

The Alleghanian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON,

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

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1860.

NO. 24.

"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Post Offices. Post Masters. Districts.
Ben's Creek, Joseph Graham, Yoder.
Bethel Station, Joseph S. Mardis, Blacklick.
Carrolltown, Benjamin Wirtner, Carroll.
Chess Springs, Danl. 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, Wash'tn.
Johnstown, H. A. Boggs, Johnst'wn.
Loretto, Wm. Gwinn, Loretto.
Mineral Point, E. Wisinger, Conem'gh.
Munster, A. Durbin, Munster.
Pershing, Francis Clement, Conem'gh.
Plattsville, Andrew J. Ferral, Susq'han.
Roseland, G. W. Bowman, White.
St. Augustine, Joseph Moyer, Clearfield.
Scalp Level, George Conrad, Richland.
Sommer, B. M'Colgan, Wash'tn.
Summerhill, Wm. Murray, Croyle.
Summit, Miss M. Gillespie, Wash'tn.
Wilmore, Andrew Beck, Summerhill.

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, P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SPANE, Pastor.—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.
Wich 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.
Calvinist Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 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 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 MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 12 o'clock, A. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 6 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 6 o'clock, A. M.
The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsboro, &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
The Mails from Newnan's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday 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, " 8:45 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. Asley, 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. Zahn.
District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners.—John Bearer, Abel Boyd, David T. Sborn.
Clerk to Commission'rs.—George C. K. Zahn.
Counsel to Commission'rs.—John S. Rhey.
Treasurer.—George J. Rodgers.
Poor House Directors.—William Palmer, David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire.
Poor House Treasurer.—George C. K. Zahn.
Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.
Municipal Appraiser.—Thomas M'Connell.
Auditors.—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobough, Henry Hawk.
County Surveyor.—Henry Scanlan.
Coroner.—Peter Dougherty.
Superintendent of Common Schools.—S. B. Cormick.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace.—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.
Burgess.—Andrew Lewis.
Town Council.—Andrew Lewis, Joshua D. Irish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M. Hawk.
Clerk to Council.—James C. Noon.
Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.
Weigh Masters.—Davis & Lloyd.
School Directors.—M. C. McCague, A. A. Baker, Thomas M. Jones, Reese S. Lloyd, Ward 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'Connell.

SELECT POETRY.

The Old-School-House.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

On the village green it stood,
And a tree was at the door,
Whose shadow, broad and good,
Reached far along the floor
Of the school-room, when the sun
Put on his crimson vest,
And, his daily labor done,
Like a monarch sunk to rest.
How the threshold-wood was worn!
How the lintel-post decayed!
By the tread of eve and morn
Of the feet that o'er it strayed—
By the pressure of the crowd
Within the portal small—
By the ivy's emerald shroud
That wrapped and darkened all.
That school-house dim and old—
How many years have flown
Since in its little fold
My name was kindly known!
How different it seems
From what it used to be,
When, gay as morning dreams,
We played around the tree!
How we watched the lengthening ray
Through the dusty window-pane!
How we longed to be away
And at sport upon the plain—
To leave the weary books
And the master's careful eye,
For the flowers and for the brooks,
And the cool and open sky.

Alas! where now are they—
My early comrades dear?
Departed far away,
And I alone am here!
Some are in distant climes,
And some in churchyard cold—
Yet it told of happy times,
That school-house dim and old!

INTERESTING TALE.

My Merry Little Wife.

I cannot remember the time when I was not in love with Kitty Pleasanton. It must have been when we were babies. I am sure I loved her as we sat together by the road-side, soaking our dandelion stems in the little puddles of water to make them curl. My passion was in nowise abated, when, somewhat later, I climbed cherry trees at her bidding; nor, later yet, when at dancing-school, I awkwardly made my newly-learned bow, and asked her to be my partner; nor, I am sure, was my boyish passion at all damped, when, on my return from college, I found my sweet little Kitty changed, by some undefinable alteration, from a lovely child to a bewitching young woman. She was almost the same as when I parted from her three years before—the woman was like the child; there were the rosy cheeks, the same pouting, innocent mouth, the same curling hair, but some charm, grace, or sentiment was added, which made my heart thrill with new emotion as I gazed at her.
"Kitty," said I to her one day, after I had been home a week or two, and I found I could restrain myself no longer, "Kitty, I'm very much in love with you, as you know as well as I do. I have always been in love with you, and I fancy you are in love with me; but now I want you to promise to marry me." I paused, but Kitty made no answer, and I said, "You like me, don't you, Kitty?"
"First tell me," said Kitty, blushing, and with an odd mixture of delight and bashfulness in her face, "if you have made me what is called an offer?"
"To be sure I have, my darling," I replied—"an offer which I trust and hope you'll accept."
"Don't be too sure of that," said Kitty. "Kitty, do you love me?" I exclaimed.
"That's my secret," replied the provoking little thing. "But, at any rate," she continued, "I could not think of accepting the very first offer I ever received; I should be mortified all the rest of my life if I did. No, indeed! no girl of spirit would dream of accepting her first offer, as if she were afraid she should never have another. Excuse me, James, I can't possibly accept you till I've had at least one offer."
"But, my dearest Kitty," I began.
"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" she exclaimed.
"Mr. Brant treats me with proper courtesy, giving me my proper name, Katherine; but now you've gone and spoiled it all."
"Oh, I suppose you wanted a stiff, ceremonious proposal in form," I observed; "but I am no Sir Christopher Grandison, Kitty—Katherine, I would say; therefore don't be foolish; be content to know, in plain terms, that my whole heart is yours; and have the good sense to accept your first offer, since your second may not be so good."

But in vain were my arguments and reasoning. Kitty was determined not to accept her first offer; and finding her resolute, I changed my tone, and acquiescing in her views, confessed, that after all, I too had a certain pride on that point, and should be rather mortified to know that my wife had never had an offer but that I had myself made her; and so I promised to suspend my suit till Kitty should be so fortunate as to receive an offer from some other quarter.

Now, not far from where Kitty dwelt, there was a favorite dell, or bowser, or something of that kind, to which she daily repaired with some chosen volume to sit and read. All my endeavors to persuade her to allow me to accompany her thither had always been in vain. Kitty was firm in preferring her undisturbed solitude, and I was daily doomed to an hour or two of the mopes during her woodland visit.

In pursuance of this custom, Kitty set out soon after the conversation I have sketched, declining, as usual, my offer of companionship.

Not more than half an hour had elapsed after she had reached her favorite seat, ere her attention was attracted by a young gentleman who was fishing in the brook which flowed near by. Kitty drew back a little on seeing him, but her curious eye occasionally wandered towards the stranger. The latter no sooner perceived her fair observer than he bowed with an air of great politeness, and advancing a few steps, ventured to address a few words of common-place greeting to her. The young man's words were indeed common-place, but his eyes were more eloquent than his tongue; they plainly informed the fair Kitty that she had found a new admirer. Kitty, highly flattered, received the stranger's advances graciously, and the youth being by no means bashful, half an hour found them chatting easily and gayly on various topics of interest. Kitty's stay in the woods was something longer than usual that afternoon.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" I asked, on meeting her soon after her return home. "Your eyes sparkle, and you look as pleased as though you had met a fairy in your afternoon ramble."

"It is better than a fairy," cried Kitty, breathlessly; "it's a young man."
"Indeed!" I ejaculated with a whistle.
"Yes, James," she replied, "and he is so handsome—so agreeable—so delightful, that I can't say how things might go if he were to make me, some of these days, my second offer."

"You can't impose on me in that kind of way, sweet Kitty, so don't attempt it," I exclaimed. "I'll be bound the impudent fellow, whom I won't object to speaking a bit of my mind to, is not handsomer or more agreeable than myself."
Kitty laughed aloud in derision. "He's a thousand times handsomer than you are," she cried scornfully, "and as much more entertaining as he is more handsome."

"Come, Kitty, don't be too cutting, too cruel," I began; but Kitty drew herself up with dignity.
"They call me Katherine who speak to me, sir," she said.
"Katherine, fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed. "Kitty is the sweetest and prettiest name in the world, and comes most natural to me—don't bother me with your Katherine's."
"I dare say you may like it," said Kitty, pouting, half angrily. "But I don't. It's too free. How would you like if I persisted in calling you Jim? I declare I'll call you Jim, if you go on calling me Kitty."

"Do so, if you like," and it will soon seem to me like the sweetest music in the world. But may I presume to beg from my fair and gracious Lady Katherine a description of this wood-Adonis she has been encountering?"
"Taller than I?" I interrupted.
"By at least half a foot, and of an elegant figure," she continued with marked emphasis. "He was dressed in a graceful fishing-costume."
"I have an old fishing-blouse up stairs," I muttered, aside; "I think I'll get it out."
"The young man's manners were uncommonly easy and gentlemanly, and withal perfectly respectful and deferential," continued Kitty. "Having ascertained my name, he never once forgot himself so far as to abbreviate it; he contrasted himself favorably in that respect with some of my friends."

"Well Kitty," said I, "what other perfections have your hero, or have you exhausted your list?"
"Far from it," said Kitty, indignantly. "He wears his hair parted down the middle like a poet, or that charming Signor Pozzolini in the part of the Edgardo—"
"Or a Methodist parson," I observed.

"And besides all that," continued Kitty, "he has a moustache."

"A last best gift," said I; "but, Kitty, that perfection, I hope, will not be very difficult of achievement. I'll begin to-morrow. Let me see—tall—handsome—agreeable—good manners—elegant manners, and a moustache! On the whole, Kitty, I think I'm not very much afraid of my new rival."

"You have cause," Kitty replied, with grave dignity.
The next day when Kitty reached her little retreat, she found the stranger again in its neighborhood. I must do the little coquette the justice to say that she did look startled, and indeed vexed, when she saw him; but perhaps thinking it too late to retreat, she advanced timidly. The youth met her with many apologies, and a plausible pretense for his intrusion, which she could not gainsay, while something flattering in his manner made her blushingly divine that the hope of seeing her again had been the true cause of his re-appearance. Be that as it might, the stranger, perhaps to give Kitty time to recover her confidence, immediately sauntered off in pursuit of his sport, and Kitty, fancying that she had seen the last of her new admirer, drew forth her book, and reclining in a mossy corner, began to read. She, however, had scarcely succeeded in fixing her attention on its pages, before the pertinacious stranger re-appeared, and declaring that fishing was dull work, and that the fish would not bite, he composedly seated himself at Kitty's feet, and begged to know the name of the book she was reading.

"Tennyson's 'Princess,'" replied Kitty, curiously.
The impertinent stranger declared the book a great favorite of his, and began to talk so entertainingly of books and authors, that Kitty, warmed by the subject, forgot to be dignified, and an animated discourse on favorite authors ensued. Afterwards the young man begged the privilege of reading a few admirable passages from the book she held in her hand; and it so happened that the passages he had selected were the very ones Kitty loved best. He read them well, too, and Kitty's bright eyes sparkled with delight as she listened. Turning last to the exquisitely concluding interview between Ida and the young prince, the stranger's voice became more and more earnest, and he read till the coming words:
"Indeed I love thee; come,
Yield thyself up; my hopes and mine are one.
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."
He suddenly flung the book aside, exclaiming, "What words! what words! What would I not give for courage to utter them to the being I love best on earth!" The stranger paused a moment, and then broke forth impetuously: "This forced silence is all in vain; the words I would repress will come. In vain have I striven to be prudent—cautious—to allow you time—not to startle you—lovely, bewitching Miss Katherine—you are yourself the person of my secret adoration, to whom I would say much if I dared; and thereupon the youth, rather melodramatically, fell on one knee, and forthwith proceeded to make Kitty a very plain offer of his hand.

Meanwhile Kitty had risen from her seat, and recovering from her astonishment, she drew herself up with dignity, and replied, "I hardly know, sir, what you mean by your very strange words and conduct. The liberty you have taken has made me very sensible of my own imprudence in having allowed the advances of a stranger so presuming—an error I shall be careful never to repeat." So saying, my proud Kitty turned from the stranger with a distant bow, and walked directly home.

I did not see Kitty till some time after her return; perhaps she was recovering her spirits in her own room, for when I met her she was as full of mischief as ever.
"Well, James, why don't you ask me about my adventures to-day?" she inquired.

"Because," I replied, "I didn't suppose you would be so imprudent as to get again to-day where you would be like to encounter the insolent puppy who presumed to address you yesterday."
"I didn't in the least expect him to be there," said Kitty blushing, and somewhat confused, "but he was there."
"Of course," I replied gruffly. "Well, was your Adonis as handsome and agreeable as ever?"
"More so!" cried Kitty, recovering her composure; "he looked more Massanello-like than ever in his fishing-dress; and for entertainment, he first read me all the finest part of Tennyson's Princess and then made a marriage proposal, and I don't think any man could be expected to do more in one afternoon."
"I should think not, indeed," said I;

"pray what reply did you make to the rascal? that you had a friend at home that would be happy to kick him well for his insolence?"

"Far from it," said Kitty; "what my reply was is my secret—and his; but for you, my poor James, I'm sorry for you—it's all over with you and your offer."

"Why you good-for-nothing, little, deceitful puss cried I!" losing all patience, "there never was a more arrant dissembler living. Behold how plain a tale shall put you down!—for lo!—myself, disguised merely by a little paint—a fishing blouse, a false moustache, and a change in the arrangement of my hair, was in my own person this elegant, handsome, and agreeable stranger, whose praises you have so lavishly sounded."

Poor Kitty was completely confounded. "How could I have been so stupid?" she murmured, "and the voice, too, which sounded so familiar all the time!"
"Yes, Kitty, you're caught," said I; "and to punish you for attempting to palm a wicked falsehood upon me, I shall impose a two-fold fine. First, you shall kiss me; and then fix our wedding day, which must be very shortly, for I'm going to Paris in a month, and you must go with me."

Kitty gave a little scream and declared that she could not think of submitting to either of my penalties; but in vain she struggled and protested—I had her in my arms, and finding at last all her efforts to release herself fruitless, her jests and laughter suddenly changed to earnest tenderness, and closing her arms around me, she said, "As you will, dear—dearest Jamie!"

"One month from to-day, then, my own, sweet darling Kitty," I began.
"Katharine, then," I repeated, smiling at her pernicity on this point, "one month from to-morrow, my Katharine."
"You never put any adjectives before Katharine murmured Kitty, evasively, hiding her blushing and pouting face.
"My own dear, gracious, winning, bewitching, most kissable Katharine," said I, "shall it be as I say?"

"If mamma chooses, whispered Kitty. And so I persuaded the sweetest and prettiest girl in the country to accept her first and only lover; and though this day my merry little wife often complains that I defrauded her by my tricks of her natural womanly right of breaking two or three hearts at least ere she made one man supremely blest, still she generally concludes her reproaches in a manner most flattering to my vanity, by declaring that she had two offers after all, and that each of them was worth a thousand common ones.

Female Conversation.

An English writer declares the fact—that the women of our day do not "converse," and then attributes it to the multiplicity of studies and the evening confinement to books and school companions. He says:

"It should be as much a matter of duty and of conscience to insist on out-door exercise, and in-door social recreation, as upon any of the regular exercises of the school-room. School studies should be confined absolutely to school hours.—To allow them to encroach upon the latter hours of the day, and upon the graceful household duties, and recreations, which either are, or ought to be, provided for every girl at home; in other words, to subordinate the home-training to school-training, or to intermit the former in favor of the latter, is a most palpable and ruinous mistake. It is bad even in an intellectual point of view.

"To say nothing of other disadvantages, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most feminine, most beautiful, most useful of all accomplishments—the noble art of conversation. For conversation is an art as well as a gift. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between young and old, in the leisure unreserved of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by the pressure of school tasks, talking only with their school-mates till they "come out" into society, but monopolized entirely by young persons of their own age, they easily learn to mistake chatter for conversation, and "small talk" becomes for life their only medium of exchange. Hence, with all the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intellectual conversation."

A handsome young fellow in New York, in great distress for want of money, married last week a rich old woman of seventy. He was no doubt miserable for the want of money, and she for the want of a husband; and "misery makes strange bedfellows."

Reading matter on every page.

WIT AND WISDOM.

[Selections from the new book of the editor of the "Louisville Journal," entitled "Prenticeana." Price, \$1.00. Derby & Jackson, Publishers, 119 Nassau st., New York.]

A man who attempts to read all the new publications, must often do as a flea does—skip.

The "Beaver Argus" records the marriage of man only three feet high.—No wonder he wanted to get spliced.

The editor of an Indiana paper says, "more villainy is on foot." We suppose the editor has lost his horse.

A party of our friends, last week, chased a fox thirty-six hours. They actually "ran the thing into the ground."

Mr. J. Black declares for the dissolution of the Union. Let him have a traitor's reward:

"Hung be the heavens with Black." We were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six men upon the ground and six misses.

A father and son, Anthony and Thomas Screw, escaped on the 25th ult., from the Wetumpka jail. There are two Screws loose.

A Newbern paper says that Mrs. Alice Day, of that city, was lately delivered of four sturdy boys. We know not what a Day may bring forth.

A Buffalo paper announces that Dr. Brandreth has introduced a bill into the Legislature. Is the editor sure he minded his p's in the announcement?

The common opinion is that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to let them slide.

A Mr. Archer has been sent to the Ohio penitentiary for marrying three wives. "Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?"

Mrs. Charity Perkins, of New Orleans, came near dying of poison a few days ago. A sister of Charity was suspected of having administered the dose.

A Southern lady has abandoned the Shaker establishment near Louisville, to marry Mr. James Bean, aged seventy-five. She must be fond of dried beans.

Mr. Henry A. Rhule says, in a Mississippi paper, that "he has worked zealously for the administration." Now let him turn and work against it. 'Tis a poor Rule that won't work both ways.

The editor of a western paper recently fancied himself "a live ox;" but since our rough handling of him, he is beginning to conclude that he is only jerked beef.

A writer in a Virginia paper devotes three columns to describing the great Blue Ridge Tunnel. We hardly know which is the greatest bore, the tunnel or the description of it.

W. H. Hooe, a postmaster in Virginia, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public funds are missing from his office, and he asks, "who has got the money?" Possibly echo may answer—Hooe.

The New York "Evening Post" says a man "cannot be active and quiescent at the same time." There may be some doubt of that. Some fellows bustle about terribly and yet lie still.

A. K. says that he expects to be able in a short time to pay everything that he owes in this world. Aye, but there's a heavy debt that he has got to settle in the other world. There'll be the devil to pay.

Mr. Z. Round, an old and valued friend of ours, was recently elected magistrate in Wisconsin. That, we suppose, is what our Wisconsin friends consider squaring a circle.

A Rocky Mountain correspondent of the "New York Post," who writes himself "Henry E. Land," describes Oregon as the most delightful country in the world. Our citizens, if they choose, can go out there and see "how the Land lies."

The Ohio river is getting lower and lower every day. It has almost ceased to run. All who look at it can at once perceive that it exhibits very little speed, but a great deal of bottom.

A lady in Montreal lately recovered \$2,000 of a Maj. Breckford, for hugging and kissing her rather roughly. She ought to set a high value on the money—she got it by a tight squeeze.

CURE FOR CORNS.—If "a poor cripple" will take a lemon, cut a piece of it off, then nick it, so as to let in the toe with the corn, the pulp next the corn, tie this on at night so that it cannot move, he will find the next morning that the corn is gone, and the corn will come out great extent. Two or three of this will make "a poor cure for life;" and we shall be glad to result.