

The Alleghanlian.

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

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1861.

NUMBER 1.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANLIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station.	Joseph Graham.	Yoder.
Carrolltown.	Joseph S. Mardis.	Blacklick.
Chess Springs.	Benjamin Wirtner.	Carroll.
Chessburg.	Danl. Litzinger.	Chest.
Ebensburg.	John J. Troxell.	Washin'tn.
Fallen Timber.	Mrs. H. M'Gague.	Ebensburg.
Gallitzin.	Isaac Thompson.	White.
Hemlock.	J. M. Christy.	Gallitzin.
Johnstown.	Wm. M'Gough.	Washin'tn.
Loretto.	H. A. Boggs.	Johnstown.
Mineral Point.	Wm. Gwinn.	Loretto.
Monster.	E. Wissing.	Conem'gh.
Pershing.	A. Darbin.	Monster.
Plattsville.	Francis Clement.	Conem'gh.
Roseland.	Andrew J. Ferral.	Susq'han.
St. Augustine.	G. W. Bowman.	White.
Scaly Level.	Wm. Ryan, Sr.	Clearfield.
Soman.	George Conrad.	Richland.
Summerhill.	B. M'Colgan.	Washin'tn.
Summit.	Wm. Murray.	Croyle.
Wilmore.	Miss M. Gillespie.	Washin'tn.
	Andrew Beck.	S'mmerhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. SNOW, 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.

Wesley Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month, and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Duquesne—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. MITCHELL, 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 12 o'clock, noon.
Western, " at 12 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 6 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 6 o'clock, A. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsboro, arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

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

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at	8.33 A. M.
" Fast Line "	9.07 P. M.
" Mail Train "	9.02 P. M.
East—Express Train "	3.42 A. M.
" Fast Line "	7.30 P. M.
" Mail Train "	9.45 A. M.

[*The Fast Line West does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Richwood, J. R. McDonald.

Prothonotary—Joseph McDonald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Storm, James Cooper.

Clerk to Commissioners—Robert A. McCoy.

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

Poor House Directors—David O'Harro, Michael McGuire, Jacob Horner.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zabm.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—H. C. Devine.

Assessor—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull.

John S. Rhey.

County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Superintendent of Common Schools—James M. Swank.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kincaid.

Burgess—David J. Evans.

Town Council—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel O. Evans.

Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.

Weigh Master—William Davis.

School Directors—William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, Hugh Jones, David J. Jones.

Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.

Constable—George W. Brown.

Tax Collector—George Gurley.

Judge of Election—Meshac Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Original Poetry.

The Last Day of Summer.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

The beautiful summer is going far,
Smiling, she passes away,
Apples and peaches are golden and red,
And the winds that slept all day
But a week ago, I can hear them now
Go sweeping from hill to hill,
And at evening sings the katy-did
In place of the whippoorwill.

The humming-birds yet come to the bower
With the honeysuckles fair,
Diving down deep in their coral bells,
For the wealth of sweetness there;

But they linger not long, the restless things,
They feast in a hurried way,
As if they said, "when summer has fled
Then we must not longer stay."

It is many days since the fervent heat
Shut up the violet's eyes,
And the seeded pods of the crowfoot flowers
Like bristling bayonets rise;

The blackberries ripen along the lanes,
And the golden rod blooms bright,
While the cardinal flowers across the swamp
Are flinging their scarlet light.

In the garden the dahlia's splendors glow,
And in crimson, white and gold,
By the four o'clocks, the children's flowers,
The hour of the day is told.

Oh, summer fair! in our land uprisen
At war's wild, discordant call,
Thy radiance fell like a dream of rest,
And a blessing of peace o'er all.

Thy morning hours had an Eden-glow,
And from blossoms, dew exhaled,
The incense of Nature was offered, pure,
As if from a sinless world.

But this is the last, last day of thy reign,
A lover could not be;
And this sunset hour is the last gold bead
Of thy fair string rosary.

But now to thy sunshine and to thy bloom,
To thy bird songs in the dell,
To thy starlight fair and thy falling dew,
To thy sweetness all, farewell!

JOHNSTOWN, August 31st, 1861.

Our Common Schools.

TO THE DIRECTORS AND TEACHERS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

As the period for the Fall Examinations, and the consequent opening of the schools of the county, has arrived—four districts, Susquehanna, Wilmore, Washington and Summerhill, having already, with commendable promptness, thrown open the doors of their school-rooms—the undersigned deems it to be expedient and proper to make public the following suggestions to directors and teachers:

I. Directors are respectfully requested to attend the examinations in their respective districts. They will thus have an opportunity of deciding for themselves upon the merits of all applicants, and especially upon those points of a teacher's character which cannot be indicated in a certificate.

II. They are also earnestly requested to place a blackboard in every school-house. No teacher, it is respectfully submitted, can do justice to himself or his pupils without this necessary help. A blackboard six feet by four is large enough for any school-room, and its cost will not be more than two and a half or three dollars. Less than a quarter of a mill of additional taxation upon the assessed valuation of any district without blackboards would place one in every school-house within its limits. Think of it, gentlemen directors! It is not too late yet to act.

III. Another matter of equal importance demanding the attention of directors in many districts of the county, is the pressing necessity for the adoption of a uniform series of text-books. As well might part of a company of soldiers be armed with Minie rifles, a part with shot-guns, a part with scythes, a part with hatchets, and the remainder with bows and arrows, as a school of boys and girls be supplied with half a dozen series of text-books in each of the various branches of study they are pursuing. The efforts of the teacher to make good scholars of his pupils with the assortment of books to be found in some of our schools would not be more effective than a charge by the soldiers, armed as we have supposed. Directors, it is hoped, will not hesitate to adopt a uniform series of text-books for the coming winter, and then see that no other is taken into the schools. A little reflection will show to every director the propriety of this policy.

Several years ago, the directors of Johnstown, upon the occasion of their adopting a series of books to be used in the schools of the borough, gave public notice of their action, and hence, on the first day of the session, children took with them the books that had been authorized

to be used, and no others. We commend the example of the Johnstown directors to the consideration of all other directors who may this year decide that but one kind of books shall be used in their schools. If it is not convenient to give printed notice, written handbills, posted in two or three conspicuous places, would answer the same purpose.

IV. Many schoolhouses are not properly ventilated. This defect in their construction may be easily remedied by causing three or four windows in each of them to lower from the top. The improvement will cost but a mere trifle, and the health and comfort of pupils absolutely demand that it should be made.

V. That provision of the School Law which requires the president of every board of directors to take sufficient bonds from the treasurer and collector, it is hoped, has not been neglected in any district in the county during the present year. Serious loss has heretofore resulted from a failure to comply with this provision of the law. If this duty has been neglected by any president, it is not yet too late to exact the necessary bonds. The law holds the president who neglects it responsible for all losses which may ensue.

VI. Directors must levy a tax, and keep open the schools. This duty of directors is plainly defined by the State Superintendent and the Attorney-General in the July number of the School Journal for the current year, pages 12 and 13. The penalty for neglect of duty is removal from office by the Court of Quarter Sessions, upon complaint of six tax-payers residing in the district where the schools have not been opened. See sec. 9, page ii, of the Common School Law.

VII. Directors are requested not to cut down the wages of teachers. They should rather address themselves to the task of urging prompt collections by collectors, so that teachers can be paid their wages when earned. It is a very poor policy that cuts down the wages of teachers and then asks them to wait long and dreary months for their pay. Directors need not expect to secure the services of good teachers unless they are willing to pay fair wages with reasonable promptness.

TO TEACHERS.

I. I have no hesitation in making public the fact that there will be a demand in many of the districts of the county for a better class of teachers than that which had charge of the schools last winter. Worthy teachers who last winter found employment in the county, will have no difficulty in obtaining their old situations; but, on the other hand, those who proved themselves unworthy, either in scholarship, government, or general deportment, will be rejected. Directors feel the necessity of this discrimination, and, so far as duty requires me, I will aid in carrying out their wishes. Worthy teachers are therefore encouraged to attend the examinations. They are Wanted.

II. Teachers who intend to make application for situations are referred to the June number of the School Journal, page 363, for information touching the qualifications that will be required for the different grades of Provisional certificates.—Those who are aware of their deficiency in any of the qualifications there enumerated, will find it advisable to "brush up." Unless unavoidably necessary, no certificate will be issued with a lower figure than "4" and, in no case will a certificate be issued where the average would be less than "3." See pages 38 and 39 of School Journal for August. The standard of qualifications must come up. The Department requires it, and experience has demonstrated its necessity.

III. Special attention is directed to the branch of "Mental Arithmetic," and to the new blank in the certificate upon the "Theory of Teaching." In the former teachers are advised to make themselves familiar with one of the many text-books in that science, and in the latter, some acquaintance with either "Page," "North-end," or the volumes of the School Journal, with a disposition to become an active member of a District Institute, will be expected.

IV. At the District examinations no Professional Certificates will be granted. The examination of applicants for this form of certificate will take place at two or three accessible points in the county, after I have visited every teacher within its limits. Public notice will be given of the time fixed for these examinations.

V. Teachers residing outside of Cambria county, and unknown to me, who may apply for situations during the coming fall, are requested to bring with them certificates of moral character from some creditable source. See page 363 of School Journal for June, section 286.

JAMES M. SWANK, Co. Supt.

JOHNSTOWN, August 28, 1861.

Anecdotes of Stephen Girard.

A paper read by Dr. W. M. Cornell at the last meeting of the New England Historical-Genelogical Society in Boston, gave the following interesting anecdotes of Stephen Girard:

"Stephen Girard was the sole judge of his beneficence. If rightly appreciated he would give largely; but if dictated to or treated rudely he would not give at all. Samuel Coates, one of the old Friends, who sought aid from him were unsuccessful. Mr. Coates was a trustee of the Pennsylvania Hospital, which was then much in need of funds. He undertook to get a donation from Mr. Girard, and meeting him in the street, stated his object. Mr. Girard asked him to come to him the next morning.

Mr. Coates called and found Mr. Girard at breakfast. He asked him to take some, which Mr. Coates did. After breakfast Mr. Coates said, "Well Mr. Girard we will proceed to business." "Well, what have you come for, Samuel?" said Mr. Girard. "Just what thee pleases, Stephen," replied Mr. Coates. Girard drew a check for \$2000, which Mr. Coates put in his pocket without looking at it. "What! you not look at the check I gave you?" said Mr. Girard. "No, beggars are not choosers, Stephen," said Mr. Coates. "I had me back again the check I gave you," demanded Girard. "No, no, Stephen, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said Mr. Coates. "By George!" said Girard, "you have taught me on the right footing." He then drew a check for \$5000, and then presented it to Mr. Coates observing, "will you now look at it?" "Well, to please thee, Stephen, I will," said Mr. Coates. Now give me the first check," demanded Mr. Girard—which was accordingly done.

The Rev. Mr. Stoughton, an eminent Baptist minister of Philadelphia, did not understand Mr. Girard so well as Mr. Coates did. When they were about building their meeting house on Samson St. Dr. Stoughton called on Mr. Girard for aid. Mr. Girard received him as he usually did beggars, coolly but courteously, and gave him a check for \$500. Dr. Stoughton received it with a low bow; but upon examining it, expressed his astonishment, adding, "only \$500! Surely you will not give us less than \$1000." "Let me see the check, Mr. Stoughton," said Girard; "perhaps I have made a mistake." The Dr. returned him the check. With the utmost sang froid Girard tore it into fragments, observing, "Well, Mr. Stoughton, if you will not have what I give, I will give nothing." The Doctor left him exceedingly mortified.

Girard had no preference for one sect more than for another, and he gave to build churches merely to improve the city.

The Methodists wished to build a church in Tenth street, just north of Chestnut. Thomas Haskins, a merchant, and a neighbor of Girard, called on him and urged his suit for aid in very modest terms. Girard replied, "I approve of your object," and presented him a check for \$500. The Methodist society failed, and the house was bought by the Episcopalians who wished to alter it into the splendid Gothic house now called St. Stephen's church. A committee waited upon Mr. Girard, told him their plans, and asked his aid. He gave them a check for \$500. They were disappointed, and said, "why you gave the Methodists \$500 for their little church, and we are going to build a more splendid edifice, and surely you will give us something commensurate with the grandeur of our design. Have you not omitted a cypher?" They returned the check, asking him to make it \$5000. Girard tore it in pieces, and added, "I will not give you one cent. Your society is rich—the Methodists are poor. You remind me of the rich man in the gospel. He would pull down and build greater.—Profit by his fate, gentlemen. I have nothing to give for your splendid church."

An old quaker has related to me the following: A man who had just set up in the hardware business, and who had been a clerk where Girard had traded, applied to him for a share of his patronage. Girard bought of him, and when he brought in the bill, found fault and marked down the prices. "Casks of nails," said he, "which I was offered so and so, you have charged so and so, and you must take it off." "I can't do it," said the young merchant. "You must do it," said Girard. "I cannot and will not," said the merchant. Girard bolted out of the door, apparently in a rage, but soon after sent a check for the whole bill. The young man began to relent and say to himself, "Perhaps he was offered them at that price. But it's all over now, and I am very sorry I did not reduce the bill and get it out of him on something else. His trade would have

been worth a good deal to me." By and by Girard came again and gave him another job. The young man was very courteous, and said, "I was almost sorry I did not reduce your former bill." "Reduce a bill!" said Girard, "had you done it, I would never have traded with you again. I meant to see if you had cheated me."

Postage Stamps.

The new post office stamps having come into general use in the loyal States a brief description of them, together with the mode by which they are manufactured, will prove interesting:

There are eight classes of stamps—one, three, five, ten, twelve, twenty-four, thirty and ninety-cent stamps, embracing line engraving heads of Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, from portraits painted by Stuart, Trumbull and Houdon. The head of Washington—front view and profile—is used in the stamps of five different denominations. Each stamp contains on the upper end the words "U. S. Postage," and at the upper corners the denomination or value in figures, and the value is also expressed in letters on the lower end, with "U." on the left and "S." on the right hand corner.

The one cent stamp, printed in a tint of pale ultramarine, has a profile bust of Franklin, which like all the heads in the different stamps, is on a geometrical lathwork ground, as a security against counterfeiting.

The design of the three-cent stamp is the best of the new issue. The portrait is from Hudson's bust, and the oblong background is elaborate and artistic. The tint is a delicate carmine.

The five cent stamp is very handsome, and is graced by a spirited portrait of Jefferson, from Stuart's original at Richmond, Virginia. The figure is an oval, surrounded by lathwork, and the tint is brown.

The ten, twelve and twenty-four-cent demonstrations contain likenesses of Washington from Stuart's well-known painting, duplicate "originals" of which are in the Boston Athenaeum and the Senate Chamber at Hartford, Conn. It has been more generally copied and engraved than any other portrait of Washington. The ten-cent-stamp is printed in green. The twelve is in an oval surrounded by lathwork, and printed in black; and the twenty-four-cent stamp is an ornamental shield, printed in purple.

Those of the value of thirty cents contains a bust of Franklin, in a circle surrounded by appropriate ornaments, and are printed in orange.

The last—the ninety-cent-stamp—bears Trumbull's head of Washington, in an oval, ornamented; and the color is a dark ultramarine.

As in no bank note plates, the design is engraved upon a steel plate, which is hardened and "taken up" on a decarbonized cylinder, which in turn is hardened, and then transferred by presses of enormous power to the plate from which the stamps are finally printed.

The employment of transferring machines allows the repetition of the same design to an indefinite extent, and the cylindrical dies, as in the case of bank note vignettes, are used to produce new plates, or to retouch those worn in the process of printing. Thus a single die is repeated on a single plate, eight by sixteen inches, two hundred times and the plate when finished is ready for the printer.

The process of printing is the same as in ordinary copper or steel plate work.—The ink is applied so as to fill the lines of the engraving, the plate is wiped clean, the dampened paper applied, and the impression taken on a cylinder press.

From the press the sheets are taken to the drying room and dried in an atmosphere heated to about one hundred and twenty degrees, after which they are gummed. The adhesive applied is a secret of the inventor, but for the benefit of those who wet the stamps on their tongues (which is a matter of taste) it may be stated that the new gum is an improvement upon what has heretofore been used and contains a small quantity of sugar.—The gum is applied by hand. In drying the gummed sheets no less than twenty-five hundred small frames, with canvass coverings, and each containing two sheets of stamps, are employed. These are laid upon each other, making huge piles, and almost filling the large-sized room devoted to this department of the manufacture. The smoothing of the sheets in a hydraulic press completes the process. The work in this room is performed almost exclusively by girls.

The perforation of the spaces between the stamps, so as to facilitate dividing them as well as to promote, by the roughness of the edges, their adhesion, is a rapid and peculiar operation. It is done by

means of revolving cylinders, armed on the surfaces with rows of circular cutting instruments, and which, as the sheets pass produce rows of holes. Each sheet is drawn twice through the machine, in different directions, cutting completely around every stamp.

The sheets are afterwards divided leaving one hundred stamps on each half.

Stray Floatings from the Camp.

A STORY ABOUT GEN. M'CLELLAN.
The Washington correspondent of a Philadelphia paper tells the following story of Gen. M'Clellan. If it is true—and we have no doubt that it is—Gen. M'C. has struck a blow in the right direction. Were all officers a little more considerate for the welfare of their men, we are sure it would do no harm to either party.—*Vive le M'Clellan!* and distraction to dishonest quartermasters!

General M'Clellan is in the habit of riding around occasionally in citizen's dress, accompanied by a few of his staff. A few days ago he was walking through one of the encampments across the Potomac, and passing the rear of the tents, he saw a bucket of coffee standing near a fire. He asked what it was, and one of the soldiers said "coffee." "It looks more like slops," he replied. "Oh," said the soldier, "it is not fit to drink, but we have to put up with it; and our other food is not a bit better." "Well, whose fault is it?" he asked. "Oh, our quartermaster is drunk most of the time, and when he is not he is studying how to cheat us." M'Clellan passed on, and seeing more evidence of the dirty and slovenly manner in which the quartermaster conducted his operations in his tent, he accosted him with the remark that the men were complaining of bad treatment from him. The quartermaster flew into a passion, and swore that it was none of his business, and that he had better not come sneaking around trying to make mischief. M'Clellan answered him, telling him he had better be cautious how he talked. The quartermaster replied, "Who are you, that you assume so much apparent authority?" "I am George B. M'Clellan, and you can pack up your traps and leave!" The quartermaster was struck dumb, and M'Clellan turned and left him. That evening the quartermaster left camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March," played by some of the boys who had got wind of the particulars of the affair. They now have a quartermaster who does not get drunk nor cheat, and that regiment would risk their lives at the cannon's mouth for the man who cares how the soldiers are provided for.

COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE GOLD.
An amusing scene occurred in the camp of one of the Pennsylvania regiments near Washington, the other day, which shows conclusively that our soldiers act on the principle of "patriotism before plunder." Our troops were engaged in a brisk skirmish with the rebels at Lewisville, just above the Chain Bridge. Nearly opposite, on the other side of the river, Gen. M'Call's division was in camp, and the paymaster was counting out the gold due the troops for their services. Word was received of what was going on across the river. The men immediately sprang to their arms, anticipating an order to march. The regiment among whom the money was being distributed turned their backs upon the paymaster and his treasure, as if it were a matter of no account. One man was signing a receipt for his yellow heap then lying on the table; he dropped his pen, and rushed for the camp, leaving pen, paper and gold to take care of themselves. Another hastily shouted, "Hold on to mine till tomorrow," and darted from the tent. The paymaster was soon left alone with the gold, with plenty of time to contemplate the glorious uncertainties of war, and the curious incidents arising therefrom.

A SENTINEL'S REMONSTRANCE.
One of the boys at Camp Noble, Indiana, was put on guard last week, and reported to his captain in the morning that "he was abused by a fellow because he would not allow him to pass." "Well," said the captain, "what did you do?" "Do? why I remonstrated with him." "And to what effect?" "Well, I don't know to what effect, but the barrel of my gun is bent!"

The law, like cobwebs, catches small flies, but great ones break through.