

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. [Jan 24]

SHARRETS DYREST, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, Gravit, Glazing and Paper Hanging. [Jan 24]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN?" [Jan 24]

After.
After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, the golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy rest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest!

Kisses.

"Kisses," says Sam Slick, "are like creation, because they are made out of nothing, and are very good." They are also like sermons, requiring two heads and an application. As to their invention, it is well known that they began with the first courtship in the most beautiful of gardens. The old Puritan poet has told us concerning the kiss *imprimis*, with which the pioneer lover saluted his blushing bride amid the bowers of Eden—

"In delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregnates the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron
lips
With kisses pure."

Some ungallant writers assert that, in the desire of the ancients to test the sobriety of their wives and daughters, who it seems were apt to make too free with the juice of the grape, notwithstanding a prohibition to the contrary, originated a practice reprobated by Socrates the philosopher, Cato the elder, and Ambrose the saint, and lauded by lyrics and lovers from the beginning of time. The refinement of manners among the classic dames and dandies before mentioned was probably pretty much on a par with that depicted in the *Beggars' Opera*, where Macheath exclaims, after saluting Jenny Diver, "One may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent."

Kissing, which means in Hebrew simply adoration or touching with the mouth, was always one of the essential parts of heathen worship, without which there was no possibility of either piety or virtue, and people were branded as atheists who neglected to kiss their hands or the statues of the gods when they entered a temple. Indeed, the feet and knees of the gods were often quite worn away by the constant touch of worshipping lips.—Among the early Christians, the kiss of peace prevailed, and was a most sacred ceremony, observed on solemn occasions. It was called *signaculum orationis*, the soul of prayer, and was a symbol of that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation which the Church required as an essential condition before any were admitted to the sacraments.

Roman civilians at length took the kiss under their protection. Their code defined with great accuracy the nature, limits, and conditions of the *right of kissing*. They were very strict, and only near blood relations might kiss the women of a family. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothal, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss. It was to credit Scandinavian tradition, kissing was an exotic pleasure introduced into England by Rowena, the beautiful Saxon. At a banquet given by the British monarch in honor of his ally, the Princess, after pressing the brimming beaker to her lips, saluted the astonished Voltergen with a pretty little kiss, after the manner in vogue among the Saxons.

A Greek traveler yclept Chalcondyles, who visited our British ancestors some five centuries since, says: "As for English females and children, their customs are liberal in the extreme. For instance, when a visitor calls at a friend's house, his first act is to kiss his friend's wife; he is then a duly installed guest. Persons meeting in the street follow the same custom, and no one sees anything improper in the action." Another Greek traveler of a century later also adverts to this osculatory custom. He says: "The English manifest much simplicity and lack of jealousy in their customs as regards females; for not only do members of the same family and household kiss them on the lips with complimentary salutations and enfolding of the arms round the waist, but even strangers when introduced follow the same mode, and it is one which does not appear to them unbecoming."

Another commentator on this subject is Erasmus. Writing from England to a friend, in 1499, he says: "They have a custom, too, which can never be sufficiently commended. On your arrival you are welcomed with kisses. On your departure you are sent off with kisses. If you return, the embraces are repeated. Do you receive a visit, your first entertainment is of kisses. Do your guests depart, you distribute kisses among them. Whenever you meet them, they greet you with a kiss; in short, whatever you turn,

there is nothing but kissing. Ah, Faustus, if you had once tasted the tenderness, the fragrance of these kisses, you would wish to stay in England, not for a ten years' voyage, like Solo's, but as long as you lived."

So widely spread was the osculatory reputation of the English, that when Cardinal Wolsey's biographer visited a distinguished French nobleman at his chateau, the mistress of the mansion, upon entering the apartment with her bevy of blooming attendant damsels, thus accosted her husband's guest: "Forasmuch as you be an Englishman, whose custom it is to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offense, and although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall my maids."

Puritans, Independents, and the like, sternly reprobated the custom of kissing. Here is what worthy John Bunyan had to say on the subject: "The common salutations of women I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, and that have visited them, I have made my objections against it, and when they have answered me that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they have made balks—why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill favored ones go?" But notwithstanding the efforts of the inspired tinker, kissing continued in vogue under the reign of William and Mary, although we find Rustic Sprightly complaining in the *Speculator* that since the unfortunate arrival in his neighborhood of a courtier who was contented with a profound bow, no young gentleman had been kissed, though previously he had been accustomed upon entering a room to salute the ladies all around.

From the Greek anthology down to our day, thousands of lines, good, bad, and indifferent, have been written on the subject of this chapter. A volume of the dimensions of Webster unbridged would scarcely contain them. Shakespeare alone has above three hundred allusions to kisses in his sonnets and dramas. Perhaps the best description of kissable lips ever written are by English and Irish poets. Sir John Suckling points to the very life the pretty, pouting mouth of a beauty, in his "Ballad on a Wedding":

"Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin—
Some bee had stung it newly."

And the Irish singer hyperbolically likens the lips of his charmer to
"A dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream."

No young reader will, we suspect, be willing to plead guilty to ever having acted like foolish Robin, whose stupidity has been immortalized in the following half dozen lines:

"Come kiss me," said Robin. I gently said
"No!"
For my mother forbade me to play with men
so."

Ashamed by my answer, he glided away,
Though my looks very plainly advised him
to stay,
Silly swain, not at all recollecting—not he—
That his mother ne'er said that he must not
kiss me."

How differently the same thing may be described. The great English poetess says:

"First time he kissed me, but he only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clear and white,
Slow to world-greeting; quick with its 'Oh,
list!"

When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst,
I could not wear it plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in
light
The first, and sought the forehead; and half
missed,
Falling upon my hair. Oh, beyond meed!
That was the charm of love, which love's
own crown.

With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state! Since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my
own!"

Herr Haacklander, writing on the subject of osculation, says: "There are three kisses by which the human race are blest; the first is that which the mother presses on the new-born infant's head; the second that which the newly wedded bride bestows on your lips; the third that with which love or friendship closes your eyes when your career is ended." After which rhetorical flourish, he adds: "But I, more blest than other mortals, have to boast of a fourth kiss of bliss, that of 'Father Radetsky.'" Haacklander wrote a description of the battle of Navarro, which brought him, among other distinctions, a kiss from the old field marshal.

The first lesson which the infant is taught is to kiss; it is at once the language of infancy and the currency of childhood. The little passionless face as it rests upon its mother's bosom is moulded into smiles by a kiss, and thus by love's fruit sweet echo is produced. Who shall tell the mystery, the deep love and earnestness, the quiet joy, the proud hope of a mother's kiss? and what brow or cheek, of all who have gone forth into the wide world, but wears this heavenly jewel, as imperishable as the glance of a diamond?

Then there is the lover's kiss, the first offering he makes upon the altar where

he worships, and no maiden ever yet unlocked her heart, but a kiss was the first prisoner that flew out. *En passant*, that was a wonderful kiss which Fatima received from her lover:

Last night when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came,
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shivered in my narrow frame.
Oh love! oh fire! Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips—as sunlight drinketh dew.

Another variety is the kiss universal. It is a charming salutation common among ladies, and occurs generally upon any encounter, whether in public or private, and is excessively violent at times after an absence of—three days from each other. There is no particular form insisted upon in this off-hand inoculation: it is simply fire and fall back.

The electrical kiss is performed by means of the electrical stool. Let a lady challenge a gentleman not acquainted with the experiment to give her a salute. The lady thereupon mounts the glass stool, taking hold of the chain connected with the prime conductor. The machine then being set in motion, the gentleman approaches the lady and attempts to imprint the seal of affection upon her coral lips, when a spark will fly in his face, which effectually deters him from his rash intentions.

The kiss sentimental is too delicate to have very much character. It is careful when it settles as a butterfly, and is rendered with a sigh and upturned optics. It occurs most commonly by pale moonlight, in grottoes and shady retreats. A hot sun or a boiled dinner is a perfect extinguisher on the kiss sentimental. It would also be inappropriate in a thunder shower or upon a high road.

Beautiful and sometimes sad are the historic kisses scattered through our literature, and that of other lands. The Bible abounds with them. There was the kiss of peace which David gives to Absalom—that wayward favorite, who was forever paying back his father's love and mercy with rebellion and violence; the kiss with which Jacob received his blind old father's blessing, and robbed the generous Esau for the second time of his birthright; the kiss Mary Magdalene gives when she washes the loved feet with her tears and wipes them with her hair.

Turning to secular history, there is the precious kiss which Margarida gave her troubadour lover, when "she stretched out her arms and sweetly embraced him in the love chamber," which coming to her husband's (Raimond de Roussillon) knowledge, he gave her the troubadour's heart to eat, disguised as a savory morsel. And there was Francesca's kiss, so sweet and yet so sad, so guilty and so pure, when trembling Paolo kissed her and they read no more that day. And there are the kisses that Antony wasted a world so gladly for "on a brow of Egypt;" or rather, we suspect, on lips of Egypt; and Othello's farewell kisses, which, tender and heart-broken as they were, had no magic in them to redeem poor Desdemona's life. Who does not remember that grand kiss of Coriolanus—

"Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!" which exhibits such a world of character and passion; and sweet Romeo's dying kiss in the vault of the Capulets, and the famous kiss of Bassanio? Then there is the kiss Marie Stuart gave Alain Chastier, the memory of which is still fresh after three centuries have passed away. Do you remember it? He was a poet and the ugliest man in France. The last of his race died in Paris in November, 1863. The Queen with her maids found him asleep one day, and bent over him and kissed his dreaming lips. "I kiss not the man," she said, "I kiss the soul that sings." Then there is the kiss which the fresh cheek of young John Milton received during his college days from the lips of the high-born Italian beauty, and the kisses of Lawrence Sterne, concerning which he says, "For my own part I would rather kiss the lips I love, than dance with all the graces of Greece, after bathing themselves in the springs of Parnassus. Flesh and blood for me, with an angel in the inside."

What kind of a kiss was it that sweet Amy Robsart's friend Leicester placed upon the lips of Queen Bess, and which, according to a chronicle of the time, "she took right heartily?" It was certainly a bold proceeding "before folks," considering the parties were. The kiss that Chastelard asked of Mary Beaton was a notable one. Said the gallant Frenchman:

Kiss me with some slow, heavy kiss, that
plucks
The heart out at the lips.

When the Cardinal John of Lorraine was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss, greatly to the indignation of the irate churchman. "How, madame," exclaimed he, "am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the queen, my mistress, and shall I not kiss you, who are only a duchess?" and without more ado he, despite the resistance of the proud little Portuguese princess, kissed her thrice on the mouth, before he released her with an exultant laugh. The doughty Cardinal was apparently of one mind with Selden, who thought "to kiss ladies' hands after their lips as some do, is like the boys who after they eat the apple, fall to the pearing."

"When Charles II. was making his triumphal progress through England, certain country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand, in their simplicity held up their pretty lips to be kissed by the king—a blunder no one would more willingly excuse than the red-haired lover of pretty Nelly Gwynn. Another poet, the countryman of Charlier, had two centuries later, the honor of being publicly kissed in the stage box by the young and lovely Countess de Villars; but in Voltaire's case, the lady gave the osculatory salute not of her own free will, but in obedience to the commands of the *claqueurs* in the pit, mad with enthusiasm for the poet's 'Merope.'"

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, as our readers will remember, gave Steel the butcher a kiss for his vote nearly a century since, and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. Duncan Mackenzie, a veteran of Waterloo, died at Elgin, Scotland, Dec., 1866. He delighted in relating how he kissed the duchess in taking the shilling from between her teeth to become one of her regiment—the Gordon Highlanders, better known as the Ninety-second. The old Scottish veteran of eighty-seven has not left one behind him to tell the same tale about kissing the blue-eyed Duchess in the market-place of Duthill. The late Daniel O'Connell hit upon a novel mode of securing votes for the candidates he had named at a certain election, which test, considering the constitutional temperament of his countrymen, is said to have proved effectual. He said in reference to the unfortunate elector who should vote against them, "Let no man speak to him. Let no woman salute him!" Gilbert Stuart, the portrait painter, is said to have once met a lady in one of the streets of Boston, who accosted him with, "Ah! Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said the gallant painter, "it was not like me."

All admirers of Goethe will remember the passage in which poor Margaret says to her lover, "What! you can no longer kiss? so short a time away from me, my love, and already forgotten how to kiss? Why do I feel so sad upon your neck? when in other times a whole heaven came over me from your words, your looks, and you kissed me as if you would smother me! Kiss me, or I will kiss you! (She embraces him.) O woe! your lips are cold—are you dumb? Where have you left your love? who has robbed me of it?" And again, seated at her spinning wheel, she utters her deep grief in a simple song.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
'Tis gone forever
And evermore.
For him doth my bosom
Cry out and pine;
Oh! if I might clasp him
And keep him mine!
And kiss him, kiss him,
As fain would I,
I'd faint on his kisses—
Yes, faint and die!

Some of our readers who are not so young as they have been, may remember the famous Yankee kiss, and kiss of the last King of England before he came in his estate. While in New York, the Prince called at a barber's shop to be shaved. When the operation was completed, he stepped up to the barber's pretty wife, who chanced to be present, and giving her a kiss, remarked, "There, now, you can say you have been kissed by a member of the royal family." The barber, greatly incensed by what he chose to receive as an insult, seized the Prince, and helping him out of the shop with his foot, exclaimed, "There, now, you can say that you received a royal kick from an American freeman."

The operations and duties connected with the Land Department, or Surveyor General's office of Pennsylvania, one of the most important departments of the State government, are but little understood by the people at large.

The system of disposing of lands inaugurated by William Penn and the Proprietary, and of necessity continued by the Commonwealth, is one surrounded by many objectionable features, as the lands, instead of having been previously surveyed by the authorities, and their location definitely ascertained and afterwards sold, warrants for vacant land were granted, the surveys on which were often made years after. In many instances, for the officers of the land department could not know what land was vacant, conflicting warrants were issued, so that in some localities several sets of warrants were laid upon the same land. This has produced much litigation throughout the State, and although titles in the older counties have been generally settled, there are and will continue to be for years to come, cases for adjustment by the Courts; and in order to establish titles, innumerable copies of applications, warrants, surveys, patents and other official papers are required from the Land Department.

Under our land system the application and warrant are the inception of the title,

and parties desiring information in regard to any tract of land, should give the name of the warrant, date of the warrant, and county in which it was located, and then a subsequent proceedings, as whether survey has been returned, patented or not, and the amount due the State, if not patented, can be ascertained.

Now that the real estate of the Commonwealth is no longer taxed, efforts should be made to increase the revenues from all other proper sources, and as a very large sum is due the State on account of unpaid purchase money for lands not patented, public policy demands the prompt payment of these claims, and the completion of titles. The Legislature has from time to time within the last forty years, passed stringent laws for their collection, but owing to the herculean task imposed on the department in getting out these claims, nearly every account involving the closest examination of application, warrant, survey, vouchers, blotters, day-books, journals, ledgers, and maps to ascertain the location of the land against which the lien is entered, the several acts were never carried out according to their spirit and meaning. The last act on this subject, passed in May, 1864, requires these accounts to be made out, and liens therefor entered up in the several counties; and it would be well for those interested to make a note of it, for General Jacob M. Campbell, of Cambria county, the present Surveyor General, and who is a thorough business man and most efficient officer, military and civil, has nearly completed the calculations of the amounts due on unpatented tracts upon which surveys have been returned. When completed and entered up as liens in the several counties, an additional fee of five dollars in each case will be charged. Many persons seem to labor under an erroneous impression that when the liens are entered up they can settle them at the respective county seats. But this is not the fact; everything relating to them must be transacted through the land department—the object in entering them up being probably to prevent alienation of property until this just debt is paid the Commonwealth.

The laws relating to this important department of the State government are so numerous, in many cases conflicting, and in others their application so obscure, that the next Legislature should pass a carefully revised act, covering the necessities that have grown up, and more clearly defining present laws. In doing this the law-making power should avail itself of the suggestions of the Surveyor General, as it requires much experience in the department to make one acquainted with its necessities and yet protect existing rights under former laws and customs.

In the same department are many old, rare, and curious documents—some older than the date of the first colony under the founder of the provinces—and many have on them the "stamps" that formed one of our grievances against the "Mother Country." Much to connect the past with the present is here found; much to remind one of the hardships and perils of the brave pioneers who first made homes in our dense forests, and paved the way for the high state of prosperity and civilization enjoyed by their descendants. A regular set of books, consisting of day-book, journal, and ledger, have been kept from the year 1719, and are found to be in a remarkable state of preservation. These, together with large folios, in which patents have been recorded, fill the greater part of the shelving of the second floor. From these records we ascertain that among the quit rents imposed before the lands were declared allodial was in one instance that of one "red rose" annually, and that the "father of his country" was at one time the owner of land in Pennsylvania, having located a tract in Westmoreland county. A small circular room up stairs is nearly filled with papers of John Nicholson, Esq., at one time the owner of nearly one-seventh of this State, and also a very large land-holder in the Southern States, and yet who was always harassed with debt and died a poor man.

The development of the State by Railroads and the consequent impetus given to our lumber, coal, and other mineral interests, has so greatly enhanced the value of lands, a few years ago scarcely worth the taxes assessed upon them, that the vacant mountain lands are being rapidly taken up, and the people are having their titles perfected by obtaining patents, and adjusting in the courts of the Commonwealth contested rights. This involves the Surveyor General's office in a heavy correspondence, and the furnishing of a great many copies of official papers.

General Robert A. McCoy, late private Secretary to Governor Curtin, is the efficient chief clerk of this department, and to his courtesy am I indebted for the above interesting facts.—Correspondence Philadelphia Press.

AN aerolite fell at Gardner, Me., one evening last week. It looked like a large globe of fire, and hissed like a rocket in its descent. Upon examining the spot where it fell, a substance resembling starch was found.

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