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, DECEMBER 27, 1860. NUMBER 19.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bear's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Bethel Station,	Joseph S Mardis,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Benjamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Cross Springs,	Danl. Litzinger,	Chest.
Cresson,	John J. Troxell,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg,	Mrs. H. M'Cague,	Ebensburg.
Elton Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	Wm. M'Gough,	Washt'n.
Johnstown,	H. A. Boggs,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wissinger,	Conemgh.
Munster,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Pershing,	Francis Clement,	Conemgh.
Pattisville,	Andrew J. Ferral	Susq han.
Rossland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St Augustine,	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Salt Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Sankes,	B. M'Colgan,	Washt'n.
Summerhill,	Wm. Murray,	Coyle.
Summit,	Miss M. Gillespie	Washt'n.
Wilmore,	Andrew Beck,	S'mmerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. Harrison, 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.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. Shane, Pastor in charge. Rev J. M. Smith, Assistant. 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.

Church 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-past 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. Brown, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Primitive 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 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 9 A. 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	9.37	A. M.
" Fast Line "	10.09	P. M.
" Mail Train, "	3.16	P. M.
East—Express Train, "	8.10	P. M.
" Fast Line, "	6.29	A. M.
" Mail Train, "	10.01	A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary.—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder.—Edward F. Lytle

Deputy Register and Recorder.—John Scanlon.

Sheriff.—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff.—William Linton.

District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners.—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Morgan, James Cooper.

Clerk to Commissioners.—Robert A. M'Coy

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.—H. C. Devine.

Auditors.—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, John S. Rhey.

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 Rinkead.

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.

Holiday Poetry.

Christmas Times.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The chibiren were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap:
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky.
So up to the house-top the couriers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry:
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings: then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle:
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Holiday Sketch.

Christmas.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

Old Song.

Nothing exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps, with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more homebred, social and joyous than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion.

Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again the bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementoes of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, earth with it mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short and gloomy days, and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the wells of loving-kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without, makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? and, as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look around upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open the door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm, generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor-houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned beneath the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly—the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passers to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs.—It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly less characteristic surface.—Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris sack of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lusthood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation, and loss of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader but a shallower stream; and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities—its home-bred feelings—its honest fireside delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred, the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies.

How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns everything to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, "telling the night watches to his feathery dames," was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike;
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit; as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land—though for me no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold—yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and everlasting benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.—*Washington Irving.*

Swallowed a Hole.—The other day our Charley, five years old, found one of those curious bone-rimmed circles which, I believe, ladies have named eyelets, and while playing in the garden he swallowed it. The family were in the house busily engaged with a work on entomology, when Charley ran in with mouth wide open and eyes distended to their utmost capacity. His mother caught him by the arm, and trembling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired:

"What's the matter? What has happened?"

The urchin, all agape, managed to articulate:

"Water!"

It was brought; when, after drinking copiously, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I swallowed a hole!"

"Swallowed a hole, Charley?"

"Yes, mother, I swallowed a hole with a piece of ivory around it!"

☞ An attorney, on being called to an account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all that the man had. He was, thereupon, honorably acquitted.

New Year's Day.

This day Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again;
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpaired machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The Old Year.

How shall we tell the old year is going? By the lines upon our brows, or the weight upon our hearts? By the mere passing of moments, hours, days, weeks, and months, or the shadows that the dial of death has thrown over our household loves?

What is the year just fleeting from our sight? A ship freighted for a distant shore! An angel crossing from star to star! A sand falling from the hour-glass of the universe! A thought dropped from the treasury of heaven! A single note struck on the mighty harp of nature—its echoes never-ending.

What has the old year seen? A question only to be fully answered by Him who keepeth the records of eternity. A thrilling question—a fearful answer. It has seen hearts broken, youth withered, hopes crushed, wrong triumphant. It has looked, in clear, starry nights, through frost-bound windows, upon pale women struggling with cold and weariness, that innocent children might have a morsel of food. It has gazed through jail bars in the moonlight, and beheld the prisoner wrestling in his dreams with the bloody phanton of his murdered victim. It has stood by the gallows, bent over the dying babe, sighed with the parting of the bride moaned over sinking wrecks, watched where orphans knelt and called upon their loved and lost.

It has counted, through its noiseless hours, the feeble pulses of the dying statesman, whose loss has cast a deep shadow over the length and breadth of the land. It has beheld princes and queens mourn for their glorious dead. Yet has it noted the humble grief that followed the tiny coffin from a lowly cottage, with brow serene, as that which, under costly trappings, with its gilding shrouded in crape, moved in long procession to the beating of a million hearts.

It has also seen the crown of roses unwithered on the brow of beauty, and the light grown purer in holy eyes of blue.—It has taken note of many a "good deed" in this "naughty world." Fair forms threading through narrow streets, and jewelled fingers holding up the cup of cold water to the fevered lips of the poor man. It has known hearts under silken vestments that have throbbed and warmed to the story of the hapless unfortunate.

And now it is going, with its well-filled record, to lay before the throne of the Eternal.

Peace to thee, Old Year—and welcome *New*. May we make fresh gardens in our hearts at thy coming—sowing the good seed that drops from between thy leaves, that at the close of thy pilgrimage thou mayest bind up many sheaves of good deeds, and garner them, unhindered by tares, in the granery of the eternal world.

A Remarkable Year.

Regarding the present year now closing with an eye to its celestial and atmospheric, as well as its planetary phenomena, it has been a remarkable one, and might well create in the mind of a Millerite an irretragible conviction that he had at last the date for a final prophecy. Thunder and lightning storms have been more violent and disastrous than usual. Tornadoes unprecedented in fury, have ravaged every part of the country. Our western frontiers have been parched and blighted by burning simoons. While one section is reaping a bountiful harvest, another views its crops cut off by the lack of vivifying showers. Terrible storms or gales have swept our inland waters and sea-board.—Freshets and inundations have ravaged the country in various quarters. Meteors of unusual size and splendor have burst in upper air. Comets have brandished their fiery tresses. The Aurora has flaunted its banners of crimson and pearl in the northern heavens with unusual brilliancy. We have had rain storms and lightning, hail storms, a gale of wind, sunshine, and a variation of twenty degrees by the thermometer in a single day. The predictions of the weatherwise have been falsified; the astronomer has been dumb founded, and the almanac is at fault. Is there not here a magnificent field for the man of science? Who shall explain these things, trace out the secret agencies at work, and show the cause of the phenomena of 1860.—*Chicago Journal.*

☞ Subscribe for The Alleghanian.

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago, there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the country around the mountains of the moon.—In 1769 the "Hunter of Kentuck," the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina, to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio, did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago, the great Frederic of Prussia was performing those exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single handed contest with Russia, Austria and France—the three great powers combined. A hundred years ago, Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a young and modest Virginia colonel; and the great events in the history of the two worlds, in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely forshadowed.

A hundred years ago, the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire; and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter, established the great Republic of the world. A hundred years ago, there were but four newspapers in America—steam engines had not been imagined and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century which has passed, has been allotted more important events, in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

Getting the Better in Manners.

The most characteristic instance of carrying politeness to an extreme came off, not long since, at a Hibernian ball. As related to us by one of the sons of Erin, who keenly appreciates a good thing, it seems that one gay Lothario, in crossing the room to request Bridget's hand in the next reel, stumbled over the outstretched foot of Mr. Terence O'Grady, who promptly arose, and in the politest manner said:

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"No offence, no offence, sir, at all," responded the other; "it was my fault."

"I beg yer pardon, sir, it was intirely my fault," was the response, accompanied with a graceful bend of the body and wave of the hand.

"No, sir," answered Misther O'Toole, "yer intirely in the wrong, sir; I tell ye it was altogether my fault."

"I tell ye it was not, sir," responded Misther O'Grady,; "do ye mane to say I'd be telling a lie, sir?"

"Bad luck to ye, sir, do ye mane to say I'd be afther telling ye a lie, sir, whin I tell ye it wasn't yer fault?" responded O'Toole, quite wroth.

"Bad cess to yer bad brading, ye ignorant polthroon! d'ye think ye'd be getting the better av me in manners?" shouted Misther O'Grady, as with a tip and a blow he laid the unfortunate O'Toole as flat as a pancake. The latter rallied, and a rough and tumble ensued, which ended in the expulsion of both jintlemen from the ball-room.

Let us be Joyful.—A little mirth mixes well and profitably with business and philanthrophy. How stupid life would be, both in labor and in leisure, without that gaiety within us which responds to the cheerfulness and beauty around us. Nay! its main currents run all the deeper, as well as fresher and purer, for the light trills of joyousness that laughing and flashing, flow into them.—The rivers would stagnate into pools if the rivulets ceased to play. Philosophers and men of business save their souls alive, and keep their intellects fresh and healthy, by mingling their mirthfulness of youth with the soberness of age; and even fun and philanthropy are often found in the same character.

☞ A traveling agent, passing a farm, saw a boy at work in a corn-field, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he addressed the youth:

"My son, whose farm is this?"

"Dad's," was the laconic reply.

"Does your father raise any stock?"

"Ees, lots av 'em."

"What kind?" continued the stranger.

"Corn stocks, mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to hoe another hill of the article.

Stranger mused