0L. l.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1860.

NO. 25.

"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES. Post Masters. Joseph Graham, Yoder. Joseph S Mardis, Blacklick, Benjamin Wirtner, Carroll. Danl. Litzinger, John J. Troxell, Washint'n M. C. M'Cague, Ebensburg. Timber, Isaac Thompson, White. . M. Christy, Gallitzin. Joseph Gill, Chest. Connell. Wm. M'Gough, Washt'n. H. A. Boggs, Johnst'wn. Wm. Gwinn, Loretto. E. Wissinger, Conem'gh A. Durbin, Munster. Francis Clement. Conem'gh Andrew J. Ferra! Susq'han. G. W. Bowman, White. Augustine, Joseph Moyer, Clearfield. George Conrad, Richland. Level, Washt'n.

Andrew Beck, S'mmerhill CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c. terian-Rev. D. HARBISON, Pastor .ing every Sabbath morning at 101

B. M Colgan, Wm. Murray,

Miss M. Gillespie Washt'n.

Croyle.

k, and in the evening at 2 o'clock. Sab-School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meetery Thursday evening at 6 o'clock. odist Episcopul Church-REV. J. SHANE, er in charge. Rev J. M. SMITH, Ast. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately clock in the morning, or 7 in the Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. meeting every Thursday evening at 7

h Independent-REV. Lt. R. POWELL -Preaching every Sabbath morning at ock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. h School at I o'clock, P. M. Prayer g on the first Monday evening of each and on every Tuesday, Thursday lay evening, excepting the first week

mistic Methodist-REV. JOHN WILLIAMS -Preaching every Sabbath evening at o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Friday evening

re-REV. WM. LLOYD, Pastor-Preachry Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. lar Baptists-Rev. DAVID JENKINS. -Preaching every Sabbath evening at k. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. ic-Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor .es every Sabbath morning at 101 o'clock Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS. MAILS ARRIVE.

124 o'clock, A. M. ern, daily, at MAILS CLOSE. A. M 61 o'clock, A. M tern, daily, at

16 The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. ive Ebensburg on Mondays and Thurss, at 7 o'clock, A. M. The Mails from Newman's Mills, Car-

wn, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. ive liberaburg on Tuesdays and Saturat 7 o'clock, A. M.

Des. Post Office open on Sundays from 9 19 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD STHEDULE. WILMORE STATION.

t-Express Train, leaves at Mail Train. -Express Train, Mail Train, 10.00 A. M. Fast Line, 6.30 A. M

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts .- President, Hon. Geo. r, Huntingdon; Associates, George W Prothonotary .- Joseph M'Donald. Clerk to Prothonotary .- Robert A. M'Coy. Register and Recorder .- Michael Hasson. Deputy Register and Recorder .- John Scan-

Sheriff .- Robert P. Linton. Deputy Sheriff .- George C. K. Zahm. District Attorney .- Philip S. Noon. County Commissioners.-John Bearer, Abel loyd, David T. Storm. Clerk to Commissioners .- George C. K. Zahm

Counsel to Commissioners .- John S. Rhey. Treasurer .- George J. Rodgers. Poor House Directors .- William Palmer, avid O Harro, Michael M'Guire. Poor House Treasurer .- George C. K. Zahm Poor House Steward .- James J. Kaylor.

Mcreantile Appraiser, -Thomas M'Connell. Auditors.-Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobaugh, County Surveyor .- Henry Scanlan.

Coroner .- Peter Dougherty. Superintendent of Common Schools .- S. B.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS. Justices of the Peace .- David H. Roberts, darrison Kinkead.

Burgess .- Andrew Lewis. Town Council .- Andrew Lewis, Joshua D. arrish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M.

Clerk to Council .- James C. Noon. Borough Treasurer .- George Gurley. Weigh Masters .- Davis & Lloyd. School Directors.-M. C. M'Cague, A. A. arker, Thomas M. Jones, Reese S. Lloyd,

dward Glass, William Davis. Treasurer of School Board .- Evan Morgan. Constable .- George Gurley. Taz Collector .- George Gurley. Assessor .- Richard T. Davis. Judge of Election .- David J. Jones. Inspectors .- David H. Boberts, Daniel

SELECT POETRY.

The Light of Home.

The Light of Home! how bright it beams When evening shades around us fall; And from the lattice far it gleams To love, and rest, and comfort, all:

When wearied with the toils of day, And strife for glory, gold and fame, How sweet to seek the quiet way, Where loving lips will lisp our name Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night The wayward wanderer homeward flies, How cheering is that twinkling light

That through the forest gloom he spies! It is the light of home. He feels That loving hearts will greet him there; And softly through his bosom steals The joy and love that banish care Around the light at home !

The light at home! how still and sweet If peeps from yonder cottage door-The weary laborer to greet-

When the rough toils of day are o'er! Sad is the soul that does not know The blessings that the beams impart, The cheering hopes and joys that flow, And lighten up the heaviest heart Around the light a home!

SELECT MISCELLANY.

A Letter Worth Reading.

The following letter from Mr. John Smith, a well-to-do and respectable farmer, appears in the Newark Daily Advertiser, and may be profitably read by all who feel an interest to the social and intellectual training of the rising generation:

Mr. Editor: - I am a farmer and so was my father before me. I have not followed k. Society every Tuesday evening in his footsteps in the way of managing the farm, because I have taken Agricultural papers, and have learned much that was not his to know; and what's more, the railroad has come within three miles of me, so that the old farm which my father tilled so many years is worth five times what it was in his day. I am not one of the kind of men who croak and grumble about old times. I enjoy modern times. and would not give up my machines, and go back to the old ways of doing things by hand, for any money. I often wonder I'my father can look down from Heaven and see the mowers and reapers fly over the old places where he toiled and sweat. I cannot help chuckling to myself, as I sit in my sulkey and ride over the old familiar places; cutting down the grass, and raking it up again like half a dozen men; to think my boys can go to school all the year round, and never need suffer from the want of learning, as I do even to this day.

My wife is up to the times, too, and likes to give her family a good chance in the world. She is a good manager, rising early, and rising to some purpose. I owe half of my prosperity to her help and counsel. My boys are growing up healthy, sensible young fellows. The two oldest 8.48 P. M. harness up the old mare and go to the Academy three miles off, and excepting a little while during hay and harvest they do not lose a day all the year round. The only thing that troubles me is my daughters. Nancy, the oldest, is a fine, handsome, smart girl of nineteen. She went to the district school till she was sixteen, and then she had learned all there was to learn there. So we concluded to send her to Mrs. Drake's Seminary, about fifty miles off. She did get along amazingly. In two years she had learned a pile, and besides had painted beautiful pictures enough to cover our parler walls (though I must confess I suspect her teacher gave her a lowing: lift now and then.) She could sing equal to the parson's wife, and can set the tunes in meeting when the squire's away. She hearty laugh or a good joke at any time. knew the French for everything around He relates the following on himself as an

> things than I can mention. came home at fall and spring vacations, reached from the ground towards the 'good and then was so busy sewing and getting place' and it was on this ladder that I went ready to go back again that her mother up. When I reached the top, I found a did not think it worth while to set her to space of seven or eight feet intervening bework. Well, last spring she came home tween the last round and the celestial gate. for good, and a joyful day it was to me .- I could see within, and catch glimpses of

to after a while. She can't bear to see me in my shirt I was trying to jump to heaven." sleeves, no matter how clean and white, but insists upon my wearing a linen duster; for she has learned that "it is disgust- story: "This is my 1st attempt a writin' ing to eat with a man in his shirt sleeves." a Tail & it is far from being perfeck, but sometimes in bulk to several tons; they So she is right-down ashamed of her if i have induced folks to see that in 9 cause a deafening roar, and are accompamother's hands, because they show that cases out of 10 they can either make Life nied by fire and smoke. The existence of she has been a hard working woman all as barren as the Desert of Sarah, or as this volcano has not been known until lather life. Our home-made striped carpets joyous as a flower garding, my objeck will terly, which is probably the reason that it

fit to be seen." She won't let Bob and Dick run about bare-footed, for she says they look like beggars. She has written their names in their spelling books Robbie and Dickie, and written hers Nancie Smyth. She says she would rather not eat with the servants-that is our hired man and woman who have lived with us six years, and were born and raised on the next farm. It makes her sick to smell pork and cabbage. She has not forgotten how to milk; but if anybody rides by when she is milking, she gets behind the cow and hides her head, as if she was stealing milk. I have stood these things without saying much until last Sunday when she insisted upon our hired people sitting up in the gallery, because we needed all our pew room.

I hired two pews to have room for all. I knew she expected two boarding school misses to make a visit, and was planning to get our men-folks out of sight. I bolted out at this, and had a regular blowingup, and told Nancy she was getting too big-feeling entirely for a farmer's daughter. She staid home from church and eried all day. I hate crying women more than a long drought, so I shan't seeld her Let me talk to him." Then, speaking to and at the doors. Indeed, a dozen or fif-

what am I to do? I am willing to let her sent you here?" feed the chickens in gloves, and spell all our names wrong, and I'd just as lief have the boys wear shoes; but when it comes to overturning everything, and being ashamed of her father and mother, and home, I am discouraged. I have bought her a piano, and let her learn music two years, for she is naturally musical. She came near fainting one night when the Squire's son, just out of college, and a whiskered chap from the city, were here, wrong but couldn't guess what, for I had so. He took the money, and offered it to perfectly neat, and crossing each other at on my duster, and wasn't tipping my chair back, (a "yulgar trick," Nancy calls it.)-The next day my wife told me what was to pay. I must say I like my old fashioned way of pronouncing as well as her new fashioned way of spelling. And only this morning after breakfast when her ma told her to shake the table cloth, what does she do but take it way through the long hall and out the back door, for fear some one would see her shake it in the same place where she had for ten years. I've got new boughten carpet for the parlor. and now she wants the front windows cut down to the floor.

Yesterday she came to me to know if she might "teach district school." "No," said I, "why do you want to teach? am able to keep six girls like you, if I had you and your aunt better days." them. No, I can't think of your teach-Upon this she began to cry again, and I can't stand women's tears, so I said "teach!" and she is going to teach all winter and summer, in a little bit of a schoolhouse, not as big as my pig-house, for fear she will get tanned and freekled and spoil her hands helping her mother.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have given up Nancy, but I have three fine girls growing up. I am able and willing to give them all a good education, for I believe in it, in spite of the dreadful blunder I have made. I would like to know if you can tell me of get a good education and not lose her senses. I can't stand it to have our othwell-informed women, but I set down my foot against having them all turn school JOHN SMITH.

Southe W.'s Mistake.-A correspondent of the Mobile Tribune tells the fol-

Old Squire W. is an honest jovial soul, with a few religious scruples-fond of a the house, and understood botany, chemist- actual occurrence : ry, and natural philosophy, and more

"One night, boys, I had a very strange dream. I thought I was about to get to While she was at Mrs. Drake's she only heaven. A long ladder, like Jacob's, felt happy to think I had a daughter the things inside. Peter stood at the en-

A recent writer thus concludes his that have always been my pride, are "not I hav bin accomplished. Adoo."

"Do You Want a Boy, Sir !"

"Do you want a boy, sir?" said George, little urehin scarcely eight years old, to spruce-looking clerk in a large store. "Want a boy? Why, who wants to be hired?" asked the clerk, looking with a puzzled glance at the little applicant.

"I do, sir," replied George. young man, speaking to his fellow clerks, but one living Jeddo, above the ground,

The clerks gathered in great glee about poor George, who stood full of earnest purpose before them, and was, therefore, unconscious of any reason why he should | dered and confounded when I saw this .be made an object of sport.
"What can you do?" asked one.

"You can post books, of course," said

"Carry a bale of goods on your shoulder, eh?" cried a third. "Hush, young gentlemen," cried the elderly book-keeper at the desk, after teeming with moving crowds, while shopviewing George through his spectacles .- | keepers, artisans, women and children, "Hush! Don't make sport of the child, seem equally numerous within the doors

her. I am very strong, sir, and will work to the western outskirts, I have walked two very hard. Won't you please to hire me?" | miles and a half, and then proceeded on showed how earnest the boy was, not only twelve and a half in the whole, while in checked the sport of the spruce clerks, but other places it may be wider still. Accorbrought tears to their eyes. They looked ding to the lowest estimate, the city covers her heart, then her lips, and then her on the delicate child before them with ad- an area equal to seven of the New En- hand. miration and respect, and one of them gland farming towns, which are usually because I said : "Come Nancie, give us a placing a quarter dollar on the desk, asked six miles square. And all is traversed by tune on the piany." I saw something was the rest to follow his example. They did streets, usually wide, well constructed,

> George, saying : here, my good boy, but take the money, bailt, and crowded with moving or staand when you have grown a bit, perhaps | tionary masses, as thick as in our Washwe may find something for you to do."

offering to touch it. "Why don't you take the money?" ask-

ed the clerk. "If you please, sir, I am not a beggar,' said George; "I only want something to

pay my aunt for keeping me." "You are a noble little fellow," said the senior clerk. "We give you the money, not because we think you are a beggar, but because we like your spirit! Such a boy as you will never be a beggar. Take the change, my boy, and may God give times as large as that of the whole State

George now took the money, put it carefully into his pocket, and left the store.-His aunt, needy as she was, could not help laughing when he told his story, and the chiding she gave him for going in search severe you may feel assured.

I like George's spirit in this affair. It was the spirit that makes poor boys grow | newspaper. into useful and successful men. It made George do this, for in after years that litthe boy became a noted artist, whose praise a hermit, walking miles to a post-office, was spoken by many tongues. All chil- having a mail but once a week, and yet, dren should cherish a desire to do all they he shall be as familiar with the world as any place where a farmer's daughter can can for themselves, and to support them- the busiest actor in it. For the newspaselves by their own labor as early as pos- per is a spy glass by which he brings near sible. Those who lean on father and the distant things - a microscope by which er girls get too big for our old-fashioned mother for everything, will find it hard to he examines the most minute; an air trumfarm house: I wan't them sensible, and get along by-and-by, as they may have to pet by which he collects and brings withdo when their parents die; while those in his hearing all that is said and done all who early learn to rely upon themselves, over the earth—a museum full of living will have little difficulty in earning their pictures of real life, drawn, not on canown living. Learn, therefore, my chil- vass, but with printer's ink on paper. dren, to help yourselves-always minding to do so under the advice and with the consent of your parents or guardians.

The Troy Arena of January 16th is re- by foreign travel. The sons only of the While trying in vain to make it stand on sponsible for the following :- "The facts | wealthy could indulge in this costly bene- | the floor, he looked into his mother's face herein stated may appear somewhat in- fit. But now the poor man's son can learn and asked : "Does God see everything?" eredible to those not conversant with them. as much at home by journeying the world They can, however, be substantiated by over. For, while there are some advanthousands of witnesses residing in the vi- tages in going into the world, it is the poor cinity alluded to, and may be relied upon man's privilege to have the world come to as strictly true in every particular. In see him. The newspaper is a great collec-Putnam county, in this State, nearly oppo- tor, a great traveler, a great lecturer It site West Point, there is a mountain known is the common people's Encyclopedia-the in the neighborhood as Break Neck Moun- lyceum, the college tain, into which there is an opening of a cavernous description, somewhat irregular who had a good education in her head, and trance—he leaned over—reached out his in form, but quite straight in its direcspry healthy hands to work. But Mr. hands and told me to jump. I did jump, tion, and 20 feet or more in diameter, out for two reasons, that the last pint taken Editor, she is a spoded girl, for aught I can boys, and got one of the d-dst falls you ever of which at certain time there issue mas- from the cow will make more butter than see, but her mother thinks she will come heard of-for I found myself sprawling on ses of matter with great force. These the first quart, and that the cows will afthe floor, having jumped out of bed, while cruptions are composed of vitreous and terwards fail to give just as much milk tinguished for refinement of manners, as mineral substances of various kinds, together with fragments of trees, and not unfrequently mingled with evidences of animal existence. These masses amount sometimes in bulk to several tons; they has attracted no more notice."

The Capital of Japan.

What shall I say of this greatest and most singular of all cities ? A volume is needed to describe it, without attempting to give its history. I have read of old Nin-evah and Babylon below the ground, and seen and handled the works of art which have been disinterred and created so much "Look here, gentlemen," cried the admiration on both sides of the Atlantie; here is a regular Goliah seeking work! is worth a hundred old foggy cities below Wants to be a porter, I s'pose. Look at it. I cannot give you any idea of it, it is so unique, so unlike everything except it. so unique, so unlike everything except itself, and so impossible as you will think. I have seen several places of interest, and maintained a cool head, but I was bewil-It is situated on the western shore of this charming gulf, twenty miles wide by twen- in a very narrow compass. ty-four long. It stretches for twenty miles and more along a beach of a semi-circular form, with its horns turned outwards, and along which a street extends, crowded with blocks of stores and houses and George in kindly tones, he said: "You teen miles might be added to the lenghth are too young to be hired, my child. Who of the city in this direction, since there is nothing but an unbroken succession of mother are gone to heaven. My aunt is are as populous and well-built as the city poor, and I want to earn something to help | itself. In crossing the city from the shore This simple story, told in a way that horseback for ten miles more, making right angles-streets lined with houses "You are too small to be of any use and stores as compactly as they can be ington street, or tances. The population George looked at the money without is estimated generally at three millions, which Mr. Harris, our minister, thinks is no exaggeration. For my part, judging from what I have seen when I have gone into the heart of the city, and crossed the city from side to side, I should be willing to add as many millions more; for the living, moving masses, seen from sunrise to sunset, and everywhere the same fairly large as seven fine towns in Besrkshire county, and containing a population three | you will disappear. of Massachusetts! That is enough to think of for a moment.-[Japan Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.

THE NEWSPAPER.-In no other way can so much, so varied, so useful informaof work without her counsel was not very | tion be imported, under circumstances so favorable for educating the child's mind, as through a judicious, well conducted

To live in a village was once to be shut up, conducted. But now a man may be

The effect in liberalizing and enlarging the mind of the young, of this weekly commerce with the world, will be apparent to any who will ponder on it. Once, a A VOLCANO IN NEW YORK STATE .- liberal education could only be completed

> Every drop of milk should be drained from the udder at each milking, as is left in the udder.

An editor who thinks himself very smart, says in his columns, that he never lends himself to party hacks. We presume he prefers selling.

There is a man at Oxford who lives so fast that he is now absolutely older than his father.

WITAND WISDOM.

Fame is like an eel-rather hard to catch, and a good deal harder to hold. Some joker calls Holloway and Brandreth the pillars of the medical pro-

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel and was called a dog, but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon.

16 If corns were hereditary, they might properly be called patrimonial

men. Gray hairs, like honest friends, are often east from us for telling unpleasant

When a man has no design but to speak the truth, he may say a great deal A philosopher being asked what

was the first thing necessary toward winning the love of a woman, answered--"an opportunity.' A watch-dog is said not to be so

large in the morning as at night, because he is let out at night and taken in in the 10 "Your behavior is most singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman

who had just stolen a kiss. "If that is "I came myself, sir. My father and towns and villages for this distance, which all," said he, "I will soon make it plural." To ascertain whether your wife is jealous, lace up another lady's shoes, and let her catch you at it! If that don't make her round-shouldered, nothing will.

A popular writer says that a "woman should be won by degrees." Certainly-win first her ears and eyes, then

Mrs. Smithers says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers bile their water on shore .-In her opinion, all the "busting" is done by cooking the steam on board.

A quizzical editor in Arkansas. who rejoices in the rather quizzical name of Harry Hurry, says that "truth is generally of slow progress." Probably it is never in such a Hurry as he. We always admire the answer of

the man who, when asked how old he was. answered; "Just forty years; but if you count by the fun I've seen, I am at least

Now-a-days popularity is to see your name posted up in large type on a seemed beyond computation. One city as fence. Somebody will inquire as to who you are-and when the first rain comes Men. A Kentucky editor owns up to

having eaten a beet that measured sixteen inches in circumference, and weighed two and a half pounds. His capacity is hard to beat. He'd be the ruin of a wegetarian Sabbath school Teacher-"Why

was it that the angels in Jacob's dream, having wings, were seen ascending and descending from heaven on a ladder?" "Scholar, hesitatingly-"I guess they were moulting and couldn't fly."

"Well," said Mrs. Partington, as she throwed down her newspaper in disgust, "I do think they ought to have made Mr. Sherman speaker without any talk. If those fellows only knew what a heap of good his lozenges had done, it would move their bowels of compassion."

THE REASON: They tell me I am handsome yet, And all the ladies say : "Do look at him! the dear old man Grows younger every day." And when each friend asks, "At your ago How came you free from ills?" I always answer, "In my youth, I paid my Printers' Bills I'

A little boy made a stool, no two of the legs of which were of a length .-"Yes, my child." "Well," replied the son, "I guess He will laugh when He sees this stool."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul ?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah! he was a good, elever old soul, I know; for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience' sake. I always thought I'd like him for a boarder."

Sully, the painter, was a man diswell as his success in art. At a party, one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle, who was a great favorite.

"Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant."

er cl

"Oh, oh! Mr. Sully, how can you be so rade?"

"Rude, ladies! what do you mean? I say she's got a mouth like an elephant be-I cause it's full of ivory."