

The Alleghenian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1860.

NO. 51.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHENIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Beaver Creek.	Joseph Graham.	Yoder.
Beaver Station.	Joseph S. Mardis.	Blacklick.
Beaver Springs.	Benjamin Wirtner.	Carroll.
Beaver Run.	Dani. Litzinger.	Chest.
Beaverdam.	John J. Troxell.	Washington.
Beaverdam.	Mrs. H. McCague.	Ebensburg.
Beaverdam.	Isaac Thompson.	White.
Beaverdam.	J. M. Christy.	Gallitzin.
Beaverdam.	Joseph Gill.	Chest.
Beaverdam.	Wm. M'Gough.	Washington.
Beaverdam.	H. A. Boggs.	Loretto.
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Beaverdam.	E. W. Winstinger.	Manchester.
Beaverdam.	A. Durbin.	Conemaugh.
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Beaverdam.	Joseph Moyer.	Clearfield.
Beaverdam.	George Conrad.	Richland.
Beaverdam.	B. M'Colgan.	Washington.
Beaverdam.	Wm. Murray.	Croyle.
Beaverdam.	Miss M. Gillespie.	Washington.
Beaverdam.	Andrew Beck.	Summerhill.

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

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

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

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Boston, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
New York, " " " 10 " " P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Boston, daily, at 4 o'clock, P. M.
New York, " " " 3 " " P. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, Ohio, 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, Carleton Place, 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 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

Station.	Time.
Express Train, leaves at	8.55 A. M.
Mail Train, " " "	9.05 P. M.
Express Train, " " "	7.15 P. M.
Fast Mail, " " "	12.15 P. M.
Mail Train, " " "	6.08 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County of the County.—President, Hon. Geo. W. Huntington; Associates, George W. Huntington, Richard Jones, Jr.
County Commissioners.—John Bearer, Abel and David P. Storm.
County Treasurer.—George C. E. Zahn.
County Jailors.—John S. Rhey.
County Jail.—John A. Blair.
County Jailors.—David O'Harrow, John G. Gure, Jacob Horner.
County Jailors.—George C. E. Zahn.
County Jailors.—James J. Kaylor.
County Jailors.—Thomas M. Council.
County Jailors.—Henry Hawk, John P. Stull, E. Stull.
County Jailors.—E. A. Vickroy.
County Jailors.—James S. Todd.
County Jailors.—T. A. Todd.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Board of the Peace.—David H. Roberts, John K. Lewis.
Board of the Peace.—William Kittell, William K. Lewis, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward K. Stull.
Board of the Peace.—T. D. Litzinger.
Board of the Peace.—George Gurley.
Board of the Peace.—William Davis.
Board of the Peace.—Edward Glass, William K. Lewis, John J. Lloyd, Morris E. Stull, Thomas J. Davis.
Board of the Peace.—Evan Morgan.
Board of the Peace.—George Gurley.
Board of the Peace.—Richard T. Davis.
Board of the Peace.—Isaac Evans.
Board of the Peace.—John S. Plev, John J. Evans.

Rail Song.

Tune—"DANDY JIM."
"The People," with unanimous voice,
For President have made their choice;
And the Fourth of March they will be able
To make clean sweep of the Augean stable.
So we'll cut and split and maul away
At the Lincoln rails till election day.
Buchanan's "knees are weak" and limber,
Since the sudden fall of "live oak timber";
Instead of ships with slave-trade sails,
We'll use the wood for Homestead rails.
So we'll cut and split, &c.
And for this purpose the Keystone pledges
Twenty thousand mauls and wedges.
Now, Loco-Focos all, remember,
We'll split these rails by next November.
So we'll cut and split, &c.
Then we'll secure Protective laws,
To keep our gold from Foreign claws;
From Border Ranges we'll have no alarms,
Whilst freemen work their Homestead farms.
So we'll cut and split, &c.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL WIFE-TAMER.

Mrs. Morton was a widow, a young, pretty, rich widow, when Dr. Charles Strahan made her acquaintance. She was a poor but very handsome woman when Squire Morton married her, and at his death two years after, she being the sole heir, put on her widow's weeds and pocketed her husband's gold at the same time.

Madam Rumor said that poor old Morton never enjoyed a single hour after he married her; but how should madam Rumor know? Of one thing, however, I can give my readers reliable information. Mrs. Morton had not been a widow twelve months ere she received with seeming pleasure very decided attentions from Dr. Strahan.

Do you inquire who Dr. Strahan was? Well, he studied medicine and had the title of M. D. conferred upon him, which he took great pleasure in attaching to the end of his name with a grand flourish. But it is asserted that he never had a half dozen patients in as many years. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance; a ready talker upon any subject, and was, in fact, first-rate company. He played the flute and sang—a good dancer, and an excellent partner at whist; besides he had some literary reputation. He wrote poetry and two column sketches for the "Weekly Leveler," and last, though by no means least, he dressed in good taste in the height of fashion. How he did it no one knew, but then it was no one's business.

But I must be allowed to contradict one rumor which gained considerable prevalence, to the effect that he supported himself by his literary labors; an ordinary newspaper scribbler could hardly afford Strahan's wardrobe.

Old Squire Morton had been dead but little over a year, when Dr. Strahan, despite all that gossipers could say, married the widow and her fortune. The fact was, he wanted a rich wife. As to her, she was anxious to leave her weeds and go into society again; and she could devise no readier way to accomplish these purposes than by marrying. When any one spoke to the doctor of her being a shrew, he merely remarked that he should take great pleasure in taming a shrew.

For three months they lived happily together for it was the height of the season, and between Cape May, Newport, Saratoga and the White Mountains, they were alone with each other scarce three hours out of the twenty-four; consequently it was impossible for them to disagree. But the season was soon over and they returned to their quiet home—the place of all others, to study a wife or husband—there is no unnatural excitement, no fashionable Mrs. A. to undress, no profligate Mr. B. to outdo in squandering money; no one to see, to please but the "trotter half."

After a season of long continued gaiety, there necessarily follows one of extreme dullness; and when one is dull one is easily displeased. Now Mr. and Mrs. Strahan were both of them remarkably dull, and as a matter of course both preferred being pleased to attempting to please; and of course both being greatly displeased.

It was their third day at home, upon which their first quarrel commenced.—How it began neither could clearly tell.—It is only known that Strahan expressed a desire to dine on roast beef; upon which Mrs. S. said that she abandoned beef and said her preference to roast turkey with oyster sauce.—Strahan considered

brain work and wooden curiosities were made to cook her dinner.

The doctor looked silently on as long as he could; then taking the key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, and—it was bolted upon the inside.
"Mrs. S.," he shouted.
"Well, sir."
"Open the door."
"I'm busy now, and can't be disturbed."
"Open the door, or I'll burst it in."
"Do as you please, sir, but your mummy and giant skeleton are placed against the door, so be careful and don't break them."
The doctor was fuddled. For a few minutes he stood and thought what course it was best to pursue. Suddenly recollecting the ladder, he hastened down the stairs and through the hall, out of doors, leaving the door unlocked and the key in it. His footsteps had scarce died on the stairway, before his wife had removed both cases from the door, and drawn the bolt and stood in the entry. It was but the work of a moment to throw the remaining letters, poems and manuscripts in the fire, remove the wine and eatables, lock the door upon the outside and place the key in her pocket.

Meanwhile the doctor was raising the ladder to the window, and by the time he had placed it there and ascended half its length, his wife with her favorite manservant were watching him from a lower window.

The doctor pushed up the window and jumped in, and the servant jumped out of the lower window and pulled down the ladder. In an instant Strahan saw that his bird had flown, and he rushed back to the window just as the ladder reached the ground.

"Put the ladder up here again," roared the doctor from the upper window.
"Let it stay where it is," cried the wife from the lower window.
"Put it up here instantly, or I'll discharge you," bellowed the upper window.
"Let it alone and I'll double your wages," chimed in lower window.
"Do as I tell you, blockhead," yelled the doctor with rage.
"Come in the house, John," said Mrs. S., very coolly.
And John went into the house, leaving the medical gentleman heaping curses upon everybody, including his wife and servant John.

All night long the doctor was kept a prisoner. Just before she retired, his wife put her lips to the keyhole and whispered:
"What success in taming a shrew, doctor?"
"The next morning she came to the door and called.
"Doctor?"
"Well, my dear," very humbly.
"Would you like some dinner?"
"I should."
"Will cold turkey do for you?"
"Anything, my dear."
"If I will let you out will you promise never to look me up again?"
"I will."
"And never object to my eating turkey again?"
"Never."
"And attempt to 'tame a shrew' again?"
"Never."
"Then—you—may—come—out."
And the lady unlocked and threw open the door.

To this day Dr. S. has not attempted to dilate to his wife in what she shall eat, or when she shall ride, and has never been heard to boast again of "taming a shrew."

Worth Trying.

Professor Maury, in a recent work, states that an abundance of sunflowers growing about a place is a sure preventive against fever and ague, and that he has tested it in many of the most unhealthy localities. They are to be sown late, so as to arrive at maturity in the fall, and to be placed between the dwelling and the place where the miasma is supposed to arise. The theory is, that they absorb the miasma which causes the disease.

A tavern keeper out west advertised a young lawyer, who has left his house without paying his bill under the following expressive caption:
"Absquatulatum datum et Swartwoutandibus, in transitu, non est inventus, ad libitum escape goatum."

How to make money—advertise.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "QUIZ."

Our attention has recently been called to this rollicking, mischievous little word, by an article in an old English magazine.
Very few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings, as the monosyllable Quiz; and, however strange the word, it is still more strange that not one of our lexicographers, from Bayley to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious—it is because it had no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world ever known from Babylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken all through the principal streets of Dublin by a certain hour next day, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language. Wagers were laid, and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word Quiz, which they chalked on every door and shop-window in town. Shops being shut all the next day, everybody going to and coming from their different places of worship saw the word; and everybody repeated it, so that "Quiz" was heard all through Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window caused much surprise; and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression, "You are quizzing me."

RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

On the subject of behavior in company, Leigh Richmond gives the following excellent advice to his daughters: "Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every place, and his ear in every company. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversible; and do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you.—Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of the company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other."

HOW TO DO UP SLEET BOSOMS.

We have often been requested by lady correspondents to state by what process the gloss on new lincens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them we subjoin the following recipe: Take two ounces of fine white gun arabic powder—put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water according to the strength you desire—and then having covered it, let it stand all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dress into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gun water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lincens, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after being washed.

PROGRESS OF THE CENSUS.

We learn from Washington that the eighth census is likely to be completed at an earlier period than on previous occasions—the work is being pressed on with great activity in all parts of the country. We hope that the census marshals will be afforded every facility in obtaining the necessary information in order that we may not only have the census laid before the public in good time, but that it may be completed in all its parts. The progress of the country for the last ten years presents an interesting problem and most important feature in the world's history, and it is most desirable that it should be faithfully recorded.—New York Herald.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, who pleases the populace immensely by his handsome countenance and mild gentlemanly bearing, stands about five feet six inches in height, is slender in form, having a narrow head, intelligent face, large handsome eyes, small mouth, large nose, retreating chin, complexion rather dark, boyish appearance, and generally resembling his mother at about the time of her coronation. He has rather large hands and feet, is graceful in his movements, unostentatious and affable. He talks a good deal, and in rather a loud and somewhat harsh tone of voice. His ordinary costume is that of a colonel of the British army.

Peter Levergood, Esq.

Scarcely was the ink dry with which we indited last week the notice of the death of Emmanuel J. Pershing, before we received the intelligence of the death of Peter Levergood, Esq., who breathed his last in this place on Thursday evening, the 26th day of July, at the advanced age of 75 years and 2 months. He died calmly and peacefully, in the possession of all his faculties, and surrounded by as many of his relatives as could conveniently gather around his bedside. On Saturday forenoon his remains were conveyed to the Lutheran Church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. C. L. Keedy, from John xi, 25—"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." The house was crowded with relatives and friends of the deceased—the former reaching through three generations, and numbering not less than fifty persons. From the church the corpse was conveyed to the Lutheran burying-ground, where it was interred, by request of the deceased, between his first two wives.—His third wife survives him.

Mr. Levergood was one of the oldest citizens of our town, and certainly the wealthiest. He was born in Lancaster county in 1785, and in 1811 removed to Johnstown—then called Conemaugh borough town. Soon after he engaged actively in business, and ere long became the proprietor of the greater portion of the town site. It was from the sale of town lots that he acquired the largest share of his wealth. He was never a very active politician, but he nevertheless enjoyed the confidence of the old Whig party during its palmy days, and was several times called upon to be its standard-bearer. He served two terms in the State Legislature, when Cambria and Somerset were united in one representative district; was canal commissioner for three years during the gubernatorial term of Joseph Ritner; and twelve years ago was the candidate of his party for Congress in opposition to Job Mann of Bedford. Mr. Mann was elected. A few years ago, although past the age when men are generally called upon to serve their fellows in an official capacity, he was elected chief magistrate of our borough, and discharged all the duties of the position with the zeal and energy of a man in the prime of life.

The deceased was noted for his business tact and shrewdness; his strong personal attachments, especially to the members or his own family; and for his devotion to the interests of the Lutheran Church of this place, of which he was nearly all his life a leading member. He was a man of iron will, of extraordinary physical powers, and of most commanding presence. In his death, our town loses its principal founder, and one of its most prominent citizens, and a large circle of relatives a kind and indulgent father. Peace to the old man's ashes!—Johnstown Tribune.

SORROWFUL.

Medical man.—"Come, come, my dear madam, there is evidently something wrong; make a consultant of me."
Blighted bride.—"Well, doctor, it was always my great ambition (sob) to be the wife of a dry-goods (sob) merchant, and now I have thrown myself away upon a hardware (sob) dealer, and although the dear fellow is as kind as he can be, (sob) and brings me home any quantity of scissors, and files, and door-knobs and things, yet what are these to the (sob) wounded spirit that expected oceans of brocade and pointed lace?" (Sob, sob, sob.)

A COOL AND REFRESHING SUMMER DRINK.

From the receipt book of a Western member of Congress.
The following is said to make a pleasant beverage: Take one pint of whiskey, stir in one spoonful of whiskey; add one pint of whiskey and beat well with a spoon.—Take one gallon of water and let a servant carry it away beyond your reach; then put two spoonfuls of water in a tumbler, immediately throw it out and fill with whiskey. Flavor with whiskey to suit your taste.—When it is to be kept long in warm climates, add sufficient spirit to prevent souring.

KINDNESS.

The language of reason, unaccompanied by kindness, will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain upon the affections, it wants that which is necessary to convince the judgment; but let reason and kindness be united in a discourse, and seldom will even pride or prejudice find it easy to resist.

Small newboy, to horrified dandy.—"Won't you scratch my 'ead, Mister? My 'ands is so cold, I can't."

out There are for The Pitts on and to vote e inform dited Pres heny con because tes. Th robes sh t it don down