

# The Alleghanlian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1860.

NUMBER 10.

## DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANLIAN."

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Office.	Post Offices.	Districts.
Allegheny	Joseph Graham, Yoder.	Allegheny
Blacksville	Joseph S. Mardis, Blacklick.	Blacklick
Brookville	Benjamin Wirtler, Carroll.	Carroll
Chesapeake	Dual Litzinger, Chest.	Chest.
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**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. SPAN, 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 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 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Episcopal**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, 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.

**Wesleyan**—Rev. Wm. 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.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
Express, daily, at 12 o'clock. A. M.  
Express, at 10 o'clock. P. M.

**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Express, daily, at 4 o'clock. P. M.  
Express, at 6 o'clock. P. M.

**RAILROAD SCHEDULE.**  
WILMORE STATION.  
Exp.—Express Train, leaves at 8:55 A. M.  
Exp.—Mail Train, " 8:07 P. M.  
Exp.—Express Train, " 7:18 P. M.  
Exp.—Fast Line, " 12:12 P. M.  
Exp.—Mail Train, " 6:08 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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**Public Assessor**—Joseph M. Donald.  
**County Recorder**—Michael Hanson.  
**County Register and Recorder**—John Scanlon.  
**Sheriff**—Robert P. Linton.  
**County Surveyor**—William Linton.  
**County Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.  
**County Commissioners**—John Hunter, Abel Clark, David T. Storm.  
**County Commissioners**—George C. K. Zahn, Daniel S. Blythe, John S. Blythe.  
**Treasurer**—John A. Blair.  
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### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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## POETRY.

Written for THE ALLEGHANLIAN.

### The Orphan's Prayer.

[This poetical effusion is from the pen of a young girl of only fifteen summers.]

Great God, my only Helper,  
Friend of the fatherless,  
Look down from Heaven on me,  
And pity my distress.  
Bereft of friends behold me,  
A child of dire despair—  
My Father, condescend to hear  
The orphan's humble prayer.

No kindly bosom pities  
My sorrows so severe;  
No father's love beguiles my grief,  
No mother now is near.  
Hope's fled my heart forever,  
My lot how can I bear?  
Kind Heavenly Father hear me—  
O, hear the orphan's prayer.

In foreign lands 'mong strangers,  
I'm doomed to pass my days;  
No more the happy scenes of youth  
Will meet my ardent gaze.  
O, that I might behold thee,  
My native land most fair—  
Then in thankfulness I'd raise  
The happy orphan's prayer.

But vain is the delusion—  
No more thy shores I'll see;  
The grave will soon receive my dust,  
And end my misery.  
O, gracious Father hasten,  
And free me from my care,  
That in heaven with sweetest strains  
May accord the orphan's prayer.

### Ettie.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Sweet Ettie! And memory brings back  
The best and loveliest.  
Where great yew trees throw dark  
Shadows over a desolate landscape, stands  
A crumbling stone mansion, once the  
Home of a gentle hermitess—Ettie Walker.  
Orphaned, she had a soft melan-  
choly over her young life, and in silence  
and seclusion she had grown to the verge  
of womanhood. She knew nothing of the  
mysteries and struggles, the dust and  
thunders of the great outside world. She  
was little versed in the philosophy of  
schools; but Nature was to her an open  
book. By day she gathered tiny shells;  
and pebbles or plucked the wild flower of  
the hill. At night she gazed at the pale  
night-star, and read the secrets of the  
sky.

An existence of such calm repose seemed  
a reflection of heaven, and the future  
shone like the smile of God.

In these quiet hours did she ever dream  
of a day of deeper joy; but a night of sadder  
gloom, when she was to bow down to  
a new God and—die?

When, and where, and how she met I  
need not tell. It is enough that we be-  
came lovers—she, the humble unlearned  
girl; I, the polished and honored idol of  
rank and wealth, in the meridian of man-  
hood, fiery and passionate.

But love is a strange mystery. Love,  
to Ettie Walker, was a new passion—  
a weird fantasy. It lent a richer tinge  
to her pearl-like cheek, a softer light to  
her dreamy eye. Growing down into  
the inner depth of her soul, it entwined every  
fiber and absorbed every faculty.

No longer she roamed alone. I was  
her constant companion. Not far from  
the house was a little shady nook, where  
the flowers grew thickly and the birds  
sang sweetly. Here we often lingered  
till the sun-bars closed the gates of day  
and let in the shining children of night.

We were very, very happy. Hope  
hung Orion-like in the zenith, and we  
built beautiful castles of air. But who  
can read futurity.

It was now the height of summer.—  
Seas of yellow grain flowed in the sun-  
light, scarlet fruits flashed through green  
follage, and millions of tiny insects, like  
specks of dust, filled the golden air.

One eve—I shall never forget it—we  
were alone. Gentle winds whispered  
thro' the leaves, and the harvest moon  
hung low on the horizon's rim. I mis-  
understood something that she said, and  
in a moment of wounded pride and anger  
rushed from her side. Far, far out in  
gathering night I thought that I heard  
a wild, despairing cry as if the life was  
being pressed out of some heart, vainly  
calling for mercy. It might have been  
only the scream of a night bird; it might  
have been—

On the next day I was called away on  
business to a distant city, and I left with-  
out bidding Ettie farewell.

During my absence I wrote several let-  
ters to her, but received no reply. This  
increased my displeasure, and though I re-  
sented the torments of the doomed I re-

## The American Navy.

[Written for The Alleghanlian by ALBIA.]

As the Ancients were deficient in all  
the necessary qualities of a strong and effi-  
cient navy, it can scarcely be expected  
that naval battles of any importance oc-  
curred in their age. Yet the pages of  
history present the record of a few engage-  
ments, but which, compared with the  
brilliant achievements of the present age,  
sink into utter insignificance. Their ves-  
sels were but frail barks at the mercy of  
the ocean's waves.

When America with her vast wealth  
was discovered, a new stimulus was given  
to the intrepid mariners of Europe. Sci-  
entific men devised means for the better  
construction of vessels, and greater atten-  
tion was turned towards commerce.

From this period there commenced be-  
tween the leading nations of Europe a  
long series of contests for the mastery of  
the ocean, but as only a commercial na-  
tion could profitably maintain that hono-  
rable position, it soon fell into the hands  
of the country which possessed most of  
this quality.

England, France and Spain, each with  
ready hands, waited but for the favorable  
moment to seize their cherished object.—  
Although fortune favored the attempts of  
England, yet we cannot attribute the non-  
success of either France or Spain to want  
of experienced mechanics, but rather to  
the small number of men capable of man-  
ning their vessels. They could construct  
vessels of war, but they could not man  
them. We need no further evidence to  
prove that none but a maritime nation  
can either profitably or successfully main-  
tain a navy.

England's supremacy on the ocean dates  
from the commencement of her acqui-  
sition of the traffic of the world. Since  
that period she has so maintained and im-  
proved that advantage that to-day no  
power in Europe can withstand her hardy  
seamen, who, nurtured in the merchant  
service, are ever ready to fight her battles.

While all the European powers were  
looking upon the navy of England as in-  
vincible, a nation was springing up on the  
Western Continent which has placed be-  
hind the gaze of an admiring world vic-  
tories which rival England's proudest tri-  
umphs. We need not hesitate a single  
moment in asserting that we are peculiarly  
fitted for maritime pursuits, possessing as  
wide a country, embracing twenty degrees  
of latitude and sixty degrees of longitude,  
and a seacoast of thousands of miles in ex-  
tent. No nation has so suddenly given  
rise to us great a commerce or efficient  
a navy. Young as we are, we have carved  
on the pillar of time a name which every  
nation might justly envy. Every sea has  
rippled in token of submission to the  
prow of the American merchantman.

Circumstances must necessarily have  
controlled to a great degree the operations  
of our little navy during the Revolution.  
As we were destitute of an organized gov-  
ernment, of munitions of war, of vessels  
of any considerable size, and even of men  
to man them, little of a naval character  
could be expected of us. Notwithstanding  
these disadvantages, our small navy op-  
erated powerfully in bringing Europe  
in closer contact with our young republic.  
The flag of Columbia waved in every port,  
visited every clime. While England was  
looking with disdain upon our young en-  
deavors, her coasts were harassed by the  
daring and intrepid American cruiser.

Turning to the war of 1812, a brighter  
page in history appears before our eyes.  
Our navy, which was still young, came  
out of that contest with increased reputa-  
tion. The facility with which the vessels  
had been brought to action, the rapidity and  
accuracy of the firing—all tended to produce  
a new era in naval warfare.

It is difficult to decide whether in  
America or in England these results were  
most unexpected. Not without humili-  
ation did the latter power acknowledge the  
transfer of the dominion over the ocean  
to a younger one.

Though our navy is comparatively  
small, still we must remember that it is  
not by the greatness of numbers but by  
the greatness of results that victories are  
to be estimated.

It has been justly said that a navy is  
only a military organization, and that its  
victories constitute its renown; yet the  
services it has rendered to science and art  
are worthy to be written on the brightest  
page of its history.

If the wants of twenty millions of peo-  
ple can support a mercantile marine simi-  
lar to ours, what will the wants of one  
hundred require! Brilliant as have been  
the achievements of our navy in the past  
few years, we gaze into the obscurity of  
the future and predict far greater ones.

The best way to humble a proud  
man is not to take any notice of him.

## Artemus Ward Sees the Prince.

[Written for The Alleghanlian by ALBIA.]

Artemus Ward, the showman—the  
man of many experiences and unlimited  
humor—has seen the Prince. The in-  
terview between these distinguished per-  
sons is supposed to have taken place at  
Serina, and A. Ward tells his story as fol-  
lows:

He handed me a cigar & we sat down  
on the Pizarro & commenced smoking, rite  
cheerful.

"Well," sez I, "Albert Edward, how's  
the old folks?"

"Her Majesty & the Prince are aw-  
well," he sez.

"Duz the old man talk his logger reg-  
lar?" I inquired.

The Prince larfed and intimated that  
the old man didnt talk menny kegz or that  
bevrige spile in the cellar in the course of  
a year. We sot & tawked there sum  
thyme about matters & thing & bimby I  
axed him how he liked bein a Prince as  
far as heed got.

"Ta speke plain, Mr. Ward," he sez,  
"I dont much like it. I'm siker all  
this bowing & serpin & krawlin & bur-  
rain over a boy like me. I wud rather  
go thru the kinty quick & enjoy mi-  
self in mi own wa, with the other boys, &  
not be made the show as to be gazed at  
by everybody. When the peple cheer me  
I feel pized, for I no they mean it, but  
if these horse off-shals eood no how I  
sees thru there narves & understand  
exactly what they ar after, & wud how I  
larfed at em in privet, thayd stop kissin  
mi hands & fawin over me as the now du.  
But no, Mister Ward, I kant help  
bein a Prince, & I must du awl I kin to  
plut mi self for the perzishion I must sum-  
time okupi."

"That's troo," sez I, "sikness and the  
doktors will kari the t'nece off I of these  
daz, sure's yer born."

The time hev'n arve for me to talk my  
deapoter, I roze up & sez: "Albert Ed-  
ward I must go, but previx to duin so, I  
will observe that you sot me. Yure a  
gud teller, Albert Edward, and the time  
agin Princes as a general thing, I must  
say I like the cut of your Gib. When  
you git to be King try and be as gud a  
man as yer muther has bin. Be just and  
be Jenerus, especially to shoman, who  
have allers bin abuzed sinse the daze of  
Noa, whu wuz the 1st man to go in the  
Manjerry bizness, & if the dulle paper  
or his tyne are to be bleved, Noa's kol-  
leshon or him wud bosses beto anythine  
ever seen sin, the Finak hold to doct's  
of his snikz was ahd of mine. Albert  
Edward, adoo!" I tuk his hand which  
he sluk warmly, and givin him a perpa-  
tual free puz to my sho, & also puzes to  
to talk hevan two the Quene and old Al-  
bert, I put on my hat and walkt awa.

"Mrs. Ward," I sez, "if you eood sea you  
huzband now, just as he proudly emergez  
from the presents of the fur King of  
England, yurd be eery how kuld him a  
Beest becauz he eum how tired I uite,  
and wud go to bed without taking off his  
huzband. You'd be sorry to deprive yure  
huzband of the priselias Doon or liberty  
my dear Betsy Jane!"

## A Sublime Idea.

[Written for The Alleghanlian by ALBIA.]

The closing passage of one of Professor  
Mitchell's recent lectures in New York on  
astronomy, after speaking of the unfath-  
omable distances which no telescope can  
penetrate, lying far beyond the system on  
which the earth revolves, and yet filled  
with independent systems of worlds of in-  
finite number, was as follows:

"Light traverses space at the rate of a  
million miles a minute, yet the light from  
the nearest star requires ten years to reach  
the earth, and Herschel's telescope reveal-  
ed stars 2,200 times further distant. The  
great telescope of Lord Ross pursued the  
creations of God still further into space,  
and having resolved the nebulae of the  
Milky Way into stars, discovered other  
systems of stars, beautiful diamond points  
glittering through the black darkness be-  
yond. When he beheld this amazing abyss  
—when he reflected upon the immense  
distance, enormous magnitude, and the  
countless millions of worlds that belonged  
to them, it seemed to him as though the  
wild dream of the German poet had been  
more than realized.

"God called man in his dream into the  
vestibule of heaven, saying, 'come hither  
and I will show thee the glory of my house,'  
and to his angels who stood around his  
throne he said, 'take him, strip him of his  
robes of flesh, cleanse him of his affections,  
put a new breath into his nostrils; but  
touch not his human heart—the heart that  
fears and hopes and trembles.' A moment  
and it was done, the man stood ready for  
his unknown voyage. Under guidance of  
a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pin-  
ions, they sped away from the battlements  
of heaven. Some time on the mighty an-  
gel's wings they fled through Sahara's  
darkness, a wilderness of death, until at  
length, from a distance not counted save  
in the arithmetic of Heaven, a light beam-  
ed upon them—a sleepy frame as seen thro'  
a hazy cloud. In a moment the blazing of  
the suns around—a moment the wheeling  
of planets; then came long eternities of  
twilight, then again on the right hand and  
on the left appeared more constellations.  
At last the man sank down, crying, 'An-  
gel, I can go no further; let me lie down  
in the grave, and hide myself from the in-  
finite of the universe, for en I there is  
none.' 'End there is none,' returned the  
Angel, and from the glittering stars that  
shone around, there came a choral shout,  
'End there is none! end there is none!'"

## REMINDER OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.

When kind friends become scarce, when  
the voices dear to our memory must never  
more sound in our ears, when the wind  
sighs through the grass waving o'er those  
we loved best, then, indeed, our affections  
travel onwards, and die to this world, that  
they may follow those that have gone so  
long before that they seem now like the  
images in a long-remembered dream.

## SICK HEADACHE.

It is stated that two  
spoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, tak-  
en in half a tumbler of water, will, in  
less than fifteen minutes, give relief to the  
sick headache, when caused, as in most  
cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on  
the stomach.

## REMEMBRANCE OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.

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