

The Alleghanlian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1860.

NUMBER 1.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices. Districts.
Men's Creek, Joseph Graham, Yoder.
North Station, Joseph S. Mardis, Blacklick.
Carrington, Benjamin Wirtner, Carroll.
Chest Springs, Danl. Litzinger, Chest.
Cresson, John J. Troxell, Wash'n.
Ebensburg, Mrs. H. M'Gaughey, Eben'sburg.
Fallen Timber, Isaac Thompson, White.
Gallitzin, J. M. Christy, Gallitzin.
Glen Connell, Joseph Gill, Chest.
Hobartstown, Wm. M'Gough, Wash'n.
Loretto, H. A. Rogers, Johnst'wn.
Mineral Point, Wm. Gwinn, Loretto.
Newport, E. Wissing, Conen'gh.
Perryville, A. Durbin, Munster.
Perryville, Francis Clement, Conen'gh.
Perryville, Andrew J. Ferral, Susq'han.
Perryville, G. W. Bowman, White.
Perryville, Joseph Moyer, Clearfield.
Perryville, George Conrad, Richland.
Perryville, B. M. Colgan, Wash'n.
Perryville, Wm. Murray, Croyle.
Perryville, Miss M. Gillespie, Wash'n.
Perryville, Andrew Beck, Simmerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HANBISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SHANE, Pastor.—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.
Episcopal—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 10 o'clock.
Baptist—Rev. Wm. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Society every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and on Wednesdays at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 10 1/2 " P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 4 1/2 o'clock P. M.
Western, " " 6 " A. 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, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrington, Pa., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Post Offices open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.
Exp. Train, leaves at 8:55 A. M.
Mail Train, " " 9:07 P. M.
Exp. Train, " " 7:18 P. M.
Fast Line, " " 12:12 P. M.
Mail Train, " " 6:05 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Fisher, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Fisher, Richard Jones, Jr.
Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.
Register and Recorder—Michael Hession.
Deputy Register and Recorder—John Scanlon.
Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.
Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.
District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—John Beamer, Abel Boyd, David T. Storm.
County Commissioners—George C. K. Zahm, Conrad C. Commissioners—John S. Rhey.
Treasurer—John A. Blair.
Post House Directors—David O'Harrow, Michael M'Guire, Jacob Borner.
Post House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Post House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Mercantile Appraiser—Thomas M'Connell.
Auditors—Henry Hawk, John F. Stall, E. F. Title.
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. Poyer, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward B. Baker.
Clerk of Council—T. J. 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.
Collectable—George Gurley.
Tax Collector—George Gurley.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.
Judge of Election—Isaac Evans.
Inspectors—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

On to Victory.

Loud we answer! to we come,
Responsive now to Freedom's call!
In faith we come, in strength we come,
To do a sacred work for all;
As did our fathers, so shall we,
Move fearless on to victory.
God is our guide! From field and wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom,
We come our heritage to save,
And speak a tyrant faction's doom;
All o'er the land from sea to sea,
Resounds our watchword, "Liberty."
Hail to our flag! Let Lincoln bear
The glorious standard to the van,
Through stripe and star inwoven there,
We read the natal rights of man;
Our fathers loved it—so will we,
And onward move to victory!

THE FALSE FUNERAL.

I never liked my uncle's business, the hook me when my father died, and brought me up as his own son. The good man had no children. His wife was long dead; he had an honest old woman for a housekeeper, and a flourishing business, in the undertaking line, to leave to somebody; but he did not leave it to me, and I'll tell you the reason.
When I had been about five years with him, and had grown worth my salt, as he used to say, a death occurred in our neighborhood, which caused greater lamentation than any we had heard of since my apprenticeship began. The deceased gentleman was a Mr. Elsworth. The family had been counted gentry in their day. I should have said my uncle lived in York, and all the world knows what Yorkshire families are. Well, the Elsworths were of good family, and very proud of it, tho' they had lost every acre of an old estate which had belonged to them time out of mind. I am not sure whether it was their grandfather's dice and cock-fighting, or their father's going surety for a friend, who did something wrong in a government office, that brought them to this poor pass; but there was no house in all York where candles went further, and tea leaves were better used up. There was a mother, two sisters, and a cousin who lived with them. The mother was a stately old lady, never seen out of black brocade.—The sisters were not over young or handsome, but they dressed as fine as they could. The cousin was counted one of the prettiest women in Yorkshire, but she walked with a crutch, having met with an accident in her childhood. Master Charles was the only son, and the youngest of the family; he was a tall, handsome, dashing young man, uncommonly polite, and a great favorite with the ladies. It was said there were some red eyes in the town when the story got wind that he was going to be married to the Honorable Miss Westbay. Her father was younger brother to the Earl of Harrogate, and had seven girls beside her, without a penny for one of them; but Miss Westbay was a beauty, and the wonder was that she had not got married long ago, being nearly seven years out, dancing, singing, and playing tip-top pieces at all the parties.—Half-a-dozen matches had been talked of for her, but somehow they broke down one after another. Her father was rather impatient to see her off; so were her sisters, poor things, and no wonder, for grow up as they might, not one of them would the old man suffer to come out till the eldest was disposed of, and at last there seemed something like a certainty of that business. Young Mr. Elsworth and she struck up a courtship. He was fascinated— isn't that the word?—at an assize ball, paid marked attentions at the bishop's party, and was believed to have popped the question at a picnic, after Lord Harrogate, the largest shareholder in the North Eastern Bank, got him promoted from a clerkship to be manager. It's true he was some years younger than Miss Westbay, and people said there had been something between him and his pretty cousin; but a Lord's niece with beauty, accomplishments, and a serviceable connection does not come in every young man's way; so the wedding-day was fixed for the 1st of January; and all the milliners were busy with the bride's bonnets and dresses.
It was just a month to come, and everybody was talking of the match, when Mr. Elsworth fell sick. At first they said it was a cold; then it turned to a brain fever; at last the doctor gave no hopes, and within the same week Mr. Elsworth died. The whole neighborhood was cast into mourning. A promising young man, in a manner the only dependence of his family, newly promoted to a station of trust and influence, and on the eve of marriage, everybody lamented his untimely death, and sympathized with his bereaved relations, and his intended bride. I think

my uncle lamented most of all. None of his customers, to my knowledge, ever got so much of his sorrow. When he was sent for in the way of business, it struck me that he stayed particularly long. The good man could talk of nothing but the grief of the afflicted family—how the mother went into fits and the sisters tore their hair—how the cousin talked of wearing mourning all her days—and how it was feared that Miss Westbay, who insisted on seeing him, would never recover her senses. The county papers gave expressions to the public grief. There were a great many verses written about it. Nobody passed the house of mourning without a sigh, or a suitable remark. My uncle superintended the making of the coffin, as I had never seen him do to any other; and when the workmen were gone home, he spent hours at night finishing it by himself.
The funeral was to set out for the family vault in the Minster church, at Beverly, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was made a strictly private affair, though hundreds of the townsmen would have testified their respect for the dead by accompanying it all the way. The members of the family, in two mourning coaches, and the undertaker's men, were alone allowed to follow poor Elsworth to his last resting-place, and the coffin was not to be brought till the latest hour. My uncle had got it finished to his mind, but evidently did not wish me to look at his work. He had a long talk with Steele and Stoneman, two of his most confidential assistants in the workshop, after hours, and they went away looking remarkably close. All was in train, when, coming down his own stairs—they were rather steep and narrow, for we lived in one of the old houses of York—my uncle slipped, fell, and broke his leg. I tho' he would have gone mad when the doctor told him he must not attempt to move, or mind any business for weeks to come, and I tried to pacify him by offering to conduct the funeral with the help of Steele and Stoneman. Nothing would please the old man; I never saw him so far out of temper before. He swore at his bad luck, threw the pillows at his housekeeper, ordered me to bring him up the key of the workshop, and kept it fast clutched in his hand. I sat up with him that night. In a couple of hours he grew calm and sensible, but could not sleep, though the house was all quiet, and the housekeeper snoring in the corner. Then he began to grieve, as if there was something worse than a broken leg on his mind, and said "Tom," said he, "haven't I always been kind to you?"
"No doubt of it, uncle," said I.
"Well, Tom, I want you to do me a great service—a particular service, Tom, and I'll never forget it to you. You know Mr. Elsworth's funeral comes off tomorrow at three, and they are very high people."
"Never fear, uncle; I'll take care of it as well as if you were there yourself."
"I knew you would, Tom—I knew you would. I could trust you with the hearing of an earl's coffin; and for managing mutes, I don't know your equal. But there's something more to be done. Come over besides me, Tom; that old woman don't hear well at the best, and she's sleeping now and no mistake. Will you promise me"—and his voice sunk to a whisper—"that, whatever you hear or see, you'll make no remark to any living, and be as cautious as you can about the body? There's the foul play," said he, for I began to look frightened; "but maybe this leg's a judgment for taking on such a business. However, I'm to have three hundred pounds for it, and you'll get the half, Tom, the full half, if you'll conduct it properly, and give me your solemn promise. I know you'll never break it."
"Uncle," said I, "I'll promise, and keep it too; but you must tell me what it is."
"Well, Tom,"—and he drew a long breath—"it's a living man you're going to put in that coffin in the workshop! I've made it high and full of air-holes; he'll lie quite comfortable. Nobody knows about it but Steele and Stoneman and yourself; they'll go with you. Mind you trust no one else. Don't look so stupid, man; can't you understand? Mr. Elsworth didn't die at all, and never had brain fever; but he wants to get off with marrying Miss Westbay, or something of that sort. They're taking a queer way about it, I must say; but these genteel people have ways of their own. It was the cousin that prepared my mind for it in the back parlor; that woman's up to anything. I stood out against having a hand in it till I heard that the sexton of Beverly Church was a poor relation of theirs. The key of the coffin is to be given to him; it will be locked, and not screwed down, you see; and when all's over at the vault—it will be dark night by that time, for we don't move till three, and these December days are short—he'll come and help Mr. Elsworth out, and smuggle

him off to Hull with his son the carrier. There's ships enough there to take him anywhere under a feigned name."
"Could he get off from the marriage no easier?" said I, for the thought of taking a living man in a hearse, and having the service read over him, made my blood run cold. You see I was young then.
"There's something more than the marriage in it, though they didn't tell me.—Odd things will happen in my business, and this is one of the queerest. But you'll manage it, Tom, and get my blessing, besides your half of the three hundred pounds; and don't be afraid of anything coming wrong with him, for I never saw any man look so like a corpse."
I promised my uncle to do the business and keep the secret. A hundred and fifty pounds was no joke to a young man beginning the world in an undertaking-line; and the old man was so pleased with what he called my senses and understanding, that before falling asleep, close upon daybreak, he talked of taking me into partnership, and the jobs we might expect from the Harrogate family; for the dowager-countess was near fourscore, and two of the young ladies were threatened with decline. Next day early in the afternoon, Steele, Stoneman, and I were at work. The family seemed duly mournful; I suppose, on account of the servants, Mr. Elsworth looked wonderfully well in his shroud; and if one had not looked closely into the coffin, they never would have seen the air-holes.—Well we set out, mourning-coaches, hearse and all, through a yellow fog of a December day. There was nothing but sad faces to be seen at all the windows as we passed; I heard them admiring Steele and Stoneman for the feeling hearts they showed; but when we got on the Beverly road, the cousin gave us a sigh, and away we went a rattling pace; a funeral never got over the ground at such a rate before.—Yet it was getting dark when we reached the old Minster, and the curate grumbled at having to do duty so late. He got through the service nearly as quick as we got over the miles. The coffin was lowered into the family vault; it was more than half filled with Mr. Elsworth's forefathers, but there was a good wide grate in the wall, and no want of air. It was all right. The clerk and the organist started off to their homes; the mourning-coaches went to the Crown Inn, where the ladies were to wait till the sexton came to let them know he was safe out—the cousin would not go home without that news—and I slipped him the key at the church-door, as he discoursed to us all about the mysterious dispensations of Providence.
My heart was light going home, so were Steele and Stoneman's. None of us liked the job, but we were all to be paid for it; and I must say the old man came down handsomely with the needful, not to speak of Burton ale; and I was to be made his partner without delay. We got the money, and had the justification; but it wasn't right over, and I was just getting into bed, when there was a ring at our door-bell, and the housekeeper came to say that Dr. Parks wanted to see me or my uncle. What could he want and how had he come back so soon?—Parks was the Elsworth's family doctor, and the only stranger at the funeral; he went in the second mourning coach, and I left him talking to the sexton. My clothes were thrown on, and I was down stairs in a minute, looking as sober as I could; but the doctor's look would have sobered any man. "Thomas," said he, "this has turned out a bad business; and I cannot account for it; but Mr. Elsworth has died in earnest. When the sexton and I opened the coffin, we found him cold and stiff. I think he died from fright for such a face of terror I never saw. It wasn't your uncle's fault; there was no doubt he had air enough; but it can't be helped; and the less said about it, the better for all parties. I am going to Dr. Adams to take him down with me to Beverly. The sexton keeps poor Elsworth, to see if anything can be done; and Adams is the only man we could trust; but I know it's of no use."
The doctor's apprehensions were well founded.—Mr. Elsworth could not be recovered; and after trying everything to no purpose they laid him down again in the coffin with air holes. The ladies came back, and we kept the secret; but in less than six months after, a rumor went abroad of heavy forgeries on the North Eastern Bank. On investigation they proved to be over fifty thousand, and nobody was implicated but the deceased manager. His family new nothing about it; being all ladies, they were entirely ignorant of banking affairs; but they left York next season, took a handsome house at Scarborough, and were known to get money regularly from London. They never employed any doctor but Parks,

and his medical management did not appear to prosper, for they never were well and always nervous; not one of them would sleep alone or without light in the room; and an attendant from a private asylum had to be got for the cousin. I don't think the matter ever left my uncle's mind; he never would undertake an odd job after it; and all the partnerships in England would not have made me continue in the business, and run the risk of another false funeral.
PURITY OF CHARACTER.—Over the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft delicate flush that overspread its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning impaled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed in jewels—once shake it so that bands roll off and you may sprinkle water over it as you please yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from Heaven? On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees, blending in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated.—So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which when once touched and defiled can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost work, and which when torn and broken will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be contradicted, it can only be forgiven.
CURIOUS ALLEGED DISCOVERY IN FLORICULTURE.—It is said that ex-Mayor Tiemann, of New York, at his paint factory in Manhattanville, has accidentally made a discovery which threatens to revolutionize horticulture. One of the factory hands having thrown some liquid green paint of a particular kind on a flower bed, occupied by white anemones, the flowers have since made their appearance with petals as green as grass. The paint had in it a peculiar and very penetrating chemical mixture, which Mr. Tiemann has since applied, with other colors, to other plants, annual, biennial, and of the shrub kind—the result being invariably that the flowers so watered took the hue of the liquid deposited at their roots. By commencing experiments early next year, during seed time, and applying different colors, we shall no doubt soon be enabled to "paint the lily," which was Solomon's ambition.
"MOTHER."—O word of undying beauty! Thine echoes sound along the walls of time, until they crumble at the breath of the Eternal. In all the world there is not a habitable spot where the music of that word is not sounded. Aye, by the golden flower of the river, by the crystal margin of the rock, under the leafy shade of the forest tree, in the hut built of bamboo cane, in the mud and thatched cottage, by the peaks of the kissing mountains, in the wide spread valley, on the blue ocean, in the changeless desert where the angel came down to give the parched lips the sweet waters of the wilderness, under the white tent of the Arab, and in the dark covered wigwam of the Indian hunter; wherever the pulses of the human heart beat quick and warm, or float feebly along the current of falling life, there is that sweet word spoken, like a universal prayer—"Mother."
REPENTANCE.—If there be anything that we suppose men would not admire, it is repentance. It does not seem to be an experience which has much that is admirable in it. Men usually think of it as a kind of shame-faced, crying, pocket-handkerchief state of mind; but if you take it from human infirmities, and present it to men so that they see the thing, rather than the actor, it is beautiful in the eyes of every one.
In a wide-mouthed bottle dissolve eight ounces of the best glue in a half-pint of water, by getting it in a vessel of water and heating it till dissolved. Add slowly, constantly stirring, two and a half ounces of strong nitric acid. Keep it well corked, and it will be ready for use. This is the celebrated "Prepared Glue," of which we hear so much.

American Young Men.

American history presents many remarkable instances of young men taking prominent and commanding stations at an age which would be thought very young in other countries. We subjoin a few striking examples from the list of those who have passed off the stage of human action.
At the age of twenty-nine, Mr. Jefferson was an influential member of the Legislature of Virginia. At thirty he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at thirty-two a member of the Continental Congress, and at thirty-three he wrote the Declaration of Independence.
Alexander Hamilton was only twenty years of age when he was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel in the army of the Revolution, and aide-de-camp to Washington. At twenty-five he was a member of the Continental Congress; at thirty he was one of the ablest members of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; at thirty-two he was Secretary of the Treasury, and organized that branch of government, upon so complete and comprehensive a plan that no great change of improvement has since been made upon it.
John Jay, at twenty-nine years old, was a member of the Continental Congress, and wrote an address to the people of Great Britain, which was justly regarded as one of the most eloquent productions of the times. At thirty he prepared the Constitution of New York, and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the State.
Washington was twenty-seven years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was honored by an appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.
Joseph Warren was twenty-nine years of age, when he delivered the memorable address on the 5th of March, which roused the spirit of patriotism and liberty in his section of the country; and at thirty-four he gloriously fell in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.
Fisher Ames, at the age of twenty-seven, had excited public attention by the ability he displayed in the discussion of questions of public interest. At the age of thirty, his masterly speeches in defence of the Constitution of the United States had excited great influence, so that the youthful orator of thirty-one was elected to Congress from the Suffolk district, over the Revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams.
De Witt Clinton entered public life at 28; Henry Clay at 25.
The most youthful signer of the Declaration of Independence was Wm. Hooper, of North Carolina, whose age was but twenty-four.
ON EQUAL GROUND.—Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his day, and lived somewhere down in what is now Ocean county, New Jersey. Tom would drink like a fish, and when he had taken his fifth glass of a morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition and in his happiest mood, Tom one morning met a gentleman on horseback whom he had never put his eyes on before. As is customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him.
"Ah! here you are, my good fellow, how d'ye do? Upon my honor it does me good to see you once more! How's your family and the old woman? We haven't seen her this long time. When is she coming down to see my wife?"
"I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman, "but indeed, sir, you have the advantage."
"Advantage, my good fellow! what advantage?" inquired Tom.
"Why, really, sir, I beg your pardon," replied the gentleman, "but I do not know you."
"Know me!" exclaimed Tom; "well, I don't know you; and I should like to know where the deuce is the advantage, then?"
Beau Brummel once had his pocket picked. The pecuniary loss he bore with great equanimity, but declared he would hang, if he met with them, the ungentlemanly villains who, by neglecting to rebatten the pocket of his pantaloons, had caused him to walk the length of the street with his pocket turned inside out.
A sensible writer advises those who would enjoy good eating to keep good-natured; "for," says he, "an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrella."
Go down only upon one knee to a young lady. If you go down upon both, you may not be able to escape quick enough in case of the appearance of an enraged father.
A truly independent man is he who is free from obligations.