

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bear's Creek,	Joseph Graham,	Yoder.
Rethel Station,	Joseph S. Mardis,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown,	Benjamin Wirtner,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Dani. Litzinger,	Chest.
Dresson,	John J. Troxell,	Wash'tn.
Ebensburg,	Mrs. H. M'Cague,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Isaac Thompson,	White.
Gallatin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallatin.
Johnstown,	Wm. M'Gough,	Wash'tn.
Loretto,	H. A. Boggs,	Johnst'wn.
Mineral Point,	Wm. Gwinn,	Loretto.
Monster,	E. Wissinger,	Conem'gh.
Pershing,	A. Durbin,	Monster.
Plattsville,	Francis Clement,	Conem'gh.
Rosedale,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susq'han.
St. Augustine,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
Scalp Level,	Wm. Ryan, Sr.,	Clearfield.
Somman,	George Conrad,	Richland.
Summit,	R. M'Colgan,	Wash'tn.
Wilmore,	Wm. Murray,	Croyle.
	Miss M. Gillespie,	Wash'tn.
	Andrew Beck,	S'mmerhill.

Select Poetry.

The Rainy Day.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mould'ring wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mould'ring past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and stop repining;
Behind the clouds the sun still shines;
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HOW CUSHION-LACE WAS INVENTED.

It was the winter of the year 1564, and the mines of Saxony, being no longer considered productive, were closed. Hundreds of men were, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and amongst them one Christopher Uttman. He had a wife and two infant children, and his heart was filled with despair on their account. With a heavy heart he returned to the lowly cottage, the interior of which the care and tastefulness of his wife had rendered comfortable, nay, even beautiful, and placing in her hands his last week's wages, he exclaimed bitterly, "Barbara, what shall we do? I am not to return to the mines any more. They will all be closed next week, and will never be reopened."

Barbara had heard before her husband had returned home that the pits were about to be closed for an indefinite period: she was, therefore, in some degree prepared for the tidings, and replied cheerfully, "We shall, no doubt, do very well. We shall seek God's guidance; He will direct us. We are young and strong, and healthy, and need not despair of being able to provide for our little ones because the mines of Saxony are shut up."

Barbara had been in the habit of assisting in the maintenance of her little household by embroidering muslin veils. At first she worked only for the mine owner's wife and daughters; but so imaginative and delicate were her skill and taste in this art that her fame had lately reached more than one of the German courts, and many a noble dame had availed herself of the graceful productions of Barbara's needle, and added to her heavy brocaded dresses the elaborately-embroidered, yet light and tasteful, muslin train and ruffles. The care of her infant twins, however, with many other domestic duties, had hitherto afforded her but little time for the exercise of her art; but now, tho' these cares and duties were rather increased than lessened, she determined, without neglecting or omitting one of them, that by the labor of her hands should her family be supplied with bread. "My husband toiled for us," she mentally exclaimed, "and now I will work hard for him."

The next day after the closing of the mines, Barbara arose with the dawn, and having put her house in order, and prepared the morning meal, she commenced her work. Steadily she wrought on hour after hour, never moving from her low seat near the window, except when obliged to do so for the fulfillment of some household duty. A little girl, the daughter of a neighbor, was sent for to look after the children; and Christopher contrived to find useful employment in the little garden which separated his cottage from the road, and which heretofore had been Barbara's care. In the evening he assisted in preparing the supper, and thus the first day passed away hopefully and happily. Three months thus rolled by, and Barbara looked with justifiable pride on the production of her artistic skill—a veil which far excelled anything she had ever before attempted, in its singular beauty of design and elaborateness of embroidery. With a happy smile, eloquent of joy and hope, she left her home the next morning, carrying the veil in a curious basket covered with richly embroidered cloth.

Arrived at a certain castle at some leagues' distance about noon, she was at once admitted to the presence of its fair mistress, with whom Barbara was a favorite. Having replied to kind inquiries for her husband and children, she looked consciously at her little basket. Her heart beat almost audibly, and her cheek flushed to a deeper glow than even the unusually long walk would have caused, as she raised the lid, and shaking out the delicate veil threw it over her extended arm. Never before had she displayed such a specimen of her skill, and never before did so much depend on its being

duly appreciated; both her purse and her little store were exhausted. The joyful hope, however, with which she had left her home and entered the lady's presence was fast leaving her heart, as the sudden exclamation of delight and approval which she had expected fell not on her anxious ear; and a strange, deep dread was finding its way in, and rolling heavily in the room of the departed guest. "It is very beautiful," said the dame at last, still without reaching her hand to touch it, "very beautiful, truly; but could your skill only accomplish something like this, Barbara, I would purchase it from you at any price; it is so lovely and so uncommon."

She had opened a drawer while speaking, and handed the sorrow-stricken Barbara a border of rich Brussels point-lace. Barbara let the veil fall into the basket, and struggling hard to subdue her emotions, took the border into her hands. She had never before seen Brussels point, and she now eagerly examined the fabric. "It is very lovely," she said, in a low, sad voice; "my work cannot indeed compare with that." For a minute she continued her careful examination, and then returning it with a low obeisance, took up her basket and departed.

She turned her steps homeward—it was too late then to seek another purchaser—and traversed slowly the same shady alleys which she had so lately trodden with an elastic step. After a while she suddenly stopped, and, sinking on the soft, green sward, exclaimed, "Let me think." She placed her little basket beside her, and covering her face with her hands, once again muttered, "Let me think."

Mute and motionless—as we learn from Barbara's own narrative—she continued to think and pray; and more than an hour elapsed before she lifted her head, and once more started on her homeward path. It was late in the evening when she returned; her children were at rest in their little cot, and her husband was standing at the door watching for her return with a look of heedful and anxious love. She raised her eyes to his; her face was glowing with youthful though matronly beauty, and seemed illuminated by some powerful new-born hope.

"Husband," she said, as soon as the first greetings were over, "I shall want you to be very busy for me; I require a dozen nice round sticks, not thicker or longer than your middle finger; and I shall want you to give them to me as soon as possible."

"With pleasure you shall have them, dear wife," he replied; and accordingly, as soon as they had partaken of a frugal supper, he set to work. Meanwhile, Barbara was occupied in making a small, hard, round cushion. The covering was of green stuff—we are told—and it was filled with hay. By midnight the task of each was completed.

Next day Barbara shut herself up in the little inner room of her cottage. She had the sticks and the cushion with her, and she only entered the outer room when her presence was absolutely necessary. The second day she again absented herself, and likewise for the three following. Her husband, with rare tact and delicacy, neither asked her questions nor suffered any officious neighbor to intrude upon her. On the evening of the fifth day she rushed from the closet, and throwing herself into her husband's arms, she exclaimed: "Christopher, beloved, thank God with me! See what He has enabled me to accomplish!" and she showed him a piece of lace which she had made on the cushion, and which resembled what we know under the name of "quilting." This she afterwards richly embroidered; and as she looked on her beautiful handiwork, she believed that she had, unaided by human intervention, discovered the method by which point-lace was manufactured. In reality, however, she had done much more: she had invented a new article of equal beauty and greater utility—the lace at present so well known as "cushion" or "bone lace."

Barbara Uttman's name soon obtained a world-wide reputation, and her invention was spoken of as the most wonderful of the age. Thousands of yards of her rich bordering laces were ordered, not by private individuals, but by merchants from every part of the globe; and in order to supply the demand she employed all the poor girls in her neighborhood. In a very short time she removed to a large and comfortable house in Dresden, and for many years after, both she and her husband devoted their earnings to mental improvement. How well they succeeded may be gathered from the fact that Christopher became a wholesale importer of the valuable fabric which his wife had invented, and that he managed, to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, the complicated details which his business involved. As for Barbara, "her children called her

blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Beloved and respected, she lived to a good old age, and on the evening of her death there were sixty-four children and grandchildren assembled in the house.

The simple principle on which Barbara's lace is made is thus described by Dodd: "The lace-maker sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap.—The desired pattern is sketched on a piece of parchment, which is then laid on the cushion, and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a small number of bobbins, on which threads are wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes, or net, and a coarser kind called gimp, for working the device. The work is begun on the upper part of the cushion, by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins thrust into the cushion. The threads are then twisted one round another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbins serving for handles, as well as for store of material, and the pins serving as knots or fixed points, or centres, round which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushion at the commencement are merely to hold the threads; but as each little mesh is made in progress of the working, other pins are inserted to prevent the threads untwisting, and the device on the parchment shows where these insertions are to occur."

The Traitor's Child.

The energies of the American troops stationed at Fort Washington after their evacuation of New York, were fully taxed to repel the many sorties made by the enemy against them. It required a constant and careful watch upon the part of the Commander-in-Chief to prevent a surprise, and the more surely to effect this, a system of observation was maintained along the road, so that information passed from point to point, was sure to reach the camp before the British could carry out their designs. The majority of persons living on the line from the city to Kingsbridge, gladly aided in this plan of police, and thus rendered essential service to the cause. One of this number, however a Mr. Jenning, at last took umbrage from some order of Washington or his subordinate, and with a reprehensible cunning, determined to abandon the Americans and serve the interests of the foe. So secretly were these plans concocted and carried out, that no one outside of his own family suspected his disaffection.

The British General accepted the offered services, and pledged himself to pay largely for them. It was proposed that a number of his troops should march as far as his neighbors, who would, of course, communicate their movements to Jenning who in his turn, instead of passing the warning, was to conceal the forces until reinforcements could arrive, and a formidable demonstration could be made against the fort.

"And for this service, in any event you shall have a thousand pounds," said the British General to the traitor. "Should it evacuate in the entire overthrow of the rebels, the sum shall be trebled, while other rewards shall be freely bestowed. You are certain that you have confided the matter to no one?"

"Not a soul save those of my own family know it," Jenning replied.

"Of whom does your family consist?"

"My wife, who is an invalid, and an only daughter."

"How are they affected by your change?"

"I know not, nor do I care. But of course they will follow my wishes, which have ever been law to them. My daughter is the only one who would think of a difference of opinion, and even she would never dare to give it expression."

"I have heard that the majority of your American females have imbibed a sort of romantic attachment to George Washington, which might lead them to sympathize with him, but of course you are sure of your child, and can answer for her."

"With my life!"

"Suppose you allow me to invite her here. It would be a safe thing, and at the same time remove her from the suspicion of collusion, should you be discovered."

"I cannot part with her sir! She has aided me heretofore and can do so again. She is very obedient, so we need not fear her."

"Enough! manage the matter yourself, I am content. Now for your plans. Tomorrow at dusk a company of Capt. Trevor's command will be got in motion, and arrive about midnight at your house. You will conceal them and await the others.—When they are all gathered together you

will guide them to the attack. The rebels being off their guard will be an easy prey!"

So far as the intentions of the British officer was concerned, the meditated plans were carried out. A number of picked men were concealed at the house of Jenning and at a proper time marched towards their destination. Under cover of the night they had proceeded to the next station on the road when their advance was suddenly checked.

A sharp rattle of musket balls which seemed to have been designedly fired above their heads, brought them to an immediate halt. A second discharge gave them to understand that their further progress would be dangerous. Captain Trevor who was in command, immediately gave orders for a countermarch, and in less than ten minutes the whole body were in a retrograde position.

We can hardly venture to describe the feelings of chagrin entertained by the original plotter of the expedition, when informed by Trevor of the unsatisfactory result. As that officer handed him the gold which had been promised, he threw it to the ground with a violent gesture and with an oath swore that he would murder the informer, whoever it might be, that had thus defeated his hopes. In vain the king's officer strove to calm him; the darker passions of his nature were aroused and would not be exorcised. While he was thus storming and invoking maledictions upon the head of the culprit, a fair girl entered the apartment. There was a look of intelligent firmness upon her pale countenance, as her eyes met those of her father, and quailed not.

"Come hither, Hester," he cried. "Do you know aught of this matter? Can you tell me who sent word to Washington, respecting this expedition?"

Hester cast an appealing look upon the officer, who, however, did not interfere between them.

"Did you hear my question?" roared Jennings. "Tell me, do you know aught of this?"

"I do!" replied the girl, in a low tone. "I thought so. Now tell me the person's name."

"It was I!"

"You! Serpent! You betray me—!"

"Father, hear me. I did send word to our general that Washington or his subordinate, and with a reprehensible cunning, determined to abandon the Americans and serve the interests of the foe. So secretly were these plans concocted and carried out, that no one outside of his own family suspected his disaffection. The British General accepted the offered services, and pledged himself to pay largely for them. It was proposed that a number of his troops should march as far as his neighbors, who would, of course, communicate their movements to Jenning who in his turn, instead of passing the warning, was to conceal the forces until reinforcements could arrive, and a formidable demonstration could be made against the fort."

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CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. SHAW, Preacher in charge. Rev. J. G. GOOLEY, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10½ o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Witch 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. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 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 JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, noon.

Western, " " at 12 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 6 o'clock, A. M.

Western, " " at 6 o'clock, A. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-town, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 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.

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	8.33 A. M.
" Fast Line "	9.07 P. M.
" Mail Train "	8.02 P. M.
East—Express Train "	3.42 A. M.
" Fast Line "	7.30 P. M.
" Mail Train "	9.45 A. M.

[The Fast Line West does not stop.]

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Basley, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Storm, James Cooper.

Clerk to Commissioners.—Robert A. M'Coy.

Treasurer.—John A. Blair.

Poor House Directors.—David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire, Jacob Horner.

Poor House Treasurer.—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser.—H. C. Devine.

Auditors.—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, John S. Rhey.

County Surveyor.—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner.—James S. Todd.

Superintendent of Common Schools.—James M. Swank.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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

Burgess.—David J. Evans.

Town Council.—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel O. Evans.

Clerk to Council.—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.

Weigh Master.—William Davis.

School Directors.—William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, Hugh Jones, David J. Jones.

Treasurer of School Board.—Evan Morgan.

Constable.—George W. Brown.

Tax Collector.—George Gurley.

Judge of Election.—Meshac Thomas.

Inspectors.—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

Assessor.—Richard T. Davis.

THE ALLEGHANIAN—\$1.50 in advance

STROKES OF THE SUN.—Sun-stroke, which is becoming common at this season of the year, is due rather to the imprudence of the sufferers, than to the malignant influences either of the fervid king of day, or his reputed fellow laborer in midsummer, the dog-star. It is occasioned by the action of the heat upon the system during some period of depression of the vital functions. Thus, recently, a member of a regiment died while on his way to Baltimore, "the result of drinking copiously of ice-water while over-heated," and the imbibers of ale and lager beer are particularly liable to the same risk. We approve of havelocks, cork inside the hat, wet handkerchiefs, etc., but we insist also that the true protective against *coup de soleil*, "the heat," &c., consists in the careful maintenance of general health. So long as the stomach is not debilitated, and the heart can maintain its regular pulses, there is hardly any amount of heat, even inside of an oven, which a man cannot withstand.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE LARK.—A pair of larks had built their nest in a grass-field, where they hatched a brood of young. Very soon after the young birds were out of their nest, the owner of the field was forced to set the mowers to work, the state of the weather forcing him to cut his grass sooner than usual. As the laborers approached the nest, the parent birds seemed to take alarm, and at last the mother laid herself flat upon the ground with outspread wings and tail, while the male bird took one of her young out of the nest, and by dint of pushing and pulling got it on its mother's back. She then flew with her young one over the fields, and soon returned for another. This time the father took his turn to carry one of the offspring, being assisted by the mother in getting it firmly on its back; and in this manner they carried off the whole brood before the mowers had reached their nest.

OFFICIAL JOKING.—The Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Confederate States in a recent labored report, perpetrated the following excellent official joke: "Our late associates in the Government of the United States have seized the whole of the United States Navy, one-half of which belongs to us, and design using it against us." The United States Government is actually charged with having seized its own ships.

The ladies of Maysville, Kentucky recently presented a pair of pantaloons to Miss Lucy Stone in due form. Miss Lucy accepted the pants, but says she would have done so with a much better will if they only had a man inside of them.

The latest description of the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable lady is—one faces the powder and the other powders the face!

"C. S. A." is the abbreviated title of the seceded States. The full designation is "Confederate Stealing Association."

Synonymus—Beaugard, no-rag, das-tard, braggard and blackguard.

Nearly all the cannon at the South are rifled—from the United States.