The Alleghanian.

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DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. Spang, Preacher in charge. Rev J. M. Smith, Assistant. 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.

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.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at	12 o'clock,	A. M.
Western, " at	10 "	P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at	4½ o'clock	P. M.
Western, " at	6 "	A. 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 P. 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.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train, leaves at	3.55	A. M.
" Mail Train, "	8.07	P. M.
East—Express Train, "	7.18	P. M.
" Fast Line, "	12.12	P. M.
" Mail Train, "	6.08	A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Prothonotary—Joseph M'Donald.

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Deputy Register and Recorder—John Scanlan.

Sheriff—Robert P. Linton.

Deputy Sheriff—William Linton.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—John Bearer, Abel Lloyd, David T. Storm.

Clerk to Commissioners—George C. K. Zahm.

Counsel to Commissioners—John S. Rhey.

Treasurer—John A. Blair.

Poor House Directors—David O'Harro, Michael M'Guire, Jacob Horner

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.

Mercantile Appraiser—Thomas M'Connell.

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County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.

Coroner—James S. Todd.

Superintendent of Common Schools—T. A. Maguire.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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

Burgess—Andrew Lewis.

Town Council—William Kittell, William K. Piper, Charles Owens, J. C. Noon, Edward Shoemaker.

Clerk to Council—T. D. Litzinger.

Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.

Weigh Master—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.

Constable—George Gurley.

Tax Collector—George Gurley.

Assessor—Richard T. Davis.

Judge of Election—Isaac Evans.

Inspectors—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

POETRY.

A Dream of the Night.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Now cometh the autumn time redness,
Now wild birds depart,
And, darling, the old and sweet madness
Is back on my heart:
For, 'twas when summer was hushing
Her songs in the grove,
That thou, betwixt smiling and blushing,
Didst tell me thy love.

Now, light as the light on the billow
In June's sunny hours,
Thou liest all night on my pillow,
My flowers of flowers!
I'm drowned in thy tresses of brightness,
Unloosed from their bands;
I'm kissing those marvels of whiteness,
Thy dear little hands!

I cover thy eyes, lest my praising
Should do them a wrong;
And lest I should wake thee with gazing
Too fondly and long.
I say when I hear the brook's purling,
And silvery fret,
Flow gently, and leave me my darling
A little while yet!

Thy smile is more sweet in its beaming
Of kindness for me,
Than thoughts of homes in their dreaming
Of sad men at sea.
Without thee, my life is so lonely,
And with thee, so bright,
I cannot believe thou art only
A dream of the night.

Tobacco:

A VIEW FROM T'OTHER SIDE.

Written for The Alleghanian.

A plague on Old Fogies.

Tip us a light for my "Wig-Wag," Dolphy—

"A lass is good, a glass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather"—

Especially the pipe, as I take it. Do you see those transiucent volumes of beautiful blue smoke, that wreathe themselves into such quaint and fantastic forms as they lazily ascend, and spread so sweet an atmosphere of scented fragrance throughout the room? Know, then, Dolphy, that compared with the satisfaction with which I contemplate those magic circles all other sensations are as nothing. The fabled nectar of the gods, the dark-eyed houris and the harems of Oriental romance, and scenes beautiful as a poet's dream could not tempt me to forego this pleasure. To sit and watch the pillars and columns of scented vapor as they pile themselves one on the other, and mingle and separate, and float upward, is joy beyond inspiration, or conquest in love or war.

Another light, Dolphy—now we go.

In the Beginning—when this chaotic world of ours was reduced to a beautiful system of order, when the sun and moon and stars were set in the firmament, when the land was divided from the water, and man was created—the earth was ordered to bring forth abundantly. We have much reason to believe that the vegetable known as Tobacco was then originated.

In his first voyage of discovery, Columbus touched at Cuba. There he saw the natives smoking rolls of dried herbs or leaves, which they called *tabacos*. From this is probably derived the word Tobacco.

It is generally admitted that the human economy stands in need of some agent of a stimulating nature, either as a necessary or a luxury. Tobacco, used with moderation, is this stimulant in perfection.—Hence its widely-extended use.

We look back into the past until the dim shadows of tradition are lost in darkness, and find that Tobacco was then consumed. One of the original and aboriginal modes of enjoying the luxury was that of the earlier inhabitants of North America. These untutored children of nature, when their mental or physical faculties were beclouded or benumbed, would dig a hole in the ground and therein pile layers of the weed. A light was applied to the mass, and those who so desired would lie down and inhale the invigorating fumes which ascended. But Tobacco, for aught we know, may have been used as an article of human consumption ever since the time when Adam trod alone the aisles of the garden of Eden.

But whether its discovery was of ancient or modern date has no bearing on the subject. The edible qualities of the Potato, an esculent which is admitted by every body to be one of the greatest blessings bestowed on man by the Creator, were discovered by accident only so late as the sixteenth century.

And here allow me to diverge. Sir Walter Raleigh has the honor of introducing both the Potato and Tobacco into England. So, you who are disposed to bless the one do not curse the other; for by so doing you may do an injury to the memory of the patron saint of both.

Tobacco, it is often said disparagingly, is consumed only by man and the tobacco-worm. There's your "good old rye"—no animal but man will touch, taste or handle it. Yet who will say that it is of itself harmful? That it is often beneficial who will deny? Not those who are cognizant of its component parts, for they drink it; not the doctors, for they prescribe it.

But Jenks has no regard for the law of moderation. He imbibes ten or twelve drinks of good old rye per day. (He formerly took only three, without any bad effect.) What is the consequence? Why, he makes a brute of himself, shatters his constitution, and falls into premature decay.

Poodles doesn't drink, but he is an exceedingly high liver. He overdoes the thing—forgets that the stomach will hold only a peck and eats half a bushel—does it often. We see that he becomes subject to frequent attacks of gout or dyspepsia, and at last he drops off—a victim to his unbridled gluttony.

Exactly so.

Then see our friend Nicot. He at one time only chewed three chews of Tobacco and smoked three cigars in any one day. It did him no harm—he rather thought it agreed with him. But he has not been mindful of the truism that "enough is enough." He has gone too far. He now chews a plug per day, and smokes cigars in proportion. The upshot of this is, that he has sadly injured himself.

"What is one man's meat is another's poison." *You* may eat sweetmeats with impunity, *he* may not; *he* may use use Tobacco, *you* may not. But if either of you go into excess in the matter, you receive a merited punishment for the transgression of a law of Nature.

Do you wish to see a picture of perfect happiness and content? Then come with me, into the house of this old patriarch. He and his wife are not blessed with a superabundance of the good things of this life, 'tis true—indeed they have hard pinching to get along sometimes; but mark how willingly and even joyfully they submit to the rude buffets of fortune. You talk with them, and find that they are as communicative and well-informed as you could desire. The Bible is on the table—they have been holding family worship. And now they are enjoying the soothing of "a smoke." They tell you that they have used the weed in this form for over half a century. Now, think you, has Tobacco beclouded their moral perceptions, or bedimmed their mental faculties, or cut their lives shorter than they would have been had they not used the stimulant?

Moderation is the word. "Be ye moderate in all things." Bread is certainly a very good thing, but if ye obey not this rule it becomes a stone. If ye take not heed to the precept, everything you say or do reverses the natural order.

Then again, Tobacco has to bear an onerous load that does not belong to it.

See that youth emerging from yonder cellar-way. He and some boon companions are in the nightly habit of meeting there to revel and carouse. He drinks largely, and the wee small hours always see him out of bed. His health fails, his countenance becomes disfigured, his complexion sallow, his eyes sunken, and his gait unsteady. What is the matter with him? ask inquisitive friends. Oh, he chews too much!—or smokes, as the case may be.

This is often the way—the effects of all manner of excesses are ascribed to Tobacco. Is it not so?

If you would only inquire into the real causes of these physical debilitations that you prate so much about, you would arrive in a majority of the cases, perhaps, at a different first cause from what you now suspect.

I believe, in a quiet sort of way, that Tobacco is often the main cause of high aspirations and the prime mover to deeds of lofty daring. I have heard of men, when their paths were obscured, who have caused the scales to fall from their eyes by the free application of a cigar; or, when about to undertake the performance of some feat of doubtful magnitude, a prime quid would immediately infuse new energy, a determination to overcome all obstacles.

When fortune ceases to favor you, and your sky is o'ercast by clouds; when false friends desert you, and difficulties throng your path; when care curves your brow, and an overplus of business wearies you; when your brain teems with frightful vagaries, when your mind is diseased, when your body is weakened, and your heart is sick—when anything that is disagreeable or burthensome to bear comes upon you—do you not, oh Tobacco-loving reader, feel all the better after indulging in your Panacea?

If Tobacco *is* an evil, then, we will use it that good may come.

The Prince of Wales Crossing the Mountain.

Pennsylvanians will feel some curiosity in knowing how the Prince enjoyed his visit in their State, and what the newspaper-man of his company says of them. The following is from the London *Times*. It will likely induce European travellers to try our railroad:

Harrisburg, October 2.

Pittsburg was reached in the night.—There was an immense crowd waiting to see "the Prince," as a matter of course, who escorted him rather boisterously up to the handsome and comfortable hotel where he was to stay for the night, and which takes its name from the banks of the river on which Pittsburg is built, the Monongahela House. From day break next morning there was an immense crowd round the hotel, which for a time prevented all vehicles coming to the door. At last, however, the Prince got into his carriage, and would have driven round the town, but for the mistaken politeness of the Mayor, who turned out some fine companies of militia to precede the cortege with their bands, at a slow march, an arrangement to which, as a kind of State reception, his Royal Highness was disinclined, and which, as affording all Pittsburg an opportunity of keeping pace side by side with his Royal Highness, must have been in the highest degree uncomfortable and embarrassing. As with everything else, however, the Prince bore this slow, trying ordeal, with hundreds staring close into his face, for more than an hour and a half with a modest, good humored courtesy, which has won the hearts of all—certainly, I have never seen his frank dignified kindness appear to greater advantage than it did on this occasion.—In Pittsburg, itself, of course, there was nothing to see beyond a populous thriving "coal and iron town," where the air and buildings are blacker, though with far less cause, than those of Sheffield, and where the sooty mud is paramount in all the streets. At one o'clock the royal train started for Harrisburg, the band of the fine company of militia playing *Je mais je ne t'oublierai*," that beautiful Canadian air with which all the British towns in North America took leave of their royal guest.

This day's journey of two hundred and eighty miles, was by the Pennsylvania Central Railway, not only through Pennsylvania, but actually up and across the Allegheny Mountains, probably the most difficult route for a railway that ever was attempted, and certainly one the scenery of which is not to be equalled from any railway in the whole world.

For a few miles the land through which the line passes is neither very rich looking, nor very picturesque, being merely fields dotted with autumn foliaged trees and here and there a huge black smoky mound near the shafts of coalpits. After passing the great Cambria Iron Works, however, it soon changes, and the track lies for miles between mountains, and up a gorge, clothed from base to summit with the densest foliage. At any time of the year such a ravine would be grand and beautiful, but now when coming Winter has roused the forest into a quick, warm life of color, robed the mountains in celestial tints like rainbows, there was a solemn gorgeousness about the pass that is utterly indescribable.

The eye ranged over mountain and valley till the mind was saturated with their burning richness, and you turned as if for relief from the great scene of tints to look upon the soft unfathomable blue of the distant ranges, or watched the stripes of fleecy mist gathering with the fall of night, draping the hills in silvery streaks, like the haze over Turner's gorgeous paintings. This was the entrance which begins the ascent of the Allegheny Mountains, up which and amid such scenes the train began to wind. For long, long miles it puffed, and toiled, and struggled painfully upwards, and always shut in between these masses of colored hills, stretching upwards on each side like feathery tapestry.

At last the train emerged from the gorgeous defile near Kittanning mountain, half way up the summit of the Alleghenies, and nearly eighteen hundred feet above the level of the line at Pittsburg. What a view was got from here! It was like looking down through a prism upon the landscape from the summit of the Rigi Kulm. Distance had softened off the warm, deep, bright glow of the changing trees into a rich maze of gentle color, so varied and yet so equal in its variations, that it seemed like one grand arabesque of nature, a vast pasture, which covered the very mountains, and shone up through the soft blue mists that gathered in the valleys in gleams of color like jewels under water. The sun had set, but its train of rainbow light was still brilliant in the West, shedding a farewell fervor over the hills, and gliding down the valleys in silent yellow beams, filling them with an atmosphere of gold. On one side in the distance all was light and life, and gorgeous rays; while up in the East remorseless night came crowding on, stifling out the brilliant woodland with a dull gray haze, and making the mountains loom heavily through the darkness from the heavens like clouds of a coming storm.—Close and sheer above the train rose a precipice, worried and riven into such fantastic ruins as only the decay of mountains show—stained with raw blotches, whose water course trickled down into old gray pinnacles draped with a silent moss, and here and there long creepers dropping softly down from stone to stone in rills of vegetation, rustling and waving gently in the wind. Above the rock, like sunset clouds, the forest rose in all its glory, with festoons of glowing weeds, like old torn banners, hanging in melancholy grandeur from their boughs, with clumps of underwood, and sweet wild flowers still alive with bloom, with humble, timid willows, bending in low obeisance before these severe lords of the woods; the dark, tall, sombre, unchanging pine, maple and sumachs, swamp ash and hemlock, oaks, sycamores, larches, chestnuts, and aspens, all crowded together in every form and hue of leaf, in every shade of branch, huddling their tinted leaves together like a huge pavillion, to screen and shroud from view the deep, long, silent vistas that wandered into darkness between their stems. There was such a lite of color, such a death of sound upon the scene that the rush of the river below came up hushed like a fading beeeze, and it seemed as if all nature had with the coming darkness sunk to slumber. There were no stars in the heavens, but little dots of light shone out like spangles over the plain below, marking where cottages stood, with here and there a little constellation, showing where a rising village straggled loosely round in picturesque confusion.

The Prince saw the whole of this grand panorama to the very best advantage, for at the commencement of the ascent he left his carriage and proceeded to the engine, on which he rode till the whole of the Alleghenies had been crossed. The descent from the summit is twelve miles in length, always at so steep an incline that even with the brakes on, the train slides down at full speed. Round Kittanning Point there is one incline with two awfully sudden curves, where in little more than a mile the way descends ninety-six feet. This path winding round the edge of a terrific precipice, is one of the most awful railway passages I ever saw or heard of. Some idea may be formed of the sharp nature of the curve, when two trains travel for miles in the same direction, though one is going West and the other East.

At the pretty little village of Altoona where there is one of the best railway hotels in the kingdom, the party were to have stopped for dinner. This intention however was abandoned, for it was nightfall, and Harrisburg was still some one hundred and fifty miles distant, so the train was pushed on through the wild mountain road called "Jack's Narrows," amid much the same rich magnificence of scenery as on the Hudson at West Point.

From this it traversed along the Juniata river, and thence by the broad, shallow stream of the Susquehanna, filled with its thousands of little marshy islands. At 11 the train reached Harrisburg—the legislative capital of Pennsylvania—and, like most legislative capitals in this country, small, quiet and rather faded looking.

A Nice Post.—If anybody wants to edit the Vicksburg *Sentinel*, he may be edified by the following brief history of some of the men who have figured in that position: Dr. James Hagan took hold in 1837, had a number of street fights, fought a duel with his brother editor of the *Whig*, and was killed in 1843, in a street fight by D. W. Adams. His assistant, Isaac C. Partridge, died of yellow fever in 1839. Dr. J. S. Fall, another assistant had a number of fights, in one of which he was badly wounded. James Ryan, next editor, was killed by R. E. Hammer of the *Whig*. Next came Walter Hickey, who had several rows and was repeatedly wounded; he killed Dr Maclin, and was soon after himself killed in Texas. John Lavine, another editor, was imprisoned for the violence of his articles. Mr. Jenkins, his successor, was killed in the street by H. A. Crabbe; Crabbe was murdered in Sonora. F. C. Jones succeeded Jenkins, but soon after drowned himself.

Amusing Love Affair in London.

A London correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, furnishes that paper with the following readable story:

A good sell is related of a wealthy banker here, who is very good natured, but is inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest and highly intellectual. For these qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good will. He was as poor as—his salary, and had no connections to push his fortunes, and so, like most English clerks, he would rise to a hundred and twenty pounds a year; go on for eight years, at ten pounds a year rise and marry when he got to two hundred pounds a year, henceforth to vegetate, and find that the additional ten pounds a year rise, only kept pace with the additional babe in his household. The banker, on Sunday afternoon when no one was expected, would ask the young man to visit his young family at his suburban villa, as the conversation of the young man was so correct and so clever that it could but be of advantage to his children. This was a mistake, evidently, but it was a good-natured error, and we can only wish, all of us, that there were many more committed. I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful young daughter of nineteen, but that may be always understood in an English family that has known wedded life long enough. But there were, of course, no attentions on the part of the young man, other than extremely delicate, reserved and proper.—This will always be the case with English youth, as Americans well know. Don't hem after this. The youth, in spite of two or three days' invitation to the banker's seat, to breathe the fresh air and clear his lungs of London smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

"I cannot make out what the matter is with my young clerk," said the banker to a confrere who was in his back office with him, after the youth had just brought in some papers

"Well, you are rather green I should say, for a man of your time of life and experience," said the banker number two. "Don't you know what's the matter? He's in love."

"In love! bah! He is modesty and propriety itself."

"I tell you it is a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter, who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would!"

"Oh, the naughty old fool, my clerk is as good as his daughter, and be hanged to him. Thank you for the hint."

As soon as the banker number two had disappeared the clerk was called in.

"So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection—that's your secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before!"

The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I pity you, but I'll give you a bit of advice. If the daughter is fair, she's worth running a risk for.—Look here, there are £500, and two months leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah, don't look so stupid. I did the same before you, and it has not hurt me."

The clerk fell upon his marrow bones, and was on the point of making a clean breast of it, when the old man rose and left precipitately to avoid a scene. The young man considerated and acted, and the consequence was that the next day-week there was no young daughter at the dinner table of the banker at the country house. The house was in consternation, and the search made for her in all directions. A note was however found on her dressing table, conveying prayers for forgiveness, and one enclosed from the young clerk stating that, believing that the banker had meant to give him a hint with regard to his daughter, and was not able to give his consent owing to appearances, he had acted on his suggestion, and that ere "his father-in-law" had received the letter, he (the clerk) would be his son-in-law. The pill was a bitter one against him and city men are very averse to a joke against them, so it was hushed up, and has only got to the ears of the purveyors of scandal and to your correspondent, who records it as a trait of London life.

☞ "Here's your money, dolt, and tell me now why your rascally master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum."

"I'm sure I can't tell, but if you'll excuse me, sir, I guess it was because seventeen wouldn't fetch it."

☞ A great talker will go on though nobody minds him; and he heeds nobody when spoken to.