

The Alleghanian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1865.

NUMBER 17.

DIRECTORY.

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Wesleyan 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.

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Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 12 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, Strongsburg, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 10 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. 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.

Train	Time
West—Balt. Express leaves at	9:18 A. M.
" Phila. Express "	10:08 A. M.
" Fast Line "	10:59 P. M.
" Mail Train "	8:38 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. "	8:13 A. M.
" Emigrant Train "	4:30 P. M.
East—Phila. Express "	7:36 P. M.
" Fast Line "	1:46 P. M.
" Fast Mail "	7:05 A. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. "	6:32 P. M.
" Harrisb. Accom. "	11:27 A. M.

*Don't stop.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.

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

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Assessor—James Murray.

Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Daniel C. Zahn.

Select Poetry.

Snow Flakes.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garment shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.
Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.
This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
The wood and field.
—Longfellow.

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST YOUNG MAN.

"I couldn't think of such a thing."
"But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, put on the thimbles, and the what's his name."

And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of feminine apparel.

His idea was that I should personate his lady-love for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them that nothing but a special grant of Legislature could untie.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and, at that time, I had a very slight form—almost effeminate—so that, in fact, there was really but little difference in that point. Part my hair in the middle and put a bonnet on my head, and few persons would have suspected but that I was really one of the softer sex.

These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's papa was to drive her to D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D— river, to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening, in carriages.

Our plan was, that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob Styles, across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—my shirt sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me over to D—, by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the picnicers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier cordially, (every body knew Bob Styles,) asking if he was going with them, etc. He told them he was not.

thither he had taken her. Having business in D—, he left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage for her at eleven o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him, and bid him good-bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as old Lee's drove away from the front, and the old story of headstrong love and prejudiced age was enacted over once again.

As for us of the picnic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the grove, but somehow I could not enjoy it as much as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone and his own opinion. He insisted on paying for my ticket, (the boat was a regular excursion packet,) and purchasing enough oranges, pears, and candies to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him I found my role the hardest to play.

No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see me, when she found out that I was Maggie, which, by the way, did not occur till after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times, in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for an hour. It was all very nice, but if I had been in *propria persona*, I would have liked it better. As it was, I felt as if I were "obtaining goods under false pretences," and the lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking monosyllables, in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you! how they gabbed! Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding school maiden, who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs, and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters—inocent enough in themselves, but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give it up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles' trick would also come out; and as news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where the Styles family lived, and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be torn with the gentlemen."

Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open-worked stockings which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters, borrowed from a servant girl, in all of which toggery my "running gear" looked quite feminine and respectable, but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being thus cautioned by a young girl who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst in a sort of strangled laugh, that I could only check by swallowing half of my little flagrant lace edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me in apparent astonishment at such a voice and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately, Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at that moment, and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby—with a lackadaisical air which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another—"you are as kind as you are fascinating."

"You flatter me!"

"If I do, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"Oh, sir, really you are a very naughty man," I said, in the most feminine tone I could command.

us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard, at first, for me to take the lady's part in the dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. A waltz was proposed. I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Mr. Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous by dancing with two other young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man was a great woman killer—a sort of an easy, devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of protestation, I selected to "play off" against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold me very closely, and looked at him occasionally with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—a Miss Lee, shall I—a have the—a honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?"

I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachuch or Schounbrunnen is ringing in my ears, I can go on, if it is for a year.

Not so Bimby. He plead want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.

"Aha, old boy!" thought I, "I'll give you a turn then."

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed; "of course; I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much more."

For the first three minutes, my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time, began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and harder. On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening pace at every round when we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps—

"Ah, a—are you not—get—getting—tired?"

"Oh, no!" I burst forth, as coolly as if we were riding around the room; "oh, no, I feel as if I could waltz all night."

The look of despair he gave was terrible to see.

I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered, and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt-collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and, altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," said I, composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so ecstatically!"

"Puff—puff—ah—puff—yes—puff—oh—puff—very delightful!" gasped he.

"Don't you think we ought to go a little faster?"

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.

"Ah—puff—I don't—ah—puff—don't know!"

When we neared the musicians, I said, "Faster, if you please—faster;" and they played a *la whirlwind*.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pace, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum which is nearly run down. At last, he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into the midst of a bevy of girls in a corner. I turned around coolly, walked to my seat, and sent the young woman-killer for a glass of ice water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the water.

I got some idea from this of the fun the girls have in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex in a similar manner.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavilion which served for the ball-room. As she came near, I perceived that her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered as she whispered to me—

"Oh, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts; they are all coming down."

What should I do? I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and anathematized the masquerading project of Bob Styles, inwardly, with fearful maledictions.

I said I was tired out—couldn't somebody else go?

No; nothing would do, but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman

who owned the grove, and assist her to re-arrange her clothing.

So I went.

What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment? What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What if, in the midst of all the embarrassments of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her? I felt as if I could welcome a fit of apoplexy.

However, I nerved myself for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so—pardon my blushes!—a petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed further in the mysteries of her toilet, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried, frantically, forgetting my falsetto; "stop! don't undress, for God's sake!"

She opened her great brown eyes to their widest extent.

"And why not?"

"Because I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes—how frightened you look! Why, what is the matter—Maggie!—you—why— Oh! oh! oh!"

And she gave three fearful screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth; "I swear I mean no harm; if I had, I would not have stopped you. Don't you see?"

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing, but she saw the force of my argument.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man; but what does it all mean? Why this deception?"

I told her the story, briefly as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside the door, and waited till she arranged her dress, when she called me again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to know all the particulars; so I sat down by her, and we had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendliness and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for persons meeting for the first time, and under such peculiar circumstances.

Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said that I must relieve my mind of one more burden.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose, in fact, I know I must give them back."

And I did!

She blushed a good deal, but didn't resist—only when I had got through, she glanced up timidly, and said:

"I think you are real naughty."

When we returned, I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness. All hands were shortly called to supper, and I had the felicity of sitting between Bimby and Jennie, and of making love to each in turn—to one as Maggie Lee, and to the other as myself.

After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.

He didn't take the hint.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pastime, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners and rustic seats, and great gray rocks leaning out over the river. On one side of one of these latter, a little bench was placed, in a nook sheltered from the wind, and out of sight.

Here we sat down, in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had supper, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly, I went back to a little stand near the ball-room, and purchased several of the wondering woman who sold refreshments. Then returning to my seat by the rock, I gave up all cares or fears for my incognito, and revelled in the pleasures of the romantic prospect of the moonlight—of little Jennie's presence—of my high flavored cigar.

How long we sat there, heaven alone knows. We talked, and laughed, and sang, and looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the other nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love, and might have remained there in blissful ecstasy till doomsday, for aught I know, had not the carriage been sent to convey us home, when the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

This wonder begat questions, the questions fears, and the fears a search, headed by the valiant Bimby. They called, looked, and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks prevented them from hearing us, or we them.

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along, single file, until they got to the open space above.

Then they saw a sight.

I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet taken off, and my hair somewhat tousled up. One foot rested on the ground, and the other on a rock, about level with my head, (regardless of ankles this time,) and there I sat, puffing away in very unladylike style at my pipe.

Jennie was sitting close beside me, with her head almost on my shoulder, and her small waist almost encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above, I laughed out, in a loud, masculine voice—

"Just think of poor what's-his-name, Bimby! If he only knew he had been making love to a man—"

"Hush!" cried Jennie; "look! there he is—and, oh, my gracious! there is the whole company!"

It was no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume falsetto again—they had all heard and seen too much for that. Besides, by this time Bob Styles and Maggie Lee had doubtless been made "one flesh," and my disguise was of no further importance. So I owned up and told the whole story.

Lawyer Bimby went off into a towering rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off for that purpose, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, suggesting that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled, and slunk away, to take some private conveyance back to D—.

Bob Styles and I are living in a double house together. He often says that he owes his wife to my masquerading, but, then, he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for he knows I owe my wife to the same thing.

P. S.: My wife's name is Jennie.

REBEL CONTRAST BETWEEN LINCOLN AND DAVIS.—After the perfect deluge of detraction and abuse which has been showered upon President Lincoln by traitors and secession sympathizers North and South, it is peculiarly refreshing to find one of his most virulent detamers, the *Charleston Mercury*, under date January 10, thus grudgingly admitting that he possesses all the qualifications of a chief among ten thousand:

"When Abraham Lincoln took the chair of the Presidency of the United States, he promised to 'run the machine as he found it.' Whether he has strictly kept his promise, those may doubt who choose to consider the subject. It is enough for us to know, that whether 'running his machine' in the pathway of his predecessors or not, he has run it with a stern, inflexible purpose, a bold, steady hand, a vigilant, active eye, a sleepless energy, a fanatic spirit, and an eye single to his end—conquest—emancipation. He has called around him, in counsel, the ablest and most earnest men of his country. Where he has lacked in individual ability, learning, experience, or statesmanship, he has sought it and found it in the able men about him, whose assistance he unhesitatingly accepts, whose powers he applies to the advancement of the cause he has undertaken.

"In the Cabinet and in the field he has consistently and fearlessly pressed on the search for men who could advance his cause, and has as unhesitatingly cut off all those who eluded it with weakness, timidity, imbecility, or failure. Force, energy, brains, earnestness, he has collected around him in every department. Blackguard and buffoon as he is, he has pursued his end with an energy as untiring as an Indian, and a single-mindedness of purpose that might almost be called patriotic. It were not an unscrupulous knave in his end, and a fanatic in his political views, he would undoubtedly command our respect as a ruler, so far as we are concerned.—Abroad and at home he has exercised alike the same ceaseless energy and circumspection.

"We turn our eyes to Richmond, and the contrast is appalling, sickening to the heart."

Contraband Tom, who has just come into Sheridan's lines, says the rebels are having a "right smart talk" about arming the negroes, and the negroes talk about it themselves, but the blacks are about equally divided on the matter. Tom says: "Bout half de colored men tink dey would run directly over to de Yankees wid de arms in dere hands, an toder half tink dey would jist stand an fire a few volleys to de rear fist, fore dey run—dat's all de difference."