The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

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VOLUME 7. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1865. NUMBER 4.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	*Post Masters.*	*Districts.*
Carolltown,	Steven L. Evans,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson,	J. Houston,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg.	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	C. Jeffries,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	Wm Tiley, Jr.,	Washt'n.
Johnstown,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
Munster,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Plattsville,	Andrew J Ferral,	Susq'han.
St. Augustine,	Stan. Wharton,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Berkey,	Richland.
Sonman,	B. M'Colgan,	Washt'n.
Summerhill,	George B. Wike,	Croyle.
Summit,	Wm. M'Connell,	Washt'n.
Wilmore,	J. K. Shryock,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ 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.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. A. Baker, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. Pershing, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning, at 10½ o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday 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.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. Morgan Ellis, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 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. W. Lloyd, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

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

Catholic—Rev. R. C. Christy, 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	12.00 o'clock, noon.
Western, "	at	12.00 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

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

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.

West—Balt. Express	leaves at		9.17 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"		10.07 A. M.
" Fast Line	"		9.58 P. M.
" Mail Train	"		8.38 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex.	"		8.13 A. M.
" Altoona Accom.	"		4.30 P. M.
East—Phila. Express	"		8.50 P. M.
" Fast Line	"		1.43 A. M.
" Day Express	"		7.03 A. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex.	"		12.03 P. M.
" Mail Train	"		5.10 P. M.
" Altoona Accom.	"		11.10 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Sheriff—James Myers.

District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—John Campbell, Edward Glass, E. R. Dunnegan.

Clerk to Commissioners—William H. Sechler.

Treasurer—Isaac Wike.

Clerk to Treasurer—John Lloyd.

Poor House Directors—George M'Cullough, George Orris, Joseph Dailey.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Auditors—Fran. P. Tierney, Jno. A. Kennedy, Emanual Brallier.

County Surveyor.—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner.—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Cox.

Sup't. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.

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

Burgess—C. T. Roberts.

School Directors—Philip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.

Borough Treasurer—Geo. W. Oatman.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Morris Peat.

Town Council—E. Hughes, Evan Griffith, Jno. J. Evans, Wm. D. Davis, Maj. John Thompson.

Inspectors—Richard R. Tibbott, Robert D. Thomas

Judge of Election—Daniel O. Evans.

Assessor—J. A. Moore.

WEST WARD.

Constable—Thos. J. Williams.

Town Council—Isaac Crawford, James P. Murray, Wm. Kittell, H. Kinkead, George W. Oatman.

Inspectors.—Robert Evans, Jno. E. Scanlan.

Judge of Election.—John D. Thomas.

Assessor.—Capt. Murray.

SOCIETIES, &c.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

I. O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.

S. of T.—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ALLEGHANIAN:" $2.00 IN ADVANCE, OR $3.00 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

Sooner or Later.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumber, from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel, in that deep-laid rest,
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That recks not the sweet and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with his golden hum;
Sooner or later on half-paused wing
The blue-bird's warble about me ring—

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me;
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later my darkling dews
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow,
Sooner or later—oh, why not now!

The Capuchin.

Many years ago there resided in a city of Sicily a nobleman, named Don Felix, who was entirely master of himself and of a large fortune. Immediately opposite to his mansion lived a professor of the healing art, called Don Ambrosio, who, in order to prevent his curious neighbor from prying into his secrets, kept in his windows vases filled with flowers and sweet herbs, such as parsley, thyme, marjoram, etc. The Doctor was a man verging on sixty-five, and exceedingly avaricious.

It happened, one morning, that Don Felix, rising earlier than usual, caught a glimpse of one of the lovliest faces he ever beheld, peeping behind the flowers. He at once felt himself deeply in love, and could not rest until he discovered who the beautiful creature was, for he knew that Don Ambrosio had neither wife nor daughter. He made every inquiry among his domestics and neighbors, but no one could satisfy his curiosity, as the doctor never admitted any one into his house, except an old woman who served him as housekeeper, and who was so surly and ill-tempered that no information could be got from her, as he supposed. However, one day, watching an opportunity when she left the house, he introduced himself to her acquaintance by softly slipping a few coins into her hand, when, instead of a crabbed, disagreeable old creature, as she had been depicted, he found her one of the most complaisant and communicative of her sex.

He learned from her that the young lady was a ward, lately left to her master's charge by a deceased relative; that she was entitled to a considerable sum of money when she became of age, which she believed had more charms for the doctor than her person, lovely though she was, as he proposed to marry her himself, and was continually urging his suit, which was most distasteful to her. He kept her a close prisoner, not even allowing her to cross the threshold to go to mass on holidays.

To Don Felix's pressing entreaties for an interview, the old lady replied that the doctor never stirred out, and had even given up seeing his patients; that the only opportunity he would have of seeing the young lady nearer would be on Christmas eve, which was then close at hand, when Don Ambrosio had, for a great indulgence, promised to take her to church, that she might witness the services customary on that occasion; but, not to discover the secret of his having a ward, or to give cause for suspicion, the jealous doctor intended to disguise her as a Capuchin.

Don Felix then dismissed his informant with another present, and an impassioned message to her beautiful mistress, who sometimes found an opportunity of eluding the vigilance of her guardian, and on showing herself at the windows, giving Don Felix to understand by signs that she was not insensible to his passion. Her beauty, which had first kindled a spark in his breast, now fanned this into a devouring flame.

The expected evening at length arrived. Don Felix watched carefully the doctor's door until he saw him leave the house in company with a monk. He lost not a moment in following, and entered the church close behind them; then, pretending to meet them accidentally, he exclaimed—

"Ha! Don Ambrosio, are you here?—And who is this young friar who accompanies you?"

"Only a Capuchin novice, a relation, whom the prior has permitted to pass the evening with me," replied the diciple of Æsculapius, stifling his vexation at the unwelcome rencontre.

As he spoke, he drew the hood closer over the face of his companion, wished his excellency good evening, and tried to shuffle off into the middle of the crowd. But Don Felix was not so easily dismissed; he kept his post by the side of the novice, and condescendingly explained to him all that was novel or extraordinary in the scene, not without putting in a tender word at intervals, when the doctor was looking another way, intending to snatch a favorable opportunity of running off with his fair companion; but the other was always on the alert, changing from right to left, as the agonized doctor moved the novice, on various pretexts, from one arm to the other.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Don Ambrosio made another desperate effort to get away; but his neighbor declared that he had received so much pleasure from the doctor's company that he was resolved to invite him and his young charge to supper. The alarmed doctor tried to excuse himself, saying that it was not becoming in a person in his station to sit at the table with a nobleman.

"Pshaw!" said Don Felix, "that is all nonsense; we spring from the same flesh and blood, have the same forefathers, and are cousins in the thirtieth or fortieth degree, at furthest. However, if you will not sup with me, I am determined to do so with you. Here," said he to one of his domestics whom he recognized in the crowd, "order my supper to be carried over to the house of Don Ambrosio, and we will make a night of it."

The doctor, not knowing to what length so wild a young man might carry his frolic, chose what he esteemed the least of two evils, and agreed to accompany Don Felix home, on the express condition that they should not be detained more than an hour.

"As for that," said the noble host, "perhaps it may not keep you half so long."

Soon after they arrived, supper was announced, and the prince, doctor and novice sat down to the table. It being the vigil of Christmas, the meal was, of course, extremely meager, consisting chiefly of fish. No sooner were the covers removed than Don Felix, casting his eye from one dish to another, and, getting into a fury, surveyed each until he arrived at the bottom of the table; then, starting up in a rage—

"What!" he roared, in a voice like thunder, "all without parsley! That villain of a cook shall pay for his neglect."

So saying, he ran about like a madman, heedless of the entreaties of Don Ambrosio, until, at length, spying his sword in a corner, he seized it, and, rushing down stairs, swore he would send his careless cook to his mortal account.

A tremendous uproar was now heard below, which made Don Ambrosio tremble for the life of the unlucky offender. Just then a dozen servants hurried into the room, exclaiming—

"Don Ambrosio! Don Ambrosio! are you not ashamed to let Don Felix cut all our throats for a little parsley, when you have so much in your window? For heaven's sake run over and fetch some, or we shall all be murdered!"

With these words, they laid hold of him, one pulling and another pushing, until they got him fairly down stairs, he calling all the way for the Capuchin to follow.

"What!" they said, "are you afraid of our eating him before you return with the parsley?"

Finding there was no remedy, the doctor made the best of his way to his own house, tore up the parsley by the roots, and was back in less than a minute.—But, though short his stay, there was quite time enough, it appears, for Don Felix and all his household to have retired to rest, for the huge doors of the palace were fast locked and barred against his ingress. In vain did Don Ambrosio knock and knock, shouting and crying to the servants to open for the love of all the saints, bawling till he was quite hoarse that he had brought the parsley—the ponderous portals remained firm on the inexorable hinges. Still Don Ambrosio, almost beside himself with rage and jealousy, continued his cries and knockings. A full hour passed in this manner. At length the porter, a surly fellow, was heard behind the door, asking who dared to disturb his master at that unreasonable hour of the night.

"It is I—Don Ambrosio. Open, as you hope to be saved. I have brought the parsley."

"The parsley!" cried the other, in a tone of wonder.

"If you don't want the parsley," gasped out the supplicating son of Galen, "at least give me my novice."

"Your novice!" repeated the porter, in a tone of still greater surprise. "This must be a stratagem of thieves to effect an entrance, in order to plunder the palace. Halloa, there, bring me my blunderbuss!"

Long did the desperate doctor beseige the princely residence with exclamations, curses, and thundering raps at the door, in defiance of missiles, wet and dry. It was a plain case, and the neighbors all saw that poor Don Ambrosio had lost his senses.

Finding how matters stood, the doctor, at length, thought that his best plan would be to proceed to the Capitano di Giustizia. Late as it was, his importunity procured him admission. Hearing the strange tale of Don Ambrosio—who, still bent on preserving his secret, never hinted that it was no Capuchin, but his ward, who was thus unlawfully detained—the magistrate, who is always a nobleman, resolved him self to accompany the doctor to the mansion of Don Felix, conceiving it to be one of his customary frolics. The capitano, having narrated the complaint of Don Ambrosio, begged the other to give the Capuchin back to the poor man, that he might return to his convent.

"A Capuchin in my house!" said Don Felix, in feigned surprise. "Don Ambrosio has lost his wits. The whole neighborhood can testify to the disturbance he has this evening made at my door. You are at liberty to search the house from the roof to the cellar, and if you find monk or friar, Capuchin or Carmelite, young or old, you may take him in welcome; but if all this should turn out to be the effect of Don Ambrosio's disordered brain, it will only be a charity to him, and a satisfaction to me, to lodge him in the madhouse, for fear he should commit greater excesses. Come, gentlemen, begin your examination."

Just then a lady, superbly attired, and beautiful as an houri, passed through the apartment. No sooner did the doctor behold her than he said, pointing to her—

"There! there! that is the Capuchin!"

"Poor man!" said the capitano, crossing himself. "Mistake a lady for a Capuchin! He must, indeed, be looked after."

Don Ambrosio was, accordingly, at once hurried off to the hospital, where his vehement assertions and protestations being taken for the ravings of a deranged intellect, his professional brethren kindly consigned him to the straight waistcoat, and soon, in reality, cupped, bled, shaved and blistered him out of his senses; from which he would, perhaps, never have recovered had not his fair ward—now become the wife of the enamored prince—considerately interfered in his behalf and procured his release.

Deer and Deer Hunting.

The *Sportman's Oracle and Country Gentleman's Newspaper* gives the following in relation to deer and deer hunting: November, with its deep tints and cool winds, is here. The sharp crack of the rifle and the sound of the huntsman's horn are already heard. The dogs eagerly snuff the air, and the birds and animals of the forest and the prairie are growing timid, and fly in fear at the approach of footsteps. In the wild region far from the haunts of men, deer-hunting is now the all-absorbing sport. The bright and beautiful spots of the nimble fawn have disappeared. The old buck is now in his blue, but is rapidly changing his color to gray. Both male and female are laying aside their summer dress, and taking on their winter suit. If we search for them in the forest, when the day is warm and sunny, we must keep upon the shady side of the hills. If, however, the wind is blowing strong and the air is somewhat frosty, we must leave the shade and look where the sunshine reigns. The snows of winter have not yet fallen, or we should abandon the hills and search in the low damp woods, where the mosses and lichens abound. They crust the trees above the snow, and upon them the deer makes his winter repast. But it is too early to think of frosts and snow, so in the shady woods, and on the broad prairie lawn, where earth and sky seem to blend in the distance, we will now find the graceful and fleet-footed animal. Through tangled woods, across morasses and ravines, and among the tall grass and resin weeds of the open space, the skillful hunter follows the knell of the nimble fawn or wary stag; or if the sound of the horn is heard, the yelping of the hounds becomes the chorus, and mounted on his powerful and fleet-footed steed, the hunter then joins in the exciting chase. Now he stations himself where the pursued is almost sure to run, and with unerring aim he sends the bullet home. Blood marks the footsteps of the wounded animal, and soon the struggle ends. With bleeding nostrils and glazing eyes, the buck or doe sinks down in death. At night, the torches glare in the dark, deep woods, and each blaze attracting the attention of the deer, it stands as if transfixed to the spot, and the eyes reflecting the light, enables the hunter to take a deadly aim, and shoot the animal with the greatest ease. But this kind of sport is tame. If we love excitement and the chase, we must hunt with horn, and dog, and horse. The deer then has a chance for his life; he strains every nerve to escape from his pursuers and the jaws of death.

The word deer, Swedish *diur*, and Latin *cervus*, is applied to animals of the stag kind, and is also a general name.—There are several species of this animal, and they are primarily divided into two groups; one of these groups includes those with antlers more or less flattened; the others those with rounded antlers.—Three pieces of the first group—the elk, reindeer, and fallow deer—are found in England. In the Scotch Mountains we find the roe buck, the smallest of the European species. The roe buck has been hunted so much that it is becoming scarce. There are several kinds of deer found in the United States. The moose (*cervus alces*) comes first; it is the largest species of the deer kind, and by some is called the elk. It is distinguished from all the others by large and flattened horns, and a hairy tuft and protuberance under the throat. The length of the moose, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is six feet ten inches; height of fore part, five feet two inches; behind, five feet, four inches; horns, three feet one inch long. These are quite large, often weighing as much as sixty pounds. Moose live in small troops, and most generally inhabit swampy places. They are clumsy, in comparason with our deer, their gait commonly being an ordinary trot. Their necks are very short, and in eating from the ground are compelled to spread their legs or get down upon their knees. The old mooses shed their horns in January or February, and the young in April.—This species of deer live fifteen or twenty years, and they are only found in the western and northern part of North America. The reindeer is about the size of a common deer; the neck is short, and the legs heavier than those of other deer. In the spring the color of the adult is of a deep brown, changing with the advance of the season to a greyish brown and a greyish white; in the warm summer months it is nearly white. In Lapland, reindeer have been thoroughly domesticated.

They are harnessed to sledges, and draw burdens with swiftness and ease.—The females furnish milk, the flesh food, and the kin clothing, cordage, &c. Reindeer abound in the northern regions of North America, but outside of Lapland they remain in a wild state. The elk (*cervus Canadensis*) inhabits Canada and the western portion of the United States. This animal is also called the American stag; it associates in families. But the most common deer, and the one that is hunted with the greatest eagerness in this country is the Virginia deer, (*cerus Virginianus,*) which ranges the extensive forests and wide prairies of the United States. It is found as far north as Canada, and extends over the southern portion of the Continent. We trace it across the Isthmus, and even find it on the banks of the river Oronoco, in South America. As the species is so numerous and common it is extensively hunted. They are a timorous animal, and to be successful, the hunter must be familiar with their habits, and have some knowledge of their haunts.—The most favorable season for deer stalking is during or after a shower of rain.—The animal then is more readily met with on the ridges, and the noise of footsteps is deadened by the dampness, or drowned by the falling drops of water. If the weather continues mild, the venison is considered best in the months of October, November and December. When the ground remains covered for some time with a heavy fall of snow, the animal browses upon the laurel growing in the swamps, such as *rhododendrons* and *kalmias*, and the flesh acquires an unpleasant taste. The black-tailed, or mule deer, inhabits the most remote of the North-western Territories. The sixth species of the American deer is now extinct; it is met with only in a fossil state. This species possessed many of the characteristics of the elk.

But in the far west, where verdure grows in all its luxuriance, and where the sound of the woodman's axe is seldom heard, deer are now found in great numbers, and the sportsman finds a broad field for operations. Away from the din and bustle of the city, out in the grand old woods and on the rolling prairies, beneath the blue canopy of heaven, unfettered and free as the wind, for two months, what a glorious life could be realized in the regions of the great West!

Valuable Information.—Our readers have doubtless seen those advertisements in the public journals proposing, on the part of the advertiser, to impart a valuable secret to any one forwarding one dollar, &c. Not long since, a gentleman had the curiosity to answer one of these advertisements. He forwarded a one dollar bill, and the valuable information he secured through this small outlay was all contained on a small printed sheet which came to him by mail, reading as follows: "For your dollar, which was duly received, I tender you the following advice, which cannot but be of great value to you: as many persons are injured for weeks, months, and years by the careless handling of a knife, always, to prevent accidents, *whittle from you!*"

☞ A few years ago the ladies wore a very handy sort of hood, which was called "Kiss-me-if-you-dare" hood. The present style of bonnets has a "Kiss-me-if-you-want-to" look.

List of Jurors, Dec. Term, 1865.

Subjoined we give the list of Grand and Traverse Jurors drawn to serve at approaching session of the Cambria county Courts:—

GRAND JURORS.

George W. Osborne, Foreman, Yoder township.

Blacklick tp.—Thomas Duncan.

Cambria tp.—Thomas Devereau, Jacob Mack, Edward Parrish.

Conemaugh bor., 1st W.—Henry Freidhoof, sr.

Carroll tp.—John Fleck, Michael Nagle, Michael Noon, jr.

Cambria bor.—Adam Kurtz.

Clearfield tp.—Aug. McConnelly.

Conemaugh tp.—John Noon, Jacob Singer.

Johnstown—*1st W.*, William Geist; *3d W.*, John Geis.

Munster tp.—James Diver, Jacob Glass.

Richland tp.—Samuel Noon, jr.

Summerhill tp.—Jacob Weaver.

Susquehanna tp.—John M. Weakland.

Taylor tp.—James Cooper.

Washington tp.—James Conrad.

Yoder tp.—Jos. Strayer, Tobias Stutsman.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Allegheny tp.—James Kelly, Jos. Null.

Blacklick tp.—Isaac Wissinger.

Croyle tp.—Peter Burtness, Mart. Pringle, Wm. Pringle, James D. Plummer.

Chest tp.—Anthony Anna.

Clearfield tp.—Casper Carle, John Durbin, John Nagle, jr., Mellon Rodman, David Sutton, Henry F. Wagoner.

Carroll tp.—Thomas Eager, Frederick Snyder.

Cambria tp.—Benjamin Lloyd, Saml. Tibbott.

Carrolltown bor.—John Buck, John Eckenrode.

Conemaugh bor.—*1st W.*, Joseph Cost, Wm. Grant, Thos. McCann, Jas. Davis.

Cambria bor.—John Ryan.

Ebensburg bor.—W. W., John A. McDermitt.

Johnstown—2d W., John S. Buchanan; 3d W., Henry Walter; 4th W., Earhart Pfiester.

Loretto—William Litzinger.

Millville bor.—David M. Davis.

Richland tp.—William Kring.

Summerhill tp.—James Burke, Wm. O'Connell, Henry Walters, Owen Roberts, Enos Ellis, Peter Somers.

Susquehanna tp.—John G. Glass, Jos. C. Westora.

Summitville bor.—John Quail.

Taylor tp.—John Varner.

Washington tp.—Michl. Brawley, Bernard McColgan.

White tp.—Isaac Gates.

Wilmore—George W. Kerbey.

Yoder tp.—John Myers, Geo. Mickey.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Allegheny tp.—Henry Behe, Patrick Donahoe, Michael J. Smith, Bernard Myers.

Blacklick tp.—Robert Gillan.

Clearfield tp.—James Adams, Lewis Storm.

Croyle tp.—James Burke, Silas Burke.

Carroll tp.—Peter Campbell, James J. Kirkpatrick.

Chest tp.—Joseph Gill, Jacob Glosser, Baltzer Helfrick, John A. Krise, Aloysius Swope.

Cambria tp.—Griffith Jones, James J. Kaylor.

Conemaugh tp.—Charles Von Luenon, Samuel Reighard, John Shaffer.

Conemaugh bor., 1st W.—Eloi Benson, Amos B. Davis.

Cambria bor.—Harmon Endress, Neil McManamy.

Carrolltown bor.—Francis Grosberger.

Jackson tp.—Timothy R. Davis.

Johnstown—1st W., Daniel Seigh; 2d W. Wm. C. Lewis, Jesse Patterson; 3d W., Jno M. King, Casper Hager; 5th W., Isaac Teeter.

Loretto—William Ryan, sr.

Munster tp.—George McCulloch, Constantine O'Niel.

Richland tp.—Tobias Weaver.

Susquehanna tp.—Henry Miller, B. F. Stalb.

Taylor tp.—John Cooney, John McClarren.

Wilmore—Peter Brown.

White tp.—William M'Manamy, Timothy Sheehan.

Washington tp.—Mark McGlaughlin, jr., John Porter, Owen Sweeny.

Yoder tp.—Joseph Gates.

☞ A Harrisburg paper tells of a man who has failed in business four times, has been upset in a stage-coach and thrown down an embankment of sixty feet, fell head foremost through a hatchway in Reading, has married three times, and is the father of twenty-one children. Yet he "still lives," and is in business in Harrisburg.

☞ Parties interested in the shad fishery along the Susquehanna river intend making an effort at the next Legislature to have a bill passed providing for the free passage of fish over the Columbia and other dams.

☞ Joseph Kemp, proprietor of the Brush Mountain Peach Orchard, Blair county, sold over $10,000 worth of peaches therefrom this season.

☞ John C. Breckinridge is reported to be living in calm seclusion at St. Catharines, Canada West.