

# The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1860.

NO. 40.

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PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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**Presbyterian**—REV. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.  
**Methodist Episcopal Church**—REV. J. SHANE, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.  
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**Calvinist Methodist**—REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock A. 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. 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.

**Episcopal**—REV. Wm. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 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.  
**Presbyterian**—REV. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

### EBENSBURG, PA. MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock A. M.  
Western, " " 10 1/2 " P. M.

### MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 4 1/2 o'clock P. M.  
Western, " " 6 " A. M.  
The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongtown, 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 Newmarket, Pa., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week at 3 o'clock P. M.  
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The Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**WILMORE STATION.**  
West—Express Train, leaves at 8:55 A. M.  
" " Mail Train, " 8:57 P. M.  
East—Express Train, " 7:18 P. M.  
" " Fast Line, " 12:12 P. M.  
" " Mail Train, " 6:08 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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**Deputy Register and Recorder.**—John Scanlan.  
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**Council to Commissioners.**—John S. Rhey.  
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**Poor House Steward.**—James J. Kayser.  
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**County Surveyor.**—E. A. Vickroy.  
**Coroner.**—James S. Todd.  
**Superintendent of Common Schools.**—T. A. McGuire.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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**Weigh Master.**—William Davis.  
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**Constable.**—George Gurley.  
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**Assessor.**—Richard T. Davis.  
**Judge of Election.**—Isaac Evans.  
**Examines.**—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

## POETRY.

### He's Coming.

He's coming, the blushing rose  
Whispers it low to me,  
And the starlight hastens with it,  
Over the twilight sea;  
All trembling the zephyrs tell me,  
On the light winds hurrying past,  
And my own heart quickly beating,  
Coming, coming, at last.  
The soft-lipped waves of the ocean,  
Gathering at my feet,  
Breeze-born at the coral island,  
Murmur the secret and sweet;  
There's not a dew-steeped blossom,  
Or glistening orange tree,  
But furnish its glee-laden,  
To breathe this joy to me.  
List! that is the sound of rowing  
Steading along the air,  
I must gather around my temples  
This weight of braided hair,  
And trust to growing darkness,  
And evening shadows dim,  
To hide with their wings the traces  
Of tears I've shed for him.

### BRADY'S LEAP.

During the early settlements in the western part of Pennsylvania and the north-western part of Virginia, the hardy adventurers into those then wildernesses often at times suffered severely from the incursions of the Indians. As early as 1789, quite a large body of warriors, from the vicinity of Cuyahoga Falls, came suddenly down upon the unprotected frontier, and, before any check could be put to their ravages, succeeded in murdering and plundering quite a number of whites, and effecting their retreat in safety.

At this time, there was a well-known Indian hunter in that vicinity, one Capt. Samuel Brady, whose many daring exploits and hair-breadth escapes had rendered him as famous throughout that region as his cotemporary, the celebrated Daniel Boone, was in Kentucky; and having under his leadership a goodly number of as brave and daring spirits as himself, he at once called them together, selected a certain number for the expedition, and set out on the trail of the savages, hoping to overtake them and inflict a severe chastisement before they should reach their villages.

In this respect, however, the captain and his friends were disappointed, for the Indians had gained a start which enabled them to reach their towns in advance of their pursuers; but as they belonged to different tribes, it was discovered that he had separated on the bank of the Cuyahoga, one part crossing it and going to the northward, and the other turning off to the westward, as it was supposed, to the Falls, where it was known there was a village.

This division of the Indians rendered it necessary for the whites, if they would follow each trail, to divide their force also, which would weaken it materially, and render their further pursuit still more hazardous; and in view of this new danger, Captain Brady stated the whole matter fairly to his companions, and inquired of them what they were disposed to do under the circumstances.

Should he follow either one of the trails, he said, the other half of the Indians would escape; should they follow neither one, all would escape, and should they divide, each division would be comparatively small, and they might all be cut off in detail; therefore, it was for them to choose whether they would go forward in one party or two, or return as they were without striking a blow.

The men were not long in deciding; they were unanimous in their desire to push forward and take vengeance upon the enemy; they also preferred a division of the party, and accordingly about one-half of them immediately crossed the river and set off to the northward, while the remainder, under Captain Brady, followed the westward trail to the Cuyahoga Falls.

It was the design and expectation of the gallant Captain to take the Indians by surprise; but the latter, expecting to be pursued by the whites, were prepared to receive them, and it was only by a mere accident that the borderers were saved from falling into an ambushade which would have proved fatal to all.

Seeing that the Indians were fully prepared for them—that there was no chance of taking them by surprise—that their numbers were at least four times as many as their own—our friends judiciously determined upon a retreat; but they had not gone far when the Indians, uttering their wildest war-whoops, set after them in a body.

Knowing that if his men continued together there would be no hope for any of them, Captain Brady, in order to save as

many lives as possible, called out to them to disperse in every direction, and each man to look out for himself. By this means he expected to divide the Indians into small parties in their pursuit of single individuals; and this might have been the result had they not, unfortunately for his own safety, discovered in him their most vindictive and troublesome foe, and at once resolved upon his capture.

Captain Brady was well known to the Indians; in former times he had hunted with them over these very grounds; but he had subsequently become their most implacable enemy, and had done them so much injury as to create in them a fiendish desire to take him alive and put him to the torture—they well knowing that the accomplishment of this purpose would not only rid them of the men they both hated and feared, but would deprive the whites of their bravest and most daring leader, and would thus strike a more effective blow against the latter than would the destruction of a dozen or twenty men of less note. For this reason, therefore, the moment it was ascertained that he was one of the party, his capture was determined on by all, and turning from the pursuit of the others, the whole yelling crew set after him.

Captain Brady had something of the start, and was one of the fleetest runners on the border; that he could distance and escape from a few, he was sanguine enough to believe; but when he found himself recognized, and, looking behind him, saw the whole body in chase of himself, his very heart seemed to die within him.—What chance had he of escape, indeed—single-handed and alone—far from the refuge of even a wilderness fort—and with fifty infuriated Indians in hot pursuit, urged on by a spirit of revenge, and resolved, above every other earthly consideration, upon taking him alive or dead?

But the Captain was a brave man, and a brave man dies but once; he was a sanguine man, too, and would not consider his case hopeless while the freedom of his limbs remained; and though, as he afterwards expressed it, "it was hardly one chance in fifty, yet he was determined to do his best, and have no fault to find with himself from a lack of effort."

Near the point where the race first started, the Cuyahoga makes a bend to the south, so as to nearly enclose an area of several miles in the form of a peninsula; the direction taken by Brady soon brought him within this enclosure; and the Indians, by extending their line to the two banks of the stream, at the point where they most nearly approach each other, considered him as in their net, and announced their satisfaction by yells of triumph. There was now, in fact, no chance for him but to escape through their lines, or across the Cuyahoga river; and considering that the foremost pursuers were not fifty yards behind him, either of these chances were regarded by the savages as an impossibility.

Still the hardy and gallant captain did not despair; he had many a time hunted over this very ground, and knew every inch of it, and all the windings, turnings, and peculiarities of the river as well as the Indians themselves; he knew, too, there was one point where the river, compressed within a few feet, rushed roaring and foaming through a rocky gorge; and it at once occurred to him to shape his course for this point, and make a bold, desperate leap for the other shore. He might fall short, and be dashed to pieces upon the rocks beneath, it was true; but this would only be a quick and sudden death; the awful tortures of the stake awaited him if taken alive; and to take him alive was unquestionably the design of his pursuers, since they had neglected to fire upon him from a distance which would have made their aim fatal.

Casting away his rifle, as only an incumbrance which could not serve him in this strait, he bounded forward with renewed energy; and with a bare hope of life before him, he fled with a speed that few could equal—slightly gaining upon the fleetest of his foes—but not sufficiently, during the whole race, to take him beyond the easy reach of a rifle ball.

Nearer and nearer he came to the rushing and foaming stream; and as he heard the roar of the waters, and saw that he but few seconds could intervene between the present and the awful leap which might save or destroy him, his heart beat wildly, and his whole frame seemed to tremble with the intense concentration of his mind upon the fearful venture.

Nearer and nearer he came; louder grew the roar of the waters; the awful chasm gradually yawned before him, and the white spray of the fearful torrent rising to his view; the Indians yelling behind, and his only hope here; and then contracting his muscles, as his feet lightly pressed the precipitous rock, and throwing into them all the power of his concentrated

will, he leaped into the air, like a bounding ball and landed safely upon the other rocky abyss, striking a little below the height from which he sprang, but passing a clear distance of twenty-two feet between the mural shores.

Instantly grasping some bushes which fringed the verge of the awful chasm, to prevent himself from falling backward into the seething stream, the gallant captain stood for a few moments, panting from his exertions, and trying to recover his breath for still another flight.

In those few moments the Indians appeared upon the opposite bluff, expecting to find that he had been dashed to pieces upon the rocks below; but on discovering him safely on the opposite side, their astonishment was so great as involuntarily and simultaneously to draw from them some two or three short approving whoops—forgetting in their first surprise that he was clearly beyond their reach, and not seeming to recollect it till he had begun to vigorously to climb the ridge above him in his further efforts to escape. Then drawing up their rifles, with a quick aim, they poured in upon him something like a regular volley, most of the balls whistling close around him, and one of them lodging in his hip, and inflicting a severe and painful wound.

Notwithstanding this, the gallant fellow continued his ascent, and on reaching the top of the ridge, he gave a yell of defiance, and disappeared on the other side.

Captain Brady was not aware that the Indians would have to make a considerable circuit in order to reach him; and had he not been so severely wounded, he would have considered his escape as almost certain; but knowing he would still be followed, and finding his wound very painful, he cast about him for some place to secrete himself from their search.

After running a short distance he discovered a pond, and near the shore a large oak which had fallen into it; there might be nothing better than this; and hurrying forward with all his might, he boldly plunged in, swam under water to the tree, and came up beneath the trunk and among the branches, in such a manner as to be barely able to breathe without exposing any portion of his person to his enemies.

Here, in a state of mind which may be imagined but cannot be described, the gallant borderer remained for a long time, watching his enemies as they collected one by one along the shore at the point where his bloody trail had disappeared in the water.

Still resolved upon finding him, either living or dead, the savages were by no means disposed to give up the search; and after running along the shore for a considerable distance, on either side of his trail, to ascertain if possible where he had emerged from the water, several of the party plunged in, swam out to the oak, and actually seated themselves upon it, while they conversed in their own language, which he understood, concerning his wonderful escape.

At last, with such feelings of joy as no one not similarly circumstanced might comprehend, he heard them state their belief that he was drowned, and his body lost to them by being sunk in deep water; and soon after this, to his still greater joy, they quietly returned to the shore, and one by one all gradually disappeared.

Remaining in his uncomfortable position till he considered it safe to leave it, the wounded captain himself then swam back to the land; and weary, lame, and hungry as he was—alone, and without a weapon for his defence—he set off on his long, tedious journey through the wilderness for his own home, which he eventually reached more dead than alive; and where, to his great gratification, he found the companions of his perilous expedition already returned in safety.

This has truly been considered one of the most wonderful adventures of a region teeming with adventure; and to this day the pond in which the captain secreted himself bears his name; while the rocky chasm of the Cuyahoga, across which he made his desperate spring, is known, far and near, by the name of "BRADY'S LEAP."

**DOMESTIC BEARS.**—Once upon a time there lived a couple known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete partners of congenial felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the goodwife to explain it. She replied, "I and the old man have got on well enough together ever since we kept two bears in the house." "Two bears!" was the perplexed reply.—"Yes, sure," said the lady, "bear and forbear."

Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in spring it turns over a new leaf.

## Shakespeare Run Mad.

Peter Knight was found wandering in the Fourteenth Ward the other night.—The officer could not determine whether he was intoxicated or crazy, but, as he said he had no home, he was taken in charge as a vagrant. He had been traversing the streets with folded arms, talking to himself in odd bits of plays and poems. He possessed a facility of quotation equal to Richard Swiveller, Esq., but he was as reckless about the exactitude of his extracts, and jumbled up his authorities with as much confusion as Captain Cuttle himself. He seldom gave a quotation right, but would break off in the middle and substitute some words of his own, or dovetail an irrelevant piece from some strange author, or mix up half a dozen authors with interpolations of his own, in an inextricable verbal jumble.

Clerk—What's your name?  
Prisoner—Peter Knight; am a native to the narrow-bone—that's Shakespeare.

Clerk—Was you intoxicated yesterday?  
Prisoner—'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis there isn't a devil of a doubt of it—that's Scott.

Clerk—Where did you get your liquor?  
Prisoner—Where the bee sucks, there sucks Peter Knight all day. Thou base, inglorious slave, think'st thou I will reveal the name of him who gave me wine? No sir—ee Bob—that's Beaumont and Fletcher. Officer, in a whisper—If you don't tell you'll have to go to jail.

Prisoner—I do remember an apothecary and hereabout he dwells—no he don't, he lives over in the Bowery—but in his needy shop a codfish hangs, and on his shelves a beggarly account of empty bottles; noting this penury, to myself I said, if any man did need a brandy punch, whose sale is fifty dollars fine in Gotham, here lives a catfish wrecker who has probably got plenty of it under the counter. Why should I here conceal my fault? Wine ho! I cried. The call was answered. I have no wine, said he, but plenty of whis—. Silence! thou pernicious catfish, quoth I; thou invisible spirit of wine, since we can get thee by no other name, why let us call thee gin and sugar. He brought the juice of cursed juniper in a phial, and in the porches of my throat did pour 'dolpho Wolfe's distillment. Thus was I by a Dutchman's hand at once dispatched—not drunk nor sober, sent into this dirty Station House three-quarters tight, with all my imperfections on my head. The fellow's name? My very soul rebels. But whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the cuffs and bruises of this bloody Dutchman or to take arms against his red-haired highness and by informing end him? I go and it is done. Villain, here's at thy heart!—His name, your Honor, is Bobblesoffkin in the Bowery—that's Shakespeare mixed.

Clerk—Have you got a home?  
Prisoner—My home is on the deep, deep sea—that's Plutarch's Lives.  
Clerk—How do you get your living?  
Prisoner—Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt that the sun doth move; doubt that truth to be a liar, but never doubt that I'll get a living while the oyster sloop's don't have but one watchman—that's Billy S. again.

Clerk—Do you pay for your oysters?  
Prisoner—Base is the slave that pays; the speed of thought is in my limbs—that's Byron. Clerk—do you steal them and then run away?  
Prisoner—I've told thee all, I'll tell no more, though short the story be; let me go back were I was before, and I'll get my living without troubling the Corporation—that's Tom Moore, altered to suit circumstances.

Justice (evidently at a loss, in a whisper to mystified clerk)—I think he's crazy; what do you think it's best to do with him.  
Prisoner—(overhearing)—Off with his head; so much—that's Shakespeare entitled. Justice—Will you promise to dispense with the brandy and gin if you are discharged?  
Prisoner—O, I could be bappy with either were 'tother dear charmer bottled up and the cork put in—that's Dibdin, with a vengeance.

Judge—What do you suppose will become of you if you go on in this way, living as you have done?  
Prisoner—Alas, poor Yorick!—Peter, I mean. Who knows where he will lay his bones? Few and short will the prayers he said, nobody'll feel any sorrow; but they'll cram him into his clay cold bed, and bury somebody on top of him to-morrow; the minister will come put on his robe and read the service; the choir will sing a hymn; earth to earth and dust to gravel, and that'll be the last of Peter Knight. Clerk—Peter we will have to send you up for ten days.

Prisoner—Fare thee well, and if for ever, all the better—that's Byron, revised and corrected.

## The Japanese Embassy.

The first Ambassador is only thirty-five years old, though he looks like a man of forty-five or fifty years. The second Ambassador is all of fifty-five, and the Counsellor of about the same age. All are Princes, but not hereditary, and among the most distinguished statesmen of the empire. In their manners and bearing, while there is a visible self-respect and modest dignity, there could be nothing more simple and free of self-conceit, display and arrogance.

Both of the Ambassadors are rather tall and thin in form, with long and sharp faces, and, as with all the Japanese, of dark complexion and jet-black hair, so far as any is left by the barber, for they have a singular fashion in dressing the hair, in which the men expend as much care as the women, and take as much pride and pleasure in its neat and fashionable adjustment. All is shaved off to the very skin, except around the temples, and low down in the back of the neck, from which it is brought up on all sides to the top of the head and fastened by a string, and then bent forward, well stiffened with pomatum, in a queue about four inches long, and of the size of one's finger, and pointed forward over the front part of the head, which is left completely denuded of all hair. They dress in silk robes, and wear two swords at their sides, according to universal usage with the higher classes. No nation possesses so many elements of the Anglo-Saxon mind as the Japanese—having the bump called guption or common sense in large development, with little or nothing of the unreasoning, wild and impulsive—though their books, their pictures and works of art show they are not wanting in taste and imagination.

Among the under-officers are an artist and a historiographer of the embassy, who are attached to the Ambassadors. The name of the artist is Yorsida Sagosageon, whose quick and searching eye, with a face kindled up with sensibility and benevolence, at once indicates that he is a poet or painter. Matsuda Sannojio, the historiographer, about thirty years old, is plain and seise, thinking twice to speaking once. He might be reckoned among the philosophers, if we did not know he is a historian.

The doctors are all young men whose heads are shaven to the quick, according to the usage of the profession in Japan. They are often taken for Buddhist priests or monks, who observe the same practice. Anatomy and surgery are utterly unknown in Japan, unless within a few years past the Dutch Doctor of Nagasaki has succeeded in communicating a little knowledge to some thirty pupils he has been teaching under the patronage of the Government; and in medicine little is done beyond roots, and herbs, and charms.

These young doctors, though courteous and quiet, seem less intelligent and inquisitive than any class of their countrymen on board, and evidently command respect from them. I had hoped to be able to awaken some curiosity and induce them to commence the study of English on the long voyage, that they might in some measure avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from books and intercourse with the profession in our country, and go back to Japan prepared to be the benefactors of their race.—Correspondence of the New York Journal of Commerce.

**RICHES.**—You may put a man in the midst of all the musical instruments in the world, and if he does not know how to play on them, they will afford him no pleasure. You may heap wealth about a man till it casts itself to heaven, and yet he may be a pauper. The paupers are not in poor-houses, but in mansions—for a man is rich only by so much as he knows how to use; what he has everything beyond that is poverty. I do not think that the asses that lug the gold ore from the gold mines are rich; and yet many men choose to take their places, and spend their whole life, and bend themselves double, to carry that which will ever be a burden for them. They do not carry it to make it a power of usefulness; they do not carry it to make it feed reason, they do not carry it to make it inflame and feed moral power, by benefaction—by a large divinity of beneficence; they carry it merely as gold, as property, and they are beasts of burden, burdened.

Multitudes and multitudes of such beasts there are; and ten thousand aping men run after them, saying, "Oh that I were, they, or like unto them." And so they creep from the mine to the point where they throw off their load is worn so smooth that many who walk upon it are overburdened slip and go to perdition.—Becher.

If the Mexicans desire to learn the secret of stable government, they should send for Mr. Borey.