

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
W. F. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1867.

NUMBER 5.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.

WINSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

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KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.

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To The Alleghanian.

At the Ball.

BY R. T.

I toyed with her wavy ringlets—
Long acquaintance with Blanche gave me
From her lips I distilled sweetest nectar,
Fast straining her form to my heart.
Outside were the gay masqueraders—
'Twas Christmas, with revel and song:
We sat in a dim, shadowed alcove,
Myself and fair Blanche—was it wrong?
I toyed with her wavy ringlets,
Masses of golden tress:
Eblistered her hands with caresses,
And prayed her to answer me—"yes!"
Her heart beat a muffled reveille,
Her blushes were rose-red, sweet maid;
She answered, as late answers cymbal,
"I am yours—for the next gallopade!"

MRS. JORDAN'S LESSON.

Mrs. Martin sat in the office at the terminus of one of the street railroads. A car was expected to move off in a few minutes. It was a clear, frosty morning in December, and bitter cold. But she did not mind the cold just then, banded up as she was, and the fire burning so briskly in the office.

A door, opening into a drinking saloon, was ajar. Two men were at the bar, leaning lustily against it, each with a glass in his hand. One of them was a young man of her acquaintance, Clay Jordan by name. He was a worthless, dissolute young fellow. He had broken over the barriers of religious training and religious companionship, fearing not the threats of his father, turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of his mother, and often bringing the blush of shame to the cheeks of his lovely, sweet-tempered sister. His eyes were bleared, his face bloated, his clothes shabby. His hair had dropped over his forehead, his beard was tangled, and his hands shook nervously.

"O, Clay Jordan!" said Mrs. Martin to herself with a sigh. "A mere wreck in life, tossing about upon the billows of sensuality and passion; no pride, no shame, no manliness. How strange it is that some young men will thus throw themselves away, sacrificing all the social and educational advantages of the past, and all the brilliant prospects in the future!"

"Say, Clay, how did you make the raise?" asked young Jordan's companion. "Yesterday you were dead broke."
"So I was, Musser. I got hold of the old woman's watch and chain, and 'up the spout' it went. It's at Brasier's, in Ninth street!"

Clay Jordan called for more liquor; the car was starting out, and Mrs. Martin took a seat in it. Though not familiar with the slang of the brothel, she correctly surmised that "put a thing up the spout" meant disposing of it at the pawnbroker's.

When Mrs. Martin reached her home, she went to her room to lay aside her bonnet and furs.

"Ma," said her little daughter, opening the door, "a woman is waiting for you in the kitchen. She came about an hour ago. She is in search of a place."

"I will be down directly," said Mrs. Martin.

She found the applicant to be a young woman, tidily dressed, with ruddy cheeks, clear eyes, and honest looking face.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Rachel Pierce," answered the girl.

"Have you any recommendations?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why is that? With whom did you live last?"

"With Mrs. Jordan."

"Why did you leave there?"

"I was dismissed."

"What for?"

"I was charged with theft."

The blood for a moment colored the cheeks of the young girl, and her eyes moistened.

"You are candid," said Mrs. Martin.

"I was always taught to be."

"And, after such a confession, you expect me to hire you?"

"I did not make any confession. I did not steal anything."

"There must have been some grounds for the charge."

"None, beyond the fact that the article was missed. I did not take it. I do not know who did."

"What was missed?" asked Mrs. M.

"Mrs. Jordan's gold watch and chain."

"And you do not know where it is?"

"I do not; indeed, I do not. Pray, Mrs. Martin, give me a place, if but for a while. Please do. This is the fifth place I have applied at to-day, each time telling my story as I have told it to you, and each time quietly dismissed."

The young girl bravely crushed back the struggling sobs and tears.

"Are you badly in want of a place?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"I am. My reputation is to be established, my character to be restored.—Time will do that. Then we are in distress. Mother is an invomptly attentive winter is here. It is as if I could do to support!"

"Your air, your appearance, your language, betray that you have seen better circumstances."

"I have, indeed. Reverses will come—and sometimes in spite of watchfulness, economy, and integrity of purpose. I might have taught school, or turned governess; but too many seek those avenues I hired out as a domestic; such help is constantly needed; I had no pride to be wounded, no false ideas of conventionalism to be shocked. I took up my new duties as a woman should have taken them up; I do not feel that I have in any way disgraced myself or my family. I do not wish to be anything more than you engage me for—a hired girl, with stout heart, strong arms, and a will to work, at a stipulated price per week."

"You may stay, Rachel," said Mrs. Martin kindly. "I am pleased to say that I am in possession of facts that will thoroughly vindicate your character."

A bright light flooded the young girl's eyes! She brought her hands quickly together—"What are they? How did you learn them?" she asked.

"Mrs. Jordan's watch was stolen by her worthless son and pawned. I overheard him tell as much to a companion, not more than two hours ago. This evening, I shall write to Mrs. Jordan about the matter."

Three weeks afterward, Mrs. Martin called on Mrs. Jordan. They were old friends. The latter wore her waten and chain.

"You have found your watch, I see," said Mrs. Martin.

"Did you know that it had been lost? I recovered it the next day."

"Who had stolen it?"

"Oh, I had mislaid it."

"Mrs. Jordan!" said Mrs. Martin reprovingly.

Mrs. Jordan colored. "How much do you know about the matter?" she asked.

"I know all about it," said Mrs. Martin. "It was I who sent you the unsigned note, informing you where the property was."

"You make me blush for the shame of my son, Mrs. Martin. To shield him, I departed from the truth, when I said that I had mislaid the watch."

"I have something else to say in connection with this matter, Mrs. Jordan.—You will not take offence?"

"We are old friends. You have spoken plainly to me before."

"But not vaingloriously—not in the spirit of self-righteousness. You charged Rachel Pierce with the theft of the watch?"

"I did."

"And dismissed her?"

"I did."

"After you found out—almost the next day—that she was innocent, what steps did you take to vindicate her character?"

"I sought her wounded spirit—to remedy wrong you had done her?"

Mrs. Jordan bowed her head. Her cheeks tingled with mortification. "To my shame be it said, I did nothing. I have grievously wronged the poor girl."

"Indeed you have. A warm-hearted, honest, sensitive girl, she was thrown into the channel in which she moved by a current that may sometime carry our own children thitherward. Peremptorily dismissed, without recommendation—her character seemingly disgraced, she repeatedly applied for a situation and was repeatedly refused. Driven to despair by the necessity of circumstances, fair in face and fine in form, what was to save her from dashing headlong into the jaws of wretchedness and shame? Perhaps the strength of integrity within her own soul; perhaps the religious training of her youth; perhaps the prayers of a righteous mother; perhaps nothing but a direct interposition of the providence of God."

Mrs. Martin paused. Her friend was weeping bitterly. Her repentance was sincere.

"At eleven o'clock last night," resumed Mrs. Martin, "after the adjournment of the lecture, I passed a drinking-saloon.—Some men rudely thrust a girl out of it upon the pavement. The light from the window streamed upon her. She was staggering drunk. A horrid imprecation burst from her crimson lips. She was a mere wreck of a once superb loveliness—now devoid of virtue, shame—every redeeming trait. It made me shudder!"

Mrs. Jordan got up from her chair in her excitement. There was an expression of horror on her face. Her hands worked nervously. "Was that Rachel Pierce?" she asked, huskily.

"No; it was not."

"Thank God!" cried Mrs. Jordan, sinking back into her chair.

"It might have been her."

"Oh, do not mention it, Mrs. Martin! Oh, how I have wronged that poor girl! How shameful and neglectful has been my conduct! I will hunt her up at once."

"She is safe," said Mrs. Martin.

"Where?"

"With me. She has been with me since the day that she left you—that you sent her away. Had I not been aware of the true facts connected with the theft of the watch, I, too, perhaps, would have sent her away. That knowledge may have been her salvation. I have found her to be a most excellent girl."

"That she was, and is, Mrs. Martin. I have learned a bitter lesson. I shall make Rachel Pierce the fullest amends that I can."

On the Sabbath following this interview, Rachel Pierce called on her mother. She was a pale, intellectual woman, confined to the house, and much of the time to her bed, by a diseased spine. But she bore her affliction patiently, never complaining, and generally in good spirits.

"A gentleman called yesterday, Rachel," said her mother. "A dark, stern-featured man. It was a Mr. Jordan, quite likely the one at whose house you lived a while. He will take Charlie in the fore next week, at very good wages. He also said that we must return to one of his houses—one more comfortable than this one, and nearer to the store. We are to live rent free."

"God is very kind to us, mother," said Rachel. "Mrs. Jordan is at the bottom of this. She wishes to make reparation for her false accusation against me."

"So I suspected, dear. That note on the table is no doubt from her."

Rachel Pierce took up the note and opened it. It read as follows:—

"MISS RACHAEL PIERCE: I confess, in deep humility and shame, that I have grievously wronged you. I charged you with the perpetration of a crime of which you were innocent. The injustice toward you was visited upon my own head in bitterness and tears in the hour when I discovered the thief to be of my own flesh and blood. For my further injustice to you (inasmuch as I did not forthwith seek you out and make such redress as might have been possible) I have no excuse to offer but that of sheer thoughtlessness. In your Christian charity abundant enough to be satisfied with an excuse so flimsy? Rachel, forgive me all, everything; the false charge, the biting words accompanying it, the subsequent neglect. I have been sufficiently punished. I will make such reparation as I can.

"Yours respectfully,
"CATHARINE JORDAN."

Rachel Pierce called on Mrs. Jordan, pardoned her freely, and ever afterwards found in her a true friend.

An Old Document.

The following is a copy, verbatim, of a treaty of peace, and the appointment of a commissioner by William Penn, to treat with the Governor of Canada to establish a system of trade by which the people of the Province of Pennsylvania and those of Canada could be provided with such commodities of traffic as might be desired for the comfort of both Provinces. The original copy was written by William Penn, and addressed to the Governor of Canada, in June, 1682 (185 years ago), and is now neatly framed, and adorns the walls of the Surveyor General's office. In size it is 30 by 24 inches, and is written in the old English style. In the same office may be seen many other valuable old documents, some of them written over two centuries ago. The novelty and singular style of writing are worth the time occupied in their perusal. The first letter of the first word is about four inches long, and is ornamental in its appearance:—

"The Great God that made thee and me and all the world Incline our hearts to peace and justice that we may live friendly together as becomes the workmanship of the Great God. The King of England who is a Great Prince hath for divers Reasons granted me a large country in America which however I am willing to Injoy upon friendly terms with thee. And this I will say that the people who comes with me are a just plain and honest people that neither make war upon others nor fear war from others because they will be just. I have set up a Society of Traders in my Province to traffick with thee and thy people for your commodities, that you may be furnished with that which is good at reasonable rates. And that Society hath ordered their President to treat with thee about a future Trade and have joined with me to send this Messenger to thee with certain Presents from us to testify our willingness to have a fair correspondence with thee. And what this Agent shall do in our names we will agree unto. I hope that thou wilt kindly Receive him and comply with his desires on our behalf both with respect to Land and Trade. The Great God be with thee. Amen.

"PHILIP THEODORE LEHMAN,
"WM. PENN. Secretary."

A story is told of a soldier who, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. His last expression was, "it is ex—." He then froze stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860, some French medical men found him, after he had lain frozen for one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he finished his sentence with—"ceeding-ly cold."

A certain Mr. Coffin being blest with a son, a friend offered one hundred dollars for the privilege of naming him. The offer was accepted, when the friend named the child Mahogany.

The Kentuckians want to make J. C. Breckinridge Governor.

The Culver Case—Interesting History.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Franklin, gives the following interesting statement of the causes which culminated in the failure of the firm of Culver, Penn & Co., and which led to the prosecution of Mr. Culver on charges of a criminal nature. We quote:—

The history of Mr. Culver in his connection with this region for the last six years, of his unparalleled success and of his failure, is the history of the rise, decline and fall of the empire of Petroleum. Suffice it to say that in 1861 Mr. Culver opened a banking office in this town on a small capital, and subsequently others at various points in this region, all of which, very soon, from the exigencies of business, became incorporate banks, under what was known as the Free Banking Law, he retaining the general financial management, and dispensing Prudencies and Directorships as Andrew II. dispenses Consulates and Collectorships of Customs, and probably with quite as large a sense of the "eternal fitness of things."

Of these, the Venango bank at Franklin, and the Petroleum bank at Titusville, had a circulation, the former of \$600,000, the latter of \$900,000, secured by the deposit of a like amount of Government bonds with the Auditor General at Harrisburg. And when Congress passed an act forbidding a re-issuance of the notes of State banks after July 1, 1866, these banks about to become National banks, it became necessary to retire their circulation, and to do this gradually was a measure of prudence. Mr. Culver accordingly made arrangements with a National bank at Pittsburg in May, 1865, for the redemption and cancellation of the notes, the funds required to be drawn from Culver, Penn & Co., (the New York branch), and the respective banks certified by drafts on them, which, when forwarded to Culver, Penn & Co., were charged to those banks. The Government bonds released by the return of the cancelled circulation were to be sent to Culver, Penn & Co., and placed to the credit of the banks.

In the meantime, in the year 1864 and 1865, the oil fever had reached its crisis; and speculation rushed on to the confines of madness. This state of things inevitably led to accommodation loans, from the various banking institutions under Mr. Culver's control, secured in the usual manner; and when, in March, 1865, the terrible flood destroyed property in the valleys of this region to the value of millions of dollars, followed immediately by the close of the war, and the consequent check of all speculation, by these combined causes the firm of Culver, Penn & Co., lost very heavily.

Shortly prior to this time, the firm became largely interested in an enterprise called the Reno Oil and Lard Company, with the object of making Reno the depot for the oil-producing districts; and when the oil business had somewhat recuperated, a railroad was built to carry the purpose into effect, in the face of a determined opposition from rival interests, which made it necessary, at a heavy expense, to choose a circuitous route, and overcome serious engineering difficulties. By the energy and tact of Mr. Culver, however, two rival railroad companies were consolidated with this, under his control, in the winter of 1865-6; and nothing was required but a final meeting, which was appointed for March 29, 1866, to approve the consolidation. In a few days, as he alleges, he would be entitled to receive a large sum, sufficient to meet all his immediate liabilities, in the form of the first mortgage bonds of the consolidated road; but he claims that unscrupulous men, opposed to this project, created a run upon the New York house at this critical period by malicious rumors that it had failed, or was about to fail; and hurried beyond their capacity to bear, on the 27th of March they failed with liabilities estimated at \$5,000,000. The consequence was, of course, the failure of the consolidation, and therefore, of the Reno enterprise, to which all Mr. Culver's energies had been lent, and that with which we are more immediately interested—the closing of all the banks which had been controlled by Mr. Culver—among them the Venango National Bank, whose capital, as I have shown above, had passed into his hands during the progress of the retirement of its circulation.

Mr. Culver was soon after arrested at the instance of Mr. Hoge, Vice President and Director of the Venango Bank (a member of the Pennsylvania Senate), on a charge of conspiracy to defraud Messrs. Myers and Kinear, the latter the President and both Directors of the bank joining in the charge—all three having made private loans to Mr. Culver to further his railroad enterprise. This arrest was followed by others, on the same charge, but bail to a very large amount was obtained and he was discharged. He was also arrested on a charge of obtaining the bonds deposited at Harrisburg under false pretences; and after giving the required bail was immediately re-arrested upon the application of Mr. Myers, charged with making false representations in regard to Venango Bank stock given that gentleman as collateral security for his loan.

Despairing in regard to fighting off these and other arrests, which he understood to be impending, Mr. Culver went to jail in June of last year, where he remained until January last. The quiet little village of Franklin was astounded by a visit from the Sergeant-at-Arms of the National House of Representatives with a posse comitatus; and the prisoner was liberated. With characteristic energy Mr. Culver pushed the matter to a trial, and on the evening of Thursday, January 31, he appeared with counsel to answer the complaint of Thomas Hoge and John Duffield, in the case of The Commonwealth against C. V. Culver and James S. Austin, (Cashier of the Venango Bank) in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Venango county, before Judge Trukey and Associate Judges Leuberton and McCormack, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Venango National Bank, John Duffield, and "divers persons to the jurors unknown," in which matter the Grand Jury had found a true bill.

The result of the trial has already been announced—the jury finding a verdict of not guilty, and that the prosecutor, John Duffield, (a wealthy citizen of Franklin) pay the costs.

A Romance Rudely Dispelled.

The remorselessness with which modern criticism is sweeping away some of the most popular historical traditions, finds a fresh illustration in the famous story of Pocahontas saving the life of Capt. John Smith, which for two hundred years has excited the wonder and admiration of the world. A Massachusetts antiquarian, Mr. Charles Deane, in some recently published works, of which the North American Review for January gives a summary, comes to the conclusion that no such occurrence ever took place, and that the whole story was invented by Captain Smith himself. The incident is alleged to have taken place in December, 1607—yet in a history written by Smith, and published in London in 1608, called the True Relation, though the account of his captivity and release by Powhattan is given, not a word is said of Pocahontas; nor in all the histories of the colonies published afterward—one written by Wingfield, the deposed Governor, in 1608, another written by a Dr. Simons, to accompany a map of Virginia, by Smith himself, and published in 1612; nor a third, by Thomas Strachey, in 1615; a fourth by Raphe Hamor, one secretary of the colony, in 1615; and a fifth by Parapas, derived from Smith himself, in 1817, in which the slightest mention of the celebrated incident is questioned.

Raphe Hamor and Parapas gave full accounts of Pocahontas herself, of her capture and detention as a hostage by the colonists, of her conversion to the Christian faith, her marriage to Captain Rolfe, her visit to England and the interest she excited there; but not a word of her having interposed to save the life of Captain John Smith. The first hint of that story seems to have been given in a pamphlet published by Smith himself in 1622, in which, speaking of his captivity, he says, "God made Pocahontas, the King's daughter, the means to deliver me;" and the full account as it has ever since been received, is found in another publication made by Smith in 1624, sixteen years after the alleged occurrence, entitled "General History." In both these last works Mr. Deane detects sundry instances of exaggeration and mendacity.

They seem to have been written by Smith mainly to enlist public sentiment and sympathy in his claims to reinstatement in the colony from which he had been deposed—and it is suggested that this fiction was invented as likely greatly to enhance his own importance, after the romantic visit, reception and death of Pocahontas in England. To those who know the Indian maiden only through the poetry, painting and sculpture of which she was made the subject, this picture of her, when a child of ten or twelve years old, given by Strachey, may be curious. "Pocahontas," he says, "a well-featured but wanton young girl, Powhattan's daughter, sometimes resorted to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve years, would get the town boys forth into the market place, and make them wheel, lading on their hands, turning their heels upward, whom she would follow and wheel so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over." This is not the attitude which has generally been selected by the artists who have employed their genius in illustrating her history and character.

The London Punch is very anxious always to record in an appropriate manner changes of fashion. The very latest achievement is a picture representing a fashionable and affectionate couple, the husband searching vigorously in his waistcoat-pockets. The young wife inquires, "Have you lost your watch, love?" and he replies, "No, darling, 'twas a new bonnet I had for you somewhere."

Barum wants to go to Congress. A Connecticut paper says, that "sewing a monkey's head and fishes' tails together, to make a mermaid, is a performance well calculated to make a man notorious, but it affords no evidence of statesmanship."

New York is going to have a University for Jews.