

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

W. HUTCHINSON, Editor.
E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1867.

NUMBER 7.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

JOHN FINLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. HERNY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

JOHN STANTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

MUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

MES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scriver, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High st., Ebensburg, Pa. [Feb 7-6m]

KINKAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 31-6m]

A. SPOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, east of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

MUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. GATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office on High street, east of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

C. WILSON, M. D., offers his services as Physician and Surgeon, and attendance of Ebensburg and surrounding country. [Jan 24]

W. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Dunn, Dealer in
Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, and Dye-stuffs, Perfumery, and Fancy Articles, Purely Imported and Selected for Quality and Branding for MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. [Jan 24]

W. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—Ebensburg, Pa.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, a General Banking Business transacted. [Jan 24]

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To My Wife.

BY JOSEPH BRENNAN.

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee.

Night-time and day-time I dream I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.

Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten;
Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly;
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and libly.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love, with its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.

Oh, spring of my spirit! Oh, May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom!

The past of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone is the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even—
Figures lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
When shadow and sunshine are chasing each other.

Smiles coming seldom, but ebullient and simple,
Opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple.

Oh, thanks to the Savior, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now, to know I am saddened?

Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme.

I cannot weep, but your tears will be flowing;
You need not smile, but my cheeks will be glowing;

I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond, as the words which I speak, love,

With a song on your lips and a smile on your cheek, love.

Come, for my heart in your absence is weary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee,
Come to the arms that would fondly caress thee.

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I hesitated,
"I cannot bind myself by any such covenant. The relations between physician and patient are of course confidential; but—"

The carriage paused abruptly here, and the door was swung open. At the same instant something cold touched my temple. It was the muzzle of a pistol. I recoiled in horror.

"You surely would not murder me?"
"You promise, doctor?"
"I promise!" I gasped, recoiling once more from the chilling touch of the cold steel at my temples.

"Very well; come!"
I was led up a narrow walk, through a doorway, into a room, where the bandage was removed suddenly from my eyes.

The spot was very familiar to me—a ruinous cottage, long since abandoned to decay, in the very heart of dense, swampy woods. How the carriage had ever reached it I was at a loss to know. Upon a pile of straw, hurriedly thrown into the corner of the mouldering floor, lay a prostrate figure, moaning at every breath.

His face was concealed by a handkerchief, and the blood was slowly dripping from a gunshot wound just above the ankle—a wound which had been clumsily bandaged by some unskillful hand. Moreover, there was a dark red stain on the straw where his head lay, and his light brown hair was matted with coagulated drops. Two or three men stood around, with ruddish masks of black cloth drawn over their faces, in which three slits were cut for the eyes and mouth; and a female figure knelt behind the heap of straw, veiled closely.

The men silently made way for me as I advanced into the apartment, and held their lanterns so that the lurid light should fall upon my strange patient. As silently, I stooped and examined both wounds.

"Well?" asked my carriage companion.
"I can do nothing. He must die."
"Nonsense!" A hoarse burst through the leg—what does that amount to?" hurriedly gasped the man.

"In itself, not much; but that blow upon the skull must prove fatal."
A low, half-suppressed cry broke from the woman opposite. She tore the veil from her face, as if she could not breathe through its heavy folds, revealing features as white and beautiful in their marble agony as so much sculptured stone. She did not seem more than thirty, but I afterwards knew that she was indeed more than ten years older. But in spite of her present anguish, how grandly beautiful she was! Large dark eyes—hair like jet—gold, catching strange gleams from the shifting lanterns—and a broad, smooth brow—it was a face you see but once in a lifetime.

And yet, in the midst of her distress, she never spoke.

"At least you can do something for him, doctor," said my interlocutor, impatiently. "Don't let us waste time here."
As I proceeded in my ministrations, the moaning grew faint and fainter, the convulsive movements became scarcely perceptible. A faint gleam of hope lighted up the face of the woman opposite; she looked appealingly at me.

"He is better—he is surely better!"
"He will be soon," I answered, moved to pity in spite of myself. "He cannot live half an hour longer."
The horror of that sepulchral silence that fell upon us as my accents died away—shall I ever forget it? Five minutes afterward, the breathing, spasmodic and painful to hear, died into eternal silence.

The woman lifted the corner of the handkerchief, and gazed into the ghastly face. It was that of a young man of about twenty-two, who had evidently been marvellously good looking.

"Oh, heavens, he is dead!"
Her clear, agonized voice was ringing in my ears as they led me back into the darkness of the night. I felt a bank note in my hand as I entered the carriage once more.

"Doctor, you have done your best; it is not your fault that your efforts have not been more successful. Remember, you are pledged to secrecy."
The next moment, I was whirling swiftly through the November midnight, with the strange, unquiet feeling of one suddenly awakened from a startling dream. Yet it was no dream—alas! it was a startling reality.

The carriage stopped at a cross road near the village.

"Please to alight here, sir," said the driver. "You are not far from home."
I obeyed, and stood listening in the middle of the road while the carriage wheels died away, losing their distinctness of sound in the shriek of the restless wind. The clock in the village church tolled out the hour of one.

Late as it was, however, my surgery was still open and lighted up; the servant from Haddenleigh Hall had just ridden up to the door.

"If you please, doctor, you are wanted immediately at the Hall. The Colonel said you were to ride my horse if yours was not already saddled, and I can walk, so there will be no time lost."

I mechanically mounted the noble animal that stood waiting for me, and rode off, rather glad of an opportunity to revolve in my mind the singular adventure that had befallen me during the evening.

Haddenleigh stood a little back from the road, on a magnificent knoll crowned with century-old chestnuts and beeches, and I reached the broad stone steps in about half an hour by dint of rapid strides.

As I entered the vestibule, Colonel Hadden, who had been pacing up and down the Hall in a perfect agony of impatience, came to meet me.

"Is that you, Dr. Meller? I thought you never would come. We're in a pretty state of confusion here. Burglars in the house—my wife's set of diamonds gone—nobody knows what else—but old Hopkins left his sign manual upon one of the fellows. They must be caught. They can't escape. For you see—"

"Yes, but Colonel Hadden—"

"Oh, ay—I understand you—you want to see your patient? It's Hopkins, the butler; he got an ugly blow on the left arm—and afterward my wife went herself for Dr. Maynard—no offence, Meller, but she lives nearer than you; but was out—She has only just returned, and I couldn't very well leave Hopkins; and Mrs. Hadden is such a kind, good soul, she insisted on going herself to fetch Dr. Maynard—"

"But, my dear sir—"

"Ah, true! Come along to Hopkins' room."

Hopkins, the butler, was as voluble as his master, and ten times as circumstantial; and by the time I had set his broken forearm, I was pretty well in possession of all the particulars of the attempted burglary at Haddenleigh. And thinking of my midnight patient, whose life had ebbed out upon the pile of straw, I felt a strange guiltiness as I listened to Colonel Hadden's eager conjectures as to the whereabouts of the desperadoes who had fled.

"And now, doctor, you'll take a glass of wine," said the hospitable old gentleman, ushering me into his library.

It was brilliantly lighted, and warm with the crimson glow of a genial fire, before which, wrapped in the gorgeous folds of an Indian shawl, stood a beautiful woman.

"My wife, doctor. Isabel, my love, this is Dr. Meller."

We stood before one another in silence. I could not speak, for I knew that I was looking into the startled, agonized eyes of the woman who had knelt scarcely an hour ago by the dying couch in the desolate cottage—Colonel Hadden's new wife, of whose beauty I had heard so much.

The Colonel talked on, but I heard not a word that he said. I could not but marvel at the wonderful self-possession of the woman, as she smiled and looked grave and said "Yes" and "No" in the right places.

"To be sure," the Colonel was saying, as I woke into a sort of consciousness of his voice, "the loss of Isabel's diamonds is something serious, but of course we shall recover them again. Only, my love, it was rather careless of you to leave them on the drawing-room table."

"It was careless," replied Mrs. Hadden, calmly. "Doctor, you are not going?"
Colonel, you have forgotten that curious old book you were wanting to show Dr. Meller."

As the door closed behind the honest old gentleman, Mrs. Hadden glided up to me and placed her cold hand on mine; it was like the touch of an icicle.

"Doctor, you have my secret—you surely will not betray it?"
"I am pledged to silence, madam," I returned, coldly; "but this deceit—"

"Is not my fault, doctor," wailed the woman, "it is my fate. How I endure it I can scarcely tell; were I to pause and think, I should go mad. The man who died to-night was my son! Colonel Hadden knows nothing of my first marriage, nor of this dreadful secret of my son's original life, that has weighed me down for years. Over and over again I have thought to escape it, but it has followed my footsteps like a doom. To-night closes that chapter of my life—oh, heaven! how dreadfully! But my secret is safe—the diamonds provided for that!"

"But your husband, Mrs. Hadden?"
She covered her pallid, beautiful face with her hands.

"I know what you would say, Dr. Meller. I love and honor him beyond all men; but what can I do? Believe me, I have never willingly wronged or deceived him. I never dreamed of—"

She paused abruptly. Colonel Hadden was entering the room, and the smiling, casual remark she addressed to him filled my heart with amazement—almost admiration.

I rode home to my blue-eyed little Eleanor, feeling as if I entered the sitting-room as if I were returning to the homely, happy atmosphere of every day life. But I never forgot the terrible excitement, the fearful suspense of that November night.

The desperadoes who had attempted to rob Haddenleigh Hall were never detected or taken—all trace of them seemed to have utterly vanished out of the earth. And were it not for the bank note which most liberally recompensed my services, and the everlasting witness borne by Mrs. Hadden's lovely face, I should almost have been tempted to fancy that all the events of that marvelous November midnight were the fragments of a dream.

The N. Y. Tribune.

The first number of the New York Tribune was issued on the 10th of April, 1841, with Horace Greeley editor, and Henry J. Raymond first assistant. Mr. Raymond began his journalistic career at ten dollars a week. At the outset, the staff was made up of five or six men; now the Tribune writers, home and foreign, number nearly three hundred.

It was started as a one cent paper—There were then twelve dailies, and but one hundred periodicals, published in New York. At present, the whole number of periodicals is about two hundred and fifty. Mr. Greeley had acquired considerable reputation as a political writer through his New Yorker. No prudent journalist would now undertake to found in New York a new morning daily with less than half a million dollars; but only one thousand dollars (borrowed by Greeley from a friend) were required for starting the Tribune. It began with five hundred bona fide subscribers, and the first morning printed five hundred copies. At the end of the week, the expenses were \$525, which was thought alarming and extravagant. During last summer, in a single day, the Tribune's telegraph bills (only one of many expenditures) have run up to \$1,500.

At the end of three months, Thomas M'Elrath took charge of the business department, and for several years the paper continued to be published by Greeley & M'Elrath. In 1846, it was changed to a joint stock concern of 100 shares, with a par value of \$1,000 each. These shares now sell at from \$6,000 to \$6,500. In 1865, (the most lucrative year in newspaper history,) the Tribune divided the sum of \$165,000 among its stockholders, besides setting aside a considerable amount for the purchase of material and the payment of an old mortgage.

The editorial department expanded so greatly that Greeley was unable to attend to its details. Accordingly, when it was changed to a stock concern, Charles A. Dana took ten shares, and assumed the managing editorship, a position which he held for fifteen years. Under Dana, the Tribune had a shining staff. George Ripley, one of the best book reviewers in the United States; Wm. H. Fry, one of the most brilliant journalists of the day; Richard Hildreth, the historian; Chas. T. Congdon, the humorist; Bayard Taylor, J. S. Pike, (now abroad in our diplomatic service); Samuel Wilkinson, a writer of great strength and picturesqueness; Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Sidney H. Gay, and many other able authors and correspondents, helped to fill its columns.

Its attaches have contributed largely to permanent literature; over two hundred volumes have been published from their pens. Greeley's "American Conflict" is reaching a sale of two hundred thousand copies, and will bring its author fifty thousand dollars. Dana and Ripley's "New American Cyclopaedia," published by the Appletons, is also a great success. Bayard Taylor has received from his dozen volumes and for lecturing, something over ninety thousand dollars. The sale of Richardson's "Field, Dungeon and Escape" has nearly reached one hundred thousand copies.

Dana, who left the managing editorship in 1862, was succeeded by Sydney Howard Gay, one of the most accomplished editorial writers in the country. He held the position until last May, when his health broke under the heavy burden. His successor is John Russell Young; born in Pennsylvania and educated in New Orleans. For several years he edited Forney's Press; and before taking the Tribune, was one of its editorial writers. His style is strong, simple and picturesque; his reviews of Buchanan's history of his own administration, and Greeley's "American Conflict" are noticeable specimens of newspaper composition. Young is only twenty-six years old, and promises to become one of the most successful writing and managing journalists in the country.

George Ripley still conducts the literary department; Clarence Cook is the art editor, and William Winter has charge of the dramatic. Some of the Tribune's best work has been done by women. Mrs. L. G. Calhoun, nominal fashion editress, but attached to the general staff, writes upon all subjects, as required. Her letters from the watering places last summer, and her articles upon cookery and other topics, have excited great attention. Miss Kate Field's recent criticisms upon Ristori were widely copied and noticed throughout the country. For several years the Boston Transcript was edited by a lady; and now the Springfield Republican, Chicago Republican, and some other leading journals, have ladies upon their staffs. It is becoming more and more apparent that in some departments of the greatest and most exacting professions of our times women excel men.

Greeley was born in Amherst, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, and is now fifty-five years old. He is a member of Dr. E. H. Chapin's (Universalist) church, where he may be seen regularly sleeping almost every Sunday in the year. Probably he is not always slumbering so soundly as he seems. On one occasion, after nodding all through a sermon by the famous Channing, he went immediately to

his office and wrote an abstract of it, nearly a column in length, which proved an exceedingly graphic, spirited and faithful report.

[Correspondence of The Alleghanian.]
Letter from Kansas.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, KANSAS,
Feb. 20, 1867.

When I left the Mountain Village, I promised, should your "ephemeral concern" be resuscitated, to post you and the readers of The Alleghanian in regard to events transpiring in and around the Jay-hawker State.

The most important topic now agitating the press and the people, outside of reconstruction matters, is the Indian question. The East, I fear, has imbibed some very romantic notions of the Indian. It appears to have grown enthusiastic in praise of the "noble red man," and looks with horror upon the aggressions heaped by the white man upon the race of which he is a representative. That the Indian was once possessed of some very good qualities, will hardly be doubted; but the Indian of one hundred years ago is not the Indian of to-day. They have been thrown into contact with the worst class of whites, and have learned all their vices, without at the same time acquiring any of their good qualities. They have had great injustice done them, it is true, and have been unmercifully swindled by agents in the distribution of annuities and presents, but no rose-water policy can convert a savage into a civilized being or prevent the wholesale massacres by them of peaceful citizens, so prevalent on our borders for some time past. The "Indian War" on the plains has been going on since 1864, and during that time 2,000 persons have been sent to their long homes, unnumbered houses have been burned and families broken up, and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of merchandise has been destroyed by the red men. A residence in the West soon dispels any romantic ideas learned from Cooper, Longfellow, and others, respecting the Indian. The sight of a lazy, half-starved Comanche, Arrapahoe or Apache, as we see him on the plains, is well calculated to suddenly change admiration into pity and disgust. The coming summer promises to be more sanguinary than ever, unless these savages are made to feel the force of the military arm of the United States. A large force of troops have been and are being sent to this department, and when spring opens, it is the intention of General Hancock to bring the Indians to a distinct understanding of what is required, namely, a surrender of their tribal organization and their assent to removal to the Indian Territory, under one supreme head.