

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices. Districts.
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Juniata Station, Joseph S. Mardis, Blacklick.
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Chess Springs, Danl. Litzinger, Chest.
Ebensburg, Mrs. H. McCague, Ebensburg.
Glenwood, Isaac Thompson, White.
Harrisburg, J. M. Christy, Gallatin.
Hills, Joseph Gill, Chest.
Hills, Wm. McLaugh, Chest.
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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SPAN, Pastor in charge. Rev. J. M. SMITH, Ass't. 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.
Independent—Rev. L. L. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 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 of each month.
German Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. P. 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. P. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Presbyterian—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting at 10 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Ebensburg, daily, at 12 o'clock, A. M.
Pittsburgh, " " 10 " P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Ebensburg, daily, at 4 o'clock P. M.
Pittsburgh, " " 6 " A. M.
The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Stroudsburg, Pa. arrive on Thursday of each week, at 10 o'clock, P. M.
The Mails from Harrisburg on Friday of each week, at 8 P. M.
The Mails from Newmarket, Mills, Corning, Pa. arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
The Mails from Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
The Post Office open on Sundays from 9 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.
West—Express Train, leaves at 8 55 A. M.
Mail Train, " " 9 05 " P. M.
East—Express Train, " " 7 18 P. M.
Mail Train, " " 12 12 P. M.
Mail Train, " " 6 05 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—President, Hon. Geo. W. Huntington; Associates, George W. Wray, Richard Jones, Jr.
County Recorder—Joseph McDonald.
County Assessor—Michael Hassler.
County Register and Recorder—John Scammon.
Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.
Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.
County Attorney—Philip S. Neen.
County Commissioners—John Bearer, Abel Smith, David T. Storm.
County Commissioners—George C. K. Zahn, Charles H. Bly, John S. Rhye.
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Post Office Agent—Jacob Horner.
Post Office Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.
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Surveyor—Henry Hawk, John F. Stull, E. F. Lingo.
Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.
Coroner—James S. Todd.
Superintendent of Common Schools—T. A. Ogilvie.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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Bargain—Andrew Lewis.
Town Council—William Kittell, William K. Pate, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward Schaefer.
Board of Council—T. D. Litzinger.
Board of Treasurer—George Gurley.
Board of Mayor—William Davis.
School Directors—Edward Glass, William Davis, Reese S. Lloyd, John J. Lloyd, Morris J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis.
Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.
Collector—George Gurley.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.
Age of Election—Isaac Evans.
Surveyor—John S. Rhye, John J. Evans.

POETRY.

Home's Harmony.

The lark may sing her sweetest song,
As, rising from the waving corn,
On soaring wings she skirts along,
To welcome in the rising morn:
Her sweetest song is naught to me,
Compared to home's sweet harmony.
Deep in the woods the nightingale,
At midnight hour may tune her lay,
May pour upon the listening vale
Her loveliest streams of melody:
Lovely her midnight lay may be,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.
Sweet are the songsters of the spring,
And of the summer's sunny days,
And autumn's feathered warblers sing
In rapturous strains their sweetest lays:
Lovely the songs of bower and tree,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.
But O, what cheers the winter night,
When all around is dark and gloom,
When feathered songsters take their flight,
Or fill a gloomy little tomb!
'Tis at such hours as these that we
Prize most our home's sweet harmony.
O, when dark clouds above us lower,
And life's drear winter o'er us comes,
'Tis then we feel your magic power,
Ye songsters of our hearts and homes;
For soon the lowering clouds do flee,
From out dear home's sweet harmony.

ADVENTURE OF AN ORPHAN BOY.

A Tale of Love and Politics.

Towards the last of the summer of 1849, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered the beautiful town of G—, situated at the foot of Seneca Lake, near the centre of that State. He had traveled from the Western part of Ohio where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly settled countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land, in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1836.
Being an only son, and left among strangers, after the death of his father, George Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio, and remove to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner that chance might offer. He had passed through the several towns and villages on his route, without meeting anything to attract his attention, till reaching G—. This fine town, with its lovely lake and pleasant scenery, struck his fancy, so he determined to obtain employment if possible, and make it his future home.
While walking along the principal street of the shady avenue, overlooking the lake and on which were located several fine churches and other public buildings—he saw a large crowd of people assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels. On approaching the spot he found that it was a political meeting held for the purpose of raising the pole and making party speeches.
Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "Stars and Stripes," with the names of their favorite candidates to the top of the flag-staff. The flag had scarcely reached half way, the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cord twisted and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement ceased, and all eyes were raised to the half-masted flag. A portion of the opposition party, were grouped a little in the rear of the main body began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfiture of their opponents.
At length Judge S—, editor and publisher of the G— Journal, then a candidate for Congress, offered fifty dollars to any person who would climb the staff and draw the cord through the wheel. Utmost silence reigned for several minutes, but no one advanced to make the daring trial.
"Will nobody volunteer?" shouted the Judge, strongly excited, as a peal of laughter went up from the ranks of the opposition.
The chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George with his cap and his shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look exclaimed, "Yes, sir, I'll climb it!"
"You, my lad; are you strong enough?"
"Oh, yes, sir; I am used to climbing."
"Then go ahead, my little Spartan," said the Judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.
Steadily, hand over hand, his feet clutching the pole in a manner that proved him to be an expert climber, George made his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slender that it swayed two and fro

TOBACCO.

In the year 1797, some enterprising literary man issued, in London, proposals for publishing by subscription, "A History of Snuff and Tobacco, interspersed with curious anecdotes, and with dissertations on pipes and snuff boxes." The theme was certainly an interesting one, and if well handled might have been rendered singularly attractive. But whether the author of the proposal found himself incapable of performing his task, or fell into debt and was suddenly spirited off to the Fleet or Marshalsea prison, or took to drink and died, or whether subscribers failed to respond to the call which was made upon them, are mysteries upon which we can throw no light. All that we do know is, that the two portly volumes in which the history of the Nicotian weed was to be comprised, were never written, or, if written, remain unpublished to this day. There is, nevertheless, an abundance of material in prose and rhyme, in state papers and statistical tables, in the annals of many nations, in the pages of biographers, and in the gossip of letter writers, from which a remarkably readable and instructive book might be made. For nearly three centuries this popular narcotic has been in use in Europe, and amongst Eastern nations from time immemorial. It has become the recognized solace of savage and civilized peoples all the world over, and so general is its use that it has been computed that more than two millions of tons are consumed annually.
Popes have anathematized it. Preachers have vehemently denounced it. Kings have written against it. Governments have sought to restrain its use by laws and proclamations. Doctors have solemnly demonstrated it to be a slow poison and have been laughed at for their pains. Poets and dramatists have satirized it; but in spite of Papal bull or Royal counterblast; of deboration, denunciation and ridicule; of pains, and penalties, and custom duties, which in most other cases would amount to a prohibition, the use of tobacco has gone on extending until it ranks, in annual cost, second only to sugar and tea. In France its votaries welcome it under the pet names of Herb of the Grand Prior, Queen's Herb, Sacred Herb, Herb for all sick people, Herb of the Holy Cross, &c., &c. In prosier England the vendors retail it under the names of Latakia, Turkish, Oronoka, Shag, Retinas, and Pigtail. In the form of snuff the various compounds are also honored by special titles, amongst which "Irish blackguard" and "Laudy-foot" once occupied conspicuous places, and made fortunes for the manufacturers. Charles Lamb, who told Dr. Parr that he had succeeded in accommodating his taste to the tastes of the coarsest and strongest tobacco, "by toiling after it, as other men toil after virtue," has also left behind him a quaint lyric, in which he sings, if not with the melody of a true poet, yet with the fervor of a devotee—
"For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."
An earlier rhymester, who loved Snuff and Tobacco, with equal ardor, has assured the world, in a quatrain, which has all the hearty relish of Bishop Stille's famous song "in praise of good ale," that—
He needs no nectar for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe;
Who has his kitchen in a box,
His roast-meat in a pipe.
William Lilly, the once famous astrologer, whose fame for casting nativities and foretelling future events caused him to be consulted on affairs of State by Charles I. and the Chiefs of the Puritan party, has told us—in his amusing auto-biography—of an English vicar, whose devotion to smoking was such that when he had no tobacco, he would cut the bell-ropes in the Parish Church and smoke the pieces as a substitute for the weed. Two centuries later we find Lord Byron apostrophizing in polished but vigorous verse—
"Sublime Tobacco! which, from East to West,
Cheers the Tar's labors and the Turk's repose,
Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe."
Another English poet declares that a Hollander's beau-ideal of "retired leisure" is—
"To sit and smoke between two rows of lines,
Along the wall of some neat old Dutch town
In noontide heat, and hear the jingling chimnes
From Stant-hoorn steeples."
But why need we multiply instances? Who does not know that the habit of using tobacco is common to all quarters of the globe, and that the amount annually consumed must necessarily be enormous? Four thousand four hundred and eighty million pounds weight, says the Dean of Carlisle in a recent lecture, is the estimated yearly consumption for all parts of the world; which, at an average price of nine

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few hours for consideration. This being granted, he retired to his room, and threw himself on his bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what he himself had scarcely dared to hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None! He would soothe his feelings, and earn an honorable living by his own exertions.
Various were the rumors set afloat by the scandal mongers of G—, as to the cause of young Wentworth's leaving his father's mansion, but their innuendoes were unheeded. George now devoted himself wholly to business and study. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression and his cheek grew a shade paler. The Judge acted towards him in a straightforward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind, fatherly tones as had been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks, a friendly glance and a nod were all that passed; still he felt that his looks betrayed him, for the warm blood rushed from his loving heart and tinted his cheeks with the tell tale blush, and he cherished the pleasing thought that her look was beaming with love and hope.
A little more than a year had passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election, excitement ran high, and Judge S— was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of articles had appeared in the Judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes, farmers, mechanics and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear and convincing arguments, deep and profound reasoning of these articles invariably carried conviction to the parties to whom they were addressed. All the newspapers of the party in that Congressional district copied them, and curiosity was on tip toe to discover the author, as they were simply signed by two little "stars." The election passed off, and Judge S— was elected by a large majority.
Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the printing office. As the establishment was usually closed at twilight, it appeared strange that it should be lit up at that hour, so the Judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, they ascended the stairs and entered the office quickly. A sight met their gaze which caused the heart of one of them to beat violently. At a desk, a short distance from the door, sat George fast asleep with his head resting upon his arm. As the Judge stepped forward to awake the sleeper, he observed several political essays lying open on the desk, and a freshly written article with the mysterious "stars" attached. The truth flashed upon him in a moment—he was indebted to George for his success! He beckoned to Ida, who came trembling to his side.—Just then they saw by the flickering light of the lamp, a smile pass over the slumberer's face, and he muttered the words "dear Ida," in a tender tone.
"Oh, Father," exclaimed the loving girl affectionately throwing her arms around her parent's neck, "do let George come home again; it is surely no sin for him to love me."
Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and as he saw Ida and her father he endeavored to hide the manuscript. But the Judge stopped him, saying, laughingly,
"It won't do, you young rascal, you are fairly caught, found out—talk in your sleep, will ye, ha! ha! But come here, take Ida, and be happy. I know she loves you, ha! ha!"
George was bewildered and transported—he had been awakened from a pleasant dream to a bright reality.
Matters were soon explained, and the warm-hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started for Washington.
IMPORTANT CAUTION.—If a limb or any other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spurts or jerks, *per saltum*, as the doctors say, be in a hurry, or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician; say nothing, out with your handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie the two corners together, put a stick through them and twist it around tighter, till the blood ceases to flow. But stop, it does no good.
Why! Because, only a severed artery throws blood in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence to stop the flow, the remedy must be between the heart and wound—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and slowly, and, on the other hand, the tie would be applied below the wound from the heart, because the blood in the veins flows toward the heart, and there is no need of such a hurry.

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cents a pound, would amount to the extraordinary sum of four hundred and three millions eight hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and would occupy in its production five and a half millions of acres of land. Nor is this statement at all incredible when we reflect that one-fourth of the human race make use of tobacco in some shape or other. In England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and the United States, the habit is very generally diffused. In Germany, Holland, Sweden, Denmark and Russia, the practice of smoking prevails amongst all classes, and is common to both sexes in Spain, Portugal, Spanish America, the East Indies, Siam, Bernam, China, Japan, and the Islands of the Indian Archipelago. In Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and Morocco, the pipe is the constant companion of the wealthy and the poor. Even on portions of this continent, and in those remote regions where men still live in a state of barbarism, "the stinking weed"—as old John Stowe once indignantly termed it, and as many others since his day have quite as vehemently proclaimed it to be—is held in as high repute as in places where the light of civilization is brightest and most diffused.
Of the immense quantity of tobacco consumed in Europe, the United States furnish four-fifths of the entire supply.—From the perfect middle of statistics which is to be found in commercial dictionaries and other works of reference, we are enabled only to state approximately the quantity of tobacco annually raised in this country, which may be roughly estimated as two hundred millions of pounds. Of this, France takes about forty-one million lbs., Bremen thirty-eight millions, England twenty-four millions, Holland seventeen millions, Spain seven millions, Belgium four millions, Sardinia three and a half millions, Austria three millions, Sweden and Norway two millions, Portugal half a million. The whole quantity exported, as given above, amounts to one hundred and thirty-nine million lbs., leaving sixty-one millions of pounds for export to countries not mentioned, and for purposes of domestic consumption. The annual consumption of American manufactured tobacco in Europe averages, for each inhabitant, as follows: In Great Britain, fourteen ounces; France, ten ounces; Belgium, thirty-six ounces; Holland, forty-five ounces; the Hanse Towns, eighty ounces; Hanover, fifty-six ounces; Mecklenburg thirty-two ounces; the States of the Zoll Verein, sixteen ounces; Russia, a quarter of an ounce; Austria, one ounce; Spain, three ounces, and in Portugal, one ounce and a half. This estimated average *per capita* applies only to tobacco exported from the United States.
An immense amount of tobacco is grown in Germany, and elsewhere, for home consumption and for export, which is not embraced within the scope of the tables we have presented, and of which the statistics vary so greatly as to be wholly unreliable. But if Governments were, at an earlier day, averse to tolerating the introduction of this narcotic into popular use, they shown a marvellous readiness, in later times, to derive from it a magnificent revenue. On tobacco alone principally of American growth, France, which holds a monopoly of the trade, derives an annual revenue of twenty millions of dollars; England thirty millions; Holland twenty-one millions; Spain from her monopoly, five millions; Austria, monopoly, seven and a half millions; Sardinia, monopoly, two and a half millions; and little Portugal, two and a quarter millions of dollars. It will be seen, therefore, that tobacco, though abused on the one hand and glorified on the other, plays an important part in the history of the civilized world; is by no means forgotten by Committees of Ways and Means, and occupies an important place in their estimate of revenue.
"Uncle," said a young man, who thought that his guardian supplied him rather seldom with pocket money, yet felt a little hesitation in beginning an assault on his relative's generosity.
"Is the Queen's head still on the shilling piece?"
"Of course it is, you stupid lad. Why do you ask that?"
"Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."
"The most agreeable of all companions is a frank, simple man, without any pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit or the profoundest thinker."
"What is the first thing a young lady looks for in church? The *habe*."

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with his weight. Nothing daunted he wound his legs right and left around the pole, with his right hand untwisted the cord. Shouting fearlessly to those below to hasten away, he clung on till the flag fairly reached the top, and then slowly descended.
The cheers that now rent the air were terrific—everybody, opposition and all, joined in with one universal shout.
After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge S— looked upon the boy with admiration, and then took out his pocket-book to pay the promised reward. George noticed the action, and exclaimed—
"Keep your money, sir, I want no pay for helping to raise the American flag."
"Nobly said, my little man, what is your name?" inquired the Judge.
"George Wentworth, sir; I am an orphan and have just arrived here in search of employment," replied our hero, his bright eyes glistening with a tear.
"Well you shall live with me," exclaimed the Judge; "I'll take care of you for the future."
Five years passed from the time George Wentworth became a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S. had been defeated by his political opponent, and George had been initiated into the "Art of Arts." He had become a general favorite with the citizens and was looked upon as the adopted son of the Judge. It was even whispered in private circles that he was to be the envied husband of the beautiful and accomplished Ida, the Judge's only child. But this, George had not dared to dream of; 'tis true he never felt so happy, as when in her presence, and it made his muscles twitch to see the feckish students from the college swarm around the acknowledged idol of his heart. Poor youth! had he known the real state of Ida's feelings, the thought would have almost turned his brain; and could he have interpreted the gleam of joy that flashed from her eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentiment or sally of wit, it would have filled his soul with ecstasy and delight.
One day in the latter part of June Ida, her father and George, were enjoying a sail on the lake in their trim little yacht, the "Swan," which had won the cup at the last regatta, under the management of our hero, who was at present standing by his hand on the mast, gazing at the beautiful scenery on the opposite shore; the Judge held the tiller, and Ida was leaning over the side of the boat, trailing her pretty hand through the clear water of the lake, when a sudden gust of wind careened the yacht, so that she lost her balance and fell into the water. George heard the splash made by Ida, and before the Judge could utter a cry, he had kicked off his light summer shoes, and plunged in to her rescue. Being a skillful and vigorous swimmer, he came up with the struggling girl before her clothes allowed her to sink, and entwining her waist with his left arm, struck out with his right, and kept her above water till the Judge turned the boat and came to their relief. In a few moments they were safe in the boat again, and Ida soon recovered from the effects of her unexpected bath. The old Judge embraced George and exclaimed, with tears starting from his eyes,
"God bless you, my dear, dear boy, you have saved my daughter's life, how can I ever repay you?"
"By saying nothing about it," replied George. "I owe you now a thousand times more than I can ever repay, and I am too happy in being able to render even this slight service."
The lovely Ida could say nothing, her heart was overflowing, but she gazed upon her preserver with an expression that told volumes. Her father even observed her earnest, loving glance, and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was not prepared for it, and in silence turned the boat toward the shore. They reached home with feelings far different than those with which they had started.
The following morning George received a notice to attend the Judge in his library. His heart beat wildly—what can it mean?
The Judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library he commenced—
"Since becoming an inmate of my family, George, you have conducted yourself in an honorable and worthy manner, performing every duty cheerfully and neglecting none. You are now of age and capable of doing business for yourself. I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank at your disposal; you can use this sum as you think proper, or let it on interest, and take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present. What do you say to my proposal?"
George was completely bewildered, and stammered forth a request to be allowed a