

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

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

VOLUME 7.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1866.

NUMBER 24.

## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Allegheny.	Steven L. Evans.	Chest.
Ashtabula.	Henry Nutter.	Taylor.
Beaver.	A. G. Crooks.	Wash'tn.
Butte.	J. Houston.	Wash'tn.
Chautauque.	John Thompson.	Ebensburg.
Clarke.	C. Jeffries.	White.
Clinton.	Peter Gorman.	South.
Crawford.	J. M. Christy.	Gallitzin.
Cum gratia.	Wm. Tiley, Jr.	Wash'tn.
Dale.	I. E. Chandler.	Wash'tn.
Davis.	M. Adlesberger.	Loretto.
De Kalb.	A. Durbin.	Monster.
Delaware.	Andrew J. Ferral.	Susq'han.
Delaware.	Stan. Wharton.	Clearfield.
Delaware.	George Berkey.	Richland.
Delaware.	B. M. Colgan.	Wash'tn.
Delaware.	George E. Wike.	Wash'tn.
Delaware.	Wm. McConnell.	Wash'tn.
Delaware.	J. K. Shryock.	S'nerhill.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian.**—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor.—Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**—Rev. A. BARKER, Minister in charge. Rev. J. Pennington, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Episcopal.**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Minister. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 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.

**German Methodist.**—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Minister. Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock, and in the morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Anglican.**—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Morning Prayer at 8 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
Daily, at 9:55 o'clock, A. M.  
Daily, at 6:25 o'clock, P. M.

### MAILS CLOSE.

Daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
Daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

#### CRENSHAW STATION.

Train.	Time.
Balt. Express.	8:55 A. M.
Phila. Express.	9:55 A. M.
Fast Line.	10:35 P. M.
Mail Train.	9:02 P. M.
Altoona Accom.	4:32 P. M.
Phila. Express.	8:40 P. M.
Fast Line.	2:21 A. M.
Day Express.	6:41 A. M.
Chicag. Ex.	2:10 P. M.
Altoona Accom.	6:21 P. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Taylor, Henry C. Devine.  
Probationary—Geo. O. K. Zahm.  
Register and Recorder—James Griffin.  
Scribner—James Myers.  
District Attorney—John F. Barnes.  
County Commissioners—John Campbell, Edward Glass, E. R. DeLong.  
Link to Commissioners—William H. Sechler.  
Recorder—Barnabas M'Dermitt.  
County Treasurer—John Lloyd.  
House Directors—George M'Cullough, George Orris, Joseph Dailey.  
House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.  
Deputy House Treasurer—Jno. A. Kennerly, Emanuel Brallier.  
County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.  
County Engineer—William Flattery.  
Mercantile Appraiser—John Cox.  
Capt. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG HOR. OFFICERS.

**AT LARGE.**  
Justice of the Peace—Harrison Kinkead, Samuel J. Waters.  
**Ward Directors.**—D. W. Evans, J. A. Moore, David J. Davis, David J. Jones, William M. Jones, Jr.  
**Ward Treasurer.**—Geo. W. Oatman.  
**Ward Clerk.**—Sam. Singleton.  
**Ward Commissioner.**—David Davis.  
**EAST WARD.**  
Ward Collector—A. Y. Jones, John O. Evans, David Davis, Charles Owens, R. Jones, Jr.  
Ward Clerk—Thomas Todd.  
Ward Director—Wm. D. Davis.  
Ward Treasurer—David E. Evans, David J. Davis.  
Ward Commissioner—Thomas J. Davis.  
**WEST WARD.**  
Ward Collector—John Lloyd, Samuel Stiles, Harrison Kinkead, John E. Scanlan, George Taylor.  
Ward Clerk—Barnabas M'Dermitt.  
Ward Director—John D. Thomas.  
Ward Treasurer—William H. Sechler, George W. Oatman.  
Ward Commissioner—Joshua D. Parrish.

### SOCIETIES, &c.

**Y. M. C. A.**—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. C. A. in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the first Tuesday of each month, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

**O. O. F.**—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, on Wednesday evening.

**W. T. U.**—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TO THE ALLEGHANIAN.  
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.  
\$2.00 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

## "What They Say."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Wouldst thou know what troubles many?  
What annoys them night and day?  
Not a frightful myth, or robber,  
But the spectre "What they say."

"What they say." It haunts the maiden  
When her hat or dress she buys;  
Goads the matron till she maketh  
Husband's purse a sacrifice.

To the orator it clingeth;  
Daunts the statesman in his dream,  
With the pulpit-teacher stealth  
Husband's purse and his highest theme.

"What they say." Well, let them say it,  
Aye, e'en so, fleet as dew;  
When they've breathed it, 'tis forgotten;  
They who hear, forget it, too.

Wouldst thou know what rules the million?  
Themselves, with her ancient way?  
Pomp and tramp of banner'd legions?  
No!—the bubble—"What they say."

## Romantic Incident in the Life of President Johnson.

We were sitting in the pleasant parlor, engaged in quiet and dreamy chat, and gazing out through the open casements upon the smiling September landscape. All that afternoon my good friend, John Simmons, and I had been "fighting our battles over again," and recalling recollections of pleasant friends I had known in Laurensville before the war, but who were now forever absent from their once happy homes. I had not seen Simmons for several years, and having arrived in Laurensville on the morning of this particular day, on urgent business connected with that part of South Carolina, I was profoundly rejoiced to see his frank, cheerful, honest face, and to feel a hearty grip of his muscular hand when I entered the home-like and comfortable tavern of which he was the hospitable host. I was much fatigued traveling over these rough roads, and at once accepted his invitation to terminate my journey for a day or two, and recruit under his genial treatment. After dinner, I lay upon the sofa in the parlor, listening to John's quiet, rippling talk, full of reminiscences of old friends, and part of the time watching the quick and graceful action of Mrs. Simmons' fingers, as she flew over the knitting needles that she was busy with. She was a very pleasant, sweet, low-voiced lady, and I had often envied my friend John his rare luck in finding so worthy a companion.

"By the way," said John, turning to me, after a pause, "I have been for the past few days recalling a well-nigh forgotten recollection, but which the events of the last few months have brought back fresh and vivid to my mind. Did I ever tell you of it?"

"Cannot say you have," I answered, "as I have no idea what you mean."

"Oh! well, I mean to say would you like to hear it?"

"Certainly I would. Proceed!"

Mr. Simmons glanced apologetically at his wife, and then lit a cigar, first handing me one, which I declined.

"Many years ago, when I was a young, inexperienced fellow, just beginning to think of courting a sweetheart, I made the acquaintance of a young, energetic, talented man—very quiet and unassuming, but exceedingly interesting in his appearance, even to the most casual gaze. I was at that time boarding with an old friend of my father's, Archie Bridy. One evening, about dusk, just as we were sitting down to supper, the door of the dining room opened and two young men entered, both of them travel-stained and weary, having journeyed a long way on foot. One of them was the brother-in-law of Mr. Bridy, named James Powers; the other was the gentleman I have mentioned. I felt attracted toward the latter at the first glance, by the modest and gentlemanly demeanor he manifested. The brother-in-law explained the reason why they had made so unexpected a visit. They had been living in Raleigh, North Carolina, where they had commenced to learn a trade. Their instructor, however, was a rough, unjust, brutal tyrant, and his conduct towards them, at all times extremely bad, became at last so utterly unbearable that they were forced to the conclusion of leaving him. This was accordingly done, and there they were, at Mr. Bridy's, on that particular evening, weary and footsore, but determined and full of energy.

"With characteristic energy, the companion of Powers proposed to Mr. Bridy to finish learning their business under his instruction. To this proposition he readily consented, and the next morning they set to work. For some time, of course, their lives were not varied by any incident calculated to break the monotony of their business. But in a short period the qualities of the two began to be perceived in such a manner as to present a most decided contrast. Powers, the brother-in-law of Bridy, was, in all respects, a very ordinary man. He was not strictly attentive to business, his work was not well performed; in short, he was of no particular account, except to fight chickens, and race horses. In these essentials he was very good, and I do not know any better

judge of the merits of a good cock in all South Carolina than this same James Powers. But the other—ah! Captain, he was made of different stuff, I tell you! His habits were uniformly correct and praiseworthy—steady, reliable, and exceedingly industrious. His firm, quiet, decided manner, so full of resistless energy and gentlemanly bearing, attracted toward him the attention of many thinking men, and I have frequently heard it predicted that he would make something yet that was famous! His evenings and spare time were spent in reading and in thought, and his conversation was full of well digested reflection. At length, however, he got into a very usual habit of young men, and did not pay quite so much attention as formerly to reading," and here Mr. Simmons' eyes glanced with a mischievous twinkle at his wife, who, dear, kind old lady, was busily engaged in knitting, and, being rather hard of hearing, had not listened to her husband's story. "He and I found ourselves desperately in love with two young ladies, and we visited them frequently, I can assure you. Won't you take a cigar?" I declined again, and pausing a little while to light another one, John continued his narration.

"I was deeply smitten with the charms of the lady you see knitting yonder, and he became enamored of her cousin, Miss Sarah W., a most estimable and worthy girl, and, by the way, not a little impressed with my agreeable friend. We visited these ladies very frequently; sat late, talked long, and each one attended to his own interests, now mind I tell you. Ah, Captain, those were glorious days! After all there is nothing like courting, and the happiest time a man ever spends is with his sweetheart. I could get sentimental even at this old age; but you are young, and I'll be bound to say something about those things yourself. I wouldn't mind trying them over again. I was successful in my wooing, as you can see, for there sits the same girl, though a little older; and he pointed towards his wife with a deep, loving look in his bright, honest eyes. "But, poor fellow, he wasn't, although it was no fault of the young lady's, for she was willing enough, I tell you. The trouble was with the mother, who was disposed to be a little aristocratic. Upon making known his wishes to her, she became very indignant at his request, flew into a violent passion, taunted him with his poverty, ordered him out of her house, and, as a final, stunning rebuke for his presumption in asking the hand of her daughter, she screamed at the top of her voice—

"You want my daughter, do you? No, sir, I know what you want; you want my property!"

"And," laughed John, "perhaps it would be interesting for you to know how great was this property. It consisted of two hundred acres of the poorest land in all South Carolina, four negroes (two of them very old, eight hounds, one cow, and a few chickens. The heirs to this immensely valuable estate were four daughters, all of marriageable age, thus giving to each, as her share of the personal property, one negro, two hounds, a chicken or so, and a fourth part of the daily lactical yield of the aforesaid cow! No wonder the unreasonable presumption of my young friend met with so severe a condemnation! The old lady missed it, though," he continued gravely, "and the young one—well, there are many hearts that suffer, and yet throw on until time makes them forgetful of the passionate glow which once thrilled them to the core. She afterwards married, was blessed with as fine a family of children as ever called woman 'mother,' and still lives not far distant from her early home.

"But my young friend (for whom I entertained an affection that was mixed up with great respect and admiration), though mortified, and, for the time, disappointed, was made of too 'stern stuff' to be much affected. His pride was aroused, and the sensitiveness of his wounded feelings—for he was as sensitive as a girl—made him the resolute, energetic, lofty-reaching man he has since become. Not long after this event, he paid up all his debts, took his pack on his back, boldly straddled across the mountains, and settled in a little, obscure village, where his indomitable energies, his comprehensive talents, and his kindly heart made him the idol of his neighbors, and the recipient of their highest public trusts. And, Captain, that poor boy who was thus disappointed in love—who slept in the same bed with me for many a long month—who worked hard through the day and studied until late at night, and who didn't marry that young lady for her mother's property—that poor boy, Captain, is Andy Johnson, President of the United States!"

"We have been asked the question—what material makes the best bed comforter? Being inexperienced in such matters, we refer the querist to the committee on domestic manufactures of the Hudson County Fair, who put what may be styled an answer to the question in this wise: 'Best bed-comforter—Miss Jane Van Buskirk.'"

"Mary, at what hour do you dine?" "As soon as you goes, sir; them's missus' orders!"

## A Contrast.

In the State Legislature a few days since, a series of resolutions with reference to the Reconstruction of the Rebel States was up for consideration, when Hon. Samuel C. Wingard, of Lecompton county, a member of the House Committee on Federal Relations, gave the following capital description of the Democratic party:—

"Sir, it is not my intention to scold the gentlemen with whom I sit so comfortably on this side of the House, and from whom I receive so much personal courtesy, although differing with them in politics, and who still delude themselves with the belief that they belong to the old Democratic party. Of that old organization, which once existed, I was a humble member, voting for Buchanan and Douglas—but when the war broke out, I followed the great Union party banner and have never regretted the alliance. In fact, I have found so many of the best and wisest of the old Democracy with me, that I felt perfectly at home, and to-day, if I were to go back in search of that defunct institution, I should be like the Hebrew woman weeping for her children because they are not. I should seek for one half of them crouching under the dirty, defeated rag of secession, and the other half (with many honorable exceptions, some of whom I recognize here) under the flag of the Knights of the Golden Circle, in active sympathy and co-operation with slavery and heinous rebellion which it engendered, or otherwise in open hostility to the Government which has brought us through seas of blood to a redeemed nationality.

"Sir, it is no new thing that gentlemen upon this side oppose amendments to the Constitution, although the gentleman from Westmoreland has shown how they have favored certain kinds of amendments—Why? They say it is calculated to lessen the respect of the people for that instrument, to change it. Sir, it is scarce two years since it was proposed to amend the Constitution of this State so that her citizens, who had been freemen at home, and heroic freemen in the field, should exercise the elective franchise while facing the storm of war, as well as the patriots, or cowards, or deserters, who remained at home; and we were told the same thing then, and warned against tampering with the Constitution. The election came, and one hundred and five thousand three hundred and fifty-two freemen—yes, free white men, too, calling themselves Democrats—voted to make white soldiers, in this respect, no better than the blackest Ethiopian, above whose shoulder gleamed, in peerless contrast, the sheen of the bayonet. That, sir, was the first vote ever cast in Pennsylvania in favor of negro equality, and it was cast without admixture by the Democracy. To them and their posterity will belong the honor, until our chronicles fade into dead language, far back in the misty oblivion of the past.

"But, sir, I thank heaven a better day, from the signs, appears to be dawning. With the return of peace come also contrition for the past and promise for the future. And I am here to-night with words of encouragement and welcome to our long-lost prodigals of the Democracy. All we ask is 'true belief and true repentance.'"

"Sir, I was gratified exceedingly last week, in the other chamber, to learn of that type of a Pennsylvania gentleman, the Senator from Berks, who has been one of the principal leaders of the war-pacified party for the last four years, that he endorsed the President. What a relief to that gentleman and his confederates that they have found new associations! With what disgust must they look back upon their old cabal of Chicago! If Andy Johnson were to honor this Legislature now with a call, how would our Democratic friends vie with each other for a place upon the reception committee! How would they press to touch the hem of his garment! They who, but three years ago, cried, 'Away with him—away with the military usurper—away with the drunkard—away with the boorish tailor—away with all who support or defend him—with Lincoln, the ribald jester—with Butler, the beast—with Grant, the slaughterer—with irrepressible conflict Seward—with Stanton, the tyrant, the Nero of the Cabinet—with Lincoln's hirelings—away with everything but Woodard, and M'Clellan, and slavery divinely sanctioned if not divinely ordained! Sir, there is nothing in all this retrospect to induce us to welcome the Democracy? I feel like erecting an altar to my country here, and inviting the Senate to join us while we sing the invitation hymn which has brought thousands to a better fold—'Come ye sinners, poor and needy, weak and wounded, sick and sore.' Yes, sir, I would go farther. I would call around me the North and the South, the loyal and the disloyal Norman and the loyal and disloyal Southern. I would elevate the effigy of the murdered President. I would try by military or civil law more than two leading thieves and murderers of the rebellion, and, if convicted, as they should be, I would execute them in the midst of the people, and high over all I would unfurl the healed, preserved, victorious flag

of the Union, that whosoever should look upon it and desire, should be forgiven of all political sin.

"Sir, will gentlemen vote for the amendments to this resolution endorsing the President, and vote against the resolution itself? If they do, they will present the anomaly of blowing hot and cold, for there is not a word in the resolution which the President has not frequently avowed. The Democrats, whose new-fledged love of him has been hatched in the nest of the dove of peace, after years of vituperation of the man and his measures—to say that they now endorse him, while they are unchanged in their opinion of those measures, is false sycophancy, which I would be loth to attribute to the gentlemen of this side of the House."

## Election of County Superintendents.

The following wise and timely remarks on the subject of the election of County Superintendents, taken from the official column of the Penna. School Journal, are commended to the careful consideration of all School Directors:—

On the first Monday of May next, the directors of the several counties of the Commonwealth will be called upon to elect Superintendents for their respective counties, to perform the duties of that office for the three years ensuing. The office has now been in operation twelve years, and its good results are apparent to all who are unprejudiced. The directors, teachers, and the people now understand what kind of men are needed to stand at the head of, and direct the educational interests of the counties of the State, and as it is supposed that such men as are required, are to be found in every county, none but the best men should be selected.

A County Superintendent should be in scholarship equal, if not superior to any of the teachers of his county. This is necessary, in order that he may be able to examine them in all the branches that may be required to be taught, and also that he may intelligently inspect all the schools in the various departments of science pursued. Without this superiority, he cannot command the confidence and respect of those with whom and for whom he is to act. He should be thoroughly versed in the elementary departments of the sciences that are required to be taught in our common schools. It is not enough that he be a superior scholar, as that expression is usually understood; he should be perfectly familiar with the elements, as well as with the higher departments and more abstract sciences.

He should be a practical teacher, or he should have been such within a few past years. This the law requires, as pointed out by it does that he be a man of learning. The words of the act are—the directors shall select "one person of literary and scientific acquirements, and of skill and experience in the art of teaching." A person, therefore, who has never taught, or who has not been closely identified with the common school system for the last eight or ten years, should not be selected.

Such an individual's thoughts have been upon other subjects, and whatever his literary attainments may be, he is not the man to put in charge of our educational machinery. Our system is a progressive one, and it has made great advance and secured great results while he has been standing still or retrograding in school affairs. Such a man cannot take hold of the system as it now is, and carry it forward as it should be conducted.

The County Superintendent ought to be an earnest, energetic, zealous, working man, who has kept pace with educational improvement of the age, a man who understands the history of our system, and who has read, to some extent, the history of school systems of other States. While he should be cautious to not introduce new things, because they are new, he should also make use of all real improvements for the benefit of the schools. He should not be a politician, in the general acceptance of that word;—that is, he should not be a man who, by his active participation in party strife, and petty political wrangles, has rendered himself odious to those who do not belong to his party. The doings of this officer are of vast importance to the well-being of the State. He is to operate with the youth of the Commonwealth, not of a party; and he should therefore be a man in whom all have confidence as a person of honesty of purpose, how much soever he may differ from them upon questions of State and National policy. If he be a working, intriguing politician, he cannot secure the confidence, and good will, and co-operation of all classes.

In order that the Superintendent may be able to do the greatest amount of good, he must have the confidence and support of the teachers of his county; without this, he will to a great extent be powerless. They must feel that he is their friend, to whom they can go with all their troubles and difficulties, and find a sympathizer. That, although he is often obliged to refuse their requests, they know that he does it from a sense of duty, rather than from a desire to wound their feelings.

The Superintendent should be an easy, ready speaker. It is of importance that he be able to present the cause of which he is for the time being the exponent, in such a way as to interest and instruct an intelligent audience, and arouse the people to an appreciation of the importance of the cause which he represents.

Men should be selected for the position, who are willing to give all the time to the duties of the office, that is requisite for the best interests of the schools in the county; men who will watch with sedulous care the interest of the cause of education, and be ever ready to act with, or rather lead the friends of the cause, whenever good can be accomplished. No man should be elected, merely because he is worn out in another profession, or because he can use the superintendency as an introduction to something more lucrative, or that will, after awhile, bring him more prominently before the public. Disappointed politicians, worn out clergymen, or physicians, or attorneys, or gentlemen of leisure, are not such men as are needed to take charge of the Common School System of this Commonwealth.

Let the best men be elected that can be found in the several counties of the State, and our noble school system will be safe in their hands, and a steady advance will be made from year to year. But on the other hand, if party strife, or personal favoritism, or local differences enter into and determine the election in any of the counties,—in such localities we may expect to see the schools poor, the people uninterested, and the whole system unpopular.

## The Third Atlantic Cable.

The preparations for laying the Atlantic cable, during the ensuing summer, have been recommenced in England. A before, the Great Eastern, commanded by Captain Anderson, will be employed; Mr. Canning and Mr. Clifford again to be entrusted with the mechanical task of laying the cable—and the mysterious De Sauty again in charge of the electrical department. The new cable is identical in construction with the last, except its outer wires, which are galvanized, will be closely covered with Manila hemp, and that it bears a strain of from fifteen cwt. to a ton more than that of last year. About one hundred and sixty miles of the cable have been made, and the manufacture will soon proceed at the rate of one hundred miles per week. Early in June, the Great Eastern will leave Valencia with the new cable on board and again endeavor to lay it in the Atlantic to Newfoundland. If this effort be successful, the great steamer, having taken in a supply of coal, will return to the mid-Atlantic, to grapple for the last lost cable; the locality can be ascertained within a quarter of a mile. Two other vessels will be provided with scientifically constructed grappling apparatus, which, it is calculated, will bring the cable to the surface if it once be laid hold of. The attempt will be to grapple it in three places, at intervals of about two miles. When recovered—more correctly if recovered—a message will be sent through this old cable to Valencia, to test its electrical condition, and if this be good, it will be spliced on to that part of the old cable which remained on board the Great Eastern, after last year's failure, and the mammoth steamer will then proceed back to Newfoundland, trying to lay a second sub-Atlantic telegraph. Of course, many casualties may interfere with these arrangements and projects, but, at present, what we have here stated constitutes the cable programme for 1866.

A joke is told of Horace Greely, who occupies a part of each day at the Bible House building, in preparing the second volume of his "History of the American conflict." Coming out on the street, one afternoon, more abstracted and slovenly than usual, he unconsciously fell in with a crowd of vagrants, who were being taken from the Tombs to Blackwell's Island. Noticing, at length, the company he was keeping, he endeavored to get out of the rough lot, but a policeman not having seen him join the crowd, and thinking he was a vagrant trying to escape, seized him by the collar and marched him to the boat, amid the jeers of the unfortunate wretches who believed him to be one of them. Mr. Greely protested again and again that he had several editorials to write for the Tribune, and must not be detained; but this declaration caused the policeman to declare that the "old cove was crazy," and must go to the lunatic asylum. The boat, full of malefactors, had already steamed out into the river, when some one on the vessel recognized H. G.—mad as a hornet, and using some very strong expletives by this time—and released him from his disagreeable predicament, greatly to the delight of the perplexed editor, and to the profound mortification of the over-earnest policeman.

If, as literary men assert, German poetry is a problem, may it not be correctly styled a "lager-rhythm?"

The fact that this Republic is no longer in its infancy is abundantly proved by its ability to stand a loan.

Thoughts on the next election—Va-gary's.