fortunate! Pray, Miss White, excuse me—but I know you will, when I inform you I am 'only a printer'—the poor mechanic you scorned, jilted and derided many years ago in the little village of Salem," and rising unceremoniously, the young judge hastily crossed the room, leaving the haughty girl covered with confusion and shame, to weep over her folly.

It was the lovely Augusta, and with doating heart, eyes sparkling with joy, and countenance suffused with blushes, the fair being welcomed the happy and excited young man.

Much as Miss White suffered by the gnawings of conscience, much as she upbraided herself, much as she grieved and sorrowed over her past conduct, her sore disappointment, her stern punishment, yet in a few weeks after, when the admired Judge K— led the happy and envied Augusta to the altar, she could but acknowledge that her punishment was just, and that it was merited.

Judge K— and his lady have lived happily, prosperously and contentedly together ever since, but Emma White, unhappy girl, is still a spinster—an old maid.

"So now, Lizzie, my story is ended, all but the denouement."

"Denouement?"

"Yes, for you must know, your dear father is the hero, and I the heroine; he was the 'base-born mechanic,' the 'poor printer,' and I am the hostess' daughter."

"Pardon, pardon, mother!" and as the young Miss threw herself into her mother's arms, she vowed never to be so selfish and proud again.

"And you will go to Mrs. Downer's this evening?"

"Oh! that I will, mother, with pleasure."

The company began loudly to applaud Governor F—, as he concluded his reminiscence, when he bid them cease, as he too had finished all but the *denouement*.

"What is it? what is it?" rang around the circle.

"Why, nothing more nor less, than that the hero of my story has just entered this room," replied the Governor, as he pointed to his distinguished and astonished friend, amid the plaudits of the assembly.

* * * * *

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment:—

"Never desert a friend when enemies gather around him—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try a friend.—They who turn from a scene of distress to betray their hypocrisy, prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its powers? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy."

* * * * *

Some think that since the triumph of the Yankees in steaming and sailing, Yankee-doo-dle-do, should be changed in England to Yankee-doodle-Did.

* * * * *

The patient mule, which travels night and day, will, in the end, go farther than the Arabian courser.

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"My wife," said a critic, "is the most even tempered person in the world—she's always mad."

WIT AND WISDOM.

☞ Inflations of laughing gas.

☞ There is a man up town so slow he can't catch his breath.

☞ Pork should be salted down—never up.

☞ A good washing fluid may be made of hot water and plenty of soap.

☞ Children's dresses wear longer by letting them reach to the ankles.

☞ Milk that has stood for some time should be permitted to sit down.

☞ Carpets will prove to be more durable if you take care not to tread upon them.

☞ Plenty of fresh, sweet butter and a good appetite will keep bread from moulding.

☞ Woolen rags should always be washed in sweet oil before they are made into flannel cakes.

☞ A regard for decency requires that salad should be dressed before appearing at the table.

☞ A western paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are very rare.

☞ He who is impressed with good principles when young, will never be entirely destitute of a sense of virtue.

☞ A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

☞ A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could, but, as he can't, does all in his power to show the world that he is not a man.

☞ Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be such a difficulty in passing them?

☞ Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself were to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

☞ "I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman.

"I have come to want already," he replied—"I want your daughter!"

☞ He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.

☞ Willis cleverly says, in one of his sketches, that a literary reputation is to be built at this day like the walls of Jerusalem—with a trowel in one hand for plastering friends, and a sword in the other for smiting enemies.

☞ "Who is that lovely girl?" said the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass," replied Grant. "I should often be intoxicated, could I place such a glass to my lips," said Norbury.

☞ If you have a friend whom you desire to remain a friend, get in debt to him. He'll never leave you—he'll haunt you; and "in fond remembrance" ever cherish your virtues and the amount of your indebtedness.

☞ It is said by some Yankee to be an excellent plan to always measure a man's length before you kick him, for it is better to bear an insult than to make an unsuccessful attempt at thrashing a fellow, and get your eye teeth knocked out.

☞ Fashionable ladies are said to be principally composed of

"The bones of whales,
And cotton bales."

And a fashionable gentleman of

"Gold chains and canes,
But nary brains."

☞ A couple (not long married) were contending about what should be the name of their first and only child.

"John, my dear, I want to name him Peter."

"Oh! no, dear Hattie, I don't like Peter—he denied his master. Let us call him Joseph."

"Why, John, I can't bear Joseph—he denied his mistress."

☞ "Mr. Speaker," said the new member, rising, "we cannot prize too dearly the rights of freemen. They have been transmitted to us by our fathers as a rich legacy; and pained by the hand of the one who would refuse to acknowledge or maintain them. Among these rights, Mr. Speaker, is the right of volition—of doing as we please. Every man, sir, should do as he please; and if he does not, should be compelled to."