

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.  
W. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM.  
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1867.

NUMBER 42.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24, 1867.

WEN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Bank. Jan 24

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row. Jan 24

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row. Jan 24

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Court House. JOHNSTON. J. E. SCANLAN. Jan 24

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa. Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. Jan 24

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s Drug House. Jan 24

AMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High Street, west of Foster's Hotel. Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and Huntingdon counties. Attends also to the collection of claims and holds against the Government. Jan 24

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes attended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, etc., regularly written, and all legal business carefully attended to. Pensions increased, and Realized Bounty collected. Jan 24

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

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

AMERICAN BANK, Ebensburg, Pa. Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week. Jan 24, 1867.

W. M. LLOYD & CO., Bankers—EBENSBURG, PA. Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest paid on Time Deposits. Collections made on all available points in the United States, and General Banking Business transacted. Jan 24, 1867.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA, GOVERNMENT AGENCY, AND SIGNED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North of Altoona, Pa. CAPITAL PAID IN \$300,000 00  
RESERVE FUND 150,000 00  
All business pertaining to Banking done on liberal terms.  
Circular Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand.  
To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent. \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. Jan 24

J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Dunn, Dealer in DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY, AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. Also: Cap, and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and other articles kept by Druggists generally. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. Office on Main Street, opposite the Mount Pleasant House, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24

SHARRETT'S DYSERT, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting, Graining, and Paper Hanging. Work done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in basement of Main Hall, Ebensburg, Pa. [my-6m

AMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High Street, west of Foster's Hotel. Jan 24

HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN?"

## At the Bars.

After the milking was over,  
Annie would follow the cows  
Half a mile down to the clover,  
And turn them in to browse.

Neat little figure is Annie,  
Handling the bars in the lane,  
Letting down ever so many,  
Just in the sunlight's wane.

Wild roses blooming beside her  
Match not her cheeks' lovely red,  
And the leaves, trying to hide her,  
Dance at her musical tread.

Witching curls peep from her bonnet,  
Peep like birds out of their nest;  
And the heart—happy who won it!—  
Beats with a gentle unrest.

Lips may be humming a ditty,  
And face may show unconcern;  
But secrets there are—what a pity  
That some are too easy to learn!

Now while the robins are nesting,  
Why does she wait in the lane?  
Though if white arms need a resting,  
No one of course could complain.

Lights in the farm-house gleaming,  
Bars must be laid in their place;  
But little Annie stands dreaming,  
A blush on her beautiful face.

Is it late?—not that she cares now,  
Ah! merry eyes, mild and brown!  
Could you not tell why she wears now  
Just the least mite of a frown?

Over the path by the hillside  
Some one would wander by night—  
Some one who came from the millside,  
Lured by two eyes that were bright.

Meadow and valley grow stiller,  
Under the earlier stars;  
Would it be strange if the miller  
Helped Annie to put up the bars?

THE DOCTOR'S BRIDGE.

Soon after receiving my diploma, I went as qualified assistant to an elderly practitioner in the north of Devon. The country in that part is most picturesque.

Here and there lofty hills, upon whose summits are beautiful woods, rise in stately grandeur—beneath them lie lovely valleys, resplendent in the Spring time with all nature's charms. Noble rivers flow through these flowery vales, causing the luxuriant foliage of the meadows to spring with redoubled vigor. Emptying themselves into these rivers are an innumerable quantity of little insignificant streams. Oftentimes in the dry season these rivulets are so small as to be little else than sluices, and for the most part are traversed by means of a plank or log of wood thrown rudely across them. In some places, however, wooden bridges of inferior dimensions are erected for the use of foot passengers, but in no case, or but with rare exception, is there any bridge built for the accommodation of animals or vehicles.

This was severely felt in the winter, when the heavy rains cause these streams to swell to such a size as to render fording them impossible. Many serious results have thereby been occasioned, ordinary traffic has been completely suspended, mail coaches even being stopped by the force of the current. Too often a medical man having been absolutely unable to reach a patient in most imminent danger, the result has been death. About four miles from Farleigh, the town in which I resided, was Averil Castle, the seat of the Earl of Averil. It was an ancient, warlike looking structure, standing upon the top of a hill, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. The slope of the hill itself had been converted into a spacious lawn, while at the foot ran a small stream, which, owing to careful preservation, was well stocked with the finny tribe.

Although so far distant from the castle, Dr. Hallett was the nearest surgeon, and consequently had the honor of attending at the castle. Neither of the surrounding villages boasted a medical man, and, therefore, owing to the extensive practice that necessarily devolved upon him, and the failing state of his health, Dr. Hallett was compelled to have a fully qualified gentleman as an assistant, to relieve him in his arduous duties.

It thus happened that I had several times attended at Averil Castle, for the nobleman himself was at the time I am speaking of an elderly man and an invalid, though he had only recently married a lady many years younger than himself. His Lordship, though very proud, was really a pleasant man and greatly attached to his wife, who, on her part, was of a very amiable and pleasing disposition, and very accomplished, being the daughter of a neighboring peer. Residing at Averil Castle was Mr. Sidney Lascelles, a nephew of Lord Averil's, being the son of his Lordship's younger brother, who, dying when Sidney was quite an infant, consigned him over to the Earl's care. Like a father and son were the Earl and his nephew. Heir to the title of Averil, of which he was so proud, the old Earl viewed Sidney in a still dearer light, and considered that he had still dearer claims upon him, and being unmarried, gave young Lascelles a handsome allowance.

No wonder, therefore, would it have been if, when the Lady Adela Tracey became the wife of his benefactor, and a handsome settlement allowed her, the knowledge that such marriage might perchance be the means of losing his claim to the title, and dying, as he had been born, a wealthless commoner—no wonder if, under such circumstances, he had given vent to the feelings of disappointment and vexation that must almost necessarily have been produced. But no—not by a single sign, or look, or deed, did Sidney Lascelles show that the marriage was other than pleasing to him; on the contrary, he heartily congratulated his uncle, and expressed a hope that he might be blessed with an heir, who should succeed to the honors that his Lordship had so successfully bore. Every one praised him, and when, some short time afterward, he left Averil Castle for the metropolis, the golden opinions of all were showered upon him. Far different was the opinion in which, however uncharitable it might have been, I indulged.

I had never liked him, notwithstanding his extreme courtesy, and now my aversion to him was greater than ever; for I felt assured that these very amiable feelings were feigned, and, in short, he was playing the part of a miserable hypocrite. Catch him in his natural mood, and you would see that the proud patrician lips curled with an unbecoming hauteur, and that the mien, though lofty, was insolent; the eyes, those never-deceiving characteristics, were dangerous ones. These jetty orbs would glisten with unnatural brightness, and roll with an almost fiendish leer. Despite his outward deportment, I was convinced that Sidney Lascelles was a villain.

On a wild and tempestuous night I was aroused by one of the Averil servants, who excitedly informed me that Lady Averil required my immediate assistance, adding that his Lordship was almost frantic, believing his wife to be dying.

Hastily attiring myself, muffled up in warm garments, in order to avoid, as much as possible, the inclemency of the weather, I mounted my horse, which had been saddled, and made at once for the castle, accompanied by the servant who had summoned me.

The night was indeed a fearful one; the wind howled with a sullen roar, and the rain came pouring down with terrific violence, whilst every now and then the lightning darted in vivid flashes, and the thunder rolled, deafening with its awful noise all other sounds.

"The brook is fearfully swollen, sir," the man servant said; "I had great difficulty in getting across. Even yesterday, owing to the previous heavy rains, it was a considerable size, but to-night the water is past the 'Hollow Oak,'" alluding to a well known old tree on one side of the stream.

"Then," I said, "I fear it will be impossible for us to cross it now."

"I am afraid so, sir," he replied.

On we galloped, fast as the quivering steeds could go, and still there were two miles of hilly road to be accomplished, before we could reach the bank; on still we dashed through the angry storm, with the darkness ever around, save when a rapid flash of the electric fluid would, by its transient brightness, render the gloom more painful.

"Down this hill, and we reach it," the groom said. And as we reined back our foaming horses, I experienced a feeling of deep thankfulness, till the recurring thoughts of the danger yet to come dispelled by their gloominess the momentary calm.

It was reached at length, the peaceful stream of two days previous, now changed into a surging torrent, and I knew by the excessive width what a fearful depth it must be in the centre.

Across on the other side was the glimmer of lanterns, whilst at times, above the noise of the waters, could be heard the shout of voices.

"Haste, haste, for God's sake, haste," I could at last distinguish to be their importunate voices.

"I will try it," I said, excitedly, and, despite the entreaties of the man, I spurred my horse into the seething stream; on I galloped him until the waters reached almost up to my knees, and the animal could hardly stand for the rushing of the current; in vain I spurred; and the frightened steed would go no further, and in despair I reluctantly turned back.

I could hear the cries of disappointment round the air, when at last one stentorian voice bawled forth, "Swim, swim across."

But for me to try and swim were madness; my knowledge of that aquatic science was scarcely sufficient to enable me to advance three successive yards, even though in the calmest waters, and in the present turbulent state to have kept afloat for even a couple of feet would have been for me impossible; but suddenly a thought struck me, and I at once gave utterance to it by shouting, at the top of my voice, "A rope! a rope!"

In a short time one was produced, and I called out, "Hold fast one end and throw the rest across," and almost immediately the end came whistling past.

"Now help me to secure this end," I said to the groom, and presently we succeeded in fastening it to a tree that was standing near.

"As you value my life, firmly hold fast your end," I shouted out, and the answer "all right" being given, I pulled off my great-coat and other inconvenient appendages, and at once commenced the attempt.

Keeping close to the rope, I walked through the shallow water with tolerable ease, but as the stream grew deeper, I grasped the rope with both hands, for the current was so strong as to almost wash my feet from under me, and once, owing to the slackening of rope, I was for a moment completely submerged. "Hold tight, for God's sake!" I cried, as, with an effort, I regained my footing; and as I felt the tightening strain of the cord I battled on with redoubled energy. And now the worst was past; a few steps more and I should have triumphed, when suddenly before me I perceived some object standing in the water. I reached out one hand to try to touch it, when, with a fearful noise, the rope snapped asunder, and the impetus again cast me off my feet; as I fell I instinctively clutched at the figure I had seen, and my blood turned cold as I found I was grasping a human hand, and the hand held a knife.

All of a sudden the truth rushed over me, and exclaiming, "villain," with an almost superhuman force I dragged him toward me. Once more I was back in the boiling waters, down in the trough we rolled, and I grasped convulsively at him, and tried, with frantic effort, to regain the bank in vain. We rose, however, to the surface, and, at that moment, a flash of lightning revealed to me the demou-like countenance of Sidney Lascelles.

With a dreadful shudder, half unconscious though I was, I released my hold, and he reeled away from me. Now that my burden was gone an instantaneous feeling caused me to exert my little powers of swimming, and for some time I succeeded in keeping myself afloat; but my strength gave way, my brain whirled and my heart grew still, as I felt myself sinking once more, and probably for the last time, beneath the stormy tide. I was lost—by me rushed all the events of the past; all my previous life was set vividly before me. The sensation was maddening, and now, as I felt the last breath leaving me, my foot pitched into something across the stream. Merciful Heavens! it was a tree blown downward from the bank. I grasped it; hope gave life; one more pull and my head was above the water. How I reached the bank, to this day I know not; but the agonies endured as I lay in a kind of a stupor, on the wet sward, I shall never forget. Once more I endured the horrors of the late fearful scene; once more I felt myself drowning in the brook, and experienced all the terrible reality of that fearful death.

I now lost all consciousness. How long I remained thus I know not. Brandy being poured down my throat, I soon rallied under its revivifying influence, and now perceived several men standing around me testifying their joy at my wonderful deliverance. Another drink of the brandy, and I felt myself considerably recovered. It was morning; the storm had abated, and to my great joy I perceived the castle at a short distance. The men assisted me, and I succeeded in reaching its walls. Sincere were the congratulations I received; but the faces of all bore a mournful look, and entering the hall, I was solemnly informed it was too late. I knew at once the sad cause of their dejection. Still a sense of duty impelled me to visit the chamber, and there, laid out upon an elegant couch, wore the lifeless forms of Adela, Countess of Averil, and her new-born child.

As I was leaving the room I encountered Lord Averil, his haughty head bowed down with grief. He grasped my hand, and in a voice thick with emotion, said: "May the Lord bless you for what you have done to-night."

I was compelled to stay at the castle for a short time, until the brook should be sufficiently small to admit of my recrossing it. His Lordship would insist upon my going at once to bed, himself ordering and seeing that everything was done to render me comfortable. I slept, and the next morning I awoke in a burning fever. The events of the previous night had proved too much for me; I became delirious, and Dr. Hallett was obliged to be sent for.

For upward of a month I lay on that bed of sickness, the Earl paying me every attention. Though now tolerably convalescent, I was quite unable to resume my professional duties, and a change of air was strongly advised me.

When the Earl heard this he at once proposed making a foreign tour, in which I was to accompany him. "It will be better for you to get away from this place," he said, "as soon as possible, fraught as it is with such painful recollections." His Lordship had nobly sustained bereavement. Not only was there the loss of his wife, but on the morning following that calamity there was picked up, some half mile down the stream, the blackened and disfigured form of his nephew, Sidney Lascelles.

"Noble boy!" the nobleman would often say to me, as he recounted the painful story, "he tried to save your life, and lost his own in the attempt."

Poor, dotting old man, how could I undeceive him? How could I tell him that

the "noble boy" was little else than the murderer of his wife; how could I inform him that it was whilst trying to take my life, not to save it, that he met his untimely end. God knows that he had sorrow enough to bear, without my mercilessly adding to it; so he always believed in his nephew's honor, and carried the false opinion of him to the grave.

We went on our tour, selecting the East as an interesting part. There, amidst the historic scenes, for a while his grief was lessened, while the balmy breezes strengthened his attenuated frame. After a few weeks my health was perfectly restored, and the Earl proposed returning.

The change had improved him, though his constitution was too shattered to hope of his ever being restored.

"I shall never forget you," he said, as we parted, after our return; and he kept his word.

A short time afterward, I received a letter from him stating that in a large provincial town, in which he was at the time staying with a relative, there was a large practice vacant, which he had secured for me, and, as he possessed great influence in that part, he doubted not but that I might do extremely well there.

With many regrets I left Dr. Hallett, and accepted his Lordship's generous offer, and I am now enjoying a very extensive practice.

The Earl always visited me whenever he was in town, and I noticed with sorrow the rapid decline in his health. A few years afterward, and the Right Honorable Sydney, eighth Earl of Averil, breathed his last. But long before his death, he caused to be erected a substantial bridge over the spot that had been the death-place of his unfortunate nephew, and in which I had passed such a night of horror. And even now, in commemoration of that terrible adventure, it is known by the name of the "Doctor's Bridge."

## Salem Witchcraft.

Charles P. Upham, of Mass., has written a history of the witchcraft delusion. The beginning of the tragic events there-with connected is thus described:

"In the winter of 1691-2, a circle of young girls met frequently at Mr. Parris' house, ostensibly to practice psalm singing, but their principal occupation was fortune telling and the various arts of necromancy, magic and ventriloquism, in which they had instruction of two negro or Indian servants, whom Mr. Parris brought with him from the Spanish West India Islands, where he was engaged in trade. One of these girls was a daughter of Mr. Parris, nine years of age. Another was Ann Putnam, twelve years of age. The ages of the other girls ranged from eleven to eighteen years. They crept into holes and under benches, threw themselves on the floor, went into spasms, and uttered strange outcries. These proceedings were probably commenced in sport; but as the girls became adepts, they began to attract the attention of the neighbors, and gave exhibitions of their new accomplishments. From day to day they learned new tricks. The village doctor was called in, who, with Mr. Parris, concluded that the girls were 'under an evil hand.' The community was excited, and flocked to see their strange actions. Witch books were in Mr. Parris' house, and the girls probably learned how witches in England behaved. The girls were now questioned as to who had bewitched them. They named Sarah Good, a poor, wretched outcast, and Tituba, one of the Indian servants. Whether they named these persons under instructions, cannot be ascertained. The time was not yet come for striking at higher game. The local magistrates inquired into the matter, and held a public examination of the two persons accused. In all these trials, the guilt of the accused was assumed, and these simple people were plied with such questions as these by the magistrates: 'Sarah Good, why do you hurt these children?' 'I do not hurt them; I scorn it.' 'Whom do you employ, then, to do it?' 'I employ no one.' The children then go into convulsions.—'Sarah Good, do you see what you have done? Why do you not tell us the truth?' 'I do not torment them.' 'How came they thus tormented?' 'What do I know?' After many inquiries of this kind, the wretched woman finds that her only refuge is in accusing some one else; then she says that Sarah Osburn has bewitched her. The girls also remember that Sarah Osburn had bewitched them. Osburn was arrested and brought in. She was asked: 'What evil spirit have you familiarity with?' 'None.' 'Have you made no contract with the devil?' 'No; I never saw the devil in my life.' The 'afflicted children' look upon her and go into convulsions. 'Why do you hurt these children?' 'I do not hurt them.' 'Whom do you employ, then?' 'I employ nobody; I do not know that the devil goes about in my likeness to do any hurt.' Sarah Osburn was committed and Tituba was brought in. The same questions were asked and the same scene enacted. 'Who is it that hurts these children?' 'The devil, for aught I know.' 'Did you ever see the devil?' 'The devil came to me and bid me serve him.' 'Whom have you seen?' 'Four women sometimes hurt these children.' 'Goody Osburn and Sarah Good; I do not know who the others

were.' She then confessed she tormented the children, and made some strange revelations. The devil, she said, appeared in black clothes sometimes, and sometimes in a surge coat of another color. She was asked how she went to witch meetings, and replied, 'We ride upon sticks, Good and Osburn behind me.' 'Do you go through the trees or over them?' 'We see nothing, but are there presently.' This woman was the servant of Mr. Parris, and the instructor of the 'afflicted children' in their hellish arts. John Indian, the other servant, appeared as an accuser in a later stage of the proceedings.

"The delusion was now under full headway. The next victim was the wife of Giles Covey, a devout matron eighty years of age, who spent most of her time in prayer. Her examination was a scene for the pencil of an artist. The usual questions were put to her. She denied the allegations, and asking leave to go to prayer, knelt in the presence of the court and offered up a fervent supplication. When she had concluded the magistrate said: 'We did not send for you to go to prayer; but tell me why you hurt these?' 'I am an innocent person. I never had anything to do with witchcraft since I was born. I am a gospel woman.' The girls go into fits, and declare that Goody Covey is pinching them, and are not restored till they touch the person of the accused. These proceedings were enacted at every trial. The pious woman regarded the whole thing as a delusion, and to the question, 'Do you not see these children complain of you?' replied: 'The Lord open the eyes of the magistrates and the ministers.' She was hung September 22, 1692."

Mr. Greeley, in his *Ledger* "Recollections," speaking of the time he commenced the printing business, says: "I tried Mr. James Conner, the extensive type founder, in Ann street, New York, but he, after hearing me patiently, decided not to credit me six months for the forty dollars' worth of type I wanted, and he did right. My exhibit did not justify my request. I went directly then to Mr. George Bruce, the older and wealthier founder on Chambers street, made the same exhibit, and was allowed by him the credit I asked; and that sale has secured to his concern the sale of not less than fifty thousand dollars' worth of type."

Commenting on the foregoing, the *Harrisburg Telegraph* says: "Similar instances occur almost daily. We remember well when we applied, some twenty-five years since, to a gentleman named Beckly, then largely engaged in the manufacture of printing paper, to credit us a few bundles of paper at the time for the purpose of publishing a German paper in this city. After considering our propositions, we like Mr. Greeley, were refused. We then made application to Wm. B. Mullin, Esq., still largely engaged in the paper business at Mt. Holly, Cumberland county, Pa., told him our circumstances, and he agreed to furnish us all the paper we wanted on three months' credit. Since our first purchase from Mr. Mullin, now more than twenty-five years since, we have paid him at least one hundred thousand dollars, cash, and he is to-day furnishing the largest portion of paper used in the *Telegraph* office, for which he receives cash on delivery."

No man in the country possesses greater control over himself than Gen. Grant. Gen. Webster, his former chief of staff, states that during his long and intimate connection with him, he never saw his chief display any exhibition of temper except upon two occasions—once, when he detected a private soldier defiling a spring of water near Donelson, and afterward, at Corinth, when suffering an indignity from Halleck. After Johnson's defeat and death at Shiloh, Beauregard, it will be remembered, retreated to Corinth and fortified. Halleck summoned his Generals to a council of war to determine upon the best means for dislodging the enemy. One after another of the Generals was called upon for his views.—When Grant suggested his plan of attack, Halleck pool-pooped it in the most insulting manner. The former made no reply. His lower lip, however, became very tremulous, showing that he keenly felt the indignity, and upon returning to his tent he was depressed for hours. He yet made no allusion to the occurrence, beyond remarking to his chief-of-staff, that Halleck had deeply wronged him. Subsequently, when Beauregard had escaped Southward, it became clearly apparent to all the Generals, that had Grant's advice been followed, Corinth would not only have been captured, but Beauregard's army would have been cut in twain, and the retreat of a portion of it cut off.

THE Government has ordered headboards to be put at the graves of the assassination conspirators, who are buried in the Washington Arsenal Grounds, for the purpose of future identification. The request of their friends for the disinterment of the bodies, in order to give them honorable burial, has been declined.

A CHILD was soothed to death in Buffalo lately by an over-dose of "Winebow's Syrup."