

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1860.

NO. 48.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.
Zeno's Creek, Bethel Station, Carrolltown, Chest Springs, Crosson, Elmsburg, Fallon Finbar, Gallitzin, Glen Council, Hemlock, Johnstown, Loretto, Mineral Point, Munster, Parkburg, Plattville, Ransland, St. Augustine, Soap Level, Soaman, Sumnerhill, Summit, Wilmore.

Post Masters.
Joseph Graham, Joseph S. Mardis, Benjamin Wirtner, Dan. Litzinger, John J. Troxell, Mrs. H. M. Cague, Isaac Thompson, J. M. Christy, Joseph Gill, Wm. M'Gough, H. A. Boggs, Wm. Gwinn, E. Wissinger, A. Durbin, Francis Clement, Andrew J. Fozzal, G. W. Bowman, Joseph Moyer, George Col'd, B. M'Colga, Wm. Murray, Miss M. Gillespie, Andrew Beck.

Districts.
Yoder, Blacklick, Carroll, Chest, Washint'n, Elmsburg, White, Gallitzin, Wash'tn, Johnst'n, Loretto, Conem'gh, Munster, Conem'gh, Sun'ghan, White, Clearfield, Richland, Wash'tn, Croyle, Wash'tn, S'ummerhill.

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 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.

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.

Methodist—Rev. JOHN 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.

Baptists—Rev. DAVID JAKKISS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Western, 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 6 " A. M.

1. The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Stroupsburg, Pa., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

2. Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 o'clock, A. M.

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

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

5. Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 12 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. Taylor, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary.—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder.—Michael Hasson.

Deputy Register and Recorder.—John Scanlon.

Sheriff.—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm.

Tax Collector.—Philip S. Noon.

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

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

Counsel to Commissioners.—John S. Rhey.

Treasurer.—John A. Blair.

Post House Directors.—David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire, Jacob Horner.

Post House Steward.—George C. K. Zahm.

Post Office Agent.—James J. Kaylor.

Miscellaneous Appraisers.—Thomas M'Connell.

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.

Bargains.—Andrew Lewis.

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

Clerk to Council.—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.

Ward Master.—William Davis.

School Directors.—Edward Glass, William Davis, Rose 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.

A Hundred Years Ago.

Where are the birds that sweetly sung
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that shined
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, oh! where are the lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That were so long ago?
Who peopled all the city's streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sisters frail,
The plot that worked
Another's hurt—
Where, oh! where are the plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's tears,
That were so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who, while living, oft times wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men
They knew not then,
Their hands are tilled,
Their homes are filled—
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

A NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Printers tell many queer, quaint, quizzical, and sometimes startling stories; and while they do a great deal in that way for the mere fun of the thing, it is not to be supposed that they are always joking—always jibbing it, merely for the sake of raising a laugh or creating wonder. In their numerous flittings, they mingle with many strange sights, and often encounter perils which to many would appear incredible.

We will relate a little story which we heard from the lips of a poor young fellow now dead and gone.

In the year 18—, we were assisting in the editorial department of a daily paper which was published in one of the small cities of New York; one night—or rather morning, (for editors, reporters and printers are compelled to keep all sorts of hours)—after the "forms" were "locked up," and everything was ready for a final adjournment to our respective boarding-houses, a proposition was made to visit a restaurant near by for the double purpose of having a smoke and refreshing the inner man with a little something good and pleasant to the palate.

Accordingly we repaired to the eating saloon, and while discussing the good things before us, we entertained each other by relating our adventures by sea and land.

"Did I ever tell you of that adventure I had in New Orleans?" asked Charley Rodman, a gay, dashing, good-looking, and really gifted young man.

"Guess not," was the response.

"Well, will you hear it now?"

"Certainly," fell from half-a-dozen lips.

"Well, then, I was working on a morning paper in New Orleans, during the winter of 18—, and as I was going from the office to my boarding-house, about twelve o'clock one night, I was suddenly startled by the abrupt appearance of a female, who rushed before me and threw herself down in my path. I was just in the light of the street lamp, and she turned her face up to mine, I noticed that she was both young and beautiful.

"Save me, sir! save me!" she cried, clasping my legs frantically.

"Save you from what?" I demanded, as I raised her to her feet. "I don't see anything."

"Oh! sir, a brutal looking man was pursuing me, threatening my life and honor!" was the trembling, agitated reply.

"My mother was taken sick, and I was forced to go out for medicine, and that's the way I came into the streets at so late an hour. It couldn't be helped, sir; though I never was out so late without company."

"Where do you live?" I enquired, fairly fascinated by the girl's beautiful face and soft voice.

"Not far from here, sir—only around the street," said the girl; "but I am afraid I shall meet that man again. Oh, sir, if you will only see me safe at home I shall be deeply indebted to you."

"Certainly I will," was the response; "but still there don't appear to be any person in pursuit of you."

At that moment I heard the clatter of feet down the street, and turning my face in that direction, I saw a man approach-

ing the spot where we were standing, at a rapid run.

The girl looked in the same direction and at the same time I did.

"There he comes now!" she exclaimed in a deep fearful whisper, at the same time tightly clutching me by the arm.

Suddenly turning away from me, the girl darted up the street.

"Stop, young lady!" I cried. "I will protect you—you need not fear."

That was rather a loud promise, under the circumstances, but I did not stop then to consider what I had said.

The girl did not heed me, but dashed on, and involuntarily I followed in her steps. After running a couple of blocks, she stopped and looked back at me. In a few moments I reached her side, and by that time the man was not far behind.

"You had better come into the house," she said, nervously, "for I am sure that man is very evil designing, and may do you some harm."

As she spoke she mounted the steps of a very ancient looking dwelling, and violently rang the bell. I followed her, not exactly from prudential motives, but because I wanted to see more of her and because I was fond of adventure of any kind.

Almost instantly the door was opened, when I followed the young woman inside. An old hideous-looking negro woman stood in the hall just beyond the door, holding a lamp in her hand.

"Why, what's the matter, Caroline?" demanded the hag.

"Shut the door quick, I've been waylaid by a ruffian!" responded she, excitedly.

"This way, sir," she added, addressing me, at the same time opening the parlor door, and pointing into the room.

I bowed and passed in, and at the same time I heard the front door closed and locked.

"Excuse me for a moment, sir, while I speak to my mother!" pursued the young girl. The next moment, before I had time to reply, the door was closed and I was left alone.

I walked to a sofa, a light was burning in the room, and sat down. Then I took a survey of the apartment. The furniture had been good in its day, but then much worn and battered.

A few minutes afterwards, the satanic looking negro opened the parlor door, and peered her face into the room.

"Miss Caroline quests the gentleman to walk up stairs."

I began to think the proceedings rather strange, but still my reckless spirit induced me to follow the negro.

Up two pair of stairs and to the door of a back apartment she led me. She knocked and the door opened.

"Walk in, sir, if you please," she said, very deferentially.

I stepped into an apartment that had no windows in it, and was confronted by a huge burly negro man. At the same moment I heard the door closed and locked, and for the first time began to think seriously of danger.

"Fork ober, sar!" exclaimed the negro abruptly and threateningly.

I carried quite a valuable watch, and had a considerable amount of money about me, for that night I had been paid off at the office, and a really clever sum was standing in my account. I knew I had been drawn into a den of thieves, but internally resolved not to lose my property without making an effort to save it, let the consequences be what they might.

"Do you mean to rob me?" I demanded respectably.

"Spec't I do?" was the unmistakable reply.

"I warn you!" said I, my blood boiling up, "that I shall not patiently submit to any such an outrage."

"Don't spect you will, sar," responded the negro as he displayed a murderous looking knife, "but we neber do anything by halves. We neber lets any one that comes here go way again—cause they might tell tales."

"Would you murder me you black thief?" I cried passionately.

"Spec't I would," replied the cut-throat with a broad grin. "I've used to dat sort ob business and don't mind it a bit."

I was now fully alive to the fact that I was in a very dangerous situation, and, to tell the truth, I felt dreadful nervous about it. What to do I knew not. That the girl I had encountered was probably a quadroon, and certainly a decoy, and that I had been led to the house to be plundered, and perhaps murdered, I had every reason to believe.

"Come, sir, fork ober, den jump down dar!"

The rascal must have touched a spring somewhere, for as he spoke, a trap-door flew open in the centre of the floor.

I looked at the trap and then at the negro, in doubt as to whether I had heard aright.

"If yer jump down, sar, ye'll sabs me de trouble of frowin' yer down!" he added fiendishly.

"You bloody rascal!" I cried, madly, "do you think I'll deprive myself of life just to gratify you?"

"You won't do nuffin, hey?" cried the negro, springing at me like a wild beast; "den take dat!"

"The villain made a slashing cut at me, but with a single bound I sprang clear to the other side of the trap and escaped the deadly blow.

Boiling over with diabolical rage, the accursed cut-throat again sprang at me, bounding across the pit with the spring of madness. As his feet touched the edge, upon which I was standing, I involuntarily put out my hands towards him, and shoved him back. I hardly intended to throw him down the pit, but down he went, in a moment disappearing out of sight.

I did not stop to learn the villain's fate, for I judged that I should have more such work on my hands before I got out of the house, if indeed, I ever succeeded in making my escape from this den of infamy.

Instantly after the fall of the negro, I ran around the pit, and sprang towards the door. Just as I reached the door, however, and was taking hold of the knob, some one turned it on the other side. I sprang against the wall, and in a way that would keep me out of sight of any one who might enter. The next moment the door opened, and a head was thrust into the room. Without waiting to see who it was, and taking it for granted that all in the house were arrayed against me, I doubled my fist, and with all my strength instantly dealt a blow at the head, that brought the person at full length to the floor. The same moment showed me that it was the negro.

The hag was entirely insensible, and I forthwith dragged her into the room and shut the door. At length my attentive ear caught the sound of light footsteps outside, and a moment afterwards the door was again opened. This time it was my beautiful decoy who appeared.—The first thing her eyes seemed to encounter was the prostrate form of the negro, and with an exclamation of astonishment she darted into the room.

Quick as lightning I placed my back against the door. The movement at once attracted the girl's attention to me.

"Now my lady!" I hissed out—for I was excited—"you and I must have an understanding. You led me into this infernal den by your tricks, and you have got to show me the way out of it, or by all my hopes, yonder black pit shall be your grave. Any way I may lose my life; and I am as desperate as a man can be. You see the old hag cannot help you just now!" I added pointing to the still insensible negro; "and the villain who was here, and would have taken my life, lies at the bottom of the pit."

The girl looked bewildered and exclaimed:

"I could not help it, sir. Indeed I am forced to do so."

"That matters not to me," I added, incredulously, "can you conduct me out of this house?"

"Yes, sir," was the eager reply.

"Will you do it?" I demanded inflexibly.

"I will, sir," she responded earnestly.

"Then lead on," I added, pointing to the door. "But mark you—if I see a sign of treachery, or notice the least effort to create an alarm, I'll tear you limb from limb!"

I was strong and wild, and meant what I said, and the girl saw it.

"There is no one else in the house, I assure you," she responded.

"Lead the way," I said hardly crediting her words.

The girl passed from the room, when I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and followed close behind her. No lights were visible anywhere except in the room we had just left; but keeping the girl right before me, and within reach of my hands, I stepped along. In a few moments we reached the front door. The girl stopped a moment and got a key from some hiding place, the next moment however, she opened the door, and I sprang outside, thanking God for my preservation.

Without a word, even without a look behind me, I started away, hardly conscious of the direction I pursued. I found my way to my boarding-house, however, and at the earliest hour practicable, laid the whole matter before the authorities. Finally I led a party of police to the house. Not being able to obtain admittance in the usual manner, the doors were forced. Everything in the house remained undisturbed, but not a soul was to be found, high or low. The traps however, were soon discovered, and it was found upon examination, that there was a succession of traps,

which conducted to a deep murky pit in the cellar. The house had evidently been the haunt of robbers for a long time.

At the bottom of the pit we found the mangled and mutilated remains of the negro, and a heap of fleshless bones. I shuddered to think what might have been my fate, and congratulated myself on my fortunate escape. I had evidently been more favored than many others. That is all gentlemen.

"A very good story, very well told," said I, as Rodman concluded.

"And true, gentlemen whether you believe it or not."

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.—In many cases of disordered stomach, a tea-spoonful of salt is a certain cure. In violent internal aching termed cholice, add a tea-spoonful of salt to a pint of cold water—drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall.

In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow the swallowing—if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when the salt will immediately restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two tea-spoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

In cases of bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, and then bind on some salt with a rag.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.

In a swelled neck, wash the part with brine, and drink it also twice a day until cured.

Salt will expel worms if used in the food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion; but salt meat is injurious if used too much.—*Scientific American.*

SCIENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and very instructive fact, that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the proud tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world, and floods it with glory, as one bright wave after another falls from the fountain, millions of miles away. "There is no creaking of heavy axles or groaning of cumbersome machinery, as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions, the great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers, but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and wintry winds to the blossoms and fruit and sunshine of summer, is seen in slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive."

A minister's wife says: The first time I took my eldest boy to church, when he was two and a half years old, I managed, with care and pains, and candor, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbing to his feet, stood on the seat looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed in a distinct voice, "Mamma, make papa say amen!"

A few days since, an attorney presented a bill of \$2.50 to a humorous chap for legal advice. The latter admitted the correctness of the bill, but plead a set-off. When asked what it was, he said the lawyer had given the advice while standing on a vacant lot of the client, and he charged \$2.75 for the use of the ground. The lawyer left, remarking that "language couldn't do the subject justice."

If any man praises thee, yet remember to be thy own judge.

Etiquette of Equitation.

When a gentleman is to accompany a lady on horseback:

1st. There must be two horses. (Pillions are out of fashion, except in some parts of Wales, Australia and New Jersey.)

2d. One horse must have a side-saddle. The gentleman will not mount this horse. By bearing this in mind, he will soon find no difficulty in recognizing his own steed.

3d. The gentleman will assist the lady to mount, and adjust her foot in the stirrup. There being but one stirrup, he will learn upon which side to assist the lady after very little practice.

4th. He will then mount himself. As there are two stirrups to his saddle, he may mount on either side. But by no means on both. At least, not at the same time. The former is generally considered the most graceful method of mounting.—If he has known Mr. Racy, he may mount without the aid of stirrups. If not, he may try, but he will probably fail. Should he wish to display a sportive eccentricity, he may climb up the animal's tail.

5th. The gentleman should always ride on the right side of the lady. According to some authorities, the right side is the left. According to some others, the other is the right. If the gentleman be left-handed, this will, of course, make a difference. Should he be an ambidexter, it will be different.

6th. If the gentleman and lady meet persons on the road, these will probably be strangers. That is, if they are not acquaintances. In either case, the lady and gentleman must govern themselves accordingly. Perhaps the latter is the evidence of the highest breeding.

7th. If they be going in different directions, they will not be expected to ride in company. Nor must these request those to turn and join the others. And vice versa. This is indecorous and indicates a want of savoir vivre.

8th. If the gentleman's horse throws him, he must not expect to pick him up; nor the lady. But otherwise the lady may. This is important to be borne in mind by both.

9th. On their return, the gentleman will dismount first and assist the lady from her horse. But he must not expect the same courtesy in return.

10th. There are three ways of dismounting a lady. First with the knee. This is the way-respectful-and-ceremonious.—Second, by receiving the lady in your arms. This is the way gallant and tender. Third, by presenting your shoulders, and carrying the lady to the door or vestibule, "pick-a-back." This is the way-humorous-and-familiar.

N. B. The rules apply equally to every species of equitation; as pony-riding, donkey-riding, goat-riding, rocking-horse-riding, or "riding on a rail." There will of course, be modifications required, according to the style and form of the animal.

Exception. There are special rules adapted to equitation on Shank's Mare.—They will be found in the appendix.

SAVE UP SOMETHING.—It unfortunately happens that as no man believes he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done, on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall survive our neighbors. But it may, indeed, occur to any that the chances are very nearly balanced as to his dying at forty, and to his reaching the age of forty five! and that even five years may make a considerable difference in the amount of savings he may bequeath to his family. The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult. Let it always be remembered that in putting by something for a rainy day, a man may purchase a certain amount of mental tranquility, and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the result of his death.

A witty young rascal, passing through the town of —, in Alabama, not long since, wanted some whisky, and knowing it could be obtained by a physician, wrote himself an order, signing it with his own name, to which a learned M. D. was attached. He presented it at the drug store of a gentleman who, altho' unrecognized by him, proved to be an old acquaintance.

"Hallo, Frank," said he, "when did you get to be a doctor?"

"I'm not a doctor."

"Why, what's that M. D. to your name for, then?"

Frank saw he was caught; but determining to make the best of it, put on a very innocent look, and meekly answered: "Oh! that's for *Mighty Dry*."

Of course he got the whisky.