

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
W. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1867.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.
NUMBER 19.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co's. [Jan 24]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High Street, west of Foster's Hotel. Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Civil Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Penalties, Back Pay and Bounty, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes and other duties. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, and every other kind of legal business promptly attended to. Penalties increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scribe, Ebensburg, Pa. Office adjoining dwelling, on High Street. [Jan 24]

H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Pa. Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hession, Esq., on High Street. [Jan 24]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to at his office. [May 23]

DENTISTRY. Dr. W. L. LANSKA, having opened an office in the room over R. B. Thomas' store, for his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. [April 4th]

DENTISTRY. The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every instrument in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the practical experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak for itself. [April 4th]

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S., Professor of O. A. Harris; T. E. Bond; W. R. Hardy; A. A. Blandy; P. H. Austin, of the Baltimore College. Office on High Street, on the fourth floor of each month, to stay one week. [January 24, 1867]

LOTT & CO., Bankers, Ebensburg, Pa. Exchange, Silver, Government Loans and all Securities bought and sold. Interest paid on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States. All General Banking Business transacted. [January 24, 1867]

M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers, Altoona, Pa. Office on the principal cities, and Silver sold for sale. Collections made. Money loaned on deposit, payable on demand, with interest, or upon time, with interest. [Jan 24]

ALBION, First National Bank, Altoona, Pa. Capital \$100,000.00. Paid up \$50,000.00. All business pertaining to Banking done on reasonable terms. Interest on deposits always on hand. [Jan 24]

DEPOSIT DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES, Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North of Altoona, Pa. [Jan 24]

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE GUMS AND BRANDES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. [Jan 24]

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PRIVATE SALE:— The subscriber will sell the following property at private sale: One House at Portage Station, on the P. R. R., with 2 acres land. Suitable for a store room or a dwelling. [Jan 24]

One House and 90 acres land, on P. R. R., one-half mile west of Portage, opposite the siding of the Union Mills of the subscriber, and at the terminus of the railroad of White & Co. [Jan 24]

One House and 2 acres land at Portage, now occupied by Louis Keepers. A good site for a store. [Jan 24]

One Water Power Saw mill, within 10 rods of the P. R. R., one-half mile west of Portage, together with timber land, 100, 200, or 300 acres, to suit purchasers. The barns and houses on the same cost \$1,500 when lumber was cheap. [Jan 24]

Or, I will sell the whole tract of 400 acres, with timber enough on the same to run the water mill for seven years. The property has 1,500 to 2,000 feet of side tracks connecting with the P. R. R. [Jan 24]

A general Warranty Deed will be given on ten days notice for all the foregoing property, and possession of all houses, &c., given on the 1st April next. [Jan 24]

The improvements cost the subscriber \$6,000. 150 acres of the land is timbered with good Sugar, and the land itself is warranted to be as good as any in Cambria county. [Jan 24]

Three creeks pass through the land, viz: Trout Run, M'Intosh Run, and Wright's Run. There is Coal on the land, and any amount of good Wood. [Jan 24]

The location is the only outlet to the coal lands of Barke and the Wm. M. Lloyd & Co. [Jan 24]

Two pieces of the land adjoin the land formerly owned by Hon. Thomas A. Scott, known as the M' Coy Farm. [Jan 24]

One-third the purchase money will be required down; the balance in six and twelve months. Ten per cent. will be deducted for cash payments. [Jan 24]

The property will be sold in preference to rents, as the subscriber has not time to collect rents. [Jan 24]

The house and lot, say 1 acre of land, at Portage, now occupied by Louis Keepers, will be sold if sold soon. Also, the store room at the same place, with 2 acres land, formerly occupied by Victor Voeghtly—sold to him at one time for \$750—will now be sold for \$600. The former will be sold for \$300, cash, or its equivalent. [Jan 24]

WM. R. HUGHES, Wilmore, January 31, 1867.

SHOE STORE! SHOE STORE! The subscriber begs leave to inform the people of Ebensburg that he has just received from the East and has now opened out, at his store-room, the

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS! over brought to town. The stock was made expressly to order by the

BEST SHOE MANUFACTORY IN PHILA., the subscriber having gone to the trouble and expense of visiting that city especially to order it. The work is warranted not to rip—if it rips, it will be

REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE! A visit to his establishment will satisfy any one that he can not only sell a BETTER ARTICLE than all competitors, but that he can also sell

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST! He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes to order, on short notice and in the most workmanlike style.

A VERY SUPERIOR LOT OF REAL FRENCH CALF SKINS ON HAND! Stand one door east of Crawford's Hotel, High Street, and immediately opposite V. S. Barker's store. [Feb 1]

JOHN D. THOMAS, SADDLERY AND HARNESS!—The undersigned keeps constantly on hand and is still manufacturing all articles in his line, such as

SADDLES, FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, DRAFT HARNESS, BLIND BRIDLES, RIDING BRIDLES, CHECK LINES, HALTERS, WHIPS, BRIDLEBANDS, &c., &c. All which he will dispose of at low prices for cash.

His work is all warranted, and being experienced in the business, he uses only the best of leather. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to him. [Jan 24]

Shop above the store of E. Hughes & Co. Persons wishing good and substantial Harness can be accommodated. HUGH A. MOOY

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE! The subscriber offers at private sale the Farm on which he now resides, situate in Cambria Township, Cambria county, containing about 50 acres, nearly all of which are cleared, and having thereon erected a Two-story Frame Dwelling House, a new Frame Barn, and all the necessary Outbuildings. There is a good Orchard at the Farm, and an excellent Well of Water at the kitchen door. Only five minutes' walk from the Railroad Depot. Terms moderate, and title indisputable. Apply to the undersigned on the premises, or address

SAMUEL TIBBOTT, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

EBENSBURG LITERARY DEPOT. JAMES MERRAY, dealer in BOOKS, STATIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO, PERFUMERY, FANCY SOAPS, &c. [Jan 24]

Keeps—Blank Books, Envelopes, Paper, Pens, Ink, Book-Binders, Stationery, &c. [Jan 24]

Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Prayer Books, Toy Books, &c. [Jan 24]

The Certainty of Punishment for Murderers.

Foolish, as wicked, is the man who imbrutes his hands in the blood of a fellow being. The sacred command, "Thou shalt not kill," cannot with impunity be set at defiance, neither can its violation be hidden in the darkness of ordinary sin. The murderer's feet are shackled; his arms are bound by the fetters of his own conscience. After his crime, the world loses its brilliancy, and in the face of every man he beholds a foe. Providence throws about him meshes through which it is impossible to escape. He is his own persistent accuser. He feels and knows that God's hand has stamped the mark of Cain upon his brow, and that the world is not slow to recognize it. It may be interesting to take a glance at a number of murders committed in the western part of this State, and see how the murderers have invariably been brought to justice.

Hugh Corrigan butchered his wife in cold blood, in Westmoreland county, and to hide from the prying eye of the world his guilt, burned her body in a fire kindled for the purpose, till naught but a handful of charred ashes told of his deed. The very flames which he thought covered and concealed his guilt, while taunting heaven in the consummation of the murderer's plot, spoke his guilt from their fiery tongues, and led to the investigation which secured his conviction. Baffled at his condemnation, the wretch destroyed the life due justice, committing suicide in the Greensburg jail.

David M'Kim murdered the afflicted young Dr. Norcross near Altoona, Blair county, to possess himself of a few hundred dollars. Looking upon him as a friend, and appreciating his kindness as a nurse, the confiding victim had reasons to trust his murderer, and solicited his company in journeying from Dubuque, Iowa, to the home of his parents in New Haven, Connecticut, whether he was returning in the belief that his end was nigh, his sojourn in the western country having failed to check his disease. From the cars at Altoona, in the night time, the delicate young man was enticed to a lonely place, a fit place for such a deed, stricken to the earth with a club, his throat cut, and the body so disposed on the railroad track that it was likely to be crushed to a shapeless mass by the first train, the murderer thus hoping to ward off suspicion as to the true cause of death. The victim revived, the wily blast congealing the ebbing life-blood, and was discovered in the morning dawn by some train hands, dragging himself through the snow. Although speechless, his wounds told plainly of the cruel deed. A letter written by the murderer to his friend, Michael Roemer, planning an *abdé*, completed the last link in a remarkable chain of circumstantial evidence, and, although secretly and profanely asseverating his innocence, the wretch suffered a deserved death.

David Evans, of Allegheny, cruelly butchered his wife and set fire to her clothing, hoping that the flames would consume the mangled corpse. His anxiety to fasten the guilt upon an innocent man led to his arrest, and evidence sufficient was adduced at his trial to secure his conviction, and he was executed. A written confession has never been seen the light.

Christian Jacoby, an emigrant from Germany, arrived in Pittsburgh with his wife, enticed her to the solitary neighborhood of Cork's Run, murdered her whilst on her knees she plead for her life, and casting her body into the close brushwood, left with his servant paramour for the far West, with his secret shared only by his God and himself. Days passed, the body was discovered, and the murderer arrested. Circumstances fastened the crime upon him, and he expiated the horrible deed with his life in our county jail yard at the same instant and upon the same scaffold with Evans.

Henry Eise and Charlotte Jones in cold blood murdered M'asters and his sister in their lonely hat on the Mocoogahala river, near M'Keosport, for a paltry sum of money. The appearance of Charlotte Jones on the day of the murder attracted suspicion. She was arrested, confessed, and with her companion in guilt was executed in the county jail yard. Monroe Stewart, implicated with them, and also convicted, was reprieved, but died in a hospital, choking to death from small pox.

Frecke and Marshall enticed a German emigrant, who had neither friends nor a knowledge of the country, from New York to Pittsburgh, and foully murdered him on Boyd's Hill. The murder was wrapped in deep mystery till Marshall was arrested for burglary and a search warrant led to the discovery of bloody clothing in his house. To relieve his troubled conscience he made a full confession of his crime, and, with Frecke, died a felon's death in the jail yard—the third double execution in Allegheny county, in succession.

Houser and Buser beat out the brains of two helpless females for the purpose of obtaining their carefully hoarded earnings; and for a long while escaped detection. A convict in our penitentiary had heard them plan the murder, was pardoned out, and was the instrument in the hands of

Providence to secure their arrest, conviction and execution in Cambria county.

Mrs. Griender, the Lucretia Borgia of the nineteenth century, cunningly plied her avocation of murder upon her innocent victim, Mrs. Caruthers, of Pittsburgh, till death ensued, and was not suspected till her excessive kindness to the murdered woman was questioned. The dead body was exhumed, the presence of poison discovered, and with accumulated evidence she was convicted, and with a full confession on her lips, she expiated her terrible crime on the scaffold.

Richard Thairwell was circumstantially convicted of the murder of Houseman, to gratify his carnal passions for his victim's wife, and died an ignominious death in Fayette county, in atonement.

The youthful Robert Folger, who was hung in Washington county a few days since, was detected in his crime by a trifling circumstance. In his flight from the house of Dinmore, he knocked the heel piece from his left boot, which was afterwards found, traced to the proper ownership, and made a link in a strong chain of evidence against him. Frightened, he made a full confession, and perished on the scaffold in atonement for his crime.

Thus it will be seen that the murderer seldom escapes the penalty of justice.—He may be keen and cunning, plot in his strength the murderer begets weakness to conceal guilt, and is detected.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

John Wilkes Booth's Diary.

The much talked of Booth diary has been made public by order of the President. The following is a copy of its contents:—

"TIAMO," April 18th, 14th—Friday, the 15th. Until to-day, nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike their country with a heart. I struck boldly and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends and was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted "Sir, temper" before I fired. In jumping I broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, and rode 60 miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repeat it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her trouble to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. The forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, "before the deed," I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings.—He or the Government—

FRIDAY, 21.—After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return, wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me. I am here in despair, and why? For doing what Bratus was honored for, what made Tell a hero, and yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My action was purer than either of theirs.—One hoped to be great, the other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone—a country that groaned beneath this tyranny and prayed for this end, and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me. God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong; yet I cannot see my wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little I left behind to clear my name, the Government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery on my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the Heaven for me, since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done, except what I did myself, and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me, and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river, with the intent to cross, though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repeat the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did not desire greatness. To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who, can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh! may He, may He spare me that, and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so; and it is with Him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me, who often pray—yes, before and since—with a true and sincere heart. Was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a

drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me.

Upon a piece of paper found in the diary, and supposed to have been torn from it, is written the following:—

"MY DEAR (piece torn out) Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I cannot blame you for want of hospitality.—You know your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken limb, and in need of medical advice, and I could not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. However, you were kind enough to give me something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but on account of the rebuke and manner in which to (piece torn out) it is not the substance but the way in which kindness is extended that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The same to meat is ceremony.—Meeting were base without it. Be kind enough to accept the enclosed five dollars, although hard to spare for what we have received. Most respectfully, your obedient servant."

Judge Advocate General Holt, in whose possession the original diary is, and who furnished the copy for publication, reports as follows:—

"*Barons of Military Justice, New York,* May 14, 1867.—Respectfully returned, with the copy asked for. The 'Diary' purports to be one for 1864, and the leaves cut or torn from it probably contained entries of that year, and were thus destroyed by Booth himself. It is absolutely certain that the diary is in all respects as it was when it came into my hands, and Col. Conger, who was present in the pursuit and capture of Booth, after having carefully examined it in my presence on yesterday, declared its condition to be now precisely the same as when he took it from Booth's body after he had been shot, the writing in it being the same and all which it then contained.—Col. Conger was examined before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives to-day.

"J. Holt, Judge Advocate General."

Out West and the Indians.

Col. A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, who is making a tour through the West, writes as follows to the *New York Tribune* concerning the threatened Indian war:—

"The impression prevails generally that the campaigns of General Hancock south of the Platte, of General Auger north of the Platte to the Yellowstone, and of General Terry up the Missouri, are intended as a war of extermination against the Indians. Such is not the expectation of the commanders. It is their purpose, the general criticism of the eastern press on the folly of hunting Indians with infantry and artillery would be just. An army of 100,000 men could not exterminate the Indians in ten years, and I find military men have more rational ideas than to attempt it and humanity than to consider it necessary. If the Indians were now engaged in a general war, as is persistently represented by speculators and other interested parties, they could drive all the troops east of the Missouri in sixty days, or sculp two-thirds of them if they preferred. Not a coach or train could pass across the mountains, and yet the overland coach runs daily, and trains pass over all but Powder river route with comparative safety. Occasionally a weak train is captured on the Smoky Hill route—through Kansas, and much of Fort Laramie travel is not allowed, while the massacre of Fort Phil. Kearney indicates a savage, implacable hostility in the Powder river region; but as yet the Indians have made no hostile demonstrations looking like a general Indian war, such as is anticipated in the East. That such a war may come, is barely possible; but if it does come, it will be more the fault of the Government agents than of the Indians.

"But for the white tents which dot the bluffs near this place, the crowd of officers who throng the streets, and the hurried moving of military stores, with an occasional hearty curse you hear hurled at the Indian, no one here would suppose that there were any troubles on the plains.—The trains and coaches are regular. Passengers come through the gory West, and laugh when interrogated as to the danger of Indians. They had not heard or thought of them, is the usual reply. Crowds go westward daily, and all things were to be considered but the danger of assault or capture by the Indians. All are well armed, and the men going westward, especially those who have been there, all consider themselves able to whip any number of Indians single-handed if they should cross their path. Families embracing mothers and daughters start out by every train, and the far Western ladies make their trip unattended without any fear as to their safety. General Potter will leave his headquarters at Fort Sedgewick (Julesburg) with ten companies of troops, to protect the stage route and the construction of the railroads, and no apprehensions are felt about the interruption of travel on the plains. True, a roving band of Indians may attack a small party at any time, but it is evident that no considerable body of hostile Indians can endanger the overland route for any length of time."

"It were, therefore, not wise to expect that these people, to whom for so many long years every avenue to knowledge has been hermetically closed, will always vote more judiciously than we commonly see among white voters; and while, as I have before said, their sympathies are with the people of the North, and while their instincts incline them to believe in Northern ideas, it is true that in their present condition they furnish inviting material for demagogues to work upon. To liberal minded men, it must be very apparent that a peculiar feature of the injustice so long practised upon the colored men of our country is, that while very little has until lately been granted them; very much has been expected of them."

PARTY PREJUDICE.—A good story is told of a countryman from New York, who was visiting Washington at the time when Mr. Van Buren was Vice President. He was a red-hot Democrat, and of course held Mr. Van Buren in the highest reverence. He sat in the circular gallery of the Senate, sitting at the Vice President with a mingled feeling of awe and State pride, when suddenly a tall and manly form appeared at the side of the hall, and beckoned to Mr. Van Buren. There was little business doing; and the Vice President, calling a Senator to the chair, joined the person mentioned, when both seated themselves on the sofa, stuffing from the same box; the hand of the Vice President was laid playfully on the knee of the other, and ever and anon a hearty laugh would escape them, showing that whatever might be the topic, it was agreeable to both.

"Is that Mr. Calhoun with the Vice President?" said the country friend to a person near him.

"No, sir."

"Is it Mr. Benton?"

"No, sir."

"Is it General Wall?"

"No, sir."

"May I ask who it is?"

How Will the Negro Vote?

A correspondent of the *Pittsburg Commercial*, writing from Florence, Alabama, says:—

"One of the most important questions with the loyal North is, 'How will the newly enfranchised negroes of the South vote?' It by this question is meant, will they be true to the Union, and will their sympathies lead them to sustain the party which raised them from the condition of slaves to that of freemen and citizens? The answer is easy. In a contest in which the North and South might be arrayed as sections, the freedman would instinctively feel that the former must be right and the latter wrong. While yet a wretched, toiling slave, he dreamed that freedom for him lay somewhere away in the distant North, and emancipation has only confirmed him in the belief that the people of that section are the only true friends of his race. When told there are Northern States which still retain upon their statute books proscriptions and oppressive laws, and that there are Northern men who still believe in the 'divine origin of slavery,' he stares at you with a simple wonder, which is easily interpreted as incredulity. In any contest in which 'Union and Liberty' were the rallying cry, the Southern black could be relied on to a man. But, with a perfect political reconstruction, and a renewal of the former political associations of Northern and Southern men, the issue will not be so clearly defined, and shrewd but unscrupulous politicians will not be slow in devising means to impose upon these as yet unenlightened masses. Heretofore, in political contests the right of the negro to freedom and citizenship has been more or less a prominent issue. But emancipation has taken place, and the South has been compelled to accept those terms of reconstruction which will forever keep the question of negro freedom and negro suffrage out of political campaigns. Every party will be loath to its declaration of equal rights for the black man, and he will not recognize his personal liberty as being in jeopardy at the hands of any party. In the questions heretofore likely to agitate the public mind, intelligence, sound judgment, and experience will be needed in order that men may discern the right. For example, every freedman instinctively knows that he is by nature entitled to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' But it might require considerable time and patience to make him understand that a high protective tariff is essential to the material prosperity of the nation, and that free trade is not. Quite likely his first impressions would incline him to 'free trade.' And so with other questions, which, though not affecting his personal liberty, would still be of the highest importance to the country.

"It were, therefore, not wise to expect that these people, to whom for so many long years every avenue to knowledge has been hermetically closed, will always vote more judiciously than we commonly see among white voters; and while, as I have before said, their sympathies are with the people of the North, and while their instincts incline them to believe in Northern ideas, it is true that in their present condition they furnish inviting material for demagogues to work upon. To liberal minded men, it must be very apparent that a peculiar feature of the injustice so long practised upon the colored men of our country is, that while very little has until lately been granted them; very much has been expected of them."

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"No, sir."

"May I ask who it is?"

"Why, that is Mr. Clay."

"Mr. Clay!" almost shrieked the man; "and does Mr. Van Buren speak to him? Rot me, if ever I vote for him again!"

And the fellow stalked from the hall, firmly believing that the country was lost.

"Look here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin who was munching candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No, I ain't, either," said the urchin, "I'm a gnawing this 'ere candy."