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. 1. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1860. NO. 52.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. Shane, Preacher in charge. Rev J. M. Smith, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10½ o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Welch Independent—Rev. Ll. 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. John Williams, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Disciples—Rev. Wm. Lloyd, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. David Jenkins, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. Mitchell, Pastor—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

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

MAILS CLOSE.

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

☞ The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

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

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 1 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. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary.—Joseph M'Donald.

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Deputy Register and Recorder.—John Scanlan.

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Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm.

District Attorney.—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.

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

Poor House Treasurer.—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser.—Thomas M'Connell.

Auditors.—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, E. Little.

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 Kinkead.

Burgess.—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 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.

O. P. F.'s Lament.

An "O. P. F." at the White House gate
One evening stood disconsolate;
His dickey had lost its usual starch,
His nose was more than ever a pug,
And he said to himself, "On the Fourth of March
Must I *march forth* from these quarters snug!

"I sold myself in an evil hour,
Body and soul to an Evil Power,
And now I'm cheated of my pay;
For the South with scorn my claim doth flout,
With 'Every dog must have his day,'
But the day and dog are both—*played out.*

"Did the *South* e'er ask, and *I* refuse?
At its demand I have changed my views,
Quarrelled with friends and pensioned foes,
Made Walker walk from his Kansas rule,
Ate dirt by pecks—and the devil knows
If I made myself more knave or fool.

"Too much of both—but rather more
Of the last—if I wasn't one before;
For what is the upshot of it all?
A record foul with a thousand stains,
Power, friends, and fame, beyond recall,
And the Southron's scorn for all my pains."

HOW I FIRST MET MY WIFE.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way that Morgan had, and in which he was joined heartily by his wife—my own cousin, May Sthephens that had been—a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the one eventful evening that it was satisfied by hearing the reason why.

All that long sentence without telling what that way was, or how he was joined in it by May.

It was simply this: that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my cousin May, they would both laugh very heartily, but would always refuse to tell at what they laughed. This was certainly very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once, but many times—at which they laughed more heartily than ever, and always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution of the matter, if for no other reason than that it worried me. I am but a woman, and having pleaded to the possession of curiosity, I see no reason why that foible of my sex should elicit no charity, and no reason why sometimes it should not be indulged. With this resolution, I set forth one evening, when we three, Morgan, May and myself, were drawn up before the fire and fairly settled for a talk. There was no use mincing matters, was my first idea and with this thought I dashed boldly in with "Mr. Morgan," I usually called him Charley, but I was desirous of showing him that I was really in earnest—"Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May when the subject of your first meeting with her is spoken of?"

This, I was sure was a simple question; and yet, instead of answering it in a simple way, they went back, both of them, on the old plan and laughed as though the words I had just spoken were the very best joke in the world. I could do nothing, of course, but look grave and solemn, which in a few moments brought them both round to looking the same way, and then May spoke to me seriously, and said:

"Cousin Jane, you take our laughing much more earnestly than I thought you would. It is only a little memory between Charley and me that brings the laugh; to us it is a droll remembrance, but, perhaps, in telling it, there would be nothing to amuse any one."

This explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and, with a smile, I said:

"Now, May, this is really unkind of you; for so long have you excited my curiosity that, even were the story not worth telling, you should tell it."

"Well, cousin Jane shall have that story, May, and I will tell it myself to her."

At this declaration I was surprised to see May flush up to a bright red, and break out rather vehemently with:

"Now Charley—that is really too bad? You shall not do it, sir. If cousin Jane is to have the story I will tell her myself." And then after a pause, she said, "When we are alone."

"You shall do no such a thing, Madam May," was Charley's laughing response, as he got up and kissed May directly in the mouth, just in time to stop a torrent of words that in another minute, would have poured out, "You shall do no such a thing. This time I shall have my way and cousin Jane shall not have her curiosity excited any more without being satisfied."

I saw there was to be a discussion on that point, but I knew that, in some way, Charley was sure to come off victor; so, merely saying that I would be back in a few moments, I slipped out of the room and walked about the garden until I felt sure the point was settled, when I went back, and found Charley and May looking as happy as birds and laughing the old laugh, as usual. As I entered, Charley drew up in the rocking-chair, and after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said:

"Now, cousin Jane I shall tell you the story about how I first met my wife:

"It is just five years ago this summer, that I was granted exemption for one month from my desk, and went down with my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not there met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real true hospitality of the Hyatt's; for the solid, old-time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which, within a couple of days after my arrival, I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that it all belonged to me, to do just what I pleased with.—There were plenty of horses, and we rode; there were plenty of fish and we fished; plenty of wood-cock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken with a proviso. I say we—by Horace's two sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports. They rode, to be sure—and charmingly they did it, they fished, and, I am obliged to confess, were much luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot, though I shall not exult over their lack of this accomplishment—they were charming enough without it. I am sure I shall excite no jealousy by declaring that, with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the two most charming girls I had ever seen, and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident—for so I suppose I must call it—though really seeming like a special providence. What this was, I shall tell in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm, my curiosity had been much excited by the young ladies upon a once schoolfellow of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly-colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Carrie and Nettie; but still the reception of this May Stevens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new born passion. I formed, at last, an imaginary May Stevens, and do what I would, the figure was with me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity, and trembled with some great purpose, which should bring before me the object of my thoughts and of the sisters' continual conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me at this time to say had I not heard, one morning, as I entered the breakfast room, the startling words from Nellie:

"And so she is coming at last. I'm so glad!"

"Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point at the same moment, or what, I cannot say; but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words, I knew that the hitherto only heard of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions. All the information was proffered. May Stevens—the incomparable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment—though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week!—it was an age, a century; and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long standing passion, of nearly two weeks duration, for Nettie and Carrie, was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new queen.—With this idea, I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Nettie and Carrie; but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after hearing the announcement of her intended coming; and before two hours had gone by, I was whizzing on my way to town, to carry out that resolve. My choicest morsels of wardrobe should be offered on the shrine of May Stevens.

"I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of business neglected, and faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down again at Hyatt's to stay out the month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

"The racking of brain that day, to create a grand *ensemble* of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should at the first glance strike the beholder silent with admiration—was indeed terrible.—The labor of writing "Paradise Lost" was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and, for six hours, I dressed and re-dressed, compared, selected and re-selected; and at the end of that time, I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted still several hours to sunset, and having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train and return the same night to Hyatt's, instead of waiting over until morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments, and away I went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep; so I found it when the shades of evening fell, for to the best of my recollection, I was in the very midst of a dream in which May Stevens, attired in book muslin and pale blue satin, sat on a purple cloud and admiringly inquired who my tailor was! Just as I was about to inform her, there came a crash, and for a moment I was not entirely certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded, or myself that had torn some portions of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train—the 6.26—that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make it still worse, I was exactly eight miles from my destination, though, as it afterwards proved, not a mile from the next village, where, as I heard it canvassed, a tavern, supper and beds could be had I was dispesed to make myself agreeable, and, accordingly, rendered all the assistance in my power to unprotected females, for which I got my reward on arriving at the haven of refuge—the promised tavern—by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and I, with some twenty more of the male gender, must be content with chairs, while the beds were appropriated to the gentler sex. Slightly disgusted, I swallowed my supper, and looked out upon the night. It was a beautiful moonlight, and verging on to ten o'clock. By Jove, I would walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done.—Giving my carpet-bag into the hands of the landlord, with the most emphatic charges for its safety and punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning, at any expense, I set forth. Eight miles is a trifle; and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight, I marched up the lane that led to the house. They were early folks at the farm—early to bed, and early up. I walked round the house trying each door and window for an entrance, but each and every one was fastened. It was of no consequence; my bedroom window look out upon the roof of the piazza; I would not disturb the house by knocking; a bit of climbing would do the business, and should the window be fastened, I would tap and awaken Horace, who was my room-mate and bedfellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and my hands on the window, which yielded, and I stood in my own room. By the moonlight which streamed in I saw that the bed was occupied, and by the heavy breathing I knew that Horace was in a deep sleep. I would not, therefore, awaken him, but save the story of my mishap for the following day. With this resolution, I slipped quietly into bed, and in three minutes was oblivious.

"What ought I to have dreamed that night? But I will not anticipate. I lay facing the windows as the sun peeped up above the distant hills, and scattered the grey mists of the morning. My bed-fellow was breathing heavily, but it was broad daylight, and there was no more sleep in me, so I determined that Horace should wake up and hear my story of the railroad breakdown. I turned quickly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion, my bed-fellow, who had lain with his back towards me, sprung into a sitting position. There are such surprises as, without a terror, absolutely deprive us of the power of speech until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open-mouthed and silent wonder. This was the case with my bed-fellow and myself, as we sat upright and stared. Right by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman, not more than seventeen, with dark hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls, tucked away under the neatest little night-cap that ever was. She had gathered the bed-clothes, with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look, as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes. Memory serves a man but little in like cases, but, if my memory serves me right, it was I who first spoke. I blurted out with:

"How came you here?"

"The figure still stared in speechless astonishment, but in a moment, as though awakened from its stupefaction spoke:—

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

"Yes," was my rather subdued reply.

"Well then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time speaking as calmly, and with quite as much dignity as though in the drawing-room, "I am May Stevens, and I was put in this room, after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's, a few miles off, before I got here, and was not to return until to-day. That is how I was put in this room."

So here I was, sitting face to face with this May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I had intended to get up such a superlative toilet! A nice style of introduction, and a nice style of toilet! And she—she by this time was as cold as the 31st of December, and sat looking me right in the eye, as I made a scrambling explanation of my being found in that extraordinary position. It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering during the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said:

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the window, as I came in," said I in a sickly tone of voice, for the thought came to me that to achieve this end I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecated. She relieved me instantly with:

"No, that will not do, there are people moving about, and you will be seen."

It was my turn now to stammer out:

"What's to be done?" For I saw that the little hazel-eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question.

"You must lie still here while I get up. When I have left the room, you can rise, dress and go away at the first opportunity," was her response, delivered in a quiet, business-like manner.

And so I did, under May Stevens' command. I buried my intruding head in the bed-clothes, and kept it well covered until I heard the retreating footsteps upon the stairs, which was but a few minutes, tho' it seemed an age, and then with a desperate bound I sprung from the bed, and turned the key on the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartment more stealthily than I did.

That morning we met—May Stevens and I—at the breakfast table—I in the character of the newly-arrived that morning—and we were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astounded every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we have never failed to repeat whenever the memory of our first meeting comes up."

"And now, cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife."

Enemies.—Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has got no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has his hand in it. A sterling character, one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which if you do not blow will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you but do as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be a re-action, if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

☞ A gentleman coming into the room of the late Dr. Barton, told him that Mr Vowel was dead. "What," said he, "Vowel dead?" Thank God it is neither a nor e.

Lager Beer Scientifically Disposed of.—It would appear from the following that the "lager" is not so harmless a tipple as has been supposed:

"Lager beer," says the Scientific American, "on account of the long-continued fermentation, contains less nutritive and more alcohol than any other beer or ale.—A comparison of about twenty chemical analyses of lager and other beer shows that in lager the alcohol is always in excess over the extract, while in other beer the excess is in favor of the malt extract. In lager the malt extract does not reach five per cent; so that one would be obliged to drink two or three gallons in order to get from this villainous food such an amount as would be required if taken in a civilized way. Ale often contains a larger percentage of alcohol than lager, but the malt extract is still in excess unless the ale is very old. Certain witnesses have testified, and courts have decided that lager beer is not intoxicating; but, in view of the fact that a pint of lager beer contains as much alcohol as an ordinary glass of brandy, it might be suspected that those witnesses and courts had been indulging in lager just at the time they needed their sober judgment. Finally, it is claimed that lager is a pleasant bitter tonic, stomachic, dyspeptic, &c. But healthy men need no medicine; and a friend of ours, who prides himself on being an American, suggests that lager beer is *too tonic.*"

Time and Eternity.—We step on the earth, we look abroad over it, and it seems immense—so does the sea. What ages had men lived, and knew but a portion? They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass, and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to each of us walking along the road of life, a year, a day, an hour shall seem long. As we grow older the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human races, vanish into a point: for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

The Dangers of Indolence.—Indolence is one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates on some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse of indolence is soft and imperceptible, because it is only a cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from privation to reality.

"Set Him Back."—There is a story told of an old gentleman who made it a rule that his children should dine at a side table until they were sixteen years old, at which age they were permitted to eat with the older members of the family. On one occasion, a visitor, who was aware of the custom, observed one of the boys, who he thought was of the requisite age, eating at the side-table, and asked him if he was not sixteen years old. "Yes," said the boy, "I was sixteen some time ago, and father let me come to his table; and there was a dish for dinner that I was very fond of, but instead of being helped, I undertook to help myself, and reaching too far, met with an accident, and so he set me back two years."

Steamboats and Fish.—Landlady, (deferentially.)—"Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was launched?"

Smith, (curtly.)—"I can't say madam, whether it did or not."

Landlady.—"Oh! I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you, that you might acquire some information on that point."

Smith, (the malicious villain.)—"Very likely; but its my opinion, marm, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented."

☞ A gentle disposition, and extreme frankfulness and generosity, have been the ruin in a worldly sense, of many a noble spirit. There is a degree of cautiousness and mistrust, and a certain insensibility and sternness, that seem essential to the man who has to bustle through the world and secure his own interests.

☞ If you would learn how to bow, watch a mean man when he talks to a gentleman of wealth.