

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.  
WM. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

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

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VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1867.

NUMBER 29.

**WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
January 24, 1867.

**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]

**F. 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]

**F. A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s Banking House. [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.  
Attends also to the collection of claims of soldiers against the Government. [Jan 24]

**GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent,** Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.

Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and all Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes attended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Receipts, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written, and all legal business carefully attended to. Pensions increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

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

**DENTISTRY.**  
Dr. D. W. ZIEGLER, having opened an office in the rooms over R. R. Thomas's store, offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. [Apr 18-4m]

**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 improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the approved experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.  
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.  
References: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, W. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy; P. H. Ausler, of the Baltimore College.  
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week. [January 24, 1867.]

**LOYD & CO., Bankers—**EBENSBURG, PA.  
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest paid on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted. [Jan 24, 1867.]

**W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—**ALTOONA, PA.  
Deals on the principal cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at our rates. [Jan 24]

**JOHN LLOYD, Cashier.**  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
OF ALTOONA.  
GOVERNMENT AGENCY,  
AND  
SIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.  
Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North of Altoona, Pa.

**REGISTERED CAPITAL**.....\$300,000 00  
**CAPITAL PAID IN**..... 150,000 00  
All business pertaining to Banking done on liberal terms.  
Federal Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand.  
To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.; \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. [Jan 24]

**DEES J. LLOYD,**  
Successor of R. S. Bunn,  
Dealer in  
THE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS,  
OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES,  
AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE  
WINE AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL  
PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.  
Also,  
Cap. and Note Papers,  
Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink,  
And other articles kept  
by Druggists generally.  
Prescriptions carefully compounded.  
Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

**SHARRETT'S DYSERT, House,**  
Sign, and Ornamental Painting, Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging.  
Work done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in basement of the Hall, Ebensburg, Pa. [my9-6m]

**SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

**THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH.**  
For beauty of polish, saving of labor, and cheapness, this preparation is wholly unrivalled. Buy no other. For sale by  
GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

**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!**  
ever 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 21]

**JOHN D. THOMAS.**

**TO THE LADIES OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.**—Having recently arrived from the city with a handsome assortment of

**SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS.** of the latest styles, comprising BONNETS, SILKS and VELVETS, FINE FRENCH FLOWERS, an assortment of RIBBONS, all widths and colors, Ladies' plain and fancy DRESS CAPS, infants' silk and embroidered CAPS, together with Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Gent's Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., we invite the ladies of Ebensburg and surrounding districts, to call and examine our stock, in the store-room formerly occupied by E. Hughes, below the Mountain House.

We have a Fashionable Milliner of excellent taste, who will pay particular attention to bleaching, pressing and altering Hats and Bonnets to the latest styles.  
Mrs. J. DOYLE,  
Miss M. RUSH.

**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. M'COY.**

**LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS!**—Being desirous of retiring from business, I offer for sale the

**EBENSBURG FOUNDRY,** with all its appurtenances, including all the real and personal property thereto belonging, the Engine, Patterns, Flasks, &c. Also, all the stock, manufactured and unmanufactured, consisting of

**THRASHING MACHINES,**  
**COOKING STOVES,**  
**PARLOR STOVES,**  
**PLOWS,**  
**CASTINGS** of various kinds.  
As I am determined to sell, purchasers may rely upon getting any or all the above named articles cheaper than they can be had anywhere else in Pennsylvania. The public are invited to call and judge for themselves. [July 18, 1867.] **E. GLASS.**

**NEW CHEAP CASH STORE!**—The subscriber would inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity that he keeps constantly on hand everything in the

**GROCERY AND CONFECTIONERY** line, such as Flour, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, all kinds of Crackers, Cheese, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, &c.  
**CANNED PEACHES AND TOMATOES!** Also, Burkins and Woolen Gloves, Woolen Socks, Neck ties, &c., all of which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper than elsewhere. A full assortment of Candies!  
Ice Cream every evening. [Jan 24]

**R. R. THOMAS.**

**LATEST ARRIVAL!**—The subscriber has just received, at his store, on High street, Ebensburg, a large and salable stock of

Flour, Bacon, Sugars,  
Molasses, Tea, Coffee,  
Table Salt, Barrel Salt, Spices,  
Cheese, Tobacco, Cigars,  
and everything in the  
Grocery, Notion and Confectionery line.  
Also, Boots and Shoes, Carbon and Lubricating Oils, &c., &c.  
All which will be sold very cheap for cash. [Jan 24] **G. G. OWENS.**

**COAL! COAL! COAL!**—The subscriber is now carrying on the Colliery of Wm. Tiley, Sr., at Lily Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Cambria county, and will be glad to fill all orders, to any amount, of citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Satisfaction as to quality of Coal guaranteed in all cases. **WM. TILEY, Jr.,** Hemlock P. O., Jan. 24, 1867.

**O. K. CURTAIN FIXTURE.**—Has no superior in the world! It is pronounced faultless by all who have seen it. It is predicted it will supersede all other Curtain Fixtures now in use.  
For sale by  
**G. HUNTLEY'S,**  
[Mar 21]

**GOING A STRAWBERRYING.**  
It was a warm afternoon in July; and the Dexter girls—Mary, Josie, Fanny, and Sue—were out upon the broad piazza to catch the faint breeze that lazily stirred the leaves of the lofty elm that stretched its protecting arms over the old farmhouse.

"How stupid we all are," yawned Fanny, throwing down her book and desisting from the attempt to capture a fly that persisted in alighting on her nose. "How I wish it would thunder or something would happen to wake us up!"

"O, good! there's cousin Kate coming across the lots. Now for some fun!" And dropping her work, away scampered Josie down to the garden gate to meet her.

Kate Wilde or wild Kate, as everybody called her—and it must be confessed that she had well earned the title—came along swinging her hat in her hand, as was her usual custom, her light, elastic step showing that she was troubled with neither corns, concomitants nor tight shoes. She was a medium sized girl, with a clear, bright complexion, brown eyes, and hair about the same color, and which to do her best, never would stay "done up," like the other girls', but defying the restraint of comb and net, persisted in resolving itself into spiral curls around the neck and temples; a style of coiffure not at all unbecoming to the bright, piquant face of its owner.

"Now, girls," she said, depositing herself upon the steps of the piazza, and brushing back the moist hair from the temples, "don't all of you begin to exclaim how terribly hot it is; for one can see that by just looking at you. I declare, if you don't look as so many cabbage leaves! As for me, it is just such weather as I like; it fairly makes me grow!"

And she looked as though it did, as she sat there with her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, the very picture of health, fun and frolic.

"I've come to invite you to go a strawberrying with me as soon as it gets a little cooler. I know a place where they are as thick as they can hang, and as red and ripe as cherries."

"Where?" inquired a chorus of voices. "Down in Pebblybrook meadow, not a quarter of a mile from here. You know where it is Josie; we went berrying last summer."

"Yes, but you know Deacon Barnes owned it then." "Squire Graves is so cross! He told Bob and the Harding boys that if he ever caught them in his grass again he'd set his dog on them."

"Humph! Perhaps he'll set his dog on me," with a toss of her head. "I should really like to see him do it. But, pshaw! he won't meddle with us girls. Not but that he is ugly enough to do most anything, but he'd be ashamed to. Say, girls, will you go? I shall, for one, for I don't mean that all those delicious berries shall go to waste for the want of some one to pick them."

After a little more coaxing and persuading, Kate carried the day, as she generally did, and it was finally agreed that she was to meet them there immediately after tea.

At the appointed time, Kate made her appearance, basket in hand, but bareheaded, to the astonishment of the girls, who were waiting for her on the porch.

"Where's your hat?" was the immediate inquiry. "The last I saw of it, it was going over the dam," was the cool reply. "A puff of wind took it off my head as I was crossing the bridge. But I wasn't going clear home again, and I thought that I could borrow something here, or tie a handkerchief over my head."

"I know what I'll do!" she exclaimed triumphantly, as she spied a pile of hats that Josie had been braiding; "I'll wear one of these. It will be just the thing!" "So will I! so will I!" was the merry response.

After following Katie's example, they arrayed themselves in the coarse straw hats very generally worn by men and boys during the warm weather in their outdoor labor.

Thus equipped, with many a laugh at the transformation it effected, especially in connection with their jackets profusely ornamented with buttons, they set out upon their expedition in high glee.

"Squire Graves, the owner of Pebblybrook meadow and the fertile lands adjoining, had been a resident of Greenville but a few months, during which time he had kept himself very secluded, turning a cold shoulder to the rather officious but well meant overtures of his neighbors 'to be sociable,' as they called it. There was little known in regard to his antecedents, with the exception that he was a man of considerable means and unblemished character. On passing through the place, he had been attracted by the beautiful situation of a small farm for sale. He bought it, and tearing down the old farmhouse, built a commodious and tasteful mansion, where he lived in solitary state, with no one but his housekeeper and one serving-man, rarely going into public, except to church.

He was not generally liked. The men folks laughed at his amateur farming, and their wives were not a little indignant at his want of appreciation of the hospitality for which they were noted. As for the

young ladies of Greenville, they were unanimously of the opinion that he was "very handsome"—with the exception of Kate Wilde, who declared he was "a horrible looking creature, with his fierce whiskers and staring black eyes."

"Squire Graves was by no means misanthropic in his natural disposition; on the contrary, he had a heart more than usually sympathetic and generous in its impulses. His seclusion and the chilling reserve of his manner were owing to a recent family affliction, which, though it attached neither disgrace nor blame to him, had cast a temporary gloom over his feelings and made him shrink from society. He had nestled himself down to the dull routine of his present life with the fixed determination of never leaving it; but alas for the vanity of human resolutions, especially to those who repress the natural craving of the heart for love and sympathy, he was already growing weary of it. And, as near the close of day—the warm July day above mentioned—he sat upon the verandah smoking, an unusually lonely feeling came over him, and the silence around him seemed almost oppressive.

"What a sweet, bewitching countenance that girl has," he soliloquized. "Kate Wilde, I believe they call her. I think I never heard such a sweet laugh!"

"Squire Graves had seen Kate at church every Sunday since his arrival, and had been irresistibly attracted toward her; and that very morning, as he chanced to go by her father's house, he had caught a glimpse of her bright eyes and rosy cheeks in the garden, into which he had been tempted to look by a gleeful laugh which proceeded from it.

Then, as he dreamily watched the smoke curling above his head, he fell to wondering how such a face and figure would look opposite him every morning at the breakfast table, and what a general transformation they would effect in his lonely home. From this blissful dream he awoke himself with a half sigh at the ecstacy to which he had pledged himself.

"Them pesky boys are in the medder again," "Squire," said his man, Joe, thrusting his head through the door. "That 'ere grass will be so tied up that it can't be mowed, no how you can fix it."

The boys of the neighborhood had been very annoying of late in their deprivations upon his orchard and garden, in which he took no little pride, and the announcement of this fresh "raid" quite exhausted his remaining stock of patience.

"They are?" he exclaimed; "I've tried what virtue there is in words: now I'll try something more potent. Go and unchain Bruno!"

With the huge mastiff at his heels, which, fierce as it was, was perfectly under his master's control, "Squire Graves reached the brow of the hill which gave him a view of the fair raiders. In a stooping position, little could be discerned of them above the tall grass, save their heads, whose strange gear certainly gave them a very masculine appearance.

In spite of his indignation, and desirous of frightening rather than of hurting the intruders, "Squire Graves held back the eager dog until he had, by a loud halloo, warned them of his design.

As soon as the girls saw the fierce animal, with open mouth, bearing down upon them, they let fall their pails and baskets and made for the fence, over which they tumbled in a manner less distinguished by grace than expedition, giving vent in the meantime to a series of piercing screams, such as can proceed only from female lungs, and those in a state of unusual length and vigor.

All got safely over with the exception of Kate, who being the last to go, hit her foot against a stone, and was momentarily stunned by the fall it occasioned.

As "Squire Graves caught a glimpse of the flying foe, his angry feeling changed to astonishment and dismay and he quickly hastened to the spot to prevent any further mischief.

"Back, Bruno! back, you brute!" he exclaimed as Kate rose to her feet and turned her flushed face towards him. Good Heavens! it was the divinity that had occupied his thoughts so much of late. "I earnestly trust that that you have sustained no injury, Miss Wilde?" he said, removing his hat respectfully as he spoke.

"Not in the least, sir; though it is not owing to any consideration on your part." "Very gentlemanly conduct, I must say," she added, looking with an indignant air first at her soiled dress, and then at the crest fallen man before her.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but the fact is, your dress so deceived me that I—took you to be boys!" "Took us to be boys!" repeated Kate in astonishment.

Then as her eye fell upon the hat at her feet, her anger evaporated in a clear, ringing laugh which did more than anything else could have done to restore our hero to his usual ease and self-possession.

In the meantime the rest of the girls had sought the shelter of a grove in an adjoining field. Missing Kate, two of the boldest of them volunteered to go and ascertain her fate. As they came within sight of the field of their disaster, they were astonished to see "Squire Graves politely assisting Kate over the fence, which act of gallantry she received with much apparent complacency and good humor.

When Kate reached the grove she found her companions bemoaning their several mishaps.

One had lost a net, another a shoe.—Dresses had been dragged through the mud and torn in various places, and their apparel, as a whole, was in a rather dilapidated condition. They were of the unanimous opinion that "Squire Graves was a 'brute' and perfect 'savage.'"

Kate listened to these anathemas in silence, though with eyes brimming with mirth. At last, unable to longer contain herself, she burst forth:

"Squire Graves isn't to blame. What do you think girls, he thought we were boys!"

Here Kate sat down upon the grass and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks, in which she was joined by the rest.

"He sent humble apologies to you all," continued Kate, as soon as her mirth permitted her to speak, "and said 'that he should be happy to have us pick strawberries in his meadow whenever we felt disposed to do so.' What do you think of that?"

"Think!" said Josie with a significant look; "I think that the perfect savage has been tamed very suddenly! What kind of a charm did you use, eh, Kate?"

At this Kate blushed, and for once was at a loss for an answer. So she changed the subject by proposing that they all should start for home.

What that blush meant it is impossible to say, but this we know that there was quite a marked change in "Squire Graves' habits and manner; he commenced calling upon his neighbors and soon became as sociable as any one of them could desire; though it must be confessed that he called at Mr. Wilde's more frequently than at any other place. And more than this, the very next thanksgiving eve there was a pleasant gathering at Mr. Wilde's during which a certain ceremony was performed, at the conclusion of which wild Kate was Kate Wilde no longer. But although she took a graver name, her husband avers (and certainly he ought to know) "that she is the same merry, provoking creature that she was when she stole, not only his strawberries, but the heart of the owner."

**"My Gift"—Criticism.**

Mr. Cyrus Elder's lately issued book of poems, "My Gift," like all other books of pretension, whether of poetry or prose, has provoked considerable criticism from the press. Subjoined will be found what is said about it by two leading New York journals.

From the *New York Round Table* of July 13th:  
"My Gift, by Cyrus Elder, (N. Tibbals & Co., 1867.)—We wonder if Mr. Cyrus Elder has ever read a certain little poem of Tennyson's called *The Flower*. He seems to have read pretty much everything else that Tennyson has written; but lest he should have missed or forgotten this, we will quote it to him:

"Once in a golden hour  
I cast to earth a seed.  
Up there came a flower:  
The people said, a weed.

"Then it grew so tall  
It wore a crown of light,  
But thieves from o'er the wall  
Stole the seed by night.

"Read my little fable;  
He that runs may read.  
Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

"And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed;  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed."

"We very much fear that Mr. Elder has profited by the larceny about which the Laureate here makes so much ado.—And we do not know that we can more exactly express our opinion of his verses, or versicles, as he would, perhaps, prefer to call them, with the same modesty which makes his volume a 'booklet,' than by repeating the first two lines of the last stanza quoted above. Some are pretty enough, and some are poor indeed; all give unmistakable evidence of their origin. Mr. Elder's flower bears a strong family likeness to the Laureate's, but the perfume of the latter is somehow lacking. His effusions resemble the poetry he so much admires as a counterfeit resembles the genuine cloth, or as elderberry wine resembles champagne. Yet it is apparently not for want of study that he wins no nearer to his model; he has caught many of the mannerisms, the tricks of phrase and turns of thought, which so characterize the English poet; it is only the essence that he fails, and that, all such imitations must necessarily fail, to reproduce. He has even gone so far as to borrow Tennyson's subjects. Under the title *The Sleeping Beauty* in a poem which is otherwise chiefly noticeable as leading the weight of Mr. Elder's authority to that somewhat eccentric preterite form of the verb 'glide' wherewith the late Artemus Ward enriched the language. 'I asked her should we glide in the messy dance. And we glode.' Says Mr. Elder,

—"The glad prince and his princess fair  
Together glode the corridors along."  
They must have had a glowing time of it.

And in other places our author shows a radical turn for bettering the language. Antietam is tortured into four syllables thus:

"On Antietam's bloody plain," the measure being that of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*; for another verse in the same metre we have:

"Our voyage lies to the north;" "harassed" becomes "harressed" and "simmoom" is broken to harness with "soon." Nevertheless the book is not without merit. The verses are often graceful and flowing, with here and there an agreeable fancy that helps to hide the general dearth of thought. Perhaps we may venture to say that Mr. Elder has not yet done himself justice. He seems to be fully persuaded that he is a poet and to feel a certain scornful compassion for people who don't agree with him, and who, he says, "look on him with unannoyed eyes, And say, 'He is as one of us. He differeth not in any wise.'" This doesn't suit Mr. Elder; he wants to be peculiar; he rejoices in a sort of intellectual strabismus; he wears two eyes endowed with different sight; he delights in the belief that he is mad; he tells us, moreover, that

—"his poetic thoughts  
Unto his poems are  
Like endless azure spaces,  
With here and there a star."

We can testify to the spaces, but our astronomical powers are not yet equal to the stars. Probably they are fixed stars whose light takes an age or two to reach us. If Mr. Elder will trust our unannoyed eyes and is not yet too mad to be above advice, we would counsel him to burn his Tennyson, to try to understand Browning before he tries to abuse him, to study Walt Whitman and Worcester's Dictionary, and so learn to write books instead of booklets. We say this in all kindness and sincerity, and beg that Mr. Elder will not misconceive us. As we have said, his booklet is not without merit, no booklet so elegantly printed can be altogether, and it is besides entirely harmless and suitable for the domestic circle. We know of no booklet better adapted for presentation by very polite young men to very sentimental young maidens. We have read in one of those voracious manuals of politeness that a gift to a lady should be of small value. Mr. Elder's gift, we are happy to say, meets every requirement of etiquette."

From the *New York Tribune* of July 2d:  
"My Gift, by Cyrus Elder, (N. Tibbals & Co.,) is the modest title of a little volume of sweet and unpretending verse, chiefly devoted to themes of patriotism and the domestic sentiments. The author belongs to a class of writers who are endowed in no small degree with the poetic temperament, and who feel a craving for poetic expression, but without sufficient power of imagination to assure them of the certainty of their poetic vocation.—The consciousness of this is hinted at in the piece which opens the collection, and which gives it its name. Aware of the fatal gift which reveals a world of glory to aunted eyes, the writer is in doubt whether he shall trust the heavenly vision, or guard his speech from betraying the secret to his fellow-men. Such minds, however, can find no rest but in sincere utterance; they must 'wreak their thought upon expression,' and pass through an experience which will either keep them silent forever, or lead them to a higher plane which they now see dimly in the distance. The blossoms may perish forever from the earth, or ripen into mature and precious fruits. Of such uncertain promise are the contents of this volume. Several of the poems are not without a tender delicacy and fragrance that recall the charms of a vernal orchard. But they lack the vigor of thought which their sentiment demands as a framework. Nor do they show a creative power imparting a warm vitality to pleasant fancies and susceptible tastes. The author is evidently familiar with the favorite poets of the day, and gives a graceful echo of their noble songs; but it needs more lusty sinews to bend the bow of Apollo with one's own hands."

—A Saratoga correspondent says that a burlesque advertisement was posted in the Union Hotel, announcing that "in order to overcome a natural prejudice against the use of hash on the part of boarders, the proprietor will, on Monday, place a two dollar and a half piece in a certain quantity of hash; on Tuesday, one-half that amount in two pieces; on Wednesday, one-third of that amount in three pieces; and so on for a week."

—A justice of the peace in Newark, N. J., divorced a couple one day last week, and later in the day married each of the pair to a new mate; so that the man has now two wives and the woman two husbands. The intelligent justice supposed that as he had the power to marry, it followed that he also had the power to unmarry.

—Birth cards are now issued in Paris fashionable circles after the following style: "Monsieur X— has the honor to inform you of his birth, which event took place day before yesterday. He and his mother are as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

—Question for actors: Can a man be said to work when he plays?