The Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

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PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. Spane, Preacher in charge. Rev J. M. Smith, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10½ 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.

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Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. John Williams, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 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 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 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at	11 o'clock,	A. M.
Western, " at	10½ "	P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at	4½ o'clock	P. M.
Western, " at	6 "	A. M.

☞ The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &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.

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☞ 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.

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Clerk to Council.—T. D. Litzinger.

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Tax Collector.—George Gurley.

Assessor.—Richard T. Davis.

Judge of Election.—Isaac Evans.

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

POETRY.

Prayer.

Pray, for the purple evening throws,
Her shade on ocean's breast,
Her crimson on the forest boughs,
Her gold upon the west;
The first faint planet mildly gems
The brow of coming night;
Bright as the star on Bethlehem's plain
That cheered the shepherd's sight.

Pray for the cherished ones at home,
The old man's silvery head
That mercies on his closing day
A thousand-fold be shed;
And for the beautiful, the young,
Oh! pray that strength be given,
Amid the entwining joys of life,
To raise the heart to heaven!

Pray when home-faces circle round,
In happy household glee,
For the stranger's heart, like Noah's dove,
That finds no rest with thee;
And when you raise in grateful joy
The thankful heart to God,
Pray for the anguished hearts that droop
Beneath his chastening rod!

ATTACHMENT.

A STORY OF LOVE AND DEBT.

A curious anecdote was once related to us, with the name of the person and place and the date of the event, which we shall repeat for the benefit of the rising generation, who, in their haste to carry out their views, may commit some mistakes whose effect will be permanent.

Mr. Rhodes was the high sheriff of—— county, Massachusetts; and his good name inherieted from the father and cherished by the son, made him not only popular as an officer, but rather wealthy as a man.—Why Mr. Rhodes had never got married, the ladies could not ascertain, though they talked the matter over and over very often; but almost all said there must have been some cause in his youth, (Mr. Rhodes was thirty-five at least,) which was known only to himself, and perhaps one other.

"Some disappointment," remarked Miss Anna, a young lady who thought it wrong that gentlemen should be disappointed; "some fatal disappointment."

"Not at all," said her maiden aunt, "not at all; nobody ever thought that Mr. Rhodes had courage enough to offer himself to a lady. He is so modest, that I should like to see him make a proposal."

"No doubt of it aunt, no doubt of it; and to him too," said Anna.

"Your father and I," said Anna's mother, "once thought that Mr. Rhodes would certainly marry Miss Susan Morgan, who then lived in the neighborhood."

"Was he accepted by Miss Morgan?" asked Anna.

"I don't believe she ever had an offer," said aunt Arabella.

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Wilton, "but she certainly deserved one from Mr Rhodes and I have frequently thought that, during services in the church, he was about to make proposals before all the congregation, as he kept his eye continually on her."

"Do you think," asked Anna, "that Miss Morgan was fond of him as he appeared to be of her?"

"She certainly did not take the same means of showing her feelings," said Mrs. Wilton, "for she never looked at him in church, and seemed to blush when by any means she discovered that others had noticed his gazing upon her."

"I should think," said Anna partly aside, "that a man like Mr. Rhodes would not lack confidence to address a lady especially if she was conscious of her own feelings, and of his infirmity."

Mrs. Wilton smiled, and aunt Arabella was about to say that no lady should ever evince her feelings under such circumstances, when Mrs. Wilton remarked that once, when she had joked with Miss Morgan upon her conquest she rather pettishly replied that she may have subdued him, but he had never acknowledged her power.

"Conquest and possession did not go together, then," said Anna.

"Well, is this attachment the cause of Mr. Rhodes's single condition? Was there no one else at whom he could look at him also?" said Anna, nodding to her aunt.

"No," said aunt Arabella, with a smile "none in the pew to which you allude.—I at least was too strongly impressed with the force of the tenth commandment, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox nor ass,' ever to be looking *over* Miss Morgan, *at* Mr. Rhodes."

* * * * * *

One morning, Mr. Rhodes was sitting in his office, when one of the deputies was reading off a list of executions and attachments which he had in his hand to serve, and among them was one against a lady at a short distance. The amount was not great, but enough to bring distress upon a family.

"Let me take that," said the sheriff, with some feeling; "it is out of our walk, and I will drive to the residence of the person to-morrow morning."

The modest vehicle of the officer stopped at the door of a neat dwelling house in a retired, delightful situation where all things told of taste and economy. The sheriff opened the gate, ascended the steps of the house, and asked if Miss Morgan was at home.

The servant answered in the affirmative.

As Mr. Rhodes passed along the hall he thought over the part he had to perform—how he should introduce the subject—how, if the debt should prove to be onerous, he should contrive to lighten the burden by his own abilities; and, when he had reached the door, he had conned his salutations to the lady, and his opening speech on the subject of his official call.

The servant opened the door, and Mr. Rhodes entered with a bow. He blushed, hesitated, and at length took a seat, to which Miss Morgan directed him by a graceful turn of her hand.

After a few moments' hesitation, Mr. Rhodes felt that it was his business to open a conversation that would explain the object of his visit; so offered, by way of preface, a few remarks upon the coolness of the spring.

"Yes," said Miss Morgan, "but yet, cold as the weather has been, and even notwithstanding a few frosts, you see the trees have the richest foliage, and the flowers are luxuriant."

"True," said Mr. Rhodes; "it seems that though there may be a great deal of coolness, nature will have her own way and in time assert her prerogative—late, perhaps, Miss Morgan, but still the same."

Mr. Rhodes felt startled at his speech, and, looking up, was infinitely astonished that Miss Morgan was blushing like one of the roses that was hanging against the window.

"We are always pleased" said Miss Morgan, "to see what we admire, breaking through the chilling influences by which they have been retained, and satisfy our hope of their ultimate disclosure."

Miss Morgan was looking directly toward the bush on which three roses were clustered in most gorgeous richness.

Mr Rhodes put his hand into his pocket, and felt for the official papers, to gather a little courage from their contact.

"I have an attachment for you," said Mr. Rhodes.

Miss Morgan, this time, lent blushes to the rose.

"The attachment, Miss Morgan, is of a distant date, and I feel that too much time has already elapsed—that indeed, instead of entrusting it, as I might have done, to another, I thought that in a matter of so much delicacy, it would be proper for me to come in person."

"For me, Mr. Rhodes! the attachment for me?"

"As I was saying, Miss Morgan, the attachment I have; and I felt it a matter of delicacy to come in person, thinking that my own means might be considered, if there was any deficiency in the value of this property."

"Mr. Rhodes, you seem rather enigmatical."

"I nevertheless," said Mr. Rhodes "mean to speak very plainly, when I say that with reference to this attachment, Miss Morgan, should you honor me so far as to accept my proposition, my pecuniary means would be devoted to the—the attachment."

"I was wholly unprepared for this," said Miss Morgan.

"I was afraid that that was the case," said Mr. Rhodes, "and therefore I thought it more delicate to make the offer in person."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Rhodes."

"Am I then to understand, Miss Morgan, that my proposition is agreeable to you—in other words that it is accepted?"

"Mr. Rhodes," said the lady with much hesitation, "I must claim a little time to think of it."

"I will call then, on my return from the village beyond."

"Let me ask a little more time," said she, "next week."

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "the matter requires immediate answer; the attachment is of an old date, and time now is everything. My feelings are deeply interested; and may I not hope that while you are using so short a time to consider a subject which you are pleased to view as one of such great delicacy with regard to yourself, you will allow my wishes and feelings to weigh with you in deciding in favor of my proposition, which, I assure you, is made after due deliberation upon my ability to perform my part of the contract."

Mr. Rhodes then took his leave, astonished at his own unwonted volubility, which, indeed, nothing could have induced but his desire to relieve one so much esteemed as Miss Morgan from present embarrassment.

Mr. Rhodes drove to a neighboring place, deeply occupied with his good purposes toward Miss Morgan, satisfying himself that the pecuniary sacrifice he had proposed was due to his unknown and untold affection for her, and not beyond his means.

Miss Morgan felt a renewal of all those feelings which had rather been dormant than quenched in her bosom, and desired the advice of her married sister, who was unfortunately absent. That Mr. Rhodes had once felt a strong attachment to her, she could not doubt; that he had continued to cherish, as she had done, the reciprocal feeling, she had not ventured to hope. But, as it was evident that the proposition of Mr. Rhodes was not from any sudden impulse, Miss Morgan resolved to signify her assent to a proposition so worthy of consideration on all accounts

In less than two hours Mr. Rhodes drove up to the door again, fastened the horse, and was re-admitted to the little back parlor which he had occupied in an earlier part of the day.

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "before receiving your answer, which I trust you are prepared to give in favor of accepting my proposal, I wish to state to you that I have reconsidered matters, and find that I am better able to keep my part of the arrangement than I thought myself when I ventured to make the offer; so that the kindness, if you will have that word used in this matter, is all on your side."

"Under present circumstances—I mean those of our long acquaintance, and our family intercourse, though of late rather interrupted," said Miss Morgan, "and my right by years"—she added, casting a glance at a looking-glass, which showed only matured womanhood—"to speak for myself, I have concluded to consider your proposal favorably."

"Consider! Miss Morgan—consider favorably! may I not hope you will accept it?"

Miss Morgan gave no answer.

"Nay, then it is accepted," said Mr. R. with a vivacity that the lady thought would have brought him to her lips—to her hand, at least.

"How happy you have made me," said he. "Having now disposed of the matter, there are ten days allowed."

"That is very short," said Miss Morgan, "only ten days; you seem to be in haste, unusual to you at least."

"It is the attachment, and not I that is imperative."

"You speak rather abstractedly, Mr. Rhodes."

"But truly, very truly Miss Morgan."

"But why limit it to ten days?"

"The attachment required it."

"I thought," said she, smiling, "the attachment would be for life."

Mr. Rhodes looked exceedingly confused. At length he started suddenly toward the lady.

"My dear Miss Morgan, is it possible that for once in my life I have blundered into the right path? Can I have been so fortunately misconceived?"

"If there is any mistake," said she, "I hope it will be cleared up immediately. I can scarcely think that Mr. Rhodes would intentionally offend an unprotected orphan, the daughter and sister of his former friends."

Mr. Rhodes hastily pulled from his pocket his writ of attachment, and showed it to her.

"This is certainly your name, and this property—"

"Is the disputed possession," she replied, "of my sister-in-law of the same name, Mrs. Susan Morgan."

Mr. Rhodes stood confounded. He was afraid of the course which the matter was likely to take.

"So, Mr. Rhodes, you see the attachment was for this property. Now, as it is not mine, and as, indeed, I have little of my own, you, of course, have no claim upon my person."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Morgan, I beg your pardon. You have not the property, indeed, for me to attach, but be pleased to read lower down on the writ; you will see—look at it, if you please—'for want thereof, take the body.'"

"But the promise was extorted under a misapprehension, so that I may be released."

"Not at all; you are required only to fulfil the promise just as you intended when you made it. As to the 'attachment' for the widow and her property, I will serve that by deputy."

In ten days the clergyman, and not the magistrate, was called in, and the whole arrangement was consummated.

Aunt Arabella, who was so careful about the tenth commandment, declared that it said nothing about a neighbor's husband, and, if it had, she did not think that she would violate it.

Correspondence of The Alleghanian.

Denominational Oxen.

Mr. Editor:—There appeared in your columns some time ago, a specimen of the Texian Theological mode of naming and yoking oxen in that State; which I admit is well adapted and ingeniously prepared to suit the taste of the proprietor.

But he has taken an unlawful liberty in connecting the "Old Baptist" with any denomination, for they never have been yoked nor pulled with any sect. This Texian driver, in the very act of yoking and naming his oxen, shows plainly that he was quite a greenhorn; having neither informed himself in divine or profane history. But for the better information of the public, I would give the following short specimen of the rise of the "Baptist," and wherein they were anywise connected with any reformation, under the following simile:

The prince of Texas, having the whole realm at his command, with all the wealth and prosperity of its citizens at his disposal, while as yet there were no public improvements such as railroads, turnpikes and plank-roads, resolved for his own pleasure to prepare a highway, leading from a large village in his boundaries, Jericho, to intersect a beautiful situation on the other side of the river Jordan, named Bethabara. He then prepared a chariot to be propelled by an ox-team.—The chariot was made of gold, within paved with love—by the river Jordan it was first heard of and seen. The first ox hitched to it was a "True Blue"—large in stature, kind in disposition, cheerful in obedience, powerful in strength, and swift in speed—all his passengers were the chosen and called. They took passage in Jericho; the highway led to Jordon, where there was only a fording. The prince never admitted of building a bridge, as it was truly pleasing to him to witness the passengers going down into Jordan, he being present to encourage and when needed. He had himself crossed at the fording, for sample to all the passengers; at which time a beautiful dove came to witness the scene, while yet the prince was in the water, and alighted on his head, and a voice like distant thunder from the High Prince was heard saying, "the scene is truly pleasing. This strong ox has a variety of titles: by one called "Seer," by another "Messenger," by another "Morning Star," denoting the coming of the new sun, but by the evangelist, "Baptist." Strange are his clothing and food, the camels affording the former, and the bees the latter.

This yoke was quite different from the present form, as it admitted of no off-side ox, but single file, in succession, never admitting of "Presbyterians," "Methodist," "Campbellite," or any other sect to be yoked in with this ox. This great ox ran singly in the chariot for about fifteen hundred years, without any assistance whatever but from the prince; but any amount of opposition, chiefly from a furious bull running at large without any restraint, named "Mystery." This horrible beast often attempted to overthrow ox, chariot and all, and would have succeeded had not the prince interfered; yet Mystery gored many bullocks to death. But strange to relate, there appeared a large young ox offering aid to True Blue, but of the same race as the horrible beast, and possessing the same disposition, (reformer,) which was manifested when opposed by goring to death a young bullock of old ox's race, named "Servatus." But as this new ox could not be yoked in beside old ox, he made a halter (confession of faith) and put his own head in one end, and hitched the other end to old True Blue's shaft, (off-side, remember,) and pretended to pull like all creation.—When on a level road, or down hill, he would pull; but up-hill, he would pull back. But still "Real Baptist" kept his onward pace, not being disturbed by the flirtations of young bullock. Presently they came in sight of the river, (Baptism.) The young ox pulled back with his whole might, but the driver (Mr. Obedience) drove on. The old ox, being powerful, pressed forward towards the river; but, alas! ge-bang went the halter, and back ran the Presbyterian with his utmost speed, until he reached the summit of the mountain, (Popularity;) where he stood to regain his ill-spent breath and muse on his past adventure and miraculous escape from the river, and what might be his next adventure. After trying different schemes, he concluded to build a large castle on the hill top, and make his abode there. He did so, and hoisted his colors, with this motto engraved thereon—"High Education." But the hill being high and the air dry and cool, he very soon became thirsty; and remembering Nebuchadnezzar being wet with the dew of heaven, thought it emblematic of good things to come, which might be fulfilled in his day and person; and for this purpose, set himself down with his face (not heart) towards heaven to receive the dew drops, but they fell in the night, not daylight, being a fit emblem of infant sprinkling, which is but the work of darkness.

I here leave Mr. Presbyterian on the top of the hill in the enjoyment of all his glory and privileges. I had intended to notice a little of Messrs. Methodist and Campbellite, but time fails me.

A Country Boy.

Pennsylvania.—Many persons are under the impression that the name of our State owes its title to the fact of an influence exercised by William Penn on the Councils of England to that effect. Such is not the case, as is proved in the extract from a letter written by William Penn, dated January 5, 1681:

"This day, after many waitings, watching, solicitings and disputes in council, my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania—a name the King would give it in honor to my father. I chose New Wales, being a hilly country; and when the secretary, a Welshman, refused to call it New Wales, I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it; though I was much opposed to it, and went to the King to have it struck out. He said it was past, and he would not take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the under secretary to vary the name; for I feared it might be looked on as vanity in me, and not as a respect in the King to my father, as it really was."

Quick of Action.—Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The other day we were reading a description of enthusiastic demonstrations at a political gathering when the type went on to say—"The air was rent with the *snouts* of three thousand people!" A still more ridiculous "bull" was once made by the foreman of a daily office in Indianapolis. In making up the forms he accidentally placed a large display line belonging to a stage advertisment, over a patent medicine. In the paper he was surprised to read, "Through by Daylight! Braggs' celebrated Pills."

Sold.—A travelling Yankee lately put up at a country inn, where a number of loungers were assembled, telling stories. After sitting some time and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all started and curiosity was on tip toe to know. One guessed five dollars, another ten, another fifteen, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. "Not a darn'd cent," he replied.

A Suggestion.—At the Ohio Sunday School Convention several very important movements were made. From a report of the proceedings we clip a resolution offered by an exemplary young delegate, which is eminently worthy of praise. It is worded as follows: "Resolved, That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath school." The resolution, we believe, was unanimously adopted. Its only demerit consists in the fact that the idea is not strictly original.

☞ "So you are going to keep house, are you?" said an elderly maiden to a newly married feminine. "Yes," was the reply. "Going to have a girl, I suppose?" was queried. The newly made wife colored, and then quietly responded, "I really don't know whether it will be a boy or a girl!"

☞ A minister called at the house of an individual the other day, and found the wife in tears. "What is the matter, good sister?" "Oh, dear, John, my good husband, has ran away with widow Smith, and I'm out of snuff!"

☞ Our fair cousin Fanny says, she is really surprised at the ridiculous complaints which men keep making about crinoline; for of course they must admit that the widest of petticoats cover but two feet!

☞ The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.