

# The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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NUMBER 44.

## DIRECTORY.

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**Methodist Episcopal Church**—REV. J. S. LEWIS, Pastor.—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.

**Wesleyan**—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.

**Episcopal Methodist**—REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. 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 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

**Catholic**—REV. M. J. MURPHY, 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 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " " 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.

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

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &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 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.**

Line	Express leaves at	Mail leaves at
West—Balt.	7:58 A. M.	9:11 P. M.
East—Thru	7:58 P. M.	7:58 P. M.
Fast Line	12:27 P. M.	6:58 A. M.
Fast Mail	6:58 A. M.	9:29 A. M.
Through Accom.	9:29 A. M.	

**WILMORE STATION.**

Line	Express leaves at	Mail leaves at
West—Balt.	8:21 A. M.	8:25 P. M.
East—Thru	7:30 P. M.	6:36 A. M.
Fast Mail	6:36 A. M.	8:59 A. M.
Through Accom.	8:59 A. M.	

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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**County Clerk**—Joseph M. Donald.

**Register and Recorder**—Edward F. Lytle.

**Sheriff**—John Buck.

**District Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.

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**Poor House Directors**—William Douglass, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahn.

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**County Surveyor**—Henry Scannan.

**Coroner**—James Shannon.

**Miscellaneous Appraiser**—Geo. W. Easley.

**Supt. of Common Schools**—Henry Ely.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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**INSPECTORS**—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.  
**Judge of Elections**—Daniel J. Davis.  
**Assessor**—Lemuel Davis.

**WEST WARD.**  
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**Youth Council**—R. S. Dunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Ottman.

**INSPECTORS**—William Barnes, Jas. H. Evans.  
**Judge of Elections**—Michael Hanson.  
**Assessor**—George Gurley.

### Mildred's sacrifice.

The vases of heliotrope in Miss Delford's dainty little parlor were distilling their sweetest fragrance in the delicious evening breeze that tossed the muslin curtains to and fro through the wide, open windows, and the cherry boughs overshadowing the piazza eaves were hung with sparkling jewel sprays of crimson fruit. July was purpling all the horizon with amethyst light; July brooded over the hills with tender warmth; and Clara Delford, in her dark, rich beauty, seemed like a typical blossom of the brightest month in all the year.

Did Captain Verner notice the changing color in her olive cheek; the blaze that glowed beneath her jetty eyelashes, in strange, seductive brilliance? Did he observe how artistically she had posed herself on the tiny footstool close beside Mildred Moore's shadowy white draperies and pure, colorless features? Clara Delford understood contrast and harmony.—Captain Verner did not; he only knew that the two girls were like rose and lily—fervid sunshine and pale, white starlight!

"If I could only do something for those poor, suffering soldiers," she said, breaking the momentary silence as if in continuation of the previous conversation.—"Would it not be possible for me to devote a portion of my small means to their comfort?"

Captain Verner smiled; for the heiress to speak of her "small means" seemed to him even, like an unnecessary bit of ostentation.

"Certainly," he said; "and I can assure you the money could not be spent to a better purpose."

"Will you object to acting as my treasurer?" smiled Clara, with pretty, appealing softness in her eyes.

"Not at all; there are in my own regiment many cases of hardship, and even destitution, which it would give me great pleasure to relieve. Thank you"—as she opened the tiniest of silken purses and placed a banknote in his hand with blushing confusion—"I know from experience how much good twenty dollars will do."

All this time Mildred Moore had sat silent in the shadow of the cherry boughs, but now she rose and quietly withdrew. Captain Verner's eyes followed her slight willowy figure with involuntary attraction.

"You mustn't misinterpret poor, dear Mildred's silence," hissed Clara, as the door closed; "of course she is interested in your hospital reminiscences, but I don't think she cares very much about the poor soldiers—Milly's nature is not sympathetic, and—"

"And," added the straight-forward soldier, "her means are very limited. She gives music lessons, or something, don't she?"

He had risen, and stood there, tall and handsome in the golden July moonlight, Clara's beau-ideal of a man.

"Good-night, Miss Clara. I must stop at Harwood Grange for five minutes, to tell them about their two boys that fell at Fredericksburg, and I've two or three little errands to attend to in town. We soldiers, you know, are scarcely at our own disposal."

He held the little jeweled hand in his a moment, perhaps unconscious how close he pressed it, and then vanished through the crimson sprinkled branches of the cherry trees. As he walked along, whistling softly to himself, he thought of Clara in her strange, transcending beauty,—of her melting, liquid eyes, and her mouth, like Cupid's bow, carved in scarlet coral.

"It was generous in her to give that money," he thought. "But I don't understand—it's no business of mine, I suppose—but why couldn't Miss Mildred have expressed her sympathy in words at least. It annoys me a little, and yet I don't for the life of me see why it should."

"You sent that set of onyx to my mother?" he asked, an hour or so later, as he entered the stylish little jewelry store in the main street of the town.

"Yes."

"Then it's all right, and I may as well settle the bill."

He tossed a fifty-dollar Treasury Note on the counter as he spoke.

"I hardly like to part with that money," said he. "The fact is, I've kept it about me so long that it seems almost like a lucky penny. However, there it goes—hand over your receipt."

He dashed the bit of paper into his pocket book with the quickness that characterized all his motions, and walked out again, whistling the refrain that made a sort of company for his solitude.

It was nearly midnight, the air dewy and sultry, and the stars beaming in the violet concave of heaven, yet Captain Verner sat in his balcony, looking out on the summer night, with the faint fragrance of his cigar wreathed about him. Was he thinking of Miss Clara Delford, or—

"Half past eleven—high time I was asleep," soliloquised he, giving his cigar a toss into the quiet street below, and entering the room where a shaded lamp cast a circle of subdued light on heaps of disordered papers.

"Hello—what's this?" he said, taking up a tiny note that lay lightly on the top. "This is a new arrival in my chaos of documents, or I'm mistaken."

The direction, "Captain Verner," was in a strange handwriting,—nor did the contents afford any clew. Nothing appeared further than a fifty-dollar note wrapped in a bit of paper on which was written "For the soldiers."

"Clara Delford again!" was Verner's first exclamation. "What a splendid creature that is!"

The next glance, however, discovered new ground of conjecture—he held the note in the glare of the lamp, turning it eagerly from side to side.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," he muttered; it is the very note I paid Atkinson to-night—here are my initials, 'E. V.' in the corner. Now how on earth—"

He paused abruptly in deep thought.

"Very provoking that I can't find out to-night," he murmured; but I'll go to Atkinson's the first thing in the morning!"

The early dew was yet weighing down the half-blown roses in the simple town garden, when Capt. Verner entered the jewelry store where he had purchased the set of onyx for his mother.

"What can I do for you this morning, Captain?" inquired the brisk little jeweler, as he came forward, rubbing his smooth, white hands.

"A great deal, Mr. Atkinson; you can tell me to whom you paid out this Treasury Note last night?"

He laid the mysterious "greenback" on the glass counter; Atkinson took it up scrutinized it closely, then referred to his books. "Certainly I can," he said; "I purchased a very beautiful pearl ring from a lady yesterday evening, and paid for it with that very identical bill."

A pearlring!—the simple words seemed to throw him off the scent again. The jeweler unlocked his show case, and took out a small violet-velvet case, lined with white silk, in which glimmered a pearl of surpassing beauty, set in a plain gold circlet.

"There it is," he said. "Ten years ago I sent to New York for that very ring, ordered by Dr. Moore as a birthday gift for his little daughter, then just twelve years old."

"Dr. Moore?" replied Verner.

"Yes. Times are sadly changed now, yet I did not suppose that Miss Mildred would ever have been induced to part with that favorite jewel—the only relic, I may venture to say, she has ever retained of wealthier days."

Captain Verner looked down at the ring through a strange unwonted, mist.—How different was this silent sacrifice of sweet memories and old associations to Clara Delford's ostentatious gift from her overflowing coffers! "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." The words came to him like a revelation of Mildred Moore's nature.

Only nine o'clock, but not too early for Mildred Moore to be watering her sweet peas and geraniums in the cottage garden. Nay, so busy was she with a tiny pink blossom which had broken from its fastening, that she never heard approaching footsteps until Capt. Verner's shadow fell across the flower border. Then she started up, with large, dilated eyes, like those of a frightened fawn, and carmine burning in her usually colorless cheeks.

"Captain Verner!"

"Do not be startled, Miss Mildred," he said, with gentle re-assuring accents. "I have only called to thank you for your kind donation to the sick soldiers."

She clasped her hands over her face like a child detected in some fault.

"I beg your pardon; I did not think—I never intended—"

"Nay," he interrupted, earnestly. "I have learned the history of the ring—your sacrifice is not unappreciated, and—"

He stopped, for she had burst into convulsive sobs and tears. It was entirely a new phase of her being. Captain Verner stood completely confounded. Had he known her all these months and yet remained ignorant of the passionate depth and emotion of her character? She was there before him, no longer the fair, passive, demure, but a lovely woman, made still lovelier by tears! The citadel of his heart—undermined long ago, unconsciously to himself—surrendered at this last attack. And who would blame him?

"Don't Mildred!" he said earnestly.—"My dearest girl, if you knew how I grieved me to see you weep—"

"Pardon me," she faltered; "I am ashamed of being so foolish, but it was all I had to give!"

### "Mildred," he whispered, opening the violet-velvet casket, "I have brought back the ring; will you accept it again?"

She looked at him with startled eyes and glowing cheeks, as if some deep meaning lay hidden in his words.

"Let me place it on your finger, love. Wear it as an engagement ring." He went on: "Oh! Mildred, I never knew till now how dear you were to me! Will you trust to me? will you be my cherished treasured wife?"

"What Mildred's answer was is not at all to the purpose—only Mrs. Grundy thinks it very strange that Miss Moore should wear a pearl engagement ring when diamonds are all the fashion!"—Harper's Weekly.

### Jeffrie's Sayings.

The person we generally love the most is the one we see in the mirror.

The more ignorant some of us are, the more will we try to make the people believe we are wise.

There are many professors who are not half so sorry for the sins they have committed as those they can no longer commit.

Every man that finds a nest of golden eggs should be allowed to cackle over them.

No people are capable of self-government who will first count the cost of their liberties.

Great and good men are the common property of mankind, as all nations have a share in the wealth of their intellects.

In arguing with a fool you throw away both your learning and eloquence.

Every fashion that is a useful improvement should be adopted.

To kill one man because he has killed another is the law of vengeance, but the law of God says as much to the jury as it does to the assassin—"Thou shalt not kill."

The man who has become enamored of himself has chosen a fool for a lover.

Good lawyers, like good ministers, are like the salt of a nation; but a one-horse lawyer is a nuisance in any community.

As marriage was not designed for infants, children should not be allowed to pop the question before they are weaned.

It is wrong to mete out justice according to the wealth or poverty of the offender.

A man's worth consists in his virtue, not in his dollars and cents.

Beauty adorned in the flowers of virtue is more lovely than that arrayed in the jewels of Golconda.

The bad mechanic will always condemn his material.

There are some professors so spiritually minded that they scarcely ever draw a sober breath.

We should pen injuries in the snow, but our benefits in brass.

He that pours in his rum pours out his reason.

The man that provides not in summer, must want in winter.

We should never mourn for that we cannot have.

A dollar in hand is generally worth two in the ledger.

None of us should be idle; the hen with one chicken is as busy as the one with twelve.

WHO WOULD BE A GOAT?—An "old salt," who had been on a bender, had got, what might be termed "sublimely mystified," by his frequent imbibings of the critter. Staggering along the streets, he thought to go to a theater, and pass the remainder of the evening. Following some men, whom he thought bound on the same voyage, he found himself in what he took to be the pit, but it happened to be in a meeting-house, and the minister was preaching from the text, wherein is mentioned the sheep and goats; and, in order to make an impression upon his congregation, he put the significant question: "Who would be a goat?" and paused; and then, with still greater emphasis, asked: "Who will be a goat?"

Our tipsy sailor could not brook the delay, and at once responded:

"As nobody else (hic) will be it, I'll be the (hic) goat, rather (hic) than the play should stop."

A colored servant sweeping out a bachelor's room found a sixpence on the carpet, which he carried to the owner.

"You may keep that for your honesty," said he.

A short time after he missed his gold pencil case, and inquired of his servant if he had seen it.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And what did you do with it?"

"Kept it for my honesty, sir!"

The old bachelor vanished.

### Coming Back Soon.

"You are coming back soon!" every one says to the eager boy who is going out from the quiet of his native village to make his way in the great bustling world beyond.

"Oh, yes—as soon as I have made my fortune," is the laughing reply, and the good-byes are exchanged, and the stage coach rolls off, bearing more hope and happiness on its back seat than, with the same occupant, it will ever bring back again.

"Coming back soon!" The little boy knows that he may never come back!—Something may come that will be taller and more graceful, and attractive, and call his parents father and mother—something that will look half sadly, half contemptuously on the old familiar place where his youth was spent,—but the boy—happy, eager, hopeful and innocent—has gone forever.

"Coming back soon!" Is this young lady, ringletted, flounced and gloved, who plays the piano to a charm, and who looks askance at kitchen, towel and broom, the sun-browned, good-natured little Maggie, who wore her curls flying in the summer wind? This young lady's locks are pomatumed, scented, carefully "done up," according to the latest fashion. Maggie wore a blue gingham frock, which had always danced before his vision as the most charming thing in existence, but "Miss Marguerite" arrays her dainty limbs in the most expensive silks, and wears hoops of such circumference that he can only stand and admire at a respectful distance. Sometimes as they sit side by side he remembers the old times, and half wishes they would come back again, but his first glance at the composed face beside him annihilates the idea, and he heaves a kind of rueful sigh, and lets it pass away. Bye-and-bye, "Miss Marguerite" is married to a rich old man—old enough to be her grandfather. He goes to her wedding, and he drinks her health in the best of wine—begins to dream himself of a wealthy wife, and thinks it won't do to be foolish, and that he must have an eye to business when he gives himself away.—The fast young man and the woman of fashion meet often in their gay city life—but the boy and the girl who have walked hand in hand to school, have gone straying away together over the strawberry field and daisied pastures long ago, and nobody thinks of saying to them "you are coming back soon!"

"Coming back!" Who ever yet came back and found all things unchanged?—Drive the long remembered road, and you will miss here a tree, here a patch of daisies and buttercups, and here and there an old gray farm house which you fondly hoped would outlast your day and generation. Enter the town which was once "a happy valley" to you, and what do you see? Only a puny village, with the pleasant walks you used to love turned into ambitious side-walks, and paved with the roughest of stones; with old, familiar houses and fences re-modeled and newly painted, till you lose all the landmarks, with everything changed, and you, it may be, most of all! Sit down, if you will, in your lonely room, and call up the forms of those you loved, who are now scattered away, and try to people the dusty streets with more beloved faces. Can you succeed? Is it not a poor, pale phantom that you strive to press to your aching heart? Was it wise in you, after all, this "coming back." Oh, the past is beautiful to look at, but when, afar off, we stretch out our hands to bring it nearer, it vanishes, and leaves nothing in our grasp but thin, unsubstantial air.

"Strange!" I sit in my lonely room to-day, and miss something familiar—something sweet—something dear—very dear! It will never linger here again, the sunlight falling through the casement will never linger here again; the sunlight falling through the casement will never shine on me here any more. One page of life's romance has been read; shut the book and put it away. Much that might have blessed me—much that I might have loved—much that I shall never meet again—and much that has consecrated this little room—has passed away like a dream of beauty, and will beam and brighten here no more. It is not, cannot be "coming back soon."

But there is a land—thank God—there is a land where all the lost light and love-iness of life shall cluster around us with tenfold the glory it has won for us here! There is a land where there shall be no more partings and no more tears; where the young and the old, the happy and the wretched, the bond and the free, shall all know the loving kindness and tender mercy of a God whose divine attribute is love.

### Family Names.

It is a vulgar notion that some names are necessarily noble and romantic, while others are necessarily mean and base.—Names are beautiful only in associations. Worth, valor, genius, learning, have converted syllables into poems, and words into histories.

Look the British Peerage through, and in that bright list there is, perhaps, not one which does not seem to the eye and imagination picturesque. Yet, in their beginning most of them had nothing in sound or spelling that could be considered glorious. Howard is a Hogward; Seymour is a tailor; Leicester is a weaver; Percy is a gross fellow; Butler is a cellarman; Stewart is a domestic servant. Vaen, Vere, Hyde and Pole sound the reverse of heroic. Hay is not intrinsically nobler than straw. How is it, then, that Hay has come to represent the pink of aristocracy, Straw the lowest of vulgar cheats? Simply by association. Would the complainants like to have been originally called Blunt, Craven, or Gore? There is nothing in Grey more attracting than Brown, as to either sound or letters; indeed, Grey is a shade or so less vigorous than its rival Brown. Would any one like to have been known as Roper or Touchet, if these familiar names had never been immortalized by worthy deeds? We do not know that Gimlet has a more familiar look than Bacon, Petty, Peel, and Pitt. Yet these have become by association some of the most reverential and gracious of English names. Milton, Sackville and Shelley are not necessarily aristocratic and poetical. Had they not been glorified by genius and by rank, they would perhaps have been included in Mr. Bugg's list. Churchill, Fuller, Kidd, Quarles, Donne, Bowles, Savage, Quincy, and Dickens, now household words, borne by some of the choicest of our national poets and humorists, would certainly have been so. Not much better as to sound are Cowper, Lamb, and Bulwer. People used to laugh and joke with Cecil. Talbot and Talmash would be considered vulgar. Every one considers Raleigh a romantic name, but in Sir Walter's time it was open to very bad puns. The same with Drake.

Coke, too, would be thought low, had it never been illuminated by the author of the "Institutes," and the owner of Holkham. In the absence of Sir Christopher would Mr. Tigg like to have been called Wren? Had there been no erudite giant of that name, would not Cheeke have been voted intolerable? In truth, scarcely anything depends on the letter, everything on the connexion of ideas. Solomon was the wisest of men, and his name is one of the noblest in literature; yet no prudent father, unless he were a Jew, would give it to his child, because in the present generation it happens to be ludicrously associated with old clothes. In its Saracenic form of Solyman, it would still be considered magnificent. A current jest will destroy the picturesque beauty of the most famous names; a living Pompey would be set down as a nigger, a living Caesar treated as a dog. Cymon is a name which would attract the female eye, and, perhaps, even reconcile it to the adjunct Smyth. Mrs. Cymon Smyth would have an air upon a card. But the feminine instinct would recoil from Simon. And why the difference? Is it not because Cymon is associated with Iphigenia, and Simon with the Simpleton who met a pie-man coming from a fair? One of the objectionable names; to remove which from the face of the earth all gods and men are called to aid; is Vilain. Yet the Hogwards and Stywards were all villains; and one of the proudest houses of Europe, that of Count Vilain; the Fourteenth, rejoices in the obnoxious name.

GOOD PRECEPTS.—Never put sulphate of antimony in a sherry cobbler.

When you build a castle in the air, stand from under, lest it may fall and crush you.

Keep your jacket on, but mind and don't tear your linen.

Do not steal your neighbor's newspaper but subscribe for one yourself.

Never wind up your watch with a piece of soap.

Don't pound your corns with a shoemaker's hammer.

Don't scratch your head with a ettry comb.

Never pick your teeth with a crow-bar.

Don't take your soup with a scoop shovel.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman; "Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

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