The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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

VOLUME 4. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1863. NUMBER 15.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	*Post Masters.*	*Districts.*
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	William M. Jones,	Carroll.
Chest Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson,	Wm. W. Young,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg.	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen-Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	Wm. M'Gough,	Washt'n.
Johnstown,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
Loretto,	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
Mineral Point,	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
Munster,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Plattsville,	Andrew J Ferral,	Susq'han.
Roseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Sonman,	B. M'Colgan,	Washt'n.
Summerhill,	B. F. Slick.	Croyle.
Summit,	Miss M. Gillespie,	Washt'n.
Wilmore,	Morris Kell,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. Harbison, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. Show, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. Loxg, 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.

Welch 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 Sab[illegible], see elsewhere [illegible] particular [illegible] parties concerned, in [illegible] Pastor.—Preaching at [illegible] ship transactions of the [illegible] o'clock, Sab[illegible]k, P. M.

Catholic—[illegible] Rev. [illegible] astor.—Services every [illegible] general enjoyment, [illegible] ½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock [illegible] duced to the [illegible] ing.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at	11½	o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at	11½	o'clock, A. M.

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.

CRESSON STATION.

West—*Balt. Express leaves at		8.38 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"	9.22 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.33 P. M.
" Emigrant Train	"	2.12 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.43 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	3.20 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.34 A. M.

WILMORE STATION.

West—*Balt. Express leaves at		9.01 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"	9.45 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.56 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.14 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	2.56 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.04 A. M.

*Daily, except Mondays.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.
Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Sheriff—John Buck.
District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—James Cooper, Peter J. Little, John Campbell.
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.
Poor House Directors—William Douglass, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Mercantile Appraiser—John Farrell.
Auditors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R Donnegan.
County Surveyor.—Henry Scanlan.
Coroner. James S. Todd.
Sup't. of Common Schools—Henry Ely.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace.—David H. Roberts Harrison Kinkead.
Burgess—George Huntley.
School Directors—E. J. Mills, Dr. John M. Jones, Isaac Evans.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Thomas Todd.
Town Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, E. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.
Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.
Assessor—Thomas P Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—William Kittell, H. Kinkead, R. L. Johnston, Edward D. Evans Thomas J. Williams.
Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Judge of Election—John Lloyd.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

Wouldn't You Like to Know?

A MADRIGAL.

I know a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives—ah! well,
I must not tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue—celestial hue!
And dazzling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed,
Like roses ere they blow;
What lover sips
Those dewy lips,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair,
When lilies fairest glow;
Whose hand they press
With fond caress,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snow-flakes on the snow;
And when it goes
Beneath the rose,
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name—the sweetest name
That language can bestow;
'Twould break the spell
If I should tell—
Ah! wouldn't you like to know?

The Two Letters,

—or,—

How I Became a Bachelor.

That I am a bachelor is an unmistakable fact. How I became so remains to be told. Hoping my experience may prove a salutary lesson to some reckless wight, I proceed, without further preface or preliminary, to unfold my tale.

It was while on a visit to an aunt of mine, in the town of G—, that I became acquainted with Carrie Mayburn, a fine blooming maiden of eighteen summers, with beautiful auburn hair, clear-lit eyes, a small nose, and a handsome mouth, well studded with pearly teeth, rivalling snow in their dazzling whiteness. Added to these charms, a faultless form and graceful carriage rendered her at once a special object of attraction and admiration. Her amiability and sweetness of temper made her many warm friends, while her beauty of face and figure drew her hosts of importunate suitors. In short, she was, as I was not long in discovering, the universally admitted belle of the place.

Although I am not to say an extraordinarily susceptible individual, in the general acceptation of the term, yet I will admit that, like all the rest of my class, I have my weak points, and do not profess to be so entirely proof against the influence of female charms as to be incapable of experiencing at times a curious and somewhat indefinable palpitation in the region of the heart when in the company of the "fair sex;" and as my acquaintance with the enchanting Carrie resolved itself into intimacy, and this, ere long, began to ripen into a stronger emotion, I eventually began to realize that I was becoming enmeshed in a net of fascination from which a desperate attempt was necessary to extricate myself, and where I had formerly sought her society merely for the sake of a chat wherewith to while away the time, I now began to look upon her in the light of an indispensable companion, and at length, as the time for my return home drew near, I became aware that unless she and I could make a compromise one way or the other, I must bid farewell to happiness and make up my mind to spend my future life in misery. Actuated by these thoughts, and fearful lest I should be forestalled by some other of her admirers, and having also the happy consciousness of being looked upon by her in a light that was calculated to be anything but discouraging to my hopes, I determined that before I took my leave of G— I wo'd know my doom from her lips. Consequently, the evening previous to the day fixed for my return I called upon her, and met with the usual cordial reception. I remained for some time, and, finally, after considerable "ahem!"-ing and hesitation, I nerved myself for the desperate deed I was about to commit.

In the most insinuating manner I asked Carrie to be mine—to share with me my future trials or triumphs, reverses or successes, prosperities or adversities, joys or sorrows, as the case might be. I told her I was poor, and had yet to gain a name and position in the world, but that I loved her truly and devotedly, and would make her a kind, affectionate husband.

As I concluded, she placed her hand in mine, saying as she did so:

"Edwin, my heart is already yours; obtain my parents' consent and I will cheerfully bestow upon you this hand."

What more could any reasonable man ask?

"Obtain my parents' consent and I will cheerfully bestow upon you this hand?" The words kept sounding in my ears, and I was in doubt whether I was dreaming or not. Gradually, however, I came to my senses, when my first act was to throw my arms around the neck of my beloved and imprint a warm, passionate kiss upon her ruby lips as a token of acknowledgment that I understood and appreciated her meaning.

It was determined that we should go to her father forthwith for the purpose of obtaining his sanction to our proposed alliance. We—Carrie and I—found him reading a newspaper, and made known our errand without delay. He studied a moment, to our winged impatience seemingly a month, and then said:

"Mr. W., I cannot say that I have any serious objection to receive you as my son-in-law, yet as you yourself acknowledge that you have not as yet been enabled to attain a position such as is, in my opinion, advisable before undertaking the support of a wife, I must request you to apply yourself assiduously, and when you have risen to some eminence in your profession, and accumulated somewhat toward the maintenance of her whom you anticipate taking under your care, I will then, I assure you, place no further obstacle in the way of your marriage. The welfare of my daughter has ever been my constant study, and I would be the last one to deny her anything that would in the slightest degree contribute to her happiness. You will believe me, my dear friend, when I say I am prompted by no mercenary motive, for I am sure when you come to reason the matter clearly and calmly in your own mind, and look at it in the proper light, you cannot fail to perceive the utility of following my advice."

I bowed acknowledgment, and with a promise to call upon them in the morning to bid farewell, I took my departure.

To say that I did not experience some degree of impatience consequent upon the result of my interview with Mr. Mayburn would be absurd, for lovers are always impetuous and unwilling to be put off, and I was by no means an exception, but I was compelled to make a virtue of necessity and bide my time.

The next morning I made an early breakfast, and repaired at once to the domicil of my inamorata, whom I found looking as charming as ever. I bade her good morning, and told her that I had come to take my leave of her for a time, hoping the day was not far distant when I should be permitted to return and claim her as my bride. Having broached the to us by no means unpleasant theme of the previous evening's conversation, we were soon deeply engrossed in making plans for the future. But all things must have an end, and as the hours sped away like minutes, it seemed to my infatuated mind as though I had scarcely entered the house when the time rolled round for me to pronounce the much dreaded good-bye, which was to be the signal of our temporary separation. Time, tide and railroad cars, however, wait for no man, so I was obliged to do the deed, but it was done in a decidedly doleful way, I assure you. Ere long I was speeding forward on my homeward way, my thoughts centered on one object—Carrie, a prize which I was fully resolved I would use my utmost exertions to gain.

—

Nearly two years had elapsed since the date of my engagement with Carrie Mayburn. During that time I had made many visits to G—, and always found her the same unchanged being that she was when first presented to the reader, unless it was that she seemed to my eye if possible more beautiful than ever. We had kept up a regular correspondence, her letters always breathing a spirit of love and affection, coupled with the hope that the time would soon come when we would be united to separate no more in life; mine, as may be readily imagined, always re-echoed the sentiments embodied in hers.

As the reader has already been apprised, it was the desire of Mr. Mayburn that I should rise to some eminence in my profession before claiming the fulfilment of his daughter's promise. This I had endeavored to the utmost of my capacity to do, and I had reason to believe that I had in a great measure succeeded, for by the expiration of the time above mentioned, I was able to congratulate myself upon having the patronage of the most influential citizens of the town, who placed implicit confidence in my professional abilities; consequently I now felt justified in once more making application for the hand of the fair Carrie. As I was so situated at the time that it would be impossible for me to visit G— for several weeks, I resolved to write to Mr. M. in reference to the matter, and ascertain his views in the premises. Accordingly, having composed my mind as well as circumstances would admit, I sat down with a new pen and a quire of extra quality note-paper, and summoning all my elegance, tact and chirographical skill, I transcribed a most elaborately worded epistle, wherein I portrayed my present circumstances, position, and still unsatisfied aspirations, until, after nearly exhausting Webster's latest edition, I was at length constrained to wind up with the assurance that but one thing was lacking to render me supremely happy, to wit, the legal right to be the protector and possessor of his lovely daughter, and that I hoped he would now have no further objection to our union.

Now, it happened that I had in G— a cousin named Bob Tracy, who was the owner of a beautiful bay mare on whom for some time past I had cast numerous wistful glances, and considering that a refusal to my request was entirely out of the question, I determined to drop him a few lines, desiring him not to stipulate for the disposal of the aforesaid mare until such time as I should have a chance to confer with him, as I thought it highly probable I could make him an offer for her which he would be willing to accept; so I dashed off a hasty note, and having folded, sealed and superscribed both missives, I consigned them to the post office and returned to my duties with a view of whiling away the time as patiently as possible until I could have sufficient leisure to ascertain the result of my petition.

However wearily the wheels of time may sometimes drag on, yet they have never been known to cease their revolutions entirely, and thus in my case, although the space intervening between my despatching the letter and my visit to their destination seemed interminably long, yet it finally passed away, and at length one fine morning found me comfortably ensconced in the cars, dashing on at a furious rate in the direction of G—, and in a few hours I reached the goal upon which were fixed my highest hopes, which, alas for the disappointments to which we are all of us more or less liable at times to be subjected, as the sequel will show, were destined never to be realized—hopes which proved to be unsubstantial foundation upon which I had been building my airy castles; but I will not anticipate.

Immediately upon my arrival in G—, I repaired to a hotel, to put myself in the proper trim, prior to calling at the house of my prospective friend. Having made an unexceptionable toilet, I set out with a beating heart and a sort of nervous impatience, and after a short walk found myself at Mr. Mayburn's door. I rang the bell, which was answered by the servant, who at once ushered me into the sitting room, where were Carrie and her father, both of whom regarded me an instant with looks of surprise and wonder, when, to my astonishment, the former arose, and, with naught save a slight and scarcely perceptible nod of recognition, glided out of the door. How to account for this strange conduct, was a thing utterly beyond my comprehension; for a moment I was dumbfounded, but as I recovered myself, I turned towards the father as though to ask a solution of the mystery. I did not have long to wait, for, with a face resembling a surcharged thunder-cloud, the old gentleman suddenly burst forth—

"Well, sir, you are a scoundrel and a villain, and as consummate a specimen of concentrated audacity, effrontery and impudence, as you now prove yourself to be in polluting my house with your contaminating presence, I never saw!"

To say that I was astonished, would be but a faint way of expressing it. I was completely taken aback, but, finally, managed to find my speech, when I politely requested him to explain himself, as I was not aware that I had been guilty of any act to merit these animadversions.

"Explain, sir!—why, what do you mean, you contemptible puppy? and having most grossly insulted my daughter as well as myself—a fact of which we have ample testimony in your own handwriting—do you dare to come and deny to my face any knowledge of the fact whatever?"

This was something I was entirely unprepared for, and I looked long and earnestly at the man to see if he was insane or not. What did he mean? What a preposterous idea! I offer an insult to his daughter! her, for whom I would cheerfully have laid down my life, and felt only too thankful for the opportunity.

"Mr. Mayburn," said I, as soon as I could recover my faculties, "I will not be thus trifled with any longer. I have never, either by word or deed, been the cause of wounding your daughter's feelings, and I—"

But he seemed determined that I should have no chance to vindicate myself in any way, and stopped me short by producing from his pocket a letter, which he thrust fiercely into my hand, saying as he did so:

"There is the undeniable proof; let us have no more words about it. Leave my house and never enter it again as long as you live, or I will have you pitched headforemost into the street."

Mechanically I took the letter, the handwriting of which I immediately recognized as my own, and ran my eye hurriedly over the contents. Good heavens! it was the note I had, by mistake, enclosed in the envelope addressed to Mr. Mayburn, and *vice versa*.

As the reader is doubtless anxious to know what the letter could posibly contain to so completely turn the tide of affairs pertaining to my matrimonial prospects, I give it verbatim:

"*Jolly Chum:* I sit down to scrawl you a word or two in reference to the superb animal over which you hold legal sway, and of whom as you are already aware I have desired to be in possession, knowing her to be *decidedly fast*. I feel that without her I cannot longer be satisfied; and from nothing, I assure you, will I derive so much pleasure as from trotting her around, and exhibiting her to my friends. Feeling certain that my offer proves acceptable, I will call on you in a short time, until which I do not wish you to dispose of her. Yours considerably,

"Edwin Willet."

After reading it, I stood for a moment as if in a trance. At length I raised my eyes from the letter, gave one glance at Mr. Mayburn, and crushing the offending sheet in my hand, I rushed, scarcely knowing what I did, with a sort of frantic despair through the hall, and without a word to any one I left the house never to again to darken its doors.

A few days afterwards I called upon Bob Tracy to say to him that he need not reserve the mare any longer, as I had concluded not to purchase; but as soon as he caught sight of me he ran out to meet me and shook me by the hand and otherwise indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, greeting me as if he had despaired of ever seeing me again, for having received from me a most beautifully, written gilt-edged note, asking in marriage a daughter, of whose existence he was most profoundly ignorant, he had no doubt that I had gone stark mad, and had just about made up his mind to insert an advertisement in the papers warning the public to beware of me as a person dangerous to be at large.

I now gave up; I found I was besieged on all sides, and with an imploring look I begged him to say no more about it to any one, that I had banished all thoughts of marriage from my mind, and had concluded to spend my futile life in single blessedness; but despite the charge I gave Bob to keep quiet, the affair, through some mysterious agency, became circulated around, or, depend upon it, I would never have given it publicity; and now, having put you in possession of the facts concerning the history of those "two letters," I will make a polite bow and retire to my bachelor couch.

Kindness to Parents.—Sweeter praise can never be than that of a dying parent as he blesses the hand that led him from sorrow to sorrow, and is even now smoothing the cold brow, damp with the spray of Jordan. And dear the thought as your tears fell upon the sod that covers the grey-headed father, that you were very kind and loving to him; that you gave cheerfully of your abundance, and never caused him to feel that you were doing a charity.

Never can we repay those ministering angels we call father and mother. Angels, though earthly, have they been from the time that Adam and Eve gazed on their first-born, as he slept amid roses, while the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and cherub arm were all mysteries to them.

☞ The printers of Paris, who were condemned to different punishments in consequence of a strike, have made a unique present to their advocate, M. Berryer. They have printed on vellum the orations of Bossuet, and have produced a book in a style of magnificence said to be unequalled for typographical excellence. In order that no other copy should exist, the forms were immediately broken up.

How They Go to Bed.

The difference between a man and a woman in disposition finds no plainer illustration than that afforded at the moment when either of them retires to bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and with the cautious timidity peculiar to their sex, first locks the doors and arranges the window curtains, so that by no possible chance a passer-by or belated nocturnal wanderer, from the pavement, can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty when *en dishabelle*. This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full and institutes a general search throughout the apartment, that she may be sure it does not contain a "horrible burglar," or "a desperate ruffian," in big whiskers and crispy black hair. Carefully, with delicate little fingers, she lifts the bed valance, peers into places where even Tom Thumb couldn't squeeze his diminutive corporation, and takes a cursory peep into the half emptied trunk, not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvin Edson, much less an ordinary robber.

Having ascertained that she is really alone she leisurely proceeds to divest her fair form of "the silk and linen conventionalities of society." First, she relieves her glossy hair from its thraldom of pins and combs, and "does it up" more compactly. Then off comes the little embroidered collar, and the light vapory cloud of lace she calls her under-sleeves, which all the day have been clasped around her white plump arms by a couple India rubber straps. Next, the "love of a spring silk" dress is unfastened in front, partially revealing—never mind that just now. Then sundry waist strings and buttoned straps are unloosed, and, lo! what a collapse. A collapse like that of Lowe's big baloon. She stands, like Saturn, in the centre of rings. There they lie upon the soft carpet, partly covered by the linen underfixens and overfixens, with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet. Sits she now upon the edge of the snowy bed, and begins the unlacing gaiters, and the disrobing of those fair swelling limbs of the stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee, down drops the gaiter, off comes the elastic garter, and the thumb inserted at the top of stocking, pushes it down—down over the heel, and—the cotton rests beside prunella. So with the other foot, only involving a slight change of position.

There is a happy smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of her sweet face now, as, standing before the glass she places upon her head the night-cap, and with a quick twist of her fingers, ties the bewitching bow. Then the night gown is thrown on, over the frilled chemise, concealing the heaving bosom and the fair shoulders in the linen folds. Don't you envy that nightrobe and the liberties it takes? Don't envy it, *you*, you wretched, miserable old bachelor—you snarling, old curmudgeon?

Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down very, very low, and the little form presses the yielding couch, and the angel goes off into the world of dreams, in which the handsome moustache of her Adolphus and his vows of eternal love are prominent—the remainder of the picture being filled with ministers, bridesmaids, new dresses, drives to General Park, and plenty of "gold galore," or "love in a cottage."

Now, in the room directly above her, is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap growls at a chair which happens to be in his way, pulls off his boots and throws them into the corner, jerks off his "socks" from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor, and lets them lie there; gets off his coat and vest by a quick vindictive sort of twist of his arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar, throws it carelessly, with the tie, at, rather than on the table; travels to the window in his shirt extremity—to let down the curtain, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light and bounces into bed like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay—curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his nose, lies so a moment or two, swears at the tucking in of the bed clothes, grunts, gets over on the other side, and is—asleep. Then comes in the snoring and so forth.

Isn't there a difference in style?

☞ Somebody has written a book on "The art of making people happy without money." Most editors of country newspapers are in excellent condition to be experimented upon.

☞ Subscribe for your County Paper.