

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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

VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1860.

NO. 44.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Post Office. Post Masters. Districts.
Beaumont, Joseph Graham, Yoder.
Bethel Station, Joseph S. Mardis, Blacklick.
Carrington, Benjamin Wirtner, Carroll.
Chest Springs, Daniel Litzinger, Chest.
Cresson, John J. Troxell, Washint'n.
Ebensburg, Mrs. H. M. Cagge, Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber, Isaac Thompson, White.
Gallitzin, J. M. Christy, Gallitzin.
Glen Connell, Joseph Gill, Chest.
Hamock, Wm. M'Gough, Washint'n.
Johnstown, H. A. Boggs, Johnst'n.
Loretto, Wm. Gwinn, Loretto.
Mineral Point, E. Wissinger, Conen'gh.
Munster, A. Durbin, Munster.
Perryopolis, Francis Clement, Conen'gh.
Pittsville, Andrew J. Ferral, Susq'han.
Rosedale, G. W. Bowman, White.
St. Augustine, Joseph Moyer, Clearfield.
Scalp Level, George Conrad, Richland.
Soman, B. M'Colgan, Washint'n.
Summerhill, Wm. Murray, Croyle.
Summit, Miss M. Gillespie, Washint'n.
Wilmore, Andrew Beck, S'merhill.

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. 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.
Wich 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. J. WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 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.
Baptist—Rev. Wm. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Particular Baptist—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 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, " at 10 1/2 " P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 4 1/2 o'clock P. M.
Western, " at 4 " " P. 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 Newmarket, Mills, Carrollton, &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 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. W. Huntington; Associates, George W. Bailey, Richard Jones, Jr.
Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donnald.
Clerk to Prothonotary—Robert A. McCoy.
Register and Recorder—Michael Hasson.
Deputy Register and Recorder—John Scamler.
Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.
Deputy Sheriff—George C. K. Zahm.
District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—John Bearer, Abel Lloyd, David T. Storm.
Clerk to Commissioners—George C. K. Zahm.
Council to Commissioners—John S. Rhey.
Treasurer—John A. Blair.
Poor House Directors—David O'Harrow, Michael McGuire, Jacob Horner.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Mercantile Appraisers—Thomas M'Connell.
Auditors—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, E. 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.
Clerks—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 Evans, Thomas J. Davis.
Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.
Constable—George Gurley.
Tax Collector—George Gurley.
Auditor—Richard T. Davis.
Judge of Election—Isaac Evans.
Notaries—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

POETRY.

I'll Think of Thee.

At close of day, when twilight dews,
Embalm the scented lea;
And tinge the west in golden hues,
Then I will think of thee.
I'll think of thee when moonlight beams,
Athwart the deep blue sea;
And zephyrs 'mid the rustling leaves
Disport in wanton glee.
I'll think of thee in winter's gloom,
When nature's beauty dies;
I'll think of thee when spring time comes,
And flowers around us rise.
I'll think of thee 'mid summer beams,
When joy birds sweetly sing;
I'll think of thee when autumn leaves
Lie strewn and withering.
I'll think of thee when music falls
Upon my listening ear,
And every silvery note recalls
The time when thou wert near.
When fancy strays to elfin bowers,
And come love's witchery,
I'll dream again of vanished hours,
And fondly think of thee.

THE LAST SHOT.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

The traveler, as his eye takes in with delight the beauties of the scenery in Ashtabula county, Ohio, with its meandering streams, and sweeping, undulating meadows, dotted here and there with farm houses and cottages, could scarcely credit the innumerable and fearful hardships to which the early settlers, the forefathers of the present generation, were subjected. A little over half a century ago, and in the very place which now teems with abundance, starvation often stared the pioneer and his wife and little ones in the face. The following real incident of wilderness life will therefore serve to show how fifty years have made the silent, mighty wastes to "blossom as the rose," and become "a land flowing with milk and honey."

In the month of May, 1799, a native of North Haven, Connecticut, Joel Thorp by name, resolved to journey forth into the almost unexplored tract then known as the Connecticut Western Reserve. His wife cheerfully assented to the adventure; and accordingly, selling out what little he was possessed of, Thorp obtained those articles of which he thought he should be most in need in his future home, and loading an ox-team therewith, shouldered his rifle and set forward, trusting for success in an all-seeing Providence and his own right arm.

The pioneer, after a few hardships and dangers, at last reached what was afterward Millsford, in Ashtabula county, where he determined to settle. A few days later, and he succeeded in raising a rough, but comparatively comfortable log-hut, wherein his wife and children found shelter. Still, his exertions were not ended; and day after day the silence of the forest was broken by the resounding blows of his axe; and the land, which was rich and mellow began to be cleared. But, in his eagerness to accomplish so much in so short a space of time, Mr. Thorp had entirely overlooked the fact that his provisions were rapidly failing.

As soon, however, as his wife brought the alarming fact to his knowledge, he set off, without any guide, save his pocket compass, to the nearest settlement, which was fully twenty miles distant, to obtain flour. Very shortly after his departure, the remainder of Mrs. Thorp's scanty store was consumed by her three children—she depriving herself of any morsel of it in order that they might have the more.—Soon after, they began to feel the sharp pangs of hunger, and asked their mother for sustenance, which she of course was unable to give them.

Long and anxiously did she stand in the cabin door and strain her aching eyes in the hope of beholding, through the dimly lit aisles of the forest, the approaching form of her husband. And the hungry little ones—of whom the eldest, Basil, was but eight years of age—as though by intuition, followed her example, standing at her side, watching eagerly for papa's return. But still he came not; and as the sun went down on the day on which he was expected, a thousand new and fearful emotions swept through the mother's heart. The wilderness abounded with dangers; and by turns her fancy led her into the belief that he was either killed by wild beasts, or murdered, or taken captive by still wilder men. And a score of times after she had succeeded in lulling her children to sleep, did she imagine that she heard him groaning at the cabin door. And each time impulsively, almost uncon-

sciously, she bounded forward, and, throwing open the door, found that it was nothing but the moaning of the wind among the surrounding trees.

Toward morning, the second eldest child, as though dreaming, exclaimed in its sleep:

"Mamma! papa's coming! and Dash, too!" And then, awakening from its slumber, it commenced to cry, and begged thoughtfully of its mother for food, even though it were only a few grains of corn.

With a torn and bleeding heart, Mrs. Thorp, while tears of anguish rolled down her own pinched and pallid features, endeavored to console and quiet the little sufferer with the hopeful promise that papa would soon come now. The other two shortly roused up, and impelled by starvation, joined their complaints and entreaties with those of the first.

Morning at length dawned without a single cloud, while a soft pleasant air stirred through the forest, and the little birds sang blithely. But all had the same effect upon Mrs. Thorp. The bright sun only rendered her inward gloom the deeper—the wind brought to her no sound of her husband's coming—and the carols of the birds fell upon her ears like discordant music. Noon came, but with it no sign of the absent one; and Mrs. Thorp now began to despair, believing it to be her fate, and that of her children, to be starved to death in the wilderness. But a single glance into the pale, bloodless faces of her children, re-animating her: own sinking frame, and her mother's heart again grew strong within her.

A few grains of wheat, that the boy Basil remembered having seen in a crack in one of the logs of which the cabin was built, were diligently but unsuccessfully searched for. Still Mrs. Thorp's resolution was not to be overturned; and seizing a knife, she ripped open the bed, which was filled with straw. Carefully did she and Basil examine every stalk of this straw for the few stray grains of wheat that it might chance to contain; and during the course of the afternoon they succeeded in obtaining a small quantity of the precious treasure. After boiling this, Mrs. Thorp, with a mother's solicitude for the relief of her children, reserved but a few grains for herself, and divided the remainder into equal portions for her little ones. But this partial relief seemed to render their hunger more acute; and, after listening for the better part of the night to their childish and pitiful entreaties for more, she resumed at daylight the task of searching the rest of the straw.

This finished, she boiled and divided the wheat obtained as before. There was now no other source that she could see from which she might obtain sustenance; and with her heart fairly breaking, she went to the cabin door, and gazed vacantly away into the forest, not so much in the expectation of seeing her husband, as from the habit she had acquired within the last few days.

As she at last turned her eyes somewhat upward, doubtless to invoke the aid of Heaven, she beheld a large bird, that proved to be a wild turkey, flying over.—Like a flash a happy thought struck her, and with her feelings strung to the highest, she watched the bird till it settled among the boughs of a tree at some little distance from the cabin.

In former years Mr. Thorp had instructed his wife in the use of the rifle; and under his tuition she had attained considerable skill and precision. And now fairly bounding with delight to where, upon the horns of a stag, rested a rifle and powder-horn, she grasped the former, but found to her chagrin that it was empty. Reaching down the horn, she opened it, and, forming a cup-like hollow with her hand, poured into the latter what powder it contained. There was, however, only sufficient for a small charge; and again the anxious mother saw disappointment staring her in the face.

But soon she settled upon her course; and setting aside a little of the powder for priming, she determined to make the remainder do for the load. In order also, that none of it should be lost, she thoroughly cleaned out the barrel of the rifle, which she finally loaded with extreme care, well patching she ball to increase its force. She now primed the piece, examining the flint narrowly; and then, sinking upon her knees, she put up a low but fervent prayer to Heaven, which she firmly believed had sent the wild turkey that way.

"God keep you, my little ones!" she exclaimed, as, stepping over the threshold of her humble home, she started on her mission, either to lose the last chance of preserving her children, or to save them at least for a time.

Taking a direct cut across the clearing, she soon came in sight of the turkey; but in her eagerness she had neglected the necessary precautions, and before she had

an opportunity to raise her weapon, the bird flew away, leaving her for a moment or two the victim of the deepest despair. But an instant after, her hope was revived, as she beheld the fowl wheel and settle down in one corner of a potato patch.

Fearful of again disturbing it, however, by too sudden an approach, Mrs. Thorp returned to the cabin, and waited till she saw the turkey wallowing and tossing up about it the loose earth. Again she set forth, this time with the utmost caution, creeping from log to log, and bush to bush, upon her hands and knees.

At last she was within range; and deliberately raising the hammer of her piece she examined the priming, brought the rifle to her shoulder, took a firm, cool aim, and pulled.

As the light blue smoke curled upward, she leaped to her feet, and saw that the shot had been well sped, and that the bird was dead. With an exclamation of the wildest joy she was bounding forward, for the purpose of securing her prize, when, like an arrow from the bow, there shot past her a heavily built dog, that, the following moment, with the dead fowl in his mouth, was returning to her with every manifestation of delight.

As her eyes lit upon the dog, she felt herself becoming weak with a new and happy emotion; and, scarcely able to sustain her feelings, she turned in the direction in which the animal had come, and there, through an opening in the forest, she beheld Joel, her husband, striding toward her.

A step or two she took in that direction; and then, with her arms outstretched and a faint scream, she fell insensible to the earth. Not long, however, did she lay thus; for the hardy pioneer soon reached her side, and raising her in his powerful arms, bore her into the cabin. Here she soon revived, to behold herself surrounded by her husband and children, upon all of whom the faithful Dash was fawning with gladness, while the little ones in innocent joy showed their mother the food that papa had brought for them.

Mutual and heartfelt were the congratulations of the pioneer and his wife; and never again did Joel Thorp allow his humble lot to be unimpaired in time to keep the wolf of starvation from his door.—*Emerson Bennett's Monthly.*

THE TERRIFYING SURMISE—Nothing save the essential truths of God's word can give comfort and true peace, either living or dying. Whilst living, it men are not resting on the word of God, they can at least have no rest in denying it.—The very fear lest the Bible be true is enough to mar all earthly enjoyment. A celebrated infidel said one day to a friend of his who had imbibed the same principles: "There is one thing that mars all the pleasure of my life."—"Indeed," replied his friend, "what is that?" He answered, "I am afraid the Bible is true!"—"If I could know certainly that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy; my joy would be complete! But here is the thorn that stings me. This is the sword that pierces my very soul. If the Bible is true, I am lost forever!"

A WITTY JAIL BIRD—A short time ago a man named Crandall made his escape from the Alleghania county, N. Y. jail. For the information of the curious, he has lately written back to Alleghania, the following account of his escape. It may be very satisfactory to his custodians. He says:—

"I suppose it is a mystery to some how I got away, consequently I will give you a brief history of my departure. The *modus operandi* was this:—I got out of my cell with ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out of the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning rod with rapidity, walked out of the Alleghania town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of pleasure and liberty."

RULES FOR GOING TO SLEEP—1. Fix the thoughts on some one thing. If you can't do that, fix them on two things.—*For 'em!*—You can easily unfix them after you once get to sleep.
2. Don't go to sleep with your head down against the foot-board, or your feet dangling on the floor. It disturbs the electric current.
3. A writer recommends to suspend a bass-drum over your bed, within reach, and pound on it with your fist. It will induce sound sleep.
4. Rolling the eye-balls is good, except for blind people. It may be a permanent injury to their sight. Rolling out of bed may be substituted in such cases.

5. A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

The Rat Tail Cactus.

The N. Y. *Ledger*, in giving a sketch of the late Mike Walsh, relates of him when a member of Congress, the following story, which, though old, is worth repeating, as no one can by any possibility read it without laughing:

At the foot of the capitol gardens at Pennsylvania avenue, (on the right hand side as you are fronting that building,) is an enclosed space—national property—containing one or more tenements and some conservatories and hot-houses.—Here for some years past, and until his death, enjoying Uncle Sam's patronage, sojourning a Frenchman, learned in botany and many other sciences. Some companions, while passing these premises, were vaunting his acquirements to Mike who from a spirit of contradiction, called them in question. He doubted whether these eminent botanists knew the difference between oats and wheat, and believed, he said, that a Bowery boy could persuade them that their corn was clover. Finally Mike undertook, "botanically," to deceive the Frenchman with whatever he could pick up where they stood, in the lane skirting his premises. From a wreck of flower pots and rubbish, he selected one sound pot and a rat lying next the heap.

Placing the rat in the flower pot, he covered it up with mould, leaving out the tail, which he fixed perpendicularly by tying it carefully to a small green rubbish. He next called on the Professor, and told him that a friend, Lieut. — (whose ship having touched at one of the Islands of the then terra incognita, Japan, had excited some interest,) had presented him with a very curious kind of cactus. This he wished the professor to examine. No one, Mike said, had been able to make it out, and he might have kept it for ten years and not find five people who would: so he hardly felt justified in keeping it out of the public collection, and yet he did not like to part with a keepsake from a "friend."

The Professor eagerly repaired to examine the vegetable curiosity. After close inspection he determined what it was, or at least christened it by a fine Greek name—two words, as Mike said, averaging sixteen letters. The Professor exhausted himself in persuading Mike that the interests of science required that he should sacrifice to them the sentiments of friendship, by surrendering this rare production of the vegetable kingdom to the keeping of the botanist. The reluctant Mike eventually consented, on the willing and solemn assurances of the Professor that it would be tended to with the utmost care; and so it was. Placed in hot house, it was cautiously but carefully besprinkled with water at a temperature of seventy degrees by the thermometer. It was noticed and described in the *National Intelligencer*. The notice was copied into other papers. The plant was exhibited with pride to several eminent individuals at length with the heat and moisture the tip of the tail began to excoaritate. The Professor was delighted—it was budding. It was examined with great interest by one of the chief patrons, "the Great Daniel," to whom the botanist promised one of the first slips for Marshfield. "It was too good a joke to keep," said Mike, "especially in a hot house, so before long they smelt a rat." The wrath and shame of the Professor was excessive, and so was the indignation of the Great Daniel, not at the author of the joke, but at the unfortunate botanist, whom he stigmatized as a "d—d frog-eating Frenchman, through whom he had been taken in, and ought to have known better."

COULDN'T FOOL HER—The Layfayette *Courier* tells an amusing story of some young ladies and gents of that place, who were taking a social walk near the cemetery, when a ghost appeared. They all ran but one sturdy woman of the strong minded class, who stood her ground till the ghost got to her, when she seized it, and thrust out of his frightful disguise a mischievous fellow who had heard the project of walking around the graveyard discussed, and hid himself there to give the party a fright. She led him back to the house, and in reply to the questions that now poured in upon her side: "Can't fool me! I've seen too many men in sheets to get frightened at them!"

The finest idea of a thunder storm was when Wiggins came home tight. He came into the room where his wife and daughters were, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell whop on the floor. After a short time he rose and said: "Wife, are you hurt?" "No." "Girls, are you hurt?" "No." "Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

Baron Munchausen.

The "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" was a work written several years ago, for the purpose of putting to shame a class of writers, who, in giving to the world accounts of their adventures in foreign lands, told all sorts of improbable stories in order to render themselves famous as travelers. The book which professed to give the travels of the renowned Baron, was, of course, a work of fiction, and the statements it contained so far outstripped those of all other travelers that it served as a severe satire upon them. When, therefore, persons on returning from abroad were detected in telling lies, or giving greatly exaggerated accounts of what they had seen or done, they were accused of being disciples of Baron Munchausen.

Perhaps the reader has never seen the Baron's book. If so, he will be amused with one or two specimens from its marvelous pages.

One evening the Baron declares that he was overtaken by a snow-storm. So much snow fell that he was obliged to dismount and tie his horse to what he thought was the stump of an old tree, while he wrapped himself in his cloak, lay down on the snow, and fell into a deep slumber. When he awoke in the morning, his horse was missing. He couldn't see him anywhere. At length, looking up toward the sky, he espied the animal suspended to the cross of a church steeple. There had been a free thaw during the night, the snow had melted away, and what he had taken to be the stump of a tree the evening before, proved now to be nothing less than the cross of a church steeple! One hundred and fifty feet of snow had fallen and disappeared in twenty-four hours. The Baron took his pistol, fired at the steeple, shot it in two, and when the horse fell to the ground, his master at once mounted him and went on his journey.

On another occasion he was passing under a gate, which fell down by accident, and cut his poor horse under just behind the saddle. The Baron didn't know of his loss until an hour or so afterward, when he was passing over a brook, the horse took a drink, and hearing something gushing out like water behind him, Munchausen turned around and saw to his amazement that, for the last four or five miles, he had been riding on half a horse instead of a whole one. The Baron turned back, got the hind quarters of the animal, and sewed the body together with willow twigs, which afterwards grew to be fine trees, and proved a fine shelter to him from the sun, when he was on his journeys.

On one cold day he was playing tunes on a bugle, when all the tunes froze before they came out at the further extremity of the instrument. However, upon hanging it near the fire, the bugle began playing, and never ceased until all the frozen tunes were played out in regular order. Travelers, with all their desire to excite the admiration of lovers of the marvelous, were taught a lesson by this book, and, no doubt, since its publication, many a writer has been forced to keep the story of his adventures within the bounds of truth, by the exaggeration and cutting sarcasm of Baron Munchausen.

HOW TO LIVE WELL—Good meals at moderate intervals, and the stomach left at rest between. Some interval—an interval of active exercise is best—between books and food. A leisure hour for dinner, and cheerful conversation after it.—A short nap, for those who need or like it, after dinner. Light occupation in the evening—literature, or correspondence, with more or less social intercourse, music or other recreation. These are such and all highly desirable; but the most indispensable of all is strenuous and various exercise.—*Miss Morriam.*

Judge Crain, in a recent suit before the Circuit Court of Charles county, Maryland, decided a license was not necessary to the validity of a marriage in that State—that it is a civil contract, and, by the common law binding, if established by evidence that it had been entered into by the parties to operate as a marriage and followed by cohabitation.

The old man looks down and thinks of the past. The young man looks up and thinks of the future. The young lady looks forward and thinks of a beau. The child looks everywhere and thinks of nothing. And there are a great many children in the world.

A lover once wrote to a lady who had rejected him, saying that he intended to retire to "some secluded spot, and breathe away his life in sighs." To which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.