

The Alleghenian.

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

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POETRY.

Early Spring.

Oh, sweetly now the seasons change
From dark and grim to lightsome eves;
The happy birds have longer range,
And later twitter on the eves.

The face of nature still is grave,
The dint of biting frost is there;
But shining laurels boldly wave
Their welcome to a milder air.

The earth looks soft, as if, beneath,
The sun's increasing warmth and power;
And soon shall pierce the tender sheath
Which holds the perfect snow-drop flower.

Dear is the earliest dawn of spring—
This hint of future ecstasy—
The thrushes feel it first, and sing
Enraptured on yon naked tree.

I would that I like them could pour
Songs sweet as is my heart's delight!
And when earth's winters all are o'er,
I hope to hail a spring as bright.

THE OLD HOUSE IN JUDEN STRASSE.

In one of the most distinguished quarters of Frankfort-on-the-Maine was the street called Juden Strasse, or Jews' street. Although in the very heart of the city, it was quiet and retired, and represented but a small number of the busy residents of Frankfort.

In one of the houses dwelt a Jew, whose love of gain—if, indeed, such a passion had entered into his soul—was under the full domination of his honesty and integrity. These were jewels which he prized far above the gold and precious stones with which his brethren sought to solace themselves for their outward poverty of appearance.

I will not say he was not earnestly seeking for means to provide against the future contingencies of fortune, and to lay up something for the little ones who sat around his board; but high above all these was enthroned a pure principle of honor and justice, perfectly incorruptible, to the loss of which wealth and honors could not bribe, nor poverty compel him.

The wife of Ben Heber Rothschild was a fit companion for such a man. Stately as an Eastern Princess, and beautiful as only her own race can be, in wealth and brilliancy of her deep black eyes and raven hair—distinguished for the peculiar purple tint that flashed over all in the sun's rays, just as the gleam over the ring-dove's neck—Sarah Rothschild was as good as she was beautiful.

Their house was neat and beautifully ordered, although the furniture was all of a simple form, it was made of rare old wood, that would now bring its weight in gold. One closet was devoted to sets of different patterned Dresden china, the heir-looms of families who had been impoverished, and who were glad to let them lie in the Jew's closet, while they lived upon the money they brought. Ah! how few could redeem them. This closet was often carelessly exposed to strangers, and its wealth of beautiful cups and plates was the theme of many lips, as it was the admiration of the children of Ben Heber. They, indeed, were never tired of gazing on the paintings and fine gilding that enriched the china.

Although the outer closet was thus fearlessly exposed, few would have imagined that behind its seemingly secure back there was an inner one that contained princely inheritances in gold and diamonds. This was the trust closet, so constructed that the closest inspection would not reveal its existence, and in it were hidden, not the treasure that extravagance had pawned and for which the worthy Jew was receiving profits, but simply those which had been entrusted to his integrity to keep and for which he would never be paid.

One night when the family were about to retire to rest, a faint knock was heard at the door, and was answered by the master of the house. A gentleman plain and simple in his dress, and carrying nothing, not even his cane with which to defend himself from attack, appeared on the steps. His person was wholly unknown to the Jew, and it seemed that his was equally so to the stranger, for he was particular in asking for him by name.

He ushered his visitor into the room in which his wife was still sitting as he left her, in front of the famous closet, which stood with its wide glass doors quite open. At first the stranger seemed half disposed to object to the presence of the lovely Jewess; but when she turned her superb head and acknowledged his presence by a bow, while her grave and serene countenance relaxed into a smile, he seemed content that she should stay and witness his business with her husband. This was soon unfolded. The visitor was a German prince who, for some political or personal reason, was forced to flee from Frankfort. He

had heard of the purity and uprightness of the man with whom he had come to deal, and he wished to place all he had in the world under his charge, if he would accept the trust.

"I wish only," said the prince, "to retain enough for my expenses to a foreign land. Once there, it will go hard, if a prince cannot find something on which to exercise his wits sufficiently to obtain a living. If nothing offers nearer, I shall shape my course to that land toward the setting sun, where, I am told, the distinctions of rank vanish and where every man is as good as his neighbor."

The Jew promised, and asked when he would bring his treasure, so that he might be able to appoint a private meeting to arrange their business.

"I have them here," said the prince, drawing from beneath his vest a wide girdle. On examination, it was found to press apart with a secret spring, and in its recesses which were deeply lined with soft wool, was found a collection of the most precious and dazzling stones that ever graced the eyes of the Jew. Diamonds, whose lustre was like a star, rubies and sapphires, each of which was worth a princely, were in turn admired and commented on, and taken account of. It was past midnight when the examination was ended and the accounts finished.

"Now," said the Prince, "I would fain see where my treasure is to lie, that, in case anything should happen to you and your wife, I might know where to seek it."

"This is a precaution of only common prudence," answered the Jew. "You shall yourself behold it put in a place of safety, from which it will not be removed until your return, save in circumstances in which even the sacrifice of my life may be demanded."

The shutters were closed to prevent all prying eyes. The Jew and his wife moved the china from one side of the closet, and then carefully slipped aside the panel, which had been so beautifully fitted that no one ignorant of the secret could have detected it, the girdle was lowered into a receptacle beneath the shelf. In a moment all was replaced. The Prince bowed his thanks, shook hands with his new friends, and was soon on the road flying from pursuit.

Months passed into years, and the Jew worked early and late. The beautiful Sarah watched the cradle of her children with a mother's tender affection. Her ambition for her sons was not that they should become great, but good men; but she hoped they would become a little more successful in life than their plodding, laborious father.

Then came the terrible French invasion, and those revolutions which convulsed all Germany. Frankfort, Hamburg, and Bremen, felt the shock; and the poor Jews hunted, pillaged of their wealth, denounced and persecuted, were scarcely able to escape with their life; while the horrible cry of "down with the Jews," prevailed over all other sounds, and deafened the ears of the poor Hebrews themselves.

In this time of alarm, confusion and dread, Sarah Rothschild kept a brave woman's heart within her bosom. She did not blanch from sorrow, but grew more gloriously beautiful and stately than ever. A mother and a wife, she lost sight of herself in heroic love for the dear objects of her affection. The house was ransacked and pillaged—everything of value was taken by the lawless French soldiery, who scornfully reviled her husband for compelling such a magnificent woman to drudge out her life in so poor a cage. The persecution did not cease here. Every Jew who put his head out of doors was required to take off his hat to Christian; and if he omitted this act of humiliation, he was stoned, and otherwise abused.

The proud spirit of Sarah chafed to see her husband and the brave, beautiful boys who dared to rebel against the multitude, receive insults and threatenings from even the children of the Christians.

Years went by. The Prince returned. He had seen both troubles and joys in times in the far country which he had flown to as a refuge; and now, with renewed health and strength, and a brave strong spirit that was determined to take life as it came, and bear on without murmuring, he settled quietly down near Frankfort. All around him were traces of the recent struggle with a foreign power; but as the grass springs up elastic from the foot that treads it down, so does a city or nation recover itself after the oppressors have been trampling within its borders.

The German Prince sometimes thought of the treasure he had committed to the Jew; but he knew what his class was reported to have suffered, and felt that in those times of extremity, human integrity must fall before the absolute necessity that

surrounded the unhappy Jews. He comforted himself that, at least, the highbred and stately Jewess and her husband might have been most essentially benefited by the deposit he had left with them, and thus the matter rested in his mind.

One morning, while the prince was at breakfast, he was told that a person wished to see him on business. He desired his presence in the breakfast room, and, on his entrance, was surprised and gratified by the sight of his old friend the Jew.

"I came," said he, "to speak about the property left with me."

"Don't mind that at all, my friend," interrupted the prince, "but come and take breakfast with me. Nay, I insist and pray do not mention the affair. I rejoice that it was there to do you service in a time when you must have needed so much. Sit down, and in this admirable coffee we will drink away its remembrance altogether."

The Jew took the proffered chair.

"Believe me, Prince, your treasure is all safe, just as I told you. The closet was searched again, and again every seam examined without success. The fine old china, and, indeed all our possessions were sacrificed to the plundering rapacity of the enemy; but thanks to the name of Israel's God, we were enabled to keep secret the trust you reposed in us. Your property only awaits your order to be restored to you as you gave it."

The Prince was astonished.

"I had scarcely believed in such virtue, my friend. You have taught me that a man's integrity may be incorruptible; and henceforth I shall have increased faith in the dignity and purity of human nature."

A few days after this, the Prince called at the house in Juden Strasse, and received his girdle with not a stone missing. In that very house the children of Ben Heber were educated in the principles of honor and justice. Everywhere the integrity of their father was sounded abroad by the Prince, who deemed that his thanks and presents alone were not sufficient. The world heard the tale, and the humble Jew received not only the trust but the companionship of princes and nobles. In all parts of the commercial world men heard the name with veneration, and at this day his family are scattered about in the grandest cities in Europe, the monarchs of finance, the arbiters of the money market, the successful, because honorable, controllers of the wealth of nations.

But though frequently urged to make her home in one of the princely palaces in which they dwelt, Sarah Rothschild passed her peaceful old age in the old house in Juden Strasse. When her sons, who were princes in their country's gift of nobility—given, too, to merit alone—when they visited her, she received their lessons of truth, and the stately woman rose up with a grace and dignity that would seem to belong only to a queen, and laying her hands upon their heads, would bless them in the name of Israel's God.

"May thy tribe increase!" is the heartfelt thought of all who know their worth and integrity. Such is a true sketch of the great house of Rothschild.

DEPRIVED OF THE GOSPEL BY FOXES. That was a novel but not so bad an argument which the mountain member urged in the Kentucky Legislature.

A few years ago, a bill proposing a premium on fox scalps was under discussion. It had been somewhat roughly handled in debate by members from the more populous regions, where foxes were scarce, and Mr. L., from one of the mountain counties, rose to reply. I give only his peroration:

"And we are Mr. Speaker—we of the mountain regions—not only to witness the annual destruction of our crops, but actually to be deprived by these varmints of the consolation of religion?"

This woke the House up, and set it agape for an explanation. He continued:

"You know, Mr. Speaker, that we live in a rough country; that your fancy churches—your Presbyterians and Episcopalians—never send preachers among us. We depend for the Gospel upon the circuit-riders of the Methodist church; and, sir, everybody knows that they cannot be induced to travel where there are no chickens, and that chickens cannot be raised where foxes abound!"

The argument was unanswerable, and the bill became a law.

"Papa, what does the editor lick the price current with?"

"Why, he don't do it my child."

"Then he lies, pa."

"Hush, Tom! that is a very naughty word."

"Well this ere paper says, 'Price Current carefully corrected,' and when I am corrected, I gets licked, don't I?"

Philosophy of Butter-Making.

As we all know, butter exists in the form of minute balls or globules, each being enclosed in a sack or membrane-like covering. It is not the material of which butter is made that is contained in these little sacks, but butter itself, in a perfect state. While invested with their coverings, these globules float about in the milk, or rise to the top as cream, but cannot be made to adhere together. Before this can take place, the coverings must be removed. The effect of "churning" is to remove them, thus liberating the butter, and then to bring them together into a mass. These facts are known to all intelligent dairymen. But now comes the error, namely, the supposition that it is of no consequence how the coverings of the butter globules are removed, and the contained butter liberated; that it is of no moment whether the butter globules are crushed or ground between hard surfaces, or burst by concussion from being dashed violently against hard substances, or by whirling bars, slats or rods rapidly through the milk or cream; or whether they are released from their investments in some more gentle manner. Now this is all a mistake. It is of the most essential importance, if we would have good butter, how the globule is divested of its covering; and we will state why:

"Butter being in the most perfect condition possible while it is in its globular state, and covered with its natural investment, any change of that condition excepting the mere removal of this investment, whether from the temperature being raised too high, from the globules being crushed, mashed or broken down, or their natural conformation being in any other manner destroyed or to any extent altered, necessarily injures the quality of the butter. It is for this reason that too much butter is injured by being 'worked,' which is only a process of pressing the globules upon each other, and thereby crushing them out of their original shape and state into a compact mass, like lard. It is for this reason, also, that the modern contrivances for grinding milk and cream between metallic rollers or revolving disks, and all the quick-moving rotary churns, while they may 'bring the butter' quickly, injure its quality, making good grease rather than good butter. The best butter is said to have a 'grain.' What does this mean? Simply that the original globular formation of the butter has not been broken down, and just to the extent that it is broken down is the quality injured, the 'grain' disappearing, and the mass becoming 'greasy' and lard-like. The butter globule must not, then, be divested of its covering by any process which shall break down its original structure, if we would have good butter.

What, then, is the true method of removing the coverings of the butter globules? We answer, that it is to wear them off by the rubbing of the globules against each other and upon the fluid surrounding them; not by crushing or bursting them by grinding, pressing or striking them with or against hard substances, but by a continuous but gentle agitation, causing friction among the globules themselves.

Another essential is that all the butter globules shall be divested of their coverings, as nearly as possible, at the same time; otherwise, some are too much 'worked' before the others are free, and some may not be liberated at all, and remain in the butter-milk.

SPROUTING SEED POTATOES.—The Rural New Yorker gives an account of some experiments with potatoes, showing that "from a whole potato, as a general rule, only from two to four of the strongest eyes grow, the others remaining dormant—the eyes obtaining the first start appearing to have exhausted the nutriment in the potato before those slower in growing had gotten ready to claim their share." The same potato cut in two, three, or even four pieces, would give about the same number of shoots to each set, though the smaller sets the weaker were the shoots. To these rules there were some exceptions, for occasionally most of the eyes in a whole potato would commence growth about the same time, and a good many small shoots would be the result, while sometimes a very small set would give one or two strong shoots.

GROCER.—"Well, Augustus, you have been an apprentice now these three months, and have seen the several departments in our line of business; I wish now to give you a choice of occupation."

Apprentice.—"Thank'ee, sir."

GROCER.—"Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?"

Gus, with a sharpness beyond his age.—"Shutting up, sir."

True modesty is a discerning grace.

Pride Mortified.

At a ball given in Pyrmont, a celebrated watering-place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Göttingen student, requested a young lady to dance with him. Just as the dance was about to commence, the lady inquired of him, "With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"I am the tutor of Count Z—," replied her partner.

"And a commoner, I presume?" she rejoined, to which he answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, then," continued the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner."

This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the continent to be so deserted on the eve of a dance, is to lose caste for the rest of the night, if not longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is.

The young man quitted the room, and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself.

His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress.

"You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball-room followed by his tutor.

The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the young count requested the rejection of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoiced at the immense stride which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor to paring off with the wealthy noble.

Just before the dance began, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put:

"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"With the Lady Von B—," she replied.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side.

He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room.

Few will deny that it was a well merited punishment.

ORIGIN OF HAIL COLUMBIA.—The song of Hail Columbia, adapted in a measure to the President's March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, in 1798. At that time, war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Mr. Hopkinson one morning, and said:

"To-morrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the President's March, I would feel sure of a full house. Several people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done. Yet I think you may succeed."

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The time and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the theatre placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience were delighted—eight times it was called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined to the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre; and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in our streets.—Such was the origin of our national song, "Hail Columbia."

An Irishman entering the fair at Ballinagone saw the well-defined form of a large round head, bulging out the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillelah—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught.—Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction. "Och! Nicholas," said they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?" Troth, I did not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convenient, I could not have helped myself."