The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

TERMS: { $2.00 PER ANNUM. $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 2. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1860. NUMBER 11.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bean's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Bethel Station,	Joseph S Mardis,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Benjamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Cresson,	John J. Troxell,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg,	Mrs. H. M Cague,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Glen Connell,	Joseph Gill,	Chest.
Hemlock,	Wm. M Gough,	Washt'n.
Johnstown,	H. A. Boggs,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. W[illegible]nger,	Conem'gh.
Munster,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Newbing,	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Patterville,	Andrew J. Ferral	Susq'han.
Rodland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Snip Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Summit,	B. M'Colgan,	Washt'n.
Summerhill,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
Vanant,	Miss M. Gillespie	Washt'n.
Wilmore,	Andrew Beck,	S'mmerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. Harmison, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ 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.

Protestant Episcopal Church—Rev. J. Shane, Rector in charge. Rev J. M. Smith, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 11 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.

Welsh 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.

Christian Methodist—Rev. John Williams, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at half 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	12	o'clock,	A. M.
Western, " at	10	"	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 Thursday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 P. M.

☞ The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., 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 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,	"	6.03 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts.—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easly, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary.—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder.—Michael Hasson.

Orphans' Register and Recorder.—John Scanlon.

Sheriff.—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff.—William Linton.

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. F. Lytle.

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 Rosemaker.

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.

POETRY.

"The Quakers Are Out."

[At a Republican meeting in Georgetown, Mass., soon after the late election in this State, the following song, written by John G. Whittier, was read:]

Not vainly we waited and counted the hours,
The buds of our hope have burst out into flowers.

No room for misgiving—no loop-hole of doubt,
We've heard from the Keystone—the Quakers are out!

The plot has exploded—we've found out the trick;
The bribe goes a-begging; the fusion won't stick.

When the Wide-Awake lanterns are shining about,
The rogues stay at home, and the true men come out!

The good State has broken the cords for her span;
Her oil-springs and water won't fuse into one:
The Dog-human has seconded with Freedom his knout;
And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out!

Give the flags to the winds—set the hills all aflame:
Make way for the man with the patriarch's name!

Away with misgivings—away with all doubt.
For Lincoln goes in when the Quakers come out!

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

I had heard it said that "all the world and his wife" were in London in 1851 to see the Crystal Palace: of course I was there, and, after spending most of my mornings in the wonderful structure, systematically examining, catalogue in hand, one thing at a time—I used to drive out every afternoon to the neighborhood of the beautiful and far-famed Richmond Hill, to Bellevue, the residence of a very estimable family, whose guest I was.

It was exceedingly pleasant to see how affectionately disposed the members of the family were to each other. It was therefore with some surprise, and, I must own, a little distrust, that I one day saw Mr. Morton, our host, chastise his son a mere lad, with what struck me as uncalled for severity, as his only fault had been playing a trick upon one of the servants. As the cane descended, poor Bob's voice ascended, but above all could be heard the father, as, stern for once in his life, he said: "I have punished you before for practicing jokes, and I am determined that they shall cease." After some more admonition of such kind, he rescued from his labor of love.

The family physician, who was spending the afternoon with the Mortons, also witnessed the caning, and no doubt, seeing astonishment depicted upon my face, referred to the subject a day or two afterward as we were driving to town together, assuring me that I would not wonder at Mr. Morton's horror of practical jokes if I knew the great family affliction which was brought about in the very house in which they were then living by one.

"Although it is a sad story," said he "I will relate the circumstances if you would like to hear them."

As I confessed my interest, and hoped that the narration would not be to painful, he began:

"You may have noticed that although you have been shown through the house, there is one room which is kept carefully locked, and no direct reference is made to it. It is said that at least once every year a goblin, or ghost, or whatever you might choose to call it, made its appearance there in shape more ghostly than the conventional sheet, in short, it assumed the form of a human skeleton.—Whatever foundation there may be for the story, the room went by the name of the 'haunted chamber,' and was not used, although the latter fact was probably owing to the reason that there was plenty of space beside in the house. Well, not many years ago, (in fact, the occurrence is within the remembrance of many persons,) the family residing in Bellevue consisted of an elderly couple and their three grown children, two boys and a girl ranging in age from sixteen to twenty. Nothing could exceed the attachment which existed between these two brothers and their sister. Although in a less degree, the same cordiality was extended to a somewhat older friend, named Lennox, between whom and the brothers a strong feeling of intimacy had sprung up while at college, a feeling which was cemented by vacation visits, and otherwise, to such an extent that in a couple of years the union of the families by the marraige of George Lennox and Lucy Morton was looked upon not only as a 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' but as an *esse in futuro*.

"Soon after leaving college, Lennox obtained an ensignecy in the Indian army, and after an affectionate parting, left England to join his regiment and accompany it in its short and disastrous campaign in Affghanistan. After the war, during which he was twice wounded, he wrote home to say that he applied for leave of absence, and that on his return, which would be in a few weeks, or probably in less time, he would claim Lucy for a bride, she having by this time attained the age which the parents thought suitable. The whole household was delighted both at George's safety and at his soon expected return, and perhaps, though less demonstrative, none felt more intense though calmer joy than Lucy, whose heart as well as prayers had followed George through all his perils.

"It is unnecessary to describe the meeting when George, somewhat tanned and formidably mustachioed, returned from his campaign. Lucy, the dear girl, began her preparations for the wedding, and George meanwhile took up his abode at Bellevue, as did also some other young friends of the family.

"With books, chess, fencing and more athletic sports, several days were spent most happily, till unfortunately one morning the conversation happened to turn on courage, and, in the course of the argument, one of the visitors, named Forbes, addressing George, said, with some appearance of warmth, that there were situations, as for instance where supernatural sights and sounds were supposed, in which no man on earth could retain courage and coolness. Now, both these qualities George was known to possess to an eminent degree; indeed, on one occasion he had, single-handed, saved the regimental colors when in imminent danger of being captured; he smiled, therefore, as he said that never having had the pleasure of meeting a ghost, he could not declare what he *had* done on the occasion; but, as he did not believe that disembodied spirits walk the earth, he had no doubt he would act upon the belief that some imposture was being practiced upon him, and would treat the ghost as he believed the appearance really was in most if not in all cases a person in disguise. Forbes then, with some eagerness, asked him if he would pass a night in the haunted chamber; George replied that undoubtedly he would, and moreover that he would take a pistol on watch with him, and try the effect of a bullet on the phantom.

"Forbes told Stephen Morton of George's resolution, and asked his assistance in a project which he had in view. Morton replied that as far as tradition went, any one might sleep in the haunted chamber with impunity, except on a certain night in November; but Forbes said his scheme was to disguise some person as the skeleton, and for this purpose he thought Stephen was well qualified, as he was tall and thin. Stephen had no objection in the world to play ghost, but said he had several reasons for not wishing to be a target for George, who was a deadshot—one of his objections being based on the decided unwholesomeness of lead when violently introduced into the system. But Forbes quieted his fears by declaring that of course the experiment should not be tried unless he could, unknown to George, extract the bullet from his pistol. It was therefore decided that Morton should be dressed in thin black tights, which their amateur theatrical wardrobe would provide and should have the ribs and all the bones chalked or painted on this black surface, trusting to the dim light afforded by one candle and also to the trepidation which it was premised George would experience to hide the imposture.

"Poor Morton was delighted, and was very much in favor of making a terrific speech, beginning with 'unhappy mortal,' or something to the same effect, and making his appearance in a flash of lightning or at least of lycopodium. Forbes, however, declaimed strongly against the likelihood of a skeleton speaking, for, as he so forcibly put it, 'where would he keep his wind?' and thought it would be much more dignified for the phantom, after he was discovered, merely to move forward slowly, receive the supposed shot from George, and if the latter neither yelled, ran away nor fainted—and one of these contingencies Forbes thought likely—the imposition was to be acknowledged, those on the look-out at the door would enter, and they would all enjoy a hearty laugh at their want of success.

"Of course, as it was likely that a pistol would be fired in the house at or about midnight, it was necessary that all the family should know as much about the affair as George did, namely, that he had received and accepted a challenge to pass a night in the haunted chamber, the young men having been let into the whole secret. The manner in which George's resolution was commented upon was characteristic: the father, who was a disbeliever in ghosts, said 'nonsense,' in a decided manner; the mother, more doubtful, said, 'I hope no harm will come of it;' while Lucy, who was startled at the proposal, seemed anxious; her English common sense, which told her that ghosts could not, or rather do not appear, struggling in her mind with tradition, which vouched for so many appearances of them; and, as upon retiring, she bade George 'good-night,' perhaps she had a presentiment of evil, for her voice faltered, while she added with a forced smile, 'I also will keep watch in my room, to hear the first news; take good care of yourself.'

"And now, George having selected one of a pair of pistols which Forbes had hunted up for the occasion, loaded it, at the same time dropping a hint or two about his skill with the weapon, and having again declared his intention to fire at any unusual object, he wished them 'unpleasant dreams' laughingly, and closing the only door of the haunted room after him, he reconnoitered by looking under the bed and out of the window, which is at some distance from the ground, and then, to the dismay of the outsiders, who in their stocking-feet listened to the whispered report of one of their number, who was stationed at the key-hole, he placed his chair against the door and sat down there, effectually barring all entrance, without his knowledge, to anything bodily.

"The stocking footed council was in consternation. Some of the members had already suggested giving it up as a bad job, and the only medical student in the party passed to handling the brush, although the skeleton had by no means his full complement of bones; but after some consideration, a ladder was proposed in connection with the window; the idea was approved of, and two of the party footed and carried for the gardener's ladder, which was silently raised against the window. By this time Morton had his bones anatomically depicted on his exterior, and all that remained was to wait until George dozed.

"As George had resolved to keep awake at least till midnight, he had taken a book; but as the hour approached, he laid the book aside and handled the pistol.—Presently he put that down, and began to consider the evidence corroborating the appearance of the spirits. He could not deny that there was a strong testimony in favor of the theory; but the thought that if a phantom had power to injure him, such a course would be contrary to justice, reassured him. Yet the stillness and a vague feeling of apprehension were depressing, and it was with a feeling of relief that he heard the drawing-room clock strike twelve. 'Now, then,' thought he, 'for something;' but as the 'watching hour' passed by and nothing appeared, his only feeling was one of vexation that he should have volunteered to lose his rest, although it was some consolation to know that Lucy had promised to keep awake. This led him to another series of thoughts and to castle-building, until the welcome sight of George nodding was presented to the strained eyes, or rather eye of the watcher, who immediately communicated the intelligence to the plotters, most of whom were by this time asleep in the most comfortable positions which the chair, the staircase and the floor admitted of. After several starts and ineffectual attempts to keep awake, George let his head drop upon the table.

"The time for action having come, the skeleton climbed the ladder rather anxiously, crept in at the window, and cautiously approaching the table, substituted for the pistol lying upon it the other one of the pair, and which, of course, was minus a bullet. Having concealed the loaded pistol, and taken his position, all that remained was for George to be awakened. As Morton was considering about some ghostly means of doing this, he was saved the trouble by the dog which had followed him to the foot of the ladder, and which, becoming impatient at his absence, began to bark. At the first sound George started, saw the figure, passed his hands before his eyes, and making the object out more distinctly, he seized the pistol and started up, with the challenge: 'Who is there?' Although Morton was itching to make a speech, he remained silent, while George, speaking somewhat hurriedly, said: "If you are human, I advise you to throw aside your disguise, for I will certainly fire at you; if not of this world, why, I'll have a shot at you at any rate!" Receiving no answer, he steadily took aim, saying, 'I will fire at the word "three," and I never miss my aim. One—two—three!' The pistol went off harmlessly, of course, but with a result upon George entirely unlooked for; being sure of his aim, he could not account for the figure being not only unhurt, but now even approaching him steadily; his feelings seemed wrought up to a frenzy, and almost as quick as thought he thrust his hand into the breast of his coat, drew out a small pocket pistol, the existence of which no one had dreamed of, and before a word of warning could be spoken, he had fired it full at Morton, who fell dead at his feet!

"Meanwhile the outsiders impatiently awaited the *denouement*; they had heard George speak and then fire, and while they were hesitating about entering, they heard the second report, and their hearts sunk at the sound; they rushed in and found their worst fears realized. As they raised the body, one of them said: 'Poor Stephen!' 'Merciful God!' exclaimed George, 'my friend—*her* brother!' But I cannot describe the heart-rending scene—perhaps you can picture it to yourself."

As my informant ceased at this point, I asked: "But what became of the other actors?"

"Forbes and Lennox," said he, "gave themselves up at once to the proper authorities; of course nothing could be done to them, although the former frantically declared that, having been the instigator of the plot, he must suffer or he would go mad; and sure enough, he died in an insane asylum, after being tormented for several months by imaginary skeletons.—The medical student is now the family physician. Lennox, of course, returned no more to the house; his leave of absence soon expiring, he rejoined his regiment, almost reckless of life, which he lost in a tiger-hunt. Poor Lucy pined away and died of a broken heart—if ever there was an instance of the malady.

"Our host thus lost two friends, a brother and a sister. Do you wonder at his antipathy for practical jokes?"

A Rough Description of Minnesota.—An attorney in Minnesota, who had received from another State an account for collection, after acknowledging the receipt of the letter of instructions, replied as follows:

"Now, I am perfectly astonished at you for sending a claim out here for collection in these times. You might as well cast your net into the lake of fire and brimstone, expecting to catch a sunfish, or into the celebrated Stygian pool to catch pickled trout, as to try to collect money here. Here! I have a faint recollection of having seen it when I was a small boy. I believe it was given to me by my uncle to buy candy with. (The candy I do remember.) But it has been so long since I have seen any that I almost forget whether gold is made of corn or mustard, or silver of white onions or fish scales. Why, sir, we live without money; you're behind the times. It is a relic of barbarism—of ages past. We live by eating, sir—we do. Hoss, man, the millenium is coming, the year of jubilee has come, and all debts are paid here as much as they will be, unless you take 'projuce.' The word 'money' is not in our vocabulary; in the latest Webster (revised for this meridian) it is marked 'obsolete,' formerly a coin representing money, and used as a medium of commerce. A few small pieces can be seen in our Historical Society's collection, where they are exhibited as curiosities, along with the skeleton of the 'mastodon,' Noah's old boots, and Adam's apple."

Anoxy Rats.—A pair of rats happily situated and undisturbed, will, in three years, have increased to 656,808; calculating that ten rats eat as much in a day as a man, the consumption of these rats would be equal to that of 65,680 men the year round, and leave eight rats in the year to spare. The rat multiplying at that tremendous rate, it is about as well that this little thieving animal is put to a useful purpose; what more so than having his coat nicely dressed to adorn and set off the delicate hands of the Ladies? Our ladies would at the sight of a rat, or even the mention of a mouse, scream with terror, yet they have a daily companion in the skin of a rat gracing and incasing their delicate hands, at the same time exclaiming, "I like the odor," or "such a duck of a glove," etc. How useful are these little animals, then!

☞ "Patrick," said the priest, "the widow Malony tells me you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed and ate it, your honor."

"Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your riverence?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, thin, I'll say—Mrs. Malony, there's yer pig."

Read Aloud.

Reading aloud is one of those exercises which combines mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. It is an accomplishment which may be cultivated alone—perhaps better than under a teacher—for then a naturalness of intonation will be required from instinct rather than art; the most that is required being that the person practicing should make an effort to command the mind of the author, the sense of the subject.

To read aloud well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should hear his own voice, and feel within him that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding which modulates the voice to the number and distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to tell whether he indistinctly heard by the farthest auditor in the room; if he is not it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

Reading aloud helps to develope the lungs just as singing does if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of a long breath every once in a while oftener and deeper than of reading without enunciating. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practise.

Common consumption begins uniformly with imperfect, insufficient breathing; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts that short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspirations, is curative to the extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment by reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will show itself. This reading aloud developes a weak voice, and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency, also in making the tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and hem, and clear away, to the confusion of himself as much as that of the subject.

This loud reading, when properly done has a great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that all muscles are strengthened by exercise, those of the voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence, in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it forever. The general plan, in appropriate cases, is to read aloud in a conversational tone, thrice a day for a minute or two, or three, at a time, increasing a minute every other day, until half an hour is thus spent at a time, thrice a day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result.

As a means, then, of averting consumption, of being universal and entertaining in any company, as a means of showing the quality of the mind, but reading aloud should be considered an accomplishment far more indispensible than that of smattering French, lisping Italian, growling Dutch, or dancing cotillions, gallopades, polkas, and quadrilles.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A Good One.—At the Democratic powwow at Monmouth, Ill., the other day, a large transparency was paraded, upon which was painted the figure of a white man hugging a fat negro wench, and the words, "The stronghold of Republicanism." When it was brought near the speaker's stand, an old lady looking up with interest at the picture, exclaimed in seeming earnest and loud enough for all to hear, "Why, la, me!—Douglas has found his mother!" This exclamation stirred up such a hubbub, that the thing was carried off in a hurry.

☞ The Prose Contributor of *Vanity Fair* has gone and fell in love with a six feet beauty—a real Venus of Milo—and finds it hard work to make the poetry come. But he has originalled the following:

"I cocked my hat athwart my head,
I leaned my cane against the wall:
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved a Tall.

☞ True religion consists not in a nice orthodoxy, but in sincere love of truth; in a hearty approbation of, and compliance with the doctrines fundamentally good; not in vain flourishes of outward performance, but in an inward good complexion of mind; not in a furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscientious practicing of the substantial parts of religion.