# The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

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## DIRECTORY.

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| Post Offices. | Post Masters. | Districts. |
|---|---|---|
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*Welch Independent*—Rev. Ll. 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.

*Calvinistic Methodist*—Rev. John Williams, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 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.

*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.

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### EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 11½ o'clock, A. M.

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.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRESSON STATION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| West—Balt. Express leaves at | | 8.43 A. M. |
| " Fast Line | " | 9.50 P. M. |
| " Phila. Express | " | 9.22 A. M. |
| " Mail Train | " | 8.38 P. M. |
| East—Through Express | " | 8.38 P. M. |
| " Fast Line | " | 12.34 A. M. |
| " Fast Mail | " | 6.58 A. M. |
| " Through Accom. | " | 10.30 A. M. |

WILMORE STATION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| West—Balt. Express leaves at | | 9.06 A. M. |
| " Mail Train | " | 9.06 P. M. |
| East—Through Express | " | 8.11 P. M. |
| " Fast Mail | " | 6.30 A. M. |

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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*Register and Recorder*—James Griffin.

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*Treasurer*—Thomas Callin.

*Poor House Directors*—George M'Cullough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

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

*Auditors*—Thomas J. Nelson, William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahm.

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*Coroner.*—James Shannon.

*Mercantile Appraiser*—Geo. W. Easly.

*Supt. of Common Schools*—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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*Inspectors*—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.

*Judge of Election*—Daniel J. Davis.

*Assessor*—Lemuel Davis.

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*Inspectors*—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans

*Judge of Election*—Michael Hasson.

*Assessor*—George Gurley.

## Modern Food, Drink, and Medicine.

Let us begin with bread. If the natural history of a loaf could be thoroughly known, it would often have an ugly interest of its own. Perhaps the wheaten flour was mixed with as much care as the ingredients of a medical prescription. So much of Dazing, so much old Kentish, a dash of pure American, to make the percentage of damaged Odessa pass muster, and then the composition passes into the hands of Macduff and Pattypan, the bakers. They, too, have their little additions to make; and what with Indian meal, bean flour, potatoes, and as much alum as will impart a dazzling whiteness, they add a good many inches to the staff of life. "Custom of the trade," says Pattypan, and Mephistopheles chuckles to hear the echo of his own persuasive voice.

There are men who are not satisfied with even this—bold rogues, who must needs mix plaster of Paris or pounded spar by the hundred weight with the flour they sell, and they get found out and fined, and pay the penalty of rashness.—Fair and softly is a safer rule. Mr. Bull is a patient animal, but prefers to be homeopathically poisoned, not to swallow his proverbial "peck of dirt" at a single deglutition.

Second in popularity to bread, and second to that only, is the blood of honest John Barleycorn. It was not likely to escape adulteration, and many an illicit fortune has been screwed out of mash-tub and beer-barrel. In this respect the humbler classes are the chief sufferers.—Creaming bitter ale, mighty Burton, and other high-priced beers, are pure, or nearly pure. Young Rapid of Christ Church may be pretty secure that his silver tankard brims over with generous liquor made from the best malt and hops that money can buy.

Poor Sam Jones, the coal-whipper, is just as sure to imbibe a stupefying draught of drugged beer at his house of call. The great brewers do not adulterate beer; they leave it to smaller folks to drop quassia, tobacco juice, grains of paradise and *Cocculus Indicus* into the vats where should be but wholesome materials. But every great brewer has his feudal tenantry, his scores of publicans bound over to sell monthly so many casks of ale from the brewery. Scarcely any pure beer can be bought by retail; it is made the most of, with water to add bulk, and drugs to add potency. Ignorent men are said rather to prefer the house where the beer is richest in narcotics; they get intoxicated at a cheaper rate, and sit sodden and blinking, like ruminating owls, on the benches.

Wine fares no better. Many of us never through life really know Bacchus as he is. We meet with him in a perpetual masquerade, so disguised that the vine grower would not recognize his own produce. Port and sherry, the red and white of old days, are elaborately manufactured. A good deal is done in Portugal, where the chemistry of wine is well understood, but London improves on Lisbon. What with logwood chips, boiled to a pulp—what with sloe and elderberries, with apple-juice, brown brandy, and essence of fruit, the Lusitanian grape is transformed with a vengeance. It is said that raw beef, left to soak in a cask, improves the flavor. Be that as it may, Paterfamilias sips a sophisticated port; and that is but a queer cordial which Irish Mike absorbs at the Plasterer's Arms. Brandied sherry, loaded claret, vin ordinaire, whose acidity is counteracted by sugar of lead, champagne that owes its frothing amber to the turnip, the rhubarb stalk, the gooseberry—what gallons of these vile potations are forced down the throat of a thirsty and gullible public.

Coarse spirits, too, whether gin or brandy, contain a liberal percentage of turpentine, cayenne pepper, and other fiery ingredients. There is death in the tumbler, or if not death, sickness and impaired vitality. It may seem bad enough, to drug and hocus the unoffending British public, but here steps in a new despot, stinting the measure in which these suspicious beverages are supplied. A hundred years ago port wine was eighteen pence a bottle, and a bottle held a fair quart. It has been dwindling ever since, the three gallons being first stretched so as to fill fifteen flasks, then eighteen, and so on. Where, now, are the corpulent magnums of old day? where the honest bottles from which our grandfathers drank the king's health? A winebottle is now thought praiseworthy if it contain a pint and a quarter, "kicks" growing deeper every decade; and a pint of ale insults the understanding of the buyer, yielding as it does one sorry half pint of liquid, an unblushing composition of ten shillings in the pound.

Suppose we abjure alcohol in any form, give our personal assent to a Maine law of private application, and fly for consolation to our grocer. Tea and coffee—innocent potations!—shall be all in all to us. But stay—there is a screw loose even here. Our tea, for instance, has perhaps done duty before, and the leaves have been heated and stained with metalic oxyds to restore their virgin luster. Our coffee, alas! is sternly pronounced by an analytical friend to be no coffee at all, but Belgian hickory and roasted beans.—Hardly an article sold by Messrs. Lacquer & Gripp will bear a close inspection.—Cayenne—pshaw! mere brick dust, common pepper, red lead and oxyd of mercury. Curry—absurd! tumeric, pepper, mustard, lime powder. Durham mustard—ridiculous, my dear sir! a thing as rare as roc's egg, and not to be obtained even at Apothecaries' Hall.

Wax candles are not wax; olive oil does not exactly come from olives. However sovereign a thing "parmaceti" may be, the sperm candles you buy owe but half their substance to the whales of the equator; sardines are sprats in masquerade; pickles have more copper and acid in their jars than wholesome gherkins should harbor; nothing is what it professes to be. Oddly enough, the oldest accusation against grocers is a gratuitous calumny. Sugar is never sanded, at least at retail. The reason is obvious. Silica is not soluble in water, and who ever found a small sand-bank at the bottom of his tea cup? The coarsest brown Muscovado, swarming with lively acari, never contains sand.—Butter, however, lends itself to base uses. "Good fresh" depends for its constituents on more sources than the cow with the crumpled horn. Fifty per cent of animal fat, ten or fifteen of bruised mess, are no uncommon adjuncts.

Salt butter, especially in the manufacturing districts, is often buttered salt rather than salt butter. Half the weight of a tub of "prime Irish" has been known to consist of downright salt, and of the remaining substance half was tallow.—Pepper is full of miscellaneous swcepings, and spices are not at all from the Indian seas. If, rather unwell after a course of such trying condiments, we consult our doctor, his prescriptions do not entirely square with their results. Good physic is too rare, since Macbeth's time, to be thrown to the dogs. It is quite as scarce as good food, probably scarcer. For while many of us are good judges of viands and drink, few have a searching taste in drugs, and the blowpipe and test tubes are wanted to throw a light upon the subject.—*Chamber's Journal.*

## The Young Soldier.

Last evening at the Caledonian supper, General Rosecrans exhibited the photograph of a boy who he said was the youngest soldier in the Army of the Cumberland. His name is Johnny Clem, twelve years of age, a member of company C, 22d Michigan Infantry. His home is in Newark, Ohio. He first attracted Rosecrans' attention during a review at Nashville, where he was acting as marker for his regiment. His extreme youth (he is quite small for his age) and intelligent appearance interested the General, and calling him out, he questioned him as to his name, age, regiment, &c. General Rosecrans spoke encouragingly to the young soldier, and told him to come and see him whenever he came where he was.

He saw no more of Clem until Saturday last, when he went to his place of residence—the Burnet House—and found Johnny Clem sitting on his sofa, waiting to see him. Johnny had experienced some of the vicissitudes of war since last they met. He had been captured by Wheeler's cavalry near Bridgeport. His captors took him to Wheeler, who saluted him with—

"What are you doing here, you d—d little Yankee scoundrel?"

Said Johnny Clem, stoutly—"General Wheeler, I am no more a d—d scoundrel than you are, sir."

Johnny said the rebels stole about all that he had, including his pocket-book, which contained only twenty five cents.

"But I would not have cared for the rest," he added, "if they hadn't stolen my hat, which had three bullet holes it received at Chickamauga."

He was finally paroled and sent North. On Saturday he was on his way to Camp Chase to join his regiment, having been exchanged. Gen. Rosecrans observed that the young soldier had chevrons on his arm and asked the meaning of it. He said he was promoted to a corporal for shooting a rebel colonel at Chickamauga. The Colonel was mounted, and stopped Johnny at some point on the field, crying, "Stop, you little Yankee devil." Johnny halted, bringing his Austrian rifle to an "order," thus throwing the colonel off his guard, cocked his piece, (which he could easily do, being so short,) and suddenly bringing it to his shoulder, fired, the colonel falling dead with a bullet through his breast.

The little fellow told his story simply and modestly, and the General determined to honor his bravery. He gave him the badge of the "Roll of Honor," which Mrs. Saunders, wife of the host of the Burnet House, sewed upon Johnny's coat. His eyes glistened with pride as he looked upon the badge, and little Johnny seemed to have grown an inch or two, he stood so erect. He left his photograph with Gen. Rosecrans, who exhibits it with pride.—We may again hear from Johnny Clem, the youngest soldier in the Army of the Cumberland.—*Cin. Times.*

## Story of a Sailor.

Four years ago I left the port of Boston, the master of a line ship bound for China. I was worth ten thousand dollars, and was the husband of a young and handsome wife whom I married six months before. When I left her I promised to return in less than six months. I took all my money with me, save enough to support my wife during my absence, for the purpose of trading, when in China, on my account. For a long time we were favored with a prosperous wind; but in China sea a terrible wind sat in upon us, so that in a short time I saw that the vessel must be lost, for we were drifting on the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered the men to provide each for himself, in the best possible manner, and forget the ship, as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck—a sea threw me on the rock senseless, and the next would have carried me back into a watery grave, had not one of the sailors dragged me farther upon the rocks.

There were only four of us alive, and when morning came we found we were on a small uninhabited island, with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of my sufferings there; suffice it to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known. We were taken to Canton, and there I had to beg; for my money was at the bottom of the sea and I had not taken the precaution to have it insured.

It was nearly a year before I had a chance to get home, and then I, a captain, was obliged to ship as a common sailor.—It was two years from the time I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of its streets, when I met my brother-in-law. He could not speak, nor move, but he grasped my hand, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"Is my wife alive?" I asked.

He said nothing.

Then I wished I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead, but he very soon said:

"She is alive."

Then it was my turn to cry for joy.—He clung to me and said:

"Your funeral sermon has been preached, for we thought you were dead for a long time."

He said that my wife was living in our cottage in the interior of the State. It was then 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me within 25 miles of my wife. Leaving the cars, I hired a boy, though it was night, to drive me home. It was about two o'clock in the morning when the sweet little cottage of mine appeared in sight. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and gently knocked. She opened the window and asked—

"Who is there?"

"Sarah, do you not know me?" said I.

She screamed with fright, for she thought me a ghost; but I told her to unfasten the door and let me in, for I wanted to see my wife. She let me in and gave me a light, and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay one child whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face. Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time—I did not make any noise, for I dared not wake her. At length I imprinted a soft kiss upon her cheek.—Her eyes opened clearly as though she had not been sleeping. I saw that she began to be frightened, and I said—

"Mary, it is your husband."

And she clasped me about the neck and fainted.

But I cannot describe to you the scene. She is now the happy wife of a poor man. I am endeavoring to accumulate a little property, and then I will leave the sea forever.

## Private Hotel.

We observe the following going the rounds of the rebel press:

Mike has made several important discoveries in his recent raid through the Southwest. He says he has just found out what a "private hotel" is. He has found several of them in his travels, and they are certainly very peculiar institutions. He says their bells and gongs make as much clatter as if there was really something on the table to call the public to, but when one gets there he sees nothing but empty plates.

Presently the waiters will be seen dispersing different articles of provender—pretty generally to the military gentlemen with the stars and bars on their collars—and when you ask them to give you "some of that what that feller's got," the waiter will look at you just as a faro dealer does when he "rakes down your pile," looks as if he had "chawed" you, and innocently says:

"That's private, sir"

Then you look around to see what else might meet your taste, and you see another chap with eggs. You think, well, eggs are common enough, dear knows.

"Well, give me some eggs, then."

"Dem's private, too, sir. De gemmen fotch 'em here and we cook 'em for him."

"Give me some potatoes, then; I suppose they're not private," I said loud enough to attract all the eyes around the table.

"Yes, massa, dem's private, too; but I can give you some corn bread, an' here's some salt, and here's some corn bread."

"Give me some of that butter, you black rascal," I said, aggravated, as indeed it should make anybody feel who was paying eight dollars a day for board.

"Well, massa, 'clare, massa, dat's private, too!"

Spying another nigger, I motioned him to me, thinking I would slip a bribe into his fingers, and possibly get some of the private dishes. He came reluctantly, and as I extended my hand with a promise in it, he stopped and said in a low tone:

"I'se a private servant, massa"

This capped the climax, and I determined to finish my meal on corn dodger and salt, and take the next train for a change.

The Dream of the Quakeress.—There is a beautiful story of a pious old Quaker lady who was addicted to the use of tobacco. She indulged in this habit until it increased so much upon her that she not only smoked during a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed that she approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the Book of Life. He disappeared, but replied, upon returning, that he could not find it.

"Oh," she said, "do look again; it must be there."

"It is not there"

"Oh," she said, in agony, "it must be there. I have the assurance that it is there. Do look again."

The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, with his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed—

"We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it."

The woman upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

A Kind Judge.—A very learned and compassionate judge in a western State on passing sentence on one Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows:

"The fact is, Jones, the court did not at first intend to order you to be executed before next spring; but the weather is so very cold; our jail is unfortunately in a bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartment comfortable; besides, owing to a great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; and to sleep sound and comfortably is therefore out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your suffering as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humanity and compassion, do hereby order you to be executed tomorrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the Sheriff and agreeable to you."

☞An uncongenial marriage often ruins two excellent persons.

Didn't Care if He Did.—In olden time, before the Maine law was invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well stocked bar furnished "accommodations for man and beast."

He was a good man, but most terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was also afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting alone in the bar room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire, with thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and kindly treat.

A traveler from Pennsylvania, on his way to Brandon, stopped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said:

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the ready landlord, jumping up, "Yes, sir, I have some," and at the same time handing down the decanter of the precious liquor.

"You misunderstand me," said the stranger; "I asked you how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," said Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?" reaching as he spoke for the bowl and toddy stick.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish and said:

"The landlord seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you, sir," said Fish, "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

How the 300-pounder Parrots are Worked.—A correspondent on Morris Island writes: As there is no manual laid down for the 300-pounder Parrot, I subjoin that in use. The piece is on its carriage and "from battery." Implements, no two to be in the same place and no one in its proper place. The instructor gives the command "load her up."—At this command the gunner says, "some of you fellows bring a shell," and "John bring a cartridge." Some of the "fellers" take a small hand barrow and bring a shell. Gunner says, "stick in that powder." "Now, boys, hold on till I get out a fuse." "Stick it in." All hands, by hard heaving, got the shell to the embrasure. Gunner says, "Swab her out."—She is swabbed out. "Now, heave and haul, and in it goes." It goes in accordingly. "Now, ram it down." It is rammed down. "Now, run her in." She is run in. "Screw down the recoil bands." They are screwed down. Gunner aims. "Slew her round a little." "All right." Where's that primer? "Now, get out of the way, everybody." All go to windward, and No. 3 steps round a corner, so as not to be hit if the gun bursts. Gunner says, "Blaze away" She blazes away. Remark of the gunner on returning to the gun, "How are you, Sumter?" Repeat.

Sad Fate.—A young gentleman in Dover, New Hampshire, got up one night lately to get some ginger tea for his cold, but by mistake got hold of a bottle of preparation for removing grease from the clothes. He did not discover his mistake until the next morning, when he found there was nothing left of himself but skin and bones, the preparation having eaten up every particle of fat in his body!

☞The trunks of two trees have been sent from the battle-field of Gettysburg for the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Historical Societies. They will attest the fiereeness of the contest there, one of them having 250 bullet holes in the space of twenty one feet, and the other having 110 in the same space. Sad reminders they will be of the heroic deed.

☞Brigham Young boasts that he can see more gold and silver from the door of his house than would equal the whole currency of the world. These mines are not allowed to be opened. The effect would be, according to Brigham's ideas, to bring near the "city of saints" a large mining population, which he would find exceedingly hard to rule.

☞Mr. Popp, of Poppville, in Popp county, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady love, popped the question under a poplar tree, when she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, laboring under the influence of ginger pop, popped Pop out of the door to the tune of "Pop goes the Weasel."

☞In Richmond, good whiskey is selling at $5,000 a barrel, Rebel money. An inferior article can be had for $2000. A glass of brandy commands five dollars. The latest quotation for gold is 16½ rebel currency for one gold dollar.