

The Alleghenian.

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

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

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DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Post Offices. Bethel Station, Carrolltown, Chess Springs, Conemaugh, Cresson, Ebensburg, Fallen Timber, Gallitzin, Hemlock, Johnstown, Loreto, Mineral Point, Munster, Plattville, Roseland, St. Augustine, Scalp Level, Suman, Summerhill, Summit, Wilmore.
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Wich Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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.
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EBENSBURG MAILS.
MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " 11 o'clock, A. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " " 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 5 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.
West-Balt. Express leaves at 8.43 A. M.
Fast Line " 9.50 P. M.
Phila. Express " 9.22 A. M.
Mail Train " 8.38 P. M.
East-Through Express " 8.38 P. M.
Fast Line " 12.34 A. M.
Fast Mail " 6.58 A. M.
Through Accom. " 10.30 A. M.
WILMORE STATION.
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East-Through Express " 8.11 P. M.
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EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.
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Burgess—James Myers.
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Judge of Election—Daniel J. Davis.
Assessor—Lemuel Davis.
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Judge of Election—Michael Hannon.
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ANGLING FOR A HUSBAND.

Madame Dubois, who resided at Chalon, was a lady of the strictest character and of a heart proof against allurements. She prided herself upon her great insensibility, and her profound indifference had repulsed all those gallants who had volunteered to offer their addresses. The country was for her a veritable retreat; she shunned reunions, and was only happy in solitude. The charms of a chosen circle, the pleasures of the world, had for her no attractions; and her favorite recreation was that of angling, an amusement worthy of an unfeeling woman.

She was accustomed every pleasant day to station herself at the extremity of the lonely island of Chalon, and there, with her hook in one hand and her line in the other, her time was passed in fishing, reading or dreaming.

A lover who had always been intimidated by her coolness, and who had never ventured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pursuit one day, when he had come to the island for the purpose of enjoying a swimming bath.

He observed her for a long time without discovery, and busied himself with thinking how he might turn to his advantage this lonely amusement of angling. His reveries were so deep and fortunate that he at last hit upon the desired plan—a novel expedient, indeed, yet they were always more successful with such women as pretend to be invulnerable to love.

The next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground, made his arrangements, and, when Madame Dubois had resumed her accustomed place, he slipped away to a remote and retired shelter, and, after divesting himself of his clothing, he entered the stream. Being an excellent swimmer and a skillful diver, he trusted to his aquatic talents for the success of his enterprise. He swam to the end of the island with the greatest precaution, favored by the chances of the bank and bushes, which hung their dense foliage above the water. In his lips was a note folded and sealed, and, on arriving near the spot where Madame Dubois was sitting, he made a dive, and lightly seizing the hook, he attached it to his letter.

Madame Dubois, perceiving the movement of her line, supposed that a fish was biting.

The young man then retired as he came, doubling the cape which extended out into the water, separating them from each other, and regaining his shelter without the least noise in his passage under the willows. The deed was done.

Madame Dubois pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the hook, not the expected fish, but an unexpected letter.

This was, however, trifling; but her surprise became stupefaction when, upon detaching the transfixed billet, she read upon it—her name.

So, then, this letter which she had fished up was addressed to her.

This was somewhat miraculous. She was afraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding view, but there was nothing to be seen or heard—all was still and lonely on both land and water.

She quitted her seat, but took away the letter. As soon as she was home and closeted by herself, and as soon as the paper was dry—a paper perfectly waterproof, and written upon with indelible ink—she unsealed the letter and commenced its perusal.

"A declaration of love!" cried she, at the first words. "What insolence!"

Still, the insolence had come to her in such an extraordinary manner that her curiosity would not suffer her to treat this letter as she had so many others—pitilessly burn it up without a reading.

No—she read it quite through. The lover, who dated this letter from the bottom of the river, had skillfully adopted the allegory, and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the waters. The fable was gracefully managed, and with the jesting tone which he had adopted was mingled a true, serious, ardent sentiment, expressed with beauty and eloquence.

The next day Madame Dubois returned to the island, not without emotion and a trace of fear.

She threw out her line with a trembling hand, and shuddered, as a moment after she perceived a movement of the hook.

Is it a fish? Is it a letter? It was a letter.

Madame Dubois was not a believer in magic—still there was something strange and supernatural in all this.

She had an idea of throwing the letter back in the stream, but relinquished it. The most stubborn and haughty woman is always disarmed in the face of the mystery which captivates her imagination.

The second letter was more tender, more passionate and more charming than

the first. Madame Dubois read it several times, and could not help thinking about the delightful merman that wrote such bewitching letters.

On the subsequent day she attached her line to the bank, and left it swimming in the water, while she withdrew to a landing place upon the extremity of the island. She watched for a long time, but saw nothing. She returned to the place, withdrew the line—and there was the letter.

This time an answer was requested. It was rather premature, yet the audacious request obtained a full success. The reply was written after some hesitation, and the hook dropped into the stream, charged with a letter that was intended to say nothing, and effect a sort of badinage—which was, nevertheless, a bulletin of a victory gained over the hard severity of a woman until then unapproachable.

Madame Dubois had too much shrewdness not to guess that her mysterious correspondent employed, instead of magic, the art of a skillful diver.

This game of letters amused her. At first it pleased her intellect, and her curiosity became so great that she wrote—

"Let us give up this jesting, which pleased me for the moment, but should continue no longer, and come with your apologies to me at Chalon."

The lover answered—

"Yes, if you will add 'hope.'"

"If only a word is necessary to decide you, be it so."

And the word was written.

The young man appeared, and was not the loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his person as much as to his style, and he had made such rapid progress under water that it was easy to complete his conquest on land. They were soon married.

The Divers off Charleston.

A correspondent gives the following description of the operations of the divers employed to clean the bottoms of the Monitors, and perform other operations under the water: Messrs. Joseph H. Smith and James B. Phelps have a contract with the Government for the performance of this work, and have been of great use here. Their principal diver—appropriately named Waters—is so used to this work that he has become almost amphibious, remaining for five or six hours at a time under water. A man of herculean strength and proportions, when clad in his submarine armor he becomes monstrous in size and appearance. Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has a curious audience will wade his scraper about as "he bobs around" on the water, with the air of a veritable river god. One of his best jokes—the better for being a veritable fact—occurred last summer.

Whilst he was employed scraping the hull of one of the Monitors, a negro from one of the up-river plantations came alongside with a boat load of watermelons. Whilst busy selling his melons the diver came up, and rested himself on the side of the boat. The negro started at the extraordinary appearance thus suddenly coming out of the water with alarmed wonder, but when the diver seized one of the best melons in the boat and disappeared under the water, the gurgling of the air from the helmet mixing with his muffled laughter, the fright of the negro reached a climax. Hastily seizing his oars, without waiting to be paid for his melons he put off at his best speed, and has not been seen in the vicinity of Stanton Creek since. He cannot be tempted beyond the bounds of the plantation, and believes that the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

The diver when clothed in his armor is weighted with one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Besides his armor he has two leaden pads, fitting to his breast and back. The soles of his shoes are of lead, an inch and a half thick. All this weight is needed to overcome the buoyancy given by the mass of air forced into the armor and dress, the latter of India rubber, worn by the diver. When below the surface he can instantly bring himself up by closing momentarily the aperture in his helmet for the escape of the air. His buoyancy is immediately increased, and he pops up like a cork and floats at will upon the surface.

The work of scraping the bottoms of the Monitors is very arduous. The diver sits upon a spar, lashed athwart the bottom of the vessel, so arranged as to be torn by the work progresses, and with a scraper fixed to a long handle works on both sides of himself as far as he can reach. The mass of oysters that become attached to the iron hull of one of the Monitors, even during one summer here, is immense. By actual measurement it was estimated that two hundred and fifty bushels of oysters, shells and seaweed were

taken from the bottom of the Montauk alone. The captains of the Monitors have sometimes indulged in the novelty of a mess of oysters raised on the hulls of their own vessels.

Besides cleaning the Monitors the divers perform other important services. They have ransacked the interior of the Keokuk, attached buoys to lost anchors, and made under water examinations of the rebel obstructions. Waters recently examined the sunken Weehawken and met an unusual danger for even his perilous calling. The sea was so violent that he was twice thrown from the deck of the Monitor. Finally getting hold of the iron ladder he climbed to the top of the turret, when a heavy sea cast him aside the turret, between the guns. Fearing that his air hose would become entangled, he made his way out with all possible speed, and was forced to give up his investigations until calmer weather offered a more favorable opportunity.

The New National Currency.

The plan of the notes is novel, and singularly beautiful. The prominent heads and figures which distinguish so many of the bank bills now in use are entirely omitted from these notes; the figures denoting value are small; and the borders are neatly and carefully engraved with combinations and wreaths. The ordinary distinction between the "face" and "back" of bank notes has in this case been so nearly destroyed that the designations "obverse" and "reverse" have taken the place of those terms in the nomenclature adopted by the department.

The idea underlying the system upon which will be carried through the series of \$5, 10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1000, is that of representing in the vignettes on the face of the notes the leading events in the history of our country, with corresponding allegorical pieces of pleasing effect, and generally of patriotic suggestion. Covering nearly half the space on the back of the notes there are engravings of celebrated pictures, illustrative of American history, from "the Landing of Columbus," which decorates the five dollar note, to the events of the revolution; while "the Battle of Lake Erie" is one of the vignettes of the one hundred dollar denomination. It may be inferred, but it is by no means certain, that the illustrations on the five hundred dollar and the thousand dollar notes, which it is understood are not yet in the hands of the engraver, unless in the department at Washington, are to commemorate the progress and collapse of the rebellion.—There are two vignettes on the face of each note, which is entirely printed in black, and besides the principal piece on the back are the national arms and those of the State where the bank of issue is situated, which, with the border, are printed in green.

The Five Dollar Note: The vignette at the left hand lower corner represents Columbus discovering the land. In the background is a group, of which the principal figure is a priest. On the other end of the note is an allegorical piece representing Columbus introducing America to the Old World. The back of the note is ornamented with a finely executed engraving of the landing of Columbus, from the painting by Vanderlyn in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.—The ends, of elaborate scroll and lathe work, include at the right, in an oval an inch by an inch, and a half, the national eagle and shield, with "U. S." in cypher on the sky in the background. The corresponding oval at the other end of the note will contain the coat of arms of the State, as already described. The name of the State will appear on the sky in the background. The legend on the face of the note is as follows:

NATIONAL CURRENCY.
This note is secured by bonds of THE UNITED STATES.
Deposited
With the United States Treasurer at Washington.

L. E. CRITTENDEN. F. E. SPINNER,
Reg. of the Treasury. Treasurer of U. S.
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF
[Here will be inserted the name of the place where the bank is situated.]
Will pay the bearer on demand
FIVE DOLLARS.
[Place of date.]

The places for the signatures of the president and cashier are next the lower margin, and near the vignettes.

The Ten Dollar Note: The legends on the ten dollar note are the same as those on the five, with the exception, of course, of the denomination. The general arrangement of details is the same, and in that respect the description of the five will apply to the entire series. The vignettes and engravings form the main points of difference. The general shape and design of the figures are also changed. The vignette representation of Fact on the

ten dollar note delineates the experiment of Franklin by which, with the historical kite, he caught the lightning. The corresponding allegorical piece is a beautiful conception. The Genius of America, represented by a female figure borne upon an eagle amid the clouds, grasps a thunderbolt. The engraving on the back of the note is from the well known painting, "De Soto discovering the Mississippi."

Other Notes: The historical representation on the face of the twenty dollar note is of the battle of Lexington. The allegorical piece is "Loyalty," and it is a timely and spirited picture. On the back of the note "the Baptism of Pocohontas" is engraved. The vignette on the fifty dollar note is "Washington Crossing the Delaware." The corresponding allegory, not yet finished, is understood to be "A Prayer for Victory." The back is ornamented with an engraving from Wier's "Embarkation of the Pilgrims." The one hundred dollar note will have on the face a vignette of the "Battle on Lake Erie," and an allegorical illustration entitled "Maintain It"—that is, liberty and nationality. "The Declaration of Independence," from Trumbull's picture, is to be engraved on the back. None of the notes, except the five and ten dollar denominations, can be promised for distribution to the banks for some time to come.

Prayers Instead of Provender.

Fraser contains a particularly good article descriptive of a practical joke played by Lord P— upon the synod of Cleishmaclayer on their way to the General Assembly of the Scotch Kirk:

"The brethren had started by coach at an early hour, and had to travel some twenty miles before they reached the inn where breakfast was prepared for them. The keen air of our northern hills sharpens the appetite, and when the brethren drove up to the inn they were almost famished with hunger. 'Now, gentlemen, just ten minutes for breakfast,' said the coachman, as he entered the landlady's snug little parlor to have his own. Ten minutes!—The time was short, so they must make the most of it. They rushed into the room where the breakfast was spread, and there, basking his ample person before the fire, stood a portly gentleman, dressed somewhat like a dignitary of the Church of England. Their appetite was keener than their curiosity, so they scarcely looked at the stranger, but concentrated all their attention on the viands. Half-way in the air, before the morsel had reached their lips, their hands were arrested by a sudden cry of 'Stop!' It was the supposed dean or bishop. 'Good heavens, gentlemen! he exclaimed, 'have you so far forgotten your sacred profession as to partake of food without invoking a blessing?' The brethren looked like schoolboys detected in some flagrant fault; but before they had time to retrace or explain, the same voice exclaimed, 'Let us pray.' They instinctively sprang to their feet, and assumed an attitude of decorous devotion, while the stranger offered up a prayer which they themselves admitted was superior in action and expression to those of Dr. Drawlout himself. He had only one fault: he did not know when to stop.—The minutes rolled rapidly away, but the stream of fervent supplication flowed on without a break. They had a terrible struggle, the brethren had, as they closed one eye in devotion and ogled the savory viands with the other; but whenever a hand approached the table, it drew back before the stern glance of the stranger, which seemed to comprehend them all.—The sufferings of Tantalus were nothing to the sufferings of the deputation from the synod of Cleishmaclayer; but all things must come to an end. 'Time is up, gentlemen,' said the coachman, opening the door, and wiping his mouth with the air of a man who had enjoyed his breakfast. The appearance of the coachman and the sound of his familiar voice broke the spell, but there was no time to be lost; the horses were shaking their heads and pawing the ground in their impatience to start; so they had to take their seats, and to turn breakfast and dinner into one.—'Was that the Bishop of D—?' said one of the famished brethren. 'That the Bishop of D—?' said the coachman, contemptuously. 'Why, that was Lord P—, the maddest wag in all the kingdom.' The brethren said nothing, but chewed the cud of sweet but bitter fancy till they reached the next halting place, where they got something more substantial to chew."

Antonus says, "there is no man so fortunate that there shall not be by him when he is dying, some who are pleased with what is going to happen." Here is a text for reflection, which will last one all day Sunday.

The late Judge Pearce, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination into the seventh heaven, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent, when the Judge struck his rule on the desk two or three times, exclaiming to the astonished orator, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir; don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of the Court."

The Old and New Year.

1863—1864.
Shrouded in battle, glow and gloom,
Too mighty for the narrow tomb
Of the dead years—too dark, too bright,
To slumber in eternal night;
Too glorious for sorrow's tear,
Too sad for smiles, departed year,
That day by day, in glory or glow,
Brought tales of triumph or of woe,
To stalk through ages, giant tall—
The night—the Marathon of all.
What burning memories, alas!
Shall twine around thy scythe and glass;
For myriads crossed the untried sea
For mightier millions yet to be—
The brave but undistinguished slain
That hallowed sleep on battle plain,
Where glory shall seek in vain their grave
Nor stone shall mark nor glory save
Yet Freedom's strain through time shall swell
Their triumphs—their traditions tell
The glorious deeds of sire and son;
The hero lost, the battle won;
The widow's tear, the orphan's wail,
Love's, Beauty's all heroic tale;
But these, the price of Freedom, lent
To man, shall be their monument.
The darkness now and dread the way,
Yet glory points the dawn of day,
As ocean, steed and chariot wheel,
Baptize in blood the new born year,
For Liberty, eternal Right,
Truth, Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, Light;
For these, auspicious day, all hail!
Strike till thy stars all glorious wave
O'er children led astray to save
For heaven, and earth to do and dare:
Immortal here, immortal there,
Fair Freedom offers up her all:
For man to bear her flag or pole,
That every daughter, every son,
Be worthy of our Washington.

MARRIED THE WRONG WOMAN.—A short time ago, a candidate for matrimony arrived in a certain town, and straightway repaired to the office of the county clerk for the purpose of obtaining a marriage certificate. The clerk misunderstood the name of the fair one who had been making inroads on the affections of the applicant, and consequently inserted a wrong name for the female party who was to be tied by the silken cords. The intended groom was so delighted with the prospect before him that he did not stop to read the document after it was placed in his hands, but, forking over two dollars, he incontinently thrust the legal privilege into his pocket. Gaining an audience with the object of his heart, the two repaired to the house of a clergyman, where the document was presented, which, in the eyes of the minister, appearing perfectly satisfactory, the two were united in the holy bonds of wedlock.

The next morning, upon seating themselves at the breakfast table of a hotel, the groom commenced reading the record of his marriage in the morning papers, and found that the printers had him married to another woman. Thrusting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out the marriage license, when, lo and behold! to his utter astonishment he discovered that the clerk had committed the grave error of inserting a wrong name for his intended bride. Turning to the object of his affection, with an excited and tremulous voice he exclaimed: "Maria, a mistake has been made, and I am married to the wrong woman. You are not my lawful wife." Maria gave a glance at the document, and a bashful look at the fellow borders, and with a half-drawn sigh answered: "It's no use fretting, Jeremiah—it's too late now!"

An army correspondent tells an anecdote, which has never been in print, of Stonewall Jackson. The rebel army was on its march to Maryland. A Seesh farmer sought an interview with "Stonewall," and said, "General, are you going into Maryland?" "Do you seek an interview to ask me that question?" "No, sir," replied the farmer; "but if you will inform me I will tell you a secret." "A secret, eh?" "Yes, sir." "Can you keep a secret?" asked Stonewall, eyeing the man sternly. "Oh, yes." "Well, sir," said the general, "you keep your secret, and I'll keep mine!" and he rode off, leaving his buttered friend in a maze of bewilderment.

The late Judge Pearce, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination into the seventh heaven, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent, when the Judge struck his rule on the desk two or three times, exclaiming to the astonished orator, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir; don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of the Court."

A college student, being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?" With great simplicity, he answered, "Poor relations, sir."