

# The Alleghenian.

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

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VOL. 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1860.

NO. 30.

## DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHENIAN."

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Ben's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Carrolltown,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Blacklick.
Ches Springs,	Benjamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Cresson,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Ebensburg,	John J. Troxell,	Wash'tn.
Fallen Timber,	Mrs. H. M'Gaughey,	Ebensburg.
Gallitzin,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Glen Connell,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	Joseph Gill,	Chest.
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Summit,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
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	Andrew Beck,	S'mmerhill.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 2 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 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.

**Wesley 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.

**Catholic**—Rev. J. WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock, and on Friday evening at 7 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Disciples**—Rev. Wm. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Particular Baptists**—Rev. D. M. JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

**Catholic**—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 12 o'clock, A. M.

Western, " at 12 o'clock, A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 6 o'clock, A. M.

Western, " at 6 o'clock, A. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongtown, &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, Carrolltown, &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, " 8:45 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, Huntington; Associates, George W. Esley, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary.—Joseph M'Donald.

Clerk to Prothonotary.—Robert A. M'Coy.

Register and Recorder.—Michael Hasson.

Deputy Register and Recorder.—John Scanlan.

Sheriff.—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm.

District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners.—John Bearer, Abel Lloyd, David T. Storm.

Clerk to Commissioners.—George C. K. Zahm.

Counsel to Commissioners.—John S. Rhey.

Treasurer.—John A. Blair.

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.—Thomas M'Connell.

Auditors.—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobough, 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 Kinkad.

Burgess.—Andrew Lewis.

Town Council.—William Kittell, William K. Piper, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward Stunker.

Clerk to Council.—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.

Ward Master.—William Davis.

School Directors.—Edward Glass, William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, John J. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis.

Treasurer of School Board.—Evan Morgan.

Constable.—George Gurley.

Tax Collector.—George Gurley.

Treasurer.—Richard T. Davis.

Judge of Election.—Isaac Evans.

Inspectors.—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

## Poetry.

### March Winds.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

Though blasts of March are roaring high,  
And clouds run races through the sky,  
And weathercocks are vexed to know  
Which way to point the winds that blow,  
And in the snow-drift on the hill  
Winter is hid in ambush still,  
Thou, little bird, with faithful wing,  
Hast staked thy life upon a Spring—  
Hast come, so full of faith possessed,  
Winds ruffle but thine outer breast.  
Perched on the garden's tallest pear,  
Because last year thy nest was there,  
Thy song is of a quiet tune,  
Unto the halcyon days of June,  
My life has many a gusty sigh,  
To blow the clouds of memory;  
And my poor brain is vexed to know  
What way my feet had better go;  
And in a vesture white and chill  
Sorrow is hid in ambush still;  
But still my heart shall strive to sing,  
And stake its life upon a Spring.  
My heart, with constant fear possessed,  
Shall keep a quiet inner breast.  
In season haunts, tho' blown and bare,  
Because its last year's love was there,  
My heart shall sing a quiet tune  
Unto the halcyon days of June.

## Political.

### Speech of Hon. James Pollock,

AT THE

### STATE CONVENTION AT HARRISBURG.

GENTLEMEN, MEMBERS OF THIS CONVENTION:—I thank you for the honor in calling me to preside over your deliberations. My only pledge is, I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the position with impartiality and fearlessness. We have assembled upon a day of glorious memory—a day hallowed as the natal-day of him whose name is a synonym of honor, truth, and greatness; [applause] justice, liberty, and right. In honoring his memory, let us imitate his virtues, practice his precepts, and act out those noble principles of truth and patriotism that have made his name imperishable—his name immortal! [Prolonged applause.] Thus influenced, we will be prepared to enter upon the discharge of the duties of this Convention in a manner worthy of our cause and of our Commonwealth. We are, and are proud to be called, citizens of Pennsylvania, but we cannot, will not, forget that, in right of our American nationality, we claim the higher and nobler title of American citizens. [Applause.] Pennsylvania, true to every constitutional and confederate duty, has ever been as willing to recognize and maintain the rights of her sister States as to defend her own. True to all, she tolerates no sentiment of disunion. [Applause.] No traitor dares in her Legislative halls, or in her political conventions, even in a whisper to speak that odious, that damning word. Other States may boast their treason, and their traitors may send their emissaries from capitol to capitol, charged with the dire mission of hate and discord, may attempt to sever and destroy the home of the patriot—the world's last hope for freedom and human rights. Pennsylvania, true to all, frowns down the treason, and clings with all the fervor of her first love to the Union as it is. [Immense sensation and prolonged applause.] We are here to-day, gentlemen, friends of the Union and of the States, [applause] advocates of law and order, pledged to fulfill every legal obligation, every constitutional requirement, and pledged to resist every attempt—come from what quarter it may—to prevent the due execution of law or constitution, State or national. [Applause.] We have no sympathy with fanaticism, political or social, whether it be in the form of Northern Abolitionism or Southern slavery propagandism; we have no sympathy with fanatics, whether they be John Brown and his confederate traitors in the prisons of Charleston, Virginia, or the plotters of disunion in the legislative halls of Charleston, South Carolina. [Several voices—"Hurrah! hurrah!" Cheers and overwhelming applause.] We hold the rights of the States to be sovereign and sacred; their institutions are their own, political and local.—We claim no right to interfere with them directly or indirectly. What we claim to ourselves we yield to them, we yield to all—freedom of speech and of the press, and the right as free men to think, to speak, and to act. If that be treason, let the adherents of the present National Administration make the most of it. [Voices—"Good! good!" Profound sensation, and increased applause.] Recognizing freedom as inherent in our platform, our principles have been misrepresented, our integrity has been impugned, our veracity

has been questioned, our avowals and disavowals have alike been discredited. We have been charged and denounced as aiding and abetting the mad folly of mad and bad men, as enemies to the Constitution and the laws, as recreant to every political and social duty—charges as false as the motives that prompted their utterance are base and infamous. They speak their own condemnation, so long as the wrongs of Kansas and the violence and blood which marked the atrocity of those wrongs shall find a place on the pages of history; so long as the attempts of the National Administration, through broken faith and pledged promises, by the strong arm of the Government which attempted to force slavery upon a sovereign people, remain unforgotten; so long as corruption stains the Government contracts and the Treasury is used for partisan purposes; so long as free labor is unprotected and free laborers are disregarded and counted the "mud sills" of society; [Voices—"good," "good," and applause.] just so long as the apologists and adherents of President Buchanan should speak softly their reproaches of us, or silence forever their slander.—[Applause.] Recognizing, gentlemen, freedom as the great center truth of American nationality, liberty the rule, slavery the exception, liberty national, slavery sectional, [increased applause.] we hold it to be our duty, by every constitutional or legal means, and by no other, to prevent the extension of the institution of slavery to Territories now free. [Voices, "good, good," and continued applause.] These are the principles of the founders of our Republic, and it is safe to follow where they lead. These are the doctrines of the Constitution, and of its compromises, and of all cotemporaneous legislation upon this subject. As a corollary to this we hold it to be the right and duty of the National Government by adequate and sufficient legislation to protect the labor and foster the great industrial interests of the American people. [Applause.] This doctrine, as citizens of Pennsylvania, and a party, we cannot and we will not surrender. [A voice—"No, never!" and increased applause.] Honesty and economy have become words without meaning in the financial operations of the General Government; responsibility, as applied to many of our financial agents, has lost its force. The evil must be remedied to guard against corruption in the expenditure of the public money; and, to secure economy and honesty in the expenditure of the State and nation, are not the only objects but the principles of the Convention that I have the honor to address. To protect in its purity the elective franchise, and to guard from every influence that may impair its efficiency, are principles dear to every American citizen, and dear and prominent in the hearts of the members of this Convention. As freemen, with free schools and an open Bible, our aim should ever be to secure the rights and maintain the interests of all; [applause] to protect the rights of the citizen and the State; to save the Government from demoralization and corruption; to advance the greatness of our common country, and to aid her in the accomplishment of her great and glorious mission among the nations of the earth. But, gentlemen, our immediate duty, as members of this Convention, is to select a candidate—a standard-bearer in the approaching gubernatorial campaign—an election only preliminary to one more important, and that must succeed. In the discharge of our duties as members of this Convention, let us cultivate the spirit of harmony, of union, of peace, of concord. If united in the approaching gubernatorial contest, we can, we will, we must succeed! [Prolonged applause.] A victory in the first will be but the harbinger of another and a greater victory. Let our action, gentlemen, in reference to the National Convention and the appointment of delegates to that body, be just, harmonious, and united. Upon that Convention will devolve the duty of nominating a successor to the venerable gentleman who now occupies the White House. [Laughter and applause.] Pennsylvania, in giving the sage of Wheatland, her "favorite son," to the Union, did not exhaust her resources. [Prolonged laughter and increased applause.] Although, gentlemen, "we ne'er shall look upon his like again," [renewed laughter and enthusiasm.] she has other and nobler names to offer. Men who know there is a North and a South, an East and a West; who know their whole country, the Constitution, and the Union of the country; who know and understand the rights, the interests, and the will of all, and knowing, will maintain the honor and defend the rights of all. [Applause.] Let us then, gentlemen, as members of this Convention, gird on our armor and prepare for the contest; let us, strong in the strength of our principles, move onward and forward until our work is done; until suc-

cess crowns our labor with victory, and, relying upon that kind Providence which has been with us in other days, and trusting in Him, may we feel that we are safe, and the destiny of our land will not disappoint the hope of the patriot or the Christian. [Applause.] Again, gentlemen, I thank you for the honor conferred on me, and I earnestly invite your co-operation in conducting the business of this Convention, and without it our meeting will be in vain. This I confidently expect, and this I know that you will as confidently yield.

## Mr. Curtin's Speech.

The following is Hon. Andrew G. Curtin's speech to the People's State Convention, accepting the nomination for Governor:

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN—I would not be false to the natural pride which I feel in my nomination by this intelligent body. It is to me no personal triumph. I am happy to be in the exalted position in which your kindness has placed me, the representative of a great part, enjoying great political sentiments. It is not that I should personally have been preferred by this body to other gentlemen, who contested this nomination, for I do not pretend to any superiority over them which should have subjected me to your marked kindness. It is not a personal triumph. I have no animosity; I have no enmities to the friends that now surround me in this Hall, and I would obliterate from my memory the record of the vote by which I triumphed. I am a party man. (Cheers.) My allegiance to the party has never been doubted, and when the drum beat I was not the tardy soldier to fall into the ranks at any part of my life. (Cheers.) I congratulate you upon the harmony and unanimity with which the protracted sessions of this convention have closed. There is success intimated in the extreme anxiety of the public. (Cheers.) You have given me the nomination; you have put me in nomination, friends say, unanimously.—[Loud cheers.] I am thankful that there was no animosity to me in the breast of any delegate in this body to make him refrain from giving to the candidate of the party that unanimity which he deserves at the hands of the Convention. You have placed me in nomination; do you imagine that your duty is performed? We battle with a foe long in power; well versed in political tactics; with means and appliances of men and money, and I need support in the great struggle which is to follow your actions. I call upon the 133 delegates with the President at their head, whom I know well, to come into the field, make a bold effort, surround the standard bearer, and victory will perch upon him. Your duty performed, I have a duty to perform, and I can assure you that my covenant in the contract will be performed with fidelity. I will take the standard of the party, and plant it upon the shores of Lake Erie and carry it to the Delaware. [Immense applause.] The fight will commence soon. [Cheers.] If I fall in the struggle, no matter. It is a man that has sunk under the pressure; but if I do fall I will elevate the standard, for principles can never die. Carry the unanimity and sense of this Convention into the Chicago Convention; make the sentiment national; give us a candidate for the Presidency worthy of the place; let the voice of Pennsylvania be heard; [cheers] let us have the position which we desire in the affairs of this nation, and the rank our position and necessities demand. If victory go with us, something has been achieved for the country; nothing for the individual.—Having served long and faithfully in the party, my personal triumph must originate in the triumph of principle. If the principle fails it is your fault, not mine. I am a feeble man, but I will perform my duty faithfully. Here I pledge myself to perform every condition in the covenant I this day make with you. [Cheering, loud and long continued.]

THE FOLLIES OF GREAT MEN.—Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed color, and his legs shook under him on meeting with a hare or a fox. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by mistake it did get foremost, he would step back and place his right foot foremost. Julius Caesar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get into a cellar or under ground to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great, could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so; whenever he set foot on one, he would shriek out in agony.

## Angling for a Husband.

Mme. D., who resided at Chaton, was a lady of the strictest character, and of a hearty proof against allurements. She prided herself upon her great insensibility, and her profound indifference had repulsed all those gallants who had volunteered to offer their addresses. The country was only happy in solitude. The charms of a chosen circle, the pleasure of the world, had for her no attraction, and her favorite recreation was that of angling, an amusement worthy of an unfeeling woman.

She was accustomed, every pleasant day, to station herself at the extremity of the lonely island of Chaton, and there, with a book in one hand and her line in the other, her time was passed in fishing, reading, or dreaming.

A lover who had always been intimidated by her coolness, and who had never ventured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pursuit one day, when he had come to the island for the purpose of enjoying a swimming bath.

He observed her for a long time without discovery, and busied himself with thinking how he might turn to his advantage this lonely amusement of angling.—His reveries were so deep and so fortunate that he at last hit upon the desired plan, a novel expedient, indeed, yet they are always most successful with such women as pretend to be invulnerable.

The next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground, made his arrangements, and when Mme. D. had resumed her accustomed place, he slipped away to a remote and retired shelter, and, after divesting himself of his clothing he entered the stream. An excellent swimmer and skillful diver, he trusted to his aquatic talents for the success of his enterprise. He swam to the end of the island with the greatest precaution favored by the chances of the bank and bushes, which hung their dense foliage above the waters. In his lips was a note folded and sealed, and on arriving near the spot where Mme. D. was sitting, he made a dive, and lightly seizing the hook, he attached it to his letter.

Mme. D., perceiving the movement of her line, supposed that a fish was biting.

The young man had retired as he came; he had doubled the cape which extended out into the water separating them from each other, and had regained his post without the least noise in his passage under the willows. The deed was done.

Mme. D. pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the barb of her hook, not the expected shiner, but an unexpected letter.

This was, however, trifling, and her surprise became stupefaction when, on detaching the transfigured billet, she read upon the envelope—her name.

So then this letter which she had fished up was addressed to her!

This was somewhat miraculous. She was afraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding space, but there was nothing to be seen or heard; all was still and lonely both on land and water.

She quitted her seat, but took away the letter. As soon as she was alone, and closeted with herself, and as soon as the paper was dry—a paper perfectly water-proof and written upon with indelible ink—she unsealed the letter, and commenced its perusal.

"A declaration of love!" cried she at the first words. "What insolence!" Still, the insolence had come to her in such an extraordinary manner that her curiosity would not suffer her to treat this letter as she had so many others—pitilessly burn it without reading.

No, she read it quite through. The lover, who dated his letter from the bottom of the river, had skillfully adopted the allegory, and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the waters. The fable was gracefully managed, and with the jesting tone which he had adopted was mingled a true, serious, ardent sentiment, expressed with beauty and elegance.

The next day, Mme. D. returned to the island, not without emotion and some trace of fear. The threw her line with a trembling hand, and shuddered as, a moment after, she perceived the movement of the hook.

Is it a fish? Is it a letter?  
It was a letter.

Mme. D. was no believer in magic, still there was something strange and supernatural in all this.

She had an idea of throwing back the letter into the stream, but relinquished it. The most stubborn and haughty woman is always disarmed in face of the strange mystery which captivates her imagination.

This second letter was more tender more passionate, more charming than the first.

Mme. D.—read it several times, and could not help thinking about the delightful merman who wrote such bewitching letters.

On the subsequent day she attached her line to the bank, and left it swimming in the stream, while she withdrew to a landing place upon the extremity of the island. She watched for a long time, but saw nothing. She returned to the place, withdrew the line—and there was the letter!

This time an answer was requested. It was, perhaps, premature; yet the audacious request obtained a full success. The reply was written after some hesitation, and the hook dropped into the stream charged with a letter which was intended to say nothing, and affected a sort of badinage, which was nevertheless a bulletin of a victory gained over the hard severity of a woman until then unapproachable.

Mme. D.—had too much shrewdness not to guess that her mysterious correspondent employed, in stead of magic, the art of a skillful diver. Scruples easily understood restrained her from that portion of the bank where she was sure that the diver would emerge from the water.

But this game of letters amused her.—First it pleased her intellect, and her curiosity became so lively that she wrote: "Let us give up this jesting, which has pleased me for the moment, but which should continue no longer, and come with your apologies to Chanton."

The lover answered: "Yes, if you will add: Hope."

The inexorable lady replied: "If only a word is necessary to decide you, be it so!"

And the word was written.

The young man appeared and was not a loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his person as much as to his style, and he had made such rapid progress under water that it was easy to complete his conquest on land.

Thus Mme. D.—caught a husband without wishing it, and in spite of the vow which she had taken never to marry.—Holding the line, she had been caught by the fish.

NOT SO BAD.—We copy the following from the *Monmouth Inquirer*. Every person on the American continent has had the pleasure of reading the first chapter of *Wolfgang*, which left Capt. Lester in the robber's cave with any number of long-tailed rats, crawling upon him to keep their feet dry:

WOLFGANG—CONTINUED.

Our readers may feel curious to know whatever became of Captain Lester, who was left in a cave, bound in irons, while the rising water was threatening destruction to himself and the pesky rats. It will be remembered that he had just discovered Carrie Thornton through a fissure in the rock, a circumstance which gave him great courage. He bribed an old rat to gnaw off his irons; and killing the remainder, he tied their tails together, took himself to pieces, and Carrie drew him up through the crack, piece by piece, by the rat-tail rope. Having with great presence of mind marked each piece, he had no difficulty in putting himself together again. Just at this moment Wolfgang came up, and Captain Lester stuffed a feather-bed down his throat, causing instantaneous strangulation. The Captain and Carrie were married, and are now keeping the "Wolfgang House," on the rock of Gibraltar, at the mouth of Baffin's Bay. They are said to be in easy circumstances. The Captain never thinks of rats without a shudder.

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—The Rev. Dr. P., of Brooklyn, belonged to the old school divines, and while attending to his usual Sabbath ministrations, managed to discover who of his congregation were absent, his first duty on Monday morning being to call on the absentees, to find out why they were not at church.

Among those whose places were often vacant, was one man who cared but little for the sanctity of the holy day, or the minister's reproof.

On taking his usual Monday morning rounds Mr. P. was sure to visit Mr. C., as we will call him. Said the good man: "Why were you not at church, yesterday?"

"Had other business to attend to," was the blunt reply.

"Mr. C.," said the clergyman, solemnly, "there will be no preaching in hell."

"Well it won't be for want of ministers," was the quick rejoinder.

This was a hard cut, and the good old doctor shook his head, and went his way, ruminating, doubtless, upon the doctrine of human depravity.

Why was Adam's wife called Eve? Because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.