

The Alleghanian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON,

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

PUBLISHERS.

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"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

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SELECT POETRY.

The Union.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Sail on, O Union, strong and great,
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of the hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.

INTERESTING TALE.

Our Play.

I.—THE OCCASION.

We had played "Proverbs," "Hunt the Slipper," "Button, button! who has the Button?" and all the other plays, to which innumerable forfeits are attached, and which are paid with innumerable kisses. Numerous pilgrimages had been made to "Rome," until finally the zeal of the votaries flagged, and still it was only eleven o'clock, and the entire company was eager for more amusement.

The scene was my father's farm-house; the time, a beautiful moonlight night in June; the occasion, a gathering of a dozen or fifteen neighboring boys and girls—young gentlemen and ladies, would be more proper perhaps—who had met by chance, or agreement, as often happens in rural districts. They had strolled out in pairs, or groups, in the early part of the summer evening, and finally all congregated at Uncle Ben's—as the patriarchal mansion of my father was known, far and near—and there were enjoying themselves in rustic sports and merriment.

The amusements had all flagged, as I have said, and still the party was not inclined to separate. A dozen new games were proposed, but some one raised objections to them all. Finally, a theatrical entertainment was suggested, and met with general favor. But a serious difficulty offered itself to the plan: not one of the company knew a part in any play. The objection was apparently insurmountable, but was finally overcome by the brilliant idea of extemporizing a performance.—Then there was a busy and noisy consultation concerning the plot, the characters and who should fill them, and what they should do, and all the other business pertaining to stage management. In all this, the girls had the most to say, and their imaginations kindled with the romantic subject, all agreeing that there must be a beautiful and interesting strange lady, who must be shut up in some haunted old castle; and there must necessarily be a noble and courtly lover, who should rescue her from danger, and on whom she must bestow her hand; and then there must be a base and black-hearted rival, and ruffians, and a ghost—yes, a ghost! if nothing else. Order was finally restored from this confusion, and the plot and characters arranged. Kate Holden appointed herself stage-manager, and announced the following "cast" for the thrilling three-act drama of "The Lady of the Doomed Castle":—"Lady Isabella," the strange and beautiful heroine, Isabel Heath; the noble and gallant "Count Stefano," the favored lover, my humble self, Stephen Bland; the base and intriguing "Don Ignacio," the rival suitor, James Hardinge; the two ruffians, Robert Hardinge and John Heath; ghost, Albert Clark; "Juana," the maid of "Lady Isabella," Jane Clark.

Miss Holden was a mischievous little witch, and she had exercised her greatest powers of mischief in casting the characters of our play. In the selection of Isabel Heath as the heroine, and sustainer of that particular character, she had shown admirable judgment, though deserving little credit, as she was perhaps the only one of the company who could have acted the part. She was a strange and original character, naturally; her disposition a curious mixture of wild mirth and serious thoughtfulness. She possessed complete command over her rich voice, and had a wonderful power of language. These personal peculiarities fitted her admirably for her part. But the question was whispered, "would she accept it?" She was self-willed and capricious, we all knew, and would suit her own fancy entirely. While the plan of the play was being discussed, she had been in one of her maddest spells of merriment, her black eyes laughing at

her own wild suggestions; but when the manager announced her arrangements, the gayety had vanished from her features, and she now stood by the mantel-piece, lost in thoughtful reverie, the contour of her gracefully bent neck and fine features clearly defined by the lamp-light. Perhaps she had sufficient reason for being thoughtful, for the mischief-loving tendencies of Miss Kate had made a cast of characters that might well prove embarrassing. Both I and James Hardinge, the rival lovers in the play, were understood to be suitors for Miss Heath's favor, and the words and actions of our impromptu drama might be so suggestive as to provoke merriment at our expense.—The whole party appeared to entertain this opinion, and seemed to doubt if Isabel would play the part. Kate stole softly to her side, and gently placing her arm about her neck, I heard her whisper, "Come, Belle, don't let any caprice spoil the amusement—it's only a play—all make believe, you know." And then followed an inaudibly whispered conference, after which our manager directed the actors and actresses to proceed to fix their costumes, while she arranged the stage business.

Then followed half an hour of confusion—ransacking the whole house for articles of dress and scenery. Curtains were strung across the parlor, and side curtains hung at the farther end, where two door-windows opened out upon the porch. The audience was seated at the other end of the room, and the lights placed so as to leave the part fitted up for the stage somewhat darkened—a boy being placed by each light, to screen it with his hat to produce a sufficient effect of gloom for the appearance of the ghost.

The dramatic personae had finished the arrangement of their costumes. Miss Heath was dressed in deep black. Her features, naturally pale, had received additional pallidness from the application of flour, and the contrast with the darkness of her eyes and apparel, and the deep crimson of her lips, gave her the appearance of a fated being. A heavy veil, worn as a *robosca*, fell from her half-loosened hair upon her neck and shoulders; and a sprig of white lily and a spotless snowball were fixed in the tresses of her raven hair. She looked admirable; and as she stood silent and thoughtful in the uncertain light of the porch, her appearance inspired a feeling of strange awe, well calculated to be awakened by her part of the play. The noble "Count Stefano" wore high, lace-topped boots, black doublet, black mantle, black plume—borrowed from his mother's bonnet-box—and a sword his father had used when captain of the militia. "Don Ignacio's" costume was very similar, lacking only the sword, which was supplied by a huge horse-pistol, stuck in his belt. The ruffians were dressed carefully in a sheet, and the maid's toilet had undergone very little change from its every day appearance. The audience was seated, the actors were all in the "green-room"—the trellised, vine-covered porch. The bell rang, and the curtains were drawn aside.

II.—THE PLAY.

SCENE I.—A parlor. Lady Isabella sitting by the window, holding in her hand a faded flower.

Lady Isabella singing—
What is the secret of the doom,
That, like some vile enchanter's powers,
Blasts with its spell of blighting gloom?
The brightness of this world of ours?
We bid the eye with smiles be bright,
But tear-drops in a torrent start;
We bid the breast with joy be light,
But grief weighs sadly on the heart.
The day is bright and clear at morn—
Ere noon the sky is overcast;
A summer-day the flowers adorn,
Then wither in the autumn blast.
A season hears the birds' glad strain—
Their merry warbled tones are hushed;
The fountains leap a day, and then
The place is arid where they gushed.

[Pauses, and idly picks the leaves of the withered flower, while she soliloquizes.]
"Ah, me! how sad the hours when one dare not think; for who, that feels themselves the weary curse of a demon, would rear even the tender offspring of fancy to have it share the same sad fate? My affection is fatal; I foster a flower, and it fades; I cherish some little songster, and it droops and its glad song dies. I dare not love a human being, for my love would blight their existence. And yet, I fear this wretched heart—despite my every effort—will doom a fellow-mortal, the noblest, the bravest. Ah! Stefano, how fondly, how fatally—"
[A slight noise at the lattice—she suddenly pauses.]

Count Stefano, without.—"Speak on, fair lady. So that thou lovest, nor death nor doom I heed."

Lady Isabella.—"What voice is that, whose accents send this thrill of soft emotion wondering through my frame? Its tones had scarcely echoed, ere they died; and yet, I should know it, did it but whisper one word amid a multitude of deafening sounds."

"I should think anybody would know Steve Bland's voice, it sounds so much like a pumpkin-vine trombone," said some one of the audience in a whisper, that was audible throughout the room.

[Count Stefano, not hearing the interruption, enters the apartment, and kneels at the feet of the Lady Isabella.]

Count Stefano.—"A thousand pardons, lady, for this rude intrusion; but bind love down to a set of formal rules, and then school lovers to formality."

Lady Isabella.—"I fain would chide thee, but my tongue lacks power; I fain would flee—my limbs have lost their strength. Your conduct, sir, is most un-civil; leave me, I pray you, on the instant."

Count Stefano.—"Thy slightest wish were a most potent command. But this full heart will not suffer me to go, till I have unladen some of its weight of love. Hear me speak, fair lady; be gracious as the flowers, which listen to the pleasing love-tale of every repining breeze. [Count Stefano's voice sank to an almost inaudible tone, as he continued:] Miss Heath, I have long wished for an opportunity like this, as I truly kneel in character at your feet, to tell you how much I adore you; to ask you if—"

"Louder!" shouted Kate Holden, in her sauciest tone, "your reading of that fine passage is doubtless very pleasing to those who hear, but recollect your audience is not limited to one fair person, noble Count Stefano."

[Count Stefano, slightly embarrassed, resumes:]
"Fair lady, when first mine eyes beheld your heavenly beauty, its magic power seduced my willing heart, and I became a captive—thy loveliness my master. I struggled not to be free, but gladly submitted to a bondage-chain, whose links were golden, and whose galling was pleasurable. [Sotto voce again:] Miss Heath, I do not exaggerate when I speak thus.—The devoted love I have long cher—"
At this moment the accursed ghost stalked in upon us. I could have exercised my swordsmanship upon him with a gusto; but a general burst of approbation greeted his appearance. He had made a decided hit, and while he stood there, with a ghostly hand outstretched towards us, the curtain was drawn on the first scene.

The rest of the play passed off well.—The ghost made numerous entrances, often at the most inopportune moment, but always with success. "Don Ignacio" played his part admirably. He became jealous of and enraged at "Count Stefano," and fired his pistol at him, which that intrepid individual returned by a sword-thrust through his mantle. "Lady Isabella's" maid sat on a foot-stool, and said nothing through the play, charmingly. But the grand thing of all was the closing scene, where "Lady Isabella" was rescued from the hands of "Don Ignacio" and the ruffians who were forcing her away, by the valiant arm of the noble "Count Stefano," who slew the three and bore the lady off in triumph. Immense applause greeted this act, and the audience *crowded* until we had to repeat it; after which, the principal performers were called before the curtain, and the play was over.

III.—CONCLUSION.

The golden summer days had passed rapidly away, and the gorgeous days of autumn began to tint the sky and forests. One thought alone had engrossed my heart since the night of our play, when I had acted the lover and protector of "Lady Isabella." Could I but kneel again at Isabel Heath's feet, as I had knelt then, declare my passionate love and be rewarded with an approving smile, which I could be assured was not all sport, my happiness would be complete. But I had never been able to work myself up to sufficient courage to make the attempt. There is a dastardly cowardice that unmurders the heart of the bravest lover, when he thinks of the fearful scene that is to determine his fate, and makes him pause upon the very threshold of the great event.

It was on one of the bright evenings of the mild harvest-moon, that Isabel and I stood among the flowers in the yard of Mr. Heath's dwelling. My heart was fraught with the hopes and fears of a mighty resolution; but the considerations which bid us pause on such occasions, had made me silent and hesitating for a long time. Isabel was calmer. Perhaps she was wholly unconscious of the approaching crisis, or perhaps she possessed more mastery over her feelings. Women, I believe are generally cooler under such

circumstances than men; and very naturally, too, for the decision rests entirely with them. At any rate, she carelessly gathered, here and there, some lingering summer flower, and chatted pleasantly and perfectly self-possessed.

"Miss Heath," I began, after a long silence, "have you ever thought since of our play of the 'Lady of the Doomed Castle?'"

"Oh, very frequently."

"Your part was charmingly acted—the character suited you exactly."

"Indeed? I will return the compliment by saying that you personated my conception of the part of 'Count Stefano' to the very life."

"If so, I owe it all to the inspiration of your presence. I own, the part pleased me; for to be your accepted lover and protector, under any circumstances, is what I would most desire."

I own that I felt a little complacency at this speech, for I thought it nicely turned. At least, I had broken the ice; and, as Isabel remained silent, with her head slightly inclined, I grew bolder, and proceeded:

"Yes, Belle, if you think the offer worthy of acceptance, my fate, my fortune, and the boundless love of a generous heart, are at your service, and I only wish in return this little hand as mine."

I took the little hand in my own. It trembled slightly, but seemed to remain willingly in my gentle grasp. I raised it to my lips, kissed the taper fingers, and continued:

"Say if—"
"Isabel! Isabel!" rang out the sharp voice of Mrs. Heath, from the cottage-door. "Where in the world are you? The dew is falling, and you will surely catch your death out there without your shawl!"

The sharp cry of the regardful matron had startled us, and the trembling little hand was quickly withdrawn from mine. We were screened from the mother's view by a dense clump of lilac bushes.

"It isn't cold, mother; I'll come in in a moment," answered Isabel.

"And my answer, Belle," I said.

She looked up, with the prettiest smile that ever played on the features of a maiden standing by a lilac bush under the mild rays of a harvest moon, and handing me a bunch of flowers, she said:

"There's a rose-bud among them, I believe; and—"
"And—"
Our lips approached each other, just where the lilac sprays brushed our cheeks; and there was a faint rustle of the leaves, and another faint sound, well known to lovers' ears, and Belle darted away into the house.

Household Cares.

Mrs. Kirkland has very truly said that woman is never really and healthily happy without household cares. But to perform housework is too frequently considered degrading. Even where the mother in obedience to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasionally, the daughters are frequently brought up in perfect idleness, taking no bodily exercise, except that of walking in fine weather, or riding in cushioned carriages, or dancing at a party. Those, in short, who can afford servants, cannot demean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little health they started in life with—becoming feeble in just about the proportion they become fashionable. In the neglect of household care, American ladies stand alone. A German lady, no matter how elevated her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to health of body and mind alike. An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of her household; and, even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of time to this, her true and happiest sphere. A contrary course to this results in a lassitude of mind often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her domestics, generally pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wilts away from sheer ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind. If household cares were more generally attended to by ladies of the family, there would be comparatively little backbiting, gossiping, enviousness, and other kindred sins; and women in good society would be much happier, and much more truly lovable.

NUMEROUS.—It is stated that there are now in Canada, forty-five thousand run-away slaves from the South. Valuing these slaves at an average of one thousand dollars each, they amount to forty-five millions of dollars.

The Schoolmaster's in that Bed!

A correspondent of the New York Weekly gives the following as one of the many incidents that befel a "boarding round schoolmaster":

"I had been teaching in Mason county, in the Sucker State, and this particular term was 'boarding round.' One evening after school, one of my little scholars stepped up to me and said:

"Mr. Jones, father said you would come home with me:

"Very well," I replied, and forthwith set out for my patron's house, which was distant some two miles. Now, be it known, James M'Harry—for such was his name—had two daughters, the pride and envy of the whole community. I had heard so much about them that I was naturally anxious to see them. It seemed, however, that I was to be disappointed. When we arrived, I learned the "gals" had gone to a party on the other side of the creek; so I went to bed cursing the luck which deprived me of seeing them that night.—The night had well advanced, when I heard one of the girls come home, and passing into the adjoining room, was warming before some coals which were alive on the hearth. It seems that the old lady and gentlemen slept in the same room, but I was not aware of it until then. Having warmed herself, she turned to leave the room, when the old man spoke:

"Girls," said he, "the schoolmaster's in your bed."

"Very well," said Sarah, and passing through the room I slept in, went up stairs. About an hour elapsed, when I heard Judy, the other one, come. She stood at the door a long time, talking with her "feller," then entered softly. Disrobing her feet, she entered the room where I lay, carefully undressed herself, and coming to the side of the bed, prepared to get in. Now it happened that I lay in the middle, and turning back the clothes, she gave me a shake, and said, in a suppressed whisper:

"Lay over, Sarah!"

I rolled over, and whipped the corner of the pillow into my mouth to keep from laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would creak. The old man heard it, and cried out:

"Judy?"

"Sir!" was responded in a faint tone from the bed beside me.

"The schoolmaster is in that bed!"

She landed on the floor, and fled with the rapidity of a deer up stairs. She never heard the last of it, I can tell you; but probably she "learned something" about "stayin' out late sparkin'"; and trying to slip in unbeknown to the old folks.

NAMING A CAT.—A gentleman doing business on Main street, a day or two since was presented with a beautiful kitten.—Not long after, a couple of young ladies happened in the store, and of course kitty, as kittens always do, came in for an immense quantity of endearments and caresses.

"Oh, my! what a sweet, darling little kitty! What is its name?"

"It has not been christened yet."

"Oh, the dear thing! Do call it after me—call it Julia, won't you?"

"I should be very happy to do so," said our gallant friend, "but it isn't that kind of a cat!"

Kitty was deposited on the floor in a twinkling, and a couple of young ladies were soon after looking around for a good place to faint.

IDLENESS.—Carlyle says: Nine-tenths of the miseries and vice of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick mind, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments, and schemes often baffled and men fail in their schemes, not so much for want of strength, as the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar and leaves no orifice behind.

A greater proportion than ever of the Mexican silver product is now coming to this country, instead of nearly all going to England as heretofore. The importation three years ago was only \$2,687,000; two years ago \$4,822,000; and last year over \$6,000,000. Great smelting works on Staten Island, below New York, are now busy with the Mexican metal.

"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat!" "Yes, master, I've been practising since I was a child."

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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Bargess.—John D. Hughes.
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