

# The Alleghanian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON,

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

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1859.

NO. 13.

## THE ALLEGHANIAN

Will be published every Thursday, at the following rates, viz:  
Per annum, (payable in advance) \$1.50  
If not paid within the first six months, 1.75  
If not paid until the expiration of year, 2.00  
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:  
1 insertion, 2 do. 3 do.  
1 square, (12 lines) \$ 50 \$ 75 \$1.00  
2 squares, (24 lines) 1.00 1.50 2.00  
3 squares, (36 lines) 1.50 2.00 3.00  
Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.  
3 months. 6 do. 12 do.  
8 lines or less, \$1.50 \$3.00 \$5.00  
1 square, (12 lines) 2.50 4.50 9.00  
2 squares, (24 lines) 4.00 7.00 12.00  
3 squares, (36 lines) 6.00 9.00 14.00  
Half a column, 10.00 12.00 20.00  
One column, 15.00 22.00 35.00  
Administrator's and Executor's Notices, 1.75  
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines, with paper, per year, 5.00

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbidden, and charged according to the above terms.

## "ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Churches.**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.  
**Methodist Episcopal Church.**—Rev. J. SHANE, Pastor 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.  
**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.  
**Calvinistic Methodist.**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.  
**Baptists.**—Rev. WM. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.  
**Episcopal.**—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 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " at " P. M.  
**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 5 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " " at 6 " A. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-town, &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 Newman's Mills, Carrollton, &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, " " 6:30 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts.**—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Barclay, Richard Jones, Jr.  
**County Clerk.**—Joseph McDonald.  
**Recorder and Excorer.**—Michael Hasson.  
**Sheriff.**—Robert P. Linton.  
**Deputy Sheriff.**—George C. K. Zahm.  
**District Attorney.**—Theophilus L. Heyer.  
**County Commissioners.**—Thomas M'Connell, John Bearer, Abel Lloyd.  
**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 M'Guire.  
**Poor House Treasurer.**—George C. K. Zahm.  
**Poor House Steward.**—James J. Kaylor.  
**Mercantile Appraiser.**—Francis Tierney.  
**Auditors.**—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Coughan, 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 Kinkaid.  
**Burgess.**—John D. Hughes.  
**Town Council.**—Andrew Lewis, Joshua D. Parrish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M. S. Harr.  
**Clerk to Council.**—James C. Noon.  
**Borough Treasurer.**—George Gurley.  
**Weigh Masters.**—Davis & Lloyd.  
**School Directors.**—M. C. M'Gague, 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.  
**Assessor.**—Richard T. Davis.  
**Judge of Election.**—David J. Jones.  
**Inspector.**—David H. Roberts, Daniel O. Evans.

## SELECT POETRY.

### Sweet Summer, Fare thee Well.

Farewell, sweet Summer!—on the air  
Is lingering now thy parting sigh;  
Thy last faint smile new beauty sheds  
On field an! flower, o'er stream and sky.

A melody like farewell song,  
Is borne on every whispering breeze;  
A sweeter fragrance breathes from out  
Each bending flow'ret's folded leaves.

Low, mournful voices thrill my heart;  
They speak in sad, prophetic tones,  
Of fading woods, and dying flowers,  
Of happy hours forever flown.

Farewell, sweet summer!—thou hast brought  
For me, the sunlight with the shade,  
And on life's weary, toilsome path,  
Full many a rose thy hand has laid.

And as I muse and look abroad,  
This softly fading summer's day,  
On all earth's loveliest, fairest things,  
That now so soon must fade away.

A sadness, deeper than the shade,  
That rests upon the earth to-day,  
Has wrapt my spirit in a cloud,  
And chased its warmth and light away.

Around, on every lovely thing,  
On flower, and gold, and sky above,  
I see impressed one saddening truth,  
The absence of a soul I love.

My heart is following close and warm,  
Where those dear, wandering feet now tread,  
With many a fervent, murmured prayer,  
For blessings on the precious head.

I miss the kind, familiar voice,  
The pleasant smile, and clasping hand,  
The form that wakens memories dear,  
Of one now in the spirit land.

Oh, life! 'mid all my hopes and joys,  
These bitter partings ever come;  
They take our treasures from our side,  
And shade with gloom the happiest home.

They make us yearn for that bright land,  
Where never breathes a farewell strain;  
Where souls, oft parted in this life,  
Shall sweetly re-unite again.

Oh, blessed rest for waiting hearts!  
Oh! Hope! what treasures hast thou there!  
There, summer flowers shall never fade;  
There, we shall breathe no chilling air.

Then go, sweet Summer!—fare thee well!  
Though here in shade my pathway lies,  
I press towards that home above,  
Of sweeter rest, and brighter skies.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### "Don't."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You are sober this evening," said Mrs. Landell to her husband. "I hope nothing has gone wrong during the day."

Mr. Landell, who had been sitting with his eyes upon the floor, silent and abstracted for some moments, roused himself at these words of his wife, and looked up at her, smiled in a forced way, as he answered—

"Oh, no; nothing at all has gone wrong."  
"Don't you feel well?"  
The voice of Mrs. Landell was just shaded with concern.

"Well enough in body, but not as comfortable in mind as I desire."  
"Then something has gone wrong," said the wife, her manner troubled.

"Nothing more than usual," replied Mr. Landell. The forced smile faded away from his countenance. Mrs. Landell sighed.

"Than usual!" She repeated his words—looking with earnest inquiry into her husband's face. Then she added in a tender manner—

"Bring home your trouble, dear. Don't hide anything. Let me share with you the good and ill of life. Did you not know that hearts draw nearer in suffering than they do in joy?"

"Bless your kind heart, Alice!" said Mr. Landell, a broad smile creeping over his face as he caught her round cheeks between his hands and kissed her. "There isn't anything in the case so serious as all that comes to. I'm not going to fail in business; haven't lost anything worth speaking about; haven't cheated anybody and don't intend to; it's only this hasty, impulsive temper of mine that is always leading me to say or do something that leaves a sting."

The cloud passed from the face of Mrs. Landell.  
"You will overcome that in time, Edward."

"I can't see that I make any progress. Yesterday I spoke sharply to one of my young men when a mild reproof would have been more just and of more salutary effect. He is sensitive, and my words

hurt him severely. The shadow that remained on his face all day was my perpetual rebuke, and I felt it long after the sun went down. My punishment was greater than his. But the lesson of yesterday did not suffice. This morning I was betrayed into captious language, and wounded the same young man, and threw him off his guard so much that he answered me with feeling. This I regarded as impertinence, and threatened to dismiss him from my service if he dared venture a repetition of his language. When feeling subsided and thought became clear again, I saw that I had been wrong and felt unhappy about it ever since. I wish that I had more self control; that I could bridle my tongue when feeling it suddenly spurred. But temperament and long indulged habits are against me."

Mrs. Landell encouraged and soothed her husband, and so won his mind away from its self-reproaches.

On the next morning as Mr. Landell was leaving for his store, his wife looked up at him, and with a meaning smile, said to him—

"Don't."  
There was the slightest perceptible warning in her tone.

"Don't what?" Mr. Landell seemed a little puzzled.  
"Don't forget yourself."  
"Oh!" Light broke in upon his mind.

"Thank you, I will not," and he went forth to meet the trials of the day.

Almost the first thing that fell under the notice of Landell was an important letter, which after writing, he had given to a clerk to copy and mail. Instead of being in Boston, as it should have been, it lay upon his desk. Neglect like this he felt to be unpardonable.

"John," he called sharply to a young man at the farther end of the store.  
"Don't!" It seemed to him like the voice of his wife in his ear—"don't forget yourself!"

This mental warning came just in season. The clerk came quietly toward him. By the time he reached the desk of Mr. Landell, the latter was under self-control.

"Why was not this letter mailed, John?" he asked.  
The tone was neither imperatoric nor captious, but kind; and the question was asked in a way that said of course there is good reason for omission; and so there was.

"I think, sir," answered John, "that there is a mistake, and I thought it not best to put the letter in the mail."  
"A mistake? How?" and Mr. Landell opened the letter.

"It reads," said the clerk, "three hundred cases of shawls."  
"Oh, no; thirty cases," replied Mr. Landell. But as he said this, his eye rested on the three hundred. "So it is.—How could I have made such an error? You did right, John, in not sending the letter at all."

The clerk went back to his place, and the merchant said to himself, "How glad I am that I was able to control myself.—If I had spoken to that young man as I felt, I would have wronged and alienated him, and made trouble for myself all day."

Not long after this, a case of goods fell through the hatchways, crushing down upon the landing with a noise that caused Mr. Landell, whose temperament was exceedingly nervous, to spring to his feet. To blame somebody was his first impulse.

"What careless fellow has done this?" was on his tongue.  
"Don't!" the inward monitor spoke in time. Mr. Landell shut his lips tightly, and kept silent until he could command himself. He then inquired calmly into the cause of the accident, and found that special blame attached to none. Opening the case of goods, the damage was found to be trifling.

"Another conquest," said Mr. Landell, as he turned to his desk. Self-control is easy enough if the trial is made in earnest.

A dozen times that day was the torch applied to Mr. Landell's quick temper, and as often was he in danger of blazing out. But he kept his temper till the sun went down, and then he turned his steps homeward, feeling more comfortable in mind than he had for several weeks.—There was no shadow on his countenance when he met his wife, but smiling good humor.

"You said 'Don't' as I left this morning."  
"Well!"  
"And I didn't!"  
"You are a hero," said Mrs. Landell, laughing.

"Not much of a one. The conquest was easy enough when I drew the sword in earnest."  
"And you felt better?"  
"Oh, a thousand times. What a curse of one's life this quick temperament is.—I am ashamed of myself half a dozen times

a day on an average. But I have made a good beginning, and I mean to keep on right until the end."

"Don't," said Mrs. Landell to her husband, as she parted with him for the store at the front door of their home the next morning.

"I won't; God help me!" was answered heartily.

And he didn't, as the pleasant evening that he passed with his wife most clearly testified.

Reader, if you are quick tempered, "don't."

## The Mouth.

Artists differ in their opinions as to the feature which gives character to the face. Some hold that it is the eye—the window of the soul—through which beams the spirit of the man. But how often do we see the most gifted mind dimly lighted by a lack-lustre eye, or an eye full of brilliancy in the head of a fool, which like a jewel in the toad's head, serves only to render its defects more hideous. Others, again, are great sticklers for that prominent feature, the nose. They talk of the Grecian nose as beautifying the female countenance, and the Roman adding dignity to the masculine. But it seems to us that the nasal organ can boast but little in characterizing the face. If it be not a monstrosity, it attracts but small notice, and we challenge any man to give the shape of another's nose, after seeing him twenty times.

The last feature, the mouth, is by many and we believe the largest class, ranked first in the scale of physiognomy. The lips—those expressive outlines of the mouth—how varied are they in shape, how strangely defined, and how full of character!

Look at this gallery of portraits. Here you behold one with a lip thin and compressed. He is a man of decision. This picture, where you see persuasion hanging on its mouth, is that of one full of sweetness and amiability. Here is another: its lip is curled, as if habitually in mockery and derision. It is the portrait of a scoffer at religion, a sceptic and an infidel. But pass on to the next—what a fearful smile gathers around its mouth; it is the smile of the tiger, ere he leaps on his prey. We once saw that man rise in a public assembly to answer an opponent, and that same smile lurked on his lip, like a sun-beam on a thunder cloud, ere it bursts on its victim.

The mouth is emphatically the porch of the head and heart. From the architecture of the former we judge of the structure and finish of the latter.

## The Philosophy of Good Living.

Winter being the season when man has the best appetite, Nature then very considerably supplies him with the most nutritious food. The same cold that sharpens his gastronomic instincts, perfects the edible qualities of most of the creatures he delights to devour. For instance, the Esquimaux, whose climate is of a sub-zero character, have a weakness for Walrus fat that amounts in fact to a blubber-mania, and Nature, mindful of the propensity, renders this amphibious game particularly oleaginous during the Arctic winter. It is the same with beaves, sheep, hogs, and all kinds of domestic fowls in the winter months of our milder latitudes. They fatten—and eating of them inordinately because of their adipose condition and their juiciness, we fatten. Now fat is favorable to content, good humor, benevolence and sundry other social virtues—hence in all parts of the globe that have a winter, Christians are at that season more amiable than the general average of their brethren in the torrid zone.

We do not mean to insist from the above premises that Daniel Lambert, who weighed a thousand pounds avertedopis, was a model of cheerfulness and general excellence, nor that his skeleton autisthesia, Calvin Edson, was the reverse. As extremes are said to meet, both, for aught we know, may have been unhappy and morose—or they may not. What we mean to say is—that we did mean to say when we began this rambling article was—first, that winter is the season of good living—second, that good living is promotive (if not pushed to the dyspeptic point) of cheerfulness and all the amenities of social life; and thirdly, that, therefore, it is advisable—in a moral as well as a sensuous point of view—for people with enlightened appetites to partake of the good things with which the "bill of fare" for the present quarter of the year abounds—provided always that they can afford to pay for luxuries and yet have something left over for the necessities of those who "eat to live."

Ten thousand cigars are on their way from Havana to Paris, for the private smoking of the Emperor. They cost three hundred dollars a thousand.

## Tracing a Pedigree.

Some men are boastful of their ancestry, while others are entirely devoid of all pride of birth, and have no more respect for the genealogical table of their forefathers than they have for Poor Richard's Almanac. The late John Randolph of Roanoke used to assert his belief that he was descended from the celebrated Indian Princess, Pocahontas, but it is not known that he established his claim to that distinction.

Many years ago there lived in a near State a young gentleman who took it into his head that, like John Randolph, he was of Indian descent, though, unlike John, he did not know exactly the tribe to which he belonged. The idea was a perfect monomania with him, notwithstanding the efforts of his friends to convince him of the folly of his pretensions, to say nothing of the absurdity. The favorite notion, however, could not be eradicated from his mind, and he promised his friends that he would one day convince them that he was right in his claims.

Having heard that a deputation of Indians were at Washington, on a visit to their great father, the President, he promptly repaired to the city, and arranging with the gentlemen who had them in charge, his friends in the city were surprised to receive an invitation to accompany him on a visit to the Red Men, before whom he proposed to verify his favorite pretensions. The parties met as requested, and found the Indians sitting on the floor smoking their pipes, and manifesting but little appreciation of the honor of the visit.

Having arranged his friends at a respectful distance from the aged chief, who still regarded the visitors with stolid indifference, the young man stepped boldly from the centre, and presuming that it would require some show of energy to arouse the chiefs from their apparent apathy, he placed his hand on his breast, and said with great fearlessness:

"Me—Indian—long time ago."  
The chief, who was not skilled in talking English, took his pipe from his mouth but evinced no emotion whatever. The speaker then thinking that a more violent gesture and a louder tone would be necessary, struck his hand upon his breast with much force, and said in a louder tone:

"Yes—me—Indian—long time ago."  
Without moving a muscle of his face, the old chief slowly arose from his sitting posture, and turned his eagle eye upon the speaker. His friends say that the chief evidently understood or at least appeared to understand the meaning of the speech addressed to him; and they gazed intently on the solemn proceeding. The young man bore the searching glance of the Indian without emotion. All felt "that the time had come."

Moving sufficiently close to the speaker, the chief raised his hand, and carefully taking a lock of the young man's hair between his finger and thumb, gently rubbed it between them for a moment. All stood breathless. Quietly withdrawing his hand, the chief uttered the slight peculiar Indian grunt, and said—"Nig." This altogether unexpected denouement ended the interview, and the discomfited descendant of the Tommyhawks retired with his friends, the latter roaring with laughter, and the former filled with a most sovereign contempt for his degenerated Indian relations.

## A Visit to Robinson Crusoe's Island.

While on board the ship Golden Rocket, lying at Greenwich Dock, we were permitted by Capt. C. N. Pendleton to examine his log book, in which he gives an account of his visit to the Island of Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's Island).—The ship was on her last passage to this port from Boston, and had on board 55 passengers (25 of whom were ladies,) who intend to make California their future place of residence. Getting short of water, Capt. Pendleton decided to stop at Juan Fernandez for a further supply, and therefore shaped his course thither—the Island being nearly in his track. At 6 P. M., on the evening of March 24, they doubled the eastern end of the Island, and at seven rounded to off the bay of St. Joseph, at the head of which the few inhabitants now remaining on the Island are located. The facilities for loading water at the Island Capt. Pendleton represents to be not very good. The casks must be taken on shore and filled, rolled back into the water and parbuckled into the boat. While the crew were at this work, the passengers rambled off in different directions to make discoveries. The Island is 25 miles long by about four in breadth.—The land is very high, rising in rugged, precipitous peaks—one of them, called Tunkuc, 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. The peaks are generally overhung

with clouds. The vallies are exceedingly fertile, the grass growing to the height of six or eight feet.

Figs, strawberries, peaches and cherries abound in their season. The Golden Rocket was there in the season of peaches, and the valleys and hill sides were full of trees and loaded down with delicious fruit. Capt. Pendleton bought four barrels, of the inhabitants, and the passengers about as many more. Strawberries flourish best in December and January. There are three remarkable caves in the sides of the hill facing the harbor about 30 feet in length, 25 in width, and about the same in height. The inhabitants now number but 14, of whom Messrs. Day and Kirkaldie from Valparaiso are the chief persons; they have been appointed overseers of the island by the Chilean Government. Formerly a penal colony numbering 500, was located here, and the caves above mentioned were used by them, but the project was found to be impracticable, and the convicts were taken back to the mainland. The Golden Rocket anchored on the opposite side from that upon which Selkirk lived, and there being a mountain to cross to reach the Robinson Crusoe abode, no one ventured to make the journey. The best landing is on the eastern side, but the water is 20 fathoms deep at the head of the bay, and in some places so bold is the shore that a boat tied by her painter and drifting to the limits, would be in 75 fathoms. An immense number of goats are running wild over the island, and an abundance of fish are taken on every coast. The water is obtained from a number of never-failing rivulets trickling down over the rocks from the cloud-capped mountains.—San Francisco Times.

## Too Late Regrets!

The moment a friend, or even a mere acquaintance, is dead, how surely there starts up before us each instance of unkindness of which we have been guilty towards him. In fact, many and many an act or word which while he was in life did not seem to be unkind at all, now "bites back" as it really was. Alas! 'twas thus we caused to suffer him who now is dust, and yet then we did not pity him nor reproach ourselves.

There is always a bitterness beyond that of death in the dying of a fellow-creature to whom we have been unjust or unkind. Some do not yet know this, having never lost any companion by death; but there are few indeed who will not, if they live long, find it out. How very differently do people treat each other from what they ought to do. And why can they not, for their own peace's sake, be more careful not to destroy or diminish the happiness of each other? There are in this world, at the best, many abiding shadows; why need men increase them by clothing their own faces in clouds? The human face should be radiant with the spirit of love, but it is rendered dull with indifference, or dark by ill-will. Oh! these stony faces of man; these cold, cruel eyes, that do not melt with pity; these withheld hands, whose ready clasp might uphold those who are sinking they know not whither; these hard, hard hearts, that can no longer be touched by tenderness, remorse will prove their master; and when death shuts down and takes away the ones to whom they OWED kindness, but gave it not, they will be made to quiver with the thought of what that soul, now before God, will have to report of them.

## UNPLEASANT PEOPLE.—There is a class of unpleasant people often met with in the world, whose unpleasantness is difficult to assign the cause for. They are not necessarily unkind persons; they are not ungenerous; and they do not appear to talk or act from any malice. But somehow or other they are mostly unfortunate in what they say. They ask the wrong thing, or they omit to ask the right. They bring forward the disagreeable reminiscence, the ludicrous anecdote about you which you would rather not hear repeated in a large company, the painful circumstance which you wish was buried and out of sight. If you have any misfortune they rush to prove to you that your own folly was the cause. If you are betrayed, they knew it would be so, and remember that they have often told you so. They cannot imagine that the poor unfortunate man is not in a state just then to hear all this wisdom. In fact, to use a metaphor, it seems as if they had super-naturally large feet, with which they go stamping about and treading on other people's toes in all directions.

Black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous. Blue-eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate and confiding, Grey-eyed philosophical, literary, resolute, and cold-hearted. Hazel-eyed, quick tempered and fickle.