The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

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DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Disciples—Rev. W. Lloyd, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. David Jenkins, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. M. J. Mitchell, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at	12 o'clock, noon.
Western, " at	12 o'clock, noon.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at	8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at	8 o'clock, P. M.

☞ The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

☞ The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

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

☞ Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

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West—Express Train leaves at		9.44 A. M.
" Fast Line	"	10.09 P. M.
" Mail Train	"	4.45 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.25 P. M.
" Fast Line	"	6.30 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	10.34 A. M.

CRESSON STATION.

West—Express Train leaves at		9.22 A. M.
" Mail Train	"	4.16 P. M.
East—Express Train	"	8.53 P. M.
" Mail Train	"	11.04 A. M.

[The Fast Lines do not stop.]

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

Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.

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Coroner.—James S. Todd.

Superintendent of Common Schools—W. A. Scott.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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

Burgess—David J. Evans.

Town Council—Evan Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel O. Evans.

Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.

Weigh Master—William Davis.

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Constable—George W. Brown.

Tax Collector—George Gurley.

Judge of Election—Meshac Thomas.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Select Poetry.

Before the Battle.

Ho! comrades round the bivouac fire,
We pledge our parting cup to-night;
For who can tell if we shall meet
After to-morrow's fight?
The life-tide flowing warm and free,
Is ebbing toward a bloody sea;
In which full many a life will drown,
Ere to-morrow's sun goes down.

Brother in arms, I drink to thee,
And her whose image next thy heart
Thou'st kept with fond fidelity,
Since thou from her didst part.
And thou shalt pledge, in this bright wine,
Those nearer, dearer ties of mine—
My wife and children—should we fall,
God in His mercy guard them all!

Ho! comrades, now a brimming cup,
And each with an uncovered head,
We'll drink to those whom Fame hath won,
We pledge "Our Country's Dead:"
Forever green their memory,
As we would wish our own to be,
When, looking to the coming strife,
We feel how weak our hold on life.

And, last and holiest—our flag!
Immortal banner of the free!
We swear to guard thy star-bright fold—
We pledge our lives to thee.
Shiver the cups—another pledge
Drained from them would be sacrilege.
Ho! comrades, mark the dawning light—
One heartfelt grasp—good night! good night!

A CHAPTER ON COFFEE.

The plant that produces coffee cannot be grown to advantage in countries where the thermometer descends, at any time, below fifty-five degrees. The tree grows to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, with leaves not unlike those of the common laurel, although more pointed, and not so dry and thick. The blossoms are white, much like those of jasmine, and issue from the angles of the leaf stalks. When the flowers fade, they are succeeded by the coffee-bean, or seed, which is inclosed in a berry of a red color when ripe, resembling a cherry. Each tree yields about a pound or two of these berries, which contain within their pulp a pair of seeds inclosed in a thin membrane; and these, after being rubbed, washed, dried and winnowed, constitute the regular coffee. The trees are raised from seed, and are afterwards planted out at uniform distances. They begin bearing when they are two years old; and the aspect of a coffee plantation is very interesting during the time of flowering. In a single night, the blossoms expand in such profusion as to resemble the effects of a snow-storm, but do not last longer than a very few days. The berries are known to be ripe when they assume a dark-red color, and will drop from the trees if they are not gathered immediately.

FIRST VARIETIES.

To prepare the coffee beans, the berries are exposed to the sun for a few days, that the pulp may ferment, and throw off a strong acidulous moisture; they are then gradually dried for about three weeks, and put into a mill, to separate the husks from the seed. Sometimes the fermentation is omitted, and the husks separated as soon as the seeds are gathered, by passing them under heavy rollers.—The best coffee in the world is the Arabian; this is most extensively cultivated in the districts of Aden and Mocha—whence the well-known name of Mocha coffee. This superiority is attributed partly to the difference of soil and climate, and partly to culture. Although Arabia is very hot in the plains, it possesses mountains where the air is mild; and the coffee is raised upon their slopes, in a soil that is rocky and dry, but so situated as to admit of irrigation; though the berries are small, they have seeds of a very delicate flavor. Mocha coffee may be known by its having a smaller and rounder bean than any other, and likewise a more agreeable taste and smell. Next in reputation and quality is the Java and Ceylon coffee; and then the coffees of Bourbon and Martinique.

PROCESS AND EFFECTS OF ROASTING.

It appears that a considerable change takes place in the arrangement of the constituents of coffee by the application of heat in roasting it. Independently of one of the objects of roasting, namely, that of destroying its toughness, and rendering it easily ground, its tannin and other principles are rendered partly soluble in water; and it is to this tannin that the brown color of the decoction of coffee is owing. An aromatic flavor is likewise developed, which is not perceived in the raw berry, and which is not produced in the greatest perfection until the heat has arrived at a certain degree of temperature. The roasting of coffee in the best manner, requires a great nicety, and much of the quality of the beverage depends upon the operation. It is essential that the operation be performed in a close vessel; otherwise the fine aroma will, to a great extent, be dissipated in the air. Only a small quantity should be roasted at once for domestic use; and when the coffee has acquired a deep cinnamon color, and an oily appearance, and the peculiar fragrance of roasted coffee is perceived to be sufficiently strong, it should be taken from the fire, well shaken, and suffered to cool.

The roasting of coffee has for some years been a separate and extensive branch of business; and some of the roasters perform the operation with considerable skill. They are guided in the process by the tint of brown produced, and the proper aroma which is prevented, by means of their apparatus, from escaping. By purchasing coffee thus ready for use, much trouble may be saved in a family that is not anxious to have the very best; for the dealers almost invariably roast their coffee too little. The more it is roasted, the greater is the loss of weight on it, and the less the profit of the manufacturer is at a given price; and the more of it, within certain restrictions, will be consumed to produce a given flavor. Coffee loses from twenty to thirty per cent. by sufficient roasting; but if the deficiency exceed that, it is injured. If coffee be roasted too little, its taste is vapid, raw and poor; if it be roasted too much, it becomes bitter, with but little flavor. It is therefore found, by experience, that the qualities of the beverage depend as much upon judicious roasting as upon the variety of the raw coffee.

VARIOUS METHODS OF PREPARING THE BEVERAGE.

An effectual method of making good coffee is the following: Put fresh-ground coffee into a coffee-pot, with a sufficient quantity of water, and set this on the fire till it boils for a minute or two; then remove it from the fire, pour out a cupful—which is to be returned into the coffee-pot, to throw down the grounds that may be floating; repeat this, and let the coffee-pot stand near the fire, but not on too hot a place, until the grounds have subsided to the bottom. In a few minutes, the coffee will be clear without any other preparation, and may be poured into cups. In this manner, with good materials in sufficient quantity, and proper care, excellent coffee may be made. The most valuable part of the coffee is soon extracted, and it is certain that long boiling dissipates the fine aroma and flavor. Some make it a rule not to suffer the coffee to boil, but only to bring it to the boiling-point; but it doubtless requires boiling for a little time to extract the whole of the bitter, in which much of the exhilarating qualities of the coffee reside. An improvement on the common mode, therefore, is that the whole of the water be divided into two parts; one half to be put on the fire with the coffee, and, as soon as the liquor boils, be taken off the fire, allowed to subside for a few seconds, and then poured off as clear as it will run.—Immediately, the remaining half of the water, at a boiling heat, is to be poured on the grounds, the coffee-pot is to be placed on the fire, and kept boiling three minutes. This will extract all the bitterness from the grounds, and, after a few moments, the clear part is to be poured off, and mixed with the former liquor.—This mixed liquor now contains all the qualities, both aroma and bitter, which originally existed in the roasted coffee.—Another method consists in tying up the coffee, loosely, in a muslin bag, and boiling it in the water for ten minutes; after which it may stand for a few minutes, and it will then be fine.

CLARIFYING—USE OF MILK—PRESERVING THE FLAVOR.

To refine coffee, when boiled, isinglass, white of egg, egg shells, the skin of fish, and other substances are used. When it is wished to have it very clear, a good plan is, to beat the white of an egg up with two or three tablespoonfuls of cold water, and mix this in with the dry coffee, which is then to be boiled as usual. The egg, in coagulating, entangles the fine particles of the coffee, and prevents them escaping into the fluid.

Coffee is always drank without milk in Turkey and the East; and also in France and England, after dinner. When taken at breakfast—and most generally at other times—with us, milk, or, what is much better, cream, is added to it. The milk is much better for the purpose, if previously boiled; and when the quantity of the boiled milk equals that of the strong-made coffee, the beverage is termed, by the French, *cafe au lait*. To have this beverage in its best condition, the following rules may safely be relied on as insuring success: Procure coffee of good quality; have it carefully roasted and ground, if possible, on the day it is wanted; use a sufficient quantity in making the decoction; boil it according to either of the methods given; clarify it well; add to it cream or boiled milk; let it be served quite hot.

Roasted coffee loses much of its flavor by exposure to the air; and, on the other hand, it is asserted that while raw it not only does not lose its flavor for a year or two, but improves by keeping. That the fine, aromatic flavor of good coffee—and which is one of its chief recommendations—depends upon some principle that is extremely volatile, a little observation will render evident. If a cup of the best coffee be placed upon a table, boiling hot, it will fill the room with its fragrance; but the coffee, when warmed again after being cold, will be found to have lost much of its flavor. The fragrance diffused through the air is a sure indication of the manner in which it was dissipated; and, therefore, it is evident that this precious part of the beverage should by all means be preserved.

EFFECTS OF COFFEE ON THE SYSTEM.

The dietetic peculiarities and properties of coffee are, in some respects, similar to those of tea. Used in infusion or decoction, coffee is more nutritious than tea, but is more difficult of digestion.—Whether owing to the tannin, which the roasted coffee is said to contain, or to the aromatic oil, or the mucilage, or the bitter extract, or to the combination of these different constituents, coffee deranges considerably the stomachs of some people, and is usually somewhat difficult of digestion to invalids, and to those who are more seriously dyspeptic. It is probable that this is not referable to the aromatic principle, as the best coffee—which contains more aroma—is less likely to disagree than the commoner sorts. The infusion is usually less apt to disagree than the decoction, unless the latter be most carefully clarified. The consequence of coffee proving to be of difficult digestion is, rather, to produce considerable acidity than to give rise to any other marked dyspeptic symptoms. But supposing that coffee does not disagree—which in the healthy and strong it seldom does—it is a peculiar and decided stimulus, quickening the circulation, promoting the secretions and excretions, very perceptibly warming the system and elevating the spirits. And supposing that the powers of the digestive organs are adequate to its complete assimilation, coffee, from being more nutritious, and more decidedly restorative to the system, forms a better addition to other articles of food than are taken at breakfast than tea. If its ready digestibility be suspected, the question of its being mixed with sugar, and the known difficulty with which sugar is digested, should be considered, before coffee is pronounced to be unsuited to the individual.

War Record.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* has taken the trouble to collate an accurate account of the operations of the two armies thus far in the campaign, from which it appears that, while making our "preparations," the following battles have been lost and won:

UNION VICTORIES, 1861.

June 2—Philippa.
June 17—Booneville.
July 5—Brier Forks, (Siegel's victory.)
July 11—Defeat of Pegram by M'Clellan.
July 13—Carrick's Ford, (death of Garnett, rebel.)
Aug 28—Hatteras Forts.
Sept. 10—Rout of Floyd, Gauley Bridge.
Oct. 5—Second defeat of rebels at Hatteras.
Oct. 8—Santa Rosa Island.
Oct. 11—Repulse at Southwest Pass.
Oct. 25—Charge of Fremont's Guard.
Oct. 27—Romney, (Kelly wounded.)
Nov. 7—Port Royal.
Dec. 13—Camp Allegheny, Virginia.
Dec. 18—1,300 rebels captured by Pope in Missouri.
Dec. 18—Dranesville.

1862.

Second Repulse at Santa Rosa.
Humphrey Marshall's rout.
Capture of rebel batteries in South Carolina.
Mill spring, (Zollicoffer killed.)
Fort Henry.
Roanoke Island.
Fort Donelson.

REBEL VICTORIES.

April 12—Sumpter.
June 10—Big Bethel.
July 21—Bull Run.
Sept. 20—Lexington.
Oct. 25—Massacre of Ball's Bluff.
Nov. 7—Belmont.
Wilson's Creek.

RECAPITULATION.

Union victories, 23; rebel victories, 7; ratio, 3 to 1.

Adventures of an Editor.

Jones, the "gay and incomparable" "local" of the Harrisburg *Patriot and Union*, gives the following thrilling account of the trials and tribulations that beset him on a recent trip to Philadelphia to invest his spare funds in the 7.30 National Loan:

Having withdrawn our deposits from the various banks in this city, we prepared to leave by the 9.45 train on Thursday morning; but owing to an accident on the road, that train did not arrive until late in the afternoon. We did not like this much, no how, as the danger of going into the city after night-fall with a large sum of money is imminent, so many pickpockets usually being congregated about the depot. To avoid them, we got off at West Philadelphia, and took the horse car. No sooner had we entered than we were surprised to see a big whiskered fellow also enter. This man was evidently a pickpocket. At Downington he asked us for the loan of a dime, under the pretext that he had no change—an unsuccessful ruse to see where we kept our pile. We had about a square to walk to the hotel, and in that distance quite a number of respectable looking men jostled against us—all pickpockets, of course—but we had our overcoat buttoned closely over our money, which was principally in $1,000 bills, and didn't make much bulk. Arrived at the Washington House, we handed our money to be put in the safe. Some chap who stood behind us said in an undertone:

"Going to fight the tiger—pays his bills for fear he'll get broke."

We did not rebuke this impudence and ignorance both, but young Glass soon discovered the error, and placed his most confidential porter in charge. After a feverish night's sleep, in which we dreamed all sorts of dreams of big whiskered brigands, killing the porter and robbing the safe, we made our way down stairs to find much to our joy that everything was right. By the time we had taken breakfast, the fact that a solid man had arrived was pretty much known, but how it leaked out we could not tell.—Men in brass buttoned coats bowed deferentially, the waiters brushed and stared, and even the newsboys must have got an inkling of our standing and position in the world, for three of them formed a conspiracy, and refused to sell us Forney's *Press* for less than five cents, when the printed retail price on it is only two cents.

After getting rid of all these little annoyances, we relieved Glass of any further responsibility by taking our package, and starting for the office of Jay Cooke, the Government agent. A number of persons followed in our wake but it was broad daylight, and a large number of detectives propping up the house corners in Chestnut street so that we really felt no fear, except in passing the State House, where the pavement, as usual, was filled by ballot-box stuffers and plug-ugly plunderers. We reached Cooke's in safety. In anticipation of our visit, the office was full, but they parted like the waves in the Red Sea, when the children of Israel made a pass over, and we marched up to the counter in triumph. Cooke stood behind the counter with a pen behind his ear, and bowing so low that his head almost touched the marble top of the counter, he commended our patriotism in coming to the rescue of the Government as well as our foresight, in taking care of number one by investing at 7.30, at a time when a plethoric money market has reduced the current rates to six.

On our return to the hotel, we found the card of Dr. Jayne, who no doubt wanted to foist some of his Chestnut st. real estate upon us, but our spare cash, all that we could spare out of our business, was invested, and—we are on hand again.

Sharp Physician.—Somewhere out West a lad swallowed a small leaden bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it, and his father, that no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life, sent post-haste to a surgeon of skill directing his messenger to tell him the circumstances, and urge his coming without delay.

The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, wrote the following laconic note:

"Sir—Don't alarm yourself. If, after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, give him a charge of powder. Yours, &c.

P. S.—Don't shoot the boy at anybody."

☞ Which of our English monarchs had most reason to complain of his laundress? John, when his baggage was lost in the Wash.

A Practical Camp-Joke.

An army correspondent of one of the Cincinnati papers relates the following rather good thing on Gen. Nelson:

Our boys are furious for practical jokes, and are constantly on the lookout for subjects. One was recently procured, in the person of a new teamster, who had just taken charge of six large shaggy mules. Jehu was also proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a contraband in camp—which a wag discovered and resolved to possess. Being aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the following plan so get rid of him:

Approaching the driver, who was busy currying his mules, he accosted him with:

"I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied Jehu, gruffly.

"Certainly," responded the wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired here by the General, who curries all the horses and mules brought in after that hour!"

The mule-driver bit at once, and begged to know where the "hairdresser" kept himself. Whereupon he was directed to Gen. Nelson's tent, with the assurance that that was the identical spot where the fellow "hung out."

"You can't mistake the man," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on an undue proportion of airs for a man in his station. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to 'go to the devil;' but don't mind that—he has been drinking to-day. Make him come right out!"

John posted off, and entering the tent where the Napoleon of the Fourth Division sat in deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native State, slapped him on the back with force sufficient to annihilate a man of ordinary size. Springing to his feet, the General accosted his uninvited guest with:

"Well, sir, who are *you?* and what the devil do you want?"

"Old boss, I've got a job for you now—six mules to be curried, and right off, too!" sang out the captain of the mules.

"Do you know who you are addressing?" asked Nelson.

"Yes," said John, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off, "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any foolishness. Clean them mules, and I'll give you a drink of busthead!"

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the General, now perfectly furious, "I am General Nelson, the commander of this Division!"

Jehu placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and extending his fingers, waved them slowly, in a manner supposed to be indicative of great wisdom.

The General's sword leaped from its scabbard, and Jehu from the tent.

He saved his head.

He didn't save the old Bourbon!

The Rebel Prisoners.

The number of rebel soldiers now held as prisoners of war by the United States Government, is about twenty thousand, and the question is, "What shall be done with them?" It appears, however that a vast prison house has been erected on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio, which is thus described:

Some ten acres of this Island have been rented, and extensive buildings have already been "put up" and are now nearly completed. The buildings erected are of considerable magnitude and number.—There are three buildings for officers' quarters, each 105 feet by 24, and two stories high; one for soldiers' quarters; a sutler's building; four for quarters for prisoners, each 122 feet by 29, and two stories high; one hospital, one storehouse, and two blockhouses. Still other buildings are contemplated as likely to be or become necessary. The structures enumerated are already put up. An ice-house is now building, and the finishing touches are being put upon the other buildings.

The island presents a very animated appearance The prisoners' quarters are enclosed by a twelve-foot-high, tight board fence, with sentinel walk near the top of the fence, around the entire enclosure of about fifteen acres. The officers and soldiers' (guard) quarters are outside of the enclosure, and there are now two companies there, awaiting the arrival of the Secesh, who are expected next week.—Some idea of what has been done can be formed from the fact that already not far from $30,000 have been expended, that 1,000,000 feet of lumber, and 6,000,000 shingles have been used. The buildings have 375 windows, each of twelve panes of glass, or, in other words, 4,500 panes of glass are required to let in daylight and reveal the outer world to the inmates.