The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

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VOLUME 6. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1865. NUMBER 50.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
arrolltown,	Steven L. Evans,	Carroll.
hess Springs,	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
onemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
resson,	J. Houston,	Washint'n.
bensburg.	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
llen Timber,	C. Jeffries,	White.
allitzin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallitzin.
emlock,	Wm Tiley, Jr.,	Washt'n.
hnstown,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
oretto,	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
unster,	A. Durbin,	Munster.
attsville,	Andrew J Ferral,	Susq'han.
. Augustine,	Stan. Wharton,	Clearfield.
alp Level,	George Berkey,	Richland.
nman,	B. M'Colgan,	Washt'n.
mmerhill,	George B. Wike,	Croyle.
mmit,	Wm. M'Connell,	Washt'n.
ilmore,	J. K. Shryock,	S'merhill.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. A. Baker, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. Pershing, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning, at 10½ o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Welch 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.

Calvinistic Methodist—Rev. Morgan Ellis, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 6 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.

Disciples—Rev. W. Lloyd, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. David Evans, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. R. C. Christy, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

astern, daily, at	12.00 o'clock, noon.
estern, " at	12.00 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

astern, daily, at	8 o'clock, P. M.
estern, " at	8 o'clock, P. M.

☞ The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.

est—Balt. Express leaves at		*9.17 A. M.
" Phila. Express	"	*10.07 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	9.58 P. M.
" Mail Train	"	8.38 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex.	"	8.13 A. M.
" Emigrant Train	"	4.30 P. M.
ast—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.

*Don't stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Sheriff—James Myers.

District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.

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

Clerk to Commissioners—William H. Sechler.

Treasurer—Isaac Wike.

Clerk to Treasurer—John Lloyd.

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

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Auditors—William J. Williams, Francis P. Tierney, John A. Kennedy.

County Surveyor.—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner.—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Cox.

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

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.

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

Burgess—C. T. Roberts.

School Directors—Philip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.

Borough Treasurer—Geo. W. Oatman.

EAST WARD.

Constable—Morris Peat.

Town Council—E. Hughes, Evan Griffith, Jno. J. Evans, Wm. D. Davis, Maj. John Thompson.

Inspectors—Richard R. Tibbott, Robert D. Thomas

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. Kinkead, George W. Oatman.

Inspectors.—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 fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

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

S. of T.—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 $3.00 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

the 11th proximo. See advertisement....

By request, and as a matter of interest to many of our readers, we print on to-day's outside a list of the prizes drawn at the late Fair for the benefit of St. Patrick's church, Ebensburg. We are under obligations to Mr. Wilson, of the *Dem. & Sent.*, for the loan of the type of the same, ready composed....Our good-looking young friend 'Squire John Porter, of Washington tp., was in town on Monday. During his stay here he presented us with a box of prime Habanas, for which favor we return him our heartiest thanks....It should be borne in mind that the examination of teachers for the schools of Ebensburg boro, six in number, will be held in the Union school-house to-day, (Thursday,) commencing at 9 o'clock, a. m.... We are sorry to learn that our townsman, Capt. Murray, received a fall resulting in some severe injuries, one day last week.... Considerable sickness prevails in our midst at present. Among those seriously ill is Mr. Robert Davis, who is suffering from an attack of fever.

Quarterly Meeting of the M. E Church.—We have been handed the following announcement for publication:

The third Quarterly Meeting for Ebensburg Circuit for the present Conference year will be held in the M. E. Church, Ebensburg, on the 7th and 8th of October, next. Preaching on Thursday and Friday evenings previous, at 7 o'clock; Saturday, at 2 p. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday, at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament at the close of the morning service on Sabbath. No preaching on Sabbath, Oct. 1st.

Coming.—The "melancholy days" are coming, the "saddest of the year," when the forests begin to assume the sere and yellow leaf. Soon, too soon, summer and things belonging to summer will have gone. Then winter will be here. In view of the anticipated approach of the grim monarch of the North, would it not be well to go to Thompson's and buy a suit of ready-made winter clothing?

Twice at Bay.

It was midnight in East Tennessee—not the night of nature, but the middle of that dark and detestable night during which that persecuted region was crushed under the Davis despotism. It was the political midnight of East Tennessee.

At twilight, a young man and a young girl sat at the open window of a fine mansion near a pleasant little village—a village now almost swept out of existence by the sirocco breath of war.

The girl was Mary Basham, an orphan, who, with her brother Richard, had inherited the splendid property of her parents, consisting mostly of land and slaves. The greater part of the slaves had been left to her brother, but the mansion belonged to them in common, and she also owned a sum in Louisville bank shares. Her brother had taken up arms in the rebel cause, and was then a captain of guerillas. Mary Basham was considered a "great catch," and it was certainly strange, if not improper, in Mrs. Grundy's eyes, that she should love that fair-haired young man who sat by her side at the open window, for Ernest Felder had no riches, except a fair share of talent and a true, honest heart. Consequently he was worse than a Yankee, and a marriage with him would have been as bad a misalliance as Mary Basham could make.

"You are foolish, Ernest," said the girl, as she plucked a flower from a vine and pulled it to pieces. "What is the Union to you that you are anxious to make yourself a martyr for its sake? Besides, what can you do for the Union by hiding out in the woods and mountains, and being hunted down at last, and hung, or shot, or imprisoned? So far, although you have been subject to annoyance, you have escaped harm; and now, if you will simply submit to the new order of things, all will be well, and you will not be troubled."

"The Union is everything to me, Mary Basham," said the young man, "for it sheltered me when I came to this country an exile, and under the Union I have enjoyed the fruit of my labor, and have been happy and contented. It would be worse than ingratitude to desert it now, because I happen to be among its enemies."

"Then you will leave me?" said the girl, as she tore a flower passionately.

"I must, Mary, unless you can be convinced that it is politic as well as right to seek peace and safety on Union ground. But that is not to be expected, and I do not wonder at you, being a slave owner."

"Bother the slaves!" broke in the impetuous girl. "They are more trouble than they are worth, and always were.—Dick Basham is welcome to all of them, if he wants them, except Bessy and Jim. I always feel as if I belong to them more than they belong to me, and the feeling is irksome. But as for those guerilla bands like that of brother Dick's, they are a disgrace to the country, and ought not to be permitted. Dick has said he means to bring his ruffians here some night, and give them a supper—as if I would stay in the house where these wretches were holding their drunken orgies! I dared him to do it. Humph! he talks of the blood of the Bashams—let him try to commit such an outrage on common decency, and he will find that I have as much blood of the Bashams in my veins as he has in his. I will let master officer know that I am not to be frightened by him."

The conversation was here interrupted by a rough-looking man, dressed in brown homespun, badly tattered, and carrying a long rifle upon his shoulder, who came hurriedly over the lawn toward the house. Hardly stopping to knock, he entered the front door, and pushed into the room where Mary Basham and Ernest Felder were talking.

"Beg pardon, Miss," said the apparition, pulling a slouched hat from an unkempt head, and resting the butt of his rifle on the carpet; "sorry to come in so sudden like, but I haven't time for perliteness. Mr. Felder, the guerillas has been hauntin' for you in the village, and they kin trot. So there ain't no time for tradin' hosses ef you want to git off."

"It has come sooner than I expected, Mary," said Ernest, as he started up. "I must bid you farewell now, and perhaps forever. If I reach the Federal lines safely, I will try to get word to you."

"No use talkin' 'bout the Federal lines now, Mr. Felder," said the rough-looking man, "for here's the guerillas!"

As he spoke, about twenty-five horsemen, dressed in homespun imitation of the Confederate uniform, rode up the street and halted in front of the mansion. They were a villainous set to look at, and armed with all sorts of weapons, from a hunting rifle to a flint-lock pistol. At their head rode a young man in the gay uniform of a rebel officer, whose seat in the saddle was quite unsteady.

"They are part of Dick Basham's gang," said Mary, as she coolly surveyed them from the window, "and he is drunk again, I'll be bound. It is enough to destroy any man's respect for himself to associate with such wretches, and I should think nothing could induce a gentlemen, as Dick Basham used to be, to do it."

"Come, Ben Sterling," said Felder, who had hastily seized his hat, "we can yet escape by the back way."

"No!" exclaimed the girl, "you can do no such thing, for they have already surrounded the house. Come, now, you two, you are men, and you have arms, and if it comes to the worst, you know how to sell your lives dearly. But let me do my part first, for I tell you that not a man of that gang shall cross this threshold while Mary Basham lives! Mr. Felder, give me one of your pistols."

Quite overborne by the intrepidity and energy of the high-spirited girl, Ernest almost mechanically handed her a pistol As quick as thought, she brought out from an adjoining closet a large tin can filled with powder, carried it into the hall, threw open the door, and stood there, with pistol in hand, proud and defiant, and beautiful in her pride and defiance.

Captain Basham, with four of his troopers, dismounted, and walked toward the house. The path was hardly wide enough for the gallant captain, whom a commission as a lieutenant general could not have induced to walk in a straight line. But he staggered on, until he was brought to a sudden pause by the ringing voice of his sister.

"Halt there, Dick Basham!" exclaimed the indignant girl. "What do you want here, with that pack of dirty hounds at your heels? None of your ragamuffin cutthroats shall enter this house; nor shall you until you are sober."

"Don't be foolish, Mary," hic coughed the officer. "We only want that Dutch Tory Abolition piano-tuner, if he is in the house. He must fight for the South now, or hang."

"Ernest Felder is here," answered Mary, "and he is no Dutch Tory Abolition piano-tuner, but he is a gentleman, and that is more than you are, Dick Basham. He has not harmed you or any one else, and has not meddled with your niggers or any other man's, and you shall not touch him while he is under my roof."

"It is my roof as much as it is yours, Mary," persisted Dick, who was inclined to temporize when he saw the "blood of the Bashams" was fairly up in his sister.

"It is not; for you said the house was to be all mine while the war lasted, if I would let you have Jake and Henry. If it was not mine, none of your thieving gang should ever enter it, nor shall you, as I told you, until you are sober."

"Come on, boys," said Basham, as he commenced to stagger towards the house. "My sister is carrying the joke too far.—We are not to be turned from our duty by a girl. Make way there, Mary, for we must search the house."

"Halt there, for your life!" his sister almost shouted, in a tone that caused the young man to stop instantly. "Do you know this can of powder, Dick Basham?" said she, as she pointed to it with her pistol. "And this?" thrusting the muzzle deep into the shining black grains. "Now, I warn you, sir, if you or any of your thieves approach a step nearer, I will blow house and all to atoms, as far as this can of powder can do it."

"Hold, Mary!" exclaimed her brother, whom her desperate resolution had almost sobered. "For God's sake take your pistol out of that powder! You are excited; and the least slip of your finger would send you and perhaps all of us into eternity."

"I am as cool as ice, Dick Basham," answered the girl, "and my nerves are as firm as iron. Now mark me: I give you until I count twenty to mount your horses and ride away from here. If you don't leave in that time, I swear to you by the blood of the Bashams that I will fire the pistol into the powder. One—two—"

"I'll be bound she'd do it, Captain," said one of the party. "I can see it in her eye, and I reckon we'd better be going."

"Of course she would," said Basham indignantly. "I would never own her for a sister of mine, if she had not spunk enough for that. Well, she must have her own way this time, and we will have chances enough to catch the Dutchman."

"We are going now, Mary," he continued, "but you will be sorry for this, and if you have so far forgotten your position and your duty as to fall in love with that piano-tuner, both he and you shall pay dearly for it."

"Never fear but I can take care of my position and my duty, Dick Basham," said the girl, as the guerillas mounted their horses and rode away.

When it was fairly night, Felder bade Mary good bye, and went to the hills with Ben Sterling. Mary sent her boy Jim with them to bring her word if they got safely off; and when the boy returned she sent him back to their temporary hiding place with two horses and a supply of provisions.

Ernest Felder, after much hardship and some narrow escapes, reached the Federal lines in safety. Finding a number of his old friends in the cavalry force, some of them in high rank, he joined that arm of the service; and as he had a thorough military education, and was as brave as a man may well be, his promotion was quite rapid; so that in the course of time he was known as Major Felder, and was spoken of as a very promising officer.

It was many long months after the midnight of East Tennessee, before the gleam of Union bayonets and the flash of Union sabres began to make a very pleasant sunrise in that region. In the advance of the grand army, which at last carried relief and protection to that persecuted people, was a fine squadron of cavalry, which occupied, after a slight resistance, the village near which Mary Basham lived. This squadron was commanded by Major Ernest Felder.

Dick Basham had been killed while making a brave but desperate defence against the overwhelming force of the Federals when they entered the village, and his sister, although she did not love him as she formerly had, was indignant at his death, and resolved to avenge it if she could find a shadow of excuse for so doing. So with the blood of the "Bashams" boiling in her veins, she seated herself at the window where she and Ernest had sat so many months before.

More troops came pouring into the village, among them an infantry regiment, all tired and hungry. Any army on the march seldom treats very tenderly the country through which it passes, nor is discipline always preserved as it should be. Some of these men were excited by liquor, and others foraged about as they chose.

A number of them made their appearance at Mary Basham's fine mansion and commenced a raid upon the pigs and poultry. Mary warned them off, but they laughed at her, and ordered her to open the door, threatening to break it open if she refused. She again warned them off and leveled her gun at the foremost man. The soldiers laughed and advanced toward the door to burst it open. Mary Basham coolly sighted her piece, but as she drew the trigger a fine-looking fair-haired officer rode up in front of the disorderly soldiers just in time to receive the bullet in his shoulder. He fell from his horse and had only strength to order the men to protect that house and carry him in. It was Ernest Felder.

When Mary Basham saw who it was that she had shot, she quite forgot the death of her brother in this new calamity, and her coolness and firmness forsook her entirely. She did her best, however, to cure the wound she had inflicted, and the presence of a wounded officer in the house was the best protection she could have had. It was two long months before Ernest fully recovered, and when he was able to return to duty Mary Basham felt that she was not forgetting her position in marrying the brave and talented officer.

☞ Memory presides over the past; action presides over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit.

☞ Hurry and Cunning are the two apprentices of Despatch and Skill; but neither of them ever learned their master's trade.

☞ New York drinks six hundred barrels of whisky a day.

List of Prizes Drawn at the Fair for the Benefit of St. Patrick's Church, Catholic, Ebensburg.

TABLE NO. I.

Parlor Chairs, Mary Ann Shortenkeichner, Carroll township.
Silver Tea Sett, A. R. Griffith, Oil City.
Lady's Card Case, Mrs. T. Criswell, Strongstown.
Statue of the B. V., Mrs. Smith, Altoona.
Centre Table, Rev. Reynolds, Loretto.
Silk Dress, Annie Piper, Ebensburg.
Molasses, Cruet, Thomas Houston, Pittsburgh.
St. Vincent's Manual, Miss E. Boon, Altoona.

TABLE NO. II.

Sett Silver Knives and Forks, Mrs. Stahl, Ebensburg.
Balmoral Skirt, Mrs. J. D. Thomas, Ebensburg.
Silver Butter Dish, Mrs. John Fenlon, Ebensburg.
Velvet Smoking Cap, A. Fink, Ebensburg.
Photo. Album, Miss E. O'Harro, Munster township.
Silver Watch, A. J. Christy, Oil City.
Gold Watch. Thos. W. J. Coons, Loretto.
Gentleman's Dressing Case, H. A. Shoemaker, Ebensburg.
Painting of Holy Family, Rev. J. Tracy, Pittsburgh.
Wolf Robe, Wm. Kaylor, Loretto.
China Egg Dish, Rev. J. C. Farren, Tyrone.
Handsome Toilet Box, Miss E. Dougherty, Ebensburg.
Crimson Sofa Pillow, Rev. E. A. Bush, Loretto.
Sewing Basket, Mrs. E. Shoemaker, Ebensburg.
Two Pictures, Ec. Homo and Mater Dolorosa, Miss H. V. Rhey, Ebensburg.
Photograph of Bishop O'Connor, J. J. Kaylor, Ebensburg.
Sett of China Dishes, Mrs. Dr. Christy, Oil City.
Revolving Butter Dish, Henry Hughes, Summit.
Silver and Cut-glass Pickle Dish, F. A. Shoemaker, Ebensburg.
Photo. Album, John Hewitt, Gallitzin.
Burr Basket, Jos. Wherry, Ebensburg.
Silver Tea Bell, Doc. Chilcote, Ebensb'g.
Pair of Silver Butter Knives, P. S. Noon, Ebensburg.
Pair of Candlesticks, Ross Piper, Ebensburg.
Handsome Doll, Dr. T. Schell, Frankstown.
Glass Fruit Dish, W. H. Rodgers, Pittsburgh.
Bead Basket, Don Quixotte, Altoona.

TABLE NO. III.

Photograph of Rev. P. H. Lemke, Ben. P. Thompson, Philadelphia.
Butter Knife and Fruit Spoon, Miss Lizzie M'Donald, Ebensburg.
Cup and Napkin Ring, Thomas Fenlon, Kansas.
Photo. Album, Winfield Hughes, Ebe'g.
Pair Vases, Mrs. P. Collins, Ebensburg.
Knives and Forks, Mrs. E. O'Harro, Munster.
Picture of "Prison Window, Mrs. Philip Collins, Ebensburg.
Urseline Manual, Rev. P. Hughes, Huntingdon.
Wax Cross, T. Brophy, Altoona.
Wax Water Lilly, Miss S. Collins, Eb'g.
Breakfast Shawl, Thomas P. Davis, "
Silver Cake Basket, Mrs. M. D. Johnson, Pittsburgh.
Handsome Quilt, Daniel Parks, Jackson township.
Life of the Virgin and St. Joseph, P. S. Noon, Ebensburg.
Five Dollar Gold Piece, John F. Barnes, Johnstown.
Barrel of Flour, W. K. Piper, Ebensburg.
Silver Sugar Spoons, Mrs. Dr. Christy, Oil City.
Silver Sugar Sifter, Miss E. Dougherty, Ebensburg.
Silver Butter Knife, Mrs. P. Campbell, Carrolltown.
Lady's Writing Desk, P. M'Elroy, Oil City.
Silver Dollar, Samuel Croyle, Jackson tp.
Silver Butter Dish, H. A. Shoemaker, Ebensburg.
Mexican Silver Ring, John White, Johnstown.
Sett of Cane Seat Chairs, James Kane, Carrolltown.
Silver Ice Pitcher and Salver, Miss Mattie Litzinger, Strongstown.

TABLE NO. IV.

Bronze Clock, T. D. Litzinger, Strongstown.
Tea Knives, Peter Dougherty, Summit.
Doll, "The Bride," Miss Annie Murray, Ebensburg.
Silver Egg Stand, Hon. W. A. Wallace, Clearfield.
Silver Molasses Cruet, Col. Harry White, Indiana, Pa.
Silver Toastback, Dr. I. J. Brallier, Blacklick township.
Child's Silver Sett, Miss Annie Moore, Ebensburg.
French Merino Dress, Miss Ann Dougherty, Ebensburg.
Wax Doll, Katie Bunn, Ebensburg.
Sett of Jewelry, Lizzie Zern, Ebensburg.
Saddle, John Riley, Wilmore.
Burr What-Not, P. S. Noon, Ebensburg.
Cuban Fan, Mary A. Davis, "
Photograph of Bishop Dominic, Rev. Ryan, Summit.
Gents. Dressing Gown, Mrs. E. S. Murray, Ebensburg.
Bible, Jerome Buck, Carrolltown.
Tidy, Reese J. Lloyd, Ebensburg.
Smoking Cap, Mr. Blight, Philadelphia.
China Egg Dish, Mr. Reese, Ebensburg.
Quilt, Mrs. Horner, Wilmore.
Cooking Stove, Wm. Kaylor, Loretto.
Georgia Genet, P. S. Noon, Ebensburg.

STAMEMENT

Of Receipts and Expenditures of Fair.

Mrs. T. B. Moore, Table No. 1,	*Dr.*
To receipts, first week,	$352 99
" second week,	226 23
Cash t. purchase articles,	120 00
	$699 22

Mrs. T. B. Moore, Table No. 1,	*Cr.*
By goods purchased first week,	$ 30 50
" " ex. to city, &c.,	107 36
Cash paid Rev. R. C. Christy,	561 36
	$699 22

Mrs. E. C. Murry, Table No. 2,	Dr.
To receipts, first week,	$418 65
" " second week,	265 28
Cash to purchase articles,	120 00
	803 93

Mrs. E. S. Murry, Table No. 2,	Cr.
By goods purchased,	$ 78 50
By Cash paid Rev. R. C. Christy,	725 43
	803 93

Mrs. J. E. O'Niel, Table No. 3,	Dr.
To receipts, first week,	$382 19
To receipts, second week,	247 65
Cash to purchase articles,	120 00
	749 84

Mrs. J. E. O'Niel, Table No. 3,	Cr.
By expenses, first week,	$ 9 50
Articles purchased, and ex. to city,	101 59
By cash paid Rev. R. C. Christy,	638 75
	749 84

Mrs. R. L. Johnston, Table No. 4,	Dr.
To receipts, first week,	$283 12

Mrs. R. L. Johnston, Table No. 4,	Cr.
By cash paid Rev. R. C. Christy,	$283 12

Mrs. F. A. Shoemaker, Side Table,	Dr.
To receipts, second week,	$105 29
To cash to purchase articles,	120 00
	225 29

Mrs. F. A. Shoemaker, Side Table,	Cr.
By goods purchased,	$ 58 45
By cash paid Rev. R. C. Christy,	166 84
	$225 29

Mrs. John Fenlon, Refreshment Table,	Dr.
To amount receipts for two weeks,	$485 39

Mrs. John Fenlon, Refreshment Table,	Cr.
By expenses,	$133 67
By cash paid Rev R. C. Christy,	351 72
	$485 39

F. A. Shoemaker, in act. with Fair,	Dr.
Amt. from col. door, dancing, &c.,	$477 63

F. A. Shoemaker, in act. with Fair,	Cr.
By cash paid Rev. R. C. Christy,	$477 63

Rev. R. C. Christy, in act. with Fair,	Dr.
To amt. from tables, col. &c.,	$4488 23
Collection at St. Augustine,	100 00
Chebang, per G. W. Oatman,	42 26
	$4630 49

Rev. R. C. Christy, in act. with Fair,	Cr.
By goods purchased, expenses, &c.,	$1089 55
By uncurrent money,	87 00
Balance in hand,	3453 94
	$4630 49

The undersigned embraces the present opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity for their hearty co-operation and kind assistance during the Fair; also, to the citizens of Oil City, Butler, Johnstown, Altoona, St. Augustine, Carrolltown, Newry, Lock Haven, Coylesville, St. Mary and other places for their liberal donations.

R. C. CHRISTY, Pastor.

Disunion an Impossibility.

In the campaign of 1860, in Georgia, a prominent politician made a disunion speech. An individual who styled himself "The aforesaid M. D." was hoisted to the platform, to speak in opposition. He was somewhat under the influence of the enemy which men sometimes put in their mouths, but nevertheless succeeded in making the biggest and best Union speech on record. He said:

"Gentlemen and ladies, you're talkin' of dissolvin' the Union. You can't do it; if you go to 'ell you can't do it! Thar's that ere flag a-wavin' up thar called the Star Spangled Banner: how're ye a goin' to divide that? Are you a goin' to give the stars to the Norf and the Stripes to the Souf? No, sir-ee! the thing can't be did. [Cheers.]

"And thar's that good old toon that the band's a playin' out thar, called Yankee Doodle. How're ye goin' to divide that? Are ye a goin' to give the Yankee to the Norf, and the Doodle to the Souf? I say, boldly, the thing can't be did. [Immense cheering.]

"And thar's that stream o' water runnin' down called the Father o' Waters. How're ye a goin' to divide that? Are ye a goin to dam it with Mason an' Dixon's line? I say ye can't do that thing! Wal, ye can't! [Cheers.]

"And thar's the railroad lyin' out thar. How're ye goin' to divide that? Are ye a goin' to tie it up with Mason an' Dixon's line? Ye can't do it! [Cheers.]

"And thar's all the fast hosses standin' round here. How're ye a goin to divide them old hosses? Are ye a goin' to run 'em Norf, and run 'em South, and run 'em East, and run 'em West? [Cheers.]

"And thar's all the handsome wimmen round here. How're ye a goin' to divide them? Are ye a goin' to give the old ones to the Norf, and the young ones to the Souf? Wal, ye don't! If ye go to thunder, ye can't do it! [Cheers.]

"And thar's all the feathered tribe and other birds a flyin' about here, and the chickens and egg's nest, and the yaller legs and the black legs. How're ye goin' to divide them? Are ye a goin' to give the pullets to the Norf, and the roosters to the Souf?" [Tremendous and long-continued cheering.]

☞ Why is hot bread like a caterpillar? Because it is the grub that makes the butter-fly.