The Alleghanian.

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

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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. Show, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. Long, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10½ 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.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. John Williams, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 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. W. 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, noon.
Western, " at 12 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. 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 8 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.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at 9.44 A. M.
" Fast Line " 10.09 P. M.
" Mail Train " 4.45 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8.25 P. M.
" Fast Line " 6.30 A. M.
" Mail Train " 10.34 A. M.

CRESSON STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at 9.22 A. M.
" Mail Train " 4.16 P. M.
East—Express Train " 8.53 P. M.
" Mail Train " 11.04 A. M.

[The Fast Lines do not stop.]

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Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.

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Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.

Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.

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Inspectors—J. D. Thomas. Robert Evans.

Judge of Election—John Lloyd.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay;
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glides the stream away;
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet, dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

THE PARSON'S LESSON.

The small parish at Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor.—The members were nearly all farmers, and they did not have much money to bestow upon the support of a clergyman, yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good.

In course of time it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the small church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson," said an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this it was answered, that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to some of the younger members, and also a source of good to all.

"I don't know about that. I've heard tell of a parson that could pray for rain, and have it come at any such time. Now, if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after urging a while longer, they agreed to hire Parson Surely, on the condition that he should give them rain whenever they wished for it, and on the other hand, that he would also give them fair weather when required. Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputized to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while the messengers went upon their errand.

When the Deacons returned Mr. Surely came with them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a bow he saluted the people there assembled.

"Well, my friends," he said, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, "I have heard your request to me, and strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposal, but I do it only on one condition, and that is, that your request for a change of weather must be unanimous."

This appeared very reasonable, since every member of the parish had a deep interest in the farming business, and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become the pastor, and that he should give the people rain when they wanted it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings, his wife was utterly astounded on learning the nature of the contract her husband had entered into, but the pastor smiled, and bade her wait in patience.

"But you know you cannot make it rain," persisted Mrs. Surely; "and you know, too, that the farmers here will be wanting rain very often when there is none for them. You will be disgraced, Mr. Surely."

"I will learn them a lesson," returned the pastor.

"Ay, that you cannot be as good as your word—and when you have learned it to them, they will turn you off."

"We shall see," was Mr. Surely's reply, and he quietly took up a book and commenced reading.

This was the signal for her to desist from further conversation on the subject, and she accordingly obeyed.

Time flew on and the hot days of midsummer were at hand. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drought. In this extremity the people bethought themselves of the promise of their pastor, and they hastened to him.

"Come," said Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering severely, "we want rain.—You remember your promise."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely. "If you will call a meeting of the parish, I will be with them this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and they hastened to call the flock together.

"Now, you'll see the hour of your disgrace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "Oh, I am so sorry that you ever undertook to deceive the parish so."

"I did not deceive them."

"Yes, you surely did."

"We shall see," added the pastor.

The hour of the meeting came around, and Parson Surely met his people at the church. They were all there, some anxious, the remainder curious.

"Now, my friends," said the pastor, rising upon the platform, "I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," bluntly spoke farmer Sharp, "and you know you promised to give it to us."

"Ay—rain—rain," repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well. Now when do you want to have it?"

"To-night. Let it rain all night long," said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"No, no, not to-night," cried deacon Smith. "I have six or seven tons of well made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything."

"So have I hay out in the field," added Mr. Peck. "We won't have rain to-night."

"Then let it be to-morrow."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith.

Thus the objections came up the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days.

"For," said he, "by that time all the hay which is now cut can be got in, and we need not cut any———"

"Stop, stop," uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband by the sleeve. "That is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. It mus'nt rain then."

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week, and then sat down.

But this would not do. "If we can't have rain before then, we'd better have none at all," said they.

In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds on this point," said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the church.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in, but on the very day Mr. Sharp was to have started for Snowhill it began to rain in good earnest. Mr. Sharp lost his visit, but he met his disappointment with good grace, for his crops smiled at the rain.

Ere another month had passed by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but with the same result as before. Many of the people had their muck to dig, and rain would prevent them. Some wanted it immediately—some in one, some in two, and some in three days; while other parishioners wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had no occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and up to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was, that they began to open their eyes to the fact, that this world would be a strange place if mortals should govern it.

On the last Sabbath in the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break up his connection with the parish, but the people would not listen to it. They had become attached to him and the meeting, and they wished him to stay.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Mr. Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social, contented and happy."

"And," added the pastor, while a tear of pride stood in his eye, as he looked for an instant into the face of his now happy wife, "all things above our proper spheres we will leave with God, for *He doeth all things well*."

Why Washington Irving never Married.

Much mystery has attached to the celibacy of Washington Irving. While upon every other point or peculiarity of the great writer's character and career his familiar friends have taken pains to inform the wide circle of his admirers, an aggravating reticence has always met the questionings of those who were curious as to why matrimony made no part of his experience. There were occasional and very vague references made to a "lang syne" love so dimly distant in the past as to have the air of tradition—and the manner of mentioning which made Irving appear the model of constancy, if not the hero of romance. But the circumstance of his bachelorhood remained a simple, patent, unexplained fact; the theme of many wonderings, the warp and woof of many imaginings—nay more, the superstructure of a thousand sweet sympathies outgushing from other hearts whose loves had not been lost but gone before. It is doubtful if a secret of the sort—all things considered—was ever before so carefully and completely kept. For once the impertinent were held at bay, the prying were baulked, and the sympathetic, even discouraged. The set time for its disclosure had not come, and surely, when his intimates and relatives were debarred from the remotest reference to the subject in the hallowed home circle of the literary bachelor, it was but proper that the truth should burst forth upon the world, if at all, in Irving's own selected time and his own pathetic language.

It was while engaged in writing his "History of New York," that Irving, then a young man of twenty-six, was called to mourn the somewhat sudden death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to call his wife. This young lady was the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and the sister of those two talented men, Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet, and Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent jurist. In her father's office Washington Irving essayed to study law, and with every prospect, if industrious, of a partnership with Mr. Hoffman, as well as a matrimonial alliance with Matilda. These high hopes were disappointed by the decease of the young lady on the 16th of April, 1807, in the eighteenth year of her age.

There is a pathos about Irving's recital of the circumstances of her death, and of his own feelings, that is truly painful and tear-impelling. He says—"She was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly worse and fell into consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered.

* * * * * *

"I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful and more angelic to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural and effecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died, all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by all. I was the last one she looked upon.

"I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bed-room of my brother, as if having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts. Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone, but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment and the anguish that attended its catastrophe seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it.

"I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."

Such was the language in which Irving poured forth his sorrows and sad memories, in a letter written many years ago to a lady who wondered at his celibacy and expressed a wish to know why he was never married. Can words more graphically describe the shipwreck of a faithful lover? How sweetly, too, does Irving portray with his artist pen the lineaments of his loved one! He says, in the same letter, "The more I saw of her, the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness.—Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent; but I, in a manner, studied her excellence. Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought and action, than in this young creature. I am not exaggerating; what I say was acknowledged by all that new her. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, and as if I was a coarse, unworthy being in comparison."

Irvin seldom or never alluded to this sad event, nor was the name of Matilda ever spoken in his presence. Thirty years after her death, Irving was visiting Mr. Hoffman, and a grand-daughter, in drawing out some sheets of music to be performed upon the piano, accidentally brought with them a piece of embroidery which dropped upon the floor. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship."—His biographer describes the effect as electric. "He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before," says Pierre M. Irving, "and he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few moments got up and left the house." Do any of the pages that record the "loves of poets" glisten with a purer, brighter halo than is thrown around the name and character and memory of Matilda Hoffman by the life-long constancy and the graceful tributes of one whose name, destined to a deathless renown, may not henceforth be dissevered from that of the early lost and dearly loved, whose death made Washington Irving what he was and what the world admires?—*Boston Post.*

A Kentucky Governor.—Governor Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator but his conversational, story-telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it of every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that place I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of him.

A citizen of Henderson coming on board fell into conversation with a passenger, who made inquiries about Powell.

"Lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"

"Yes, one of our oldest citizens."

"Very sociable man ain't he?"

"Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met with in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last Summer, and he had not been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap and *spit all over me!*—remarkably sociable."

☞ A letter from the Tennessee river, contains the following paragraph about the loyalists who have appeared on the Tennessee river:

This invaluable class is composed—according to a careful analysis made by an eminent chemist on the spot—of ten parts unadulterated Andy Johnson Union men, ten of good-lord, good devil-ites, five of spies, and seventy-five scallawags, too lazy to run, therefore disqualified for service in the secesh army, and too cowardly to steal on their own responsibility, but willing to be enrolled as "Home Guards," so as to plunder their neighbors under the Union flag.

Incidents of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing.

A correspondent writing from Pittsburg Landing says: I am so overwhelmed with incidents of the battle, that it puzzles me to select the most interesting.—I will give you a few by way of variety:

A member of Gen. Buell's staff had a shell to pass so close to him that it took off one-half of the skirt of his coat, and the head of a soldier in his rear. Yet he was uninjured.

Gen. Buell had a horse shot from under him, and several shells exploded near him and Gen. M'Cook without injuring either.

The color sergeant of one of the regiments was shot down, receiving five balls in less than a minute. The standard was immediately seized by a youth, about nineteen years of age, who, amid a perfect shower of balls, rushed about eighty yards ahead of the regiment, and waved his flag defiantly at the rebels. His clothes were torn with bullets, but he escaped unhurt. I endeavored to get his name and failed, but I learn that he will be mentioned in the official reports.

One company in an Illinois Regiment had every officer, commissioned and non-commissioned, shot down. By consent, a private assumed command, and conducted them handsomely through the fight.

Among the wounded rebels was a youth from Alabama. Both of his legs were shattered. During the battle he asked for water, and was supplied. He then said:

"This is my mother's fault. I did not want to fight against the Union, but she called me a coward, and forced me to enlist."

He gave the National soldier a ring, and requested him to send it to his mother, and to say for him that he died a brave boy, but regretting that he had taken up arms against his country. What will be the pangs of that mother's heart when she receives this message?

There were few Colonels who were not struck with balls. One of the most remarkable escapes was that of Col. Mungen, of Ohio. His horse's mane was nearly cut away with bullets, and several passed through his clothing, yet he was not even scratched. The rebel sharpshooters aimed constantly at our officers of all ranks.—Some of the regiments have scarcely an officer on duty, but have plenty of good material in the ranks to fill all vacancies.

A national and a rebel soldier were found dead, side by side, with hands clasped. It is supposed that they fell near each other, mortally wounded, and making friends, died in peace.

The killed and wounded in the Second Kentucky were all shot within five minutes. The experience of the regiment in Western Virginia enabled them to dodge balls, shell and bullets, while for several hours they were protecting a battery, and, during that time, not a man was wounded. They charged, however, in the face of a heavy fire, when they suffered severely.

One young Ohio volunteer, who had been recently wounded, and died before being picked up, was found with the miniature of a young lady friend to his lips. His comrades state that he had an idea he would be killed, and was several times seen looking at the daguerreotype while the regiment was in reserve.

☞ Harrisonburg, where the advance of Gen. Banks was on the 22d, is the present southern terminus of the Manassas Gap Railroad, and the county-town of Rockingham county, Virginia. It is an old place, laid out in 1780; and had, at the breaking out of the war, about twelve hundred inhabitants. There is a turnpike road from there to Staunton, which is distant only twenty-five miles. Staunton is one hundred and twenty-five miles from Richmond by railroad, and its possession is important to our operations on the rebel capital. Surray, to which point the General says he has pushed forward a force, is a village, the capital of Page county; and is about fifteen miles by road east from New Market, where the main body of Gen. Banks' army is encamped. It lies on a branch of the Shenandoah river, and its possession protects two bridges, one across the branch and one across the main stream of the Shenandoah.

☞ Since the first of January the Union forces have captured from the rebels five hundred and ninety siege guns and field pieces. This artillery would equip a grand army, and when it is remembered what pains the rebels have had to procure these guns, the severity of the loss will be fully apparent.

☞ Why is the Southern Confederacy like a beautiful young lady?

Because—upon the whole—it is a perfect dam-sel!