

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1860.

NO. 31.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.
Ben's Creek, Carrolltown, Ches Springs, Crosson, Ebensburg, Fallen Timber, Gallitzin, Glen Connell, Headlock, Johnstown, Loretto, Mineral Point, Munster, Pershing, Plainville, Roseland, St. Augustine, Sulphur, Summit, Wmarr, Wilmore.

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Wesleyan—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 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.

Episcopal—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. 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.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and at 8 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " at 12 " " A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " at 6 " " A. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsburg, Pa., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, Pa., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West-Express Train, leaves at	9.45 A. M.
Mail Train, " "	8.48 P. M.
East-Express Train, " "	8.24 P. M.
Mail Train, " "	10.09 A. M.
Fast Line, " "	6.30 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts.—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor; Huntington; Associates, George W. Bailey, Richard Jones, Jr.

Prothonotary.—Joseph M'Donald.

Clerk to Prothonotary.—Robert A. McCoy.

Register and Recorder.—Michael Hasson.

Deputy Register and Recorder.—John Scanlan.

Sheriff.—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahn.

District Attorney.—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners.—John Bearer, Abel Lloyd, David T. Storm.

Clerk to Commissioners.—George C. K. Zahn.

Council to Commissioners.—John S. Rhey.

Treasurer.—John A. Blair.

House Directors.—William Palmer, David H. Harro, Michael M'Guire.

Poor House Treasurer.—George C. K. Zahn.

Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser.—Thomas M'Connell.

Auditors.—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cohaugh, Henry Hawk.

County Surveyor.—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner.—Peter Dougherty.

Superintendent of Common Schools.—S. B. McCormick.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace.—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.

Burgess.—Andrew Lewis.

Town Council.—William Kittell, William K. For, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward Schemaker.

Clerk to Council.—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.

Ward Treasurers.—Edward Glass, William Davis, 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.

Receivers.—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

Poetry.

Yearnings.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ABEY.

Take me from this clash and tumult,
Burst the town-bonds, give me air;
Oh! I do not like the world-look
That these stony faces wear,—
Time-worn faces,
Love-lost faces—
Joyless, world-worn, stony faces;
Oh! I do not like the world-look
That these stony faces wear.

Bear me back, alone with nature,
Where dreamy sunshine lies,
Like God's love on every feature
Of the landscape or the skies—
Where the loving winds have revelled,
And the thought-elves talked and toiled,—
Though it leave my locks dishevelled,
And my garments sore assailed.

Oh! I hate this clang and bustle,
Where life's heart-ache throbs and heaves;
Hate you silver, silken rustle,
Robes that sear the forest leaves;
And these stiff, impassive faces,—
Never sunlike, always old,—
Where there lie no love-born traces
Of the heart's forgotten joys.

Take me from this toil and bustle;
From this gush of silken sheen;
Where the green leaves smile and rustle,
And the thought-elves lurk between;
Dreamy spirits,
Flashing spirits,
Hear ye what their whispers mean?
Oh! I love the leaves' sweet rustle,
Where the thought-elves lurk between

Historical.

Reminiscence of Washington.

The revolution was over. Eight years' conflict had ceased, and now the warriors were to separate for ever, turning their weapons into ploughshares, and their camps into workshops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings; for, alas! in the remnants of that gallant army of patriotic soldiers now about to disband without pay, without support, stalked poverty and disease. The country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers of that period, according to history and oral tradition, were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of paternal inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the perilous support of the soldier at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other duty than that of the camp—their situation can better be imagined than described.

A single instance, as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related to the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburg, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieut. Col. Cochran, an aged soldier at the New Hampshire line, remarked, with tears in his eyes, as he shook hands with the baron:

"For myself I could stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garison of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them."

"Come, come," said the baron, "don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters."

When the good old soldier left them, their countenances were warm with gratitude—for he left there all he had.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served through the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The baron observed one of these poor negroes on the wharf at Newburg, apparently in great distress.

"What is the matter, brother soldier?"

"Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now the Congress has no farther use for me."

The baron was absent for a few moments, and then returned with a silver dollar that he had borrowed.

"There, it's all I could get. Take it."

The negro received it with joy, hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to New York, and as he reached the deck, took off his hat and said—

"God bless you, Master Baron!"

These are only single illustrations of the army at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this view at the close of his farewell address to the army at Rocky Hill, in November, 1793.

"And being now about to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer, in their behalf, his recommendations to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies.

Prose.

Yearnings.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ABEY.

"May ample justice be done them here and may the choicest of heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others."

"With these wishes and this benediction, the Commander-in-Chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scenes to him will be closed forever."

The closing of the "military scenes" I am about to relate:

New York had been occupied by Washington on the 25th of November. A few days afterwards he notified the President of Congress, which body was then in session at Annapolis, in Maryland, that as the war was now closed, he should consider it his duty to proceed thence and surrender to that body the commission which he had received from them seven years before.

The morning of the fifth of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington; he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with him in solemn council, the privates who had fought and bled in the "heavy fight," under his orders, were to hear his commands no longer. The manly form and dignified countenance of the "great captain" was henceforth to live in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion, and marched down Broad street to Francis' tavern, his headquarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with officers, and bid them all adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in line, facing inwards, through Pearl street, at the foot of Whitehall, where a barge was in readiness to convey him to Powell's Hook.

Within the dining-room of the tavern were gathered the generals and field-officers to take their farewell.

Assembled there were Knox, Greene, Steuben, Gates and others, who had served with him faithfully in the "tented field;" but alas! where were others that had entered the war with him seven years before? Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec, Wooster fell at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered while a prisoner at the battle on Long Island, and Mercer fell mortally wounded at Princeton; the brave and chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches of Yorktown, died in a trifling skirmish in South Carolina; the brave but eccentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child, was stretched upon the bed of sickness. Indeed, the battle-field and time had thinned the ranks which entered with him on the conflict of independence.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek, and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone. Men, "albeit, unused to the melting mood," stood around him, whose hands, uplifted to cover their eyes, told that the tears which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought to him. Turning to the officers, he thus addressed them:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my final leave of you, and I most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." He then raised the glass to his lips, and added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will take me by the hand."

General Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced, incapable of utterance. Washington grasped him by the hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the "silent eloquence of tears."

What were mere words at such a scene? Nothing. It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling, though unspoken.

Washington grasped his hand, in convulsive emotion, in both of his. All discipline was now at an end. The officers could not restrain the men as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand and the violent sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engrained upon their affections was the love of their commander.

When the last officer had embraced him, Washington left the room, followed by his comrades, and passed through the line of right infantry. His steps were slow and measured, his head uncovered, and tears flowing thick and fast, as he looked from side to side at the veterans to whom he now bade adieu forever.

Prose.

Yearnings.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ABEY.

Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest. A man who had stood by his side at Trenton stepped forth from the ranks and extended his hand.

"Farewell, my beloved General, farewell!"

At length Washington reached the barge at Whitehall, and entered it. At the first stroke of the oars he rose, and turning to the companions of his glory, by waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. Their answer was only in tears; and the officers and men, with glistening eyes, watched the receding boat till the form of their noble commander was lost sight of in the distance.

POWER OF READING.—Benjamin Franklin tells us, in one of his letters, that when he was a boy, he read Essays to do Good, by Cotton Mather. It was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing—"But the remainder," he says, "gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation, and if I have been a useful citizen the public owes the advantage of it to the little book." Jeremy Bentham mentions, that the current of his thoughts and studies was directed for life by a single phrase that caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet, "The greatest good to the greatest number." There are single sentences in the New Testament that have awakened to spiritual life hundreds of millions of dormant souls. In things of less moment reading has wondrous power. George Law, a boy on his father's farm, met an old and unknown book, which told the story of a farmer's son, who went away to seek his fortune, and came home after many years' absence, a rich man, and gave great sums to all his relations. From that moment George was uneasy, till he set out on the travels to imitate his adventures. He lived over again the life he had read of, and actually did return a millionaire, and paid all his father's debts. Robinson Crusoe has sent to sea more sailors than the press gang.—The story about Geo. Washington telling the truth about the cherry tree, has made many a truth-teller. We owe all the Waverley Novels to Scott's early readings of the old traditions and legends and the whole body of pastoral fiction came from Addison's sketches of Sir Roger DeCoverly, in the Spectator. But illustrations are numberless. Tremble ye who write, and ye who publish writings!—A pamphlet has precipitated a revolution. A paragraph may quench or kindle the celestial spark in a human soul—in myriads of souls.

HOME.—It is a little word; it has its own interests, its own laws, its own difficulties and sorrows, its own blessings and joys. It is the sanctuary of the heart, where the affections are cherished in the tenderest relations, where the heart is joined to heart, and love triumphs over all selfish calculations. It is the training school of the tender plants, which in after years are to yield flowers and fruit, to paternal care. It is the stream which beauty and enlighten social life.

If any man should have a home, it is the man of business. He is the true working man of the community. The mechanic has his fixed hours, and when these have run their course, he may, ere the day closes, dismiss all anxieties as his labors end, and seek the home circle. Comparatively little has been the tax on his mind, and not much more on his physical system, as he learns to make all easy.—But the man of business is under a constant pressure. His is not a ten-hour system, with an interval of rest; but he is driven onward and onward early and late, without the calculation of hours. He must be employed. In the earnestness of competition—in the complexity of modern modes of business—in the solicitous dependence on the fidelity and integrity of others—he has no leisure moments during the day. With a mind incessantly under exciting engagement, and a body without its appropriate nutriment, he may well pant for home, and hail the moment when he may escape from his toils to seek its quiet, and its affection and confidence.

—FERRIS.

Prose.

Yearnings.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ABEY.

Bread Making in Spain.

Finding myself about two leagues from Seville, in the picturesque village of Alcala de Guadaira, but commonly called Alcala de los Panaderos—or bakers—as almost all the bread consumed in Seville is made there, I determined to learn how it was made. No traveler who ever visits the south of Spain ever fails to remark, "How delicious the bread is!" It is white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light; the flavor is delicious, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded.

A practical demonstration is better than heresy or theory. I would not content myself with the description of the process of bread making, but went to the house of a baker, whose pretty wife and daughter I had often stopped to look at, as they were sorting the wheat, seated on very low stools in the porch of their house.—It was a pretty picture; their dark sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and snowy teeth; their hair always beautifully dressed, and always ornamented with natural flowers from their little garden in the back ground; their bright colored neckerchiefs rolled in at the top, showing the neck; their cotton gowns with short sleeves; their hands scrupulously clean, and so small that many an aristocratic dame might have envied them; surrounded by panniers filled with wheat, which they took out a handful at a time, sorting it most expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain in another basket. When this is done the wheat is ground between two large circular stones, in the way it was ground in Egypt two thousand years ago, the rotary motion being given by a handfolded mule, which paces round and round with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which, as long as he is moving, tinkles on; and when he stops he is urged to his duty by the shouts of "arce mule," from some one within hearing. When ground the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through; it is of a pale apricot color.

The bread is made of an evening; and after sunset I returned to the baker's and watched his pretty wife first weigh the flour and then mix it with only just sufficient water, mixed with a little salt, to make it into dough. A very small quantity of yeast is added. The scripture says, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" but in England, to avoid the trouble of kneading, they put as much yeast, or yeast, in one batch of household bread, as in Spain would last them a week, for the six or eight donkey-loads of bread they send every night from their oven. When the dough was made it was put in sacks, and carried on the donkeys' back to the ovens in the centre of the village, so as to bake it immediately after it is kneaded. On arriving the dough was divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long narrow wooden tables on trestles were then placed down the room, and to my surprise, about twenty men came in and ranged themselves on one side of the tables. A lump of dough was handed to the nearest, which he commenced kneading and knocking about, and then passed it to his neighbor, who did the same, and so on successively till all had kneaded it, when it was as soft as new putty, and ready for the oven. Of course as soon as the first baker hands the loaf to his neighbor, another is given to him, and so on till the quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The Baker's wife and daughter shaped them for the oven. Some of the loaves are divided into smaller ones, and immediately baked.—The ovens are very large, and not heated by fire under them; but a quantity of twigs of the herbs of the sweet majoram and thyme, which cover the hills in great profusion, are put in the oven and ignited. They heat the oven to an extent required; and as the bread gets baked, the oven gets gradually colder, so the bread is never burned.

They knead the bread in Spain with such force that the palm of the hand and the second joints of the baker's fingers are covered with corns; and so affects the chest that they cannot work for more than two hours at a time. They can be heard from some distance as they give a kind of guttural sound—ha, ha—as they work, which they say eases the chest. Our sailors have the same fancy when hoisting a sail.

I have kept a small loaf of Spanish bread for several months in a dry place, and then immersed it in boiling water and rebaked it, and I can assure my readers that it was neither musty nor sour.

A man's wife died lately in New York, and upon exhumation of the body, not a trace of poison was found in it. This is regarded as a remarkable proof of the advancement of virtue and domestic happiness in that city.

Prose.

Yearnings.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ABEY.

Wit and Wisdom.

A fool's maxim—Absurdity is the spice of life.

There is no lock in the world that requires such careful picking as wed-lock.

It is an old saying, but a very pretty one, that a blush is like a pretty girl, for it becomes a woman.

It is a great deal better to say less than half what you think, than to think only half what you say.

In marriage, as in war, the terms of capitulation are often violated by the conqueror.

In the throat of a man choked to death while eating sausages, was found a large piece of crass marked "Fido."

"Sarah," said a wag, "it's all over town?" "What's all over town?" was the anxious inquiry. "Mud." Sarah's eyes dropped.

If you would enjoy your cigar, and at the same time the society of the ladies, you should invite none but widows, for they will bring their own weeds.

As winds the ivy around the tree, as to the crab the moss-patch roots, so cling my constant soul to thee! my own, my beautiful—my boots!

One day last fall, a farmer in Illinois cradled three acres of wheat, and that night his wife, not to be outdone by him, cradled three babies.

A man, describing a prairie village after a hurricane had passed over it, said that next morning he "saw twenty houses full of people with their gable ends blown out."

Let young people remember that their good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness than the genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

Mrs. Partington says nothing depresses her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses when a recollection is to be taken up.

A man named Oats, was held up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

Next to the wonder how the milk got into the cocon-nut, came George the Third's marvel how the apple got into the dumpling. This has been succeeded by the question why white ashes should come from coal, when coals are so deuced black?

"Dad, let's go down to the alley and have a game at ten pins."

"Ten pins! What do you know about rolling?"

"Me! why I can jist roll your darned old eyes out in five minutes."

Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on the wall, "Try Warren's B—," but had been frightened from his propriety and fled. "The rest is 'lacking," said the wit.

The other night, a landlord discovering one of his customers drunk, and slushing about in the mire, went to his assistance, and setting him upon his feet, inquired if he was sick, or what the matter was. "No," replied the boozey customer, "I ain't drunk—but I'm almighty discouraged!"

A doctor ordered one of his patients to drink flower of sulphur water; the patient expressed his disgust by significant grimaces. "It is only the first glass that is hard to drink," said the doctor. "Then," rejoined the invalid, "I will begin with the second."

Millions of wild pigeons passed over Cincinnati on Sunday. A great fuss is made in this State when a single bill passes over the head of the Governor, and we wonder what Cincinnati must have tho't when so many bills passed over her head in a single day.

A wag called aloud in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre—"Mr Smith, your house is on fire," whereupon a hundred and twenty-five Smiths arose; when he continued, "It is Mr. John Smith's house," then sat down, leaving a preponderance of a hundred and fifteen Johns in a net amount of one hundred and twenty-five Smiths.

A legal gentleman of this city, who is unfortunately afflicted with an impediment in his speech, a few days since had his attention attracted by the stock in trade of a bird-dealer doing business on the side-walk in Nassau-street.

"Do-do-do-do-es tha-that that p-p-p-parrot talk?"

"Talk," was the indignant rejoinder; "if he couldn't talk better than you, I'd wring his neck for him."

The lawyer did not stop to trade.