

The Alleghanian.

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

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

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VOLUME 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1864.

NUMBER 50.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Joseph Behr,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Creason,	J. Houston,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg,	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Assa H. Fiske,	White.
Gallitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
Hemlock,	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Washint'n.
Johnstown,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'n.
Loretto,	M. Adenberg,	Loretto.
Miseric Point,	E. Wissingar,	Concong'h.
Manster,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
Plattsville,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.
Rosland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Stan. Wharton,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Berkeley,	Richland.
Sonman,	B. M'Colgan,	Washint'n.
Summerhill,	B. F. Slick,	Croyle.
Summit,	William M'Connell,	Washint'n.
Wilmore,	Morris Kell,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—REV. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—REV. J. S. LEMON, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. H. M'BRIDE, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Welsh Independent—REV. LL. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Catholic—REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 7 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 7 o'clock. P. M. Catechism—REV. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 11¼ o'clock, A. M.

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

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, Ac., 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, Carrollton, Ac., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.

Line	Express leaves at	Time
East	Express leaves at	8.18 A. M.
"	Fast Line	9.11 P. M.
"	Philia Express	9.02 A. M.
"	Mail Train	7.08 P. M.
"	Emigrant Train	3.15 P. M.
West	Through Express	8.38 P. M.
"	Fast Line	12.36 P. M.
"	Fast Mail	7.08 A. M.
"	Through Accom.	10.39 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Bailey, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glass.

Treasurer—Isaac Wike.

Four House Directors—George M'Collough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

Four House Inspectors—George C. Zahm, Auditors—William J. Williams, George C. Zahm, Francis Tierney.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.

Sup't. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.

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

Burgess—A. A. Barker.

School Directors—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Thomas J. Davis.

Town Council—J. Alexander Moore, Daniel C. Evans, Richard R. Tibbott, Evan E. Evans, William Clement.

Inspectors—Alexander Jones, D. O. Evans.

Judge of Election—Richard Jones, J. R. Assessor—Thomas M. Jones.

Assistant Assessors—David E. Evans, Wm. D. Davis.

WEST WARD.

Constable—William Mills, Jr.

Town Council—John Dougherty, George C. Zahm, Isaac Crawford, Francis A. Shoemaker, James S. Todd.

Inspectors—G. W. Ontman, Roberts Evans.

Judge of Election—Michael Hanson.

Assessor—James Murray.

Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Daniel C. Zahm.

Select Poetry.

The Last Charge.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife
For country, for freedom, for honor, for life?
The giant grows blind in his fury and spite—
One blow on his forehead will settle the fight!
Flash fall in his eyes the blue lightning of steel,
And ston him with cannon bolts, peal upon peal!
Mount, troopers, and follow you game to its lair,
As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!
Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards awake!
Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-hearted shake!
Yet, yet, ere the signal is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traced on the blood-sprinkled roll!
Trust not the false herald that painted your shield:
True honor to-day must be sought on the field!
Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red—
The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed!
The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh!
The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky!
Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the morn,
Call back the bright hour when the Nation was born!
The rivers of Peace through our valleys shall run,
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;
Smite, smite the proud parasite down from his throne—
His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Centerville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp look out for the main chance, a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly very valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a helpmate to share his house and name.—But the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him, in some measure, a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village of Centerville and the town in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of these there were probably some with whom the deacon's suit would not have prospered.

So it happened that years passed away, until deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all probability likely to remain so. But in all human calculations of this kind they reckon illy who leave widows out.

Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow.

The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four years younger than deacon Bancroft. She was a buxom, comely woman, as widows are apt to be. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small old fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her, and a little son of seven, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which of course imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

Is it surprising that under these circumstances she should now and then bethink herself of a second marriage to better her condition? Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if, in her reflection on this point, she should have cast her eyes on her next neighbor, deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as we already said, was in flourishing circumstances.—He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and being one of the chief

personages in the village, could afford her a prominent social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression on the female heart—this was true—but he was good disposed, kind hearted, and would not doubt make a very good sort of a husband. Widows are, I take it, (if they do me the honor to read this story, I trust that they will forgive the remark,) less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second marriage than at first, and so, in a widow's point of view, deacon Bancroft was a desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered, for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless indeed a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him.

Here was a superb chance for finessing, wherein widows are said, as a general thing, to be expert.

One evening after a day of fatiguing labor, the widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting room, with her feet resting on the tender.

"If I am ever so situated as not to have to work so hard, I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as deacon Bancroft—"

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by and by her face brightened up.—She had an idea, which she was resolved to put into execution at the very earliest moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Henry," said she to her son next morning, "I want you to stop at deacon Bancroft's as you go to school, and ask him if he will come and see me in the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Deacon Bancroft was a little surprised at this summons. However, about eleven o'clock, he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

"Henry told me you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, deacon, I do. But I am very much afraid you will think strange—at least of what I have to say to you."

The deacon very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was very much excited.

"Suppose," said the widow, casting down her eyes, "I mind I am only supposing a case—supposing a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?"

The deacon pricked up his ears. "A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why, unquestionably the law would have nothing to do with it!"

"And the one who had formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, deacon?" inquired the widow with apparent anxiety.

"No, madam, unquestionably not; when the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course."

"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, certainly," said the deacon, abstractedly.

"And, deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon rising, "I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home."

"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "you won't object taking a piece of mince pie. You must know that I rather pride myself on my mince pies."

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor, that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "on the whole I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity.

Was it possible, thought he, that the widow could have found a pot of gold in her cellar?—she did not say so, to be sure, but why should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of the treasure thus found if she had not happened upon some? To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had had many occupants of whom he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only curiosity, like-

wise gave additional probability to the supposition entertained.

"I will wait and watch," thought the worthy deacon.

It so happened that deacon Bancroft was one of the directors in a saving institution situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over once or twice a month, to attend the meetings of the Board.

On the next occasion of this kind, the widow Wells sent over to know if he could carry her over with him, as she had a little business there.

The request was readily granted. Arriving at the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank.

"Ha! ha!" thought the deacon, "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business she had with the bank.

The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.

"Can you give me small bills for a five dollar gold piece?" she inquired.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," she said, "the bank is in a very flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive any as high as—as five thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier; "or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum.—One thousand dollars is our limit. Do you know of any one who—"

"It is of no consequence," said the widow hurriedly, "I only ask for curiosity.—By the way, did you say how much interest you allow on deposits that come within your limits?"

"Five per cent, madam."

"Thank you; I only ask for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is?"

And the widow tripped lightly out. Shortly afterwards the deacon entered.

"How's business, Mr. Cashier?" was his first inquiry.

"About as usual."

"Many deposits lately?"

"None of any magnitude."

"I brought over a lady who seemed to have business with you?"

"The widow Wells?"

"Yes."

"Do you know," asked the cashier, "whether she has had any money left her lately?"

"None that I know of," said the deacon, pricking up his ears. "Why, did she deposit any?"

"No, but she inquired whether we received deposits as high as five thousand dollars."

"Indeed," ejaculated the deacon. "Was that all she came for?" he inquired a moment afterwards.

"No," she exchanged a gold piece for small bills."

"Ha!" pondered the deacon reflectively. "Did she give any reason for the inquiries?"

"No," she said she only asked for curiosity."

The deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was at least five thousand dollars. The gold piece she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm the story.

"I rather think," said the deacon complacently, "I can see into a millstone about as far as most people"—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, although as to the prime fact of people being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind.

Next Sunday widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these:

"How much vanity some people have, to be sure."

"How a woman who has kept boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such a bonnet on is more than I can tell. I should think she was old enough to know better."

The last remark was made by a young lady just six months younger than the widow whose attempt to catch a husband hitherto had proved unavailing.

"I suppose she is trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I'd descend to such means, I'd—I'd drown myself," continued the lady.

In the last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but

because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon the hidden wealth.

The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the desired effect.

On Monday afternoon the deacon found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be just about tea-time. He was importuned to stay to tea, and somewhat to his own surprise he did. The polite widow, who knew the deacon's weak point, brought out one of her best mince pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with a zest.

"You'll take another piece, I know," said she persuasively.

"Really, I am ashamed," said the deacon, but he passed his plate. "The fact is," said he, apologetically, "your pies are so nice, I don't know when to stop."

"Do you call these nice?" said the widow, modestly. "I call them common. I can make nice pies when I set out to, but this time I didn't have as good luck as usual."

"I shouldn't want any better," said the deacon emphatically.

"Then I hope if you like them you will drop in to tea often. We ought to be more neighborly, deacon Bancroft."

Deacon Bancroft assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the deacon began to think that the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook. Besides he had no doubt in his mind that she had a considerable sum of money.—What objections would there be to her becoming Mrs. Bancroft? He brought this question before her one evening.—The widow blushed; professed to be greatly surprised—in fact she never thought of such a thing in her life—but, on the whole, she had always thought highly of the deacon, and to cut the matter short, she accepted him.

A month after she was installed as mistress of the deacon's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over.

Some weeks after the ceremony, the deacon ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in the cellar.

"Pot of gold!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "I know of none."

"But," said the deacon disconcerted, "you asked me about whether the law could claim it."

"Oh! no! deacon, I only asked you from curiosity."

"And was that the reason you made the inquiry at the bank?"

"Certainly. What else could it be?"

The deacon went out to the barn, and for half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of this time, he ejaculated, as a closing consideration—"After all, she makes good mince pies!"

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the deacon and the widow proved a happy one, although to the end of his life he never could quite make up his mind about the "pot of gold."

Philosophical Facts.

Sound travels at the rate of 1,155 feet per second in the air; 4,960 in water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,636 to 17,000 in wood.

Mercury freezes at 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and becomes a solid mass, malleable under the hammer.

The greatest height at which visible clouds ever exist does not exceed ten miles.

Air is about 816 times lighter than water.

The pressure of the atmosphere upon every square foot of the earth amounts to 2,168 lbs. An ordinary sized man, supposing his surface to be 14 square feet, sustains the enormous pressure of 40,149 lbs.

Heat rarifies air to such an extent that it may be made to occupy 5,500 times the space it did before.

The violence of the expansion of water when freezing, is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness as to require a force of 28,000 pounds to produce the same effect.

During the conversion of ice into water, 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

Water, when converted into steam, increases in bulk 1800 times.

One hundred pounds of water of the Dead Sea contains 45 lbs. of salt.

The mean annual depth of rain that falls at the equator is 96 inches.

Assuming the temperature of the interior of the earth increases uniformly as we descend at the rate of one degree in 46 feet, at the depth of 60 miles it will amount to 480,000 degrees of Fahrenheit—a degree of heat sufficient to fuse all known substances.

The explosive force of closely confined

gun powder is six and a half tons to the square inch.

Hail stones sometimes fall with the velocity of 112 feet in a second, and rain at 34 feet in a second.

The greatest artificial cold ever produced is 91 degrees Fahrenheit.

Electricity moves with a greater velocity than light, which traverses 200,000 miles of space in a second of time.

Thunder can be heard at the distance of 30 miles.

Lightning can be seen by reflection at the distance of 200 miles.

Educational.

FAREWELL.—The "Educational Column" that for some time past has decked the pages of *The Alleghanian*, ceases, for a time at least, with the present issue.—Entering upon another field of labor, amid different scenes, yet for the same great purpose—the welfare of our precious land—we bid adieu to the readers of this column and to those with whom we have commingled with more than ordinary regret. We never were, we could not be, among those who see no attraction in the cheerful, ruddy face of youth, who consider their instruction an irksome task and devoid of pleasure. No; we love the bright eye, the glowing cheek, the smiling countenance of children. There is in innocent childhood something not akin to mature life, something that carries the soul to heaven, or, rather, that brings heaven down to the soul. There is the sublimity of undoubting faith, as well as the joyousness of exulting hope, the angelic beauty of pure motive and unsullied love. The soul is not yet stained by contact with the world, the heart's hope is not yet crushed by thwarted ambition, the passions have not yet risen to "reign like a mountain devil in the heart," but there is shown forth as "through a glass darkly" what man would have been had he been true to God. We sometimes wish we could have ever been a child. What almost infinite joy it was to reveal in a mother's love, to be shielded by parental affection from all envious strokes, and to feel that simple, childlike faith in all the words and acts of our parents!

But when evil example is placed before those of tender years, when they are made to drink from the fountains of sin, how changed does all become! and how appalling the change! The night of childhood steeped in crime—what is more revolting? But it is the teacher's good providence to maintain the beauty of youth by deserving, and hence gaining, the respect and love of those under him.—Yes; we say again that the parting is with regret. The companionship has been fruitful of good. With sorrow in our heart, and prayer for those whom we humbly sought to lead in the paths of knowledge, we say farewell, hoping that ere another summer shall come and go our distracted country shall see brighter, happier days. Heaven grant it so.

Gen. Burnside passed thro' Center Harbor, N. H., on Monday of last week, where, in response to repeated calls, he delivered the following hopeful speech:

"My Friends.—I am sure you will excuse me from making any extended remarks on this occasion, because it is not my habit to address public assemblies. I am returning from a brief trip, during which I have purposely enjoyed recreation. It will not be amiss, however, for me to say that I have the fullest confidence in the ability of the Government to crush out this wicked rebellion. I feel that the day is not far distant when despondency will totally disappear, and the people of the North will see, as we in the field see, that the end is at hand. Only one united effort is needed to enable the Government to move still more quickly. I refer to this because I have lately witnessed despondency, and been surprised at it. I have heard more grumbling at the North in three days than I heard in one whole campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg. The people seem to think our armies are wearing out without corresponding exhaustion of the enemy. This is a mistake; our resources in the field are greater than his. We have three times his home resources untouched, and can lose far more than the South, and still break down the rebellion. I repeat, there is no cause for despondency. Let every citizen do all in his power, and the result is sure."

A lady correspondent of a Providence paper computes that if the women would cut their dresses to escape the ground one inch, instead of trailing two inches, as is now the fashion, a saving of one million dollars would be annually effected. Here is a chance for "dress reform," as well as for improvement in neatness.