

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM.  
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 7.

NUMBER 30.

## SONG OF THORILDE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

There sat by the foaming sea  
A maiden of tender look;  
For many hours she sat,  
But nothing would bite her hook.  
  
She wore on her finger a ring,  
With a jewel as red as a rose—  
And, binding it fast to her blue,  
Far into the sea she throws.  
  
She rises up from the deep,  
A hand of ivory mold—  
On one of its fingers glisten  
Her jewel and ring of gold.  
  
Now lifts she out on the land  
A knight who is handsome and fair;  
He is robed in glittering gash,  
And sports in the sunny air.  
  
The maiden in terror shrieked—  
“O! knight, most noble and true,  
You must give me back my ring,  
For I did not fish for you.”  
  
They do not fish for fish  
With jewels,” the knight replied;  
“The ring I can only give  
When you promise to be my bride.”

## Buried Alive.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**P**rotestant.—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor—Teaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock, Sabbath School at 6 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock. **E**bensburg.—Rev. A. BAKER, in charge. Rev. J. P. FISHING, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 6 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. **R**ecorded.—Rev. L. R. POWELL, in charge—Teaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 6 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening. **S**ociety every Tuesday evening. **C**oncord.—Rev. W. L. LARD, Pastor—Teaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. **F**reedom.—Rev. D. B. EVANS, in charge—Teaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 6 o'clock. A. M. Preaching every Friday evening. **C**oncord.—Rev. W. L. LARD, Pastor—Teaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. **F**reedom.—Rev. R. C. CURRIVY, Pastor—Teaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. **C**oncord is at 7 o'clock in the evening.

### EBENSBURG MAILED.

MAILS ARRIVED.  
Mon., daily, at 9:30 o'clock A. M.  
Tues., " at 8 o'clock P. M.  
MAILS CLOSE.  
Mon., daily, at 8 o'clock P. M.  
Tues., " at 8 o'clock P. M.  
The mails from Grant, Carrollton, etc., arrive on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesday, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8 o'clock, A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

#### CRESCON STATION.

Mon. — Sat.	Balt. Express leaves at	8:35 A. M.
	Phila. Express	8:35 A. M.
	Post Line	10:35 P. M.
	Mail Train	8:02 P. M.
	Altoona Accom.	4:22 P. M.
	Phila. Express	8:48 P. M.
	Fast Line	12:30 A. M.
	Day Express	8:45 A. M.
	Cincinnati Exp.	1:35 P. M.
	Altoona Accom.	4:21 P. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of the Courts.—President Hon. Geo. A. Stetson; Associates, George W. Bailey, Harry C. Devine, Frank D. Johnson, C. E. Zahn, Robert and Recorder—James Griffin. Sheriff—James Myers. Notary Public—John F. Barnes. County Commissioners—John Campbell, Edward Davis, B. E. Dunigan, John C. McCormick—William H. Schell. Auditor—Bartholomew D'Emart. City Treasurer—John Lloyd. City Surveyor—George McCullough, Joseph Darley. City Clerk—George C. E. Zahn. Auditor—John P. Flannery, Jno. A. Kennedy, R. Stadler, County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan. Auditor—William Flannery. Auditor—John Orr. Sup't of Common Schools—J. F. Gordon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Surgeon—James A. Moore. Justice of the Peace—Hardeon Kirkendall, Edward J. Waters. School Director—B. W. Evans, J. A. Moore, Daniel J. Davis, David J. Jones, William M. Davis, R. Jones, Jr. Hospital Treasurer—Geo. W. Oatman. Clerk of Council—Saml. Simpson. City Commissioner—David Davis.

#### EAST WARD.

Town Councilor—A. T. Jones, John O. Evans, John Davis, Charles Owens, B. Jones, Jr., George W. Thompson, Thomas Todd.

#### West Ward.

Town Councilor—John Lloyd, Samuel Stoffer, Hardeon Kirkendall, John E. Scammon, George W. Thompson.

#### North Ward.

Town Councilor—Bartholomew D'Emart.

#### South Ward.

Town Councilor—William H. Schell, George W. Bailey.

#### SOCIETIES, &c.

##### 4 T. N.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M.

Meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the first Tuesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock.

##### 1 Q. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 418 L. O.

Meets in Old Fellow's Hall, Ebensburg, on Wednesday evening.

##### 1 Q. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE ALLEGHANIAN.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

OR  
\$1.00 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

found myself shut up in some narrow place that scarcely allowed of any movement whatever. How did I get there? What did it mean?

Suddenly, my old life-long fear returned upon me with a new terror that no language can express. Perhaps the dread horror of years had come, and I had been buried alive at last! The thought was so appalling that for some moments I remained paralyzed. Then I seemed gathered into one great agony, which sent forth the most wild and piercing shrieks of despair that ever issued from mortal lips.

Yes, it was a truth! My foreboding had ended in a reality, and I was now the tenant of a coffin, if not a grave! With another shriek, I turned in my narrow house, gathered in my strength, as it were, and threw it out from me with what seemed the bursting power of a giant. There came a sharp crack; my prison seemed slightly to expand, and I fancied with such intense and heartfelt joy as I did these possible keys to the living world.

But perhaps some tool might be found in the vault, left there by mistake!—some hatchet, hammer, pick, spade, crowbar—something! I searched everywhere, as well as I could by the dim, ghastly light, but found only two things that I could possibly use—a large spike-nail and a possible stone weighing over a pound.

No precious did even these seem! No miser ever clutched his gold and diamonds with such intense and heartfelt joy as I did these possible keys to the living world.

There was a portion of the door so decayed, that, with the use of the nail and the stone, I believed I could work a hole through large enough perhaps to admit my arm; and as this place was near where the bolt, if a single one, would naturally be, I had great hope I might be able to reach and slide it back. With this idea, I commenced at once, with all the energy of a man in my situation; and for hours I labored unceasingly—hammering, prying, and getting off splinter by splinter, till at last I could pass my arm through the aperture. O, what wild emotions of hope and fear thrilled me then! I trembled from head to foot, my respiration became gasping and difficult, large beads of perspiration seemed to start from every pore, and, sinking down on my knees, I prayed God to have mercy on me, and restore me to the world of life. Then I arose slowly, thrust my arm through the aperture, and felt around for the bolt. My hand touched it. With trembling eagerness I worked it back; and then the heavy door came slowly open, harshly grating on its rusty hinges. O, Heaven! What moment was that! Perhaps I was about to be delivered from the awful sepulcher! The very thought was an overpowering joy, which my nervous system, so long wrought up to the most intense excitement, could not bear; and I fainted, and fell at the foot of the stairs which led upwards from the charnel-vault.

The first important thing for me to ascertain was the dimensions of my sepulcher. Whether it was dry or not, I could not then tell, for I could see nothing whatever—not even my hand when I held it up close before my eyes. Everything must be done by feeling; and though shuddering with horror at the thought of what I might discover, I knew that delay could avail me nothing, and I resolved to set about the work before me. I rose up in my coffin and stretched my hands above my head; but they came in contact with nothing. I felt out on either side, but touched no object. I put them down below the coffin, and found it rested on a slab that was supported some distance above the ground, I could not tell how much. I got out of the coffin carefully, stretched down my feet till they touched the springs, and then all at once; and the tomb was contrived with proper ventilation, and provided with blankets and a key inside, so that in case of life returning after burial, I could secure myself against a deadly chill and speedily find my way out.

Why had I this fear to lead me to these precautions, unless the coming reality had cast its shadow upon me? My mummia, as many termed it, was known to all my friends, every one of whom had been separately charged to see me positively dead before burial. But what are precautions taken against fate? I was doomed to be buried alive, after all.

At the time I speak of, I was twenty-seven years of age, and living in my native place, an inland city. Urgent business called me to Boston, where I had only one acquaintance, a very dear friend, who had often invited me to come and make him a long visit. Unfortunately, he was at this time out of town, and expected to be absent several days; but his family insisted upon my making their house my home during my stay in the city, and would not in fact permit me to go elsewhere. On the third day, I had finished my business, and, as it was the last of the week, I decided to remain some two or three days longer, that I might get a sight of my friend before leaving.

On the following morning, I was found dead in my bed—at least, it was reported; and the strongest evidence I have against it is the fact that I am living now. The people of the house, of course, were very much excited and alarmed—their physician was called in, and afterwards the coroner. It was at length decided to put me in a coffin, and place me in a church vault till the return of my friend, who would of course have my body conveyed to my native place for final interment.

Thus it is seen that all my precautions failed me nothing; for, abroad, almost among strangers, I had taken on the semblance of death, and had been confined and entombed in the ordinary way.

I returned to consciousness in the night, in the vault of the church. Of course, I knew not then where I was. My first sensation was one of strange pressure and confinement. I fancied, as in a dream, that I had been seized for a maniac, a strait-jacket put upon me, and then forced into a narrow cell. This idea did not long hold its place. As my mind grew clearer, I began to recall what had happened during the past week—leaving home, going to Boston, transacting my business, and so on. I remembered being at my friend's house, and of deciding to remain longer than I at first intended, hoping for his return before my departure. All this gradually became clear, along with the last pleasant evening I had spent with his family. But then came a blank. What had happened since? And where was I now? I attempted to rise, and

was fastened on the other side—probably secured by heavy iron bolts. O, for the use of an axe for one-half hour! I would willingly have given for it all I was worth in the world. I struck against the door with my fist, and threw my body heavily against it; but only to discover its massive solidity, and to know that, without some implement to work with, all my efforts to escape would be worse than vain—that I might as well sit down and wait my appointed time.

But perhaps some tool might be found in the vault, left there by mistake!—some hatchet, hammer, pick, spade, crowbar—something! I searched everywhere, as well as I could by the dim, ghastly light, but found only two things that I could possibly use—a large spike-nail and a possible stone weighing over a pound.

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When consciousness and strength again returned to me, I went slowly and tremblingly up the damp, dim, and narrow stairs, till I came to the flag that shut in the whole. On my power to raise this depended everything! Life was above it—death below it! I put my shoulder against it, and pressed upwards with all my might. Gracious Heaven! It did not move! I was doomed! I uttered a wild, piercing shriek, and fell back in despair, the mostretched being in existence. As I sat there, on one of the cold, slimy steps, in an agony of mind that must soon have deprived my burning, throbbing brain of reason, I fancied I heard steps above me. What! Human life so near, and I was doomed to death in a sepulcher? No, no! Never! Never! I sprang to my feet with the fierce determination and strength of a madman, and, again putting my shoulder to the stone, I heard steps above me. What! Human life so near, and I was doomed to death in a sepulcher? No, no! Never! Never!

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