

# The Alleghenian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.  
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1860.

NO. 41.

## DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Ben's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Bethel Station,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Benjamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Cresson,	John J. Troxell,	Wash'tn.
Ebensburg,	Mrs. H. McCague,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Glen Connell,	Joseph Gill,	Chest.
Hemlock,	Wm. McGough,	Wash'tn.
Johnstown,	H. A. Boggs,	Johnst'n.
Loretto,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
Munster,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Perryville,	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Plattsville,	Andrew J. Fernal,	Susq'han.
Roseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Joseph Moyer,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Sonman,	B. M. Colgan,	Wash'tn.
Summershill,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
Summit,	Miss M. Gillespie,	Wash'tn.
Wilmore,	Andrew Beck,	S'mershill.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. SPANE, Pastor.—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.

**Wesleyan Independent**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 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. DAVID JESSINS, 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 11 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " 10 " " P. M.

**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 4 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " " 6 " " A. M.

25. The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

26. Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

27. The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

28. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

29. Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**WILMORE STATION.**  
West—Express Train, leaves at 8.55 A. M.  
" Mail Train, " 8.07 P. M.  
East—Express Train, " 7.18 P. M.  
" Fast Line, " 12.12 P. M.  
" Mail Train, " 6.08 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts**—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Ashley, Richard Jones, Jr.

**Prothonotary**—Joseph McDonald.

**Clerk to Prothonotary**—Robert A. McCoy.

**Register and Recorder**—Michael Hassan.

**Deputy Register and Recorder**—John Scanlan.

**Sheriff**—Robert P. Linton.

**Deputy Sheriff**—George C. K. Zahn.

**District Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.

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

**Clerk to Commissioners**—George C. K. Zahn.

**Council to Commissioners**—John S. Rhey.

**Treasurer**—John A. Blair.

**Poor House Director**—David O'Harrow.

**Michael McGuire, Jacob Horner.**

**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahn.

**Poor House Steward**—James J. Kaylor.

**Mercantile Appraiser**—Thomas McConnell.

**Auditors**—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, E. F. Lytle.

**County Surveyor**—E. A. Vickroy.

**Coroner**—James S. Todd.

**Superintendent of Common Schools**—T. A. Maguire.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.

**Burgess**—Andrew Lewis.

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

**Clerk to Council**—T. D. Litzinger.

**Borough Treasurer**—George Gurley.

**Weigh 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.

**Assessor**—Richard T. Davis.

**Judge of Election**—Isaac Evans.

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

## POETRY.

### Ode to Spring.

[Written in a Lawyer's Office.]

Whereas on sundry boughs and sprays  
No diverse birds are heard to sing;  
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—  
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The song of the said birds arouse  
The memory of our youthful hours,  
As young and green as the said boughs,  
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!  
Love midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines  
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,  
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's court!  
When tender plaintiffs actions bring:  
Season of frolic and of sport,  
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring.

### HOW A WIFE WAS CHOSEN.

"Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted his chair back, and put his feet upon the mantelpiece, "when is the wedding to be?"

"Whose wedding?"

"Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which is it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a most constant visitor, and all our set are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."

"How do you know that either of them will have me?"

"Don't be absurd, old boy. You, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune, need not be over bashful. Come be frank, which is the favored sister?"

"Well, frankly then, Henry, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her black flashing eyes and queenly manner; but Jenny seems, although the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet, I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and let me call at what hour I will, they are always well dressed, and apparently disengaged. To be sure I always, in the morning, have to wait some time before Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly and notice the internal economy."

"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."

"Go there in disguise. As a washwoman, for instance."

"Good! I will."

"Go there as a washwoman?" cried Clayton.

"Not exactly, but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."

"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower, who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in very fashionable society. At the period of my sketch, he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place, after nearly ten years mourning, and, although a kind and indulgent father, had no objection to his daughter's marriage, and indeed he had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a stepmother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband, and Jenny, who was younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same person. All his attentions were ascribed, by her, to brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her very heart.

It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough, tumbled braids of last evening's elaborate coiffure gathered loosely into a comb; wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball-room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron, little white collar, and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining-room door, "will you see him?"

"No," said Jenny.

"Yes," cried Laura, "send him up."

In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. "I have a bunch of blue flowers here," he said, taking them from the basket, "that will just suit your golden hair, Miss, and he held them before Jenny."

"It was my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Fanny quietly.

"Yes, bring them here," was Laura's imperious command.

The old man's eyes followed Jenny as she washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept the room, and dusted it, and then sat down beside Laura, who was still looking over the basket.

"See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch. Will it not be lovely with a few dark leaves to wear with my new silk?"

"But," whispered Jenny, "you can't afford it just now."

"Yes I can. Father gave me some money yesterday."

"To pay the last dry goods bill."

"Well I can have that carried to my private account."

"Oh! Laura, I hate to hear you talk of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father."

"Nonsense! It will stand till I am married and then I can easily save it out of my housekeeping money."

"I should not like to marry in debt," said Jenny.

The old pedlar looked earnestly at the sisters.

"You had better take this blue bunch, Miss," he said to Jenny. "If it ain't convenient to pay for it now, I will call again."

"No, I shall not take them."

"They are very becoming, mixing with the glossy golden hair and setting off Jenny's dazzling complexion."

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura.

"I should like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said last night, that forget-me-nots were his favorite flowers."

Jenny colored, and placing the bunch again in the basket, said:

"Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time probably is valuable, then passing a chair, she added, 'be seated, sir, you look tired.'"

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply.

"I will take this scarlet bunch, and these red camellias and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But, sister, you cannot afford it."

"Yes I can. Godfrey Horton is rich."

The old man bit his lip.

"Think," said Jenny, in a low tone, "if you love him, how much it will grieve him if he should discover it."

"Nonsense! Well, I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money not of the house-keeping funds."

So, thought the old man, she is house-keeper. Miss Laura gave me to understand that was her post."

"Laura! Steal from my father?"

"Then don't preach."

"Miss Jenny," said a servant entering at that moment, "the dinner has come."

Jenny left the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties, his eye in the meantime running over the disordered hair, shabby dress, and lazy position, whilst he mentally contrasted them with Jenny's neat attire.

"Not decided yet?" said Jenny, returning after a short absence.

"No, come here."

"I can't! Father has sent home a calf head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret. I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding, and the parlor must be dusted, and there is my white mule to be finished."

"Before I would be the drudge you are!" cried Laura.

"Drudge! I have plenty of time left for conjunct, and father cannot have a comfortable house, if some one does not superintend these things. When I marry you may do it," and she laughed merrily.

"As if I should not marry first!" said Laura.

"There, I have chosen all I want."

"Shall I call for the change?" said the pedlar. "I shall be happy to put the Miss Somers on my list of customers."

"Yes, call again."

So the pedlar stood up his basket, walked home, threw aside his wig, beard, and disguise, and wrote an offer of his hand and heart to Miss Virginia Somers, which was accepted.

Laura Somers has two sources of profound speculation: One is, "Why did Godfrey Horton propose to Jenny instead of me?" The other, "I wonder why that old man never called to be paid for those exquisite flowers?"

At a meeting of riflemen one of the speakers told a story of an officer of a city corps, who, when marching his men through the streets, forgot the word in command, and cried out, "Right shoulders forward," when he should have said, "left." When he found his men turning a contrary way to that intended, he shouted, "Right about face," but this only making matters worse, he discarded military phraseology, and came down to plain "why don't you turn down B. street?"

## Telegraphic Anecdote.

Some ten years or more ago, there was sent the New York and Washington telegraph line, at the Philadelphia station, an operator named Thayer, who, besides being an adept at the business, was a gentleman of culture and wit, and exceedingly fond of a joke, no matter at whose expense. At the New York terminus of the line there was, upon the contrary, a steady, matter-of-fact sort of man, who was no appreciator of jokes and never practised them. The President of the line was the Hon. B. B. French, for many years Clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington, a wit, poet and humorist, and of course appreciated humor wherever he came across it.

Thayer took it into his head one day to send a dispatch to some fictitious name in New York, for the purpose of enjoying a laugh at the expense of the operator at New York. Accordingly he composed and forwarded the following:

PHILADELPHIA, April 1, 1846.

To Mr. Jones, New York: Send me ten dollars at once, so that I can get my clothes.

(Signed) JULIA.

13 words, collect 34 cents.

The operator at New York, no suspecting any joke, asked the Philadelphia operator for the address.

The Philadelphia operator replied that the young lady didn't leave any; and asked him to look in the directory for it.

The New York operator replied that he had already done so, but that as there were over fifty Joneses in the directory, he was at a loss to know which one to send it to.

"If that is the case," says Thayer, "you had better send a copy to each of them, and charge 34 cents apiece."

The New York operator did so, and I will give the result of the arrangement in the words of the President, Mr. French, from whom, a few days after this affair, Mr. Thayer received the following letter:

NEW YORK, April 6, 1846.

MR. THAYER—Sir: A few days since you sent a despatch, purporting to come from one Julia, addressed to Mr. Jones, New York. The New York operator informed you that he desired an address, as there were upwards of fifty Joneses in the directory, and he was at a loss to know which one of them it was designed for. You replied that in that case he must send a copy to every one of them, and charge upon each; and the operator at New York, in the innocence of his heart, did so. Some twenty of the Joneses paid for their despatches, but there was one sent to the residence of an elderly merchant by that name, who being away from home when it arrived, it was opened by his wife, and was the occasion of a very unpleasant domestic scene. Mr. Jones has been to see me in relation to the matter, and threatens to sue the company for damages—taking the thing very much to heart.

Now all this is very funny, and a good joke, and I have laughed at it as heartily as anybody; but you had not better try it again, or any of the rest of the operators upon the line, if you value your situations.

Some ten years since there was a very ludicrous, and at the same time natural, blunder perpetrated on the line between this city and New York. A gentleman sent a dispatch requesting parties in New York to "forward sample forks by express."

When the message was delivered it read thus: "forward sample for K. S."

The parties who received it replied by asking "what sample K. S. wanted."

Of course the gentleman came to the office and complained that the despatch had been transmitted wrong, and the operator promised to repeat it. Accordingly he telegraphed the New York operator that the despatch should have read: "Forward sample forks." The New York operator having read it wrong in the first instance, could not decipher it differently now; he replied that "he did read it, sample for K. S.," and so delivered it.

"But," returned the Boston operator, "I did not say for K. S., but for K. S."

"What a numbskull that fellow is in Boston," exclaimed the New York operator in a rage. "He says he didn't say for K. S., but for K. S."

The Boston operator tried for an hour to make the New York operator read it "for K. S.," but not succeeding, he wrote the despatch off upon a slip of paper and forwarded it by mail, and it remained a standing joke upon the line for many months afterwards.

"Faith," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him, "faith it's meself that's regularly locked in."

"In," said his companion, "in where?"

"Why in the street."

Shut out all evil imaginations and angry thoughts.

## An Uneasy Rocking-Chair.

The following intelligence of the rescue of a slave woman from a master in Missouri, when he was just about selling her down South, is from a Western paper:

A copy of a placard announcing the auction sale of the chattel found its way into the hands of a brave man in Lawrence, Kansas, who immediately devised a plan for her deliverance. Harnessing a span of horses to a covered carriage, with two or three trusty companions inside, he set out at post-haste across the line of the slave State to the master's house.

It was only a bold stroke that could accomplish the purpose. He quietly entered the dwelling, unattended, and suddenly opened the door of a room in which he found the master sitting in a rocking-chair, and the slave-woman standing at a table.

The rescuer, in a very gentlemanly manner, cocked a pistol, and pointing it at the slave-master's head, exclaimed:

"Keep your seat, sir."

Holding his revolver still in steady aim, he turned to the woman and asked:

"Would you like to go Kansas and be free?"

"Yes, massa," she replied.

"Then get ready in five minutes, while I keep this man quiet."

As she was dressed with scarcely sufficient clothes for decent covering, her unexpected visitor asked:

"Are there any good clothes in the house?"

"Missis has cloze," was the slave woman's reply.

"Then open her closet and help yourself to a decent frock."

The owner, on recovering from his first surprise, stopped rocking in his chair, and began to remonstrate.

"Keep rocking, sir, keep rocking!" was the rescuer's reply, uttered with most provoking coolness.

In a few moments the woman returned with a shawl and a pair of shoes for herself, and blankets to wrap around her two little children, and stood waiting for further orders.

"Are you ready?" asked her friend.

"Yes, massa," said she eagerly, "and the children too."

"Then bid this man good-bye."

The woman immediately stepped out before her master, (who kept his compulsory seat in the rocking-chair), and flourishing her bright bandana, said:

"You thought you was gwine to take me down South; but I ain't gwine to go. I'm a gwine with this yer man to Kansas to be free."

The ludicrousness of the scene was heightened by the irrepressible indignation of the master, who cried out to his unwelcome guest:

"Do you call this a free country—where they lay hands on a man's property bought and paid for, and steal it away before his own eyes? What are our free institutions coming to?"

The rescuer without stopping to hold an argument with a man whom, at that moment, no argument would have been likely to convince, ordered the woman and her children to run out of the house and get into the carriage, where she would find friends waiting to receive her. He then bade his astonished prisoner farewell, and retired from the room backward, keeping his pistol in steady aim until he reached the carriage. The whip was then cracked upon the horses, and the party were off with the speed of a French diligence for the Kansas line!

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met at Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week, and will probably continue in session during the whole of this month. The Convention is composed of two hundred and twenty delegates, being one for every twenty-seven of the ordained Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the free States, including also portions of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. The Bishops are Messrs. Morris, Jones, Scott, Amos and Baker. Bishop Morris has been the senior in office since the death of Bishop Waugh. The vacancy in the Board of Bishops, caused by the death of the Rev. D. Waugh, will be filled at the present Conference, and perhaps one or two additional Bishops will be elected. The most prominent matters to come before the Conference are whether slaveholding shall be forbidden of the Church; whether the Ministers shall be allowed to remain at any one station more than two years; whether the system of Presiding Eldership shall be so amended as to admit Lay Delegates to the Annual and General Conferences.

The confidence of nobility of birth has rendered men ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some poor.

## Gentility.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances, too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward, in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in a fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheater; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolves are trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death.

What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare be dishonest, but do not dare seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

Mr. Hume hit the mark when he once stated in the House of Commons—though his words were followed by "laughter"—that the tone of living in England is altogether too high. Middle classes of people are too apt to live up to their incomes, if not beyond them; affecting a degree of "style" which is most unhealthy in its effect upon society at large. There is an ambition to bring boys up as gentlemen, or rather "genteel" men; though the result frequently is, only to make them gents.

They acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is that we have a great number of gingerbread young gentry thrown upon the world who remind one of the abandoned hulls sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board.

"MISSISS HOWE."—At a tea-party in Iowa City, a while ago, where those who have "benefit of clergy" are privileged characters, the "Rev." Samuel Storrs Howe, a frisky bachelor of over fifty winters, happened to be present—as usual.

One of the ladies at the tea-table thought to enliven the conversation by addressing him upon the subject of his recently engaging in the business of housekeeping—that is, "setting up bachelor's hall;" and asked him how he got along, whether he felt at home, &c. "Why, yes, ma'am," was the reply, "I begin to feel a good deal in the family way."

The ladies bit their lips, and concluded the information was too good to keep—from their husbands.

The following inscription is said to have been found on a head-board at a grave in the Sparta diggings, California:

In memory of

John Smith, who met  
a violent death, near this spot  
18 hundred & 40 too—He was shot  
by his own pistol,  
it was not one of the new kind  
but a old fashioned one  
bras barrel and of such is the  
Kingdom of Heaven.

"Bob, lower yourself into the well and holler for help."

"What for?"

"To frighten daddy, and make some fun."

Bob did as he was desired, but got more fun than he bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sapling. Distance five and a half feet.

"Papa" observed a young urchin of tender years, to his "fond parent," "does the Lord know everything?"

"Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire, "but why do you ask that question?"

"Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling him everything, I thought he wasn't posted!"

The "parent" reflected.

A Chinese merchant in San Francisco tersely gave his American friends his ideas on the Japanese Embassy's reception in this country as follows: "Japanese great men now—Americans want more treaty—by treaty be signed—Japanese like any body—just like Chinese—just like dam nigger."

The Chinese picture of ambition is a "Mandarin trying to catch a comet by putting salt on his tail."

Most calamitous companions—girls in giggles, and boys in boobyhood.