



RIGHT OR WRONG. WHEN RIGHT, TO BE KEPT RIGHT, WHEN WRONG, TO BE PUT RIGHT.

EBENSBURG.

THURSDAY JANUARY 26.

Borough Officers.

The members of the People's party, of Ebensburg, are requested to meet at the Court House, on Monday evening next, at the ringing of the bell, to nominate candidates for the various borough offices to be filled at the coming Spring election.

Duelling Defended.

The Southern Confederacy, published at Atlanta, Georgia, puts forth an argument in favor of the practice of duelling. It is such a curiosity that we hasten to lay it before our readers. It is, beyond doubt, the ablest defence of the bloody code by which bullies and blackguards settle their disputes that we have ever read:

"We do not regard it as any great honor to fight a duel, send or accept a challenge, simply for the notoriety in the matter, but we do look upon any man as disgraced who refuses to send or except a challenge after he has placed himself in a position that requires it, according to the recognized usage amongst gentlemen. We know of no instance where the fighting of a duel injured any man, but there are innumerable cases where the refusal to meet the demands of gentlemen has set the seal of infamy upon men. It was not the law that did this; but enlightened public opinion."

"Public opinion is law amongst men with all intelligent and cultivated classes; public opinion has tolerated and endured duelling. It has even been endorsed by God himself. The first duel that we read of was between David, the Israelite, and Goliath, the Philistine."

"We hold further, that no gentleman will offer an indignity without a fixed purpose to give satisfaction as recognized by the code of honor. He who faults a gentleman whom he knows is governed by the code, and then skulks behind a statute, or his religion, is a base coward and a poltroon. Public sentiment has rendered this verdict, in all cases, and there is no escape. Again, we hold that no man should engage in controversy, such as public speaking and editing newspapers, unless he is ready and willing, at all times, to render satisfaction to those who demand it; we mean where all things are equal. Where duelling is recognized, society is always bettered, fewer insults are passed, and the public peace seldom disturbed. Female chastity is protected, the defamer is silenced, and the cowardly marked. It is a great blessing and advantage to all communities to find out who are and who are not the cowards; for all cowards are mean, dishonest, and a nuisance to society."

"There are conscientious professors of religion who are right in not engaging in duels, for the reason only that a good man will not insult a gentleman, and a gentleman will not insult (in his sober senses) a Christian gentleman. But if a Christian gentleman is insulted, or feels that his honor is wounded, as did David by the challenge of Goliath, we think he would fight, and it was the promptings of inspiration that caused David to meet Goliath in mortal combat. David represented the great family of Israel, the chosen people of God, and they were insulted by the taunts and jeers of Goliath, a powerful Philistine; and to protect the honor and prestige of the house of Israel, David went forth, armed with that chivalric spirit that God had implanted in his bosom, and slew him who had defied his people."

"Duelling has been recognized by gentlemen, in all ages of the world, as the proper method by which to settle difficulties; and no people, save the Puritans and round heads, but what have endorsed it, and legalized it by the public voice. There should be no restrictions upon duelling. If a gentleman insults you, and refuses to make you, the offender, challenge him. If he fails to recognize the usage, post him, and let public opinion (as it always does) rebuke him for his cowardice, and disown him in society."

"This is public opinion in South Carolina, Virginia, and other places; and where we ask, can there be found better society, better morals, more Christian piety, true philanthropy, a higher sense of honor, or a more noble race of men than those of the Palmetto State? What has done it? The recognition, in a great measure, of the duello. Cowards, cravens, seducers, and slanderers cannot live in South Carolina. The code of honor has driven all such men from her limits. Wherever duelling is not recognized, the ruffian, the ignorant, the blackguard, and the poltroon are the controlling spirits in society. There are no lines of demarcation where there should be degrees and grades according to the manner in which men demean themselves. There must be distinctions and grades in society, for the public good demands it, and nothing retains the proper line of demarcation in society so well as the full recognition of the duelling system."

The Right Sentiments.

A banquet was recently given to the Hon. Bailie Peyton, by citizens of Philadelphia. Among many other distinguished gentlemen invited by the Committee, was the Hon. John Sherman, the candidate of the Republicans for Speaker of the National House of Representatives. Mr. Sherman not finding it convenient to accept the invitation so tendered him, addressed the Committee a letter which we herewith

publish. It will repay a perusal. Though brief, it meets the issue squarely. A man who entertains such sentiments, and entertaining them, dare maintain and defend them, is well worthy of the high position in which it is sought to place him:

"WASHINGTON, Jan. 10, 1860. 'GENTLEMEN: The claims of public duty will deny me the pleasure of participating personally in the compliment which you have tendered to the Hon. Bailie Peyton. I regret this more, since one of the objects intended is to bring together men of position and influence from different sections of our common country, in order that they may unite in such an expression of sentiment as will tend to promote peace and good-will throughout the Union.'

"No man, North or South, who is animated by a patriotic impulse, or who appreciates his citizenship in its high and national sense, can hesitate to approve the 'expression of sentiment' which you propose. Events have recently occurred which the reason and justice of the country deplore and condemn, not only as wrong in themselves, but calculated to loosen the ties of fraternity and fellowship by which our people should be bound together. The unworthy attempts of partisans to charge the responsibility of those individual acts upon a whole section, and to arraign it before the world as sympathizing with such criminality, has provoked a feeling of deep indignation, because of this shameful injustice. The North knows its duties and its rights, and means to fulfill the one and assert the other in the Union and under the Constitution. It has no desire to infringe upon any right of the South, nor to encourage, palliate, or justify outrages upon or invasions of its territory, or any means by which they may be incited, nor to disturb those relations of brotherhood by which we have grown into the proportions and dignity of a great nation."

"The Constitution was framed and adopted in a spirit of conciliation and mutual concession. If we do not inherit the virtues, we may at least cherish the precept and example of the fathers who perfected that work of wisdom and patriotism. In the dark hours of the Republic, when civil commotion threatened perils more serious than the rash ravings of Disunionists and agitators now do, that Constitution proved to be our refuge and safety. Let us cling to it in this period of discord and strife as the best hope and guide, each section vying with the other in renewing its devotion to all the compromises under which it was formed, and all the obligations which it imposes. Accepted with this purpose, there will be no North or South, or East or West, but a contented and happy people, enjoying the blessings and sharing the prosperity of a common and glorious Union."

"With respect, JOHN SHERMAN. Messrs. CARLY, M'MICHAEL, INGERSOLL, and others."

The State a Unit.

The New York delegation, in the National Republican Convention, will be a unit in support of William H. Seward for the Presidency; the Ohio delegation will be a unit, and support Salmon P. Chase; other States will probably be unanimous in supporting their own candidate, and for these reasons it may be desirable that the Pennsylvania delegation should be a unit. At least, such is the argument presented by those who favor the appointment of delegates to the National Convention by the State Convention, which will be held on the 22d of February; and, to make the Pennsylvania delegation a unit, is the sole object of appointing delegates in State Convention. We trust we appreciate fully the importance of a solid vote from our State; but we beg leave to remind our friends that New York and Ohio will each be a unit, under any circumstances. Each presents a candidate who will receive the undivided and hearty support of the people. No other delegates could be elected in New York than those favorable to Senator Seward; and in Ohio, none other than friends of Governor Chase. In those States there is one sentiment only; and where is the difference, then, whether delegates be appointed or elected, or whatever be the mode of their selection, so long as they represent the will of the people? Under the same circumstances, in Pennsylvania, no one could object to the mode of selecting her delegates; but, unfortunately, she presents two candidates; each has earnest and zealous supporters; and it matters not what may be their relative strength, each one is entitled to get delegates by means of a fair election. It is possible, too, that other candidates, not citizens of this State, have friends sufficient here to secure them a few delegates, and a fair election is the only proper method of settling the matter in a satisfactory manner. If the State is a unit in favor of any candidate, an election will demonstrate that fact and silence all opposition; if she is not a unit, appointing delegates will not make her so; and wo to the men who would misrepresent her, by denying her citizens the opportunity to have a fair expression on so important a subject. We wish that all were harmony, and a single candidate presented by our State; and more, we wish the nomination could be secured to a true Pennsylvanian; but much as we desire this, there is one method only by which we would accomplish it—that is, by a fair election. There might be no harm done by appointing delegates, but it is questionable, there can be no harm in electing them. Then why hesitate which course to pursue? Many of our exchanges have spoken candidly on the subject, and advocate a fair election in the several districts;

others, we trust, will consider the subject with the same candor, and will earnestly contend for republican principles, whether applied to the election of a President, or a district delegate. Support the man of your choice with all the power you possess, but give others the same privilege; and if delegates be elected who will cast a solid vote for Pennsylvania's choice, there will be virtue in the vote; but a solid vote secured by other means, will be more than neutralized by an outside opposing element. Let the State Convention appoint district delegates, and Pennsylvania's candidates are surely defeated; let the delegates be selected by the people themselves, in their respective districts, and the nomination may be secured to a Pennsylvanian; and by the latter course the People's party will be a unit, which is quite as important as a united delegation in a nominating convention. Will Pennsylvania editors give the subject their attention.—State Journal.

Horrible Suffering of a Family.

On Saturday afternoon last, during the prevalence of a severe storm, a young man who had been sent from St. Clair to Hazelton, with a team, for the purpose of removing the family of Mr. Valentine Frantz, to the former place, found it necessary to unhitch his horses and leave the family on a mountain, to go home and have his horses' shoes sharpened. The persons composing the family, left in that dangerous position, were Mrs. Frantz, five small children, and an elder daughter and her husband. After the driver had been absent some time, the family left the wagon, for the purpose, if possible, of reaching their home; but the rain falling fast, and freezing as rapidly as it fell, impeding their progress. Mrs. Frantz sunk to the ground a dozen times, in a distance of between one and two miles, yet she clung to and protected her babe with the fervor which characterizes a mother's love. At last Mrs. Frantz, overcome by cold and fatigue, could proceed no further. The young man placed her and four of the children on the ground in as sheltered a position as he could find, picked up the remaining child, a boy, in his arms, and proceeded home as rapidly as possible.

On reaching home he informed his friends of the occurrence, and they started in search of the unfortunate sufferers. When discovered, Mrs. Frantz and the children were insensible. The mother was lying on her back, with her babe pressed tightly to her bosom, while her clothing was frozen to the ground. One of the children, a little girl while attempting to crawl up the hill, had slipped, her clothing was all stripped from her person, and she was found exposed and frozen to the ground. The children were taken to a place of shelter, but Mrs. Frantz was not removed until a wagon had been procured. The first inquiry from her lips, when restored to consciousness, was for her children. The boy first taken home has died. It is thought that Mrs. Frantz will recover.—The babe is well. There is, however, some doubt of the recovery of the other children. What the little family suffered in the long hours of that Saturday afternoon and night, exposed to the peltings of a pitiless storm, and to the chilling atmosphere of a winter day, on a bleak mountain, with the nearest house miles away, and their friends ignorant of their condition; what that mother must have suffered mentally, in their anxiety for her poor children, our readers can imagine. We will not attempt a description.

A NEW DROP GAME.—New York sharpers are somewhat famous for their adroitness for "raising the wind," but the following specimen of Western knavery is rather ahead of New York in that line of business. The Seymour Times says:

"A man of genteel appearance, with carpet sack in hand, taking it a foot, came along the public square in Lexington, Scott county, Indiana, and when crossing the square, dropped dead to all appearance. Everybody ran, medical aid was called, rubbing commenced, the stranger still slept and was very stiff; so all appearances his limbs were paralyzed, so that he could be raised without the limbs giving away. 'Bled him' several hallowed; the man comes to all once; looks wild. Voice in the crowd.—'Who are you?' 'Where did you come from?' He pulls out a pencil and writes, 'I have been out to Michigan to see a brother, but when I got there he was dead; I am making my way home; am out of money; I live in Cleveland, Ohio. Sympathy runs high; the crowd makes him up a pony purse, \$8 50; gives him. He travels to Bent, 9 miles; drops again; everybody is alarmed; comes too; tells he is out of money; they make him up a pony purse; the doctor takes him home and gives him something to eat; off he goes to Richie's Mill; drops again; no men about; women frightened and run for men folks; find one; man lies dead until man comes; women with camphor bottles running in every direction; excitement high. Mr. R.—takes him into the house, keeps him all night; gives him breakfast, lodging and \$10. He leaves for North Madison; drops again; he writes he is out of money, and wants to get home; but goes; he makes \$8 50 out of the good people of North Madison. He goes on, and is still dropping and travelling.—'This dropping disease appears to be a money-making concern. We wonder if it's contagious."

THRILLING TALE.

MORDICAI AND SUNNA VAGUN; OR, The Perils of Hunting Deer out of Season. Founded on Fact.

BY DR. HELO VA FELO.

CHAPTER I.

"If any person or persons shall hunt, chase or follow, with a design to kill or destroy any buck, doe or fawn, within the lands already or hereafter to be purchased from the Indians, at any other time or season, excepting only between the first day of the month of August, and the first day of the month of January, and shall be lawfully convicted thereof by the oaths or affirmations of one or more credible witnesses, or the confession of the party, before one or more justices of the peace for the respective county where such offence shall be committed, he or they shall forfeit and pay the sum of three pounds for every such offence.—Pardon.

So stood the law in Pennsylvania on the 9th day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1760, and so it remaineth even unto this day.

But what cared Sunna Vagun for the law? He had formed a wilful, deliberate and premeditated purpose to go a-hunting. And go he would, regardless of the consequences.

It was the second day of January, 1860. Sunna Vagun had long cherished a desire to "hunt, chase or follow" a "buck, doe or fawn" with a "design to kill or destroy" it—and not only so; but, if possible, to carry that design into execution. An opportunity to distinguish himself as "a mighty hunter" had never before presented itself. It wasn't his fault if that opportunity happened to come on the 2d day of January.

But the law! What cared Sunna Vagun for that?—Was he to be foiled of a most glorious purpose—of a most brilliant achievement—simply because that which he meditated was unlawful? What right had the people of 1760 to prohibit him from hunting deer whenever he pleased?—to impose penalties on an individual whom they had never seen, never heard of, and about whom they didn't care a—red? They had no such right.

Sunna Vagun was not to be deterred. The penalties of a rusty old act of Assembly had no terrors for him. He knew no North, no South, no East, no West, no "Deer Season," under the Constitution. Mistaken Sunna Vagun! But Sunna Vagun would go a-hunting.

CHAPTER II.

No sooner had Sunna Vagun decided to go, than he cast about him for a *compagnon du voyage*—by which remarkable term is meant, that he hunted for somebody to go a-hunting.

In this search, Sunna Vagun was eminently successful. He soon found his man.

It was Mordicai! yes, Mordicai!—that dear, good old soul, who, in due observance of a custom peculiar to himself, had come to Ebensburg that very morning to get on a team.

In Mordicai Sunna Vagun had a man to agree with him most heartily in every opinion that he advanced relative to the obnoxious statute of 1760. Nay, if possible, Mordicai went a peg or two farther. He took the broad ground, that a statute a hundred years old would be "cut out by the limitation."

Ill-fated Mordicai! When Sunna Vagun found him, Mordicai had already deposited in his archives, for safe-keeping, several large glasses of small beer,—that delightful beverage having been his favorite from time immemorial; although he always could, when necessary, substitute for it the more powerful liquids, without any serious scruples of conscience.

Whether from the effects of the small beer or not, Mordicai had already begun to look wise. His eyes twinkled like stars, and had a sharpness about them more easily imagined than described. What if his tongue was a little thick? Still it went—went—went—even as doth the clapper of a cow-bell. This was Mordicai. He would go a-h-u-n-t-i-n-g.

CHAPTER III.

Determined upon having a good old time to themselves, Sunna Vagun and Mordicai resolved upon a three days' hunt, and vigorously began their preparations.

When all was complete, their outfit—whatever you please to call it—was as follows: 1 Jackass, (with saddle and bridle.) 1 horse, (all beaten, broken and lean.) 1 flask whiskey. 1 log-sled. 1 pint whiskey. 1 set of gears. 1 quart whiskey, (tanglefoot.) 1 female gun. 1 single barrelled do. 8 lbs. cheese. 3 bottles whiskey, (doosendad) 7 lbs powder.

- 1 bottle brandy. 4 lbs. bullets. 4 bottles Schiedam Schnapps. 4 bushel onions. 1 bottle old rye whiskey. 2 boxes percussion caps. 4 lbs. shot. 3 Democrat & Sentinels, (for wadding.) 5 do do (for other purposes.) 2 bottles Hostetter's Bitters. 17 yds. Bologna sausage. 1 bottle pepper sauce. 1 bottle brandy, (Cognac.) 4 blb. crackers. 1 bottle Jayne's Bitters. 1 quart superior corn-top whiskey. 4 boxes sardines. 12 bottles excelsior small beer. 1 keg lager. 1 bottle whiskey. 2 jars pickles. 1 gallon Holland Gin. 2 blankets. 2 doz. Scotch herrings. 1 tin cup. 1 bottle brandy, (audanum brand.) 1 bottle ready-made cocktails. 5 gallons whiskey, (for medical purposes.) 2 buffalo robes. 5 gallons whiskey, (for mechanical purposes.) 1 demijohn whiskey. 5 gallons whiskey, (for artistical purposes.) 1 keg whiskey.

By common consent, the jackass was saddled and bridled expressly for Mordicai. The old horse was then geared, and hitched to the log-sled; and upon the latter were carefully packed all the necessaries of life which had been so bountifully provided for the intended excursion.

CHAPTER IV.

Everything being arranged as detailed in the last chapter, Mordicai and Sunna Vagun partook of a little whiskey; and it was agreed that Mordicai, on account of his enlarged experience and great familiarity with the country, should lead the way. On Sunna Vagun devolved the equally responsible task of bringing up the rear with the old horse and log-sled.

An immense crowd had congregated to witness the departure.

Having each taken a glass of small beer, Mordicai mounted the jackass, and Sunna Vagun took his position on the log-sled.

The air was chilly, and the journey before them deemed a perilous one. Mordicai suggested the propriety of taking a slight nip of whiskey before starting. To a proposition so reasonable in itself, Sunna Vagun couldn't see the least objection. The nip was taken.

"Are you ready?" asked Mordicai. "Ready!" was the prompt reply. "Then here goes!"

CHAPTER V.

Slowly but surely the procession moved. The old horse snorted a little at the outset, and occasionally the jackass brayed. Numerous bad boys, too, followed after and along with the procession and vainly sought to ridicule it.

Rude and uncultivated boys! The air was vocal with disagreeable noises!

"Snort! snort! snort!" went the old horse. "Bray! bray! bray!" went the jackass.

"There goes old Sunna Vagun with his old horse and log-sled!" said one impudent brat.

"And there goes old Mordicai a riding on a jackass!" said a dozen saucy urchins. "G' lang, Shell Bark!"—"Hoora for Sunna Vagun!"—"Give us a nip, Mordicai!"

"Ha, ha, ha!—he, he, he!—hi, hi, hi!—ho, ho, ho!—hu, hu, hu!" "Snort, snort, snort!" "Bray, bray, bray!"

But what of all that? Far above these discordant sounds was heard the sweetest music—delightful, enchanting strains which lingered upon the ears of all—more especially upon the long ears of the jackass. Mordicai was singing his favorite; in the execution of which Sunna Vagun gave all the assistance in his power. Mordicai sang the air in his usual good style. Sunna Vagun, "though not much of a" basso, whistled the bass as best he could.

It was an imposing sight! Starting at the place of beginning, the cavalcade proceeded along High street to Phany street, where it halted so as to give Mordicai and Sunna Vagun time to take some lager. Thence, up Phany street to Sample street; where a little Schiedam Schnapps was indulged in. Thence, up Sample street to Juliann street; where two drinks of brandy were disposed of. Thence, down Juliann street to High street; where a bottle of whiskey was dispatched. Thence, down High street to the Diamond; where the cavalcade came to a dead halt, so as to allow Mordicai and Sunna Vagun an opportunity to take a few drinks of whiskey.

Oh, the consequences of that halt! Mistaken Sunna Vagun! Ill-fated Mordicai!

CHAPTER VI.

Mordicai and Sunna Vagun congratulated themselves on having attained "the

main object" of their halt, so soon as they had respectively imbibed several potatoes of whiskey.

Nevertheless, still stronger and stronger grew their determination to go a-h-u-n-t-i-n-g.

They made an attempt to start. The attempt was a failure.

Just as Mordicai mounted his jackass, he gave him (as he had often theretofore done) a most tremendous dig in the ribs. For some reason or other, which as yet remains unexplained, the jackass didn't like the treatment; and—like the Trojan horse of yore—

"Angry answered from behind, With brandished tail and blast of wind!"—But Mordicai was not to be so easily with. He was not alarmed. He would teach the stubborn jackass a lesson.

Mordicai straightened himself—extended his right leg—gritted his teeth—mustered all his physical force—and gave the jackass a most dreadful dig in the ribs.

There was a sharp crack!—the jackass reared up behind, and—oh, horror!—Mordicai was unceremoniously landed in the mud!

The unfortunate Mordicai was taken up in sad plight.

An infuriated mob assembled in instant. The incorrigible jackass was rapidly seized, and—

[The above is all that we can publish of this intensely interesting story. Those who wish to pursue it to the end, will find the remaining chapters in the New York Cash Book, one of the greatest papers now living. Sold by all respectable booksellers in the United States and Ebensburg; and also by a good many booksellers who are not respectable.]

HUNTINGDON COUNTY "DEMOCRACY"—The Journal says: "The Democracy Convention met in the Town Hall, on Wednesday night last, to appoint delegates to the State Convention. Ke. Giffus Miller and Jacob Cresswell were nominated for Representative delegates, and called upon to state their views on national affairs, and what course they would pursue in case of an election."

Mr. Miller stated, if the Convention would elect him, he would not vote in the State Convention for any endorsement or repudiation of the State or National Administration; he would support James Fry for Governor; he would also vote for the appointment of delegates to the Charleston Convention, who would be favorable to the nomination of John C. Breckenridge for President. These were his views, but if the Convention instructed him otherwise, he would scrupulously adhere to those instructions, be they what they may.

Mr. Cresswell thought that a Democrat was afraid to support the Administration was unworthy of the name. He gave advice, if elected, he would vote for the endorsement of James Buchanan's Administration, as well as William F. Packard. He was not afraid to say this. If the Convention thought he was right in the view, it should signify its ratification of the same; if it did not, he had nothing to say.

A ballot was then proposed, and James Cresswell was declared elected Representative delegate—having received thirty-three votes, and Giffus Miller twenty-nine.

Mr. Boat moved the delegate be instructed to support the election of John Scott Esq., as a representative to the Charleston Convention.

Mr. Cresswell stated he would receive no such instructions. He would not support the election of that gentleman or any other man opposed or hostile to the National Administration.

A vote was taken, and Mr. Boat's motion was defeated. Yeas, 19; nays, 20. A resolution instructing the delegate to vote for Jacob Fry, for Governor, was passed unanimously. After which, Senator Schell was declared the choice of the Convention for Senatorial delegate. A motion to adjourn was then carried, and amid great "noise and confusion," the "weak-in-the-knee" Democracy fizzled out.

THE LAWRENCE DISASTER.—By the dispatches of our reporters at Lawrence, it will be seen that the following figures represent the sum total of the latest investigations as to the dead, wounded, and missing: Dead, 117. Injured severely, 110. "slightly, 200. Missing, 89. Total, 524. It is supposed that but a few more bodies will be found in the ruins, and the remainder of the missing will be accounted for by those who are said to have gone to their homes immediately after the accident without giving any account of themselves to the authorities. According to the above figures, and the most reliable statements as to the number of persons in the mill at the time of the accident, less than three hundred persons escaped uninjured.

DEATH OF MACAULEY.—The advent of the Europa announce the death of Lord Thomas Babington Macauley, the distinguished British author, essayist and statesman. He has been a member of parliament, and has during his life, occupied some of the highest offices in the government. Macauley was about 70 years of age.