

# 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, JANUARY 26, 1865.

NUMBER 16.

## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Carrolltown,	Joseph Behe,	Carroll.
Chess Springs,	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson,	J. Houston,	Washington.
Ebensburg,	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
Fallen Timber,	Asa H. Fiske,	White.
Gallatin,	J. M. Christy,	Gallatin.
Hemlock,	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Washington.
Johnstown,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnstown.
Loretto,	M. Adlesberger,	Loretto.
Monster,	A. Durbin,	Monster.
Plattsville,	Andrew J. Ferral,	Susquehanna.
Roseland,	G. W. Bowman,	White.
St. Augustine,	Stan. Wharton,	Clearfield.
Scalp Level,	George Berkeley,	Richland.
Sonoma,	B. M. Colgan,	Washington.
Summerhill,	B. F. Slick,	Croyle.
Summit,	Wm. McConnell,	Washington.
Wilmore,	J. K. Shryock,	Sherbill.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. S. LEXWON, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. H. M. BAIRD, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Wesleyan**—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 on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

**Primitive Methodist**—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 4 o'clock. P. M. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

**Disciples**—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID EVANS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

### EBENSBURG MAI LS.

**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " at 12 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	9:18 A. M.
" Phila. Express " "	10:08 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:59 P. M.
" Mail Train " "	8:38 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " "	8:13 A. M.
" Emigrant Train " "	4:30 P. M.

**EAST PHILA. STATION.**

Line	Time
East-Phila. Express " "	7:36 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	1:46 P. M.
" Fast Mail " "	7:05 A. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Ex. " "	6:32 P. M.
" Harriab. 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—James Myers.

District Attorney—Philip S. Noon.

County Commissioners—John Campbell, Edward Glass, E. B. Dunnegan.

Treasurer—Isaac Wike.

Poor House Directors—George McCullough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Assessors—William J. Williams, George C. K. Zahm, Francis Tierney.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coverer—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Cox.

Sup't. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**AT LARGE.**  
Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.

**Districts.**  
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—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. Outman, Roberts Evans.  
Judge of Election—Michael Hasson.  
Assessor—James Murray.  
Assistant Assessors—William Barnes, Daniel C. Zahm.

## Select Poetry.

From Harper's Magazine.

### The Sunbeam.

A sunbeam burst through the clouds in the sky,  
Goldener far than the goldenest wine,  
Warm with the fire of the sun's bright eye,  
And it burned in the tangled leaves of the vine,  
And kindled a glow in the clustering grapes,  
Which seemed in their odor and perfect shapes  
Like crystal globes of wine.

It fell on the leaves of the open book,  
And flooded the pages I read with gold;  
It lay like a smile on the face of the brook,  
Kissing its dimples, then grew more bold  
With the village maid who was crossing there,  
And wove in her tresses of auburn hair  
A web of the richest gold.

Swift as an arrow it sped through the wood;  
The bluebird lifted his azure wing,  
And wherever the golden orchards stood  
There the robin began to chirp and sing;  
And away in the distance it chased the frown  
From the mountain's brow, where it shone  
Like a crown

On the forehead of a king.

Oh! beautiful sunbeam, haste not away!  
What do you there where the diamond  
shines,  
Hidden far down from the glory of day

In the depths of Golconda's glittering  
mines?  
It is said that your light, imprisoned, lives  
In the fair gem's scintillant cells, and gives  
The splendor with which it shines.

I have read in old tales of the buried past,  
Of two armies, which met on the battle-  
plain,  
Roman and Cymbic, in numbers vast:

How they fought till the field was heaped  
with slain,  
And how all through the day the crimson tide  
Of battle favored the Cymbic side,

Though their dead bestrewed the plain—  
Till at length from out of the clouded skies  
A sunbeam darted across the world,  
Blinding the Cymbian warriors' eyes,  
And backward their conquering hosts were  
hurled—

And thus in the record of years is told  
How a sunbeam, back in the days of old,  
Decided the fate of the world.

### A CHAPTER FOR WIVES.

"Well," said I, one fine morning last week, "I have the prospect of a leisure afternoon—a something unusual with me—and, all being well, I will do a little needful shopping; call and pass an hour with my old friend Mrs. Ashburton, whom, on account of the distance, I have neglected of late, and then drop in and take a friendly cup of tea with my niece, Clara Whitford."

Having completed my household arrangements, I accordingly set out after an early dinner, and, the shopping done, made my first call. Mrs. Ashburton's warm welcome, pleasing talk and cheerful fire-side would have proved strong temptations to induce me to accept her invitation to stay for the evening, had I not felt anxious to see my niece, whose residence was much nearer my own.

On arriving at Clara's door, I was not a little surprised to see no light in the front part of the house. "I am afraid they are not at home," thought I, with a regretful mental glance backward to the pretty home picture I had just left. But I was mistaken. A servant came in answer to my ring at the door bell, and ushered me into the dining room, lit the gas, and then went to summon her mistress. I had ample time to look about me before Clara made her appearance, and could not help admiring the perfect order and good taste which prevailed in the apartment and its furniture. I was the more pleased to notice this as my niece, when married, did not promise to become very notable as a housewife.

I was beginning to tire of waiting—my brisk walk over, I felt chilly in the fireless room—when Clara entered, fastening a little article of dress, evidently just assumed. Her greeting was most cordial, and yet there was a shade of regret in her tone when, our first salutations over, she said, "Why, my dear aunt, did you not let me know you were coming, and I should have been better prepared to receive you?" "Surely, Clara," I replied, "no preparation is needed before you can bestow a cup of tea on so near a relative as I am. Pray do not make my friendly call into a ceremonious visit, or I shall be tempted to run away again in place of waiting till after tea, and begging Mr. Whitford's escort home."

"Pray, dear aunt, do not think of such a thing. I will light this fire in a moment

and the room will be warm and comfortable."

So saying, Clara was about applying a light between the bars of the grate, when I stopped her.

"You must have a fire somewhere, my dear," I said, "and where you were sitting when I arrived, will, I am sure, suit me best. If I am to disturb any of your arrangements, I will leave you forthwith."

"Then, if so, aunt, you will have to excuse my taking you into the nursery."

"Anywhere to a warm fireside, Clara.—But is Whitford home?"

"No, aunt, he is here," replied my niece, her color rising as she spoke.

I laughingly congratulated her on her husband's liking for the company of her first-born; but perceiving no evidence of pleasure on her countenance, I asked her if the baby was well.

"Oh, yes, quite so, thank you, aunt. To say the truth, it was my doing that we are in the nursery to-night, and Frederick is not too well pleased about it, but it saves so much trouble, and the other rooms have just been cleaned and put in order. But do not say a word," she added, as she opened the nursery door.

My nephew advanced and shook me warmly by the hand, and then, turning to Clara, said, "I hope, my dear, you do not intend to make your aunt a nursery guest. If you do, I shall not wonder if her visits become still more rare."

I hastened to assure him that I had been brought there at my own request, and begged no difference might be made; but, quietly ringing the bell, he desired the servant to light the dining room fire, and bring word when it was well burnt.—Clara bit her lip and looked red and uncomfortable, while I, feeling still more so, occupied myself in admiring the baby.

I could, however, distinguish easily enough, two or three little articles which convinced me that a tea equipage had just been removed; and certainly this was not what I should have expected to see at Clara's home, knowing the comfortable and even affluent income of her husband. I felt sorry that my unceremonious visit should have produced such an alteration in the arrangements; for I could tell by the production of sundry keys, etc., that many articles not in common use were to be brought out, and the evening meal deferred, on my account. Besides, I felt grieved at Mr. Whitford's ill-concealed vexation, not displayed towards me, but his wife.

At length we were summoned to the dining room, and truly a wonderful change had been effected there. A bright fire blazed every corner, an elegant tea equipage was on the table; in short, everything looked—as I had hoped at first to find it—in accordance with the position of its owners. Moreover, the pleasant aspect of affairs banished the clouds from Mr. Whitford's face, and so agreeably did the time pass, that I quite regretted when obliged to bid my niece "good night."

"Good night, dear aunt," said Clara, kissing me affectionately, "do come again, but do let me know when to expect you."

"And then," added Mr. Whitford, after the door was closed, "everything will be ready; the dining room fire will be lighted before your arrival. Dear aunt, what do you think of Clara's new notions of domestic economy? When we were first married, she was rather ignorant of household matters;—now, we are so exceedingly orderly and careful that everything is too good to use. The drawing room first became so; then the dining room underwent a thorough renovation, and the nursery resorted to for temporary convenience during the repairs, has become our regular abode, the others being used only on state occasions; probably our next remove will be into the kitchen. I go into other houses and find that their masters can introduce a friend at any time, with the certainty of causing no embarrassment. In my home, on the contrary, the call of relatives, even, produces quite a revolution; for plate, china, in fact everything presentable, is laid up in lavender like the rooms. I wish you would say something to Clara on the subject, as I know you possess great influence in that quarter."

"Have you named the matter, Frederick," I asked.

"Oh, yes, a thousand times, I think; but I cannot effect any change. I trust you will be more successful."

"I will try, at any rate," said I, as I took leave of my nephew-in-law.

Having thought over the matter, I arranged my plan of operation. I decided it would be better to try the effect of an opposite picture on Clara's mind, before giving utterance to any remonstrance, for I generally knew that young housewives do not generally relish the pointed interference of their elders. I therefore called on Clara—having previously given her due notice of my intention—to accompany me

in a long ramble; and I contrived to be near Mrs. Ashburton's just as tea-time was approaching, and we were thoroughly tired.

"Clara," said I, "what is to prevent our obtaining rest and refreshment? I can insure you both, and besides, you are not quite a stranger to Mrs. Ashburton."

"Oh, dear aunt, I could not think of such a thing; we should be sure to cause inconvenience."

"You shall judge for yourself, Clara," I answered; "and if you think so half an hour hence, we will journey homeward."

The moment we were admitted, I frankly told my friend that I had come expressly to claim her oft-tendered hospitality for my niece and self, as we were tired, but still had a long walk before us.

"How glad I am my house lay in your route," replied she. "Tea is just coming in, and my husband will be here directly."

In a few moments he arrived, and we were all seated, prepared to join in the evening meal.

I noticed Clara's glances at the perfect order which surrounded us, and the elegant but simple preparations for the repast. Besides these, it was impossible not to see the thorough comfort diffused around us.

"My niece," said I to Mrs. Ashburton, "was afraid of causing you inconvenience by coming unawares, and taking two places at your tea table by storm."

A cheery laugh from Mr. Ashburton, and a bright smile from his wife followed my words. "Mrs. Whitford," said the gentleman, "I am the most fortunate fellow in the world, for nothing ever causes my wife inconvenience; you understand me, I dare say,—I mean none of those domestic invasions which are usually expected to cause a bustle. She has a peculiar theory of her own, which she most thoroughly reduces to practice, consequently we are always able to welcome a friend, however unexpected he may be."

Clara blushed, and stammered a few words in reply; and perceiving her confusion, I changed the conversation.

On our way home, after spending a delightful evening, my niece was unusually silent; but at length she asked if I could tell her what Mr. Ashburton alluded to when he said— "Here she hesitated."

"I understand you, Clara," I answered, "and I can explain it in a very few words. Mrs. Ashburton says that being sure of the daily presence of one guest at her table whom she wishes to honor above all others, she always prepares for that one, and is of course ready for any visitor, and at any time."

"But I saw no guests beside ourselves, aunt."

"Did you not? And yet the person I allude to was there?"

"Where?—whom do you mean? You are jesting."

"Indeed, my dear Clara, I am not. The one whom Mrs. Ashburton considers worthy of all honor, is her husband. She says, and I think justly, that she should deem her marriage vow but illy kept, if she made all attractive in the eye of a stranger, and grudging doing so for him whom she has promised to love, honor and obey—her husband, and the father of her children."

Clara did not speak in reply, but when we parted, the moistened cheek that touched mine, convinced me that the lesson was taken home; and I have no doubt that when I next visit my niece, I shall find her opinion is changed as regards the guest most deserving of honor.

**SIGNS THAT FAILED.**—We all remember the story of the inn keeper who grew prouder as he prospered, and taking down his sign of the Ass, put up a portrait of George IV. in its place. His neighbor immediately raised the cast off effigy, and "in this sign he conquered." The first landlord, alarmed at the increasing popularity of his rival, and understanding the cause, went underneath the grim visage of his Majesty. "This is the real Ass."—But a more ludicrous incident of the kind is just now told at the expense of the good Bishop of Llandaff. He took up his abode near the head of Lake Windermere, where the principal inn had been known as the Cock; but the landlord, by way of compliment to his distinguished neighbor, substituted the Bishop as the new sign.—An inn keeper close by, who had frequently envied mine host of the Cock for his good fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors, took advantage of the change, and attracted many travelers to his house by putting up the sign of the Cock. The landlord, with the new sign was much discomfited at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's establishment. So, by way of remedy, he put up in large, red letters, under the portrait of the Bishop, "This is the old Cock."

## WILMINGTON.

### Capture of Fort Fisher—A Signal Victory—Particulars of the Affair.

The following account is given of the operations resulting in the capture of Fort Fisher by our troops:—

The troops arrived off Fort Fisher on Thursday night, 12th, and on Friday they were all landed, under cover of a heavy fire from the squadron. A reconnaissance was made by Gen. Terry on Saturday. A strong defensive line against any of the enemy's forces which might come out from Wilmington was established, and held by 4,000 men, principally colored troops, and an assault was determined on. The assault was made on Sunday afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock. The sea-front of the fort had been greatly damaged and broken by the continuous and terrible fire of the fleet lasting three days. The front was assaulted at the hour mentioned by a column of seamen and marines 1,800 strong, under command of Capt. Breeze.

They reached the parapet, but after a short conflict, were checked and driven back in disorder, and were afterwards placed on the defensive line, taking the place of a brigade which was brought up to reinforce the assaulting column of troops. Although the assault on the front failed, it effectually served to divert the attention of the enemy, and weaken their resistance to the attack of the troops on the other side. The assault on the other and most difficult side of the fort was made by a column of troops of the old Tenth Corps, led by Colonel Curtis, under the immediate supervision of General Terry.

The enemy's force in the fort was over 3,000. The conflict lasted seven hours. The works were so constructed that every traverse afforded the enemy a new defensive position, from which they had to be driven. They were seven in number, and the fight was carried on from traverse to traverse for seven hours.

At about 9 o'clock, the enemy were utterly driven from the fort, and forced down towards Federal Point, followed by a brigade of our troops, and about 12 o'clock at night, Gen. Whiting surrounded himself and his command to Gen. Terry, unconditionally, as prisoners of war, numbering over 2,800, the remainder of the force being killed and wounded. Our loss is not accurately ascertained, but is estimated at between 700 and 800 killed and wounded, besides the naval loss, which was slight, not exceeding 100 killed and wounded. Not a ship or transport was lost.

Early on Monday morning, between 6 and 7 o'clock, the magazines of Fort Fisher exploded, killing and wounding between 200 and 300 persons. After the capture of the fort, all the troops were withdrawn, except one brigade, left in charge of the works. How the explosion occurred is not known, but Gen. Terry attributes it to accident or neglect.

Hoke's division, reported at 500, was at Wilmington. A portion of it was thrown into the fort not long before the assault, and while that was going on, a demonstration was made by Hoke against our defensive line, but it proved signally unsuccessful. At 11 o'clock Monday morning, a heavy cloud of smoke was observed over Fort Smith, on the south side of New Inlet. The naval officer commanding that station reports that the enemy fired their barracks and evacuated that work.

Perfect harmony and concert of action existed between the land and naval forces, and their respective commanders, Admiral Porter and Gen. Terry, vied in their courtesies. Indeed, each seemed more anxious to do justice to the other than to gain anything for himself, and both unite in the highest commendation of the naval and military officers and the forces engaged. To this harmony of feeling, and the confidence of the troops, may, perhaps, be attributed in a great degree the success of our attack, with nearly equal numbers, against a resolute enemy in a work unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in strength, and which Gen. Beauregard, a few days before, pronounced impregnable. The armament of the fort was seventy-two guns, some of large calibre, and rifled, and one Armstrong gun. The troops in the fort had rations for sixteen days. Their loss in killed and wounded was between 400 and 500.

**WILMINGTON AND ITS DEFENCES.**  
The city of Wilmington is situated thirty-four miles from the mouth of the Cape Fear river, N. C., which is navigable for steamboats for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, to Fayetteville. Forts Caswell and Johnston are situated at Smithville, which is on the west side of the Cape Fear, two miles from its

mouth. The former fortification was built by the United States government, of granite masonry, with two tiers of guns in casemates, and one tier *en barbette*. It was also calculated for an armament of twelve 32-pounders, twenty 24-pounders, four 18-pounders, three field pieces for flanking defences, six howitzers for raking the gorges, six 8-inch heavy howitzers, two 10-inch mortars—in all eighty-seven guns. The work is surrounded by a ditch and advanced works, and is in every particular a first-class and formidable fortification. It cost the Federal government \$571,000.

There are minor forts of great strength constructed of sand on the sea-beach, outside of Caswell, and also others inland within supporting distance. Fort Johnson, one of the defenses of the entrance to Cape Fear river, is situated two miles from the river's mouth. It protects the harbor of Smithville. Close to the present town of Smithville, there was formerly a revolutionary fort of the same name. Fort Johnson mounts ten guns.

Fort Fisher, the most important of the works defending the entrance, and over the capture of which the nation is now rejoicing, is situated on Federal Point, and is one of the largest earthworks in the Confederacy, being properly denominated a fortress. It stretches completely across a reef, a distance of about four hundred yards of the point at which it is located, and commands a straight sweep, all the sandhills for two miles and a half having been levelled. Its front is stockaded, presenting a perpendicular approach, nearly fifty feet high, and some of the traverse are three hundred feet in diameter.

There is a subterranean connection from one end to the other, perfectly impervious to shot or shell, and the entire garrison could be shifted in security from one flank to the other. This fort is also entirely of sand. Its armament is unequalled for range and efficiency in the South. This work, with its outer batteries and forts, the principal one of which is "Half Moon" battery, commands the beach for six miles along the coast.

Between Forts Caswell and Fisher, there is a large sand fort variously known as Bald Head and Smith's Island. It is about fifteen miles in length. Upon the island are a number of strong sand forts, supporting each other. The purpose of these is not so much to command the channels as to retain possession of the island, in order that it may not be used by our forces in reducing Fort Caswell. Fort Quarantine is situated on the west side of Cape Fear river, immediately opposite Fort Fisher, and commands the channel of the stream which hugs the western shore. Fort St. Philip, a large earthwork, mounting nine heavy guns, is situated in the southern extremity of Eagle's Island, immediately below Wilmington. Fort French, a similar, but smaller work, is situated on the east side of the river, a few miles south of Wilmington. Several water batteries are connected with this work, and line the river as low down as Stag Park. These works, with Fort St. Philip, command a number of obstructions which have been placed in the river near their location. At Federal Point, now known by the rebels as Confederate Point, a new battery has been lately built, and named "Battery Buchanan," in honor of the rebel Admiral.

The total number of guns in these various fortifications, all of which must immediately fall into our possession, is set down at 208.

**MAJOR-GENERAL TERRY.**  
Alfred H. Terry, Brevet Major-General United States Volunteers, the hero of Fort Fisher, is a native of Connecticut. Educated a lawyer, never within fifty miles of West Point, a child of the people, and a soldier in this war from the beginning for conscience sake, he has won in a single day a national fame and a professional military renown not inferior to the proudest. He was one of the few men who before the war saw the necessity of preparation for it, who helped to put his State in readiness for it, and who devoted his own energies to its approaching demands. He was among the first in the field, has served steadily and with ever increasing distinction since, and now at a bound has reached the highest place among the soldiers of the Republic.

The Wood-Opdyke libel case, which dragged its slow length along in the New York City Court for a couple of weeks, resulted in a disagreement on the part of the jury.

Hon. Geo. M. Dallas, ex-Vice President of the United States, died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 7th inst.

A horse dealer, in describing an used-up horse, said he looked "as if he had been editing a daily newspaper."