Menhanian,

opp HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

OL. 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1860.

NO. 35.

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HURCHES, MINISTERS, &c. yterian-Rev. D. Harbison, Pastor .-

Andrew Beck,

Miss M. Gillespie Washt'n.i

S'mmerh II

ing every Sabbath morning at 104 and in the evening at 2 o'clock. Sabhool at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meetry Thursday evening at 6 o'clock. odist Episcopal Church-Rev. J. Seane, Preaching every Sabbath, alternately clock in the morning, or 7 in the Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. eting every Thursday evening at 7

Independent-REV. Lt. R. POWELL, Preaching every Sabbath morning at and in the evening at 6 o'clock. School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer on the first Monday evening of each and on every Tuesday, Thursday

Preaching every Sabbath evening at clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, Prayer meeting every Friday evening Society every Tuesday evening les-Ray. WM. LLOYD, Pastor-Preach-

y Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. ular Baptists-REV. DAVID JENKINS. -Preaching every Sabbath evening at k. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M olic-Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor es every Sabbath morning at 10% o'clock espers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

daily, at MAILS CLOSE. for The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-

&c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. eave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thurs-

wa. &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. we Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Satur-Post Office open on Sundays from

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION. Express Train, leaves at Mail Train,

Express Train, 10.00 A. M. Mail Train.

COUNTY OFFICERS. of the Courts .- President, Hon. Geo. Huntingdon; Associates, GeorgeW.

Richard Jones, Jr. notary .- Joseph M'Donald. ork to Prothonotary .- Robert A. M'Coy. my Register and Recorder .- John Scan-

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dsurer of School Board-Evan Morgan stable. - George Gurley. az Collector .- George Gurley. ereor .- Richard T. Davis. dge of Election .- Isaac Evans.

Poetry.

Jenny.

On a sunny summer morning, Early as the dew was dry, Up the hill I went a berrying-Need I tell you-tell you why? Farmer Davis had a daughter, And it happened that I knew On each Sunday morning, Jenny Up the hill went berrying, too.

Lovely work is picking berries, So I joined her on the hill; "Jenny, dear," said I, "your basket's Quite too large for one to fill." So we staid-we two-to fill it, Jenny talking-I was still-Leading where the hill was steep, Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up-hill work," said Jenny; "So is life," said I; "shall we Climb it up alone-or, Jenny, Will you come and climb with me!"

Redder than the blushing berries Jenny's cheeks a moment grew, While, without delay, she answered, "I will come and climb with you."

ADVENTURES OF BILL JENKINS: The First Night of Marriage.

Bill Jenkins was a very modest man; and although he had mingled with the world at barbecues, bar-rooms, and at many of the et cetera places where men may occasionally be found-yet he was modest, very-whenever placed in the company of ladies. He trembled whenday evening, excepting the first week ever a pretty girl would speak to him, and felt like a culprit at the stand when called stic Methodist-Rev. John Williams, upon to "see Miss So-and-So home." Bill could never explain or account for this most singular timidity. He would sing, frolic, and be as wild as a rover among men, but a petticoat would unnerve him instantly.

Miss Lucy Ann Liggins had "set her cap" for Bill, and was determined to "lead him or die." Bill, to tell the truth, loved Lucy, and was as miserable out of her company as he was timid in it-but, as to 'popping the question," that was impossi-Lucy knit purses, hemmed handkerchiefs, worked shirt-bosoms, and gave them to Jenkins, as well as several gold rings, but still Bill would not propose .-Lucy declared to him repeatedly that she loved him, and that she was miserable when he was absent from her, and her happiness in life depended upon being his wife-but Bill was dumb. At last Lucy happy throng, he falls in with a fair pilwas determined that he should "hear thunder," and when he next visited her, The Mails from Newman's Mills, Car- after some preliminary soft talk on her part, she very affectionately said:

"Billy, my dear, when are you going to ask me to marry you? for I want to get my dress ready.

Bill fainted on the spot, and hartshorn and water were applied for half an hour before he was finally restored.

"What has been the matter, Miss Lucy?" "Oh, nothing much: you fainted when you were about to ask me to marry youbut I told you yes-and, oh! how happy we will be when we are married! I will love you so dearly; and as you said next Tuesday, why, I am willing the wedding should be then-my dear Billy, how I do love you!"

"I am willing, Miss Lucy," was all that Jenkins could articulate, while Lucy almost kissed him into fits.

What a glorious victory! Here we ought to stop, but justice to our narrative requires that we should pro-

ceed to the finale. The next Tuesday had come, and Jenkins was trembling at the approach of he communicate his deep distress.

and get married-why, to marry such a beautiful, charming, and intellectual being as Miss Liggins, I should wish that time would fly like news upon the electric telegraph wire; cheer up, Jenkins, my boy-

"Oh," replied Bill, "you don't know married-that is easy enough; but there is something-I know it-I feel it-I am satisfied of one think I will never be able to do, unless Lucy will assist me."

"Explain yourself," replied his friend, and if I can, with propriety, I will endeavor to render you comfortable."

But Jenkins could not explain. He dared not; it was timidity; he saw the Rubicon, but he knew he could not pass and trust to luck and Lucy.

The night came, and they were married. All were merry; the laugh, the song, the chat, and the dance made up a lively party until midnight, they commen- men ought to be hung. We unhesitating-John S. Rher, John J Evans, ced to disperse; and at one o'clock, Bill ly answer not all of them.

Jenkins was left "solitary and alone" in tain which was Lucy Ann's room, although | towards my wife and my ancient relative. he had been told, and even if he had known he could not go to it.

The watchman cried "past two o'clock," and yet Jenkins was still alone, and apparently engaged in perusing an old almanac, which, by chance, had been left in his coat pocket. An old female darky, who resided in the family, had been prevailed upon by the ladies to show him his bedroom, and she accordingly introduced herself to him in as modest a style as she well

"Mr. Jenkins," said she "past two o'clock."

"Oh, yes, I know it, I'm going home in few minutes. Old woman, where's my hat?

"It is in Miss Lucy's room, sir-you can get it there if you'll go in, Mr. Jen- atively happy. kins; why dont you go to bed?"

The old woman seized hold of Jenkins

There he stood, with the knob of the door in his hand, but the old darkey had heard. I'm sorry for it." been smart enough to lock the door outbe asleep, but that sort of gammon would ing loud, and to do so would afford her not answer; at last she said:

"My dear Billy, what is the matter?" and Lucy knowing his modesty, leaped with a face as utterly solemn as if he had out of bed, and, after caressing him for buried all his relatives that afternoon. some time, Billy went to bed with his clothes and boots on, and trembled till | the steps.

How Jenkins, subsequently, succeeded known by application to his dear Lucy ly fell down the steps.

Reader, strange as it may appear, there are Jenkinses all over the world, but the freemasonry of wedding life draws the curtain before the eves of the uninitiated. Going to bed on the first night after marriage, must be among the most delicate situations of life. Ask your married neighbor how it was with him. We have no experience exactly in that way.

AN EXTINGUISHER.—Dr. X. attended a masquerade ball. In the motley and grim in black silk, whose charming person, snow-white neck, and bewitchingly coquettish airs awaken in his soul the most rapturous love. She casts upon him looks of the most languishing tenderness; he revels in the hope of having made a blissful conquest. He musters up his courage, and ventures to address her:

"Who art thou, lovely Miss?" asked the doctor, almost melted in the glow of love. "Is it possible that you do not know me,

doctor ?"

"Upon my honor I do not know thee." "Bethink yourself, dear doctor." "Ah! thou art the gracious fairy who has appeared to me to-night for the fourth her. ime to open for me the gates of bliss."

"You mistake, doctor, I am no fairy. "Ah! who art thou, then?" "I am the well known lady to whom

you have been indebted the sum of two dollars and seven shillings for washing." The doctor stood like a petrified her-

DIDN'T TAKE THE PAPER.—Some years ago, a lady ncticing a neighbor who was not in her seat at church one Sabbath callevening. Something seemed to harrow ed on her return home to inquire what up his mind, and to no friend, even, would should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the fam-"You are not afraid, certainly, to go up lily busy at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her-"Why, la! where have you been to-day, dressed up in your Sunday clothes?" "To meeting." "Why, what day is it?" "Sabbath day." "Sal, stop washing, in a minute! Sabbath day Well, I did not know it, for my husband has got so plaguey stingy he won't take what distresses me. I can go up and get the paper, and we know nothing. Well who preached?" "Mr .-- ." "What did he preach about?" "It was on the death of the Savour." "Why, is he dead?-Well, all Boston might be dead, and we know nothing about it! It won't do, we must have the newspaper again, for everything goes wrong without the paper! Bill has almost forgot his reading, Polly has got quite mopish again, because she has no poetry and stories to read. Well if we it ; but he was determined to get married, have to take a cart-load of onions and potatoes to market, I'm resolved to have a

A contemporary asks whether wo-

the hall. Lucy Ann had retired, and her had an aunt coming to visit me for the had not betrayed our hiding-place. bridesmaids were off in a distant room. - first time since my marriage, and I don't Bill was now at the point where he thought | know what evil genius prompted the wick- | by this time, comprehended the joke; and his courage would fail him. His situation was a peculiar one. He was not cereges, that it was such) which I perpetrated before, and I hope never to get again. "More

Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well I | vent to such a diabolical noise, something forgot to mention a rather annoying cir- between a groan and horse-laugh, that all deaf; and, altho' she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you her stay agreeable.'

Mrs. S. announced her determination to make herself heard, if possible.

I then went to John Thomas, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, told him to be at my house at six P. M. on the following evening, and felt compar-

I went to the railroad station with a carriage next evening, and when I was on and pulled him along until she got out of my way home I said, "My dear aunt, there the hall, and all his gaze was fixed for a is one rather annoying infirmity that Amemoment upon the entry door; but she was lia has, which I forgot to mention before. determined to put him in Miss Lucy's She's very deaf; and, although she can room, and, after violent efforts, succeed- hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her side. Lucy pretended for some time to heart, protested that she rather liked speakgreat pleasure.

The carriage drove up—on the steps was "I want my hat!" screamed Jenkins, wife-at the window was John Thomas, I handed out my aunt-she ascended

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite in getting over his bashfulness, can be side of the street started, and my aunt near-

> "Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt; and the hall lamp clattered, and the windows shook as with the fever and ague .-I looked at the window-John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage

and went into strong convulsions. When I entered the parlor my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her bonnet and cape; and there sat John with his face

Suddenly. "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife, like a pistol, and John Thomas rather jumped to his

"Rather dusty," was the response, in a war-whoop; and so the conversation con-

The neighbors for streets around must have heard it; when I was in the third story of the building, I heard every word plainly. In the course of the evening, my aunt

took occasion to say to me, "How loud your wife speaks! Don't it hurt her?" I told her all deaf persons talked loudly,

and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along very nicely with

Presently my wife said softly, "Alf, how very loud your aunt talks."

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You are getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did. Elated by their success at being under-

stood, they went at it, hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantel-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of crowd collecting in front of the house. But the end was near. My aunt, being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So said she, in an unearthly hootfor her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young-"Doesn't talking so

loud strain your lungs?" "It is an exertion," shrieked my wife. "Then why do you do it?" was the anwering scream.

"Because-because-you can't hear, if don't," squealed my wife.
'What?" said my aunt, fairly rivalling

railroad whistle, this time. I began to think it time to evacuate the remises; and, looking round, and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay, flat on his back, with his of countenance, but not uttering a sound.

a similar attitude; and I think that, from one of his'n !" the relative position of our boots and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if ly contagious, but some persons are not I can, but would hate to do so, sometimes, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, Courage, like cowardice, is undoubtedhorrible groan, which John gave vent to, at all liable to catch it.

My CRUELTY TO MY RELATIVE.—I in his endeavor to repress his risibility, In rushed my wife and my aunt, who,

"My dear," said I to my wife, on the been, if John, in his endeavors to appear day before my aunt's arrival, "you know respectful and sympathetic, had not given cumstance with regard to her. She's very gravity was upset, and we screamed in He reflected a moment, then being sure

OUR FOREMOTHERS .- Some good-natured wag, zealous for the honor of wo- you always possess the means of forcing a manhood, has given utterance to the fol- man to marry you. You must remain on will do everything in your power to make lowing tribute to his ancestors on the three occasions alone with him, that you female side. It is well done, and well can go before a judge and swear that he is worth reading :

We hear enough about our forefathers. They were very nice old fellows, no doubt. Good to work, eat, or fight. Very well .-But where are their companions, their "chums," who, as their help-mates, urged our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched their breeches? Who almost involved themselves for the cause of liber- your affections." ty? Who narsed our forefathers when sick, sang Yankee Doodle to their babies, as counsel in the management of this afand trained up their boys? Our fore-

Who landed at James River, and came women among them? One would think the most lively curiosity. not. Our Yankee neighbors especially make a wonderful talk about the pilgrim | prosper? fathers who squatted on Plymouth Rock, and there is a great ado made over it every time they wish to get up a little enthusi- selle, but mind the next time you come to asm on liberty, and refresh themselves by consult me, you must tell me the name of crowing over freedom; and the chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them happy in spite of himself." when they take a notion to vaunt them-

selves upon the glory and greatness of the sieur.' Old Dominion; and our staid Pennsylvania Quakers, too, like to plume themselves slyly upon the merits and doings of Wil- knocked discreetly at the door of her liam Penn and his associates; but with all | counsel's room. No sooner was she in the the "blarney" so plentifully distributed on room, than she flung herself into a chair. all sides, what do we hear or gather about saying that she had mounted the steps too our foremothers? Didn't they land on a rapidly, and that the emotion made her rock too? Didn't they encounter perils breathless. Her counsel endeavored to and hardships? And, after all, didn't reassure her, made her inhale salts, and they, with their kind hearts, sustain the flagging spirits of the male companions? Who ushered us into this world-our

forefathers? Bah! No, indeed; it was our foremothers. Who nursed George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Benjamin Franklin, Israel Putuam, and a host of other worthies, whose names will live for- to you, is-yourself," said the young who gives them the credit they deserve?

We have our monuments commemorating, and our speeches, our songs, our the narrator. toasts, and our public dinners celebrating ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and excellent housekeeper. write ourselves round-shouldered, while boiling over with enthusiasm about the may be ascribed, such as any hero would in New York:

be proud to own. We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old men, our forefathers, say we .-May the glory of their deeds never be less; but the good Book tells to "render top of it anywhere." unto Cæsar," etc., and we wish to speak a word in season for women generally, and especially for our noble and self-sacrifieing foremothers, lest time, and the onesided page of history, shall blot them for- day, and when I took hold of his legs to ever from our memories.

SEARCHING THE LOST SHEEP .- A paper in Minnesota assumes all responsibility for the following : "A Methodist minister was tramping through the settlements doing good where he might. He tarried for the night at one of the "pioneer's" cabins. The old 'oman, while preparing supper, entered into conversation with her visitor, and the following colloquy took place:

"Stranger, where might you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby county, Kentucky.'

"Wall, stranger, hope no offence, but what mought you be doin' way up here?" "Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

"John. John!" shouted the old lady, feet at a right angle to his body, rolling "come right here this minit; here's a from side to side, with his fists poked into stranger all the way from Shelby county, his ribs, and a most agonized expression Kentucky, a huntin' stock, and I'll just bet my life that that tangle-haired old ram I immediately and involuntarily assumed that's been in our lot for the last week is

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP .- A girl, young and pretty, but above all, gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian

"Monsieur, I came to consult you on a I know not what the end would have grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience .-that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly:

"Mademoiselle, according to our law, your lover.'

"And will that suffice, Monsieur?" "Yes, mademoiselle, with one further

condition." "Well?"

"That you will produce witnesses who them along? Who worked and delved for will make an oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with

"Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you fair. Good day."

A few days afterwards the young girl returned. She was mysteriously received over in the Mayflower, and established the by the lawyer, who, scarcely giving her other early settlements? Were there any time to seat herself, questioned her with "Well, mademoiselle, how do matters

"Capital !" "Persevere in your designs, Mademoi-

"You shall have it without fail, Mon-

A fortnight afterwards, the young person, more naive and candid than ever, even proposed to release her garments.

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"It is useless," said she, "I am much "Well, Mademoiselle, now tell me the

name of the fortunate mortal you are going "Well, the fortunate mortal, be it known ever, and taught them to be men and pa- beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love triots? Didn't our foremothers? And you, I have been three times tete-a-tete with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany me

The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the the wonderful deeds of our forefathers, but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them young wife, who, by the way, makes an

to the magistrate's," gravely continued

SLIGHTLY MIXED .. - We once heard an nice things our forefathers did, and yet old fellow, famous allover the country for nothing is said about our foremothers, to his tough yarns, tell the following. He whom many a virtuous act and brave deed | was telling what heavy wheat he had seen

"My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so close together, that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk round on the We suggested that the turkeys must

have been small oncs. "No, sir," continued he, "they were very large ones. I shot one of them one carry him, his head dragged in the snow

behind me." "A curious country you must have had to have snew in harvest time !" "Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I reckon I've got part of

two stories mixed !" The Buffalo Republican says : "We lately picked up the following memoranda which we saw dropped by a young lady attired in an embroidered velvet talma, an exquisite Honiton collar, a white hat and plume, and a painfully brilliant silk dress

with exaggerated flounces: "'I must get a-Vale, Sarenet, Gluvs, Broun Hoss, Laise, Shimmyzet, Kulone."

The local of a promising sheet out west solemnly inquires: "Is this the nineteenth century?" We take pleasure in stating that a re-

port to that effect prevails extensively in

this section of the country. A schoolmaster asked a fair pupil. 'Can you decline a kiss?" She replied,