

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 7.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1865.

NUMBER 2.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Carrolltown,	Henry Nutter,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	A. G. Crooks,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	J. Houston,	Taylor.
Cresson,	John Thompson,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg,	C. Jeffries,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	J. M. Christy,	White.
Gallatin,	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	I. E. Chandler,	Wash't'n.
Johnstown,	M. Adesberger,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	A. Durbin,	Loretto.
Monaca,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Monaca.
Plattsville,	Stun. Wharton,	Susq'han.
St. Augustine,	George Berkey,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	B. M. Colgan,	Richfield.
Sonman,	George B. Wike,	Washt'n.
Summerhill,	Wm. McConell,	Croyle.
Summit,	J. K. Shryock,	Washt'n.
Wilmore,		S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C.

Presbyterian—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Wid. 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.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

Western, daily, at 12.00 o'clock, noon.

Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

West—Balt. Express leaves at 9.17 A. M.

Phila. Express " 10.07 A. M.

Fast Line " 9.58 P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, Hon. Geo. Eastey, Henry C. Devine.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—Harrison Kinkead, Edmund J. Waters.

SOCIETIES, & C.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 812 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

October.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart, thou darrest here,
With sear and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier;
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple cloud appear,
Obscuring every western star.

They were loitering in the garden—
Fred Davenport, with his high-bred non-
chalant air; John Fisk, with a look of
mingled embarrassment and defiance on
his plain, manly face, and Lalla, between
them, playing her little part of artless
simplicity, and playing it well—with a
glance to the right and word to the left,
the brown eyes apparently not seeing the
utter disfigurement of cousin John, as Mr.
Davenport proceeded, with his calm, clear
words, to cut and criticize Robt. Brown-
ing's poems.

LOVE IN A TRAMWAY.

They were loitering in the garden—
Fred Davenport, with his high-bred non-
chalant air; John Fisk, with a look of
mingled embarrassment and defiance on
his plain, manly face, and Lalla, between
them, playing her little part of artless
simplicity, and playing it well—with a
glance to the right and word to the left,
the brown eyes apparently not seeing the
utter disfigurement of cousin John, as Mr.
Davenport proceeded, with his calm, clear
words, to cut and criticize Robt. Brown-
ing's poems.

"Yes, Miss Winslow," spoke the low,
distinct tones, where the sound of each
letter rang gently on to the world glided
through the thin lips and pointed mus-
tache, "the poems of Browning are his
own heart's deep red blood. They are to
poetry what the passionate violinello is
to music; and the low and throbbing un-
der-tones which echo in our hearts long after
lighter sounds have died away forever.—
With your delicate taste so far removed
from the coarse realities of this work-
ing world, I feel sure you will appreciate
the poems, and, with your permission, I
will bring them this evening, and point
out the gems."

While Lalla was "so delighted" and
"so much obliged," John savagely tore
off a rose from a bush by his side, and, as
if in revenge for its ruthless murder, the
flower sent one of its long thorns spite-
fully into the murderer's hand, and two
or three drops of the blood which had
been boiling through his veins for the
previous half hour, burst gaily forth,
tingling the white linen cuff with a hue
as bright as John's own celebrated ruby
cherries. But the brown eyes, apparently
so absorbed in Browning, had seen this
by-play, and pulling a dainty handker-
chief from her pocket, Lalla exclaimed—
"Let me bind this around your poor
hand, cousin John. I insist, for I am
somewhat interested in your recovery.—
You promised to give me a ride in your
pretty new skiff, to-morrow evening, and
I have thought of it—oh! you cannot
imagine how often!"

Here the brown eyes cast a shy upward
glance, and completed the reconciliation
which the little fingers and handkerchief
had begun. Calmed and controlled, the
great "six foot" John stalked on by the
side of the gray hat and feather, and con-
soled himself for the continuation of the
Browning dialogue by watching the play
of the slender boots in and out under the
gray Balmoral.

Lalla Winslow was the only daughter
of the village doctor. A warm-hearted,
bright disposition, a petite, graceful per-
son, a quick mind and sweet voice would
have made her a general favorite even
without those brown eyes which shed
such a glory over the pensive face that a
stranger would never dream of the mirth
concealed in the little, red mouth, until
the arching lips, gleaming teeth and merry
dimples showed his mistake; and the
brown eyes themselves, going over to the
enemy with long, twinkling lashes, put
his incredulity utterly to rout.

Yes—Lalla was a belle! It is true her
enemies said she was affected and senti-
mental; and we confess that she did slip
kept a journal, and read the blue and gold
literature. Yet, for all this, such was the
bluntness of the young men of the vil-
lage that they passed by the practical,
domestic young ladies, and rushed inas-
easily after our little, liping Lalla. Among
a crowd of admirers, cousin John had
generally stood foremost, and although
Lalla's flirting propensities had often sent
him fuming home to his broad farm lands
along the river, yet old, experienced gos-
sips always prophesied, "Mark my words,
Mrs. Jones, they will make a match yet."
This very fair July, when our story is
told, had seen cousin John far in advance
of his discouraged competitors, who, drop-
ping off, one by one, took up various of
the practical damsels and tried to per-
suade them (and themselves at the same
time) that they had never really admired
"that little flirt, Lalla Winslow," and that

"Let him get a drenching! It will
serve him right. I'd like to see those
white pants after a regular soak!" thought
our farmer friend, glowering at the ele-
gant city clothes before him.

Here a vivid flash of lightning and a
loud peal of thunder aroused the Brown-
ingites, while large drops of rain came
pattering down on the shining beech
leaves over them. A violent gust of wind
came roaring through the forest, bowing
down the tall trees like reeds, and filling
our little heroine with alarm.

"Oh! John, what shall we do?" she
cried, clinging to his strong arm.

"We must hurry to Graves' foundry, on
the Hardstown road; it is the nearest
place of refuge. But first, Lalla, put my
coat right over that foolish dress; I don't
want it one bit—it's just in the way," re-
plied cousin John, buttoning the garment
over the drooping shoulders, and crush-
ing, beyond hope of recovery, the delicate
fluted ruffles.

Drawing her hand through his arm, off
they started, leaving Mr. Davenport to
follow at his will, which that gentleman
slowly did, with great damage to his slen-
der boots and snowy pants.

As the tall chimneys of the foundry,
belching out clouds of smoke, appeared
behind the trees, the rain ceased, al-
though the sky still threatened another outburst;
and Mr. Davenport, joining the cousins,
compared the rain-drops on Lalla's hair to
dew-drops set in gold, and hoped she had
not taken cold. That bright color would
seem to say "No," but he saw the fair
throat exposed to the cool wind. Might he
be allowed? And, taking off his black
and white silk scarf, he fastened it around
Lalla's neck with the glittering diamond
pin.

"But you will take cold," objected
Lalla.

"A thousand colds would be cheerfully
borne for the pleasure of seeing you thus
adorned by my hand," returned the law-
yer, with an eloquent glance.

The little country girl was not proof
against such flattery.

"How different from John's rough ways!"
thought she; then added, aloud, "Cousin
John, you may have your coat again,
it hurts my shoulders."

Mr. Davenport assisted her in taking
off the rejected garment, murmuring many
regrets for the ruined ruffles, and the two
stroiled off towards the foundry, leaving
the much-enduring John scowling after
them.

"Much enduring? Yes; for all the
time he could not divest himself of the
feeling that the little coquette really, in
her inmost heart, liked him better than
she chose to confess.

The great folding doors of the moulding
room stood wide open to allow of fresh air
to the furnace-men toiling over the molten
iron. It seemed like some great cave in
the bowels of the earth, where swarthy
demons glided to and fro, while ever and
again a harsh cry summoned them to re-
ceive the hissing, glowing iron, pouring
like liquid fire from a great caldron; and,
under all, sobbed the dull, heavy gasps of
the engine, like the iron king in living
agony.

"How can those men summon up their
courage to approach that boiling iron so
closely?" said Lalla. "One drop of it
would burn their very bones!"

"Oh! Miss Winslow," returned Mr.
Davenport, "that requires only animal
courage of the lowest order—mere brute
force. A truly intellectual soul would
soothe such an ignoble quality, and soar
above to the calm regions of moral supe-
riority. To walk up to these fires, to at-
tack any dangerous animal, requires but
a vulgar courage. How much more noble
the true spirit of chivalry, the soul-felt
knight errantry of olden time!"

Now, John had overheard this last ef-
fusion, and felt that it was aimed at him-
self and the poor black snake. His wrath
was on the point of exploding, when the
large rain-drops and heavy thunder chang-
ed his feelings into anxiety for Lalla in
her thin muslin dress.

"You cannot stay in that stifling, dirty
moulding room, Lalla," he exclaimed.—
"We must go up stairs into the mounting
room. Follow me; this is the shortest
way."

On the other side of the foundry was a
long tramway, leading from the canal to
the third story, and used for dragging up
the newly-made castings to the mounting
rooms above. It was boarded over the
top and sides, lighted by an occasional
loop-hole, while through the centre ascended
the iron track, leaving but an inch or
two of space on either side. It was into
this species of tunnel that John led the
way, as the nearest shelter and the easiest
mode of reaching the mounting rooms
above. No thought of danger entered his
mind, as only the day previous he had
overheard the foreman say that they no
longer used that long tunnel, as the track
was out of order. Still nursing his wrath,
John stalked on in front, while Lalla lin-
gered behind with Mr. Davenport, listen-
ing to his quotations from Schiller's "Song
of the Bell," and rewarding the speaker
with many pleasant words, each of which
sent an additional arrow to John's heart.

"Well, I'm afraid I've been mistaken
all this time," thought the young farmer.
"I've cared for her this many a long year,
and my whole life is gone without her.—
What are all my rich fields without the

him home, and Lalla went with them;
and John declares to this day that the
world never saw but one better nurse
than Lalla Winslow—viz: Mrs. John
Fiske.

I have but little more to add. The
tunnel of which the foreman spoke was
one used for bringing coal from a neigh-
boring mine. The elegant Mr. Daven-
port—books, fishing rod and gun—left
the village in the early stage, and it is
generally supposed he had enough of love
in a tramway.

**Good Advice from an Unexpect-
ed Quarter.**

J. H. Reagan, Postmaster General of
the late Southern Confederacy, who has
just been released from Fort Warren on
parole, during his confinement therein
wrote a long letter to the people of Texas,
in which he gives them some very whole-
some advice. He says they must agree to
recognize the supreme authority of the
Government of the United States within
the sphere of its power, and the right to
protect itself against disintegration by the
secession of the States. Also, they must
recognize the abolition of slavery, and the
right of those who have been slaves to the
privilege and protection of the law. He
says the only wise and safe course for them
to pursue is to accept promptly, unreserv-
edly, and in good faith, the terms and pol-
icy offered, and to go forward in the work
of reorganization and restoration of the
Union.

In reference to the reconstruction of the
State, he says:

"I have no doubt you can adopt a plan
which will fully meet the demands of jus-
tice and fairness and satisfy the Northern
mind and the requirements of the Govern-
ment, without endangering good govern-
ment and the repose of society. This can
be done by:

"First, extending the privileges and
protection of the laws over negroes as they
are over the whites, and allowing them to
testify in the courts on the same condi-
tions, leaving their testimony subject to
the rules relating to its credibility, but
not objecting to its admissibility. And
in this you will conform with the wise
current of modern legislation, and the
tenacity of all judicial decisions in all en-
lightened countries.

"And second, by fixing an intellectual
and moral, and, if thought necessary, a
property test for the admission of all per-
sons to the exercise of the elective fran-
chise, without reference to race or color,
which would secure its intelligent exer-
cise.

"My own view would be—
"First, That no person now entitled to
the privilege of voting should be deprived
of it because of any new test. I would
recognize in this the difference between
taking away a right not heretofore exer-
cised.

"Second, That to authorize the admis-
sion of persons hereafter to the elective
franchise, they should be, first, males;
second, twenty-one years of age; third,
citizens of the United States; fourth,
should have resided in the State one year;
and in the district, county, or precinct,
six months next preceding any election
at which they propose to vote; fifth, shou-
ld be able to read in the English language
understandingly; and must have paid
taxes for the last year preceding for
which such taxes were due and payable,
subject to any disqualification for crime
of which the person may have been duly
convicted, which may be prescribed by
law.

"The adoption of these measures, in
addition to those before mentioned, would
in my judgment, meet the ends of justice
and fairness; secure the re-establishment
of the State Government; the admission
of her Senators and Representatives in
Congress, the suspension of military rule,
and the restoration of civil, constitutional
and local self government. And it would
do more. It would secure your protection
against other great and pending evils;
and is, I am persuaded, of the greatest
consequence to your future peace, pros-
perity and happiness.

After a brief argument in support of
the foregoing propositions, the adoption
of which he contends would do much
toward the renewal of the ancient rela-
tions of national harmony and fraternal
good will between all parts of the country,
he concludes as follows:

"If the State will accept this policy at
once, it will attain the great ends here-
tofore mentioned, and it will save its own
people from years of painful strife and
agitation on these questions, which would
be found to be the only means of bringing
it to an end, even if it be led to nothing
worse. How infinitely better it will be for
you, for both races, for the present and
the future, for the whole country, if you
will unhesitatingly recognize the unalter-
able facts as to your condition, and the
inevitable logic of events: and hasten, as
it is in your power to do, the return of
the blessings of civic government and con-
stitutional liberty; and avoid, as it is in
your power to do, the fearful peril which
now lies before you."

A man with a scolding wife, being
asked what his occupation was, replied
that he kept a *Hot House*.