

# 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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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1864.

NUMBER 7.

## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Carrolltown,	Joseph Behr,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
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### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. S. LEMMON, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. H. M'BRIDE, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

**Wesleyan**—Rev. L. 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.

**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 and 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Disciples**—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. M'CONNELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

#### MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 12 1/2 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " at 12 1/2 o'clock, A. M.

#### MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. 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 5 A. M.

The mails from Newnan'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.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

#### CRESSON STATION.

West—Balt. Express leaves at 3:57 A. M.  
" Phila. Express " 4:57 A. M.  
" Fast Line " 4:58 P. M.  
" Mail Train " 8:38 P. M.  
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " 7:34 A. M.  
" Emigrant Train " 4:55 P. M.

East—Phila. Express " 8:40 P. M.  
" Fast Line " 8:53 P. M.  
" Fast Mail " 7:08 A. M.  
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " 5:15 P. M.  
" Harrisb. Accom. " 11:27 A. M.

[Don't stop.]

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Sheriff—John Buck.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

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

Treasurer—Isaac Wike.

Poor House Directors—George M'Cullough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Auditors—William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahm, Francis Tierney.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—Patrick Donahoe.

Supt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

#### AT LARGE.

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

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 O. Evans, Richard R. Tibbott, Evan E. Evans, William Clement.

Inspector—Alexander Jones, D. O. Evans.

Judge of Election—Richard Jones, Jr.

Assessor—Thomas M. Jones.

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

#### WEST WARD.

Constable—William Mills, Jr.

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

Inspectors—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.

Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.

Assessor—James Murray.

Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Daniel C. Zahm.

## Select Poetry.

### Pushing On!

When I was a boy about your age,  
My rosy-cheeked John! rosy-cheeked John,  
I took as my motto, from some old page,  
"Pushing on!"

I wrote it all over my books and slates,  
All over them, John! over them, John;  
And thought of it ever, both early and late,  
"Pushing on!"

At work or at play, at home or at school,  
Think of it, John! think of it, John!  
At books or at playthings, 'twas ever the rule,  
"Pushing on!"

I pushed out of boy, and I pushed into man,  
That I did, John! that I did, John;  
I pushed out of 'can't,' and pushed into 'can,'  
"Pushing along!"

Whenever an obstacle in my path lay,  
And many did, John! many did, John—  
I pushed and I pushed, 'till I pushed it away.  
"Pushing on!"

I pushed thro' the world with an honest  
heart,  
Honest, John! honest, John!  
Than many a man with a fairer start,  
"Pushing on!"

And now I've a good wife, and children well  
taught,  
Very well, John! very well, John;  
And a snug little fortune, all honestly got,  
"Pushing on!"

I've pushed a large place in the hearts of the  
poor—  
That is good, John! very good, John;  
And down the bright valley together we go,  
"Pushing on!"

I'm now an old man, my head white as snow,  
And mother's too, John! mother, too, John,  
And down the bright valley together we go,  
"Pushing on!"

I am still pushing on for a happier land,  
Trustingly, John! trustingly, John;  
Trustingly holding my Father's hand—  
"Pushing on!"

### THE PATRIOT AND THE TRAITOR.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook  
the city of London. At the dead of its highest,  
an aged minister living in the suburbs of  
the city, was aroused by an earnest cry for  
help. Looking from his window he beheld  
a rude man clad in the coarse attire of the  
sweeper of the public streets. In a few  
moments, while the rain came down in  
torrents, and the storm howled above, the  
preacher, leaning on the arm of the scaven-  
ger, threaded his way through the dark  
suburbs.

That very day a strange old man had  
fallen, speechless, in front of the scaven-  
ger's rude home. The good hearted street  
sweeper had taken him in, laid him on his  
own bed—he had not spoken once—and  
now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man.

And now, through dark alleys, among  
miserable tenements, that seem to topple  
down upon their heads, into the loneliest  
and dreariest suburbs they pass—that white  
haired minister and his guide. At last, in  
a narrow court, and up a flight of stairs  
that creaked beneath their tread, and then  
into the death room.

It was, in truth, a miserable place.  
A glimmering light stood on a broken  
chair. There were the rough walls, there  
the solitary garret window, with the rain  
beating through the rags and straw, which  
stuffed the broken panes—and there, amid  
a heap of cold ashes, the small vase which  
it seems the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the  
ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was  
but half dressed—his legs were concealed  
by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked  
upon him. And as he looked—throb-  
throb—you might hear the death watch  
ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown  
old with care more than age.

There was a face you might look upon  
once, and yet wear in your memory forever.  
Let us bend over that bed, and look  
on that face.

A bold forehead, seamed by one deep  
wrinkle between the brows; long locks of  
dark hair, sprinkled over with gray—lips  
firmly set, yet quivering as though they  
had a life separate from the life of the  
man—and then, two large eyes, vivid,  
burning, unnatural in their glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in  
that face—something so full of unutterable  
loneliness, unexpressed despair, that the  
aged minister started back in horror.

But look, those strong arms are clutch-  
ing at the vacant air—the death sweat  
starts in drops upon the cold brow—the  
man is dying!

Throb! throb! throb! beat the death

watch in the battered, shattered old wall.  
"Would you die in the faith of a Chris-  
tian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt  
there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death stricken  
man trembled, but made no sound.

Then, with the agony of death upon  
him, he rose to a sitting posture. For the  
first time he spoke:

"Christian!" he echoed in a deep tone  
which thrilled the preacher to the heart,  
"will faith give me back my honor? Come  
with me—with me, far over the water—  
Ha! we are there! This is my native  
home. Yonder is the church in which I  
kneelt in childhood—yonder, the green on  
which I sported when a boy. But another  
flag than that waved when I was a child.  
And, listen, old man, were I to pass the  
street as I passed when a child, the babes  
in their cradles would raise their tiny hands  
and curse me. The graves in yonder  
churchyard would shrink from my foot-  
steps, and yonder flag would rain a baptism  
of blood upon my heart."

That was an awful death bed. The  
minister had watched the "last night"  
with a hundred convicts in their cells,  
and yet never beheld a scene so terrible as  
this.

Suddenly the dying man arose. He  
tattered along the floor. With those  
white fingers, whose nails are blue with  
the death chill, he threw open the valise.

He showed a military coat, trimmed with  
silver, an old parchment, and a piece of  
cloth, that looked like the wreck of a bat-  
tle flag.

"Look ye, priest, this faded coat is  
spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old  
memories seemed stirring at his heart—  
"This is the last coat I wore when I  
planted the stars on Ticonderoga. That  
bullet hole was pierced in the fight at  
Quebec, now I am a—let me whisper in  
your ear."

"Now, help me, priest," he said, in a  
voice growing suddenly tremulous, "help  
me to put on this coat of the blue and  
silver. For you see," and a ghastly smile  
came over his face, "there is no one to  
wipe the cold drops from my brow; no  
wife, no child—I must meet death alone;  
but I will meet him as I met him in the  
battle, without fear."

While he stood arraying himself in that  
warm coat of blue and silver, the good  
preacher spoke to him of faith in  
Jesus. Yes, of that great faith which  
pierces the clouds of human guilt, and  
rolls them back from the face of God.

"Faith!" echoed the strange man, who  
stood there erect, with the death light in  
his eye, "faith! can it give me back my  
honor? Look ye, priest, there, over the  
waves, sits George Washington, telling to  
his comrades the pleasant story of the  
eight years' war—there, in his royal hall,  
sits George of England, bewailing in his  
idiotic voice the loss of his colonies. And  
here am I—I, who was the first to raise  
the flag of freedom, the first to strike the  
blow against that king—here am I, dying  
like a dog!"

The awe stricken preacher started back  
from the look of the dying man, while—  
throb—throb—beat the death watch in  
the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the lines, there!"  
he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as  
though speaking to the dead; "silence  
along the lines! Hark ye, Montgomery,  
we will meet there in victory or in death!  
Hush! silence, my men, not a whisper, as  
you move up those steep rocks! Now on,  
my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness,  
we will gain the town! Now up with the  
banner of the stars; up with the flag of  
freedom, though the night is dark and the  
snow falls! Now—now," shrieked the  
death stricken man, towering there in his  
blue uniform, with his clenched hands  
moving in the air—"now, now! one blow,  
and Quebec is ours!"

And look, His eyes grow glassy. With  
that word on his lips, he stands there—  
ah! what a hideous picture of despair,  
erect, livid, ghastly. There for a moment,  
and then he falls! He is dead! Ah!  
look at that proud form, thrown cold and  
stiff upon the damp floor. In the glassy  
eye there lingers even yet horrible energy,  
a sublimity of despair.

Who is the strange man, dying here  
alone in this garret, this man who, in all  
his crime, still treasured up his blue uni-  
form and faded flag?

Who is this thing of terrible remorse—  
this man, whose memories link something  
of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at that parchment and that  
flag.

The old minister unfolded that faded  
flag—it was a blue banner, gleaming with  
thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It is a  
Colonel's commission in the Continental  
Army, addressed, BENEDICT ARNOLD!

And there, in that rude hut, while the  
death watch throbbed like a heart in the  
shattered wall—unknown, unwept, in all  
the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse  
of that patriot and traitor.

O, that our own true Washington had  
been there, to sever that good right arm  
from the corpse, and while the dishonored  
body rotted into dust, to bring home that  
good right arm, and embalm it among the  
holiest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a  
gallant blow for freedom; yonder at Ti-  
conderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, Saratoga  
—that arm yonder, beneath the snow  
white mountain, amid the deep silence of  
the dead, first raised into sight the banner  
of the STARS.

It was during the renowned expedition  
through the wilderness to Quebec, that  
Arnold encamped for two or three days  
beside the River of the Dead, near a snow  
white mountain, which rose in lovely  
grandeur over all the other mountains into  
the autumnal sky. A single soldier ascend-  
ed the mountain with the hope of behold-  
ing from its summit the rocks and spires  
of Quebec. When he came down, Arnold  
took from his breast, where, for four days  
in privation and danger, he had carried it,  
a blue banner gleaming with thirteen  
stars. He raised it into the light, and for  
the first time the Continental Banner  
floated over the solitudes of the Dead  
River. This is a fact attested by history  
and corroborated by tradition.

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### Letter from a Seceesh Soldier to his Better Half.

CAMP OF THE FIRST S. C. GRAYBACKS,  
BEFORE A SWAMP & BEHIND PETERS-  
BURGH, JULY 31, 1864.

BELOVED OF MY SOUL: Your war-worn  
husband takes his pen in hand in a strange  
land on a foreign strand under the com-  
mand of our mutual friend Colonel Pluck  
Buzzard, of Rainwater Court House, S. O.  
My ink is pale, but my ale ain't. My  
pen is poor, and so is my grub. My  
quarters in camp are passable, but the  
quarters in my pocket are not. Last  
night I had a mud-puddle for a pillow,  
and I covered myself with a sheet of wa-  
ter. I long for more whisky barrels, and  
fewer gun barrels, more biscuit and fewer  
bullets. How I wish you were here, idol  
of my heart! The further away I get  
from you, the more I like you.

So that you may know how we work  
here, in defiance of the con-cursed Yanks,  
I send you a what-d'ye-call it of my daily  
labor.

4 o'clock: Called up from a roll in the  
mud by a roll of drums. No pros-  
pects of a roll of bread, and am hungry.  
Shoulder spades!

4 1/2 to 6 A. M.: Dig and throw up the  
earth. Get sick, and throw up yesterday's  
rations.

7 o'clock: Another roll of drums. Til-  
ing off into line, defile my inexpressibles  
with mud and other sacred soil. Draw  
ramrods, but nary pay. No shelling out  
by government, but a cussed deal too  
much by Grant.

9 o'clock: More drilling, but not of the  
cotton kind, wherewith to increase my  
present supply of one shirt.

10 o'clock: More digging. Spadular  
researches into the geological formation  
of the earth. Find it composed of alter-  
nate strata of sweat, sunstroke, swearing,  
boulders, and blisters.

12 o'clock: Evidences of dinner. Saw  
Captain Yapslek picking his teeth with  
a tuppenny nail a moment ago, and a cor-  
poral taking a chew of tobacco.

Oh, Mariar, if you only knew what I  
have suffered and am suffering to save  
you from being bombarded by the diabol-  
ical Yanks! Rather than any of the  
Northern scum should blockade you, light  
of my eyes, I'd divorce you. I would,  
Mariar.

Colonel Pluck came very near being  
shot in the neck, last night, by one of his  
own officers. The Colonel had just gath-  
ered his staff together, and was repeating  
the ten commandments to them in Dutch,  
when Captain Swipes leveled a bottle at  
him. Fortunately, the bottle missed the  
Colonel, but its contents struck him in  
the throat. He was somewhat staggered  
thereby, but not seriously hurt.

I am reduced to a skeleton. My eyes  
are sunk so far into my head that I can  
look down my windpipe. If there was a  
hole in the top of my head, I'd make a  
first class telescope—I've got the glasses  
in me now. My chin is so sharp that it  
shaves itself.

I am going on picket duty to-night.—  
Picket duty is awful hard work. Almost  
every night a picket's gun goes off, and  
when we come to look for the fellow what  
shot, we find he's gone off, too.

Ever your dear husband,  
BUCKHORN HANDELL.

P. S.—Tell your pa not to drink all  
that tanglefoot juice I left at home unl-  
I get back. If he does, I'll cram the  
empty demijohn down his throat and then  
kick him all around the potato-patch for

his intemperate insolence. So I will,  
Mariar.

P. P. S.—No more at present, angel of  
my dreams.

### The New State of Nevada.

The territory of Nevada, which has just  
been admitted to the Union as a State by  
President Lincoln, was organized in March,  
1861. For this purpose about ten thou-  
sand square miles were appropriated from  
the northern extremity of California, and  
about seventy thousand from western Utah.  
At the time of its organization, the Terri-  
tory possessed a population of nearly seven  
thousand white settlers. The development  
of her mineral resources was rapid, and  
almost without parallel, and attracted a  
constant stream of immigration to the  
Territory. As the population has not  
been subject to the fluctuations from which  
other Territories have suffered, the growth  
of Nevada has been rapid and steady. At  
the general convention election of 1863,  
nearly eleven thousand votes were cast.—  
During the present year great accessions  
to the population have been made.

Nevada is probably the richest State in  
the Union in respect to mineral resources.  
No region in the world is richer in argen-  
tiferous leads. These leads are found  
scattered over the entire Washoe county,  
the richest of which is that known as the  
Comstock lead, of Virginia City. The  
localities of the other principal mines in  
the region east of the Sierra Nevada, are  
the Emerald Mines, one hundred miles  
southeast of Virginia; the Humboldt, one  
hundred and sixty miles northeast; the  
Silver mountain, sixty miles south; Pea-  
vine, thirty miles north, and the Reese  
river country, one hundred and seventy  
miles east northeast, embracing many dis-  
tricts, and flanked by two of more than  
ordinary promise—the Cortez, seventy  
miles north, and the San Antonio, one  
hundred miles south of Austin, now the  
principal town on the Reese river.

A few months ago another deposit of  
mineral wealth was brought to light, which  
has proved of incalculable value to the  
silver miners. This was an immense basin  
of salt, five miles square, near the sink  
of the Carson river. This basin, says a  
gentleman who writes from Virginia City,  
appears once to have been the bottom of a  
lake, and the salt is found good even on  
the surface. A covering of about three  
inches is loose and indifferent, but below  
this, for a depth of fourteen feet, pure  
rock salt is found, as clear as ice, and  
white "as the driven snow." Beneath  
there is water, which seems to be filtered  
through salt for an unknown depth. The  
whole of the fourteen feet in thickness  
does not contain a single streak of any  
deleterious matter or rubbish, and is ready  
for quarrying and sending to market. The  
locality is one hundred miles west of Reese  
river, and seventy miles east of Virginia  
City, on the overland road.

In January of this year, there were one  
hundred and twenty-five quartz mills in  
operation in Nevada, which were erected  
at a cost ranging from \$10,000 to \$100-  
000. About three-fourths of the quartz  
mills of Nevada are driven by steam, and  
the balance by water power. Of the entire  
number, four-fifths are in the vicinity of  
Virginia. There is an average of one  
hundred mills in constant operation. These  
will carry, on an average, ten stamps  
each, making one thousand, with a capac-  
ity for crushing one thousand tons per  
day. This ore will yield at the rate of  
\$50 per ton, giving a daily production of  
\$50,000, or \$15,000,000 per annum.

THE WAR IN CLEARFIELD COUNTY.—The  
number of threats which have been made  
to resist the draft in Clearfield county en-  
dorsed on Monday, 30th ult., in the  
shooting of Col. Butler, Deputy Provost  
Marshal, while in the discharge of his  
duty in the arrest of a deserter. A great  
many persons in that region, known as  
copperheads, are armed and equipped and  
organized in squads, to resist every effort  
of the authorities to gather in the drafted  
men. Colonel Butler was killed instan-  
tly. His murderer's name is Lounsbury,  
who is still at large. The Colonel was a  
most exemplary and unassuming man,  
and was loved and respected wherever he  
was known. Retaliation for his murder  
will be visited upon those who caused it.  
The military authorities have sent seven  
hundred troops to Clearfield, who will im-  
mediately arrest all who have in any man-  
ner been concerned in this outrage.

The U. S. Christian Commission  
have received from Nevada a silver and  
gold brick, worth \$2,900 in currency, as  
a contribution to the cause. It is as much  
as a man could conveniently lift, and no  
man could conveniently carry in his hat.  
It is one of several bricks of the kind the  
Christian Commission has received, or is  
to receive.

### Day of National Thanksgiving.

As will be seen by the following pro-  
clamations, the Chief Executive of the  
Nation and of the State unite in recom-  
mending Thursday, 24th inst., as a day of  
general Thanksgiving and prayer:

#### By the President of the United States of America:

It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our  
National life another year, defending us with  
His guardian care against unfriendly designs  
from abroad, and vouchsafing to us in His  
merciful many and signal victories over the  
enemy who is of our own household. It has  
also pleased our Heavenly Father to favor as  
well our citizens in their homes as our soldiers  
in their camps and our sailors on the seas  
with unusual health. He has largely aug-  
mented our free population by emancipation  
and by immigration, while He has opened to  
us new sources of wealth, and has crowned  
the labor of our working men in every de-  
partment of industry with abundant reward.  
Moreover, He has been pleased to animate  
and inspire our minds and hearts with fort-  
itude, courage and resolution sufficient for the  
great trial of civil war, into which we have  
been brought by our adherence as a nation  
to the cause of freedom and humanity, and to  
afford us reasonable hopes of an ultimate and  
happy deliverance from all our dangers and  
afflictions.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, Pres-  
ident of the United States, do hereby appoint  
and set apart the last Thursday of November  
next, as a day which I desire to be observed  
by all my fellow citizens, wherever they may  
then be, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer  
to Almighty God, the beneficent Creator and  
Ruler of the universe; and I do further recom-  
mend to my fellow citizens aforesaid, that on  
that occasion they do reverently humble  
themselves in the dust, and from thence offer  
up penitent and fervent prayers and supplica-  
tions to the Great Disposer of events, for a  
return of the inestimable blessings of peace,  
union and harmony throughout the land,  
which it has pleased Him to assign as a  
dwelling place for ourselves and our posterity  
throughout all generations.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set  
my hand and caused the seal of the United  
States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 20th  
day of October, in the year of our Lord 1864,  
and of the Independence of the United States  
the eighty-ninth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

#### By the President:

WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

### Pennsylvania, &c.:

In the name and by the authority of the  
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Andrew G.  
Curtin, Governor of said Commonwealth:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It is the honored custom of Pen-  
sylvania to set apart, on the recommendation  
of the Executive, a day for returning thanks  
to the Giver of all Good, the Shepherd and  
Bishop of our Souls:

Now, therefore, I, Andrew G. Curtin, Gov-  
ernor as aforesaid, do recommend that the  
people throughout the Commonwealth ob-  
serve Thursday, the Twenty-fourth day of  
November, instant, as a day of Thanksgiving to  
Almighty God.

For the gathered fruits of the earth;  
For the continuance of health;  
For the prosperity of industry;  
For the preservation of good order and  
tranquility throughout our borders;  
For the victories which He has vouchsafed  
to us over armed traitors;

And for the manifold blessings which He  
has heaped upon us, unnumbered.

And that they do, moreover, humbly be-  
seech Him to renew and increase His mercer-  
iful favor toward us during the year to come,  
so that, rebellion being overthrown, peace  
may be restored to our distracted country,  
and, in every State, with grateful and loving  
accord, the sense of Praise and Thank-  
sgiving may be offered by all the people unto  
His Holy Name.

Given under my hand and the great seal of  
the State, at Harrisburg, this second day of  
November, in the year of our Lord one thou-  
sand eight hundred and sixty-four, and of the  
Commonwealth the eighty-ninth.

By the Governor: ELI SLIFER,  
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

### Maryland Free!

The following is the conclusion of Gov-  
ernor Bradford's proclamation declaring  
the adoption of the new Maryland Con-  
stitution by the voice of the people:

And whereas, The results of the said elec-  
tions have been duly certified to me by the  
proper judges of the said several elections,  
and upon accurately counting and casting up  
the votes so returned to me for and against  
the said Constitution, including the soldiers'  
vote aforesaid, it does appear that there were  
30,174 ballots for the Constitution, 29,799  
ballots against the Constitution, and that  
there were 61 blank ballots reported as given  
against the Constitution, but not counted—  
the persons offering them refusing to take the  
oath required by the said Constitution—and  
there being,