

The Ebensburg Alleghenian.

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

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

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VOLUME 7. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1865. NUMBER 8.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.
Carrington, Steven L. Evans, Carr. Postmaster.
Chess Springs, Henry Rutter, Carr. Postmaster.
Conemaugh, A. G. Crooks, Carr. Postmaster.
Cresson, J. Houston, Carr. Postmaster.
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York, Carr. Postmaster.

No Time Like the Old Time.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first.

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,
From the clinging arms that bore;
Where the dear eyes that glistened o'er us that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower; with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're falling side by side,
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives!

—Atlantic Monthly.

In the Last Time.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"An opportunity like this doesn't come to a man every day. Go in and win; that is my advice."

The speaker was past middle age; and he who listened had made the record of about an equal number of years in his book of life.

"The stock will double on its present quotation in less than sixty days, Mr. Cushing," pursued the speaker, with ardor. "I've given you a hint of what is doing, and a hint only; but, take my word for it, the stock will go up like a balloon. It's down to twenty, now; but it will range between the thirties and forties in a month."

"And go down faster than it went up, Mr. Slocum," was answered.

Mr. Slocum shrugged his shoulders, and looked arch and knowing.

"Of course, you'll be out of danger. Forewarned, forearmed. It's a fancy, I know. But there's a game up, and I happen to have seen the winning cards. Take ten thousand dollars of this stock, now, and in thirty days you may sell out at fifteen or twenty thousand. The thing's as sure as death. There's not a particle of risk. The stock's been at twenty for the last year, and can't go below that figure. You can sell at twenty-five or thirty, whilst it is on the rising figures, if you do not care to wait longer for higher chances."

"If I understand you," said Mr. Cushing, "there is no solid basis for the anticipated rise?"

"None at all; but that's no concern of yours or mine. We don't operate for a rise, but only take advantage of what we know is going to be."

"After sixty days the stock will fall?"

"Yes, and then 'stand under,' is the word: You'll not find me the owner of a share."

"Somebody will lose."

"Of course."

"And be swindled, of course," said Mr. Cushing.

"You may call it what name you please. But that isn't the question, now. 'Go in and win' is the word."

"This winning, I think you said, was as sure as death."

"Death sure, Mr. Cushing."

"The remark has set me to thinking, Mr. Slocum."

"Ah! what of your thoughts?"

"There is a last time coming for us all." "So the preacher say."

Mr. Slocum shrugged his shoulders in a manner peculiar to himself.

"When some of the 'fancies' will rule at very low figures, I apprehend. For one, I should not like to hold them largely. I am afraid their value would be light among the treasures we are commanded to lay up in heaven."

"You're too serious, Mr. Cushing. I don't see what this going in on a rising market has to do with treasure in heaven. We're not talking about dying, but living. The stock will move up in spite of anything you or I can do; and, for the life of me, I can't see where the harm is in taking advantage of a rise."

"All that I would gain, somebody else must lose," said Mr. Cushing.

"Of course."

Mr. Cushing shook his head, and said—

Letter from Mrs. Lincoln.

Mr. Carpenter, the artist, who has been publishing in the *Independent* his personal recollections of President Lincoln, gives, in his last contribution, the following extract from a letter of Mrs. Lincoln: "Truly," writes Mrs. Lincoln, "no sorrow has been like unto mine. I am as broken-hearted over this overwhelming affliction as when the terrible tragedy first occurred, and, of course, realize it far more. I have lost the most loving and devoted of husbands, and my dear boys the best father that sons were ever blessed with. 'Until God's love shall place me by his side again, I shall know no peace, or alleviation of my grief. Knowing him as you do, I am sure you can pardon and appreciate a wife's great sorrow over so untimely a loss!"

"How I wish you could have been with my dear husband the last three weeks of his life. Having a realizing sense that the unnatural rebellion was near its close, and being most of the time away from Washington, where he had passed through such conflicts of mind during the last four years—feeling so encouraged, he freely gave vent to his cheerfulness. Down the Potomac, he was almost boyish in his mirth, and reminded me of his original nature, as I remembered him in our own home, free from care, surrounded by those he loved."

"That terrible Friday, I never saw him so supremely cheerful. His manner was even playful. At three o'clock he drove out with me in an open carriage. In starting, I asked him if any one should accompany us? He immediately replied, 'No, I prefer to ride by ourselves to-day.' During the ride he was so gay that I said to him, laughingly, 'Dear husband you almost startle me by your cheerfulness.' He replied, 'And well I may feel so, Mary, for I consider this day the war has come to a close,' and then added, 'We must both be more cheerful in future. Between the war, and the loss of our darling Willie, we have been very miserable.' Every word he then uttered is deeply engraved on my poor broken heart. In the evening his mind was fixed on having some relaxation. * * * I firmly believe that if he had remained in the White House, on that night of darkness when the fiends prevailed, he would have been horribly cut to pieces. Those fiends had too long contemplated this inhuman murder to have allowed him to escape."

Educational Department.

[All communications intended for this column should be addressed to the Educational Editor of The Alleghenian.]

EDUCATION.

Strictly speaking, the word education signifies to expand, develop. A man may properly be called educated whose powers have received their full development by whatever means, but especially by discipline, instruction and experience. So that the various attributes of the mind are fully expanded, whether by one means or another, it is sufficient. All the various powers of the mind, intellect, imagination, sentiment, language, memory, discernment, cannot by any possibility receive their highest attainable expansion in any one man, nor is it in such a sense that we speak. But when some one of the chief of these, more especially the intellect, is developed in any person to the fullest extent that nature has made it possible for such development to take place, and the other faculties are subordinated and brought into harmony with the chief, then education may be considered complete. A man is an intellectual, perceptive, religious, and passionate animal. Education may make him most preponderantly intellectual, or religious, or passionate. But in doing this, it will make him lop-sided, deformed, hateful. Its true scope is to preserve a proper equilibrium between his various powers, and preserve them as nature and God first framed them.

Where do we get education? In schools? Perhaps. Of what. Abraham Lincoln was an educated man. His learning was small, 'tis true, but all the difference between his education and that of a more polished man consisted in the fact that he received his in the schools of adversity, the other of learning. He had intellect, and he could use it. He had sentiment, and he could apply it. He had passions, and he could feel. He had powers, and they were expanded until their possessor became a type, a model, in truth, in candor, in vigor, in love of the good and noble, of whom none need be ashamed. Yet he had not the learning of the schools. Had he had; he might have been greater and more useful. But he was great and useful without it.

In every city and village, boys go to school in the daytime and acquire knowledge, and at night get their education. In daytime, 'tis study, at night 'tis devilry. In daytime 'tis a little knowledge, at night 'tis an acquiring of vice, a blunting of all sense of justice by violating the peace of others, the principles of rectitude or ways of morality. Some men acquire learning in colleges and pass into death devoid of a right education. Bacon by means of the schools filled his mind with knowledge, but so failed to develop or educate himself into true majestic manhood that his high office, the lord-chancellorship of England, brought him disgrace instead of honor. Franklin in his spare moments, a poor printer-boy, without the lore of the schools, acquired knowledge and education, an education that made him an honor to his nation and the world. When his country sought a man, the fittest man in all America, to be its representative, it found no other man than Franklin so becoming a symbol of all that goes to make up a man. So the poor printer-boy walked among princes, stood before kings, commanded the respect, the admiration of all, influenced peoples, moved thrones, secured essential foreign aid for his country in her first hours, and gave the Republic of the New World a place among nations, whereas without him America would have had no republic. A Latin proverb says a good man is an ornament to his friends and country. But Franklin was an ornament to his friends, his country, and his race. For not the glitter, not the grandeur of an imperial court could make him anything else in sentiment, anything else in his expressions than a simple republican. That very devotion to principle into which he had educated himself gave to his character its great dignity.

Picture a model man, the primeval man if you choose, strong in intellect, but not so strong as to make him shut his eyes that he may do nothing but think, strong in noble passion but not debased in lust, ennobled by religion but not degraded by superstition, lively in imagination though not reveling in visions, fluent to attractiveness in language yet not darkening counsel by a multitude of words. To fashion out such a man is the tendency of all true education. And may America have many such.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—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, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

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

Wesley Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 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 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening 7 o'clock.

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

Evangelical—Rev. DAVID EVANS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. R. C. CURRY, Pastor.—Masses every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and 8 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Western, daily, at 8:50 o'clock, A. M.
Eastern, " at 9:25 o'clock P. M.

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

The mails from Newmann's Mills, Carlisle, Pa., arrive on Monday, Wednesday, Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. Mails from Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRENSON STATION.

Balt. Express leaves at	9:13 A. M.
Phila. Express " "	9:55 A. M.
Fast Line " "	10:33 P. M.
Mail Train " "	9:03 P. M.
Pittz. & Erie Mt. " "	7:48 A. M.
Altoona Accom. " "	4:32 P. M.
Phila. Express " "	8:31 P. M.
Fast Line " "	2:21 A. M.
Day Express " "	6:43 P. M.
Cincinnati Ex. " "	1:11 P. M.
Mail Train " "	5:21 P. M.
Altoona Accom. " "	12:36 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of the Courts—President Hon. George Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Wiley, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Joseph M. Donald.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Deputy Register—James Myers.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Treasurer—John Campbell, Edmond Glass, E. R. Dunnegan.

County Commissioners—William H. Sechrest, Isaac Wike.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Cox.

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

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Judges of the Peace—Harrison Kinkead, Edward J. Waters.

Burgess—C. T. Roberts.

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

Borough Treasurer—Geo. W. Outman.

EAST WARD.
Constable—Morris Peat.
Town Council—E. Hughes, Eran Griffith, J. Evans, Wm. D. Davis, Maj. John Simpson.

WEST WARD.
Constable—Thos. J. Williams.
Town Council—Isaac Crawford, James P. Kelly, Wm. Kittell, H. Kinkead, George W. Outman.

Judges of Election—Daniel O. Evans, Assistant—J. A. Moore.

SOCIETIES, &c.

A. F. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the second 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, on Wednesday evening.

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

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About the Draft.

We take the following extract from the report of Dr. A. Rothrock, late Surgeon of the Board of Enrollment of the 17th Pa. district, to the War Department. The 17th district comprises the counties of Cambria, Blair, Huntingdon & Millin: "On the 17th day of May, 1863, the Board of Enrollment convened at this place, (Hollidaysburg,) organized and divided the district into sub-districts, and then proceeded from that time in the regular discharge of the duties of the office. "On the 17th of August, 1863, we commenced the first draft, and on the 7th of September began to examine drafted men. During the first few days I was somewhat embarrassed in the examination, and was disposed to believe that drafted men would sometimes tell the truth; but my experience soon taught me that the declaration of every conscript under examination must be disregarded, if the Surgeon expects to do his duty faithfully to the Government. My early impressions, too, were that every soldier must enjoy perfect health, and be free from blemish on his person if he would endure the privations, hardships and hard marches incident to army life; this impression led me to put a very liberal construction on the different sections of paragraph 85.—Consequently on the first day, I found by reference to my record, that out of 52 men examined, 29 were exempt; and that too, from a tolerably good lot of men. I subsequently became more rigid as I grew familiar with the duties of the office, and learning to distinguish more clearly between the real and feigned disease. I held more men to service, and grew every day more incredulous as to the honesty of drafted and enrolled men when it is their interest to deceive the Board. There are, however, honorable exceptions which a practised surgeon will readily detect. "As nearly as I can ascertain, I have examined up to this time of

Drafted men.....	4,721.
Recruits and substitutes.....	3,786.
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Total.....	15,778.

or, in round numbers, sixteen thousand; for many recruits and substitutes presented themselves for examination so manifestly unfit for military duty that I dismissed them without wasting time or paper to make their record."

Woman is said to be a mere delusion, but it is sometimes pleasant to hug delusions.

The man who makes a business of raising pork for market, may be said to live by his pen.

New measure for "cut west"—a family so large that there wasn't measles enough for all of them.

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WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.

The fifth anniversary is the "wooden" wedding, when friends bring gifts of wooden utensils. The tenth is the "tin" wedding, when gifts of tinware are appropriate. The fifteenth is the "crystal" wedding, with presents of glass ware. The twentieth is the "china" wedding, with crockery and earthenware gifts. The twenty-fifth is the "silver" wedding, when articles of silver ware are considered the thing. The thirtieth anniversary is the "fine art" wedding, the gifts being articles of taste and vertu. The last is the "golden" wedding, on the fiftieth anniversary, when the presents are of gold, or articles of great intrinsic value.