

# The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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NUMBER 32.

## DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

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Bethel Station,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Blacklick.
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Cass Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
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### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. SPARKS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning 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 8 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.

**Catholic**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 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.

**Evangelical**—Rev. Wm. LEVY, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

**Catholic**—Rev. M. J. MERCURELLO, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and 8 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 7 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " 7 " " A. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Stroungtown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.  
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 P. M.

The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.  
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

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

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**WILMORE STATION.**

West—Express Train leaves at	9.37 A. M.
" " " " " "	10.09 P. M.
" " " " " "	3.16 P. M.
East—Express Train, " " "	8.10 P. M.
" " " " " "	6.23 A. M.
" " " " " "	10.04 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

**Prothonotary**—Joseph M'Donald.

**Recorder and Recorder**—Edward F. Lytle.

**Sheriff**—Robert P. Linton.

**Deputy Sheriff**—William Linton.

**County Clerks**—Philip S. Noon.

**County Commissioners**—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Horn, James Cooper.

**Clerk to Commissioners**—Robert A. M'Coyle.

**Treasurer**—John A. Blair.

**Poor House Directors**—David O'Harrow, Michael M'Guire, Jacob Horner.

**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahn.

**Poor House Steward**—James J. Kaylor.

**Mercantile Appraiser**—H. C. Devine.

**Assessors**—Henry Hawk, John P. Stull, John S. Rhey.

**County Surveyor**—E. A. Viekroy.

**Coroner**—James S. Todd.

**Superintendent of Common Schools**—T. A. Maguire.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.

**Burges**—David J. Evans.

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

**Clerk to Council**—T. D. Litzinger.

**Borough Treasurer**—George Gurley.

**Ward Master**—William Davis.

**School Directors**—William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, Hugh Jones, David J. Jones.

**Treasurer of School Board**—Evan Morgan.

**Constable**—George W. Brown.

**Tax Collector**—George Gurley.

**Judge of Election**—Mehack Thomas.

**Inspectors**—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

**Assessor**—Richard T. Davis.

## POETRY.

### UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;  
No more her pulses come and go;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light;  
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes;  
A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
In peace, beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,  
To make the scorching sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the ground,  
And drop their dead leaves in her mound.

When o'er the boughs the squirrels run,  
And through the leaves the robins call,  
And ripens in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For the morning choir shall sing  
Its matin from the branches high,  
And every angel voice of Spring,  
That thrills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial track,  
Eastward the lengthened shadows pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
The crickets, sliding in the grass,  
Shall pipe to her an evening mass.

At last the rooflets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,  
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kinder blood,  
Should ask, "What maiden lies here?"  
Say only this: "A tender bud,  
That tried in blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow."  
—Atlantic Monthly.

### THRILLING REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

BY GEORGE LIPPAARD.

God is everywhere. His words are on the hearts. He is on the battle field or in our peaceful home. Praise be to His holy name.

It was on the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of battle, as the noonday sun came through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near the reefs which rose like the rock of some primeval world, at least one thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.

The man with the dark brown face and darker grey eye flashing with deadly light, and muscular form clad in a blue frock of the revolution—is a continental, named Warren.

The other man, with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a tory refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli, named Dehoney.

They met by accident, and now they fought not with sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental on his breast—the upraised knife flashing death in his face.

"Quarter! I yield," gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast, "spare me, I yield."

"My brother," said the patriot in that tone of deadly hate, "My brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees, you struck your knife into his heart. O, I will give you the quarter of Paoli."

And as his hand raised for the blow and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, then pinioned the tory's arms, and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, as that awful gift yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife and child at home! Spare me!"

The continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed his bitter sneer in his face.

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli that wife was a widow, those children orphans. Would you not like to go and beg your life of that widow and those orphans?"

The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate, was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children and to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms still tighter, placed him on the rocks again, and led him to the woods. A quiet cottage, embossed among the trees, broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearthstone, sat the widow and children.

She sat there, a matronly woman of about twenty-three years, with a face faded

### An Old-Time Schoolmaster.

There are many persons now residing in Philadelphia, who, remembering back some thirty years, can recollect the honest face of a sturdy pedagogue from the North of Ireland, by the name of W—, a stern disciplinarian of the old School, who believed that learning as often went in with a "thwack" as an inclination.—Among the pupils of honest old W— was one who has since arisen to some distinction, but who, during his school-boy days, was generally regarded as a thick-headed, lazy fellow, and as sure to get old W—'s attention in the "warning way" every semi-occasionally. One day when Johnny had forgotten to study his lesson, as usual, the old dominie blandly requested him to take his place on the floor, as he had a few words which he wished to say to him. Johnny of course stepped with fear and trembling, and was greatly astonished to hear his stern teacher address him in a very kind and gentle tone.

"Johnny, my son," said W—, "ye're of a good family, so you are."

Johnny, who was expecting a pretty severe punishment, and had already begun to wriggle and dig his knuckles into his eyes, looked up in the greatest imaginable surprise.

"I say, Johnny," pursued the dominie, "ye're of a good family—d'ye understand?"

"Ah, thank you, sir," said the lad with some confidence.

"Yes, Johnny, I repeat it, ye're of a good family, as good a family as my own. I knew your father, Johnny, in the old country and in this, as a lad and a man, and an honest lad and man, Johnny, I never knew anyther side of the big deep."

"Thank you, sir," said Johnny, with a pleasant smile, and a furtive glance at his playmates.

"And I knew your mother, too, Johnny, and a dear, sweet little girl she was afore she grew up and married your father, Johnny; and after that she was a blessed bride, and as kind-hearted and lovely a mother and mistress of a family, Johnny, as ever left the blessed shores of our Ireland."

"Yes, sir—oh, thank you, sir," responded the delighted Johnny.

"Ah, Johnny, your father and mother and myself have seen some happy days across the great seas," sighed the sentimental schoolmaster; "days that I'm knowing now will never return to me again. And then your sisters, Johnny—you've got fine sisters, too, that I've known since they were toddlings, and which same now are ornaments to society, Johnny."

"Oh, sir, I am much obliged to you!" responded the happy pupil, scarce knowing how to express the joy that he felt at finding himself such a great favorite with his heretofore stern master.

"And then, there is yourself, Johnny, that I've known since your birth—the son of me old friends and companions of me youth."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Ah, yes, Johnny," went on the dominie, with something between a sigh and a groan, and some slight indication of tears, "it's the whole blessed family I have known so long and so well and so favorably, Johnny; and now that I look back with pride on these same by-gone reminiscences, I think I wouldn't be doing justice to your noble father, your kind mother, and your lovely sisters, nor to myself and the rest of mankind, if I were to let such a lazy, good-for-nothing rascal go without a good thwacking. Hold out yer hand, Johnny, hold out your hand, you young rascal!"

And before Johnny had time to recover from his astonishment, he found himself in the process of a thwacking that he never forgot to his dying day.—*Illinois Teacher.*

### THE LAST OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS CALAMITY.

The Committee appointed to disburse the contributions of the people for the relief of the sufferers from the great Lawrence accident have finally appropriated the last dollar of the sum, \$65,824. The total number of deaths has been 88. The Committee have had under their care during their ministrations 117 families and persons. For two persons incurably injured, life annuities have been purchased of \$350 and \$400 each.

### A PREDICTION.

A gentleman in Boston received a letter from a relative at Charleston, two or three days since, in which he says he is really for the Union, though obliged by fear of confiscation to countenance and aid the secession movement. His closing paragraph is: "Mark my word—South Carolina has been one year President."

### Boring Oil Wells.

As "oil" is the absorbing topic at present, the following description of the implements used in boring for it will be read with interest:

The "derrick" consists of four upright poles, from thirty to thirty-five feet high, made to form a square at the base of six to eight feet, while at the top (the poles slanting) the square is reduced to about five feet. On the top of the derrick, directly over the well, is a wheel, around which runs an inch rope, used for hoisting the tools out of the well whenever their removal becomes necessary, from accident or the accumulation of sand.

The "windlass" attached to the derrick, about three feet from the ground, affords an excellent leverage in hoisting the tools from the well, which weigh, when screwed together for boring, from three to five hundred pounds.

The "spring pole" is made of a straight hickory tree, about thirty-five feet in length, and fastened in the ground, while the middle is braced up with a stout upright post, and the other end extends directly over the well, to which the rope is attached that sustains the augur stem and drill. A foot board is nailed on the end of the spring pole, upon which a man stands when boring, supported in his position by a strip running from side to side of the derrick, three feet above the pole, which answers for a hand-hold; a tread board, forming an inclined plane of twelve inches, is also fastened to the same end of the pole, which keeps one man constantly busy with one foot, while along side of the well the borer sits on a stool; it is his business to twist the rope at every rebound of the pole, in order that the drill may strike the rock crossways alternately.

The boring tools consist of a round iron augur stem, twenty feet long and two inches thick, and five bits, two feet long, the same thickness as the stem, which are made so that they can be readily screwed on the stem at pleasure. The first bit (or more properly drill) used is a chisel shaped, and makes the hole, which is two inches wide. The other four (generally styled "reamers," and made bell-shaped, two being three inches and two four inches wide) are intended to enlarge the well and smooth off the rough edges of the rock.

The operation in boring consists simply of an up and down motion, with a fall of the drill of from one to four feet.

The "sand pump" is composed of a copper tube, five feet in length and two inches in diameter, with a leather valve at the bottom, opening as the pump goes in the water and shutting as it is hauled up.—The tubing is made in sections twenty feet long, of cast iron or copper, fastened together by means of brass screws.

The "seed bag" is intended to prevent water from running into the well; it is made of leather, cut to fit tight around the outside of the tubing, perhaps a foot above the oil; the bag, three-fourths of a yard in depth, is filled with flax-seed, and the top tied loosely around the tube. In this manner the tube is lowered into the well, the water in a few minutes swelling the seed to such a bulk that the space between the tube and walls of the well is entirely closed, and rendered water proof. The pump inside the tubing has two valves, which work alternately, the lower one being shut while the upper one is open.

### NOTABILITIES OF CHICAGO.

We make the following extracts from a gossiping letter published in one of the eastern papers of the notabilities resident in Chicago: "In the 'Garden City' we have among our notabilities the son of an English earl, formerly in the Guards, now engaged in the packing pork; a son of the late Bishop of London, and a graduate of Oxford, busy in the manufacture of soap; a nephew of the gallant Lord Collingwood (Netson's Collingwood,) fattening cattle on an adjacent farm; a younger son of one of England's noblest families speculating in wheat and corn; a reduced but genuine German baron, who has hobnobbed with Humboldt and the titled magnates of London fashionable circles, dispensing beer at half a dime a glass; and an accomplished Hungarian engaged in fresco painting at two dollars a day. Here, too, we have a brother of Charles Dickens, who bears a striking resemblance to the gifted novelist. He is a clerk in the Land Department of the I. C. R. R., and it is from him that Dickens received the *nom de plume* of 'Boz.'"

### RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME.

Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing fresh salubrity day by day, while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

### Fun and Fancy.

"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

"GOT A BABY."—A well spring of joy has been opened in the house of a Western cotemporary, and the consequence is the editor is so delighted that he don't know which end he is standing on. Just hear him:

"Last Wednesday afternoon, 'to us a child was born,' but not a son was given. We feel proud of our baby—it is so pretty and sweet, so our better half says. It is a girl, of course—our wife wanted a girl, so we gave up to her—the time being too hard to split the difference and have a girl and boy at once. Our time will come next, see if it don't. Our baby weighs eight pounds, and all the ladies say that it is such a pretty little angel, and looks just like its papa. Of course everybody will know it is pretty when it resembles us. It has black eyes, dark hair, and the sweetest little face, and the way it can cry is a caution to a calliope; but then its little voice is so charming, producing such a harmony of sweet sounds. It was so the first time we ever heard our baby's voice, and what a thrill of happiness did that little voice send through our bosom!

"But we are too happy to express our feelings. We are at least two feet taller than we were before our baby was born, and think ourself good enough to become a preacher. We pity everybody that hasn't got a baby, and as for old bachelors, we entertain a sovereign contempt for them, and intend to lam the first one that presumes to have the effrontery to speak to us. Poor old maids! from the bottom of our hearts we feel sorry for them. Oh, that they could only realize the happiness of a young mother with her first-born. Young men, and young ladies, too, our advice to you is, 'Go thou and do likewise'—it will make you feel so happy to have a baby. We warn everybody not to insult us, for we feel big enough and strong enough to whip every one of the seceding States back into the Union, and a single man wouldn't be a taste for us. We are doubly sound on the Union issue now. We never intend to secede from our baby."

### WHAT HE THOUGHT.

An Ohio stump-sucker, while making a political speech, paused in the midst of it and exclaimed:

"Now, gentlemen, what do you think?"

Instantly a man arose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly replied:

"I think, sir, indeed I do, sir—I think if you and I were to stomp the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir—and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir!"

### IT IS SAID THAT THE SOUTHERN GIRLS ARE AS PATRIOTIC AND BELLIGERENT AS THE MEN.

Shouldn't wonder. Suppose, for instance, that a regiment of gallant young Northerners were to march to Charleston just now; nobody doubts that the fair ones would be sure to arms at once and take them all—for better or for worse!

### THE ONLY PERSONS WHO REALLY ENJOY BAD HEALTH ARE THE DOCTORS.

Most men are found of self, but Lot was wedded to it.