



The Largest Circulation of any Paper in the County.

G. E. ANDERSON, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13, 1867.

Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable.

The obituary of A. Parker, dec'd, will appear in our next issue.

The Auditors report of the Receipts and Expenditures of Butler county, will be found on 3d page.

The State Normal School at Edinboro, Erie county, Pa., is a flourishing institution. All desirous of receiving a thorough education, would do well to avail themselves of the rare advantages of this school.

When we have too many supplements to our county law book, will it mend the matter to have more? This is a question for the people to consider.

I have been led to write above from the numerous applications from different townships and boroughs in our county, for changes in the bounty law, as to their respective districts—probably the applications are all right—I would say, however, that questions of this kind—especially if power to levy and collect additional taxes is asked for—should be well matured at home, and if after that a petition is sent, let it be so strongly signed that the Legislature cannot mistake that it is the will of the people.

Every young man in the country should be practically educated for business, whether he intends to follow commercial pursuits or not. It is within the power of every intelligent, enterprising young man to prepare himself in a short time and at a moderate expense to fill successfully almost any position in business.

The following bills of a general or local nature affecting our county have been read in place in the House, to wit: "An Act repealing the act passed last winter granting an annuity to soldiers of the war of 1812 or to their widows in necessitous circumstances—this bill has been partially considered in the House and I think will pass—he law aforesaid has been greatly abused through the instrumentality of agents, so said at least by the Auditor General, who recommends its repeal.

The law strictly construed is a good one, the repeal of which, while it would take the annuity from many that are worth thousands, would be taking the bread out of the mouths of many old soldiers and widows of such, that depend mostly on said annuity for support. If it is repealed without some provision for the needy, I must say, Shame! on the Legislature of Pennsylvania that can vote half a million to the rich citizens of Chambersburg, and do such a thing—

Also "An act to enable Wm. S. Ziegler to act as Justice of the Peace in the Borough of Butler while residing within the limits of said Borough. Also, an act relating to bounties in Mercer township, Butler county. Also, an act relating to the pay of county Auditors, making the same equal to the pay of county Commissioners. Also, an act relating to bounties in Marion township, Butler county. More again.

Yours truly, G. E. ANDERSON, Editor.

MR. EDITOR, Sir:—I wish the favor of a few words to Emma. And lest I might be misunderstood, I wish to say, first, that I am opposed to a license law, but I often feel disgusted at what I would call the prolixity of a brainless morality.

I have no doubt you are a bird of fashion, and just now, that it is fashionable to practice one evil and cry out against another; we find you the sole av'riter of right and wrong.

I do not wish to deny you any of your rights, but I merely wish to quicken your conscience. Before you made this assault, did you not hear a still small voice in the Bible Class, say: "Emma, if you are without sin, throw the first stone." Did you hear anything about Saxenburg? About false appearances and artificial manners, &c? Ah! Emma! I fear there is a mote in your eye, and a very disagreeable task it would be to take it out, for you have a bad breath; it smells of a weed more filthy than either old Rye or old Corn. Where did you leave your pipe? Ah! don't open your mouth quite so wide; I see your teeth are yellow. Where did you leave your snuff box? It appears to me that it is not the same face you had yesterday; perhaps you were out in the rain. Now Emma, don't get angry, but remember that fashion will never make wrong right, neither will any profession hide these filthy practices in the eyes of the sober thinking Christian. You will fail to show me where there is any more harm in licensing a man to sell whiskey than in licensing a man to sell tobacco; and yet men who are fashionable pillars in the Holy Temple, sit around the sacred altar with their cigars, and their quids of tobacco in their mouths, and talk about the

great evils of intemperance. The sight is one of the sore places of the earth.—Some of these foul-mouthed spouters of intemperance have spit on the stove, and the poisonous perfumes impregnate the atmosphere of this Utopia as dark as the heme of the lot, with the smoke from the mouths of a dozen saints; and here is the place that the topics of popular reform are to be discussed by these devotees of the most filthy of all fashionable indulgences; like smoked bacon you might write upon their foreheads, dead, but not buried.

Now, I am not complaining of these men expressing their opinion on the license question, but what I do say, it does not look well for a man to argue temperance and anti-license with a cigar or quid of tobacco in his mouth. As the question now stands tobacco is the greater and whiskey the less evil. I am confident I am right, when I say, that \$100,000 has been expended for tobacco, in Butler county, for every dollar that has been expended for whiskey. More tide has been destroyed, and more misery caused by the filthy weed than was ever caused by the licensed bar. You may see boys every day upon the streets of Butler, so small, they have to put skates on to see into the butter creek, and yet these smoked rats have a plug in their pockets and a cigar in their mouths.

I know a poor woman that smokes her twenty cents a week or \$10.40 a year—there are one thousand such women in this county and they smoke \$10,000 worth of tobacco every year—they all belong to the church and are good missionary women. The School Directors of a certain township thought the township too poor to have six months school, yet 140 persons in that district consume twenty cents each per week in tobacco, making \$28 per month, which is precisely the wages given a teacher; thus the amount of tobacco used in the district would keep four schools open the entire year, and create a fund to purchase a library.

Now, let us be reasonable; I see no good in a man straining at a glass of "Reiber's Rye," and swallowing a plug of "Dog Leg." You talk of clearing the forest, cultivating the swamp, &c; well it takes money to do all this, and if you take the money expended for tobacco in Butler county, it will build one mile of railroad every year, and in eighteen years without any other sacrifice or tax, you would have the cars in Butler town, and by that time the whiskey drinkers will have saved enough to put on the rolling stock. We may call it the Butler county whiskey and Tobacco Railroad, and if no one would be benefitted by it, we feel confident no person would be the worse of this economy; but the health and morals of the community would be improved. I never could have much confidence in a preacher that would stand up in the sacred desk and tell his story with a quid of tobacco in his mouth. I heard one talk once about the millennium. I just thought, will such a dirty tobacco spitter as you, ever be permitted to see the glory of that day? or will its brightness be obscured by your foul tobacco smoke? I once heard a mother as she sat rocking her child in her arms, talk and laud over the heathen mothers offering up their babes in sacrifice to idols, and as the black and poisonous smoke ascended from her huge pipe, I thought this smoke represented the health, the education and the life of that child, and how small the difference between the sacrifice of the heathen and christian mother. Emma, I hope you will not smoke when you get to be a mother.

JOHN.

Feb. 11, 1867.

MR. EDITOR:—Seeing several communications in your columns, and the author of the last, wishing to hear from other townships, I hope that a brief article from Winfield will be read with interest by almost all your readers. The township was named for one of the great furnaces of its day, but like many other great manufactories of the same kind, has gone to ruin; but the township is here, and was as well represented in Canada during the war, as any township in the county. As for towns it cannot boast; the only one worth note is located on the road leading from Pittsburgh to Kittanning; it is a pretty flat place, and large plenty for the size of it; it contains two stores, but as for workshops they are scarce; it can boast of one fur establishment that keeps constantly on hand, furs, such as Raccoon, Opossum, &c. Ladies from the surrounding country supplied at all times, and orders from a distance promptly filled. It has two churches in its suburbs, one fine M. E. and one Cumberland, but alas for it, to use the common by-word, it is "played out" the building has gone to ruin and I will never tell you where the members went. Our schools are going on as usual, paying plenty of school tax and receiving no benefit; I do not pretend to say that such is the case all over the township, but I do say, it is our awful fate never to have a teacher that can control our school or conduct a school as it should be. As for Railroads, we are expecting to hear soon that the contract is given, of our road from Freeport to Butler, which I

think will come up Little Buffalo Creek. Said stream runs right through the one corner of our township. I think the inducements are such, that I will insure us the road on the above named route. As for oil, we feel almost certain we have plenty of it, but we are going to wait until oil demands a higher price; we have one oil well put down some ninety or one hundred feet by a Pittsburgh Company, near our township line, but the company failed or they are waiting on the gas to flow the oil, and I do think if there is as much gas under as there is on the surface of the surrounding territory the oil must come.

MR. EDITOR:—The following dialogue between Temperance and Alcohol, occurred a few days since:

Temp.—I am about making a great reform in Butler county.

Alch.—You are making poor headway at reform; why, sir, I am better known to-day in my wine cellars than you are in your pulpits.

Temp.—I feel the wound you have inflicted, but still hope to crush your power for evil.

Alch.—Not while I can boast so many of your pretended friends in my lists.

Temp.—My friends on your lists?

Alch.—Yes, your friends. I have Mr. Moralist, Mr. Half-way-man, Mr. Don't-hurt-me and Mr. Petition-signer.

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Temp.—How dare you?

Alch.—Keep cool Mr. Temperance, I've got a bit of history for you.

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Alch.—My case had become desperate and I cast about among my own recruits and found none.

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Alch.—Then, I got up my petition of "good moral character" and while you were sleeping the U. P. and O. S. Presbyterians, Lutherans, &c., came to my relief and gave me such a dignity that it was any man's peril to say aught against me.

Temp.—"Oh! had of all subtlety, thou child of the devil!"

Alch.—Highfallutin that. Devil or no devil, here's the stamens. Here Alcohol presented a long list, which I read in dismay, and as he moved off I heard him whisper "darkness rather than light."

MARY JANE.

Good words for the Yankees.

A highly imaginative Trans-Atlantic geographer says the London Telegraph, has lately informed the world that America, or shortly will be, a country bounded on the north by the Arctic Circle, on the South by Eternity, on the East by the Rising Sun, and on the West by the Day of Judgment.

There are a set of bitter and bilious gentlemen, chiefly of the Tory persuasion, to whom this kind of patriotic imagery is a gall and wormwood. They are miserable because America is big, and because she uses the language of big expressions. The real reason why they hate her is because her Government is so free, and the success of it so wonderful; but, since it does not do to confess these facts, they are always carping at her faults of manner and style—a practice which is about as useful for being huge and crazy. For our part we experience no more surprise or vexation at the hyperbolics of our descendants beyond the Atlantic, than we should at seeing a likely lad split his trousers in growing, or a fine, healthy lady reach his plump arms out for the moon. The thing is natural and even satisfactory with the young giant we have bred; and England, the mother of empires, ought to be equally pleased and amazed at the glorious grandeur of her mighty child. It is she to be an elderly coquette, and vex herself because her sons outride her, and her daughters shoot up with a beauty and vigor that reared her how she ages? she ought if she were honest and hearty, to be glad and proud of her youngsters—the kke of whom the world never knew—to knit them to herself in bonds of firm love, and aim at making out of them an Anglo-Saxon family of empires which should glide the world with the language of Shakespeare, and the happy influence of the little nation island! We like to read these ridiculous subtleties, wherein our imperial cockerels crow their selves 'wigh' off their legs with lustiness around the old Britian hen. What a bird the American chicken will be when all the feathers come, if it can scratch and crow, and flourish its spurs like this: an open when it is but going through the barbarism of a new civilization, and has the best part of its shingles to shoot. And if bigness justifies big words, we should like to know who is to blame these invective and flowery pair of o's. Has any other nation forty million square acres of fat corn-land for a back yard, which will grow six quarters to the acre, as long as you like to plow the old crop? Has any other nation a mountain of solid iron to make the plows of, like Pick Knob, in Missouri, or seas of oil under the ground, and holes of solid copper along the lakes? Does any other nation on double its population every twenty years, and suck in the emigration of Europe, without counting it, or carry cargoes 2,000 miles along one river, or venture on the impudence of a Monroe doctrine; or fight a war with a million soldiers, and have them all home again, like boys after school, within one year? Or what other people collect a revenue of £118,000,000 sterling, and £20,000,000 in gold at a time in its Exchange, laughs at a debt of £500,000,000, and engages to wipe it out in ten years? Mr. Artemus Ward says he never knew a Yankee who didn't talk about the Rocky Mountains but one, and he was deaf and dumb, but even he wrote a book about them. Who's stupid enough to laugh at that? It is in the nature of the people; the young giants must have gigantic topics, wars, politics, schemes and sayings; and if we laugh at it he will be hearty good nature, and at old folks do at the brag and bluncheon of the young one, whose strength and health are so beautiful and full of the promise of noble days and works.—E.

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What Should be Done.

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The best and cheapest place that we know of to secure such an education is the Iron City College, Pittsburgh, Pa., an institution extensively known as being the most thorough, successful and practical Business College in the country.

"Woman's Work in the Civil War." Ziegler, McCurdy & Co., Publishers of Standard Works, No. 501 Chestnut street Philadelphia, have now in Press, and will soon publish, a work by Dr. B. L. Brockert and Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan entitled "WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CIVIL WAR." It will be illustrated with numerous fine steel engravings, by Richie and Sartain, and will contain about 700 octavo pages, including sketches of nearly Two HUNDRED LADIES, and brief notices of about Four Hundred others, while a just tribute will be paid to the thousands of numberless HEROINES, who sacrificed so much to give aid and relief to our suffering soldiers. This work commences more than three years ago, and prepared under the sanction and approval of the U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION, the Western Sanitary Commission, and the CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, will be one of standard authority and great interest. It will contain an introductory chapter by Dr. Bellows, late President of the Sanitary Commission.

Congressional.

Congress has passed the Nebraska bill over the veto of the President by the following vote: Senate, 31 yeas, 9 nays. House, 120 yeas, 44 nays. The President has signed the Pension law regulating the number and appointment of Pension Agents in the States and Territories. The proposed new Policy of the President on Reconstruction is not favorably received. It is now rumored that the President has wisely concluded not to fight Congress any longer, and if Madam rumor be true, has concluded to meet Congress half-way on reconstruction—The Committee on the New Orleans Riot have made their report, in which they say, that the time has fully