\$2.00 PER ANNUM

VOL. 1.

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

DIRECTORY.

PARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Musters. Districts. Joseph Graham, thel Station, Joseph S Mardis, Blacklick. Benjamin Wirtner, Carroll. has Springs, Dant Litzinger, Chest. John J. Troxell, Washint'n. Mrs. H. M'Cague, Ebensburg. on Timber, Isaac Thompson, White. J. M. Christy, Joseph Gill,

Gallitzin. Wm. M'Gough, Washt'n. H. A. Boggs, Johnst'wn. Win. Gwinn, Loretto. E. Wissinger, Conem'gh A. Durbin, Francis Clement, Conem'gh Andrew J. Ferra! Susq'han. G. W. Bowman, Joseph Moyer, Clearfield. George Conrad. Richland. B. M Colgan, Washt'n. an nerhill, Wm. Murray, Croyle.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c. Prerbyterian-Rev. D. Harrison, Pastor .stehing every Sabbath morning at 101 ck, and in the evening at 2 o'clock. Sab-School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meetvery Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Andrew Beck,

Miss M. Gillespie Washt'n.

S'mmerhill

Ithinks! Episcopal Church-Rev. J. Seane. usher in charge. Rev J. M. SMITH, Astast. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately so clock in the morning, or 7 in the Sabbath School at 2 o'clock, A. M. meeting every Tuursday evening at 7

Independent - REV. LL. R. POWELL .-Preaching every Subbath morning at lock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. ith School at I o'clock, P. M. Prayer ng on the first Monday evening of each outh; and on every Tuesday. Thursday

· conistic Methodist-REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, .-Preaching every Sabbath evening at 5 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, Prayer meeting every Friday evening Society every Tuesday evening

Disciples - Hav. WM. LLOYD, Pastor-Preachvery Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. icticular Buptists-Rev. David Jeneiss, tor.-Preaching every Sabbath evening at clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Catholic-Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor .rvices every Sabbath morning at 1016'clock ad Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening,

EBENSBURG MAILS. MAILS ARRIVE.

triara, daily, at 121 o'clock, A. M. MAILS CLOSE. A. M. term, daily, at 61 o'clock, A. M. 63 H A. M. bur The Malls from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-

arrive on Tuesday and Friday of week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. tre Ebensburg on Mondays and Thurs-35 7 o'clock, A. M.

Fig. The Mails from Newman's Mills, Cares, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of wrote, at 3 o'clock, P. M. water liberarburg on Tuesdays and Saturand I o'clock, A. M.

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 worlock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE. WILMORE STATION.

-Express Train, leaves at 9.45 A. M. Mail Train, 8.48 P. M. W.-Express Train, 8.24 P. M. Mail Train, 10.00 A. M. Fast Line, 6:30 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS. President, Hon. Gen

Hantingdon : Associates, GeorgeW. Richard Jones, Jr. andary.-Joseph M'Donald. little to Prothonotory.—Robert A. M'Coy.

Tally Register and Recorder.-John Scan-Novig .- Robert P. Linton. Dynty Sheriff. - George C. K. Zahm. Instruct Attorney.-Philip S. Noon.

tary Commissioners.-John Bearer, Abel David T. Storm. of to Commissioners .- George C. K. Zahm. usel to Commissioners.-John S. Rhey.

Burer. -- John A. Blair. Poor House Directors. - William Palmer, vid O'Harro, Michael M'Guire. Poor House Treasurer .- George C. K. Zahm. Poor House Steward. - James J. Kaylor. Marcantile Appraiser .- Thomas M'Connell.

Anddors.-Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobaugh, try Hawk. County Surveyor .- Henry Scanlan. Coroner .- Peter Dougherty.

Superintendent of Common Schools .- S. B.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS. Justices of the Peace .- David H. Roberts,

rrison Kinkead. Burgess.—Andrew Lewis. Town Council. - William Kittell, William K per, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward

Clerk to Council .- T. D. Litzinger. Borough Treasurer .- George Gurley. Weigh Master .- William Davis.

School Directors .- Edward Glass, William wis, Reese S. Lloyd, John J. Lloyd, Morris Evans, Thomas J. Davis.

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. Rher, John J EvansOriginal 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, Coffinless, dead-Waves close the eye-lids now, Sea-corals kiss the brow, Kind friends instead.

Where the long shadows creep, Where the dark cedars weep, Low o'er the Urn. 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 vail,

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; Beauteous is life to me, For, if like the troubled sca, 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.

WEDDED LIFE .- He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of perfection than the fiery steeds, with their all. woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without-enemies may gather in his path-but when he returns to his M was a member of the "Tandem Club," fireside, and feels the tender love of wo- and reckoned a crack hand, of course. I exman he forgets his cares and troubles, and ulted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy is comparatively a happy man. He is only companion through the air, and the whip half prepared for the journey of life who went "erick-crack!" like a double-baris without a loving companion, who will rel going off, and the sweet bells sang and gubrious sound broke forth, clearer-nearforsake him in no emergency-who will di- chimed. "Oh! sweet echoes of far dis- er. It increased; it multiplied; the horvide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the tant wedding-bells !" I thought-and the rible crescendo, howling, shrieking, and ra- of God, passeth knowledge. Even those degree of accumulation which would long veil from his heart, and throw sunshine crisp snow was split and shattered into di- ving, was not that of the wind this time. who are best instructed, can stretch their since have swept New Orleans into the amid the scenes. No, that man cannot be amonds under the grinding of the hoofs

LOVE AND WOLVES.

bright, but with a different degree of lu- shout. cility from that of a bright summer day. Broad expanding plains—the city receding behind us, as the horses, leaping onward to the music of the chiming bells, made for the broad, boundless country. The fir forests are clasped in a shadowy, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless funereal groves where the wolves congregate in hundreds. To the left les a ridge of hills sloping down to the river, toss their arching necks, and the bells are ing their usual characteristic and craven which is locked up in the iron manacles of chiming and tinkling, and the mad exultthe Winter King, Ahead, and right before us-whither we are bound over waste and plain, and clearing-lies a snuglysheltered village, the head quarters of the

nation is not quite so far. This said destination is a broadly-spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost numberless out-houses, consisting of cattlesheds and dairies, corn stores, roofings for winter fodder, wood stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, all out-works to protect the comfortable citasparkle from the huge and odorous logs | cut of white cosy furs. crackling on the broad, bounteous hearth. are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Bearde I men and fair women are there-laughing maidens and strapping young hunters, who had just shaken the snow off their furs soft musical bells, is fast, fast approaching its terminus.

"In the meantime," asks the reader, who occupy this sleigh?" I hasten to

looking; a fair shot; can hit with wonderam five-feet-ten and-growing; can play solved to wait-choking down the words the fiddle, a game of pool, and have the |-but not long. temper of an angel. I had been one of a and, with fishing-tackle, spears, and "shootdian woods and sounding "rapids," and be there by this. hunted the bear in his own bold and pieturesque fastness.

Enough of myself. Now for my companions. Nestling by my side, wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville-a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glauce of man ever rested complacently upon. The Canadian mother her name. Her playful lambent eyes had and the modulation of a voice unequali- or never was the time to be quite cool. ed for its low, soft sweetness, completed way; for we had exchanged no confidence | mark presently."

as yet on a subject very near my heart. We were bound to a merry sleighing a hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts | Oh, I fear we are lost!" for my two rifles and ammunition lying in a young officer in the Canadian Rifleshad killed "bar" at the "Salt-licks" with the while. a St. Lawrence steamer, and was now a and bounteous hospitality.

us air, sleigh and horses bound along !-"Cling—clank!" go the chiming bells.—
"Crick—crack!" goes the long-thouged whip, with a sharp, cheery significance.-My "Madawaska Cariole," a sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less

sinews of elastic steel, which I drive. Driving sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, when you are used to it. and the attrition of the "runners:" and Wolves!"

with an exhibitantion I could not repress, I gave a vigorous "hurrah!" which convey- what the concentrated essence of literal, Oh, the glories of a sleigh-ride in the ed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose deadly horror might mean. I never expesparkling, bracing air of a Canadian winter! and bear-skins, and warm as toast. A rienced the shock before, or since; and I

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Har-

ding!" she said. "If I don't --." "Crick-crack!" filled up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phæbus Apollo never drove their like down the steeps of heaven! The wily Ithican never 'raised' such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his horses. "Crick-crack!" and the horses neigh and

ing rush uplifts one like wine. I remark, to myself, that the sky has deepened into an intense, still darkening blue-darkening with a strange, unearth-"lumberer" and the voyageur. Our desti- ly, tenebious 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 Lopalisaded by zig-zag fences, as so many | ta !" said I, half turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so del. Within it, warm fires blaze and much furtive coquetry from its encradem-

"Oh, so comfortable!" she answered In the great common chamber, raftered with a nestling movement, and a smile

But my attention was called away to sical baritone of the singing wind, as it hue of livid darkening steel, always the es?" I asked. goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into precurser to a fierce change in the weath-

and I was 'honest as the skin between and still the horses sped on. your brows,' as she was in fact)-I had the narrator, Dick Harding, by name, but | heart and soul, but I never told it. I yearn- all in all to me, and said: a few months back from the banks of the ed to tell her so now; but I thought it few to my personal items. Rather good- manhood-to take what seemed an unfair | now if I may never again. advantage of the protection I was supposed ful vigor straight out from the shoulder; to extend over her. I magnanimously re-

Meantime, 'Crick-erack!' went the party of adventurous sportsmen, "going long whip, and still 'cling-clang' went in" for something worthy of Alexander, the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigor. ecution among the denizens of the Cana- this time? for time was up, and we should

"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 n'importe, we'll soon be out of it." "We are very long, I fancy," she con-

there quicker than this before. Oh, Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a hour, interchanged with each other. and the French father were expressed in revelation, "can we have lost the track?"

the young syrea's triumph. This by the carelessness; "we shall come to our land- being to leap into the sleigh from behind.

party at Windy-gap Farm-ostersibly to should have passed them long ere this. breath on my cheeks; and I expected, as phis to New Orleans is not materially in-

the sleigh, and for the noble deer hound, mitted that she was in the right. I could A flash! a crash! a gush of blood-and the "individual" who had curled up his not account for my error, if such was the the creature tumbled backward, shot great body at our feet, and aided to keep case. I looked round the horizon, but through the neck, to the spine, by my them warm. I had known her brother - beheld no friendly sign; it was only a cir- brave Lota! Then I plied the hatchet,

up his head, and uttered a low growl .guest at their house, enjoying their frank The horses gave a startled swerve just as shot and shouts rang around, and troops where in the Arkansas bottom, water is "Hurrah!" Through the keen sonoro- palling sound came all at once from wind- aid, and-we were saved! ward, wailing like a death-ery- a prolonged, awful.groaning discordance-over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.

> shivering tinkle of the bells broke the and as I bore her fainting form into the ers of his engine during the late flood .death silence that fell, like an celipse over | hospitable hall, and clasped her tenderly

"What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm. . | Heaven. I listened. "It is the wind sighing and dying away in the pine forest," I answered.

-what can it be?" Again the indescribably hideous and lu-

The sky clear and exhilarating-keenly sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting have, in my hunting excursions, faced my danger and played out the game manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough; I was numb and dumb.

the weather, the migration or scarcity of through the tumultuous sea of youthful the animals on which these unclean creatures preyed, had made their hunger a raging, devouring madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and, loscowardice, were approaching the habitations Woe to those in their path! As the in- upon the shores of time, may spend an fernal howl rose lingeringly again, the hor- eternity in sighs and groans, but they ses darted away with a shrill neigh of fear, cannot undo the past, or rectify a single and I guided them, beginning to recover | mistake. myself, in an opposite direction, while "Terror," my nobie hound, stood up with every fang bared, and every hair on end, frail bark far out to sea, beyond the reach

mirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow; for the madness of fear did to our panting pursuers. I was grow- cumstances, or to follow the bent of its ing cold; Lota was pale but calm. I felt | inclinations, given to it by parental trainproud of her, though it was certain that if | ing and discipline. Though the parent we escaped not speedily the brutes would cannot insure a successful issue, yet he is and picturesqued as an antique gothic hall | which made my heart leap joyously up- | run us down, and then, horrors of horrors! | in a great degree responsible for the future what a fate for her!

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, the creeping, crepuscular inkiness of the a spear and a wood-hatchet in the sleigh. sky. It was light, yet not day-light, but I conveyed my intentions to Lota. "Can he will not depart from it." If, then, the at the portals. Despite the stern, yet mu- blue-light-to coin a word; that wintry you load these weapons with those cartridg- words of the wise man are true, and if the

purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts er. This only made the long level plain a "Fuller" and a "Manton" with true walk in it, and go down to destruction of mirth and laughter rise above the bo- of snow gleam with a lastre the more hunter's skill. I took one rifle-looked and to eternal death, whose fault is it, if real blasts; and our leaping sleigh,-fly- dazzling and intense. I remarked this, back-the pack was increasing. I fired, it is not the parents'? ing along, rather-to the music of the but with a momentarily and divided sense. and Lota loaded; one after another fell, to I had never (familiar as we had grown, be devoured by their ravenous comrades; with the weight of responsibility which

The accursed things were, for all this, never said 'dear Lota' before, and the guining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes, and mortal spirit entrusted to their care. Next words were yet in mine ears like a sweet | tremblings were at my heart as I turned | to their own salvation, there is no subject First, there was your humble servant, old burthen. Is loved her with all my to the sweet girl whose life or death were of so great importance, or that should com-

Isis, with the "bar" in propect. I add a scarcely fair-not up to the mark of my that I loved you-none but you! I tell you tellectual education of their children. It

heart. Richard---'

pain or gladness most."

"There are now no secrets between us." sail Leta, smiling; "take this rifle; give admonition of the Lord. Yet how many ing irons," had done no inconsiderable ex- but-where had Windy-gap' gone to all me-the pistol; one kiss-Oh they come there are in every community, children Save me from them at any cost."

tinued, reflectively; "you have driven that was encircling us both; young lovers quaintances in which they move. Many

us. I remarked one huge monster in ad- result to profligacy and ruin. "No, I think not," I replied with assumed vance of the rest; his object evidently I fired, and missed him! The next mo-A clump of firs-an old mill farther ment his huge bulk came scrambling over water at Cairo is 50 feet. The width and on; yes," she added, "I recollect; but we the back; his paws were on me; his flery A cold chill seized me as I tacitly ad- fangs of the abhorrent brute in my flesh. ele gathering closer, and growing darker and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and him; and met Lota and her family on board | Suddenly my brave deer-hound lifted turning round—oh, Heaven!—to spare for it would rise far above the entire resuddenly. A strange, lugubrious, but ap- of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our found as soon as the level of the Missis-

> 'Windy Gap;' our firing reached the hear- the well. The owner of a saw-mill, some ing of our friends, and brought them out twenty miles from the Mississippi, in The horses halted, trembling; only the in hot haste to aid us. We were saved; Arkansas, dug a well to supply the boilto my bosom, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed in silence to

occurred soon afterwards; and you may and the well was dry again, having liter-"And we do not go near the forest," she | be sure, I never forgot my fight with the said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what wolves, and how pluckily my noble Lota backed me, or the somewhat original but | valley of the Mississippi, from its banks apropos mode in which "I Told my Love."

"Merciful God!" gasped Lota; "The line but a little way into the unfathoma- Gulf but for this provision of nature, to

Responsibility of Parents.

Time was, when setting on thy leaf, a fly Could shake thee to the root; and time has been When tempests could not."

If to pilot a ship across the ocean be a work of great responsibility, requiring but-the wolves!-and Lota! An instant | prodence and judgment, as well as knowledge and experience, much more is it to It was true, however. The severity of such a work to guide an immortal spirit 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 of men, haunting village and settlement. single sigh; but an immortal soul, wrecked

What the pilot is to the ship, the parent is to the child. The one conducts the waiting for the enemy he had already of special dangers, and then surrenders his charge into other hands. The other guides If my good horses had gone on so ad- a deathless spirit through the perils and quicksands of childhood and youth, and then leaves it to the mercy of a treacheradded wings to their speed as that of hunger ous world, to drift upon the tide of circareer 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, children do depart from the way they "Yes," was the answer; and she loaded | should go; or rather, are never taught to

Parents cannot be too deeply impressed presses upon them, or of the importance of the early religious training of the immand so much of their attention, their "Lota! if we die together, remember time, their labor, as the spiritual and inis their duty to train them up for heaven "Kill me first," she whispered, "I hear | -to fit them for usefulness in this world, your words; I echo them. You have my and for the enjoyment of the felicity of the redeemed. This obligation is laid "Oh, Lota! best beloved! what a mo- upon them; and it is in their power, in a ment to confess; and I know not if I feel | measure, so to do, else the injunction of the apostle had never been given them to bring up their children in the nurture and even of professing Christians, who, thro' I thought my ears would have split at the negligence of their parents, or the their dreadful yells, for they were now force of their evil example, or the want of apon us, opening out to surround us; and timely and judicious instruction, have though the horses held bravely on, I grown up in ignorance; to become vicious. dreaded every instant that sheer terror profligate, and wicked men; a cause of would paralyze them. It is scarcely pos- grief to their parents, and a source of sible to conceive the unutterable horror moral contagion to the wide circle of acwith beating hearts, forever, from that parents there are who see these evils, and charge them to their proper source, who With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, and | at the same time are little conscious that The blank question harped with a hor- hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to the course which they are pursuing with exercised their sorcery upon me ere this; rible jar on my most vivid nerves. Now bay and howl: they were closing in upon their own children is tending to the same

> MARVELS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.-The difference of level between high and low depth of the river from Cairo and Mem-I murmured a short prayer, to feel the creased, 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, my darling a more hideous fate, when gion south of us. If a well is sunk anysippi is reached. When the Mississippi Providence had directed the sleigh to goes down, the water sinks accordingly in When the waters receded, his well went down till his hose would no longer reach the water, and finally his well went dry. He dug a ditch to an adjacent lake, to let It was the prelude to a wedding, which water into his well; the lake was drained. ally drunk ten acres of water in less than a week. The inference is, that the whole to high lands on either side, rests on a porous substratum, which absorbs the Wisdom from above, like the love | redundant waters, and thus prevents that

> > which alone her safety is attributable.