

# The Ebensburg Alleghenian.

BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
HOD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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

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## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

**Post Masters.**  
Steven L. Evans, Carroll.  
M. D. Wagner, Chest.  
A. G. Crooks, Taylor.  
R. H. Brown, Wash'tn.  
John Thompson, Ebensburg.  
C. Jeffries, White.  
Peter Garman, Susq'han.  
J. M. Christy, Gallitzin.  
Wm. Tiley, Jr., Wash'tn.  
E. Roberts, Johnst'wn.  
M. Adlesberger, Loretto.  
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M. J. Platt, Susq'han.  
Stan. Wharton, Clearfield.  
George Berkeley, Richland.  
A. Shoemaker, Wash'tn.  
B. F. Slick, Croyle.  
Wm. McConnell, Wash'tn.  
J. K. Shryock, S'merhill.

### CHURCHES. MINISTERS, &c.

**Episcopal.**—Rev. T. M. WILSON, Pastor.—Singing 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 Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.  
**Episcopal Church.**—Rev. A. BAKER, Minister in charge. Rev. J. PERSHING, Assistant. Preaching every alternate Sabbath at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.  
**Independent.**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Minister. 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 Saturday evening, excepting the first week in each month.  
**Methodist.**—Rev. MORRIS ELLIS, Minister. Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening 7 o'clock.  
**Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.**—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.  
**Baptists.**—Rev. DAVID EVANS, Minister. Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening 7 o'clock.  
**Rev. R. C. CHURCH, Pastor.**—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
Through, daily, at 9.35 P. M.  
Way, " " at 9.35 P. M.  
Through, " " at 9.35 A. M.  
Way, " " at 9.35 A. M.  
**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Daily, at 8.00 P. M.  
Way, " " at 8.00 P. M.  
The mails from Grant, Carrolltown, arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. The mails from Ebensburg, arrive on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**CRENSHAW STATION.**  
Balt. Express leaves at 8.25 A. M.  
Phila. Express " 9.23 A. M.  
New York Exp. " 9.52 A. M.  
Fast Line " 9.54 P. M.  
Day Express " 7.30 P. M.  
Altoona Accom. " 4.15 P. M.  
Phila. Express " 8.40 P. M.  
Fast Line " 2.30 A. M.  
Day Express " 7.16 A. M.  
Cincinnati Ex. " 1.55 P. M.  
Altoona Accom. " 1.21 P. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**County of the Courts.**—President Hon. Geo. Huntington; Associates, George W. Henry C. Devine.  
**County of the Courts.**—Geo. C. K. Zahm.  
**Recorder.**—James Griffin.  
**County of the Courts.**—John F. Barnes.  
**Commissioners.**—John Campbell, Ed. E. R. Dunnigan.  
**County of the Courts.**—Barnabas M. Demit.  
**County of the Courts.**—George M. Cullough.  
**County of the Courts.**—Joseph Dailey.  
**County of the Courts.**—George C. K. Zahm.  
**County of the Courts.**—Fran. P. Tierney, Jno. A. Kennerly, Brallier.  
**County of the Courts.**—Henry Scanlan.  
**County of the Courts.**—William Flattery.  
**County of the Courts.**—Appraiser—John Cox.  
**County of the Courts.**—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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**Committee of the Peace.**—Harrison Kinkaid, John L. Waters.  
**Directors.**—D. W. Evans, J. A. Moore, J. Davis, David J. Jones, William M. Jones, Jr.  
**Treasurer.**—Geo. W. Oatman.  
**Council.**—Sam. Singleton.  
**Commissioner.**—David Davis.  
**EAST WARD.**  
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**West Ward.**  
John Lloyd, Samuel Stiles, Harrison Kinkaid, John E. Scanlan, George Barnabas M. Demit.  
**County of the Courts.**—John D. Thomas.  
**County of the Courts.**—William H. Sechler, George W. Joshua D. Parrish.

### SOCIETIES, &c.

**Masonic.**—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the second of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock.  
**O. F.**—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, Wednesday evening.  
**T.**—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

## Gone to Sea.

She sat in the kitchen alone,  
Fast twirling the thread and the reel,  
And she sang in a faint, low tone  
Her song by the old linen wheel.  
The sun slanted through on her hair,  
Where time had drifted the snow  
O'er the wrinkles ploughed up by his spear,  
And her tone was tender and low—  
"Gone to sea—gone to sea!"  
Whirr, whirr, whirr, went the wheel.  
"He'll never come back to me!"  
Whirr, whirr, whirr, went the wheel.  
She sat by the half open door,  
As the sailors hallowed on the street  
As they came from the ship, on shore—  
Alert for remembered feet,  
Till her eyes grew tired and red—  
And the days were long, were long,  
And the years went dragging away  
As she crooned her snatches of song—  
"Gone to sea—gone to sea!"  
Whirr, whirr, whirr, went the wheel.  
"He'll never come back to me!"  
Whirr, whirr, whirr, went the wheel.  
The sea ran wild in the night,  
The winds shook the crazy pane,  
As she stared her flickering light  
Far out in the driving rain;  
And the wind in the chimney rung,  
And the good ship came not back,  
And the night wore on as she sung  
While the treadle kept time with its clack—  
"Gone to sea—gone to sea!"  
Whirr, whirr, whirr, went the wheel.  
"He'll never come back to me!"  
Whirr, whirr, whirr, went the wheel.  
The cottage grew mossy and old,  
The shingles were rotting away,  
The door-stones were yellow with mould,  
The fences half down with decay;  
And her gown was threadbare and thin—  
She waited so long, so long—  
And her mind was crazed with the din  
Of the treadle, the wheel, and song.  
"Gone to sea—gone to sea!"  
Whirr, whirr, whirr, went the wheel.  
"He'll never come back to me!"  
Whirr, whirr, whirr, went the wheel.

## The Torn Bill.

It was in the spring of 1864 that the incidents which I am about to relate occurred. I was at that time postmaster in the town of L—. An unusually warm spell of weather had carried away much of the snow, left the roads very muddy, and rendered the traveling very bad. I thought of this as I closed the shutters about 9 o'clock in the evening, and also remembered that, as it was Wednesday, the stage from C— was due at 8, p. m., but owing to the bad going it was not yet in. I therefore determined that I would, as I had often done before, lock the front door and the door between the inner and outer rooms, and leaving a light burning, go to sleep, trusting to the driver to wake me by rattling the door.  
It seemed but a few moments, so soundly had I slept, ere I was awakened by a pounding on the door. Glancing at the clock, which stood opposite, I discovered, however, that it was one o'clock in the morning, and that I had been asleep nearly four hours. As I hurried toward the door, I put my hand into my pocket for the key and found it was empty. The two door keys and both the keys of my safe, all of which I had when I went to sleep, were gone. Stepping to the rear door, in the lock of which I always kept the key, I also found that locked and the key gone. This so surprised me that for a few seconds I remained on the spot, utterly unable to solve the mystery. From this state I was aroused by renewed pounding on the door. There was but one available mode of exit from my prison, and that was through a side window. Throwing up the sash, I sprang out and hurried round to where I expected to find the driver. Mysteries seemed to have no end, for instead of meeting the driver, I came upon an excited crowd of about twenty. My appearance was the signal for all to commence telling me the cause of their excitement. Silence was, however, at last obtained, and then the sheriff told me in a few words as possible the state of affairs.  
It seems that one of the physicians of the town, Dr. Smith, was returning from a prolonged visit to a patient, and when about a mile from the town, heard in the road ahead of him, a pistol shot. Hurrying on, he found about half a mile further on, the stage, for which I was waiting, drawn up by the side of the road, and in the middle of the road the body of a man. Bringing his lantern near the face, he found that it was the driver, and that he was dead, having been shot through the head. He found the robes, &c., scattered around on the ground, as was also the mail bag, but the latter had been unlocked, not cut open, and the contents were gone. He lifted the body up and placed it in the stage, and was just starting on for assistance, when he saw a revolver lying near by, which, from the fact that one barrel had been discharged, he decided was the weapon with which the deed had been committed. Arrived in town, he aroused the Sheriff and a few neighbors; and while some were dispatched with the Doctor after the body, the Sher-

iff and others had gone to my house after me. Finding I was not there, they came to the office, and just as I joined them the body arrived.

This was the substance of the facts related to me. It seemed strange that the Sheriff should have gone to my house instead of after the body, and I was about to express myself, when he stepped forward, and, laying his hand upon my shoulder, said:  
"I arrest you, John Blanchard, for the murder of Charles Smith, stage driver."

If he should have struck me, I should not have been more surprised. I tried to reason with him, but although very civil, he was equally firm, and the result was I spent the remainder of the night in the county jail, which building was situated in L—, that being the shire town. The examination the next morning elicited the following curious facts:

When the sheriff searched my person, he was surprised to find no keys, and indeed no wallet or memorandum book. Sending to my assistant, he obtained the door keys, but the safe keys could not be found, and my clerk declared that I always carried them with me. Upon entering, they found that the letters were all gone, the money drawer empty, and a few stamps, which the clerk informed them were always left out of the safe at night, missing. And no trace could be found of the safe keys. Supposing that I had disposed of them in order that the traces of my guilt, which it was taken for granted I had concealed in the safe, could not be discovered, they brought a locksmith, and after much labor forced the lock. This labor served only to show them that the safe had been completely rifled, and the sum of three thousand dollars, which had been in it the night before, was gone.

I found that the causes which led to suspicions being fastened upon me were the three following:

First, the revolver with which the deed was committed had upon the butt a silver plate, on which was engraved my name. The clerk took oath that the weapon was mine, and that I always kept it in the office. When they produced it, I could not doubt for a moment that it did belong to me. Second, that the bag was unlocked and not cut open, showing that it must have been done by some one having in his possession a United States mail key. Third, that I had not been at home during the evening, and that when summoned at the post office, I delayed so long in making my appearance.

To combat these facts, I argued that the state of the office proved conclusively that it had been robbed; and without doubt the keys and revolver had been taken at that time. Also, that no trace of any of the stolen articles was found about me, my home, or my office; and that further, if I had desired to rob the mail I might have waited until it had arrived at the office, and thus saved myself the crime of murder. Against the third statement, I told the reason of my remaining in the office so late, and brought forward witnesses to prove that I often did so on Wednesday evenings, in order that the mail might be delayed as little as possible. Further, that the reason of my remaining so long in the office was that I could not open the door, and brought forward the fact that the keys were missing, to sustain my declaration.

Although these arguments were by no means fully satisfactory to those who took the ground that I was guilty, still they were so far believed in that I was released on bail of five thousand dollars, which I readily obtained. By consent of the Postoffice Department, I turned the affairs of the office over to my assistant. I was thus left free to pursue every means to prove my innocence, which I felt could only be done by discovering the guilty party.

I accordingly placed the best detectives at work, with orders to communicate to me the first suspicion that they entertained, for I found that it was anything but comfortable to be looked upon as a murderer, although I knew that I was innocent.

Thus three weeks passed without anything of interest occurring, and at the end of that time I could endure the suspense no longer. Therefore I wrote to an old friend of mine, who was then on the detective force of P—, at L—, and together we set about the search.

A week passed without bringing more to light, and causing us to despond, for we feared the murderer had so covered his track it would be impossible to discover him. We had been at work two days in the city of G—, and being about to leave, I entered the hotel office to settle. Having no small bills, there was considerable change handed back, and among it a ten dollar bill, which had been torn in two. As I turned it carelessly over, I found that the parts had been fastened together with the margin of a couple of postage stamps, which had printed upon it "No. 15—Plate," but the "No." and "Plate" had been crossed out, and substituted in their place was "Mar." and "1864," making it read "Mar. 15—1864," which was the day before the robbery and murder. This may seem all common enough, but to me it was a ray of light and hope; for the change was in my own hand writing. I also remembered perfectly well making the change; also, that I had placed my

initials on the underside, and that the bill must have been in the safe at the time of the robbery. Calling my friend, we went into a side room, and there carefully removed the paper. On the other side we discovered, as I had expected, the letters "J. B." much blurred from wetting, but still legible. My friend agreed with me that it was a very important discovery, and in order to press it forward, we called in the landlord and questioned him.

He remembered having received the bill that morning, and had rather questioned taking it on account of the fare. On being asked to describe the man, he said:

"As near as I recollect, he was about five feet ten inches in height, and quite stout in proportion. He was dressed entirely in black. The only peculiar mark that I noticed was a deep scar running across his face, and his left eye was gone—the place being supplied by a piece of black silk, which he showed very plainly when he winked."

I think I must have started very perceptibly when I heard this description, for I recognized the man immediately as a runner for the firm of Bagley & Nason, of Boston, who had been in our town for about a week previous to the murder, and had left the same morning. His own name was James Burnham.

As we could learn nothing more from the landlord, save that he ordered the hackman to drive to the Boston depot, we dismissed him and held a consultation. We both agreed that it was best to go immediately to Boston, see Bagley & Nason, and, if possible, learn of Burnham's whereabouts. Carrying out this plan, we learned from the firm the following facts:

James Burnham was a good, reliable business man. He had been in their employment for about fifteen years, and they were willing to trust him with any amount of their funds. He was now in Vermont, where he had been since leaving L—, and had not, to their certain knowledge, been at G—.

This rather perplexed us, but at last we determined that he must have deceived his employers; and although we did not think that we had sufficient cause to arrest him, still we determined to track him. For this purpose, we went to Vermont, and fell in with him at Montpelier. For a week we observed his every motion, but at the end of that time had discovered nothing, save that he would stay in the town about one week longer. Feeling that my friend was fully capable of watching him alone, I had determined to go to Boston to see if I could learn anything new; and accordingly on the morning of the 21st of April, left, having first arranged a system of cypher, by which we could communicate with each other if occasion required.

Early on the morning of the 22d, I was standing on the steps of the Hotel, when a paper dropped at my feet, apparently from one of the upper windows. Stooping down I picked it up, but discovered that it was but an empty envelope, and was about to drop it again, when the name upon it caught my eye. It was that of a leading merchant of L—. Looking up at the window, I saw to my surprise the face of James Burnham, and that he turned deadly pale when he saw me. Feeling certain now that he knew my errand, I saw that it would be safe to let him escape no longer. I immediately determined on having him arrested at all hazards. Hurriedly writing a dispatch, which to the operator would read, "Join me in Portland to-morrow. Immediately upon the receipt of this you may close the bargain which I spoke to you about yesterday," but to my friend, "James Burnham is in Boston. Why are you not? I have a clue. Shall arrest him immediately." I sent it to the telegraph office, and then hurried to the police station. Here I told my story in as few words as possible, and in fifteen minutes more was at the door of the room from which the envelope had come. A noise as of some one moving rapidly about told us that the occupant was still there.

The door of the room was not fastened, but as the officers approached, Burnham sprang forward to lock it; but they were too quick for him, and had entered before he could get it done. As we came in he stepped back, and in no gentle tones demanded the cause of the intrusion. In answer to him, one of the officers said:

"I arrest you, James Burnham, for the murder of Charles Smith and the robbery of the post office at L—, on the night of the 16th of March last."

The effect was instantaneous. He turned deadly pale, and sank into a chair, near by, but after a moment roused himself and said:

"You have mistaken your man. My name is not James Burnham, but William Chase."

We considered this, however, as but an attempt to bully us, and he was accordingly led away. The search which followed brought to light considerable money in bills, and a number of checks, many of them payable to certain merchants in L—, and some of them from citizens of L—, payable to persons living in Boston.

I immediately telegraphed the particulars of the arrest to my friend, and he joined me the next morning; but stran-

gest of all, James Burnham came with him, and I then saw that it was a mistaken identity. But it was not to be wondered at, for I think I never saw two men that looked more alike. We also telegraphed to the landlord at G—, and learned a thing we had neglected before, namely, that the man who had passed the torn bill went by the name of William Chase.

Little more remains to be told. The man, finding that there was no hope for him, made confession soon after his arrest. From this it appeared that he was a notorious criminal, who, after some bold deed, had been lying for a time in the country, and that while there, accidentally hearing that valuable mail matter would arrive in the mail from C—, had determined on a little professional business, and had accordingly come to L—. There he saw me receive a large payment of money on the 14th of March, and had that evening, after I shut up, entered the office, and removing the keys from my pocket, and getting possession of the revolver, robbed me as described, and made off with the booty, still retaining the keys, which we found in his possession. From the office he had gone up the road, met the stage, and found that he could not accomplish his purpose without committing murder, and then opening the bag, had just time to secrete himself when the doctor came along. By a wide circuit he came back to Boston, and arrived there by another train on the same evening that I did. When I picked up the envelope, he recognized me, and made up his mind that he had better leave, and was preparing to when arrested.

A few more days saw me back to L—, my innocence fully established, but I could not be prevailed upon to again assume the duties of postmaster, and my former assistant was appointed. As for William Chase, he was executed the following July.

## Gen. Sherman Takes the Stand and Testifies as to His Early Career.

At the commencement of Dartmouth College, on the 19th ultimo, Major-General Sherman was present by special invitation, and delivered a speech to the graduating class. In this speech, the General indulged in a retrospective view of his earlier career, which cannot but prove intensely interesting to those familiar with his services in the late war. He said:

**Ladies and Gentlemen:** It is beyond my power or the power of any living creature to fill one-half the picture you worthy President has just painted. I am afraid you are doing what was done in the early part of the war, elevating men far above their ability and letting them down pretty hard. Nevertheless, as in former parts of my life, I will try and discharge the duty assigned to me humbly and to the best of my ability, and turn with pleasure to the men to whom we have been listening with so much delight. The array of ladies and gentlemen before us, of mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, attests the interest that is felt in you and the hopes entertained of you, now that you are about leaving your teachers, who have been fitted by former experiences, by the study of books, and by association with other men, to impart knowledge to you that will fit you for the life before you. Unfortunately for me, I was not so favored as you have been, and I regret it now and shall regret it to the end of time. I was compelled to pick up what little knowledge I possess by grasping it, as it were, through brambles, and I sometimes had my hand pretty sharply pricked, too. You have had those around you who have gladly told you everything you desired to know, whose minds were well stored with the richest learning of the past. And now, young men, you must look out for yourselves. Your ship is about to sail on an unknown sea. You have your charts and compass; see that you steer your course properly, that you watch your compass, and do not allow your minds to be turned aside by the soudding of the sea or the winds across your sails, but follow your compass, and you will just as surely arrive at your destination as honesty will produce a good man. My young friends, I remember that twenty-six years ago I stood as you now stand, about to go forth to do whatever might fall to my share, and I now find myself here in the presence of men who were graduates of this College before I was born. It appears to me almost like sacrilege for me to stand up in their presence and attempt to give advice or instruction, and I would not presume to say one word had not your honored President asked me to do it; probably for some reason unknown to me. When I graduated, I was told, in plain English—not in Latin—that I had finished, and was qualified in natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, and so forth. To prove that I was so qualified, I was sent down to Florida to catch Indians. I did not see the logic of it then, nor do I now; but I had to go. I went from place to place in that country, and, finally, I brought up in Charleston; and whether I had a foresight of what was coming, if that could be, or whether it was by the directing hand of Providence, who rules all things, I

certainly was a wanderer in those days, and hunted through the marshes of the Santee, the Edisto and the Savannah Rivers, obtaining knowledge which has since been of value to the nation. Again, by what seemed a Providential accident, I was sent to take testimony about some lost saddles and bridles—value, nothing; but nevertheless those lost saddles and bridles took me into a region of country, the knowledge of which afterward proved to be of the greatest importance to the people of New Hampshire and the whole civilized world. I went to Marietta and Chattanooga and stayed six weeks, and in that short time gained knowledge which has since, I think, repaid the mileage paid me at ten cents per mile. Shortly afterward, just about 20 years ago, I remember sitting with many young officers—Braxton Bragg was one—at the dining table of the Hon. James Pettigrew. I believe the best Union man present will not doubt the loyalty of Mr. Pettigrew, for he was loyal in 1831. He was the only loyal intelligent man in Charleston during the rebellion, and he is loyal now. Mr. Pettigrew listened to our complaints that our future looked poor, and that the only promise held out to us was a brevet major commission and command of some little post on the New England coast. He told us, "Gentlemen, do not be alarmed; there is a Providence guides this world, and you young men will yet have to await an opportunity to put your talents to use." His language gave us encouragement. The Mexican war soon broke out, and I was sent to California, where in my wanderings I saw the first pieces of gold discovered, and watched its magical effect upon the whole world. The discovery of that gold gave millions to America, and I doubt much whether, if that gold had not been discovered, the nation would have managed to work out the problem of finance which the war of Rebellion had raised, and preserved its present glorious position. That gold gave us wealth and credit abroad, and a strength and durability which survived the war. After some years I again went South, and all at once I paused to see and feel in the very air that we were upon the verge of a sectional war. I had heard it spoken of in Charleston. We had laughed and joked over it at the mess table. I had heard it discussed by politicians; I had heard Gen. Scott say we were upon the eve of war; but my mind never realized it until the Spring or Summer of 1860, when I was in New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Then, for the first time, I saw that it was not all talk. That cry of wolf, wolf, meant something, and that civil war was upon us sure enough; and what has been the issue? You all know it has been a short war to the world at large, but long enough to us during those dark days which formed the early part of it. I will not review it. Let history take charge of it. All I will say is that in that war arose men, one by one, equal to the emergency, until the war closed and the nation was saved. And now, young gentlemen, I ask you to look at these men and your future. They are like yourselves. Look at Gen. Grant, a modest, plain, bold, brave, unchanging gentleman, with the simple idea to do what is right, and nothing will turn him aside from that. A more modest man than George Thomas exists not on earth. If he were present, you could not begin to get him to stand up here; Phil Sheridan would infinitely rather, with saber in hand, ride down the rebel lines than enter this room and stand in my place. Gen. Meade is an accomplished gentleman and scholar, and would fill this place far better than I. Thus you see that during the war men have risen to the highest positions, and stand there now, not one of whom pretends to be above you; and this teaches the simple lesson that with honesty of purpose you can master every problem if you go at it with a good purpose and a determination to do so. There is no doubt of that, in my judgment. It requires, of course, a great intellect to become a renowned judge or lawyer or man of science, but for a man of business for the thousand and one employments that give tone and temper to the country, any young man, with a good, earnest heart, can master them. For the art of war, in which renown seems thrust upon us, all that is required is nerve, honor, courage and faith in the flag that wins and wins always. I will not occupy more of your time, for I have seen ladies and gentlemen standing here for five long hours, patiently, and you must be tired. I know you will say amen to the words I have spoken to these young men and give them a parting and cheerful word as they leave your little village of Hanover and start out into that world which is not so dark and full of bad people as has been represented. There are a great many good people in the world. You will find them wherever you go, for they are all pretty much as God Almighty designed them. Therefore, young gentlemen, wishing you a happy passage through the sea of life, I bid you farewell.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society must be content to pay a tribute of his time to his multitude of tyrants.