

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1867.

NUMBER 44.

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Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

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MUEL SINN, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad. Night calls promptly attended at his office. [May 23]

DR. DE WITT ZEIGLER
Having permanently located in Ebensburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and vicinity. With Nitrous Oxide extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas.
Rooms over R. R. Thomas' store, High Street. [Sep 19]

DENTISTRY.
The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the practical experience of the highest authorities in the profession. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak for itself.
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
Dentist: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond; W. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy; P. H. Ausler, of the Baltimore College.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week. [January 21, 1867.]

LOVD & Co., Bankers—
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Gold, Silver, Government Loans and the securities bought and sold. Interest on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States. General Banking Business transacted. [January 24, 1867.]

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Business on the principal cities, and Silver sold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, with interest, or upon time, with interest at rates. [Jan 24]

JOHN LLOYD, Cashier.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ALTOONA.
SIGNATURES OF THE UNITED STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North of Altoona, Pa.
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All business pertaining to Banking done on liberal terms.
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DEES J. LLOYD,
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FINE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS,
OILS AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES,
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WINE AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL
PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.
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Copies and Note Papers,
Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink,
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by Druggists generally.
Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

SHARRETT'S DYSERT, House,
Sign, and Ornamental Painting, Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging.
Work done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in basement of Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [May 9-67]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High Street, west of Foster's House. [Jan 24]

November.
The leaves begin to flutter down
And scud away across the sea;
I quit awhile the busy town
To wander in the woodlands free,
And watch the sunbeams ripple o'er,
In mimic waves, and tint with gold,
The heather bells upon the moor,
Ere they their tender blooms unfold.
I pass along with stealthy tread,
For all around me, brown and sere,
The crisp leaves, their beauty fled,
Are sad mementoes of the year;
Like human hearts, once bright and fair,
So happy in their hope and pride,
But chilled and smote by worldly care,
Like leaves unmourning, lie side by side.
The dreary winter comes apace
To fright the blossoms from the land,
And all their sweets shall find a place
Where ruins crumble into sand.
But life shall raise them up again
To bloom afresh, these tender flowers,
When daisies white impart the plain
And woo to earth the summer hours.

HORACE GREELY AND TEMPERANCE.
—Horace Greely, in his *Ledger* papers, has the following chapter on "Temperance in All Things":—
On the first day of January, 1824, while living in Westhaven, Vt., I deliberately resolved to drink no more spirituous liquors. At this time, I had heard of persons who had made a kindred resolve, but I had not known one. I probably had heard that Temperance societies had somewhere been formed, though I do not now distinctly recollect the circumstance. I believe the first American society that adopted the principles of Total Abstinence—at least from distilled liquors—had been organized in a rural township of Saratoga county, N. Y., in 1817; but the American Temperance Society was yet unknown, and did not adopt the principle of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages until 1833.

Whiskey was the universal luxury—I might say the poor man's only luxury—in Vermont, as rum had been in New Hampshire. The apple tree flourished luxuriantly, and bore abundantly on the virgin soils wherein it was generally planted; and while each settler's "clearing" was shut in by the grand old woods, which softened the harsher winds and obstructed the dissemination of fruit destroying insects. Good peaches were grown in southern New Hampshire fifty years ago; whereas they can no longer be produced, save rarely and scantily, in southern New York. Cider was, next to water, the most abundant and the cheapest fluid to be had in New Hampshire, while I lived there—often selling for a dollar per barrel. In many a family of six or eight persons, a barrel tapped on Saturday barely lasted a full week. Whoever dropped in of an evening expected to be treated to cider; a mug, once emptied, was quickly refilled; and so on, until every one was about as full as he could hold. The transition from cider to warmer and more potent stimulants was easy and natural; so that whole families died drunkards and vagabond papers from the impetus first given by cider-swilling in their rural houses.

I believe I was five years old when my grandfather Woodbury's house in Londonderry was, one winter day, filled with relatives, gathered, in good part, from Deering, Windham, and from Vermont towns originally settled from the old here; who, after dinner, departed in their sleighs to visit some other relative, taking our old folks with them, and leaving but three or four little boys of us to keep house till their return. A number of half smoked cigars were left on the mantel, and some evil genius suggested to us tow headed urchins that it would be smart and clever to indulge in a general smoke. Like older fools, we went in; and I was soon the sickest mortal on the face of this planet. I cannot say as to my comrades in this folly; but that half-inch cigar-stump will last me all my life, though its years should outnumber Methuselah's. For a decade thereafter, it was often my filial duty to fill and light my mother's pipe, when she had lain down for her afternoon nap; and she, having taken it, would hold it and talk till the fire had gone out, so that it must again be lighted and drawn till the tobacco was well ignited; so I knew that, if I had not been proof against the narcotic seduction, I should have learned to like the soothing weed; but I never used, nor wished to use it as a sedative or a luxury after my one juvenile and thoroughly conclusive experiment. From that hour to this, the chewing, smoking, or snuffing of tobacco has seemed to me, if not the most pernicious, certainly the vilest, most detestable abuse of his corrupted sensual appetites whereof depraved man is capable.

In my childhood, there was no merry-making, there was no entertainment of relatives or friends, there was scarcely a casual gathering of two or three neighbors for an evening's social chat, without strong drink. Cider, always, while it remained drinkable without severe cootations of visage, rum at all seasons and on all occasions, were required and provided. No house or barn was raised without a bound-

tiful supply of the latter, and generally of both. A wedding without "toddy," "flip," "sling," or "punch," with rum undigested in abundance, would have been deemed a poor, mean affair, even among the penniless; while the more fortunate and thrifty of course dispensed wine, brandy and gin in profusion. Dancing—almost the only pastime wherein the sexes jointly participated—was always enlivened and stimulated by liquor. Militia trainings—then rigidly enforced at least twice a year—usually wound up with a drinking frolic at the village tavern. Election days were drinking days, as they still too commonly are; and even funerals were regarded as inadequately celebrated without the dispensing of spirituous consolation; so that I distinctly recollect the neighborhood talk after the funeral of a poor man's child, that, if he had not been mean as well as poor, he would have cheered the hearts of his sympathizing friends by treating them to at least one gallon of rum. I have heard my father say that he had mowed through the haying season of thirty successive years, and never a day without liquor; and the account of an Irishman who mowed and pitched throughout one haying—drinking only butter-milk, while his associates drank rum, yet accomplished more and with less fatigue than any of them—was received with as much wondering incredulity as though it had been certified that he lived wholly on air. Nay: we had an ordination in Amherst nearly fifty years ago, settling an able and popular young clergyman named Lord (I believe he is now the venerable ex-president of Dartmouth College) to the signal satisfaction of the great body of our people; and, according to my recollection, strong drink was more generally and bountifully dispensed than on any previous occasion: bottles and glasses being set on tables in front of many farmers' houses as an invitation to those who passed on their way to or from the installation to stop and drink freely. We have worse liquor now than we had then, and delirium tremens, apoplexy, palsy, &c., come sooner and oftener to those who use it; but our consumers of strong drink are a class; whereas they were then the whole people. The pious probably drank more discreetly than the ungodly; but they all drank to their own satisfaction, and (I judge) more than was consistent with their own good.

My resolve not to drink was only mentioned by me at our own fireside; but it somehow became known in the neighborhood, where it excited some curiosity, and even a stronger feeling. At the annual sheep-washing in June following, it was brought forward and condemned, when I was required to take a glass of liquor, and on my declining, was held by two or three youngsters older and stronger than I, while the liquor was turned into my mouth, and some of it forced down my throat. That was understood to be the end of my foolish attempt at singularity. It was not, however. I kept quiet, but my resolution was unchanged; and soon after my removal to Putney, I "assisted" in organizing the first Temperance Society ever formed in that town—perhaps the first in the country.

It inhibited the use of distilled liquors only, so that I believe our first President died of intemperance some years afterward; but a number still live to rejoice that they took part in that movement and have since remained faithful to its pledge and purpose. I recollect a story told by our adversaries at that time of a man who had joined the Temperance Society just organized in a neighboring township, and dying soon afterward, had been subjected to autopsy, which developed a cake of ice, weighing several pounds, which had gradually formed and increased in his stomach, as a result of his fanatical devotion to cold water. Alas! that most of our facetious critics have since died, and no autopsy was needed to develop the cause of their departure! A glance at each fiery proselitist, that irradiated even the ceremonies of the grave, was sufficient.

Total Abstinence has never yet been popular in this nor any other great city; and, as liquor grows unfashionable in the country, it tends to become less and less so. A great city derives its subsistence and its profits from its ministrations not only to the real needs of the surrounding country, but to its baser appetites, its vices, as well; and, as the country becomes less and less tolerant of immoral indulgences and vicious aberrations, the gains of the cities therefore, and their consequent interest therein, most steadily increase. Time was when the young man of means and social position, who shunned the haunts of the gamster, the wiles of the libertine, and never indulged in a drunken "spree," was widely sneered at as a "milksop," or detested as a calculating hypocrite. Sheridan's *Once Upon a Face* admirably reflects the once popular appreciation of such absurd, fanatical Puritanism; but as the world grows wiser and (in an important sense) better, a great though silent change is wrought in public sentiment, which compels the vicious to conceal indulgences which they formerly paraded, and maintain an exterior decency which would once have exposed them to ridicule. Thousands who formerly gratified their baser appetites without disguise or shame, now feel constrained, not to "leave undone," but to "keep unknown,"

by being to some great city where no one's deeds or ways are observed or much regarded so long as he keeps out of the hands of the police, and there balance a year's compelled decorum by a week's unrestrained debauchery. Fifty years back, a jug would readily be filled with any designated liquor at almost any country store; now the devotee of alcoholic potations must usually send or take his demijohn to the most convenient city, where it will at once be filled and dispatched to its impatient, thirsty owner; and so, as the liquor interest grows weaker and weaker in the country, it becomes stronger and yet stronger in the cities, whose politics it fashions, whose government it governs, by virtue of its inherent strength and apprehensive activity. And thus the liquor traffic has greater strength and vitality in our city to-day than it had twenty or forty years ago.

Sylvester Graham first appeared in New York as a lecturer, I think, in the winter of 1831-2. He had been a Presbyterian clergyman settled in New Jersey, and was styled "Dr.," though I do not know that he ever studied or practiced medicine. He had an active, inquiring mind, and a considerable knowledge of physics, metaphysics, and theology; he was a fluent and forcible though diffuse and egotistical speaker, and he was possessed and impelled by definite convictions. He was at home in single combat alike with Alcohol and Atheism; but there was nothing narrow in his Temperance nor in his Orthodoxy. He believed, therefore, that health is the necessary result of obedience, Disease of disobedience, to physical laws; that all stimulants, whether alcoholic or narcotic, are pernicious, and should be rejected, save, possibly, in those rare cases where one poison may be wisely employed to neutralize another; he condemned Tea and Coffee, as well as Tobacco, Opium, and alcoholic potables—Cider and Beer equally with Brandy and Gin, save that the poison is more concentrated in the latter. He disapproved of all spices and condiments, save grudgingly a very little salt; and he held that more suitable and wholesome food for human beings than the flesh of animals can almost always be procured, and should be preferred. The boiling of meal, to separate its coarser from its finer particles, he also reprobated; teaching that the ripe, sound berry of Wheat or Rye, being ground to the requisite fineness, should in no manner be sifted, but should be made into loaves and eaten precisely as the mill-stones deliver it. Such is, in brief, the Graham system, as I heard it expounded in successive lectures by its author, and fortified by evidence and reasoning which commanded my general assent. A boarding-house was soon established, based on its principles, and I became an inmate thereof, as well as of others afterward based on the same general ideas, though I never wholly rejected the use of meat. Tea I never cared for, and I used none at all for a quarter of a century; now, I sometimes take it in moderation, when black and very good. Coffee had for years been my chief luxury; coffee without breakfast being far preferable to my taste to breakfast without coffee. But, having drunk a cup of it one evening at a festive board, I woke next morning to find my hand trembling, and I at once said, "No more coffee!" and have not drunk it since. My taste gradually changed thereafter, so that I soon ceased to crave and now thoroughly dislike the beverage. And, while I eat meat, and deem it, when unspoiled by decay or bad cookery, far less objectionable than hot bread, rancid butter, decayed fruits, wilted vegetables, and too many other contributions to our ordinary diet, I profoundly believe that there is better food obtainable by the great body of mankind than the butcher and the fisherman do or can supply, and that a diet made up of some sound grain (ground but unbolted), ripe, undecayed fruits, and a variety of fresh, wholesome vegetables, with milk, butter, and cheese, and very little of spices or condiments, will enable our grandchildren to live in the average far longer and fall less frequently into the hands of the doctors than we do.

My wife, whose acquaintance I made at the Graham House, and who was long a more faithful, consistent disciple of Graham than I was, in our years of extreme poverty kept her house in strict accordance with her convictions, never even deigning an explanation to her friends and relatives who from time to time visited and temporarily sojourned with us; and, as politeness usually repressed complaint or inquiry on their part, their first experiences of a regimen which dispensed with all they deemed most appetizing could hardly be observed without a smile. Usually, a day, or at most two, of beans and potatoes, boiled rice, puddings, bread and butter, with no condiment but salt, and never a pickle, was all they could abide; so, bidding her a kind adieu, each in turn departed to seek elsewhere a more congenial hospitality.

On the whole, I am satisfied, by the observation and experience of a third of a century, that all public danger lies in the direction opposite to that of vegetarianism—that a thousand fresh Grahams let loose each year upon the public will not prevent the consumption, in the average, of far too much and too highly seasoned food; while all the Goughs and Neal Dows that ever were or can be scared up will not deter the body politic from pouring down its throat a good deal more "fire-water" than is good for it. And, while I look with interest on all attempts to substitute American wines and malt liquors for the more concentrated and maddening decoctions of the still, I have noted no such permanent triumphs in the thousand past attempts to cast out big devils by the incantation of little ones as would give me reason to put faith in the principle or augur success for this latest experiment.

Schuyler Colfax.
A printing office has been called "the poor boy's college." Handling the type is perpetual education in spelling and grammar, and affords a fine chance to pick up general knowledge. Ever since Ben Franklin's time, it has been noticed that printer boys who improved their minds and took the right turn in life became useful men, and some of them famous.

Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, is the most shining example since Franklin of a printer boy rising to a high place by self-help, honesty, and perseverance. He was born in New York city; but his mother being left a poor widow there when Schuyler was a boy of thirteen years, she took him from the public schools and removed to the West, that land of promise. This was in the year 1836. The family settled in Northern Indiana, and Schuyler began work as a printer's apprentice. He was neat and cheerful, and became a very good workman. His small earnings were the main stay of his mother; and he never wasted a cent for tobacco, or strong drink, or low amusements.

When Schuyler was twenty-one years old, some friends set him up in a printing office of his own, as publisher and editor of the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, at South Bend. He had saved a little money from his wages, and got trusted for the remainder. For more than twenty years he published the *Register*, a good-sized weekly paper, and paid all his debts, and got "forehanded." Yet he had to take all sort of barter for his paper—wood, onions, a quarter of a veal, and a day's work in his garden, money being then scarce in the West. Beaver skins were not many years ago the small change of the frontiers, among the hunters and pioneers, just as bullets were among the Pilgrim Fathers. People must have some medium for trade, or all business would die. Mr. Colfax lost the pay for a great many of his papers, because his subscribers had no money, and he did not want such things as they were able to barter with him.

Mr. Colfax made a good newspaper for country people. He told them first the news of his own village and State, then of the world abroad, and lastly gave them hints how to improve the mind. He lived where farming was the chief pursuit; and the *Register* always contained a column or two for the farmer. Though he came from a great city, he never put on city airs, or thought himself any better or wiser than men born and brought up in rural districts. He was kind, obliging, and sociable with every one, and made friends everywhere. It is said that the high compliment has been paid him in North Indiana of naming over two hundred boy-babies after him.

From early childhood Mr. Colfax had a single ambition, and it was to be Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. He practiced oratory at school, in debating societies, and public meetings. While setting type in printing offices, he would commit to memory eloquent passages which he met with in his "copy," as he swiftly formed letters into words, and words into sentences; and he would declaim those passages to his mother after his day's work was done. Being a handsome youth, about medium size, with bright eyes and a clear voice, he became an attractive speaker at an early age. "To-day he is one of the most charming orators of America. He is a hard student in gathering facts and forming ideas, and an easy speaker in telling what he has learned. His training as a printer made him correct and exact; and his fluency of tongue and his kindly feeling gave him strong hold upon an audience. He causes them to laugh and weep by turns, and he never wearies them.

He learns by seeing, and not alone by reading and talking. Many persons go through the world with their eyes half shut to the curious things in nature and life, but it is not so with Mr. Colfax. He has taken a journey by land to California and back; and his lecture, "Across the Continent," which he has spoken to thousands of people, shows keen observation of, and power to describe, the grandeur of American scenery and the oddities of society in the far, far west.

At the early age of twenty-seven Mr. Colfax was elected a member of the Convention to revise the State Constitution of Indiana. He did so well in that capacity, that four years later he was elected a member of the United States House of Representatives by a majority of seventeen hundred and sixty-six votes. He has been six times re-elected, by majorities ranging from two hundred and twenty-nine to three

thousand four hundred and two votes—the smallest being given in 1862, when many hundreds of his warmest supporters were in the Union armies fighting against the rebellion, urged so to do by his clarion voice, but he losing their votes thereby. Last year he was re-elected by two thousand one hundred and forty-eight majority, in the largest vote ever cast in his district.

Mr. Colfax is now serving his third term as Speaker of the House, having reached the summit of his ambition at forty years of age. In that high place he is so prompt, just, fair, courteous, and "well posted," that his political adversaries join in a vote of thanks for his official services.

Alexander Selkirk.
Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, was born at Largo, in the north of Scotland, in 1676. Having gone to sea in his youth, and in the year 1703, being sailing-master of the ship *Cinque Ports*, Capt. Stradling, bound for the South Seas, he was put on shore on the island of Juan Fernandez as a punishment for mutiny. In that solitude, he remained four years and four months, when he was rescued and taken to England by Capt. Woods Rodgers. He had with him on the island his clothes and bedding, a fire-lock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, knife, kettle, his mathematical instruments, and a Bible. He built two huts of pinneto trees, and covered them with long grass, and in a short time lined them with skins of goats, which he killed with his musket so long as his powder lasted; when that was spent, he caught them by speed of foot. Having learned to produce fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, he dressed his victims in one of his huts, and slept in the other. A multitude of rats disturbed his repose by gnawing at his feet and various parts of his body, which indeed him to feed a number of cats for his protection. In a short time, these became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and they soon delivered him from his enemies, the rats. Upon his return to civilization, he declared that nothing gave him so much uneasiness as the thought that when he died his body would be devoured by those very cats which he had with so much care tamed and fed. To divert his mind from such melancholy thoughts, he would sometimes dance and sing among his kids and goat, and at other times retire to devotion. His clothing and shoes were soon worn out by running through the woods. In the want of shoes he found little inconvenience, as the soles of his feet became so hard that he could run everywhere without difficulty. As to clothes, he made himself a coat and a cap of goat-skins, sewed with thongs of the same. His only needle was a nail. When his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could out of some iron hoops that had been left on the shore, beating them thin and then grinding them on stones. By his long seclusion from intercourse with man, he had so far forgot the use of speech that those on board Capt. Rodgers' ship could hardly understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. The chest and musket which Selkirk had with him on the island are now in possession of his grand nephew, John Selkirk, at Largo.

THE TWO MERCHANTS.—When trade grew slack and notes fell due, the merchant's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night with sheriff's bailiffs all in sight. At last his wife unto him said: rise up at once, get out of bed, and get your paper, ink, and pen, and say these words unto all men:

"My goods I wish to sell to you, and to your wives and daughters, too; my prices they shall be so low, that each will buy before they go!"

He did as his good wife advised, and in the papers advertised. Crows came and bought of all he had; his notes were paid, his dreams made glad, and he will tell you, to this day, how well did printer's ink repay.

He told us this, with a knowing wink, how he was saved by printer's ink.

The other in a place as tight, contented was the press to slight, and did not let the people know of what he had or where to go.

His drafts fell due and were not paid; a levy on his goods was made; the store was closed until the sale, and for some time he was in jail. A bankrupt now without a cent, at leisure he can deep repent that he was foolish and unwise, and did not freely advertise.

It is a fitting rebuke to those who have fed and fattened on exaggerations of the trouble between Senator Sumner and his wife that they will occupy during the coming session of Congress the residence in which they formerly lived.

It is said that at a little New England town where Sheridan stopped a few minutes, the girls expressed their admiration by kisses. One lass failed to reach his lips. "It was a miss," said Sheridan, "but a good line shot."

A FRENCH woman whose hair grows twelve inches a year, has realized four hundred dollars from its sale.

HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN?"