

The Alleghenian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Benn's Creek	Joseph Graham	Blacklick.
Rethel Station	Enoch Reese	Carroll.
Carrolltown	William M. Jones	Chest.
Chees Springs	Dani. Litzinger	Washington.
Cresson	Wm. W. Young	Ebensburg.
Ebensburg	John Thompson	White.
Fallen Timber	Isaac Thompson	Gallitzin.
Gallitzin	J. M. Christy	Washington.
Headlock	Wm. M'Gough	Johnstown.
Johnstown	I. E. Chandler	Loretto.
Loretto	P. Shields	Conemaugh.
Mineral Point	E. Wissinger	Monster.
Monster	A. Durbin	Conemaugh.
Pershing	Francis Clement	Susquehanna.
Plattsburgh	Andrew J. Ferral	White.
Roseland	G. W. Bowman	Clearfield.
St. Augustine	Wm. Ryan, Sr.	Richland.
Scalp Level	George Conrad	Washington.
Somman	B. F. Colgan	Croyle.
Summerhill	Miss M. Gillespie	Washington.
Summit	Morris Keil	S'Herbill.
Wilmore		

Select Poetry.

To the Secession Sympathizer.

'Twill be no thanks to you, good sir!
'Twill be no thanks to you,
When our troops come marching home from war,
The Red, the White, the Blue,
Still floating o'er them like a cloud
Of glory as they come:
While a nation's blessings, long and loud,
Shall shout their welcome home!
Oh! then 'twill be no thanks to you!
You frowned upon their toil:
At best, 'twas folly in your view—
Until you saw the spoil.
You sighed, and looked amazing wise
At Justice's long delay;
And talked about a "compromise,"
To keep the hounds at bay!
Oh! yes, 'twill be no thanks to you!
You never spoke one word
Where heart and hands and all were due,
That I have ever heard—
One cheering word of sympathy,
One word of faith and hope to be
A charm against despair
'Twill be no thanks to you, good sir,
'Twill be no thanks to you,
When our troops come marching home from war,
The Red, the White the Blue,
Still floating o'er them like a cloud
Of glory as they come:
While a nation's blessings, long and loud,
Shall shout their welcome home.
Yet you shall reap what they have sowed,
A country shall be yours;
For heres' blood in streams has flowed,
A richness that endures.
Go eat the fat and drink the sweet,
Bought by the brave and true—
And yet remember as you eat,
It is no thanks to you!

Brilliant Operation of Col. J. Buchanan Cross.

The particulars of a most remarkable operation, in which Col. J. Buchanan Cross, the celebrated forger, secured his pardon from the penitentiary by means of papers forged by himself, have just been ventilated by the Philadelphia papers.—As follows:
On Monday, 2d inst., U. S. Marshal Millward, of this district, received a letter purporting to come from Mr. P. H. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, enclosing a petition for the pardon of J. Buchanan Cross, who was serving a term of imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary for forgery. The letter set forth that Cross was wanted to be used in special business by the War Department; that he was to be sent South; and that his speedy pardon was very desirable. The Marshal was directed to obtain the signatures of District Attorney Coffey, Postmaster Walborn and Collector Thomas to the petition, and take it to Harrisburg for the consideration of Governor Curtin. He was especially enjoined in the letter not to communicate on the subject with any of the local authorities, nor to entrust the business to a subordinate, but to bring Cross to Washington himself. Suspicion of the genuineness of the letter did not enter the mind of the Marshal. He had a knowledge of the handwriting of the Assistant Secretary of War, which the letter appeared to be in, and the envelope and paper upon which it was written were the same as are used in the War Department, while the letter itself had come from Washington, under the frank, as supposed, of Mr. Watson.
Marshal Millward lost no time in obtaining the signatures of the District Attorney and Collector to the petition, as directed, and he would have applied for that of the Postmaster but Mr. Walborn was not in the city. The same day he set out for Harrisburg with the letter and petition, which he laid before the Governor on his arrival. He found that the Governor had received a letter similar to the one he had with him, purporting to be from the Assistant Secretary of War, and requesting, by order of Secretary Stanton, the pardon of Cross, the forger. The handwriting of both letters was identical, and the petition was the same.—Like the Marshal, the Governor did not entertain a doubt of the genuineness of the letters and petition, and he directed the pardon of Cross to be made out.
The Marshal then telegraphed to Deputy Marshal Jenkins to meet him at the railroad depot on his return to the city, and to have a carriage for him, which was done. On his arrival, the Marshal and Deputy rode to the Eastern Penitentiary, and the pardon of Cross was presented to the Warden, much to that gentleman's

surprise. Cross was soon brought from his cell to the Warden's room, where the bag was taken off his head, and he confronted with the United States officials. On the way up, the Marshal had told the Deputy where he was going and what for, but had abstained from saying anything further. He had remarked, too, that he did not wish to be asked any questions on the subject.
The Marshal then drove the prisoner to his house, where he provided him with necessary clothing to make a decent appearance, and then started for the Baltimore depot, the Deputy accompanying them. On the way down, the Marshal left them a moment to go to the postoffice, when Cross inquired with much concern whether the Deputy was going along, adding that there was no necessity for it. He was particular to ask, also, if he had been pardoned. When the train was near Chester, Cross was anxious to get out, as he said, for something to eat, but the Marshal refused. At Baltimore, they partook of refreshments, but did not remain long.

They arrived in Washington in the afternoon, and Cross was taken directly to the office of the Secretary of War. The Assistant Secretary was not there, and Mr. Stanton was summoned. The Marshal had telegraphed to the Secretary that he would have Cross at his office in the afternoon, and Mr. Stanton had not retired. Upon entering, the Marshal introduced the Deputy, and then informed the Secretary that he had brought Cross.
"Mr. Secretary," said the Marshal, "this is Col. Cross, whom you have sent for."
"Glad to see Col. Cross—how do you do, sir?" said the affable Secretary, shaking Cross's hand; "but I can't remember sending for you, sir."
"This," said the Marshal, "is Col. Cross, whom I brought down by your orders from the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia."
"Sir," exclaimed the Secretary, in utter surprise.

"Col. Cross, sir, I said, pardoned by Governor Curtin from the Eastern Penitentiary at your desire, and brought here by me at your request."
Secretary Stanton looked puzzled, and rubbed his temples.
"The authority by which I have acted," said the Marshal, "is this"—placing in Secretary Stanton's hand the letter from Mr. Watson, bearing his own frank.
Mr. Stanton took the envelope with a bewildered air. It was a genuine War Department envelope. The frank was identical with his own. The enclosure was an order, written upon the paper used in the War Office, with the imprint of the Department, in the manifest handwriting of Mr. Watson, Assistant Secretary, to the purport as above narrated.

The Secretary declared his entire ignorance of the matter, and touched the bell. A messenger responded. The messenger was sent for Mr. Watson. Mr. Watson entered. Secretary Stanton handed him the envelope, and requested to know what it all meant.
Mr. Watson opened the letter, looked at it, and was astounded. "This is my writing," said he at first, "but when did I write it? What does it mean?"
He read the signature, which he scanned closely. All doubts were now removed. The crossing of the "t" betrayed the fraud. "This is not my writing," said Mr. W., "it is a forgery, and the most wonderful one I have ever seen."
"You are sure?" said the Secretary.
"Can it be possible!" echoed the astonished Marshal.
"It is—a forgery—pure and simple!" Here was a scene, at the end of which arose the inquiry as to what was to be done with Col. Cross.

The Marshal settled the matter by directing the Colonel to come again to the carriage to be taken to Philadelphia.
Col. Cross put on the indignant, and demanded by what right he was taken back.
"By my authority," said the Marshal, "because your pardon was procured by forged papers."
"Then sir, you are transcending your powers," said Cross. "My pardon is a genuine one, at any rate, and you have no right to go behind it."
"Take him back," said Secretary Stanton.
"By what law?" demanded Cross, to whom the air of liberty had gained an additional sweetness from the few moments that he had enjoyed it.
"By military law," replied the Secretary, and the redoubtable Colonel was again placed in the carriage. He was brought back to his old quarters, and yesterday the Governor revoked his pardon.

Here is the dilemma. It is not yet certain that a pardon can be revoked by its author, and on this point grows an interesting question. If it cannot be revoked, the government will take charge of the Colonel and send him to Fort Lafayette. In any case he will serve out his five years imprisonment; of which only about eighteen months have expired.

The forged letter was dated June 1st, addressed to Mr. Millwood, United States Marshal, at Philadelphia, and read as follows:
"Sir: The Secretary of War directs me to advise you of the receipt of a dispatch from the headquarters of the Army to this Department, with an urgent request that an immediate effort be made to send to that point the somewhat notorious forger, J. Buchanan Cross, now an inmate of your State Prison—and to instruct you to proceed to Harrisburg, for the purpose of making a personal application to the Executive for his release, and to bring him on to this city with the least possible delay."
"You will please communicate the contents of this note to United States District Attorney Coffey, Collector Thomas and Postmaster Walborn and request them to append their names with your own to the petition enclosed, which, with a copy of record of sentence, it is presumed will be sufficient, as this Department has addressed a note to Gov. Curtin requesting his favorable consideration of the same."
"Cross is to be sent over the lines for a specific purpose with a telegraph operator, now in waiting at headquarters, and as the services will be attended with personal peril, the Secretary of War is desirous that no publicity be given the fact that the application for his release emanates from this Department, the knowledge of which, in case of accident, would be fatal to him and defeat the purposes of his mission—you will therefore observe at a glance the propriety of avoiding any explanations whatever to the local authorities and prison officials or even Cross himself, until he reaches his point."
"Your prompt attention will be duly recognized by this department. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"P. H. WATSON,
"Assistant Secretary of War."

The return of Napoleon from Elba to Paris was the signal for all the allied armies of Europe to be on the march to crush him. Hurriedly Napoleon collected 120,000 men, to repel the million of bayonets now crowding upon France.—Wellington and Blucher were in the vicinity of Brussels with 100,000 each. To save France the horrors of invasion, Napoleon resolved to cross the frontier, and to fall upon one body of the enemy and then another, until they should be compelled to negotiate.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of June, Napoleon left the Tuilleries for his last campaign. He took leave of Caulaincourt, saying, "Farewell; we must conquer or die." Driving rapidly through the day and the succeeding night, he arrived on the morning of the 13th, at Avesnes, 150 miles from Paris. Here he had assembled all his available force. Wellington was at Brussels, and Blucher a few leagues from him, neither of them dreaming of an attack. They were waiting the arrival of 200,000 Russians, with whom they were to commence their march upon Paris. Napoleon's plan was to attack Wellington by surprise, and destroy his force, and then Blucher's, and then march against the Russians.

In an hour after Napoleon's arrival at Avesnes his whole army was in motion.—By different routes they were directed to meet at Charleroi, 35 miles distant, at an appointed hour. Gen. Bismont was in charge of one of these divisions. Infamously he deserted, and revealed to the allies the plans of the Emperor. Behind the entrenchments at Charleroi, Napoleon found ten thousand Prussians ready to dispute his passage. He attacked them so vigorously that they soon retreated, leaving 2,000 of their dead behind them.—It was 30 miles from Charleroi to Brussels. Ten miles on this road is situated the little hamlet of Quatre Bras. Ney, with 40,000 men, was ordered to advance immediately to that spot. "Concentrate there your men," said the Emperor.—"Fortify your army by field works. Hasten, so that by midnight this position, occupied and impregnable, shall bid defiance to any attack." Blucher, acting from information received from the traitor Bismont, was hastening with 80,000 troops to join Wellington. Napoleon at the head of 50,000 unexpectedly encountered him. After one of the most terrible conflicts ever waged, the Prussians fled, utterly routed, leaving 20,000 weltering in their blood, and 10,000 prisoners in the hands of Napoleon. Had Ney obeyed his orders, the Prussian army would have perished without the escape of a man.

But as Ney approached Quatre Bras, in a dark night, of storm and floods of rain, and through an ocean of mire, he allowed his exhausted troops to stop, a few miles before reaching that all important point, which he intended to take with the earliest morning light. He sent word that the post was actually in his possession.—Wellington, at a ball in Brussels, turned pale with dismay, as he heard of the approach of Napoleon.
It was fifteen miles from Brussels to Quatre Bras. Fully aware of the importance of that post, he instantly dispatched a division to occupy it. Through the whole night these troops pressed along the miry road, mingling their tumult with the roar of the tempest. In the morning, Ney, in consternation, found that the English had possession of the post. The entire day was spent in the most bloody, desperate and unavailing endeavors to regain it. The anguish of Ney, in view of the irreparable fault, was awful. The night of the 16th of June came; a night of darkness and deluging rain. Napoleon, at Ligny, was a victor. Ney, ten miles distant, at Quatre Bras, was baffled, bleeding and exhausted. Blucher, with his broken battalions consequently escaped, and retreated towards Wavre, where he was joined by reinforcements. Napoleon sent Grouchy with 30,000 men to pursue him. Wellington fell back to Waterloo, to be joined by his Prussian allies. Such was the state of affairs when the morning of the 17th of June dawned upon these drenched armies.

Napoleon, leaving Grouchy to pursue Blucher, passed over to Quatre Bras, joined his troops with those of Ney, and with this combined force of 70,000 followed Wellington to the spacious plain of Waterloo. Wellington had here skillfully posted his troops on an extended ridge, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Blucher. It was the night of the 17th, dark and rainy, when Napoleon reached the field. For eighteen hours he had not indulged in a moment of repose or received any nourishment. All the night the rain fell in torrents, as the Emperor stationed his men for the battle of the morning.

Wellington's force has been variously estimated at from 72,000 to 90,000 men. Napoleon had from 65,000 to 75,000.—The morning of the 18th dawned lurid and stormy. It was the Sabbath. The undulating plain of Waterloo was a vast wheat field. Soaked with rain and cut up by the wheels and the tramp of these armies it now resembled a quagmire. At eight o'clock the clouds broke, and the sun brilliantly shone out. At half past ten the troops were all in their positions, the hospitals established in the rear, and the surgeons, with bandages, splinters, knives and saws, ready for their melancholy work.

At 11 o'clock the carnage commenced. The English with their formidable batteries, were extended along the ridge of a gentle elevation, about a mile and a half in length. The French, from an opposing ridge, not an eighth of a mile distant, were forming in solid columns, and charging the British line up to the very muzzle of their guns. Hour after hour the murderous fight continued, each party apparently as indifferent to bullets, balls and shells, as if they had been snowflakes.

About the middle of the afternoon the victory seemed to be decided in favor of Napoleon. In many places great gaps had been cut through the British lines, and fugitives, in broken bands, were flying in dismay towards Brussels. It is said that Wellington was in anguish, deeming the battle lost, and that he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, saying, "Would that Blucher or night were come."
Just at this time the quick eye of the Emperor discerned, far off upon the right, an immense mass of 60,000 men, rapidly emerging from a forest and descending upon the plain. He hoped that it was Grouchy. It ought to have been. It was Blucher. Napoleon had now but 50,000 men, exhausted by exposure, marches, and many hours of the most desperate fighting. Wellington, with the reinforcements of Blucher's fresh troops, had 100,000 to oppose to him.

Twenty thousand of the French soldiers were now either dead or wounded. But 50,000 remained to oppose 100,000.—Everything now depended upon the success of a desperate charge, before the Prussians should reach the field. The Imperial Guard was immediately brought forward. Napoleon wished to lead it, but yielding to the earnest solicitation of his staff, surrendered the command to Ney. In two columns this band, which had never moved but to victory, advanced against the batteries of the foe. Both armies, for a moment, rested to behold the sublime spectacle. Not a drum beat, not a bugle sounded, not a word was uttered.—Sternly they strode on, till within a few

yards of the cannon loaded to the muzzle. There was a flash, a roar, and a cloud of smoke shut the combatants from view, but within that cloud there was incessantly the gleam and the thunder of war's most terrific storm. At the same moment the Prussians came thundering upon the field. A gust of wind for a moment swept away the smoke, and the anxious eye of Napoleon beheld that his Guard had disappeared.

A mortal paleness spread over the cheek of the Emperor, and a panic seized every heart. A scene of horror ensued which humanity shudders to contemplate. Napoleon threw himself into a small square he had kept as a reserve, and urged it into the densest throngs of the enemy, that he might perish with his Guard—Camborne seized the bridle of his horse, saying, "Sir, death slurs you. You will be made a prisoner." Yielding to these solicitations, he reluctantly retired. This remnant of his Guard bade him farewell, shouting, Vive l'Empereur! They were soon surrounded, and called upon to surrender. Camborne returned the immortal reply, "The Guard dies; it never surrenders!" A few discharges of grape from the surrounding batteries cut them all down. So perished the Old Guard of Napoleon, and thus terminated the battle of Waterloo.—John S. C. Abbott.

Gen. Houston's Prescription to a "Bore."

Among the guests at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York, had been Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas. The General, though fond of jokes, has an intense hatred for that species of human beings called "bores." One of these gentry cornered him one day at his hotel. He had managed to be introduced to him the day previous.

"General," said the bore, after he had bothered Mr. Houston out of all patience, "I wish you would do me one more favor. A man of your eminence is so competent—"

"Well, what is it?" demanded Mr. Houston, rather curtly.
"Well, you see, Mr. Houston, you are such an eminent man, such a—"

"Never mind that; what do you want to know?"
"Excuse me, but a person of your abilities and distinction must be aware—"

"I am somewhat in haste," interrupted the badgered Senator; "pray, come to the point at once."
"Well, then, tell me the secret of your success in life—how you rose in position as you have done."
"Ah! but that wouldn't benefit you any. I can tell you how you can rise in the world, if you wish."
"That's just it," was the reply; "just what I was trying to get at."
"Well, sir, I'll tell you. Undertake to approach a sore headed bull with a red scarf around your neck! I'll guarantee your upward progress immediately on the completion of the experiment."
The button-holder collapsed, shoved his hat on his head, and walked sorrowfully away, while a cluster of gentlemen near by, who had heard the conversation, fairly screamed with laughter.

FREEDOM IN THE SOUTH.—A correspondent gives the following summary of some of the benefits which the Confederate Government has conferred upon the South:
Impressed the negroes without the consent of their owners.
Imprisoned citizens charged with no crime.
Burned millions of dollars' worth of cotton against the protestations of the owners.
Burned sugar and cotton which had been paid for by innocent purchasers.
Banished law-abiding citizens from the Confederacy.
Confiscated private property to the value of millions of dollars to the use of the army, and forced the owners to take in exchange worthless Confederate bonds.
Depreciated the currency of the country by flooding the land with a worthless rag currency and enormous over-issues of bank bills.
Laid an embargo on the importation and exportation of goods and Southern productions.
Passed an odious conscription law forcing every man between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five into the army, an act of despotism unknown even in Europe, even in Austria, France and Russia.

As soon as Gen. Butler learned that Gen. Beauregard's house in New Orleans was occupied by the rebel General's wife, he withdrew the guard he had placed around it.

That man may be considered happy who can take his wife "down town" without being requested to stop in at the shawl shop!

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. S. T. SPOW, Preacher in charge. Rev. W. LONO, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Wesley 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 on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.
Episcopal Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 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.
Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, noon.
Western, " at 10 o'clock, P. M.
MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 3 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 Newman'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—Express Train leaves at 8:51 A. M.
" Fast Line " 8:56 P. M.
" Mail Train " 7:35 P. M.
East—Express Train " 7:42 P. M.
" Fast Line " 12:17 P. M.
" Mail Train " 6:50 A. M.
WILMORE STATION.
West—Express Train leaves at 9:13 A. M.
" Fast Line " 9:18 P. M.
" Mail Train " 8:09 P. M.
East—Express Train " 7:20 P. M.
" Fast Line " 11:53 P. M.
" Mail Train " 6:23 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, Hon. W. Easley, Henry C. Devine.
Probationary—Joseph M. Donald.
Register and Recorder—Edward F. Lytle.
Scribbler—John Buck.
District Attorney—Phillip S. Noon.
County Commissioners—D. F. Storm, James Cooper, Peter J. Little.
Treasurer—Thomas Callin.
Poor House Directors—Jacob Horner, William Douglas, George Delany.
Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.
Poor House Steward—James J. Kaylor.
Morgue Attendant—John Farrell.
Auditors—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donagan.
County Surveyor—E. A. Vickroy.
Coroner—James S. Todd.
Supt. of Common Schools—Wm. A. Scott.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.
Burgess—George Huntley.
School Directors—E. J. Mills, Dr. John M. Jones, Isaac Evans.
EAST WARD.
Constable—Thomas Todd.
Town Council—Wm. Davis, Daniel J. Davis, F. J. Waters, John Thompson, Jr., David W. Jones.
Inspectors—John W. Roberts, L. Rodgers.
Judge of Election—Thomas J. Davis.
Assessor—Thomas P. Davis.
WEST WARD.
Constable—M. M. O'Neill.
Town Council—William Kittell, H. Kinkead, S. Johnston, Edward D. Evans, Thomas J. Williams.
Inspectors—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.
Judge of Election—John Lloyde.
Assessor—Richard T. Davis.