The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Protestant Episcopal Church—Rev. J. Shany, Rector in charge. Rev J. M. Smith, Assistant. 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.

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Cumberland Methodist—Rev. John Williams, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at half past 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. Wm. Lloyd, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Baptist Baptists—Rev. David Jenkins, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. Mitchell, Pastor—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 3 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

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Western, " at	10 "	P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern daily, at	4½ o'clock	P. M.
Western, " at	6 "	A. 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 1 P. 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.

☞ Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

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" Fast Line	"	10.09 P. M.
" Mail Train,	"	3.16 P. M.
East—Express Train,	"	8.16 P. M.
" Fast Line,	"	6.39 A. M.
" Mail Train,	"	10.04 A. M.

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Assessor.—Richard T. Davis.

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Inspectors.—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

POETRY.

The Union--Let it be Preserved.

Ye blessed sons and daughters
Whose ministry is peace,
Pour oil upon the waters
And cause their rage to cease.
O men of mine own nation,
Will any idle stand,
While rank infatuation
Is perilling the land?
Why quench the beacon's burning
Whose radiance lights the sky,
To which all nations, turning,
Look with a hopeful eye?
If now its flame ye smother,
Ye quench the hopes of men:
How long before another
Shall light the world again?
While with majestic motion
Our valley rivers run,
And, ere they swell the ocean,
Form an harmonious one—
So long may love incline us
(Let every patriot pray)
With olive-leaves to twine us,
Till Time's concluding day!

ONLY A DOLLAR.

"Only a dollar, Charlie."

"Only a dollar, eh?" said the young husband with a smile, as he placed one foot on the rung of his wife's chair, while she leaned her elbow on his knee, and watched him open the steel clasps of his pocket-book. A solitary note and a few loose pieces of silver were all that presented themselves.

"Lucky enough, Adeline, that your demands are so small this noon," said Mr. Huntley, as he unrolled the crumbling paper, "for I settled a debt of fifty dollars before I came home in such a hurry to see you."

"Say rather to see your dinner," answered the pretty wife, as she put up a mouth like a rosebud for a kiss.

"Well, pussy, I guess 'twas a little of both, for you'd better believe I was hungry. Here, take this two," and he emptied the silver into her rosy palm. "Won't this do till supper time?"

"Oh, yes! You see I've nothing in the world to purchase, but I owe a dollar to that poor woman who brought home my muslin wrapper, and I told her she should have the money to-day for sure and certain, as Bridget says."

She was a charming little wife, and the young merchant thought so, or he would not have lingered another half-hour by her side when he knew so well he ought to be at his store. But there was a very strange magnetism in the pretty face—in the dainty movement of the restless, graceful hand—in the light talk, that reminded one of the humming-bird as it fluttered over the sweet lips. And all these things held the husband like so many chains, until, at last, with a desperate effort he seized his hat, pressed his lips upon the fair forehead and hurried away.

* * * * * * *

"Och, sure, ma'am, they're the most beautiful strawberries, as big as my thumb, and as red as a rose in June; and sure the man's at the door with his basket piled full of the same."

"Strawberries, Bridget! I had no idea they were ripe so early," and Mrs. Huntley hurried to the door.

It was enough to make anybody's mouth water to look at them, and Mrs. Huntley's certainly did as the man lifted a basket of the delicious fruit, saying:

"Seventy-five cents, ma'am, and the first of the season."

"It's a dreadful price," murmured the young wife, "and then I owe the only dollar I have by me to that poor woman.—How provoking! Charley's so fond of strawberry cake, and I could make such a beautiful one out of two of those baskets, and what a delightful surprise it would be at supper! But that woman—no matter, I'll give her something for having to wait. Bridget, run up stairs and get my purse on the table!"

* * * * * * *

"You're not going away, mamma?—Please do not go away and leave Willie alone;" and the sick boy lifted his arms appealingly from the head pallet on which he lay, while the fever flush deepened in his hollow cheeks, and the fever light brightened in his dark eyes.

"It is only a little while, Willie, and mama will buy some bread and make you a nice piece of toast when she comes back; and my boy shall sit up by the fire, and have a cup of warm tea too, and some medicine to make him well again. Mama's going to get a whole dollar, and she'll spend it every bit for her darling," said the mother, as she leaned fondly over her child, and drew the folds of the old quilt tighter around him.

One kiss, full, oh! so full of motherly tenderness, and the sick boy lay all alone in that dark, destitute room, where the pale spring sunshine looked in coldly on the ashes that were smouldering upon the hearth.

* * * * * * *

"Please, ma'am, there's a woman at the door and has come for the dollar she says yourself promised her to-day."

"Goodness, Bridget!" a little shadow of a cloud came over the bright forehead of the lady, "I spent the last cent in the house for these strawberries, and I can't leave this cake to see her now, either.—Tell her to call again to-morrow; she shall certainly have it, and more, too."

"Och, Mrs. Huntley, you ought to have seen the look on her face when I told her you'd not the money to-day. Surely that poor thing's in trouble of some kind, it's plain enough to be seen," said the rather loquacious Bridget to her mistress, when she returned to the kitchen.

"Oh, dear! if I had known; but the strawberries are bought, and it cannot be helped now. I'll make it all right with her to-morrow, Bridget." And Mrs. Huntley showered the berries on the daintily-fashioned cake, and hummed a sweet tune to the swift motion of her hands, and the little shadow of a cloud went out from her brow.

* * * * * * *

Three days passed.

"What can be the reason," murmured Mrs. Huntley to herself, as she sat in her dressing room, "that Mrs. Gray has not called for the money? I have laid by two dollars for her, as Mrs. Macy told me they were very poor; and as I am intending to call on that lady this afternoon, I will learn the residence of Mrs. Gray, and take this myself, for somehow her non-appearance troubles me."

* * * * * * *

"Goodness, what a place! I had no idea she was so wretchedly poor," murmured to herself the lady with gracefully plumed hat, and shawl of strange, gorgeous devices, wrought in the loom of the Indies, as she carefully picked her way up the rickety, dilapidated stairs wherein dwelt Mrs. Gray.

She reached the door to which she had been directed, and having knocked several times without receiving any answer, she gently lifted the latch and looked in. The bloom went out from the lady's cheek at the scene which that half open door revealed.

In the centre of the wretched apartment stood a small deal table, on which was placed a coffin; and bending over this, every feature of her haggard face written with a history of terrible suffering, was Mrs. Gray. A moment later, she raised her eyes and confronted those of her appalled visitor.

A startling change came over the woman's face. She stepped quickly and quietly from the coffin to the side of Mrs. Huntley, and laying her hand on the lady's arm, said in a low hoarse voice,

"Come with me."

The two stood before the coffin; and then removing the white cloth from the face of the boy that was here no longer, Mrs. Gray pointed to him and said slowly and sternly,

"Mrs. Huntley, he was all I had, and he is dead, and God will hold you responsible, for you have killed him. The dollar that you promised me, and then withheld, would have saved his life; and when other help came, it was to late."

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me! Mrs. Gray. If I had only known," ejaculated the lady in broken tones, while the tears poured down her cheeks.

And Mrs. Gray looked on her visitor and the sternness went out from her features, and the muscles around her compressed mouth relaxed, she turned to the dead child, and put away tenderly the rich brown curls that lay in thick clusters on his marble forehead.

"Ay, they can all weep for you now, my boy," said she, "all but your mother, who has not shed a tear since they took away your little arms from her neck. Oh, Mrs. Huntley," she continued and the pathos of a breaking heart was in every word, "he was my child, my Willie, my treasure, and I loved him just as well as you could love yours though you decked him with jewels and nursed him in luxury while I had not a crust to give him when he cried to me for food. Oh, Willie my beautiful, my darling, you are gone, you are gone, and I would have died to save you."

"Yes, Henry, I have left nothing undone for that poor woman's comfort, and she seems calm and more resigned now; but oh! I would give all I possessed to bring back that dead boy," and with a fresh burst of remorseful tears, Mrs. Huntley laid her head on her husband's shoulder.

He put his arm around her.

"Don't cry, darling," he said, "you meant no harm, besides it was all done for love for me, and though the matter has ended so unhappily, we have I trust, both learned a lesson for the future."

"Yes, and one I shall never forget," said the young wife, lifting her dark, tearful eyes to her husband. "It is, never to say, 'Go and come again,' to those I employ. Oh I never knew before, the worth of 'Only a Dollar.'"

An Incomprehensible Coquette.—A romantic young lady of this city, says the Indianapolis Sentinel, one of the wild, rattle-brained sort, but entirely above suspicion, made the acquaintance of a young gentleman on the State Fair Ground, and he was smitten. He asked to visit her, but some strange freak got in the young lady's head, and she declined his visits at her home, but so arranged as to meet him in the evenings, and rambled with him by moonlight often until the small hours approached. What he said, or how he said it, we don't know, but we presume he asked to accompany her to her apartment, for on Sunday night she took him to her room, stepped out, and turned the key in the door behind her. Having performed this exploit, she awoke her father and brother, complained of insults offered, and told them how she had the libertine under lock and key. Armed with tongs and canes, the paternal and fraternal burst into the room, furious and in eager haste to chastise the intruder. The young stranger, although lost, is a youth of coolness and courage. He started back an instant, under the glare of light from two pair of eyes, and drew a revolver, telling them that if they advanced a step he would fire every barrel at them. He let them rave on, and the old man soon began to see the absurdity of his position. The young lover told them to reflect. He was in the young lady's bed-chamber, brought there by herself—was she not more in his power than he was in hers? His love, he said, was cooled—indeed, it was below freezing point; and he was willing to let the affair rest just where it was, and that each party should return to their own quarters, with their arms in their hands. It was agreed that nothing should be said about the matter, but some hints having leaked out, we have the substance of the above from one of the actors, and believe it to be true. Young ladies should not get quite so romantic.

A Great and Glorious Redentry.—The following description of Mississippi and her people, is given by some emigrant who has moved to that State and writes to his friends:

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and make more noise, and rise higher, fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger, and deeper, and clearer, than those of any other country. Our rail cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people, than all other rail cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, and burst their boilers oftener, and the captains swear harder, that in any other country.

"Our men are bigger, and longer, and thicker, can fight harder and faster, and drink more mean whiskey, and chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and further, and not be killed, than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our negroes are blacker, work harder, have thicker skulls, smell louder, and need thrashing oftener, than any other niggers in any other State. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too extensive for their pantaloons quicker than any other children in any other country."

A New Sort of Divorce.—Not long since a native of the Fejee Islands presented himself to a missionary and humbly begged to receive the rite of baptism. "But," objected the priest, "you are a polygamist—you have several wives."—"Only two." "That is one too many." "Good, I will get rid of one of them."—"Keep the one that you have lived the longest with." "No, I prefer the other, she is younger." "As you please."—Eight days thereafter the converted savage returned to the priest, with his face radiant with innocent joy. "Now, father," said he, "you can baptise me. I have only one wife now," and he pointed to quite a pleasant looking woman who accompanied him. "And what has become of the other?" asked the priest. "Oh, I ate her!"

The Final Destiny of the Earth.

Enck's comet, which revolves about the sun in three years and a half, has been observed to complete its revolution in a constantly shortening period, showing that it is being drawn toward the sun. This fact has led to the general conclusion, by the astronomers, that the planets are moving in a resisting medium, far more attenuated than our atmosphere, but still sufficient to affect their motions. If this is so, it follows by strict necessity that our earth and its sister planets are all winding spirally toward the sun, and that they must eventually strike against it, and become incorporated with its mass. The time required for this purpose belongs to those inconceivable periods with which geology and astronomy have to deal. The resisting medium is so exceedingly attenuated that it exerts but a slight influence upon the comets, which are themselves masses of the very thinnest vapor, and its influences would of course be very much less on the dense matter of the planets.

Astronomical observation, with all their wonderful delicacy, have yet failed to detect the slightest progressive shortening in the periods of revolution of any of the planets. It is curious however to note the multiplied obstacles which prevent the perception of this fact, if it does exist. All the measures of these revolutions are shortening with the revolutions themselves. If we begin, for instance, with the earth, the problem is to ascertain whether the time occupied by the earth in its journey round the sun is gradually becoming shorter.—The first plan that suggests itself is to compare this with the rotation of the earth on its axis, to see whether the year occupies the same number of days and seconds that it did in former times. But if the earth is gradually cooling, it is contracting in size, and its rotation on its axis becoming more rapid; in other words, the day is shortening with the year, and if the measure shrinks just in proportion to the thing measured, we cannot tell whether the latter is becoming shorter or not.

If we take the time of the revolution of the moon around the earth as a standard, the same resisting medium would draw the moon toward the earth and shorten the month also with the year. If we resort even to the less satisfactory measures of the sun's rotation on its axis, his bulk is also diminished by the radiations of his heat, and the period of his rotation is consequently becoming shorter. In brief, from the two causes of radiation and the resisting medium, all the times and distances which could be used to measure the earth's distance from the sun, or the periods of its annual revolution, are shortened together. So that the differences in the extent of these several contradictions are the only means left for detecting by observation the approach of the earth to the sun, if such approach is really taking place. These differences would doubtless reveal themselves in the course of generations to refined astronomical observations.

If the earth and sun are gradually becoming cold, this winding of the earth towards the sun would tend to keep up its warmth, and may be a wise provision for prolonging, by some millions of years, the continuance of animal life upon our globe. But this period must come to a close, for if there is a resisting medium pervading the space between us and the sun, the final destiny of the earth is to curve inward till, with a velocity hundreds of times greater than that of a cannon-ball, it dashes itself with an awfully sublime crash into the mass of the sun.

The Prince of Wales' Visit.—The Prince has arrived at his native shore, and the English papers teem with notices of his visit to our country. The London *News* of the 16th ult says:—"The Prince of Wales brings home, we are persuaded, a heart thrilling with affection for the mighty offspring of England, and a deep respect for that energetic freedom and expanding power. He brings home, too, an intellect sharpened and strengthened by contact with the vitality of a new civilization. He has tested the life and destiny of the New World, in the prairie, in forest clearing, in populous cities where but yesterday the pioneer plied his axe. He has seen a nation of soldiers without an army, civil order without a police—wealth, luxury and culture without a court or an aristocracy. He has learned to mingle with the busy crowd of men without the intervention of chamberlains and courtiers; he has found respect without ceremony, and honor without adulation."

☞ Says the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny, "why is a new born baby like a cow's tail?"

"Give it up."

"Because in was never seen before."

Phanny phainted!

Equal to the Emergency.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor, penniless—occupied by chance the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one rose first, took from his pocket a pistol and holding it to his own forehead and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort. I am penniless and tired of life; give me five hundred francs or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamosed, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman of very savage aspect, one night roomed with a tall, raw-boned gentleman from Arkansas who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind.

Next morning "Pike," awakening discovered his room mate standing over him with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standin' thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply—"you give me one hundred dollars, or I will blow out my brains!"

"Well, blow an' be darned," replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you vill be arrest for ze murdare," persisted the Gaul earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five pound bowie-knife from under his pillow, he sat upright.

"A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and, at a word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; the "hoss-pistol" innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what may suit one latitude will not answer for another.

Being Waited Upon.—The New York Traveler tells the following story as illustrative of the "honesty of country girls:"

"An amusing incident took place in one of the large dry-goods stores in our city a short time since. A good looking honest faced country girl came to town with her feller to do a little trifle of shopping. The magnitude of the store, the piles on piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, and the flitting array of cashboys, quite overpowered our good friend, who scarcely knew what to do. Her fellow obstinately refused to go in, but loitered at the door.

"The clerks being all busy just then, the young lady was obliged to remain standing for a few moments. At length a gaily dressed little fellow came bowing and scraping up to the blushing customer, with—

"Any body waiting on you, madam?"

"The color deepened in her cheeks, as she pointed to her beau, and faltered out:

"Yes, sir; *he* is."

Impure Water.—Set a pitcher of water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperatures a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in a room for awhile is always unfit for use. For the same reason, the water in a pump stock should all be pumped out in the morning before any is used. Impure water is more injurious to the health than impure air.

☞ Richards was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge as often as he made it. The last time I had met him he told me that he had broken off for good, but now as I met him he was taking another chew "Why, Richards," said I, "you told me that you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again." "Yes," he replied, "but I have begun chewing again, and left off lying."

☞ Accommodation—Obliging a friend in order to save ourselves.