

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1865.

NUMBER 46.

RECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
City.	Henry Nutter,	Carroll.
Spring.	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Washington.	J. Honston,	Washington.
John Thompson,	Ebensburg.	
C. Jeffries,	White.	
J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.	
Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Washt'n.	
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Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.	
Stan. Wharton,	Clearfield.	
George Berkey,	Richland.	
B. M'Colgan,	Washt'n.	
George B. Wike,	Croyle.	
Wm. M'Connell,	Washt'n.	
J. K. Shryock,	S'merhill.	

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Methodian—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. BAKER, Minister in charge. Rev. J. PERSHING, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Minister in charge. 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 month.

Primitive Methodist—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Minister in charge. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Presbyterian—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. DAVIN EVANS, Minister in charge. Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock, P. M. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Evangelical—Rev. R. C. CHRISTY, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

City, daily, at 12:00 o'clock, noon.

Spring, " " 12:00 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

City, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Spring, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRENSON STATION.

Balt. Express leaves at 9:17 A. M.

Phila. Express " 10:07 A. M.

East Line " 9:58 P. M.

Main Train " 9:38 P. M.

Pitts. & Erie Ex. " 8:13 A. M.

Emigrant Train " 4:30 P. M.

Phila. Express " 8:50 P. M.

Fast Line " 1:43 A. M.

Day Express " 7:03 A. M.

Pitts. & Erie Ex. " 6:32 P. M.

Mail Train " 10:57 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of the Courts—President Hon. Geo. W. Blanding; Associates, George W. Hart, Henry G. Deane.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Sheriff—James Myers.

Coroner—William H. Secor.

County Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—John Campbell, Ed. Glass, E. R. Dunnegan.

County Clerk—William H. Secor.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.

Justices of the Peace—Harrison Kinkaid, Edmund J. Waters.

Assessors—C. T. Roberts.

Board of Directors—Philip S. Noon, Abel W. Jones, J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, Jr.

Borough Treasurer—Geo. W. Oatman.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Morris Pest.

Town Council—R. Hughes, Evan Griffith, Wm. J. Evans, Wm. D. Davis, Maj. John Simpson.

Supervisors—Richard R. Tibbott, Robert D. Jones.

Judge of Election—Daniel O. Evans.

Assessor—J. A. Moore.

WEST WARD.

Constable—Thos. J. Williams.

Town Council—Isaac Crawford, James P. Murray, Wm. Kittell, H. Kinkaid, George W. Oatman.

Supervisors—Robert Evans, Jno. E. Scanlan.

Judge of Election—John D. Thomas.

Assessor—Capt. Murray.

SOCIETIES, &c.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the first Tuesday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.

W. O. M.—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TO THE ALLEGHANIAN.

\$2.50 IN ADVANCE.

OR

\$4.00 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

After the War.

[From Harper's Magazine for August, with an illustration on wood, representing a farmer calling upon a son of Vulcan to get his horse shod, and finding him with a sword upon his anvil, which he is beating into a ploughshare.]

THE FARMER.
Ho! blacksmith are you busy?
My poor horse has cast a shoe,
Long road have I to travel,
You must fit us out anew.

THE BLACKSMITH.
Look round my forge, good farmer,
And tell me what you see;
Am I busy? am I idle?
Ask the anvil at my knee.

THE FARMER.
I see around your work-shop,
Stark implements of war—
Can it be that you are forging
Some new-born quarrel for.

THE BLACKSMITH.
Not so, my jovial farmer,
The implements that I forge
No manly limbs shall sever,
Draw no gore-drops, cut no gorges;

Sword I'm turning into plow-share,
Into reaping-hook, the gun,
Here are bayonets by the bushel—
Shall I shoe your horse with one?

Or, if a broken fetter
From the South his shoe will fit,
Lead in your horse, good farmer,
And I'll iron him with it!

HOW A LAWYER WON A WIFE.

"Act as my representative in all respects. I delegate you full and entire authority."

That was what Jack Clermont said, as he leaned out of the carriage window to light his cigar from the tip of mine. Of course, I undertook the responsibilities very good humoredly; for, though I had never been in love myself, still I had a sort of general idea that it was only my duty to afford every possible facility to a young man who was going to see his sweetheart and fix the wedding-day.

So I turned with a sigh of resignation away from the fresh and exhilarating air and vivid March sunshine into the close little den lined with law-books and strongly perfumed with an odor of Russian leather, which Jack denominated his office! On the whole, I felt rather as if I were an amiable sacrifice on the altar of disinterested friendship. Damon and Pythias were cronies, no doubt, if we can put faith in the records of history; but I have never heard that Damon stayed at home to keep "office" for Pythias, when he would a great deal rather have been out in the breezy March woods, trampling down the first blue violets under the drifts of dry leaves, with a gun over his shoulder!

Then I began to consider seriously what a lazy fellow I was to spend my days in this Robin Hood sort of life, while my college-mate, Jack, was working away at the law, and pocketing snug little fees, and getting to be a justice of the peace, and a delegate to all the conventions, and school trustee, and everything else he could think of. "Sometime," resolved I, wheeling lazily round on Jack's chair, "I'll go to work, too."

All day long I sat there, enacting Jack to my own unbounded satisfaction, and considerably to the astonishment of the sober old farmers, whose preconceived idea of "Squire Clermont" was widely different from the mustached young fellow who occupied his seat of judgment, and pronounced solemn edicts with all the dignity of Chief Justice Taney himself! What was the use of telling 'em all that I was not Jack, and that I never graduated from any law school, and that my knowledge of that sublime science was confined to a single perusal of Blackstone? Jack had given me explicit instructions to act as his representative, and would I not do it to the very best of my ability?

I didn't succeed so badly at first—Whenever there was any mistiness about the question, I took the broad ground that the law was nothing more nor nothing less than common sense—a mistake which experience has since rectified for me. I nipped three promising lawsuits in the bud by the conscientious equity of my opinions; persuaded several honest fellows to put their grievances into their own pockets, not into mine; and, speaking in round numbers, by this means, must have done poor Jack out of nearly fifty dollars retaining fees.

"Squire Clermont in?" demanded a shoo-headed rustic, in a swallow-tailed blue coat, decorated with platter-like brass buttons, who made his appearance about noon.

"Yes—what's wanting?"

"Wall, sir," said the rustic, awkwardly twirling his hat round and round, "we'd like to have you come up to Shineville next week and deliver a lecture for our Young Men's Association, and—"

"Twenty-five dollars, and expenses paid," remarked I, at a venture, with an air of most exquisite assurance.

"Very well, sir," replied the negotiator, "the Secretary of the Association will forward you a regular invitation."

"Good day, sir," I said, briskly rubbing

my hands as another individual came in as the rustic edged his way out. "Jack can't complain at this way of transacting business," was my internal reflection while the last visitor stood hawing and hemming preparatory to introducing his business.

"You are Mr. Clermont, sir, I suppose?"

"What's your business with me, my friend?" said I, amiably.

"Well, I'm real glad I've catched you at home for once," was the answer, with fiendish satisfaction. "I'd be obliged if you'd pay this ere little bill!"

He extended a crumpled piece of paper—a bill for something or other, the sum total of which was twenty dollars, which I paid with exultation considerably toned down. Why couldn't I have said that I wasn't Jack, and didn't know where he was nor when he'd be at home?

My most interesting adventure was yet to happen. Just as I was beginning to yawn, and was contemplating the propriety of shutting up the little office for the day—just as the level brightness of the glorious spring sunset was streaming in long bars of gold through the dusty panes of glass beside me, the silence was broken by a tiny rap on the office door.

"Come in!" I shouted, expecting to see enter a little boy with a letter, or some pretentiously bashful client. What was my astonishment, on the contrary, to behold a tall, slender young lady, with a fresh, brown complexion, just tinged with a healthy pink, that somehow made me think of the wild honeysuckles in my favorite woods, and hazel eyes that appeared equally ready either to sparkle into brilliant laughter or melt into misty tears.

There she stood, and there I sat! I had never heard of Jack's having any female clients, and consequently it took some seconds for me to recover, as it were, my mental equilibrium. Then I sprang up, and politely proffered her the only chair in the office, while I enthroned myself on the wood box.

"Mr. Clermont?" she asked, softly—a very musical voice, I noticed, even through my perturbation.

"I shall be happy to be of service to you, ma'am."

Who would have thought it! The young wood-nymph didn't want a divorce from her husband, (always taking it for granted she happened to have such an appendage,) nor did she desire to quarrel with her neighbor. Not at all. She only wanted a certificate to teach a district school, and the other trustee had sent her to Mr. Clermont to be examined.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish for a bashful young man who was sailing under false colors! How was I to know whether she was qualified for the position or not? And how in the name of all that was desperate was I to get myself out of the embarrassing situation encompassing me, unless by confessing my inequality for the emergency by bolting through the back door and beating an ignominious retreat into the pine woods beyond!

"Never!" quoth I to myself. "I'll die at my post sooner, even if forty thousand school ma'ams come after certificates!"

"What is your name, ma'am?" I demanded in a business like manner, drawing a sheet of paper towards me and dipping my pen in the inkstand.

"Jessie Gray, sir."

I knew I couldn't stand that arch, half-mischievous twinkle of those brown eyes if I looked at her too often, so I proceeded on firmly:

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen, this month."

"Eighteen, hey?" I wrote it down, and hesitated a minute. What next to ask her I had no more idea than the tongs in the corner. I wished Jack would come home and catechise his own brown-eyed school teacher—no I didn't, either?

"What do you know?"

"O, plenty of things," responded the fair candidate, demurely. (Confound those women—how quick they discover when you are at a disadvantage!) "I can sew, and knit and mend stockings."

"I mean what are your educational qualifications?"

Jessie looked at me like a startled bird, the mouth beginning to quiver, and the hazel orbs to melt and swim. I moved unobtrusively on the wood-box and two or three knotty pine logs rolled around my ankles.

"Come now, don't be frightened," I expostulated, rubbing my bruised extremities. "All I want to know is, can you say the multiplication table, and I cast interest, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes," faltered Jessie.

"Let me see—which school is it you wish to teach?" so I quizzed I, half aloud, conveniently pretending to forget what I had never known.

"At Elm Grove, sir," replied Jessie, meekly.

"Elm Grove? why, my child, there are scholars there twice your height and size, and as unruly as original savages!—Have you duly considered the consequences of the step you are about to take?"

"I have, sir," she answered, the long, wet lashes sweeping her flushed cheek; "but I am very poor, and it is necessary for me to earn my daily bread."

"Miss Grey," I commenced, emphatically—

There—it inevitably happened so in my case. What possessed Jack Clermont to drive up to the door at that identical moment? Why couldn't he have stayed away just five minutes longer?

"Please favor me with your address, Miss Grey," I stammered hurriedly, (the certificates are not printed yet. I will call and see about them in a day or two.)

And when the quiet brown dress had fluttered from the room, I discovered all at once that the crimsoned glory was fading gloomily from the west, and the light was dying out, and things were dimly enough to welcome the noisy entrance of my friend Jack, and his cigar.

"Well, my boy, what luck have you had keeping office to-day?"

Informed him briefly of my experience, laying particular stress on the twenty-five dollar lecture engagement and slurring over the affair of the crumpled bill, for which I had a receipt in full.

"All right," said Jack, in a merry, jovial voice, that sounded like a cheerful gale of wind in a pine forest. "Why, you'd make a splendid lawyer, Camford. But you have not told me about the pretty girl who was coming out as I drove up—what did she want?"

"Oh, she was after a certificate to teach school—up in Elm Grove, you remember. I say, Jack, this school marm branch must be rather a delicate piece of business in your sphere of duties."

"Not generally," said Jack. "But what did you do with this one? Give her a certificate?"

"No," said I, thoughtfully.

"And why not? didn't I invest you with unlimited powers?"

"Because," said I, deliberately rising from my wood box, and stretching my six feet of humanity to their utmost altitude, "because Jack, I mean to marry that girl!"

"Camford, are you insane?"

"No, I think not!"

"But you never saw her before?"

"Well, what then? she suits me exactly—I never knew before what sort of a wife I wanted, and now I am fully convinced."

"But suppose she won't have you?"

"She will—or I'll know the reason why."

Clermont burst into a laugh.

"Well, Camford, all I have to say is, go ahead, and may Cupid speed you!"

I acted upon the recommendation and called upon Miss Jessie the next day, to tell her that the certificates would certainly be ready at a certain date. Then I found it necessary to call several more times, to tell her why they were delayed from date to date. So that it was well into April before I strode up the walk leading to the widow Gray's cottage one golden evening, with a bunch of wild azaleas in my hand, and the tardy piece of parchment under my arm. Of course, Jessie had long since discovered that I was not the trustee, but it did not materially affect our friendly relations.

"Well, Miss Jessie, here is the certificate."

She uttered a little exclamation of delight and held out her hand.

"I wouldn't avail myself of it, Miss Jessie. I believe you can do better!"

"In what way?"

"Marry me!"

"Do you ask what answer she made?—I have no distinct recollection of the precise words—I only remember a sunset more goldenly radiant by far than I have ever seen, before or since—the faint odor of spring blossoms in the air, and my head bent down to catch the low whispers of the fair lips that were bid against my beating heart. I think, however, its general purport was favorable for Mrs. Camford—the woman yonder who is wondering why I don't come to breakfast, and who has never regretted that she did not take charge of the school at Elm Grove."

A CERT ANSWER.—Some years ago, an old sign-painter, who was very cross, very gruff and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it, and at the end of the second day the pastor of the church came to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets. "Eh!" said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the precepts; "why, you careless old person, you have left a part of one of the commandments entirely out; don't you see?"

"No, no such thing," said the old man putting on his spectacles; "no, nothing left out—where?"

"Why, there!" persisted the pastor, "look at them in the Bible; you have left some of the commandments out."

"Well, what if I have?" said old obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work; "what if I have? There's more there now than you'll keep!"

Another and a more correct artist was employed the next day.

A vein of silver ore, from one to four per cent. of pure metal, has been discovered a few miles south of Reading, this State.

Speech of Hon. John Cessna.

The following is the speech delivered by Hon. John Cessna on taking the chair as temporary President of the Union State Convention which met in Harrisburg on the 17th inst. It is bold, eloquent, and patriotic:—

Gentlemen of the Convention: I return you my sincere thanks for the honor conferred in selecting me to preside over the preliminary proceedings of your Convention. I am fully aware of the fact that the position is one of difficulty, and requires the discharge of arduous duties. I earnestly solicit the co-operation of every delegate in my efforts to preserve order, promote harmony, and hasten the business of the Convention. On my own part, I pledge you that I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the position to the utmost of my ability, with impartiality and fidelity.

I sincerely hope that the deliberations of this body may be harmonious, and all the results of our action entirely satisfactory to the people whom we represent. I regard the Convention just being organized as one of no ordinary interest. The position of Pennsylvania in the Union as well as her past history entitles and will command for her a potential voice in the reconstruction of our Government. At all hazards, and at every sacrifice of everything save principle, must the action of this Convention, in the end, be unanimous. The whole army of loyal voters who in 1864 rallied around the standard of Abraham Lincoln, and proclaimed to the world that the Union should be preserved, and the rebellion suppressed at every hazard, must again be called into the field under the banner which shall be hoisted here to-day.

The military power of the rebellion has been crushed. Our brave and heroic officers, soldiers and sailors have well performed their part. Before the magnitude of their achievements, the wars of former times and the battles of other nations sink into comparative insignificance. Our nation to-day occupies a prouder position before the world, and is more feared by the aristocracies of Europe, than ever before. The glories as well as the toils of our surviving heroes, both officers and soldiers, the memories of the thousands slain and starved in defense of our cause, the tens of thousands of widows and orphans made such by the war, and the millions of debt willingly incurred by a loyal people to preserve the life of the nation, all demand that the fruits of the great victory of human freedom shall not be frittered away by the mistakes of politicians.

Every man of us must be prepared to yield up on the altar of patriotism all his personal preferences and individual wishes for the common good. There may be, and there no doubt are, some questions about which we may reasonably and safely differ. Upon all the great vital issues of the day, all truly loyal men must and will agree. During the four years of fearful and bloody war just closed, the rebellion increased and strengthened and was greatly protracted by reason of Northern sympathy. Now that it is over, these men in the North have grown bolder and more defiant by reason of the aid and comfort which they expect to receive in turn from those lately in arms against the Government. True, the rebellion is over, the fighting has ceased, but the war is not ended; the spirit of rebellion still lives, and is to-day active, insistent, defiant.

The great object of the rebellion was the death of the republic, the dismemberment of the nation—that object has not been abandoned. The one who undertook it failed to accomplish his purpose by force of arms. They now strive to reach the same end by means of management and appeals to the prejudices of the people at the ballot-box.

This may appear to be a harsh judgment. I would that I could believe otherwise. But the spirit that for thirty years and more has distracted our people, and disturbed the peace of the nation, in a bold attempt to make slavery the ruling power of the nation, and all other interests subservient to that—the spirit which slew our wounded and mangled our dead on the field of battle after the battle was over—the same spirit which presided over the prisons of Andersonville, Libby, Bell Island, and elsewhere—that which organized irresponsible bands of guerrillas—slew innocent women and children in railroad cars, poisoned fountains of water, and imported loathsome diseases—the same spirit which animated the band of the assassin as it sped the fatal ball to the brain of our late merciful, magnanimous, and patriotic President, will not hesitate to seize the throat or stab the heart of the nation, and destroy, if possible, the noble old republic of our fathers, utterly regardless of the ruin and woe which may follow.

Already these men in the South are organizing to send representatives of their kind to Congress. Their friends in the North are rallying for the same purpose. Allow them to succeed in their scheme, and soon the rebel debt will be assumed, damages paid to the rebels for injuries suffered by the war, and pensions granted to rebel wounded and rebel widows. Under this load, it is confidently expected by

them that the good old ship of state will soon go down, and the nation perish.—Should this fail, our whole national debt would next be repudiated and the country ruined.

Shall all this be avoided? Much of a correct answer to this question may depend upon your action to-day. Every dollar of debt, municipal State and national, contracted for the suppression of the rebellion, must and shall be paid at all hazards. Not one cent of rebel debt, damages or pensions shall ever be assumed or paid, upon any pretext or for any reason whatever.

Our present loyal and patriotic President, Andrew Johnson, has submitted to these people a policy which challenges the admiration of the world. It will stamp him through all time to come as a magnanimous, merciful and kind-hearted ruler. In his efforts to carry it out, he must and will receive our hearty and zealous co-operation and support. But should these people continue, as they have already commenced, to treat his offers of mercy with scorn and contempt, and present to the country and the world an exhibition of folly, madness and wickedness unparalleled, let us here proclaim to them and to our chosen ruler that we will, one and all, stand by him, in seizing and holding their own territory by the military power of the country, and that the grasp of the military arm shall not be relaxed until they satisfy us, by their practices, that they are ready and willing to accept in good faith the results of the war. It was of their own seeking and of their making. They have no right to ask the advantages of a trial unless they mean to submit to the verdict. The war has not ended until the conquered party has fairly accepted its results, and the Government has not only a perfect legal right, but it is her solemn duty to enforce those results by the military arm. Our four years' war, the most gigantic in the world's history, must not be in vain. Let the late rebels accept in good faith the policy of our President, and we will gladly welcome them again as brothers into the folds of our Union. Let them reject it, and we will stand by him and Congress in compelling them to acknowledge our triumph and their defeat. Slavery is dead, and must and shall be buried. The spirit of slavery must die and be buried with it.—The aristocracy of the South, which has fostered and upheld slavery, and which inaugurated the late terrible civil war, must be shorn of its power. Already it is at work stirring up opposition to the policy of the Government and creating hostility and bitterness among the people. For two years we carried on the war without striking at the cause of the war. Indeed we rather guarded and protected it. At last Abraham Lincoln, when his time had come, on the memorable first day of January, 1863, struck at slavery. The result is before us. And yet it still seems as if no lessons are sufficient to reach the authors of the rebellion. It is fast becoming manifest that no permanent peace, even with the death of slavery, can be secured until the authors and supporters of slavery are subdued. In the words of our present patriotic President, "This aristocracy is antagonistic to the principles of free democratic government, and the time has come when this rebellious element of aristocracy must be punished. The time has come when their lands must be confiscated; the aristocracy must be put down, and their possessions divided among the wretched laborers of the land."

This result will throw into our National Treasury many millions of dollars, justly forfeited by the treason of their former owners. What loyal man can object that by means of this fund a few of the comforts, if not the luxuries, of life, should be added to the tables of those widows throughout the land whose firesides have been made desolate by the war, or rather by the treason which caused it?—Who will object that the bounties and pensions of our soldiers by whom the victory was won and the nation saved, should be increased and a trifle added to the pecuniary compensation so justly due them for the sacrifices made? Who can object that by means of these funds so justly forfeited a large portion of our national debt should be extinguished, and thereby the taxes of all classes of our people diminished, and a part of the heavy load imposed upon the shoulders of our people by treason thus removed by treason itself?

Having proclaimed the freedom of the slave, let us not weaken ourselves or endanger his condition by any controversy among ourselves about his present position or the extent of his privileges, but carefully and surely provide that the freedom thus proclaimed shall be firmly and irrevocably established and secured thro' all time to come.

Let unity of action and a cheerful acquiescence in the decision of the majority mark our deliberations—let the glory, perpetuity and success of our common country, alone, be our object, and all will be well.

Several fairly executed counterfeit-fits of the National currency, of