# The Alleghanian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON, PUBLISHERS.

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

VOL. 1. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1859. NO. 5.



**THE ALLEGHANIAN**

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### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

*Presbyterian*—REV. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

*Methodist Episcopal Church*—REV. J. SHANE, Preacher in charge. Rev. ——— SMITH, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7½ in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

*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 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

*Disciples*—REV. WM. 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 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.

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Eastern, daily, at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 11 " P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 6½ " A. M.

☞ The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

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

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

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

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

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| West—Express Train, leaves at | | 9.16 A. M. |
| " Mail Train, | " | 7.48 P. M. |
| East—Express Train, | " | 12.26 P. M. |
| " Mail Train, | " | 6.28 A. M. |
| " Fast Line, | " | 8.02 P. M. |

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

*Judges of the Courts.*—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Easley, Richard Jones, Jr.
*Prothonotary.*—Joseph M'Donald.
*Register and Recorder.*—Michael Hasson.
*Sheriff.*—Robert P. Linton.
*Deputy Sheriff.*—George C. K. Zahm.
*District Attorney.*—Theophilus L. Heyer.
*County Commissioners.*—Thomas M'Connell, John Bearer, Abel Lloyd.
*Clerk to Commissioners.*—George C. K. Zahm.
*Counsel to Commissioners.*—John S. Rhey.
*Treasurer.*—George J. Rodgers.
*Poor House Directors.*—William Palmer, David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire.
*Poor House Treasurer.*—George C. K. Zahm.
*Poor House Steward.*—James J. Kaylor.
*Mercantile Appraiser.*—Francis Tierney.
*Auditors.*—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobaugh, Henry Hawk.
*County Surveyor.*—Henry Scanlan.
*Coroner.*—Peter Dougherty.
*Superintendent of Common Schools.*—S. B. M'Cormick.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

*Justices of the Peace.*—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.
*Burgess.*—John D. Hughes.
*Town Council.*—Andrew Lewis, Joshua D. Parrish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M. S. Barr.
*Clerk to Council.*—James C. Noon.
*Borough Treasurer.*—George Gurley.
*Weigh Masters.*—Davis & Lloyd.
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*Treasurer of School Board.*—Evan Morgan.
*Constable.*—George Gurley.
*Tax Collector.*—George Gurley.
*Assessor.*—Richard T. Davis.
*Judge of Election.*—David J. Jones.
*Inspectors.*—David H. Roberts, Daniel O. Evans.

## SELECT POETRY.

### The Doctor.

BY BOLUS PILLBAGS, M. D,

"Three faces wears the Doctor—when first sought,
An angel's and a God's, the cure half wrought;
But when, the cure complete, he asks his fee,
The Devil, then, looks less horrible than he."

PART 1st—DOCTOR SENT FOR.

"Come! John, go bring the Doctor, my wife is taken sick,
Go! bring him in a hurry, be quick, be very quick!
'Tis raining, hailing, sleeting, as fast as e'er it can,
But he will come despite the storm—oh, yes he will, good man!"

FACE 1ST.

"Ah! here he is, the dear, kind soul—how quick he heeds the call,
Regardless of the drenching blast, or what might him befall,
Like a being from realms celestial, a shining, bright evangel,
He comes with gladness in his looks, the loving, smiling ANGEL.

FACE 2ND.

And my wife's already easy—ah! deepest, matchless skill!
Dear Doctor, love's pure 'motions for you my bosom thrill.
The Doctor is not human, though earth is by him trod;
He's something supernatural—I believe he is a GOD.

SCENE CHANGES—BILL HANDED IN.

But what is this presented? the saucy, dirty whelp,
He cares not for his patients, but only for himself.
If he can only cobble up a long o'erreaching bill,
He cares not, if his nasty drugs effect a cure, or *kill*.

FACE 3D AND LAST.

Dear oh! but he's a wicked dog—I swear by things eternal,
He's 'scaped from out that dark abode where dwell the fiends infernal!
He's a ranting, rank imposter—he's filled with every evil—
Oh! how I'd love to *cane* him now, the skulking, shameless DEVIL.

REFLECTIONS.

'Tis thus the Doctor's visage, chameleon-like, assumes
Three aspects in his patient's eyes, as before them up he looms.
His first and second faces are all that's pure and good,
His third a *frightful monster*, adorned with Satan's hood.

Maltreated mortal! luckless wight; self-sacrificing man,
He toils 'midst pain and suffering,—does all the good he can.
Through day and night, and wet and cold, his labors never cease,
The pest-house, with its poisonous breath, is his perpetual lease.

And onward, still, he struggles; his mind is not at ease,
But ever, where 'tis found or met, he's grappling with disease,
And if for sympathy *he* looks—does he get it? no! instead
Are heaped up foulest curses—maledictions on his head.

And why's it thus? the secret's plain, 'tis not because they're due;
'Tis not because the Doctor to his patient's not been true,
But the reason is, that after he's done with bole and pill,
He hands the mean, ungrateful scamps a *wholesome little bill.*

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A CURE FOR BOTS.—"What did you give that blood mare of yours the other day, when she had the bots?" asked a Wall street broker of a friend from Long Island.

"A pint of spirits of turpentine."

Two days after, the same parties met in the street.

"Say! lookey here; I gave my mare a pint of turpentine, and by Jing, it killed her."

"So it did mine!" was the reply.

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☞ See what I am, not what my father was, is an old and excellent Arab saying.

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☞ A Spanish proverb says: Never argue with a woman or buy drugs from a boy.

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☞ A friend that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him—no matter how little that may be.

## ORIGINAL SKETCH.

Written for The Alleghanian.

### Extracts from Pencillings at Sea.

BY A CITIZEN OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

There is probably no city on the continent of Europe that presents such a peculiar and varied aspect to the foreigner as the city of Gibraltar. Its inhabitants seem to be composed of nearly every kindred and people, so that it is almost impossible to say which race predominates, or to which belongs the original proprietorship of the soil. The English, American and Spanish appeared to be carrying on the principal mercantile operations of the city, while the French and Italian generally confined theselves to the retail trade. Beside these, there was a conglomerate mass of mankind from every nation under Heaven continually crowding the streets, apparently without business of any kind.

Porters and runners, as is usual in all cities, were here in large numbers, and showed qualifications for their office unequalled by those of any city of America. I had one advantage over these pests to strangers, in that I could not understand the language of any of them; so that whether accosted by French, Spaniard or Turk, I was alike ignorant of their wants, and thus escaped an annoyance always dreaded by a newly arrived foreigner at a strange port.

Having made my way through the crowd that thronged the landing, I endeavored to pick my steps as carefully as possible along the best and cleanest-looking streets, anxiously examining the different shops and houses of entertainment for some place where refreshments could be obtained, without encountering a host of greasy natives. Indeed, it seemed as if they had devoted this particular day to endeavoring to fill all the thoroughfares, and throng every place where anything either to eat or to drink was kept. After wandering through some half dozen streets or alleys, and making as many turns as might have taken one from Dock Square to Washington street, in Boston, I fortunately came upon a market place, and there encountered three American seamen—one from our own, and two from another ship, now in port. Their object being the same as mine, and being better acquainted with the city, we soon found ourselves comfortably seated in what they were pleased to call a Coffee-House. On the table before us, was placed a pewter mug, containing a liquid which went by the name of Santa Cruz. Drinking this gave us an appetite for something more substantial, so we immediately adjourned to an Eating House, kept by a nondescript foreigner, who persisted in saying he was an Englishman. If so, he must have forgotten the language, as it was with no little difficulty, even with the aid of our whole Spanish and French vocabulary, we made ourselves understood. Having finally succeeded (as we thought) in doing so, we were soon furnished with an abundant dinner—not exactly what we called for—but of dishes prepared somewhat in character with the landlord of unknown nationality. Notwithstanding the objectionable flavor of onions and garlic, we did it ample justice, as it was still preferable to the salt junk and sea bread on which we had fared the past three months. Our host, on learning that we were Americans, endeavored to secure a continuance of our custom by declarations of high esteem for America and American institutions; and to our great amusement, attempted to describe a voyage he had made to New York. Like the "certain man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," our good friend had fallen, if not among thieves, among a set of sharpers, who had sadly victimized him in some of the games not exclusively confined to that city. But, forgetting his former protestations of admiration for America, and his love of freedom, he ended by such epithets as we would fain construe into any other meaning, than that all Yankees are a d—d set of scoundrels, rascals, &c.—Just then we ended our dinner, and not considering the would-be Englishman's expressions worth noticing further than by a grin of silent contempt at his verdancy, we settled our bill and retired, scarcely noticing his numerous bows and other signs of gratitude—all of which significantly requested us to "call again."

Our leave of absence being limited to the next morning, we determined to make the most of the afternoon, which was done in promenading through the principal parts of the city; and we need scarcely add that this was an enjoyment that can only be fully appreciated by one when first put on shore after a long and tedious sea voyage.

Evening coming on, we concluded to go to the theatre of Casa St. Carlos, which was located in the Plaza de Vittoria, and was said to be the best in the city. With the aid of a guide, we arrived in safety, and each one of us presenting an English shilling to a tall specimen of the genus Spaniard, in the dress of a gendarme, were admitted into the vestibule of a building so vast in extent that it required two conductors and two more British shillings apiece before we got into an eligible position to see the play. The stage was concealed from view by a blue curtain, on which was represented, in an azure field, the historical scene of St. Michael and the Dragon. The other parts of the building and decoerations were equal in grandeur to that of any theatre I ever entered.—Five tiers of boxes, with fronts beautifully embellished with designs in silver and gold, rose to the magnificent height of fifty feet, and ended in a dome with moon and stars so naturally painted that you could scarcely satisfy yourself by a look that it was not real.

The pit alone was capable of containing a respectable audience for Castle Garden or Broadway. The boxes were also well filled with what appeared to be the *elite* of Gibraltar. Ostrich feathers waved gracefully throughout the different tiers, and although I could distinguish no bonnet on any lady's head, the glare of light from three thousand burning lamps, reflected from an array of sparkling jewels, made it seem as though each head was crowned with a tiara.

Of the play I cannot speak so much, as it was Italian, and my not being acquainted with the language made it little better to me than a pantomime. Consequently I soon tired, and left the boxes to make a more particular survey of the anterior part of the house The main room was surrounded with very extensive lobbies and long galleries, well filled with fruit-stands, and visitors who like myself, found the inside performance scarcely as interesting as the outside. Here sailors, natives and beggars were congregated, and carried on a trade in almost every description of articles found in their markets.

Soon after my entrance, the trade was partially interrupted by a difficulty that arose between a party of seamen, and some natives who kept a stall in which were retailed ardent spirits. The disputants were not long in coming to blows, and as both were joined by their friends, it soon became general. Stands were upset, tables broken, benches overthrown, and a scene of confusion ensued having every appearance of ending in bloodshed. This was fortunately prevented by a strong force of armed police, who arrived in time to quell the disturbance; and with characteristic discrimination arrested every one who wore a short jacket wide trowsers or tarpaulin hat. Fearing lest they should suspect me of having one of the aforesaid articles about me, I sought an early retreat, believing that in this case, at least, "Discretion was the better part of valor." My good luck saved me from spending my first night in Europe in the Calaboose.—Thankful for my escape, and not wishing to see any more of the theatre *that* night, I endeavored to find my way to the ship. Having already mentioned the difficulty I found in threading my way through the narrow and crooked streets by daylight, I need barely mention that it was now much increased by the darkness, the few scattered lamps seeming only to add to my troubles. However, after passing through some half dozen streets, and turning as many corners, I suddenly encountered two of our men coming down a dark, narrow alley, under full sail. I was no little surprised to find them there, as but a few minutes before I had seen them arrested at the theatre. On asking how they had made their escape, one of them, called Charley, answered in true sailors style, that "the craft that had him in tow had fallen a little to leeward of the convoy, when he rehoisted his colors, shivered the watchman's topmast head, gave him a broadside in his bread locker, and bore off with all sail out for a safe port." The other made his escape, as he said, by an "artful dodge." Joining company, we all made good our retreat to the pier-head, where we bribed a watchman with a dollar to let a boatman take us to our ship; and thus ended my first day on shore.

All of our crew were not so fortunate, for the next morning I had to go ashore with a boat, to bring off three of our men who had taken up quarters in the Calaboose. They had just been liberated on the payment of three dollars each. For several ensuing days, all hands were confined on board, breaking out the cargo, and refitting the ship.

Passing frequently to and from the wharf, I soon become better acquainted with the natives, and imagined that if I was again so fortunate as to visit the city I could succeed better in making my way through it. In the meantime it began to be whispered about that some of us might have a longer stay in Gibraltar then we had calculated upon; and that our voyage was not to terminate here, not yet at Smyrna where we at first supposed ourselves bound.

It is unnecessary for me in this place to recount all the circumstances that occurred since our arrival, to change our destination to another part of the world. Suffice it, that our ship on her departure from the United States, was freighted with an assorted cargo for any Mediterranean port, with orders to continue the voyage, to the best advantage of the owners. Our Captain being one, and agents or other part owners in ships belonging to the company residing in Gibraltar, the greater portion of the crew had been shipped for what is generally called a Mediterranean voyage, which never lasts longer that from six to nine months. Others were regular ship fixtures, but no one could be held for a longer voyage than to Smyrna and return. Hence, when it became known that in place of visiting the beautiful Isles of the Mediterranean, we were destined to encounter the yellow fever of the East Indies there was a very general expression of dissatisfaction.

In this case however, there was no compulsion, and a majority of the crew prepared to leave as soon as the vessel cleared for another port. But as the kind of sailors required for a long voyage appeared to be scarce in the shipping offices, every inducement was held out to the present crew to remain; which, with a few exceptions they finally did.

This was in great part accomplished by the agents and owners promising increase of pay, extra rations on Sunday, liberty on shore until the sailing of the ship, &c., all of which was confirmed on their part when the ships papers were re-signed.—This was done on the fifth of Sept. 1844, in office of Horatio Sprague Vice Consul of the United States, for the port of Gibraltar.

It was sometime before I could conclude to venture so far in this my first voyage. But on maturely considering the matter pro and con, and consulting with the only friend I had made in the place Hon. Horatio Sprague, (may his shadow never grow less) I finally concluded to follow the fate of my ship to the bitter end.—Consequently, along with the others I put my signature to a paper, legally binding myself for and in consideration of the sum of twenty dollars per month, forty of which to be paid in advance, to continue in the capacity of a common sailor on board the ship "Mary of Salem," owned by Grinnell, Robinson & Co., from the port of Gibraltar to the port of Canton and return, all accidents by fire, shipwreck, or other visitations of Divine Providence permitting, signed by Bronson & Drew, agents for the company.

Those of us who signed the above document did not forget any of the privileges granted therein, and as the work of completing the ship's outfit belonged to the stevedores, we who had reshipped had the full control of our time, and determined to improve it until the ship was ready to sail. Knowing that we had at least six days to devote to our amusement, and two months advance pay to spend in that time, we concluded to go on shore. Acting on this I soon found myself, with three favorite shipmates, comfortably installed in a boarding house in the Plasa St. Stebestian, kept by an Englishman, and charging but four shillings per day.

How far we succeeded in enjoying our visit in the city of Gibraltar, and other occurrences that happened before we set sail, I must defer to another time.

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☞ A boulder weighing about two pounds was found under the shirt bosom of a colored individual arrested in a row. On being questioned as to how it came in his possession, he exclaimed with a look of astonishment:—"Dat's just what I'd like to know how that infernal dornick got intei my buzum. I 'spect some dem niggers must have frowed it dar".

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☞ Barnum is said actually to have offered Mr. Spurgeon, the celebrated Babtist preacher, £2,000 a year to come to America and make a lecturing tour. Mr. Spurgeon replied by writing simply "Acts xiii, 10," and sending it to Barnum. The verse reads thus: "O, full of subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?"

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IDLE CURIOSITY.—Freret, a Frenchman, was carried away from his home by the police of Paris; at two in the morning, and imprisoned at the Bastile. After a confinement of several weeks, he inquired of an officer, "will you have the goodness to tell me for what crime I am shut up in this place?" The officer cooly replied, "I think you have a great deal of curiosity."

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☞ This line fits exactly.

### Column of Interesting Varieties.

The books in the library belonging to the British Museum occupy twelve miles of shelf.——The painting and sculpture galleries of the palace of Versailles extend over six miles.——In the course of three and a half years 270,000 trees were felled in order to get at the gutta-percha.——The eyes of needles are punctured by a machine which, superintended by one boy, can punch 20,000 in a day.——A ray of artificial light travels at the rate of 70,000 leagues in a second of time.——Astronomers have given the rate of solar light at 192,500 miles a second.——In the formation of a single locomotive there are over 5,000 pieces to be put together, and these require to be as accurately adjusted as the works of a watch.——Every watch consists of at least 202 pieces, employing probably over 200 persons, and distributed among 40 trades, to say nothing of the tool-makers for all these.——Gas-lighting was unknown in 1800; it was not until two years after this that Murdoch made his first public exhibition of it in London. Since that time his discovery has encircled the globe. In Europe and this country all the principal cities any many large towns are lighted with it; and even New Zealand villages, where no white man had bullt his residence in 1800, are now illuminated by the same subtile and beautiful agent of human comfort and happiness.——Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects boiled to death; 700,000 pounds are annually used for scarlet and crimson dyes.——The odorous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark their odor is diminished, but restored in the light, and it is strongest in sunny climates. The plant known as the *fraxmella* takes fire in hot evenings by bringing a flame near its roots.——At present there is no really successful ventilating and dust excluding apparatus combined for railroad cars. Much ingenuity has been displayed, and many patents have been issued for devices for these purposes, but as yet the system needs to be perfected.——The national road over the Cumberland mountains is more extensive and durable than the celebrated Appian Way, at Rome.——To find the contents of a cask in imperial gallons, guage the bung diameter and multiply its square by 2. To the product add the square of the head diameter, and multiply these by the inside length. Then divide the last product by 1,089 for imperial gallons.——The Julian acqueduct of Rome is two miles longer than the Croton acqueduct of New York, but the Croton carries more water than all the seven acqueducts of Rome put together, and more than any other acqueduct in the world, and is longer than any other, excepting the Julian.——The Illinois Central Railroad is the longest ever constructed by one Company, and in point of workmanship is equal to any European road.——The stone arch over Cabin John's Creek, on the Washington acqueduct, is about fifty feet greater than any other stone arch in the world, and is more beautiful in proportion than the arch over Ocha, in Italy, so long celebrated for its magnificence.——The tunnel on the summit of the Pennsylvania Railroad was a more difficult work than the tunnel under the Thames.——The structures on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at Harper's Ferry, and the Staracca viaduct on the New York and Eria Railroad, are equal in magnificence to anything Brunel ever did in England, or Moran in France.——The suspension bridge over the Niagara River, at Lewistown, is 1,042 feet 10 inches in one span, and 46 feet greater than any other single span in the world, being nearly twice as great as the celebrated bridge over the Menai Straits in England.——The United States Dry Dock, in Brooklyn, is the largest dry dock in the world, by many feet. The plates of iron used in the gates of this dock are the largest that had been made up to the time they were rolled.——The estimate originally make by the Belgian engineers for the wear of rails upon their lines, was 120 years. At present ten years is not under the average life of rails, whilst many are actually so much worn in twelve months as to be no longer fit for use.——Boiler explosions are always reported, but simple ruptures, which often occur from over pressure, and with no further consequences than the loss of steam and local injury to the boiler, are seldom publicly reported, and there are many who are not aware tha, such casualties ever happen.——The bark of trees is generally thichest on their Northern sides.——Georgia is the lightest taxed State in the Union. Its State tax is only two-thirds of a mill to the dollar. A man owning $10,000 worth of property is only taxed $6.62.——The oldest church in America is in the town of Hingham, Mass. It was built in 1681.