

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

W. H. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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## SOCIETIES, &c.

**M. S.**—Summit Lodge No. 812 A. Y. M. in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the Tuesday of each month, at 7 o'clock.  
**O. F.**—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. of Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, Wednesday evening.  
**T. W.**—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TO "THE ALLEGHANIAN."  
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

## The Stranger on the Sill.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn  
Is the lowly home where I was born;  
The peach tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all;  
There is the shaded doorway still,  
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,  
I can smell the hay from the open door,  
And see the busy swallows throng,  
And hear the peewee's mournful song;  
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—  
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees  
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,  
And watched the shadowy moments run  
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;  
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,  
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,  
With its burruss brook where hazels grow;  
'Twas there I found the calamus root,  
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,  
And heard the robin lave its wing,  
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O, ye, who daily cross the sill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still;  
And when you crowd the old barn-eaves,  
Then think what countless harvest-sheaves  
Have passed within that scented door  
To gladden eyes that are no more!

Deal kindly with these orchard trees,  
And when your children crowd their knees  
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,  
As if old memories stirred their heart;  
To youthful sport still leave the swing,  
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,  
The meadows with their lowing herds,  
The woodbine on the cottage wall—  
My heart still lingers with them all.  
Ye strangers on my native sill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still!

## THE VOICE IN THE HEART.

Pierce Richmond took up a letter which had just been brought in, and glanced at the superscription—"Hon. Pierce Richmond!" He had seen his name thus written often enough before; but it suggested, just now, a curious continuation of the train of thought which had been absorbing him. It was his pride to be a self-made man, and he had been going back, this morning, over a half-century, and remembering his boyhood. The little brown cottage, with the thickest of sweet briar round it freighting the summer air with fragrance, was a pretty spot when he lived there—the only son of his mother, and she a widow. He could see it, looking back, as plainly as if the fifty years were only a mist of morning rolling away from before the well-known scene. How pale and quiet but tender and long suffering his mother was! He felt again her fond kisses, and remembered how her lips used to tremble when she called him her fatherless boy. And again his veins seemed to thrill with the boyish pride of the old days when he sat beside her and told her that he would grow up stout and strong, able to do a man's work among men, and then she never should toil so wearily with her needle any more.

If she had but lived, and he had had her to work for, perhaps it would have kept his heart fresh and unselfish. But he shivered again with a throbbing of the old agony, as he remembered how he had found her one morning with a smile frozen on her still lips, a look of peace on her white face; and knew that the lips would never welcome him any more, or the eyes rest on him with their sad tenderness—that his mother had gone from the land where she was a pilgrim to the home eternal in the heaven.

How he pitied himself, this morning of which I write, recalling that time, fifty years ago, when he was only twelve, and his mother had left him alone! A shy, shrinking boy he was then, despite his great faith in his own future—"a mother boy," as the phrase is in the country, and quaintly touching, it always seemed to me. He had been all his life under her gentle wing, and now he could find there no more shelter.

Yet his lot was not intolerably hard.—He was apprenticed by the town authorities, to a prosperous farmer; and he had a comfortable home, no more work than was reasonable, and a little schooling in winter. But no one loved him—this boy who had lived, hitherto, in an atmosphere of mother love—and so his proud, sensitive heart grew cold and hard. He cared for no one but himself, and though he did his work faithfully, he endeared himself to none. He seemed to live in a world of his own, into which he was not disposed to open any doors. Strong purposes grew into his nature in his silent musings. He would make himself a name, a position, a career! But all his plans ended, as they began, with himself; and it is a sad thing when a human being has none else to live for.

When he was twenty-one, with his "freedom suit" on his back, he marched away from Freyburg, and went out into the world, to begin the career which, through all those brooding years of his solitary boyhood, he had been planning,

but he, the cold, selfish, hardened man of the world, felt swelling up in his heart a fountain of sweet waters—and then, when he would have slaked at it his soul's thirst, beautiful and deceitful as a mirage it vanished; and his heart, lacking its sweetness, turned to desert waste.

For not all his gold beguiled the little girl; he loved into wedding. She looked into his face with her pure, honest eyes, this Julia Winsted, and told him some truths hard to bear. He was old for his forty-two years, and she told him so; hard and cold, used to living by himself, selfish even in his wish to bind her youth to his stern, middle age. Receiving his proposal of marriage as an attempt to buy her freshness and beauty, with her pitiless plainness of speech she made him feel it all.

The next day she left the house, and since then he had never seen her. But he had never forgiven her. She stood in his memory as his enemy—his one enemy, for curiously enough he had made no other in the course of his long life. But toward her his resentment was as keen as on the day when he had been so stung by her indignant refusal to give him her hand, when, as she said, he must know in the very nature of things it was impossible for her to give him her heart. He remembered her pitilessly well. If he had been an artist, he could have painted the dun gold of the long, fine hair, the violet eyes which the curling lashes shaded, the red lips with their haughty curve. He had never seen her since; but he laid on her memory the blame and burden of his solitary years. But for her, he thought, he too might have been a husband and father—not living thus, unloved and unloving, for his lonely life.

Unloved and unloving for! The words struck bitterly on his ear, and he repeated them over and over to himself, thinking the while thoughts new and strange.—What had he done—did he or some invisible presence at his side ask the question—what had he done that any one should love him? Had he ever unselfishly tried to make one human being happy? Had there ever been day or hour in which self had not been the centre round which all his aims revolved? He pushed away his letter with honorable on the cover. He began to doubt whether, after all, his life had had a success. What single good deed had he to be reckoned up in the days when by his works he must be justified or condemned? And now he was an old man—for the first time he began to feel that—and it was too late. Ah, it must have been a suggestion of the still, small voice that seemed to penetrate his heart.

"Not too late, O, never too late to begin to live for God and good!"  
But what could he do?  
"Go and see the widow Maffit," the voice in his heart answered. "There would be a beginning. If you find her suffering you can help her."  
He was acting on new impulses, but the resolute strength which had helped him all through life, hurried him on now; and in half an hour he was at the door of Mrs. Maffit's fourth story-room. Answering his knock, she did not know her visitor, and stood as if waiting to hear his errand.

"I am your landlord," he said, in tones which no emotion seemed to make other than stern; and then she stood aside and asked him to walk in.

He stepped into the bare, comfortable room. A fire dull for want of fuel flickered on the hearth, and before it, trying to warm his slender fingers, bent a boy of about twelve. Mr. Richmond's eyes, in their comprehensive gaze round the room, rested on him, and remained fixed. He was a slight, fragile boy, who might have passed for younger than his years, save for the expression of maturity on his thoughtful countenance. But those violet eyes over which the long lashes curled, the dun gold hair falling softly round the pensive face—whose were they? He had never seen such since the day he parted with her—his enemy. He turned at last, and looked at the mother. She remained quietly awaiting his pleasure—a woman of at least forty, worn by sorrow and touched by time, yet with a certain proud grace in her manner, as she stood in the same attitude in which she had stood twenty years before, on a day he could never forget. For this was his enemy! He would not have known her, perhaps, save for the golden-haired boy—but now he saw all her old self in her changed features. She was waiting to learn his pleasure—what was his pleasure? Before to-day he could have answered this question unhesitatingly; to humiliate her—to see her starve—to push her to the last extremity—to be revenged upon her by all and all means for the light esteem in which she had held him! Now—would any revenge of this kind satisfy him? Vaguely as something heard afar off some words came back to him—he thought he had heard his mother read them in his boyhood.

"If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink!"  
His heart throbbed strangely, but he kept all emotion out of his voice.

"I hear your rent is not ready, Mrs. Maffit."  
"It is not. Frank has been ill so much, and required so much of my attention, I hoped you would be willing to give me a

little time. I think he will be better when spring opens."  
"But you ought not to have expected much leniency from me. You told me years ago that I was a stern, hard man.—You might have softened me if you had tried then; but I think time has been turning me into stone."  
She recognized him now, and her lip curled with a touch of the old scorn. To him of all men she would not sue for grace.

"I was true to myself then," she said quietly, "I am not sorry, not even now."  
His enemy still, he thought—his starving enemy. Should he offer her bread or a stone? I have said that new impulses were guiding him, and with him impulses were all powerful. He went to the golden-haired boy on the hearth.

"Would you like to live with me?" he asked him. "The fires are bright in my house, and the carpets warm and soft.—There are pictures on the walls, and books without end in the cases."  
At the sound of books and pictures the boy's eyes brightened; but he answered with a sturdy resolution which reminded Pierce Richmond again of her whom he called his enemy.

"I should like the fires and the carpets, and the books and the pictures better yet. But I'll not leave my mother."  
"Will your mother come?" Mr. Richmond turned and looked into the worn face, flushing a little with indignation at his words. "I do not mean to ask anything you can grant," he hastened to say, in tones of quiet reassurance. "I am sixty-two, and alone in the world. Wife I shall never have; and I need a house-keeper—a woman faithful enough to look out for my interests, and kind enough to nurse me patiently through my old age. If you will come to my home, and keep my house, it shall be your home and your boy's home while I live, and at my death you shall be insured against want."

The widow looked a moment into his eyes, and then gave him both her hands in a passion of eager gratitude.  
"I deserve nothing from you," she said, "and you have saved me from despair."  
But I think as time went on, and the elegant abode where Pierce Richmond had passed so many solitary years took on new aspects of ease and grace under a woman's fingers; as little Frank met him whenever he came in with loving eagerness; and he began to understand something of the difference between a house and a home, he never repented that he had shown mercy to his enemy.

**Anecdotes of Mr. Lincoln.**  
We clip the following characteristic anecdotes of the late President, from Mr. F. B. Carpenter's "Six Months at the White House."

When General Phelps took possession of Ship Island, near New Orleans, early in the war, it will be remembered that he issued a proclamation, somewhat bombastic in tone, freeing the slaves. To the surprise of many people on both sides, the President took no official notice of this movement. Some time had elapsed, when one day a friend took him to task for his seeming indifference on so important a matter.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I feel about that a good deal as a man whom I will call 'Jones,' whom I once knew, did about his wife. He was one of your meek men, and had the reputation of being badly henpecked. At last, one day his wife was seen switching him out of the house. A day or two afterward a friend met him in the street, and said: 'Jones, I have always stood up for you, as you know; but I am not going to do it any longer. Any man who will stand quietly and take a switching from his wife, deserves to be horse-whipped.' 'Jones' looked up with a wink, putting his friend on the back.—'Now don't,' said he; 'why, it didn't hurt me any; and you have no idea what a power of good it did Sarah Ann.'"

In August, 1864, the prospects of the Union party in reference to the Presidential election became very gloomy. A friend, the private secretary of one of the Cabinet ministers, who spent a few days in New York at this juncture, returned to Washington with so discouraging an account of the political situation, that after hearing it, the Secretary told him to go to the White House and repeat it to the President. My friend said that he found Mr. Lincoln alone, looking more than usually care-worn and sad. Upon hearing this statement he walked two or three times across the floor in silence.—Returning he said with grim earnestness of tone and manner: "Well, I cannot run the political machine; I have enough on my hands without that. It is the people's business—the election is in their hands. If they turn their backs to the fire, and get scorched in the rear, they will find they have got to sit on the blister."

A private secretary of the late President writes that Mr. Lincoln "composed somewhat slowly and with care, making few erasures or corrections, and, indeed, being quite tenacious of forms of expressions which he had once adopted. It was then his custom to read his manuscript over aloud, 'to see how it sounded, as he could hardly judge of a thing by merely reading it.'"

An Ireland correspondent of the New York Observer writes as follows of Blarney Castle and the famous Blarney Stone: The number, extent and completeness of the commercial, benevolent, and religious institutions, in and about the city of Cork, of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants, astonished me. The Lunatic Asylum, for the insane of a large district of Ireland, and fitted to care for 530 patients, appeared to be one of the most extensive and happily arranged, that I had ever seen. Three buildings, in Gothic style, in the midst of beautiful grounds, commanded a magnificent view of town, country, land and water. We passed this institution and the model Agricultural School, and the Queen's College, and a number of others, on our way, and a beautiful way it was, one of the most delightful, winding, shaded, graded roads, with elegant old mansions in the midst of trees, their trunks with ivy clad, the stone walls by the roadside often overgrown with ivy, all the more enchanting to us, who, but the day before, were on the sea, and now were enjoying this new scenery with the keenest zest, as we were riding in an Irish jaunting car, going to "Blarney Castle," to see it and the famous "Blarney Stone," of Ireland. Who has not heard of the Blarney Stone? Irish blarney is quite as familiar a term as Irish wit. Yet there are not many who know where and what is the Blarney Stone, that gives to the Irish, who kiss it, the persuasive power of the tongue, the all prevailing flattery, that is said to distinguish them as a race. Five miles from the City of Cork, stands the Donjon Keep, and ruins of the ancient Blarney Castle, where, in olden time, dwelt the M'Carthy, Barons of Blarney. It was built in the 15th century, and the majestic strength and proportions of the work show that in its day, before our modern means of war were in use, it must have been a mighty affair.

In the midst of the wall on the North side, and supported by two timbers, several feet below the highest outlook of the Castle, was a stone, which could not be reached, unless you were held by the heels and so let down till you could touch it with your lips. This stone fell from its place a long time ago, and now another is pointed out on another side of the Castle, to be reached in the same way. I confess that I assisted in thus suspending two or three young Americans from Philadelphia, who were ambitious of adding to their other accomplishments this Irish endowment, and a lady of the party, who had no need of it, was content to reach it with her hand, and take the charm on her lips from the end of her fingers. And that none may be unable to kiss it, with true Irish liberality, a third stone is provided, warranted to be the one that fell from its place, and this is placed on the ground, at the door of the Castle, and you have only to stoop and touch it with your lips, and the virtue is precisely the same as that imparted by the one which is 120 feet in the air. Whence this tradition arose nobody knows. Father Prout's Reliques gives the best account of its miraculous power:

"There is a stone there,  
That whoever kisses,  
Oh! he never misses  
To grow eloquent  
'Tis he may clamour  
To a lady's chamber,  
Or become a member  
Of Parliament.  
"A clever speaker  
He'll sure turn out, or  
An out and outer,  
To be let alone!  
"Don't hope to hinder him,  
Or to bewilder him,  
Sure he's a pilgrim  
From the Blarney Stone."

A SILENT WOMAN.—The Portland Press records what it calls "one of the wonders of the world" in the case of a woman who has just died in the almshouse in that city, at the age of seventy years. Disappointed in love in early life, she made a vow never to speak another word during her life, and during the thirty-five years she has spent in the Portland poorhouse, she religiously kept her vow, until death sealed her lips, not uttering a single intelligible word during all that time. The Press says that she remained in full possession of her vocal faculties throughout the silent years, but does not explain how that fact is known.

A BASHFUL POET.—The poet Percival's knowledge of women was of the least. He never dared look them in the eyes.—An accidental touch of the hand of one of his loves drove him in confusion from the room. He never told his love, except in one instance, and then it was in writing. He was in love at twenty; at twenty-four he adored a pupil at Philadelphia; and again, at twenty-five, he worshipped somebody in Berlin; and once more, in New Haven, at twenty-seven, he fell in love with a young woman with a handsome face, who did not like looks, and married a shoemaker.

October comes, a woodman old,  
Fenced with tough leather from the cold;  
Round swings his sturdy axe, and to!  
A fir branch falls at every blow.