

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

OWNER, Editor and Proprietor.
HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1866.

NUMBER 30.

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" " " 8 o'clock, P. M.
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Fast Line " 10:33 P. M.
Mail Train " 9:02 P. M.
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O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 L. O.
meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg,
Wednesday evening.
W. Highland Division No. 84 Sons of
Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Eb-
ensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
"THE ALLEGHANIAN."
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE,
OR
\$3.00 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Song of Thorild.

FROM THE GERMAN.

There sat by the foaming sea
A maiden of tender look;
For many hours she fished,
But nothing would bite her hook.
She wore on her finger a ring,
With a jewel as red as a rose—
And, binding it fast to her line,
Far into the sea she threw.
She raises up from the deep,
A hand of ivory mold—
On one of its fingers glisten
Her jewel and ring of gold.
Now lifts she out on the land
A knight who is handsome and fair;
He is robed in glittering garb,
And sports in the sunny air.
The maiden in terror shrieked—
"O! knight, most noble and true,
You must give me back my ring,
For I did not fish for you."
"They do not fish for fish
With jewels," the knight replied;
"The ring I can only give
When you promise to be my bride."

Buried Alive.

Is it true that sometimes "going
events cast their shadows before?" Is it
true that at times the mighty unknown of
the future vaguely impresses itself upon
the present? I think so. If not, then
how do we get that prescience of good or
evil that so strangely elevates us with
hope or depresses us with fear—that
throws over our spirits the serenity of a
placid lake, or the wild agitation of a
stormy sea?

From my earliest recollection, I had
always been afraid of being buried alive.
I do not remember that the fear of death
had ever troubled me—only the fear of
entering the grave while yet a living man,
and becoming conscious of it when too
late. Of all the horrors which the mind
can conjure up, this to me always seemed
the most dreadful, and the fear of it fast-
ened itself upon me with all the power of
a haunting specter, and it became one of
the deep concerns of my life to guard
against it. At twenty-two years of age I
ordered my coffin and purchased my tomb.
The coffin was so constructed that a living
person closed up in it could touch certain
springs and throw it all apart; and the
tomb was contrived with proper ventila-
tion, and provided with blankets and a
key inside, so that in case of life return-
ing after burial, I could secure myself
against a deadly chill and speedily find
my way out.

Why had I this fear to lead me to these
precautions, unless the coming reality had
cast its shadow upon me? My monoman-
ia, as many termed it, was known to all
my friends, every one of whom had been
separately charged to see me positively
debarred before burial. But what are pre-
cautions taken against fate? I was doomed
to be buried alive, after all.
At the time I speak of, I was twenty-
seven years of age, and living in my na-
tive place, an inland city. Urgent business
called me to Boston, where I had only one
acquaintance, a very dear friend, who had
often invited me to come and make him a
long visit. Unfortunately, he was at this
time out of town, and expected to be ab-
sent several days; but his family insisted
upon my making their house my home
during my stay in the city, and would not
in fact permit me to go elsewhere. On
the third day, I had finished my business,
and, as it was the last of the week, I de-
cided to remain some two or three days
longer, that I might get a sight of my
friend before leaving.

On the following morning, I was found
dead in my bed—at least, it was so report-
ed; and the strongest evidence I have
against it is the fact that I am living now.
The people of the house, of course, were
very much excited and alarmed—their
physician was called in, and afterwards
the coroner. It was at length decided to
put me in a coffin, and place me in a
church vault till the return of my friend,
who would of course have my body con-
veyed to my native place for final inter-
ment.

Thus it is seen that all my precautions
availed me nothing; for, abroad, almost
among strangers, I had taken on the em-
brace of death, and had been confined
and entombed in the ordinary way.
I returned to consciousness in the night,
in the vault of the church. Of course, I
knew not then where I was. My first
sensation was one of strange pressure and
confinement. I fancied, as in a dream,
that I had been seized for a maniac, a
strait-jacket put upon me, and then forced
into a narrow cell. This idea did not
long hold its place. As my mind grew
clearer, I began to recall what had hap-
pened during the past week—leaving
home, going to Boston, transacting my
business, and so on. I remembered being
at my friend's house, and of deciding to
remain longer than I at first intended,
hoping for his return before my departure.
All this gradually became clear, along
with the last pleasant evening I had spent
with his family. But then came a blank.
What had happened since? And where
was I now? I attempted to rise, and

found myself shut up in some narrow
place that scarcely allowed of any move-
ment whatever. How did I get there?
What did it mean?

Suddenly, my old life-long fear return-
ed upon me with a new terror that no
language can express. Perhaps the dread
horror of years had come, and I had been
buried alive at last! The thought was so
appalling that for some moments I re-
mained paralyzed. Then I seemed gather-
ed into one great agony, which sent
forth the most wild and piercing shrieks
of despair that ever issued from mortal
lips.

Yes, it was a truth! My foreboding
had ended in a reality, and I was now the
tenant of a coffin, if not a grave! With
another shriek, I turned in my narrow
house, gathered in my strength, as it were,
and threw it out from me with what
seemed the bursting power of a giant—
There came a sharp crack; my prison
seemed slightly to expand, and I fancied
I felt a change of air. I rested a moment,
prayed God to help me, and repeated the
effort with even greater power. There
was no resisting this! The coffin lid was
burst asunder with a crash, and my limbs
and body were free in the awful darkness
which enveloped me—the rayless dark-
ness of a tomb!

In considering this wonderful feat, it
should be borne in mind that none of my
strength had been exhausted by sickness,
and that, besides being naturally a very
strong, powerful man, my physical powers
were perhaps doubled or tripled by my
fear and despair.

I was free now to breathe the damp,
deleterious air of what I believed to be
a vault or tomb; but I confess my terror
was scarcely lessened at the thought of
having thus extended the limits of my
prison, for after all, I might not be able
to escape from this horrible place, and if
not, it would only be a prolongation of the
agonies of life and death. Fortunately, I
had been confined in my own garments,
and it was a season of the year when I
could not suffer from cold, so that the
question of life without escape was reduced
to two points—suffocation from foul air,
or starvation. If I could escape the first,
I knew there were several days of life yet
before me, and perhaps the time would be
long enough, with unremitting toil, for
me to dig my way out, like a convict from
his prison.

The first important thing for me to as-
certain was the dimensions of my sepul-
chre. Whether it was day or night, I
could not then tell, for I could see nothing
whatever—not even my hand when I held
it up close before my eyes. Everything
must be done by feeling; and though
shuddering with horror at the thought of
what I might discover, I knew that delay
could avail me nothing, and I resolved to
set about the work before me. I rose up
in my coffin and stretched my hands above
my head; but they came in contact with
nothing. I felt out on either side, but
touched no object. I put them down
below the coffin, and found it rested on a
slab that was supported some distance
above the ground, I could not tell how
much. I got out of the coffin carefully,
stretched down my feet till they touched
a solid basis, and then slowly and cau-
tiously began to grope around the vault.
I soon touched the wall on one side, and
carefully felt of the stones. I found
them, as I feared I should, large, solid,
heavy, and evidently put together with
cement. There seemed little hope of my
ever finding my way through them. I
followed the wall along till I came to a
pile of coffins, one upon the other, reach-
ing up as high as my head. They had
evidently been there a long time; and I
fancied, from the slimy feel, they were
mildewed and decayed. After passing
these, I came to another pile of coffins,
and then to another pile of coffins,
so high as the first, but even more
decayed. In turning from these, my feet
slipped, I fell against them, and the up-
per one came down with a crash, burst
open, and the bones rolled out with a
phosphorescent glare, lighting up the
darkness, and looking like so many rods
of fire. I staggered back with an involun-
tary yell of horror—the thing was so
sudden and the spectacle so awful!

My reason returned in a moment; and
though my nervous system had received
a shock that for a long time kept me
weak and trembling, yet I saw at once
how much I was the gainer by my mis-
adventure, since by this means I now had a
dim view of the charnel-house which had be-
come my prison, if not my grave. The
vault was not large, but contained quite a
number of coffins, not one of which was
new save my own, which led me to be-
lieve it had seldom been used of late
years, except perhaps as a place of tem-
porary deposit. It was a strange light to
see by—the phosphorescence of dead men's
bones; and when I take everything into
consideration—my return to conscious-
ness, the horrible suspicions, certainties,
and discoveries, which followed in appal-
ling order—I am even now compelled to
wonder how it was possible for me to keep
my senses, and continue my efforts to es-
cape with the coolness I did.

I soon found the door of the vault. It
was a wooden one, and seemed much de-
cayed on the inside, like the coffins I
have mentioned. I tried it with trem-
bling eagerness; but discovered, alas! it

was fastened on the other side—probably
secured by heavy iron bolts. O, for the
use of an axe for one-half hour! I would
willingly have given for it all I was worth
in the world. I struck against the door
with my fist, and threw my body heavily
against it; but only to discover its mas-
sive solidity, and to know that, without
some implement to work with, all my ef-
forts to escape would be worse than vain
—that I might as well sit down and wait
my appointed time.

But perhaps some tool might be found
in the vault, left there by mistake!—some
hatchet, hammer, pick, spade, crowbar—
something! I searched everywhere, as
well as I could by the dim, ghastly light,
but found only two things that I could
possibly use—a large spike-nail and a
pebble-stone weighing over a pound. O,
how precious did even these seem! No
miser ever clutched his gold and diamonds
with such intense and heartfelt joy as I
did these possible keys to the living
world.

There was a portion of the door so de-
cayed, that, with the use of the nail and
the stone, I believed I could work a hole
through large enough perhaps to admit
my arm; and as this place was near where
the bolt, if a single one, would naturally
be, I had great hope I might be able to
reach and slide it back. With this idea,
I commenced at once, with all the energy
of a man in my situation; and for hours
I labored unremittingly—hammering,
prying, and getting off splinter by splinter,
till at last I found I could pass my arm
through the aperture. O, what wild emo-
tions of hope and fear thrilled me then!
I trembled from head to foot, my respira-
tion became gasping and difficult, large
beads of perspiration seemed to start from
every pore, and, sinking down on my
knees, I prayed God to have mercy on me,
and restore me to the world of life. Then
I arose slowly, thrust my arm through the
aperture, and felt around for the bolt—
My hand touched it. With trembling
eagerness I worked it back; and then the
heavy door came slowly open, harshly
grating on its rusty hinges. O, Heaven!
What a moment was that! Perhaps I was
about to be delivered from the awful sepul-
chre! The very thought was an over-
powering joy, which my nervous system,
so long wrought up to the most intense
excitement, could not bear; and I fainted,
and fell at the foot of the stairs which led
upwards from the charnel-vault.

When consciousness and strength again
returned to me, I went slowly and trem-
blingly up the damp, dim, and narrow
stairs, till I came to the flag that shut in
the whole. On my power to raise this
depended everything! Life was above it
—death below it! I put my shoulder
against it, and pressed upwards with all
my might. Gracious Heaven! It did
not move! I was doomed! I uttered a
wild, piercing shriek, and fell back in des-
pair, the most wretched being in exist-
ence. As I sat there, on one of the cold,
slimy steps, in an agony of mind that
must soon have deprived my burning,
throbbing brain of reason, I fancied I
heard steps above me. What! Human
life so near, and I be doomed to death in
a sepulchre? No, no! Never! never!
I sprang to my feet with the fierce deter-
mination and strength of a madman, and
again putting my shoulder to the stone,
sent it upward with a force that turned it
over with a crash. Fresh air and light
burst in upon me. I saw I was beneath
a roof of a church, and, leaping upward
from the pit, I yelled forth my joy.

It was an early hour in the morning,
and the sexton had come into the church
to put certain things to rights. Seeing
me spring upward from the tomb with
such an appalling yell, he instantly fled,
with a shriek of terror. He soon returned,
however, with half-a-dozen excited spec-
tators, and found me on my knees, giving
thanks to God for my wonderful deliverance.

I scarcely need add that my friend's
family were astonished beyond measure to
see me back among them, a living man.
The next day I had the pleasure of taking
my friend himself by the hand, and giv-
ing him an account of my death, burial,
and resurrection. As had been arranged,
he went home with my body, but not with
my corpse. Since then I have never
traveled alone, for fear of again being
buried alive. The doctors, after a wise
consultation, pronounced mine a rather
singular case of catalepsy.

An auctioneer was selling a library
at auction. He was not very well read
in books, but he scanned the titles, trust-
ed to luck for the contents, and went
ahead. "Here you have 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's
Progress,'" he said; "how much is
I offered for it? How much do I hear
for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bun-
yan?" "Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen,
with six superior illustrations; how much
do I hear?" All about the Pilgrim, by
John Bunyan! Tells where they came
from, an' where they landed, an' what
they done after they landed! Here's a
picture of one of 'em goin' about Plym-
outh, peddlin', with a pack onto his
back!"

Some extremely hospitable persons
keep savage dogs on their premises, that
the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite"
may be accommodated with coming inside
the door.

Incident in the Early Life of Carl Schurz.

The Paris correspondent of the New
York Times, under date of March 30th,
takes the arrival in that city of the Ger-
man patriot, poet and philosopher, Gottfried
Kinkel, as the text for an incident in the
European history of Carl Schurz, who is
no less distinguished in this country than
upon the continent. We quote:—

In the literature of Germany, Kinkel
occupies a high position as a poet and his-
torian. When the Revolution of 1848
broke out, he was a Professor at the Uni-
versity of Bonn, and his strong Democrat-
ic opinions induced him to take a very
prominent part in the struggle. He
fought, was made prisoner by the royal
authorities, was tried for treason, and was
sentenced to many years' imprisonment at
hard labor.

Among Kinkel's companions at this
time was a young student not twenty
years of age, named Carl Schurz, who was
also captured, tried by court martial, and
sentenced to be shot. Schurz, however,
more fortunate than his Professor, suc-
ceeded in escaping across the French
frontier, and was safe. Kinkel was sent
to a common prison, placed among crim-
inals of the vilest sort, and set to work
making shoes. Young Germany, still
trembling with the excitement of the
recent Revolution, learned with indigna-
tion the treatment inflicted upon the emi-
nent poet and scholar, and numerous
petitions were sent to the Prussian Gov-
ernment praying that his situation might
be ameliorated. To all this, the authori-
ties paid no attention whatever, the peti-
tions ceased, and Kinkel seemed likely
to be abandoned by his friends.—

There was one, however, who did not
desert him. Carl Schurz left Paris, dis-
guising himself in rags, and, defying the
seafood, re-entered Prussia, with an organ
on his back. In the day, he begged his
bread on the high road; at night, he laid
aside his organ and visited the abodes of
his former companions and the friends of
German liberty, to endeavor to reawaken
their interest in the fate of the imprisoned
patriot. In this way he traveled three
hundred leagues on foot, playing the or-
gan through many towns and villages,
carefully maturing his plans, and sleeping
in barns or under hedges. On one occa-
sion, he was stopped by two Prussian
gendarmes, who inquired where he was
going.

"To the neighboring town," replied
Schurz.

"Would you like to earn a handful of
pennings?" asked the others.

"Certainly."
"Very well; come with us to our bar-
racks. We intend to give a dance this
evening, and the airs of your organ will
suit our purpose exactly."

It was impossible to decline the offer of
the soldiers without exciting suspicion;
so Schurz accepted, with a great show of
gratitude, and during the whole night
ground out waltzes and quadrilles for a
battalion of gendarmes. Leaving, undis-
covered, the dangerous society of the mili-
tary police, young Schurz continued his
journey, and, a short time subsequently,
information reached him that Kinkel's
prison had been changed. He was now
incarcerated at Spandau, and placed under
the personal supervision of the prison di-
rector.

Late one night, when the streets had
become deserted, a post chaise, escorted
by a guard of four dragons, drove rapidly
through the town of Spandau, and
halted before the prison. An officer, in
the uniform of a Colonel of the Royal
Guard, alighted from the vehicle, and
was soon in the presence of the Director,
into whose hands he placed a letter from
the Minister of the Interior at Berlin, and
bearing the official seal. Receiving the
packet with the respect due to a commu-
nication from the King's Minister, the
Director opened the important missive,
and read as follows:

"A deep-laid plot has been organized
at Berlin, the object of which is to effect
the forcible release of the convict Kinkel,
from the hands of the authorities. We
are now watching the movements of the
conspirators, and are preparing to arrest
them. In order, however, to prevent the
possibility of a surprise, the bearer of the
present letter, Col. —, is commanded
to take charge of your prisoner, whom he
will immediately conduct to the citadel of
Magdebourg, and place him in the hands
of the Governor of that fortress."

Upon reading this ministerial injunc-
tion, the director of the Spandau prison
at once had the unfortunate Kinkel awak-
ened, caused him to be securely ironed
and placed in the post chaise, which set
off on the road to Magdebourg, accompa-
nied by the Colonel and four dragons, who
rode with drawn sabres. All night long
they traveled at a rapid speed; fresh
horses were instantly furnished at each
relay, the Colonel's demand being accom-
panied by the magical expression, "the
King's service." The unhappy prisoner,
crouched in a corner of a vehicle, cared
not what might be his fate—Germany
had forgotten him, and nothing could be
worse than the noisome dungeon at Span-
dau. Morning came at last, a gray win-
ter's dawn, and the carriage stopped.—
The Colonel himself opened the door, and
bade the prisoner alight. Without a

word, poor Kinkel obeyed, and found
himself standing on the sea-shore, a boat
awaiting a few feet from the spot where he
stood, and a ship, with the English flag
at her mast-head, lying to within sight—
The prisoner uttered a cry of mingled
hope and despair.

"Do you not know me, my dear old
master?" sobbed the pseudo Colonel,
tearing off his false mustache, and clasp-
ing Kinkel in his arms. "I am your
friend and pupil, Carl Schurz. Let us
embrace each other once more on German
soil, and then away for England!"

Kinkel could not rely, but burst into
tears. In a few moments more they were
in the boat, and gliding lustily toward the
vessel in the offing, which had now hoist-
ed the German Republican flag, in token
of recognition of welcome. As they
reached the ship's side, Kinkel, pale and
trembling, leaned upon Schurz's shoulder,
and murmured: "My wife, my children
—where are they?"

He had time to say no more, for, in an-
other moment, Mme. Kinkel was in her
husband's arms, and his children were
clinging about his knees.

"My mission is accomplished," said
young Schurz. "I had sworn, dear mas-
ter, to restore you to liberty and to your
family. My duty is done."

Upon their arrival in London, the patri-
ots were received with transports of en-
thusiasm. The rich German residents of
the British metropolis took upon them-
selves to provide for the brave young fel-
lows who, in the disguise of Prussian
dragoons, had aided Schurz in success-
fully carrying out his noble project, and
Prof. Kinkel himself commenced giving
lectures on German literature, which met
with immense success. Carl Schurz soon
afterward parted from his old preceptor,
and set out to seek his fortune in the
promised land across the broad Atlantic.
His career in the United States is well
known. He had left in Germany an
aged father who had longed to see again
his favorite son; but it is not easy for a
man to visit a country where certain death
awaits him if detected. Still, fortune
smiled on Schurz. Risen high in favor
with President Lincoln, the German
American General was appointed Envoy
Extraordinary to the Court of Madrid,
and fifteen years after his flight with
Kinkel, he quietly revisited his birth-
place. No Prussian gendarme dared to
lay a finger upon the condemned felon,
now a diplomatic representative of one of
the most powerful nations on the globe.

Provost Marshal's Bureau.

The report of Provost Marshal General
Fry, which has just been forwarded to the
War Department, states that the Bureau
began its operations in March, 1863; that
the military strength of the loyal States
at the close of the war was 2,254,063 men
able to bear arms, not including 1,000,516
soldiers then actually under arms; that
during the war 5,221 officers and 90,868
men were killed in the action or died
from wounds, and 2,321 officers and 182,
329 men died from disease, making a to-
tal of 280,730 deaths. The tables of
wounded are not yet completed. 1,120,
621 men were raised for the army by the
Bureau, at an average cost of \$9 84 per
man, while the average cost of raising the
1,856,093 men recruited before the Bu-
reau was established, was \$81.01 per man.
This calculation does not include the
bounties given even before or after the
establishment of the Bureau. From com-
mutations paid by drafted men, for exemp-
tions, \$28,366,313 76 were obtained, out
of which sum all the expenses of the Bu-
reau were paid, and on January 1, 1866,
the sum of \$9,800,105 64 remained to the
credit of the United States. The Provost
Marshal General says the success of the
Bureau was due to—"first, the hearty co-
operation of the civil officers of the differ-
ent States, sustained by the elevated loy-
alty and earnestness of the masses of the
people; second, the judicious legislation
of Congress."

A New Mania in Paris.

A Paris correspondent writes that "a
new sensation has taken possession of the
inhabitants of Paris—that of collecting
the portraits of great political criminals,
murderers, etc. The photograph of Booth,
the assassin of Lincoln, is obtaining a
very large sale, especially among the wo-
men. The carte de visite of the man who
is supposed to have strangled the Presi-
dent Poncelet enjoys also a very great suc-
cess. Another photograph much sought
after is that of Philippe, the murderer of
the Ru de la Vile l'Éveque. This crim-
inal, whose trial will probably take place
in May, is accused of having committed
seventeen murders similar to the one he
perpetrated in the Rue de la Vile l'Éve-
que, and which led to his arrest. The
documents connected with this case al-
ready form a large volume of four hun-
dred pages. The prisoner seems to be so
well aware of the fate which awaits him
that he has already attempted twice to
commit suicide in his cell at the prison of
La Force."

Miss Thompson says that every
unmarried lady of sixty may consider
that she has passed the Cap of Good
Hope.