

# The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.  
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 6.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1864.

NUMBER 8.

## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Carrolltown	Joseph Behr	Carroll.
Chess Springs	Henry Nutter	Chest.
Crosson	A. G. Crooks	Taylor.
Ebensburg	J. Houston	Washington.
Fallen Timber	John Thompson	White.
Gallitzin	Asa H. Fiske	Gallitzin.
Hemlock	J. M. Christy	Washington.
Johnstown	Wm. Tiley, Jr.	Johnstown.
Loretto	I. E. Chandler	Loretto.
Munster	M. Adlesberger	Munster.
Plattsville	A. Durbin	Susquehanna.
Roseland	Andrew J. Ferral	White.
St. Augustine	G. W. Bowman	Clearfield.
Scalp Level	Stan. Wharton	Richland.
Sonman	George Berkey	Washington.
Summerhill	B. M. Colgan	Croyle.
Summit	W. F. Slick	Washington.
Wilmore	William McConnell	Sherhill.
	Morris Keil	Sherhill.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. S. LEMMON, Pastor in charge. Rev. W. H. M'BRIDE, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Wich Independent**—Rev. L. 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 every 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 1 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Disciples**—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular **Baptists**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 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 12½ o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " at 12½ o'clock, A. M.

**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. 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 A. M.

The mails from Newnan'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.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**CRESSON STATION.**

Line	Time
West—Balt. Express leaves at	8:57 A. M.
" Phila. Express " "	9:57 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:48 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	8:33 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " "	7:34 A. M.
" Emigrant Train " "	4:55 P. M.
East—Phila. Express " "	8:40 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:53 P. M.
" Fast Mail " "	7:08 A. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " "	5:15 P. M.
" Harrisb. Accom. " "	11:27 A. M.

[Don't stop.]

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts**—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Esley, Henry C. Devine.  
**Prothonotary**—Joseph M. Donald.  
**Register and Recorder**—James Griffin.  
**Sheriff**—John Buck.  
**District Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.  
**County Commissioners**—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glass.  
**Treasurer**—Isaac Wike.  
**Poor House Directors**—George M'Callough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.  
**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahm.  
**Auditors**—William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahm, Francis Tierney.  
**County Surveyor**—Henry Scanlan.  
**Coroner**—William Flattery.  
**Mercantile Appraiser**—Patrick Donahoe.  
**Sup't. of Common Schools**—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**AT LARGE.**  
**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.  
**Burgess**—A. A. Barker.  
**School Directors**—Abel Lloyd, Phil S. Noon, Joshua D. Parrish, Hugh Jones, E. J. Mills, David J. Jones.

**EAST WARD.**  
**Constable**—Thomas J. Davis.  
**Town Council**—J. Alexander Moore, Daniel O. Evans, Richard R. Tibbott, Evan E. Evans, William Clement.  
**Inspectors**—Alexander Jones, D. O. Evans.  
**Judge of Election**—Richard Jones, Jr.  
**Assessor**—Thomas M. Jones.  
**Assistant Assessors**—David E. Evans, Wm. D. Davis.

**WEST WARD.**  
**Constable**—William Mills, Jr.  
**Town Council**—John Dougherty, George C. K. Zahm, Isaac Crawford, Francis A. Shoemaker, James S. Todd.  
**Inspectors**—G. W. Oatman, Roberts Evans.  
**Judge of Election**—Michael Hasson.  
**Assessor**—James Murray.  
**Assistant Assessors**—William Barnes, Dan. C. Zahm.

## Snakes of America.

Some thirty or forty years ago, the country lying along the Niagara river used to be very much haunted by these forbidding reptiles, but the progress of civilization, including the arrival of the omnivorous pig, has nearly rid the district of them. The pig is the great snake annihilator, devouring serpents of every manageable size with avidity, and seeming to enjoy immunity from the poison so fatal to other animals. A French gentleman, who has a large property in a newly settled district in Western Canada, told me some years ago, that he had just purchased a large herd of lean swine to send to his saw mills there, for the purpose of exterminating the rattlesnakes, which were very numerous, and much dreaded by his workmen. Turpentine, externally applied, has been successfully used in this country for the treatment of snake bites; but it has been asserted, lately, that alcohol, taken inwardly, in doses large enough to produce total intoxication, is the only sure remedy.

Rattlesnakes occasionally grow to a great size, although the varieties found in the more Northern States rarely attain a length of more than five feet. A singular and horrible encounter with a very large one took place in May, 1859, near the city of Peoria, in the State of Illinois.—About six miles from Peoria, at a place called Prospect Hill, there stood at that time the ruins of a country hotel, near which were two brick cisterns, which had been partially covered over with boards for some time, while out of use. The proprietor of the place drove out there one day with his wife, for the purpose of putting the flower garden in summer trim, and while engaged in his work, he found that he wanted some bricks for edging the walks. He uncovered one of the cisterns, which was dry, and about six feet deep, jumped into it, and began to pick out some loose bricks from the wall and throw them to the top. While so employed, finding his work somewhat impeded by a piece of plank partially imbedded in the clay at the bottom of the cistern, he tore it up with some difficulty, and threw it out. At the same time he heard the spring of the rattle, and saw, to his horror, a large serpent coiled up in the hollow where the plank had lain. He had no weapon; the cistern was not more than five feet in diameter, and it would have been impossible for him to have scrambled out of it without exposing himself to be struck by the snake, the springs made at him by which he managed to parry with his heavy boots. Hearing his cries, his wife ran to the edge of the cistern, but was overcome with fright, so as to be unable to render him any assistance. At last the man, seizing his opportunity between the fangs of the enraged reptile, made an effort to leap out of the cistern, in doing which a loose brick came away in his hand, with which missile he struck his assailant on the head and killed, or at least stunned it. Then, with the assistance of his wife, he climbed to the surface, when he fainted away, from the excitement caused by the terrible conflict. The snake, which was taken dead from the cistern, proved to be seven feet long, and had thirteen rattles.

A friend of mine who lived for ten years in California, where the largest and most formidable kind of rattlesnake—the *Crotalus horridus* of the herpetologist—is rather common, told me the following story:

He was about leaving a spot where he had been encamped for some weeks, when, in getting his traps together, he missed some small articles, for which he instituted a search by tossing up and removing the twigs of hemlock pine which had for some time formed his couch. This process revealed to him the horrible fact of two huge rattlesnakes coiled up under the thick, matted twigs, where they had been probably for weeks.

In one of the Southern States, a feather bed, while airing on some bushes near a farm-house, was slightly torn, or rather the tick was. It was patched on the bushes while sunning. Not long afterward the sleepers on this bed were troubled with dreams of snakes, and often its occupants actually believed a snake was in bed with them, and would bounce out of bed in great alarm, but would return after a vigorous but unfruitful search. Two years after, a daughter was married, and took the bed home with her; yet its sleepers continued to be troubled with visions of snakes, and an occasional search was instituted for the intruder. Four years after this marriage, the farmer visited his daughter, and was put upon this bed.—About ten o'clock he was heard calling for his son-in-law, "John! John! come here quick—a snake is in my bed!"—Lights were had, and though every nook and corner was searched, no snake was

found. All retired again, but were soon startled by the old man's cries for help and lights, as if he was holding something with all his strength. John went to him thinking he had a nightmare, but to his surprise found him wide awake, and holding something under the covering with all his might. After searching under the cover, it was found to be a snake on the inside of the tick among the feathers. It was pulled out and found to be quite strong and active, and about seven feet in length. Now, the question is, how did this snake subsist among the feathers, as it must have been there for six years without food of any kind, or water? The ticking was new when the hole was torn, and there never had been but the one hole in the bed until the one was cut to pull the snake out.

The mystery and dread attaching to the snake family has, in all ages, been a source of apocryphal exaggeration. Most of the American woodsmen with whom I have met in my wanderings have a vague faith in a reptile called by them the hoop snake, which, according to obscure authorities quoted by them—for they never have seen one themselves—revolves itself into a circle when about to attack, and, holding its tail in its mouth, trundles itself like a hoop upon the intruder. They will tell you even, how the bold hunter will sometimes pass his deer-knife quickly within the circumference of the hoop as it wheels past, so that the snake cuts itself in two upon the blade by its own rash act. It is needless to say that this variety of the serpent tribe is purely imaginary. None of the American naturalists make note of it; nor is the story of the wheel movement worthy of any more credence than the theory surmised by many ancient fishermen about the salmon, which, they tell us, achieves its wonderful acrobatic leaps by catching its tail in its mouth, and suddenly letting go for a spring.

### Daniel Webster's Childhood.

Children are very apt to forget two things. They are apt to forget that all great men were once children, and that while they themselves are young, they are laying foundations for the future. It is exceedingly interesting to look back upon the history of such men as Daniel Webster, and see what he was about—what he was thinking of, what he was doing, how he was occupying his time—when he was a schoolboy. The first time Mr. Webster's eyes fell upon the Constitution of the United States, of which he was said to have been the chief expounder and defender, it was printed upon a cotton pocket handkerchief, according to the fashion of the time, which he chanced to stumble upon in a country store, and for which he paid, out of his own pocket, all the money he had—twenty-five cents; and the evening of the day he obtained this copy was wholly devoted to its close and attentive perusal, while seated before a blazing fire, and by the side of his father and mother. What dreamer on that night, in the wild flight of his imagination, could have foreseen the result of that incident, and marked out the career of that New Hampshire boy!

When Daniel was about seven years old, his father kept a house of public entertainment, where the teamsters who traveled the road were in the habit of obtaining a dinner and feeding their horses; and it is said that the incipient orator and statesman frequently entertained his father's guests by reading aloud out of the Psalms of David, to the infinite delight of his rustic listeners. Indeed, it was customary for the teamsters to remark, as they drew up their horses before the Webster House, "Come, let's go in and hear a Psalm from Dan."

A few days after Daniel had entered Exeter academy, he returned to his boarding-house in the evening in a desponding mood, and told his friends that the city boys were constantly laughing at him because he was at the foot of his class and had come from the backwoods. His friends endeavored to cheer him by explaining the regulations of the school, telling him that the boys would soon tire of their unhandsome conduct, and that he ought to show himself above their foolishness. Mr. Nicholas Emery, who was the assistant tutor of the academy, was also made acquainted with young Webster's troubles, and as he had the management of the second and lower classes, he treated his desponding pupil with marked kindness, and particularly urged him to think of nothing but his books, assuring him that all would come out right. This advice was heeded, and at the end of the first quarter, Mr. Emery mustered his class in line, and formally taking the arm of young Webster, he marched him along from the foot to the extreme head of the class, exclaiming, meanwhile, that that was his proper position. Such an event

had for many days been anticipated, but when actually accomplished, the remainder of the class were surprised and chagrined.

This triumph greatly encouraged the boy Daniel, and he renewed his efforts with his books. He did not doubt that there were many boys in the class as smart as himself, if not smarter; and he looked with some anxiety to the next quarter.—The day arrived, the class was mustered, and Mr. Emery stood before it. The breathless silence was broken by these words: "Daniel Webster, gather up your books, and take down your cap."

The boy obeyed, thinking he was about to be expelled from school, but sorely troubled as to the cause of such calamity. The teacher saw this, and soon dispelled the illusion. He said:

"Now, sir, you will please report yourself to the teacher of the first class; and you, young gentlemen, (turning to the class,) take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him again."

That teacher is still living, is a man of distinction, and was ever a warm friend of his distinguished pupil.

In his fifteenth year, he was permitted to spend some months with one of the more prominent clergymen of the day, the Rev. Samuel Woods, who lived at Boscawon, and prepared boys for college at one dollar a week for tuition and board. During his stay with Dr. Woods, he was apparently very neglectful of his academic duties, but never failed to perform all his intellectual tasks with great credit. On one occasion, the reverend tutor thought proper to give his scholar Daniel a scolding for spending too much of his time on the hills and along the streams, hunting and fishing, but still complimented him for his smartness. The task assigned to him for his next recitation was one hundred lines of Virgil; and, as he knew his master had an engagement on the following morning, an idea occurred to him, and he spent the entire night poring over his books. The recitation hour finally arrived, and the scholar acquitted himself of his hundred lines, and received the tutor's approbation.

"But I have a few more lines I can recite," said Daniel.

"Well, let us have them," replied the doctor; and forthwith the boy recited off another hundred lines.

"Very remarkable," said the doctor; "you are indeed a smart boy."

"But I have another hundred," said the scholar, "and five hundred, if you please!"

The doctor was of course astonished, but, bethinking him of his engagement, he begged to be excused, and added— "Dan, you may have the whole day for pigeon-shooting."

### The Davenport's Outdone.

A correspondent of the London *Morning Post* says that the Davenport "manifestation" of tying and untying is an old trick among the Indians of the northwest coast of America. He was traveling in Oregon in 1844, and met a certain Thomas M'Kay, who had been in the Hudson Bay Company's service. This M'Kay told the following story of an adventure of his some years before:

"There was a camp of the Nisqually Indians near ours, and among them was a famous medicine man, or conjuror as you would call him. That chap could tell everything that was going to happen for a hundred years to come, I believe; so Mr. Ogden determined to consult him.—Well, we all went to his lodge, which was made the same as the Sioux made theirs, with poles covered over with buffalo skins. His, as well as the others, was round, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, about twelve feet across and twelve feet high, and at the top of it he had got a parcel of bells hung. There was nothing in the lodge when we went in, only him squatting in the middle of it, and a bundle of buffalo robes lying against the wall of the lodge. These we afterwards lifted up, and were sure there was no one hid under them.—Mr. Ogden told him we had come to consult him as a great medicine man about something that we wanted to know. He was almost naked, having nothing on but an old buffalo robe over his shoulders and a cloth about his loins.

"After Mr. Ogden had spoken, he went through a lot of maneuvers and antics, which he called 'making medicine'; and then, although it was a perfect calm, not a breath of wind moving, the lodge commenced rocking violently from side to side, at times almost lying prostrate, as if it were blown down by a gale of wind, and then rising up and going down on the other side, and all this time the bells clanging and clashing and making a terrible row; then all of a sudden everything became perfectly still, and he told us to

go outside and see what was on the top of the lodge. When we went outside, we looked immediately for some one near the lodge, but there was not a soul, and no one could have been hid, for it was on quite a bare prairie, and not a bush near it. We looked on the top of the lodge, as he had told us, and there was a white crow, which certainly had not been there when we went into it.

"So we returned to him and told him what we had seen; then he said, 'Now tie me up as close as you can, so that I cannot get away, and take your own ropes, for we thought it was a bit of humbug, and we were going to use his old ropes, so we got our own good lassoes and lariats (horse hair ropes,) and took his buffalo robe off him and tied him up; first, we tied his hands behind his back; he was squatted on his hands and heels, and we tied his legs together, and his hands to his legs; then we tied a rope around his body, and tied him all of a heap as it were, and knotted the rope at every turn, so that one would think that it would take a man at least half an hour to turn him adrift.

Well, then, somebody proposed that we should tie him in the net; this was a seine net that we had at the camp; so we rolled him up in it, knotted the ends together, and also secured them again with rope.—He asked us to put his knife near him; this we did, laying it down about a yard from him, as he was lying looking like a ball of net. He told us to go out of the lodge, and not to look in again until we heard the bell ring.

"When we got out, we looked on the top of the lodge for the white crow, and had hardly noticed that it was gone before we heard the bell. We rushed in, and there was the old beggar seated in the middle of the lodge as we had seen him at first, with his buffalo robe on, and looking as if nothing had happened to him, and on his shoulder was the white crow. He then told us to go out again, and this time we were out perhaps five minutes—but when we went into the lodge again, there he was tied up, looking just the same ball of net as we had left him the first time. But the white crow was not to be seen. He told us then to untie him, which we did, and a precious long time it took us to do it, for he was so firmly tied and knotted up. After he was free, he sat for a short time, apparently to recover his strength, and then began making medicine again, whereupon, as before, the lodge waved, the bells rang, the white crow came in and flew in rapid flight, circling around the old man's head, and when all became still again, perched itself upon his shoulder. Then said he, 'Now you may ask me what you want to know; so Mr. Ogden said, 'We wish to know when Mr. M'Kay and his party will be here. The answer was, 'On the third day from this, at half an hour before sunset, you will see him and his party coming down the hill.' The next question was, 'Where is he now?' The answer was, 'They are camped upon a certain creek,' naming it. He was then asked, 'What has delayed them so long?' and he answered that they had been detained in the mountains four days by snow. Well, sir, on the third day from that, just about half an hour before sunset, sure enough there we saw the party coming down the hill, and when they got into camp they told us that three days before they had been camped on the creek that was named by the old man, and that they had been delayed in the mountains four days by snow."

The problem of suspending life by freezing seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet have been carried from Lake Champlain to Eastern cities, frozen perfectly solid, and on being put into a tub of water have come to as lively as ever.—A female convict in Sweden is in ice on experiment. A man was found lately in Switzerland, who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice houses may soon be advertised with comfortable apartments for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation.

A young pupil in the non-resistant school of philosophy was once elected to the Legislature, of course from one of the interior counties. True to his principles, he drew up a bill abolishing all punishment for crime, and then prepared another prohibiting people from committing crime!

"A policeman, on night duty, says, 'It seems to me that with many young men the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home.'—The coal fields of Pennsylvania have yielded on an average, two hundred and thirty thousand tons of coal per week for the last three months.

Capt. Speke, the traveler, is said to have been accidentally shot in September.

## The Sisters.

I.  
They were two sisters: one was fair,  
With yellow lights in her wavy hair,  
The other was dark, and in her eyes  
Lurked the sultry fire of Southern skies.  
They both had hands, these sisters two,  
Broad in extent, and fair to view.  
With towns and cities, on hill and plain,  
And rivers which flowed to greet the main,  
The fields of the one with wheat and corn  
Swayed in the breath of the wind at morn.  
Her sons at the plow and anvil stood,  
Or welded the ax in the shady wood.  
She built great ships, that over the seas  
Sped on the wings of the ocean breeze.  
Fleets of these in her ports found room;  
Her factories hummed with the busy loom.  
There men and women, early and late,  
Labored to earn the bread they ate.  
Her children flocked to her schools to learn  
Knowledge profound and Wisdom stern.  
In the autumn months, she stood in the field,  
Laden with fruits of the harvest's yield.  
In granaries built thro' long years of peace,  
She gathered the wealth of the earth's increase.  
And the winds which blew from her snowy  
hills  
Were not more free than her people's wills.

II.  
The swelling slopes of the other shone white  
With cotton blooms in the hot sun's light.  
Under the shade of ancestral trees  
Her sons and daughters lived at ease.  
The Juskyn bondman, stalwart and strong,  
Toiled in the field the whole day long.  
Had an I sawney were his hands,  
His muscles were like to iron bands.  
A modern Samson in strength was he,  
Shorn of his glorious liberty.  
Sometimes a patient song of toil  
Fell from his lips as he tilled the soil.  
Sometimes at night his yearning eyes  
Turned to a star in the Polar skies.  
And a hungry longing for Freedom gave  
Wings to the feet of the dusky slave.  
But pitiless blood-hounds on his track  
With their deep-mouthed bayings drove him  
back.

In the foul market-place he stood,  
The bondman sullen and stern of mood,  
And like a chattel was bought and sold—  
A human being, for so much gold.  
Down the river—afar on its wave;  
What are wife and child to the slave!

III.  
Then rose on the air a sudden cry,  
Like thunder rolling along the sky.  
From the burning lips of the North it came,  
Rebuking her sister's sin and shame  
Stronger the dread tornado blew,  
Darker the gathering tempest grew.  
In senate chamber and halls of state,  
Loud and long was the hot debate.  
Then the Northern sister called to her side  
A man for his prudence noted wide.  
But she of the South with fierce replies  
Flashed defiance out of her eyes.  
Then shouts of "War" on the winds went  
forth—  
"War" from the South, and "War" from the  
North.  
The trumpets blew, and the loud drums beat;  
The dumb earth quaked with the tread of feet.  
To-day the cannon thunder loud;  
And, yonder, see the battle-cloud!  
To-day earth's altar-steps are red  
With the precious blood of heroes shed.  
Look on those swelling mounds that rise—  
They are a nation's sacrifice.  
May it atone in God's just sight,  
And wash our garments snowy white;  
And kindle in the East a ray,  
The dawn of a broader, purer day!

AN ODD REVELATION.—In the rebel papers appears a proclamation from Jeff. Davis, as President of the Confederate States, recommending the people of those States to celebrate the annual festival of thanksgiving on the 16th inst. This is for no particular event connected with the war, but is stated in the preamble to the proclamation to be in accordance with custom, which renders it proper "that the people should from time to time assemble," &c. This festival of thanksgiving is a purely Northern institution, emanating from that hated New England which Jeff. and his followers want so badly to leave "out in the cold." Yet here we see the rebels themselves, shut out from all association with the North, and warring desperately for a separate nationality, paying homage to the force of Northern customs. President Lincoln issued his proclamation lately, fixing Thursday, 24th inst., as the usual day of thanksgiving, and no sooner was it received at Richmond than Jeff. responded by issuing his proclamation, fixing Wednesday, 16th inst., for thanksgiving. He could not exactly coincide with President Lincoln, of course, but he came as near to it as he possibly could.—The people of the North ought to be proud that the cavaliers of the South thus copy after and imitate their "customs."