

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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RAILROAD SCHEDULE.	
WILMORE STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	9:44 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	10:09 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	4:01 P. M.
East—Express Train " "	8:25 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	2:22 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	6:23 A. M.

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Select Poetry.

Closing the Ledger.

PREPARATORY TO THE ADVENT OF THE NEW YEAR.

Close up the Ledger, Time!
Slowly and sadly, but let it be.
Mournfully passeth by the year;
What are the records for you and me
Left by the falling fingers here!
What for passion, what for love?
What for avarice and crime?
What for hope and the Heaven above?
What of the Ledger, Time?
Close up the Ledger, Time!
Many a name, for good or ill,
Fills to the margin your blotting scroll—
Many a high and haughty will,
Many a low but humble soul;
Yet one page to each is given,
Marking the changing path we climb,
Holding the balance of Hell or Heaven;
What of the Ledger, Time?
Close up the Ledger, Time!
Say, are we creditors for aught;
Have we a store of noble deeds,
Springing from high and generous thought,
Such as our fallen brother needs?
Have we laid up for coming years
Words to wave in a funeral rhyme—
Names that will call up grateful tears?
What of the Ledger, Time?
Close up the Ledger, Time!
Say what promise hope has drawn—
Say what drafts stern truth has paid;
Say what bankrupt hopes have gone
In the grave with memory laid.
Say if the heart has kept its own,
Gathering beauty with love and lime?
Say what fabrics are overthrown!
What of the Ledger, Time?
Close up the Ledger, Time!
Hark! the knell of the year goes by;
Have I run out my golden sand?
Where shall I be when the next shall die?
Where shall the soul within me stand?
Naught beyond may the Ledger tell,
Naught be known but in guilt and crime;
Listen! I hear the New Year's bell—
Shut up the Ledger, Time!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Dr. Grantley sat alone in his office, his head resting on his hands, thinking deeply. He had not been thus solitary many minutes, for a frail, delicate girl had just left him, his eldest daughter and his darling, who had filled the place of mother, and sister, too, to the younger children of the Doctor. Marion Grantley carried from this interview a heavy heart. It was the old, old story—she loved, was beloved, and her father frowned upon her lover. There was no personal dislike between Dr. Grantley and Morton Loring; but in years long past, Amos Loring, the young man's father, and George Grantley, rivals in love, had sworn an undying, bitter hatred, and for this old quarrel, though Amos Loring was numbered with the dead, Dr. Grantley was breaking the heart of his gentle, dutiful child. Her last words, as she left him, uttered in low, pleading accents, were: "Father, you know I will never disobey you; but it is Christmas eve: for the day's sake, by the memory of my mother, who was taken into heaven seven years ago this evening, by the love I have ever tried to show you, forget this old quarrel. Let me bring you one who, for my sake, will be a son in your old age, who loves and respects you. Father do not break my heart!" In reply, the Doctor merely waved his hand toward the door, and quietly, sadly, with no violent outbreak of passion to tell her bitter grief, Marion passed out. From the office, across the entry, she went into the parlor. There was a blaze of light there, and round the centre table were clustered four little sisters, and one brother, her mother's legacy to Marion. Grace, the one next Marion, a pretty blonde, just entering her nineteenth year, looked up as her sister entered. There was no discontent, fretful glance to throw back her loving one; gentle, serene, and tender, Marion smiled back her own sorrow to give them a Christmas greeting.

"Oh, I wish it was to-morrow!" cried Eddie, the youngest, a boy of eight years old, the pet and darling of all the five sisters.

"To-morrow evening!" said Fannie, the next in order, "to-morrow evening! O such fun! A Christmas tree!"

"I am sorry I did not have it this evening," said Marion, "if you are so impatient; but Aunt Lizzie's box of presents from New York always comes on Christmas day, and we can make a much prettier tree if its contents are hung upon it."

"Won't it be fun to dress it?" whispered Grace, who was to be the only one admitted to this delightful task.

"Oh, Marion, will it have my work-box?" cried Hester.

"And my doll?" said Fannie.

"And my set of china-tea things? You know you promised me a new set?"

And, fairly started, all the children joined in the list of demands, making a perfect Babel of the parlor.

The little mantel clock struck nine.—As the last stroke died away, Marion pointed with a smile to the clock, and the children rose, kissed their sisters, and went merrily up stairs to bed, Fannie leading Eddie, while Hester and Lizzie, little girls of eleven and twelve, went up arm in arm.

"There is so much to do to-morrow, Grace," said Marion, as the chamber door closed, shutting out the sound of merry voices, "there are so many things to attend to that I think we will dress the tree this evening. We can shut the folding doors, and keep the children from the back parlor to-morrow, and it will not take many minutes to hang Aunt Lizzie's presents upon the tree, when they arrive in the morning."

"O yes, we will dress it now. I'll call father." And the young girl danced off to the office, humming a merry tune.—Marion, in the meantime, went out to a closet in the entry, and brought in a large baize covering for the centre of the floor. It was green, and meant for the foundation of the beautiful show Marion's tree always made. Grace and the Doctor soon came in, and the process of making a Christmas tree commenced in good earnest.

The square of green baize being tacked down, a large stone jar was placed in the middle of it, and in this the tree stood nobly erect. Damp sand was put round the stem till the large green tree stood firmly in its place. A founce of green chintz round the jar concealed its stony ugliness, and over the top, round the tree, was a soft cushion of moss. It was a large evergreen, reaching almost to the high ceiling, for all the family presents were to be placed upon it. This finished, the process of dressing commenced. From a basket in the corner, Marion drew long strings of bright red holly-berries, threaded like beads upon fine cord. These were festooned in graceful garlands from the boughs of the tree, and while Marion was thus employed, Grace and the Doctor arranged the tiny tapers. This was a delicate task. Long pieces of fine wire were passed through the taper at the bottom, and these clasped over the stem of each branch, and twisted together underneath. Great care was taken that there should be a clear space above each wick, that nothing might catch fire. Strings of bright berries, small bouquets of paper flowers, strings of beads, tiny flags of gay ribbons, stars and shields of gilt paper, lace bags filled with colored candies, knots of bright ribbons, all homemade by Marion's and Grace's skillful fingers, made a brilliant show at a very trifling cost, the basket seeming possessed of unheard-of capacities, to judge from the multitude and variety of articles the sisters drew from it. Meantime, upon the wick of each taper the Doctor rubbed with his finger a drop of alcohol, to insure its lighting quickly. This was a process he would intrust to no one else, for fear the spirit might fall upon some part of the tree not intended to catch fire.

Marion, unconscious that her father's eye followed her in every movement, tried to keep up a cheerful smile, for her sister's sake, yet sometimes a weary sigh would come up from her overcharged heart as the contrast between these gay preparations for festivity and the weight of her own sorrow struck her. At last, all the contents of the basket were on the tree, and then the more important presents were brought down from an upper room. There were many large articles, seemingly too clumsy for the tree, but Marion passed around them gay-colored ribbons till they formed a basket work, and leaped them over the branches till even Hester's work-box looked graceful. Dolls for each of the little girls were seated on the boughs, and a large cart for Eddie, with two horses prancing before it, drove gayly amongst the top branches, as if each stood possessed the wings of Pegasus. On the moss beneath the branches Marion placed a set of wooden animals for Eddie, while from the topmost branch was suspended a gilded cage, ready for the canary-bird Dr. Grantley had purchased for the pet-loving Lizzie.

Various mysterious packages, wrapped in paper and marked Grace, Marion, or Papa, were put aside, that all the delicious mystery of Christmas might be preserved.

At length all was ready, and, carefully locking the doors, the trio went up to their respective rooms.

It was Christmas evening. All the presents were on the tree, and Marion was

alone in the back parlor, waiting for the Doctor's return from a professional visit, before she lighted the tree. The children were in the sitting room, and their eager, merry voices came faintly to her as she sat sadly waiting there.

Hark! A voice in the entry. The door of the large closet opened and shut again, and then her father's voice summoned her to open the door.

"Marion," he said, taking her hands in his own, "you have thought for all the others this Christmas evening; I have a gift for you."

She said "Thank you," quietly smiling, yet without much appearance of interest.

"I wish to place it on the tree myself, and then this year I will play lamplighter. You bring the children into the next room."

Dancing feet soon sounded on the stairs, and eager voices shouted, "Merry Christmas," as the little ones followed Marion into the front parlor. It was entirely dark. Standing them in a row, at some distance from the folding-doors, Marion spoke to tell her father all was ready.—The doors flew open. The tall tree, one blaze of light, covered with tasty gifts, stood in the middle of the room, and behind it was a figure which Marion at first took for her father; only for a moment. Dazzled and confused as she was by the sudden blaze of light, a second glance sent a full tide of happiness to her heart.

"My Christmas gift," she said, softly, stepping forward.

"And I claim mine," was the reply, in a deep, manly voice, from behind the tree, and Morton Loring came forward to where Marion had paused, awaiting him.

Christmas was surely not a time for quarrels, sanctified, too, as it was to the Doctor and Marion, and Dr. Grantley repaid long years of devotion to himself and his children, by making Marion happy on Christmas.

Letter from Missouri.

From the Attoona Tribune.

[Through the kindness of Dr. J. M. Gemmill, we are permitted to copy the following extracts from a letter received by him, a few days since, from an old resident of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, but more recently of Ebensburg, now residing in Missouri:]

BYRENVILLE, CHARITON CO., Mo.,
November 21st, 1861.

DR. J. M. GEMMILL—Dear Sir:— * * * It was seven years on the 11th of this month, since we left Ebensburg, and in that length of time I have had to pass through many trials, some of which were rather severe, but nevertheless, I have had some sweet with the bitter.—We have all had good health, and enjoyed ourselves very much, most of the time. I have worked hard in opening up and enclosing about ninety acres of ground, and putting up all necessary buildings, and was just about fixed, as I thought, to live comfortably; but alas! how uncertain is everything in the calculation of some men. This unfortunate war has blasted all my hopes, so far as Missouri is concerned. You are, no doubt, informed that our State is in rebellion against the general Government, and as a necessary consequence, is at war within herself. We stand, at present, pretty equally divided—loyal and rebel—and, as is the case in all civil wars and rebellions, we are very bitter, one against the other, so much so that in many places it is unsafe to go about alone. Indeed, Doctor, you, (who I trust are living in peace and harmony in old Pennsylvania,) can form no idea of how bad it really is in this State. The rebels, in some instances, have shot down citizens while at their work. At one time they shot two children while at their plays, and at another time a young girl of seventeen was shot down without cause!

I have been living in suspense since August last. For six weeks I watched every night. I have saved myself and horses thus far, and as things look now, and have for some time past, I expect to weather it through—at least until I can dispose of what I have, and then I will bid good-bye to Missouri.

This State is financially ruined, and, in my opinion, will be a battle-ground for years to come. Indeed, I cannot see how it can be otherwise. The people are of that material that know no such word as surrender, and one will not give up to the other. Nearly all the large slave-holders are Union men, while four-fifths of the others—at least that portion in the rebel army—are men and boys who never did and never will be able to own a slave. In a neighboring county it has been ascertained that three out of every four that are in the rebel army can neither read nor write. This county is, I have no doubt, about like the one referred to. The rebels

are largely in the majority here.—There are not more than two hundred loyal men in this county, and more than half of them are in this township. We have about thirty men in the United States service, among them my son Marshall. They are taking a great deal of contraband property, breaking up rebel camps, and killing some of them as a matter of consequence. The regiment is commanded by Col. John D. Forster, a native of Missouri and a slave owner, who has no mercy on the rebels with whom he comes in contact. The rebels call him—as they do all Union men—an Abolitionist. The headquarters of the regiment is at Macon City, about twenty-five miles from this place, on the Hamilton & St. Joseph Rail Road, which, by the by, has suffered considerable loss from the depredations of cowardly rebels, who are afraid to go into the army and fight manfully. Among them is a certain old Jimmy Vincent, a Presbyterian preacher, who was shot in the back while he was endeavoring to burn the Thayer bridge. (Pity it had not been his old head!) Just here I will remark that the preachers of the M. E. Church South, are rebels, to a man. A few weeks since, when the Conference was in session at Glasgow, a man came to the door of the church and told the preachers that the U. S. troops were coming. Immediately the preachers left the stand, and all broke and ran; two of them left town without their horses! It was a false alarm, but shows that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth." Such is secession in these parts.

I have heard of several secessionists, or their sympathizers, in the North, but I trust you are not of that number, and I therefore will venture to make a few more remarks on the subject of this unfortunate war, by the way of opinion; and first let me say that I am in no way responsible for assisting to bring on this trouble, having been a warm supporter of Stephen A. Douglas, and I would to God that he had been elected and lived. I am not the apologist of the party in power, but I am the friend of what I believe to be the best Government on earth, and thus believing I must be allowed to support the present Administration in helping to save it. I must admit that in my opinion it is weak, and in some instances, I fear, reckless—at least manages badly. I fear it will (but I ardently hope it won't—no, never!) agree to a compromise. * We must save the old Flag and Government, or let her be struck from the map of nations. Let us spend the last dollar and give the last man before we submit to the latter, for neither are worth saving if this Government is either lost or divided. To divide it is to loose it in subdivided fragments (see Mexico,) which will become an easy prey to the vultures that are hovering around it. I fear the rebels have been underrated thus far, but for the future I look for better. I am still unchanged in my opinion as to the length of the struggle; it will be long and dreadful, but cheap at any cost of life and treasure if the Government is only saved, as I firmly believe it will be.

Our old Legislature, that was decapitated by the Convention, has met again, near the Southern line of the State, and passed another act of secession, and sent on an agent to be admitted into the would-be Southern Confederacy. But this matters not; we have a Provisional Government that is loyal to the United States. * * * Yours, truly, ROBERT CARMON.

The Model Body-Guard.

"Brick" Pomeroy, of the Lacrosse (Wis.) Democrat, on being invited to assist in forming a body-guard for President Lincoln, and, after due consideration, decided to "go in," provided the following basis could be adopted, and rigidly adhered to throughout the war:

The company shall be entirely composed of Colonels, who shall draw pay and rations in advance.

Each man shall have a commission, two servants and white kids.

Each man shall be mounted in a covered buggy, drawn by two white stallions.

Under the seat of each buggy shall be a cupboard, containing cold chicken, pounded ice, champagne and cold chicken a la members of Congress and military officers at Bull Run.

Each man shall have plenty of cards and red chips to play poker with.

The only side arms to be opera glasses, champagne glasses and gold-headed canes.

The duty of the company shall be to take observations of battle, and on no account shall it be allowed to approach nearer than ten miles to the seat of war.

Behind each buggy shall be an ambulance, so arranged as to be converted into a first-class boarding-house in the day time, and a sumptuous sleeping and dressing room at night.

The regimental band must be composed of pianos and guitars, played by young ladies, who shall never play a quickstep except in case of retreat.

Reveille shall not be sounded till late breakfast time, and not then if any one of the regiment has a headache.

In case of a forced march into an enemy's country, two miles a week shall be the maximum, and no marches shall be made except the country abound in game, or if any member of the regiment shall object.

Kid gloves, gold tooth-picks, cologne, hair-dressing, silk underclothes, cosmetics, and all other rattons, to be furnished by the Government.

Each member of the regiment shall be allowed a reporter for some New York paper, who shall draw a salary of two hundred dollars a week, for puffs, from the "incidental" fund.

Every member shall be in command, and when one is promoted, all are to be. Commissions never to be revoked.

The Future of Washington.

Says the Washington Chronicle: The advent of winter, and the convening of Congress, has added, as usual, to the life of our city; but a new feature is apparent in the business, activity, and air of enterprise which characterizes us at present.—Washington is becoming "Northernized"; and now for the first time, we realize how cramped we were with by Southern sentiment—how inadequate to the development of the natural resources of our city, as well as insufficient to the gratification of New England tastes, was the rule under which we lived in tacit acquiescence—few natures earnest enough to foresee the future. But what a contrast already! Many will maintain that Washington is a busy city only as the headquarters of the army, but we feel assured that the spirit of enterprise infused from the great North and West will not rest itself when an honorably achieved peace shall annul these "military necessities."

The war—which has touched with the blight of ruin more southern cities—has lent to Washington an impetus which shall develop, under peaceful influences, the incalculable advantages of free labor, broad-hearted liberty, and generous intellectual culture.

The photograph was put to a novel use lately. A London house wishing to purchase a particular quality of raw silk, samples of which had been received, sent to their correspondent in Japan a photograph of the original package received, showing the style of the skein or hank, and the peculiarities of its twisted fabric. The Japanese merchants, seeing the faithful representation of the original, at once declared what the silk was, and its place of growth and manufacture.

Don't marry too smart a girl, for she will outrun you; nor one too simple, for children take their talents from their mother; nor too rich, for she will remind you of it; nor too poor, for she will act the beggar on horseback.

The effect of character is always to command consideration. We sport and laugh with men and women who have none; but we never respect them.

The worst kind of tent for a soldier to dwell in: Discontent.

Continental currency: Nary red.