

TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

S2.00 PER ANNUM. TERMS \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

NUMBER 2

VOLUME 2.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1860. sat in the shade of spreading trees, talk- her. How could she take herself from mar, now lying in her mother's arms. POETRY.

ing together of the days of their youth, either? How hurt one, when both were Written for THE ALLEGHANIAN. or relating the traditions of their ances- so dear? I'm Thinking of the Days, Mary. tors and the events of their own early

ence.

In this happy valley of the almost forgotten past, the wisest governed by his counsels, and the most beautiful was queen. Where all were lovely as perfect health, make them. Tamar was the most beautiful, as her grandfather, Olem, was esteemed most sage. The mother of Tamar, who, in her youth, had held the place now fill- | and her daughter's falling tears. ed by her daughter, was esteemed for her virtue and wisdom, as much as she had ever been admired for her loveliness .-The beautiful Tamar was beloved by allold and young. As she wandered along dewy morning, the blue firmament, with ers.' its embroidery of silver clouds, seemed bled their melodies for her delight; the other?" very flocks stopped grazing to look at her the horses neighed at her as she drew near them ; sweet-eyed gazelles approached her without fear. In this harmony of answer you.' Nature she walked-its queen-robed in | They kissed the mother's hand held out lustrous white, and crowned which choic- to them. They looked tenderly at the est flowers.

foot was swifter in the race—no arm strong-er in the flood. He could climb the prec-ipice with the mountain goat ; his arrow ages, when the earth should be stained ages, when the carth should be stained ages, wh

pierced the heart of the spotted leopard with crime and blood.

Arnette knelt down by her side, pressed his lips upon her lovely forehead, and "Arnette! Jaleph! why ask me to said to her mother, "I will bring him to

days, to the young people who gathered choose? Are we not happy? So let us her, or never see her more !" around them full of affection and rever- remain." In a week from that day, t In a week from that day, the brave Ar-

The young men looked in each other's nette led his cousin to the cottage of Tasaddened eyes, and felt that it could be so mar, and, placing their hands together, no longer. The happy time had passed. | said, "Take him, Tamar; he is thine !-As the group stood, hand-in-hand, in He fled, that I might be happy; I have the glow of sunset, the mother of Tamar found him, that thou mayest be happy freedom from care, and innocence, could came, in her sweet, matronly dignity, to with him thou lovest. Let me be the brother of both !"

The arms of both were twined around him. Who shall say that he was happy in his generous self-sacrifice as they in

The Golden Age lives in dim traditions and poetic dreams. It lives, also, in every heart that is generous and noble. He who can love without selfishness is a hero of the GOLDEN AGE.

Death Warrant of Our Lord.

Chance, says the Courier des Etats Unis, their incense of perfume ; the birds war- me all my life, how can I hurt one or the has just put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all Christians that has ever been recor-"Come with me, my daughter; you, my ded in human annals, that is, the identical death-warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ. The document was faithfully transcribed by our editor in these words: "Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting governor of Lower Galilee, stating Among all the youths who admired fair hand. There was no rancor or jealousy that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross: In the year seventeen of the Emperor

2. He is seditious.

God.

King of Israel.

of the brayest as well as one of the no- stake. To fight for the possession of the Tiberius Casar, and the 27th day of blest of the youths of the valley. No object of their love, however, was a mode March, the city of the holy Jerusalem-

Orders the first Centurion, Kullius

Forbids any person whomsoever, either

The witnesses who signed the condem-

Jesus shall go out of the city of Jeru-

1. Daniel Robani, a pharisec.

2. Joanus Robani.

3. Raphael Robani.

4. Capet, a citizen.

poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus

I looked at my weapon. I had fired the presidential chair of Prætory, conever, seized Tim's gun, resumed m

In the morning, when the light was about the color of a gray cat in the cellar, Tim roused me up, and we sallied forth. We marched silently along shore, "look-

Shooting Ducks.

ing sharp" through the reeds, Tim constantly whispering me to "keep my eyes skinned." The gun felt very heavy, and in that peculiar light looked about fifteen feet long. On we strode, my pulse going like that of a volunteer at Buena Vista. Suddenly says Tim, softly-

"Ah there's a chance, by Jove ! Now, my boy, all ready ?"

"Eh, chance ! where, at what?"

Tim put his fingers on his lips, and making me crouch down, pointed through the reeds. In a minute, sure enough, I saw a duck gracefully bobbing up and down, about fifty yards off or less. I became awfully excited.

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AS LAS IN ON

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"Let, let me shoot, Tim ?"

"Certainly ; crack away."

I knelt down ; my fingers trembled like those of a surgeon at his first operation. The duck looked about the size of a turkey gobbler to my distorted vision. It was a fearful moment. However, I recovered myself by a resolute effort, bro't the gun up, took a long, murderous aim, my fingers pressed the trigger-whang! I beheld the sky, and fourteen hundred thousand stars perpendicularly before me. Upon examination, I found this phenomenon was occasioned by my horizontal position on my back, combined with the concussion of the shot.

"You've hit him !" cried Tim. "He's wounded. Quick, quick, take my gun, while I load yours.

both barrels at once. I looked at the duck ; he was bobbing up and down violently. Considerably bewildered, I, how-

greet them. "What is this, my children?" she asked in alarm, as she saw their sorrowful faces "Dear mother," cried Tamar, "how can | their mutual love? I choose between those 1 love?"

The mother smiled, but the smile was not free from sadness.

"My daughter," she replied, "there the romantic banks of the river, in the must be one whom we love above all oth-

"Mother, mother," said the poor girl, as but her canopy ; the trees and shrubs nod- she buried her face in her bosom, "both ded their homage; the flowers sent up have been so kind, so noble, so loving to

Again the sad smile.

children, go. In seven days Tamar shall

weeping girl, and walked away, hand-in-Tamar, two of the worthiest aspired to in their noble hearts. It is true each one the favor of her love. Arnette was one | felt that the happiness of his life was at |

or the fierce wolf, that came to prey on Arnette and Jaleph were together, as demns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the

Disciples - Rev. W.M. LLOYD, Pastor -Preachevery Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Baptists-Rev. DAVID JENKISS. tor.-Preaching every Sabhath evening at taclock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Cabalie-REV. M. C. MITCHELL, Pastor -Services every Sabbath morning at 1016 clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS. MAILS ARRIVE.

11 o'clock, A. M. 104 " P. M. stern, daily, at 104 ** nt MAILS CLOSE. 41 o'clock P. M. ern, daily, attern, 35 at. 127 The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongson ke., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of h week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

mus Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursfars, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

124. The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday IFriday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M eave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays Saturdays, at 7 o clock, A. M. 194 Post Office open on Sundays from 5

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int	-Express Train,	12	7.18-P. M.
3	Fast Line,	44	12.12 P. M.
W.	Mail Train,	46	6.08 A. M.

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And thou did'st go with one who shared The love of thy young heart.

Thy fondly cherished hopes, Mary, Alas, they soon were crushed ; For thou wert in the cold earth laid-Thy voice in death was hushed, Far from thy mountain home, Mary, Beneath a western sky, Where murm'ring waters gently flow, The mouldering ashes lie.

I'm thinking of the days, Mary,

We roamed in joyous mirth;

Wind by our father's door,

And listened to its merry song

At early dawn of day,

And cull the flowers gay.

And in the shady forest, too,

Many an hour we spent,

Their richest odors lent.

Had faded in the west,

We laid us in our little bed,

And softly sank to rest.

In dreams I often see, Mary,

Those cherished scenes again ;

And as in happy days of youth,

Thou'rt ever with me then.

Those happy moments flown !

As those in childhood known.

Ah, me, those days we loved so well

Alas! there are no joys so sweet

Time swiftly hasted on, Mary,

The hours flew by us fast;

Were far too bright to last.

Thy lot was cast in a distant land,

And we were forced to part ;

O, could I once again recall

No cares our joys to blight,

We conscious of their flight.

As we sat on the pebbly shore.

With bosoms light and free, Mary,

We'd ramble o'er the verdant meads.

Where flowers to the passing breeze

There 'neath some spreading oak, Mary.

We gaily passed the hours, nor were

And when the last bright beams of day

When o'er our own dear mountain hills

How oft we watched the sparkling stream

The happy days of youth,

Though death has parted us, Mary, And severed kindred ties, We'll meet again in lands more fair, Above the starry skies. For death can never from us take The promise to us given, That they who trust in Jesus' name Shall find a home in heaven. ISEZ.

A STORY OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

In the far off Golden Age, which histoians allude to and poets decribe-in the her innocent slumber with enchanting beautiful valley of a small river which dreams. empties into the Caspian Sea, where roses Deluge ; before there were cities, king- end in sorrow. doms, wars, and the splendors, and vices and cruelties of a more advanced civilization.

paradise. The mountains, whose glitter- passion. ing praks were like a jewelled crown, surrounded the valley, and shielded it from love thee!" the cold blasts of the Siberian winds .-Silver cascades dashed down the precipices | heart of the innocent maiden. through evergreen trees, flowering shrubs and long, pendent vines. The emeraldgreen sward that sloped down to the river was bespangled with a thousand gay and through the grass; the c'umps of shrub- | beautiful one! wilt thou be mine?" bery were filled with delicious berries ; and grape-vines loaded the trees with purple her hands, and burst into tears. clusters. The choicest fruit grew spontaman.

In this delightful scene were scattered as his heart told him the decisive hour groups of rustic cottages-small, simple, had come. rude in structure, but so embowered with rich pastures, and flocks of sheep and they both adored. goats gave beauty and animation to the "I, too, love you, beautiful Tamar !" said flowers. With the lowing and bleating tween us." of the herds, mingled with the music of summer, breeze, the hum of bees, were fate that awaited him. mingled with the melodies of rude shep-

the flocks of the valley.

or to him in manly sports. They had were swimming in the river. Whether the hues of the cerulean heavens.

dignity, Jaleph had more skill and grace. he soon recovered. One was statelier in his walk; the other more aerial in the dance.

ways, each told his love. Arnette pre- Arnette pierced the fierce animal's heart, sented her with a gorgeous plume of the bird of paradise : Jaleph wove for her a her a horse fleet as the antelope, Jaleph learned to play the melodies which filled

So beloved, Tamar was very happy. No bloomed in a perpetual spring-time ; where one could tell which swain she favored .--all sweet flowers filled the air with fra- Had each one been her brother, she could grance, and all the melodious birds with | not have been more kind. The aged people, song-was gathered one of those happy who loved all their children, looked on and groups of familes into which mankind shook their heads; for they saw that this for Arnette, her appreciation of his noble were divided in the first ages after the must end, and they feared that it might

The Vale of Roses glowed like a new the more impetuous, first declared his and wept.

"Tamar," he said, "beautiful Tamar, I

"Dear Arnette," breathed from the open "Wilt thou be mine?"

Her lovely face which had been radiant with happiness, was clouded now with doubt and perplexity. Arnette saw, and odorous flowers; red strawberries gleamed asked again in deep, subdued tones, "O The queenly girl covered her face with

Jaleph at that moment came upon them, neously, and the upland terraces were holding in his hand an offering of flowers. covered with wheat and barley, sown by He stopped a moment in surprise at the the lavish hand of Nature, for the food of | dark brow of Arnette, and the tearful distress of his beloved Tamar. He grew pale,

With the frankness that belonged to the foliage and surrounded with spreading age of heroic innocence-before centuries trees, and so in harmony with the land- of selfishness, rapacity, poverty and crime BENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS. scape, that each cluster was a new picture had marred the bodies and deformed the of delight. Herds of cattle were lowing souls of men-he held out one hand to his in the meadows, horses neighed in their rival, and the other to the beautiful one

landscape. These were attended by shep- the youth with the blue eyes and golden last met." herds and shepherdesses, dressed in simple hair. "God of our fathers, witness my but graceful robes, and crowned with deep love! Here we stand! Choose be-

A pang shot through the heart of each, the distant cascades, the murmur of the but they stood, each nobly resigned to the

Tamar looked on each. So long had she herd's pipes, and choruses of happy chil- loved both, with the pure love of saintly

ever, in their light labors and their manly cross between two thieves-the great and His cousin Jaleph was scarcely inferi- pastimes. Two days had passed, and they

grown up together, and loved each other exhausted by exercise or weakened by like brothers. Arnette was dark-Jal- emotion, Jaleph could not swim with his eph fair. Arnette's black, and clustering usual strength. Soon his golden locks locks were like the raven's wing : Jaleph's were seen to sink beneath the waves. His shone like the golden sunshine on the sea. sincwy arms grew powerless. A cry from Arnette's deep brows : Jaleph's reflected the shore alarmed Arnette. He looked

6. He entered into the temple, followed for his cousin, and the next moment he Both were brave, and strong, and he- plunged beneath the surface. In a few by a multitude bearing palm branches in roic. If Arnette had more strength and moments he bore him to the shore, where their hands.

Again, they were hunting the leopard Cornelius, to lead him to the place of exin the mountains. Jaleph fell, and the wild ecution. Both loved Tamar. In a thousand beast sprang upon him. The lance of

and saved his rival from death. Christ. The seventh day approached. Neither garland of matchless beauty, made of had spoken to Tamar. They had but seen nation of Jesus are : shells and flowers. Arnette trained for her at a distance. Each had refrained from every offering or sign of love. Their loyal hearts would not permit them to take advantage of each other.

On the eve of the seventh day, they salem by the gate of Struenus. met in the assembly that gathered to prepare the morrow's festival.

The above sentence is engraved on a copper plate; on one side are written these Tamar had decided. Her heart, queswords : "A similar plate is sent to each tioned in solitude, declared for the golden tribe." It was found in an antique vase haired musician. But her love and pity of white marble, while excavating in the ancient city of Aquilla, and was discoverqualities, and her thankfulness to him for ed by the Commissioner of Arts of the twice saving the life of her chosen one,

The time came when Tamar also saw made her look at him with such a look of French Armies. At the exhibition of and felt that the noble cousins loved her admiration and gratitude, that Jaleph's Naples it was enclosed in a box of ebony with more than a brotherly love. Arnette, heart sank within him. He went forth of the sacristy of the Chartem. The

of his life was decided. He would not Hebrew language. wait for the morrow. Revealing his plan

to one faithful friend, we went forth in the darkness, and bade adieu to the happy valley.

When the morning came, Arnette repaired to the lovely cottage of Tamar .--She was pale, but more than ever beautiful. As she saw Arnette, she looked round for his cousin. She grew paler as ded to take some of his stock and peddle he came not, and was nowhere to be seen. it out. The jeweller selected what he

looked round, with visible concern. "Arnette," said the mother, "my daughter has decided. She will give her hand is Jaleph ?"

"I know not !"

"You know not? He should be here ! What has become of him ? Where is he !' "Alas, I know not !" said the heroic youth, grieved to the heart with the suspicion which these quick questions conveyed.

"Mother !" eried the pale and trembling girl, "be not unjust to Arnette. Twice cent., but an article for which I pay you has he saved the life of Jaleph since we

The confident of Jaleph came, and whispered Tamar that her lover had gone .-The roses that had left her cheeks now fled from her lips; she sank fainting on

the flowery sod. "What is all this ?" cried Arnette.

He was told that Jaleph had fled, and replied : why. And he knew, all too well, that he dren at play. The old people-their maidenhood, that the deeper love now who had fied from his fate despairingly not give you a glass of lager deserves to venerable heads covered with silver locks proffered only perplexed and distressed was the chosen love of the beantiful Ta- be kicked."

tion, took another deadly aim and fired. notorious evidence of the people saying : "T'other barrel! Quick ! or he's off !" 1. Jesus is a seducer.

cried Tim.

3. He is the enemy of the law.

"By George, you've missed him! He's 4. He calls himself, falsely, the Son of -no, he can't fly ! See him spin round ! Here, give him one more. Mind, aim 5. He also calls himself, falsely, the carefully! Now !"

Bang!

Bang! fiz-z-z ! bang! I saw the sky and one thousand more planets than before. When I arose, that diabolical duck was still there, spinning round more merrily than ever.

"Tim," said I, "that duck is remarkably tenacious of life."

"Ye-yes. The fact is, ducks are, generally-especially canvas-backs ; they are called so on account of the thickness of their skin. I am convinced that's a canvas-back."

"Tim," said I, "I'll take the skiff and shove out there and get him. You wait here. He's nearly gone now."

"Yes, I'll go back to the house and order breakfast. Our shots have spoiled further sport for this morning. I'll have things ready by the time you come back."

And without waiting for remonstrance, Tim walked rapidly off.

I got in the skiff, shoved out, reached the duck, (which appeared as I advanced to have its head entirely shot off,) picked it up, and found that-it was a decoy !

My remarks to Tim upon rejoining him at the hotel I have, upon reflection, concluded to omit.

TOADS LIVING IN PLASTER FOR YEARS. -M. Seguin, says the Medical Times & Gazette, wishing to ascertain what amount of truth there is in the marvelous tales of batrachians being found living within the substance of stones, has undertaken some experiments upon the matter. He inclosed some toads very firmly in plaster and left them for years in the middle of these blocks of factitious stone. At various intervals he has broken some of these blocks, and has found a certain number of the toads alive. One of the animals had remained thus deprived of air during ten years, another twelve, and a third fifteen years. Two still continue enclosed, and as "M. Seguin is very old, and fears that the two blocks may be lost to the purposes of science, he offers them to the Academy of Sciences, in order that it may hereafter test the truth of the phenomenon. Mr. Flourens announces on the part of the Academy its willingness to accept them, intending, after a verification of the dates of sequestration, to have the plaster broken in the presence of a commission ad hoc.

150, "Come here my little man," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years of age, while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled, "Do you know me ?"

"Yith, thir."

"Who am I ? let me hear." "You ith the man who kithed mama when papa was New Alk."

The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.

French translation, was made by the com-It seemed plain to him that the question missaries of arts. The original is in the

FIVE PER CENT .- An individual called upon a jeweller in Montreal and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for a few past years, some seventy-five dollars ; that he wished to invest in something whereby he might make money a little faster, and he had conclu-It was the appointed hour. Arnette, too, thought would sell readily, and the new pedlar started on his trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on to him her heart hath chosen. But where his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succedso well and accumulated so fast, that the

jeweller one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold.

"Well I put on about five per cent. The jeweller thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much.

"Well," said the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your per one dollar, I generally sell for five.

15%. A practical individual in a drinking saloon, hearing a partially inebriated gentleman quoting lon, "It is

A little thing to give a cup of water,"

"Yes, d--d little ! A fellow that would

