

The Alleghanlian.

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, AUGUST 2, 1860.

NO. 50.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANLIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.
Allegheny, Blacklick, Carrollton, Chest, Ebensburg, Gallitzin, Johnstown, Ligonier, Marshall, Newburg, Pottsville, Uniontown, Washington, West Chester, Wheeling, York.

Post Masters.
Allegheny, Blacklick, Carrollton, Chest, Ebensburg, Gallitzin, Johnstown, Ligonier, Marshall, Newburg, Pottsville, Uniontown, Washington, West Chester, Wheeling, York.

Districts.
Allegheny, Blacklick, Carrollton, Chest, Ebensburg, Gallitzin, Johnstown, Ligonier, Marshall, Newburg, Pottsville, Uniontown, Washington, West Chester, Wheeling, York.

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 8 o'clock.

Methodist.—Rev. J. SPENCE, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 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.

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.

Episcopal.—Rev. J. M. SMITH, 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 every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Wesleyan.—Rev. W. M. LLOYD, 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 every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Western, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, P. M.

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

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, Ohio, arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
The Mails from Newmarket, Virginia, arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
The Mails from Newmarket, Virginia, arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West-Express Train, leaves at	8:55 A. M.
Mail Train, " "	9:07 P. M.
East-Express Train, " "	7:18 P. M.
Fast Train, " "	12:12 P. M.
Mail Train, " "	6:08 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts.—President, Hon. Geo. H. Huntington; Associates, George W. Richardson, Jr., John A. Blair, Joseph M. Donald, Michael Hanson, Dipity Register and Recorder.—John Scammon.

County Commissioners.—George C. K. Zahm, John A. Blair, David C. Harro, Jacob Horner, George O. K. Zahm, James J. Kaylor, Thomas M. Connell, Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, E. T. Lytle.

County Surveyor.—E. A. Vickroy.

County Treasurer.—George Gurley.

Supervisor of Common Schools.—T. A. Maguire.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace.—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kieckhefer.

Jurors.—Andrew Lewis, Thomas Kieckhefer, William Kieckhefer, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward Schaefer.

Board of Council.—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.

Ward Master.—William Davis.

School Directors.—Edward Glass, William Reese, S. Lloyd, John J. Lloyd, Morris E. Evans, Thomas J. Davis.

Trustees of School Board.—Evan Morgan, George Gurley.

Tax Collector.—George Gurley.

Assessor.—Richard T. Davis.

Judge of Election.—Isaac Evans.

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

POETRY.

The Whistler's Tune.

Supper was over, the boy went out,
He passed thro' the yard and over the stile;
The big dog barked as he went along by,
And followed him nearly a mile.
And he sat him down on a hickory log,
And whistled a lively tune, this boy,
Which took the ear of the barking dog,
And he wagged his tail for joy!
The beetle stopped from pinching the fly,
And the toad in his hole stood still,
And the tom-tit heard with a tear in his eye,
And a fishing-worm in his bill.
And the grasshopper said, "I know that air,
But I cannot whistle it so—
The tune of the man with no hair on his head,
Where his hair always ought to grow."

The Flirtation.

'Tis true that last night I adored thee,
But 'twas moonlight, the song, and the wine;
The cool morning air has restored me,
And no longer I deem thee divine.
I confess thou art pretty and tender,
And when thou canst catch me again,
As last night, on a desperate tender,
Once more I'll submit to thy chain.
The fact is, dear Fanny, I'm human,
Very weak I may say, on a "spree";
And no matter of what sort the woman,
I'm her slave if she cottons to me.
But this curs'd sobriety ever
Undoes every chain of delight,
And my memory, by daylight, has never
Any sense of what takes place by night.

THE "CRIMSON SHAWL,"

or, The Pursuit of a Pretty Woman Under Difficulties.

I did not get my breakfast. I was pleased to be offended with my coffee, because it was not well settled, and my toast was burned, and my egg overdone, and I treated the whole breakfast as it deserved, and left it to go to "the receptacle of things lost upon earth."
I did not feel like writing. I might have been savage enough for a critic, but nothing in green and gold glittered on my table, and I, therefore, read the morning papers, and tried to read a mammoth serial, in a mammoth monthly, and failed because, perhaps, I do not belong to the mammoth genus. And then I went to get luncheon. It was twelve o'clock, and I was vulgarly hungry. Such a hunger had not struck my nerves in six months. I went into —'s on Broadway; I prefer waiting a long time for a broil there, rather than have a cook's culinary comforts on the instant.
I had read the morning paper, and had nothing to do but look about me, and I made good use of my eyes. Right opposite me sat a lady—a young lady. She drew my eyes as loadstone draws steel; I had never seen her like before, and I am sure I shall never look upon her like again. She had such grand eyes; they burned in their blackness, and their long lashes lay upon her cheek, like a broad silken fringe. Her hair was dark, and lay in rich masses over her forehead, and beside her face. Her cheek burned with a deep rose color, as her eyes burned with blackness, and her full lips vied with her cheeks in happy rivalry. Her nose was entirely pretty, but what style it was, or is, I could never determine.
Her face made me forget her dress for awhile, but when its excess of beauty fatigued me, I looked at her shawl. It was a heavy crimson crape, and must have cost five hundred dollars, in Canton, or Pekin, or Nankin. Her dress was a green moire antique; her bonnet, green velvet, with crimson feathers, and strings, and bows, and flowers. She burned with crimson, and burned herself into my heart as I gazed. Presently the waiter took her dinner to her.
I thought who is this lady? Is she maid or wife? Where does she live?—Shall I ever see her again? The idea that I should never see her again struck a chill to my heart, as if I were never again to see the sun, when he went down some night "mid piles of gold."
Not see her again! Never more feast my eyes on this warm and glowing beauty, this soul-full form, instinct with intelligence, with sympathy and love! I could as soon think of living in some dungeon, where the light of day could never reach me. And then, how mean I seemed to myself, bound to a table, waiting for my luncheon. I could follow the lady if I had only eaten my lunch. I was very hungry. O reader mine! and romance had not yet overpowered my appetite.
If that provoking waiter would only bring my broil. The lady ate leisurely, but, one by one, the oysters disappeared, and mine did not come. I became fe-

verish with impatience. My pulse rose, and my heart beat like a trip-hammer.

Just as the beautiful one finished her dinner, and was picking up her check with her unglazed fingers, (how white and plump her hands were, and what diamonds flashed on those taper digits,) the waiter sat before me a superb broil with toast, and pickles without verdigris, a roll and butter, and my never failing bottle of Sauterne. I looked at the appetizing lunch, but it was a glance of contempt; the eyes of my soul followed the lady—What folly to resign her for an oyster broil.
My happiness for life might depend on my discovering who was my charmer.—She was paying her bill; I left my untested broil, and hurried to the counter with my check. She was passing out of the door, when the proprietor discovered that my money was a South American piece, the value of which was uncertain. It was all the change I had, and I might wait in the omnibus, if the lady took one; I was getting distracted with haste and impatience.
"Call it anything!" said I. "Give me sixpence."
I got my change in a moment, and made two steps to the door, knocked down the little negro who was opening it, and bolted into the street. I looked in every direction. At a distance down Broadway, I saw that shawl. The lady was in a Jersey ferry omnibus, and I must wait for the next one. I could not catch the departed one. After a villainous length of time, I found myself embarked in a Jersey ferry omnibus. How those horses creep, how everything ran against us, and how we got entangled in Cortlandt street, and had to wait an hour, as it seemed to me. I never once thought that her omnibus might have been hindered exactly in the same way.
When I got to the ferry, the boat was just twelve inches from the shore, and when I reached the edge of the wharf it was about twelve feet. I saw that crimson shawl close by the cabin door.
The next boat came in directly, and I went on board, and walked the cabin to hurry the steam engine. I only hurried and hurried myself.
When I reached the Jersey side, I went, as if by instinct, to the Newark depot. The lady was passing out of the door of the ladies' room. "Caught at last," said I to myself.
The cars were just starting, I put my hand in my pocket—O horrors of horrors! my pocketbook was gone. My pocket had been picked! I could not go! The bell rang—the cars started. "I will give the conductor my seal ring—my watch; anything for security," thought I. I caught the iron railing of the cars, and swung myself in just as the motion had become rapid for a sane man to attempt anything of the kind.
I took my seat, and mechanically put my hand in my pocket. My pocketbook was safe. By some strange mischance I had put it in the left pocket, and by an accident, equally singular, my left hand had now sought in that pocket. I paid my fare, and sat within sight of the crimson shawl all the way to Newark. The time of transit seemed about two minutes and a half. When we reached the depot a close carriage was waiting. The lady was handed into it by a gentleman with a very black and luminous beard. He looked a fine match for the superb creature beside him.
I turned to a driver of one of the public vehicles. "I want to engage your team," said I. "Here is a dollar; follow that carriage and keep in sight of it." I jumped in, and the Jehu clambered on to his box, and off we went.
We drove two miles. Then the carriage stopped at a handsome house.
I jumped down, saying, "I want to make an inquiry."
I rang the bell, and a servant came.
"Does Mr. James Brown live here?" said I.
"No, sir. Mr. Clarendon lives here."
"Has he a daughter Eliza?" said I.
"No, sir. Her name is Miss Mary.—She has just come home."
"Thank you," said I, and I took my leave.
I had one friend in Newark; I did not know where he lived; but, elated by my success in tracing my charmer, I told the driver my friend's name. It was Thomas Trevelyan Smith. He always wrote it in full; but it was not in the directory, either in full or by initials. But as he was a sort of editor, or writer for somebody's newspaper, we found him at somebody's office, after we had been at all the other offices.
"Tom," said I, "do you know Mr. Clarendon, 366 E. street?"
"I reckon I do," said he. "Why, have you seen Miss Mary?"
"Yes, Tom, I have seen her."

"And her black eyes have burned a hole through your heart."

"Exactly. Now Tom—"
"Trevelyan, if you please, sir."
"Well, then, Tom Trevelyan, I have to start for Washington, D. C., to-morrow morning. I must be gone a week; when I return, I shall come to you for an introduction to Miss Mary Clarendon. A week from to-day, remember, I am to be introduced."
"I am agreeable," said Tom.
On the day appointed, it came to pass that I was in Newark, and went trembling to 366 E. street, with my friend Tom Smith—I beg pardon, Thomas Trevelyan Smith; and he introduced me to the lady, whom I have chosen to call Miss Clarendon. I should be unwilling to tell her true name; but one thing I will tell you, O reader, to justify my impulsive rashness. That lady has been ten years my wife; and I have never, during all that time, distinguished myself for any particular attention to ladies, whether pretty or otherwise.
How to TAKE LIFE.—Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital and important affair. Take it as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it, as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary it may be, heart-broken brother.—The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half so much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one title of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused by the lack of necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to do and to make the most of it, it would be better than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes, and it only illustrates what others may do, if they take hold of life with a purpose. The miracle of power that elevates the few is to be found in their industry, application and perseverance, under the promptings of a brave, determined spirit.

TALE OF AN ELEPHANT.—Tell my grandchildren, said the late Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, writing home from India, that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes.—For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal.—The Doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect however was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought, and heard the Doctor's voice, he laid down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath, just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gestures, evidently wished to express his gratitude.

HATE NOT.—It is worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if that man cheated you, or that woman played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in the time of need, or that one having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider you a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make in a few years, when you go home to the "undiscovered country?" All who treat you ill now will be sorry for it then, more so than you in your deepest disappointment.

A PRETTY FANCY.—When day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird, but it just climbs softly on a ladder. It sets its red sandal on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst, then it steps on the tree we sit under and thence to the ridge of the roof, from the roof to the chimney; and from the chimney to the tall church spire; and then to the threshold of heaven; and thus you can see it go as though it walked up red roses.—Jeremiah Taylor.

A College Yarn.

One night as my friend P. and myself, who were both students at old Yale, were out taking a little run around the city, we found ourselves, at rather a late hour of the night, before the door of a well-known grocer by the name of Snip.
"Stop a moment," said P., turning and gazing at Snip's fancy sign that was swinging to and fro in the breeze.
"What's up?" I asked, after P. had eyed it for some time contemplatively.
"Nothing in particular, Bob," said he, "but just give me a little hoist here, and I'll fetch that picture down in double quick time. That Snip is a scoundrel, for he presented my bill this morning, and when I refused to pay it, he threatened to inform the tutor."
No sooner asked than received; the sign was for some time contemplatively.
"Nothing in particular, Bob," said he, "but just give me a little hoist here, and I'll fetch that picture down in double quick time. That Snip is a scoundrel, for he presented my bill this morning, and when I refused to pay it, he threatened to inform the tutor."
No sooner asked than received; the sign was for some time contemplatively.
"Nothing in particular, Bob," said he, "but just give me a little hoist here, and I'll fetch that picture down in double quick time. That Snip is a scoundrel, for he presented my bill this morning, and when I refused to pay it, he threatened to inform the tutor."
No sooner asked than received; the sign was for some time contemplatively.
"Nothing in particular, Bob," said he, "but just give me a little hoist here, and I'll fetch that picture down in double quick time. That Snip is a scoundrel, for he presented my bill this morning, and when I refused to pay it, he threatened to inform the tutor."

Major Horatio Allen, the engineer of the New York and Erie Railroad, in a speech made during the recent festival occasion gave the following account of the first trip made by a locomotive on this continent.
"When was it? Who was it? And who awakened its energies and directed its movements? It was in the year 1828, on the banks of the Lackawaxen, at the commencement of the railroad connecting the canal of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company with their coal mines—and he who addresses you was the only person on that locomotive. The circumstances that led to my being alone on the engine were these: The road had been built in the summer. The structure was of hemlock timber, and the rails of large dimensions, notched on caps placed far apart. The timber had cracked and warped from exposure to the sun. After about three hundred feet of straight line, the road crossed the Lackawaxen creek on trestle work, about thirty feet high, with a curve of 355 to 400 feet radius. The impression was very general that the iron monster would either break down the road, or it would leave the track at the curve and plunge into the creek. My reply to such apprehensions was, that it was too late to consider the probability of such occurrences; that there was no other course than to have a trial made of the strange animal, which had been brought there a great expense; but that it was not necessary that more than one should be involved in its fate; that I would take the first ride alone, and the time would come when I should look back to the incident with great interest. As I placed my hand on the throttle-valve handle I was undecided whether I would move slowly or with a fair degree of speed; but believing that the road would prove safe, and preferring, if we did go down, to go handsomely, and without any evidence of timidity, I started with considerable velocity, passed the curve over the creek safely, and was soon out of hearing of the vast assemblage. At the end of two or three miles I reversed the valve and returned without accident, having thus made the first railroad trip by locomotive, on the Western Hemisphere."

CHOICE PROVERBS.—A wager is a fool's argument.
Better wear out shoes than sheets.
He that knows when to be silent, and when to speak.
It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.
Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.
Contentment will sooner kill an injury than revenge.
He that died half a year ago is as dead as Adam.
In their intercourse with the world, people should not take words as so much genuine coin, of standard metal, but merely as counters that people play with.
Impertinence may be humor, but it is not wit. Smart things lose their point when uttered at the expense of gentlemanly self-respect.

TRADING HORSES.—"What do you ask for that ere beast?"
"One hundred and twenty-five dollars."
"One hundred and twenty-five dollars?"
"Yes."
"Give you twenty-five."
"Take him along. It sha'n't be said that I spoiled a good trade for a hundred dollars."
A cockney conducted two ladies to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "O," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

SOUND TRUTHS.—That champagne is the source of many real pains.
That gin-slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.
That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

There are for the Fitts and the vote because they count. The votes should not be down.