

The Alleghanlian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1860.

NO. 28.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

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Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SEANE, Pastor in charge. Rev. J. M. SMITH, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 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.
Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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.
Christian Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 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.
Baptist—Rev. Wm. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.
Particular Baptist—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

Route.	Time.
Eastern, daily, at	12 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " " " "	12 1/2 " " A. M.
MAILS CLOSE.	
Eastern, daily, at	6 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " " " "	6 1/2 " " A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

Station.	Time.
West-Express Train, leaves at	9.45 A. M.
" Mail Train, " "	8.48 P. M.
East-Express Train, " "	8.24 P. M.
" Mail Train, " "	10.00 A. M.
" Fast Line, " "	6.30 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Prosecutors—Joseph McDonald.
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Deputy Register and Recorder—John Scanlon.
Sherrif—Robert P. Linton.
Judges Sheriff—George C. K. Zahm.
County Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—John Bearer, Abel Lyle, David T. Storm.
Clerks of Commissioners—George C. K. Zahm.
Counsel to Commissioners—John S. Rhey.
Treasurer—John A. Blair.
Poor House Director—William Palmer, David O. Harro, Michael McGuire.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Assessors—Thomas M'Connell.
Admiral—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Coughlin.
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.
Coroner—Peter Dougherty.
Superintendent of Common Schools—S. B. M'Connell.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.
Burgess—Andrew Lewis.
Town Council—William Kittell, William K. Piper, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward Stearns.
Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.
Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.
Ward Master—William Davis.
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Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.
Constable—George Gurley.
Tax Collector—George Gurley.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.
Judge of Election—Isaac Evans.
Inspectors—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

Original Poetry.

Written for THE ALLEGHANIAN.

Address to a "Misanthrope."

Wandering as fallen snow,
Where the wild myrtles grow,
Would I were not.
Life is a troubled dream,
Turbid and restless stream—
Gone and forgot.
Loud roars the angry wave,
Parting it shows a grave,
Cheerless and deep;
'Tis the bold sailor's tomb,
Where the "sea-flowers" bloom,
Wrapped in his sleep.
There sleeps the fair-haired bride,
Where the blue waters glide,
Coitless, dead—
Waves close the eye-lids now,
Sea-combs kiss the brow,
Kind friends instead.
Where the long shadows creep,
Where the dark cedars weep,
Graves, and pale marble white,
Break on my weary sight,
Where e'er I turn.
Earth is one lengthened bed,
For the white sheeted dead,
Lifeless and pale;
Born, but to bud and bloom,
Pale for the opening tomb—
Is that the tale?
From the first feeble cry,
From the first opening eye,
O weary soul,
Has this life proved to thee,
What it is said to be—
Naught but a "goal"?
Has the dove's plaintive moan,
In the deep forest lone,
Said to thy heart,
'Gather earth's blossoms fair,
Quick; for with passing air,
They will depart"?
Has the palm's glossy green,
Where the vine's fruit is seen,
But for a day,
Mocked thee, by fading soon,
'Neath the pale tropic moon—
Fading away?
Back from the voiceless tomb,
Comes, in the gathering gloom,
Thousands in one,
Of the wild thoughts that roll,
Frantic-like o'er the soul—
Life's work is done.
O, could the sheeted dead
Rise from their lowly bed,
What would they tell?
Ah! we must drop the veil,
Know not the hidden tale,
Soul it is well;
That e'en this troubled dream,
Dark as its waves may seem,
Yet is not o'er;
How could your aching heart
Hear the dread word, "depart,"
Forevermore.
Earth's more than one vast bed,
For the pale sheeted dead,
'Neath the white Urn—
Look! 'tis a goodly sod,
Fresh from the hand of God,
Where'er you turn.
Banish the idle dream,
Catch the first sunny beam
Breaks o'er thy sky.
Life is our harvest-time,
Soon will its ending chime,
Come: we must die.
Low droops the cypress green,
Many the graves, I ween,
Of those we love;
Beautiful is life to me,
For, if like the troubled sea,
Rest is above.
Sweet are the flowers bright,
Calm the soft hush of night;
Who says "alone,"
When a kind Father's ear
Bends each low prayer to hear—
Answers each moan. JENNIE.

LOVE AND WOLVES.

with an exhilaration I could not repress, I gave a vigorous "hurrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose and bear-skins, and warm as toast. A sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Harding!" she said. "Crick—crack!" filled up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phoebus Apollo never drove their like down the steeps of heaven! The wily Ithian never raised such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his horses. "Crick—crack!" and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad exulting rush uplifts one like wine.
I remark, to myself, that the sky has deepened into an intense, still darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly, tenebrous inkiness, betokening a coming snow-storm. No matter—"Windy Gap" is right ahead, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the casements soon, for the afternoon is wearing.
On we go—but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—it's all right!
"Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?" said I, half turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry from its encasement of white cosy furs.
"Oh, so comfortable!" she answered with a nestling movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward.
But my attention was called away to the creeping, crepuscular inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not day-light, but blue-light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid darkening steel, always the precursor to a fierce change in the weather. This only made the long level plain of snow gleam with a lustre the more dazzling and intense. I remarked this, but with a momentary and divided sense.
I had never (familiar as we had grown, and I was 'honest as the skin between your brows,' as she was in fact)—I had never said "dear Lota" before, and the words were yet in mine ears like a sweet old burthen. I loved her with all my heart and soul, but I never told it. I yearned to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair—not up to the mark of my manhood—to take what seemed an unfair advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over her. I magnanimously resolved to wait—choking down the words—but not long.
Meantime, "Crick—crack!" went the long whip, and still "clung—clung" went the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigor, but—where had "Windy-gap" gone to all this time? For time was up, and we should be there by this.
"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange the sky looks; we shall have more snow—a heavy fall too."
"I fear so," I replied; "but 'nimporte, we'll soon be out of it."
"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively; "you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh, Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, "can we have lost the track?"
The blank question harped with a horrible jar on my most vivid nerves. Now or never was the time to be quite cool.
"No, I think not," I replied with assumed carelessness; "we shall come to our landmark presently."
A clump of firs—an old mill farther on; yes," she added, "I recollect; but we should have passed them long ere this. Oh, I fear we are lost!"
A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer, and growing darker the while.
Suddenly my brave deer-hound lifted up his head, and uttered a low growl.—The horses gave a startled swerve just as suddenly. A strange, lugubrious, but appalling sound came all at once from windward, wailing like a death-crie—a prolonged, awful, groaning discordance—over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.
The horses halted, trembling; only the shivering tinkle of the bells broke the death silence that fell, like an eclipse over all.
"What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm.—I listened. "It is the wind sighing and dying away in the pine forest," I answered.
"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—what can it be?"
Again the indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound broke forth, clearer—nearer. It increased; it multiplied; the horrible crescendo, howling, shrieking, and raving, was not that of the wind this time. "Merciful God!" gasped Lota; "The Wolves!"

Responsibility of Parents.

Time was, when setting on thy leaf, a fly

Could shake thee to the root; and time has been
When tempest could not.
If to pilot a ship across the ocean be a work of great responsibility, requiring prudence and judgment, as well as knowledge and experience, much more is it to such a work to guide an immortal spirit through the tumultuous sea of youthful passion and childish impetuosity, and to secure for it a safe passage through the dangers and perils of manhood and old age. A ship on the ocean may founder and go to the bottom, and no one, perhaps, suffer a single pain, or breathe a single sigh; but an immortal soul, wrecked upon the shores of time, may spend an eternity in sighs and groans, but they cannot undo the past, or rectify a single mistake.
What the pilot is to the ship, the parent is to the child. The one conducts the frail bark far out to sea, beyond the reach of special dangers, and then surrenders his charge into other hands. The other guides a deathless spirit through the perils and quicksands of childhood and youth, and then leaves it to the mercy of a treacherous world, to drift upon the tide of circumstances, or to follow the bent of its inclinations, given to it by parental training and discipline. Though the parent cannot insure a successful issue, yet he is in a great degree responsible for the future career and fate of his child; for it is expressly commanded, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." If, then, the words of the wise man are true, and if the children do depart from the way they should go; or rather, are never taught to walk in it, and go down to destruction and to eternal death, whose fault is it, if it is not the parents'?

MARVELS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The difference of level between high and low water at Cairo is 50 feet.

The width and depth of the river from Cairo and Memphis to New Orleans is not materially increased, yet immense additions are made to the quantity of the water by large streams from both. The question naturally arises, what becomes of this vast added volume of water? It certainly never reaches New Orleans, and as certainly does not evaporate; and of course it is confined to the channel of the river, for it would rise far above the entire region south of us. If a well is sunk anywhere in the Arkansas bottom, water is found as soon as the level of the Mississippi is reached. When the Mississippi goes down, the water sinks accordingly in the well. The owner of a saw-mill, some twenty miles from the Mississippi, in Arkansas, dug a well to supply the boilers of his engine during the late flood.—When the waters receded, his well went down till his horse would no longer reach the water, and finally his well went dry. He dug a ditch to an adjacent lake, to let water into his well; the lake was drained, and the well was dry again, having literally drunk ten acres of water in less than a week. The inference is, that the whole valley of the Mississippi, from its banks to high lands on either side, rests on a porous substratum, which absorbs the redundant waters, and thus prevents that degree of accumulation which would long since have swept New Orleans into the Gulf but for this provision of nature, to which alone her safety is attributable.

WISDOM FROM ABOVE.

Wisdom from above, like the love of God, passeth knowledge.

Even those who are best instructed, can stretch their line but a little way into the unfathomable depth.