

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, MAY 16, 1861.

NUMBER 39.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Beck's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Beck's Station,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Benjamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Cross Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Crosson,	John J. Troxell,	Washing'tn.
Ebensburg,	Mrs. H. McCague,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	Wm. M'Gough,	Wash'tn.
Johnstown,	H. A. Boyce,	Johnst'n.
Loretto,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wisinger,	Conem'gh.
Monaster,	A. Durbin,	Monaster.
Peaching,	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Pittsfield,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.
Roseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Suman,	B. M'Colgan,	Wash'tn.
Summerhill,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
Summit,	Miss M. Gillespie,	Wash'tn.
Wilmore,	Andrew Beck,	S'mmerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SHANN, Preacher in charge. Rev. E. H. BAIRD, 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.

Wich 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.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 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.

Baptist—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptist—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MIRENELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, noon.
Western, " at 12 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 4 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 4 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongtown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

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

The mails from Newnan'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 9.08 A. M.
Mail Train " 8.17 P. M.
East-Express Train " 7.50 P. M.
Fast Line " 12.35 P. M.
Mail Train " 6.23 A. M.

[The Fast Line West does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Abel Lloyd, Storm, James Cooper.

Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. M'Coy.

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

Four House Directors—David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire, Jacob Hoyer.

Four House Treasurers—George C. K. Zahn.

Four House Stewards—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.

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

County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Superintendent of Common Schools—T. A. Aguirre.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.

Assessors—David J. Evans.

Town Council—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel O. Evans.

Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.

Weigh Master—William Davis.

School Directors—William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, Hugh Jones, David J. Jones.

Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.

Constable—George W. Brown.

Tax Collector—George Gurley.

Judge of Election—Mehach Thomas.

Inspector—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

THE ALLEGHANIAN—\$1.50 in advance.

National Poetry.

Our Capital.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

Guard well our country's Capital,
O freemen, staunch and true!
Look on our starry banner folds,
The red, the white, the blue—
Colors our patriot fathers, brave,
Dying, bequeathed to you.

To trample on that holy flag,
Creeps Treason from her lair;
Ye eagle-hearted of the North,
Say, shall a traitor dare
Enter within your Capital,
And desecrate it there?

No! father, leave thy little ones;
And, brother, haste away;
Young bridegroom, from the altar speed;
Fond lover, do not stay;
Go, youth, and on the battle-field
Honor thy grandsire gray.

Mother and wife will say "God speed!"
The sister's tears scarce flow,
Maiden and bride will hush their sighs,
And bid their loved ones go,
And nerve each hand that for our land
Would strike one saving blow.

Oh, joy! a morning fair succeeds
The night that tarried long,
And in each Northern heart, at last,
Hath right o'er-mastered wrong,
And millions shout for Liberty,
And Freedom's hope is strong.

Back, traitors, from our Capital!
On every step shall be
A stone to build your monument
Of endless infamy;
A whole world scorns the men who strike
A blow for Slavery.

Aye, watch around our Capital,
Till traitors back recoil;
Stand firmly, till her hosts are spent
With famine and with toil,
Or lay them low, as Freedom's foes,
In battle's fierce turmoil.

Oh, Liberty yet hopes and strives,
And will forevermore,
Till brightly glows her holy light
From happy shore to shore—
And still, to battle in her cause,
The North her hosts will pour.

Johnstown, Pa., May, 1861.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

"Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?" and the speaker, a tall, muscular, well-looking young farmer, reddened to the roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act, instead of simply asking a question.

He was bashful, extremely so, was Josiah Hawley—at least in the presence of young ladies—most of all in the presence of the girl he loved. No young farmer in all the country possessed a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his compeers of stock and crops, and on kindred subjects. But the glimpse of some pretty face or foot coming in his direction, affected him like a flash of lightning. On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands or eyes, and always felt like screwing himself into a mouse hole. How he ever contrived to approach Hester Thomas on the subject of his preference for her probably remains as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

But the young lady had quite an amount of tact and cleverness stowed away somewhere in her pretty little head, albeit it was set on the dimpled, inexperienced shoulders of seventeen. Josiah was worth, in a worldly way, much more than any of her suitors; good looking and intelligent enough to satisfy any one but an over-fidious person; unexceptional, in short, barring his excessive bashfulness, which was a fruitful source of merriment to the young people in their circle. And so when Josiah, in his awkward, blundering way, began to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as waiting on her to and from singing school, constituting himself her especial escort when she rode to church on horseback, to the solitary church in the woods, and singling her out at quilting parties. Hetty took it all in the easiest, pleasantest manner possible. The girls laughed, and the young men cracked sly jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but Hetty stood up for him very independently—encouraged him out of his shyness—never noticed any unfortunate blunder—and very likely helped him along considerably when he reached the "culminating point" one moonlight autumn evening, as they were walking home together from prayer meeting.

That was a week ago. Hetty had said

"yes," and agreed to "bring father and mother round on the subject." Josiah had not been to the house since—likely feeling very much like a dog venturing upon the premises of a person whose sheepfold had just been plundered. As yet neither had the courage to speak to the "reigning powers" on the subject, and Hetty, feeling as if she wished to put the ordeal off as long as possible, at any rate to have one more confidential talk with him on the subject, said—

"Mother is going over to aunt Ruth's to spend the evening, and wants me to go, but I guess I won't. I've been working on father's shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work, and I'm as tired as can be; so I guess she will have to go without me. Don't come till eight o'clock. I shall be through putting things to rights then, and will let you in."

Of course Josiah was not too obtuse to understand that, and so far forgot his bashfulness as to petition for a good-bye kiss, which was peremptorily refused, of course.

"No, I shan't. Do take yourself off—Think I didn't see you fidgetting around Sarah Jones at Deacon Banger's, yesterday evening? I have not forgotten that, sir!"

"Now, Hetty—"

But the appeal was broken off by a taunting little laugh; and as he sprang forward to take a pleasant revenge on his tormentress, she slipped away and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch; and then he turned from the gate and hurried homeward.

The tea things had been carried out, the table set back against the wall, the crumbs brushed from the clean homemade carpet, and Hetty's work-stand drawn up in front of the blazing fire. A beautifully piled plate of great red apples, and a plate of cracked walnuts were on it, in close proximity to Hetty's work basket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas, fat and fair, and at peace with all the world, rocking and knitting, and refreshing herself at sundry intervals with a bite from a half eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table, and touching every now and then, in a caressing manner with her foot, a sleek, lazy-looking cat that purred and winked on the rug before her. Hetty sat on the other side, sewing and busy thinking how she could tell her mother she expected a visitor.

She would have given the world to be able to say, in an off-hand manner, that she expected Mr. Hawley to drop in about eight. But she recollected, with a twinge of conscience, how she had tried to get the old lady to accompany her husband to aunt Ruth's, in spite of her warnings of a spell of neuralgia, and how she had pleaded headache as an excuse for not going herself. And she knew her mother was quite sharp enough to draw her own inference from these facts, and from her being dressed with unusual care to spend an evening at home.

"I shall not dare to tell now. She'll be sure to think I wished to get her out of the way so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I should never hear the last of it." And like a wise little puss she was silent.

I'll venture my word on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's enthrallment if you could have seen Hetty Thomas, as she sat by the fireside in that cold November night.

Under pretence of being ready to go to her uncle's, (a thing she had no idea of doing,) she had, just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate "fixing up." A neat fitting calico, with the store look still upon it, a fresh linen collar and a tasteful black silk apron—these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet, but she looked as sweet and dainty in her plain dress as if an hour had been spent in donning lace and jewels. Her rich hair, of the darkest tinge, fell in shining folds close to her warm red cheeks, and was caught up in a cunning knot behind.

Eight o'clock was past. Mrs. Thomas was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the opposite wall bobbing round in grotesque mimicry as she nodded to and fro—now crushing the voluminous white satin bows on her spruce cap against the back of the chair—now almost falling forward, and her fat hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth, and pass was busy converting it into Gordian knots.

And just then came a double rap at the door—so loud, sudden and self-assured, that Hetty started up with a little shriek, and set her foot on puss's tail, who in turn gave her voice to the amazement and displeasure.

The combined noise aroused Mrs. Thomas, and starting into an erect position, she rubbed her eyes, settled her cap border, and exclaimed—

"Bless my soul, Hetty, what was that?"

Somebody at the door? Who can be coming at this time of night?"

"It's not late, mother—only a little past eight. I'll go and see who it is," said Hetty, demurely taking the candle from the large table.

"No. You wind up my ball and sweep the hearth, while I go to the door," said the old lady, whose feet were struggling in the meshes of the unravelled yarn.—"Drat that cat!"

All this time Josiah was standing on one foot on the cold porch, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering if Hetty had fallen asleep, and every now and then giving the door a smart rap by way of variety.

In her hurry, Mrs. Thomas forgot to take the candle, and as she stepped out into the little entry, the sitting-room door slammed after her. She had her hand on the handle of the hall door at the moment, and opening it suddenly, found herself in the embrace of a stout pair of arms, a whiskered face in close proximity to her own, and before she could think about the strangeness of her situation she received a prolonged kiss—a hearty good smack—full upon her virtuous, sweet looking matron lips.

"O, murder! 'Taint Obadiah nether!" She had by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse, who must have come home in an unusually exalted condition thus to indulge in such unwonted expressions of affection.

"Get out! Get out, I say! Who are you, anyhow? Murder! thieves! Hetty, come here! Here's a man kissing me like a madman!"

But the intruder had by this time discovered his mistake, and it did not need the pummeling and scratching of the old lady's vigorous fists to cause him to relinquish his hold and fly as if pursued by some indignant ghost.

Hetty, nearly choking with smothered laughter in spite of her trepidation, now came to the rescue.

"I never was so frightened in all my life! Who could it be? Hetty, have you any idea?"

But the dutiful daughter was, to all appearance, innocent as a sucking dove.—She soothed the old lady by representing that it might have been one of the neighbors, who had mistaken the house and the housewife. She searched the entry for the missing spectacles, dropped in the scuffle, re-arranged the ruffled border, wound up the ruffled yarn, slipped up the fire—all in the most amiable manner possible—and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her mother subside into her chair with her accustomed tranquility.

Mrs. Thomas was fully awake now. She had a new idea in her head, and instead of settling herself for another nap, she pursued her train of thought and her knitting at the same time, and with wonderful rapidity. At length, stopping and looking keenly at Hetty, she said:

"I suppose it's a queer notion of mine, Hetty, but I've a notion that man was 'Siah Hawley'."

My! but if Hetty's face didn't fire up then! You might have lit a candle by it.

These incipient symptoms did not escape the wary inquirer.

"Pears so to me," she continued.—"Because those big whiskers were so much like his'n, and the awkward way he gripped me with his great paws."

Hetty was wonderful busy. She bent over her work, and drew her needle so quickly that the thread snapped, and then she was so much engaged in threading it again that she didn't have time to answer.

"I don't suppose that kiss was meant for me, after all. Wonder who it was intended for?—and wonder if you don't know something about it, Hetty?"

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, you, Hetty! You were mighty anxious to get pap and I off to Aunt Ruth's this evening, and I noticed that you weren't going. Petty, I am getting old—I know it; but I haven't lost my eyesight yet. I've heard something about this between you and 'Siah Hawley.—What are you playing possum for? Out with it, I say!"

Our little schemer, thus adjured, made a clean breast of the matter, much relieved that mother hadn't nuthin' agin him, and would give father a talk and bring him round.

"But, Hetty, I want you to tell 'Siah I'd rather he wouldn't make such a mistake again. I don't like the feel of his big whisker about my face, and I don't approve of promiscuous kissing."

And Hetty said she would.

'Siah never heard the last of that blunder. Old Squire Thomas used to delight in rehearsing the story whenever all the parties interested happened to be present. Of course, to Josiah's great discomfiture.

"Nerer mind, Siah," Mrs. Thomas

would say. "He'd been only too glad to have been in your place twenty years ago. He had hard work to get a kiss from me. And I hope it will be a lesson to you and Hetty against the impolicy of concealment and all such nonsense."

Moral—Don't attempt to carry on that little piece of matrimonial business of yours without telling the "old folks."

Counsel to Our Volunteers.

The New York Post gives the following hints to our volunteers as to how to prepare for the campaign. They should be heeded.

1. Remember that in a campaign more men die from sickness than by the bullet.
2. Line your blanket with one thickness of brown-drilling. This adds but four ounces in weight, and doubles the warmth.
3. Buy a small India rubber blanket (only \$1.50) to lay on the ground or to throw over your shoulders when on guard duty during a rain storm. Most of the Eastern troops are provided with these. Straw to lie on is not always to be had.
4. The best military hat in use is the light colored soft felt; the crown being sufficiently high to allow space for air over the brain. You can fasten it up as a continental in fair weather, or turn it down when it is wet or very sunny.
5. Let your beard grow, so as to protect the throat and lungs.
6. Keep your entire person clean; this prevents fevers and bowel complaints in warm climates. Wash your body each day, if possible. Avoid strong coffee and oily meat. General Scott said that the too free use of these, (together with neglect in keeping the skin clean) cost many a soldier his life in Mexico.
7. A sudden check of perspiration by chilly or night air often causes fever and death. When thus exposed do not forget your blanket.

THE ABSENT.—Of all the exercises of the unfettered mind, perhaps none is attended with a more benign influence than that of indulging in a kind remembrance of the absent.

Every loving word that fell from the lips of the absent is treasured with tenderness. Each kind act is recollected with affection. We look forward to meeting with unbounded happiness.

Have we parted in anger? Time softens us into indifference—at length into a quiet acknowledgment of past friendship. Have we parted in silent estrangement? This, too, wears away, and we must meet again to forget the past in future communions. Have we parted in grief? The sorrow is mutually borne, and tenderly consigned to the corner of our hearts devoted to the absent sharer.

Have we parted in love? No joy so great as the remembrance of it—no event so delightful or sacred as the re-union.

Absent, but not forgotten, is a sweet and touching memorial.

HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN FLAG.

Notwithstanding the number in use, few persons know how to make an American flag properly. The rule is as follows: The flag should be one-half longer than wide, viz: If six feet wide, nine feet long; if eight feet wide, twelve feet long. The stripes should be alternately red and white, seven red and six white, top and bottom both being red. The field should be blue, and extend over seven stripes, commencing at the top, four red and three white. The stars signifying the number of States should be white, arranged on the blue field in the shape of a five-pointed star.—We have seen many flags with thirty-four stars, which is not correct, as by act of Congress, the additional star is not added to the flag until the Fourth of July, succeeding the admission of a new State.

A secessionist named Dr. Loran, after preaching up treason, and making himself notoriously obnoxious to the patriotic citizens of Jefferson county, was waited upon by a committee of gentlemen, on last Thursday evening and requested to leave as his presence was disagreeable to the Union loving people of Brookville, and if he did not leave the next morning he would be tarred and feathered. He left in the stage the next morning for Clearfield.

THE NEW COMET.—The comet just discovered by M. Thatcher is said to be now plainly visible to the naked eye.—Star gazers will find it in the quadrangle of the "Dipper" in the Great Bear—a hazy star nearest the brightest of the four. It shows a tail three degrees long in the telescope. It moves rapidly from the northeast, and in a few days will be conspicuous as a flaming sword from the North advancing into Southwestern skies.

Another omen!

Plant Corn.

From the New York Tribune.

Treason has given birth to rebellion, and rebellion has broke out into open war.—Men have been taken by thousands from workshops, factories and mines. Some factories are doing nothing, because the whole force has quit work and joined the army. Mining is given up in various quarters from the same cause, and the diminished shipments of coal already indicate the extent to which labor has been diverted from its accustomed employment. The war must operate in precisely the same way on agriculture. Thousands of Northern farmers have already quit plowing for drilling, and thousands more will follow at the first call for more men. How long this war may continue, no man can say, because the outraged Nation has a long account, running over thirty years, which must be settled up before it is closed. We demand guarantees for the future quite as imperatively as the South and we intend to have them. But be it long or short, it will be long enough to make serious inroads on that great Northern staple, the corn crop, unless our farmers look to it in time. It has broken out in good season for them to put in more corn than they have ever done before. All north of Maryland are in good season for planting. We entreat our friends throughout this vast region to take heed and act.—Let them double their crop—it will all be wanted. Weeks ago the cry throughout the South was to plant less cotton and more corn. Let us not be caught napping—get in the crop anyhow, it will be sure to grow and may harvest in peace. In times of high excitement like this, the agricultural districts feel it as keenly as the cities, and quite as likely to neglect their farms as we are to leave our desks and workshops. Look at the condition of some portions of the South even now.—Illinois has saved some parts of Mississippi from starving, for they had raised all cotton and no corn. The whole rebel region is, in fact at this moment dependent on Northern granaries for food. Cut off their supplies, and they must perish or succumb.

Most happily the north is most bountifully supplied with food of all kinds.—But our flour, and grain, and beef and pork, are constantly leaving us, for Europe in large quantities. We shall probably this year export more food than in any similar period in our history. England alone wants every bushel of grain and every barrel of meat we can spare.—This drain must empty our granaries and warehouses, running up prices even higher than at present, and making the coming crops our sole dependence for the future. Every idle acre should therefore be planted, now, while time and opportunity permit it to be done. Every bushel of corn raised will be wanted. No one knows but half a million men may yet be needed to finish up this rebellion in a way to make the peace as lasting as we intend it shall be. The country has resolved that it will no longer have its industry blasted every few years, either by compromise or rebellion. Remember, friends we are fighting to preserve the Government itself. Compromise is dead, but rebellion is alive and rampant. We intend to crush it and preserve the Union, cost what it may. But in the mean time, while one army looks to its muskets, let the army of farmers look to its corn-fields. The South cannot plant either corn or cotton as aforesaid. Thousands who cultivated corn are already flying from their plantations. Every ship that reaches our harbors, every train that enters our depots, is crowded with fugitives abandoning everything to save their lives.—We have full evidence that the slaves in many places already hesitate to work as usual, and cannot be lashed into it with the old impunity. How many fields of grain that may be already planted will be trampled under foot of Northern armies, which a continuation of this unparalleled rebellion must compel us to march over in crushing it out? Bear in mind that more than forty forts, and mints, and arsenals, and custom-houses must be captured from the rebels, or surrendered at discretion. There is no mistaking the magnitude of the work to be done, but were it thrice as heavy it would be done nevertheless.

All this will require men—Northern men—men from the plow as well as from the workshop and the mine. Never have farmers been so imperatively called on to plant every possible acre within their power. The home market will pay them.—The South must be R. I. by the North another year, and if the political troubles in Europe should end in a general war, a demand must follow which will make our farmers rich. Be active, friends, while the season is before you! Double the size of your corn-fields—somebody will want all your crop.