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### The Idiot Boy.

It had pleased God to form "poor Ned" a thing of idiotic mind,  
 Yet, to this poor, unreasoning lad,  
 God had not been unkind,  
 "Old Sarah" loved her helpless child,  
 Whom helplessness made dear,  
 And he was everything to her,  
 Who knew no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants,  
 She understood each half-articulate call;  
 And he was everything to her  
 And she to him was all,  
 Thus they loved for many a year,  
 Nor knew a wish beside;  
 Till age, at last, on Sarah came,  
 And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her;  
 He called her "o'er and o'er";  
 They told him she was dead—  
 The sound to him no import bore;  
 They laid her in the narrow house;  
 They sang the funeral stave;  
 But when the funeral train dispersed,  
 He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer,  
 When'er they saw "poor Ned,"  
 Now stood and watched him by the grave,  
 It is not a word they said,  
 They came, they went, and came again,  
 Till night at last came on;  
 And still he loitered by the grave  
 Till every one was gone.

And when he found himself alone,  
 He quick removed the clay;  
 He raised the coffin up in haste,  
 And bore it swift away.  
 And bore it to his mother's cot,  
 And placed it on the floor,  
 And, in his eagerness of joy,  
 He barred the cottage door.

He lifted out his mother's corpse  
 And placed it in her chair,  
 And then he heaped the hearth,  
 And blew the fire with care.  
 He placed his mother in her chair  
 And in her wonted place;  
 Again he blew the fire which shone  
 Reflected on her face.

And passing now her hand would feel,  
 And now he face behold;  
 "Mother, why you look so pale?  
 Say, why are you so cold?"  
 It had pleased God from this poor boy  
 His only he to call;  
 But soon again a welcome death  
 Restored to him his all.

### THE GOLD DUST ROBBERY.

On May 15, 1855, three boxes, containing gold, were taken to the Southeastern railway company's station at London bridge for the purpose of being conveyed to Paris. The boxes were bound with iron hoops or bars, and after having been weighed and sealed were placed, according to the usual practice, in iron safes. These safes were secured by Chubb's patent locks, duplicate keys of which were intrusted to confidential servants of the company at Folkestone, Boulogne and Paris. As a further precaution, the guard of the train usually took the safes into his own van, and was thus enabled to see to their safety during the journey. On the night in question, one Burgess, who had been fifteen years in the company's service, was the guard of the train, and in his van the iron safes were placed. On their arrival at Boulogne, the boxes were taken out of the safes and weighed, and the same process was again gone through at Paris. At the latter place it was ascertained that a considerable portion of the bullion had been abstracted from the boxes and a quantity of shot substituted for it, and of a comparison of the weight at different stages of the journey, it was found that the weights at Paris corresponded with those at Boulogne, but varied from those which were taken in London. From this it was evident that the robbery must have been committed between London and Boulogne, but further than this, the strictest investigation appeared to afford no clew to the discovery of the criminals. In fact, nearly two years elapsed before the mystery was cleared up, and so skillfully had the crime been planned and executed, that it even then became known only through dissensions among the thieves themselves.

In October, 1856, a person of the name of Agar was tried and convicted of uttering a forged check, and sentenced to transportation for life. At the time of his arrest he had in his possession a considerable sum of money, amounting to several thousand pounds, and he arranged with William Pierce, a retired wholesale grocer residing in an elegant villa at Kilburn, that the latter should take possession of all his property, with the understanding that a woman in whom Agar was interested, and by whom he had a child, should be provided for out of the proceeds. This Pierce did for some time, but eventually, when Agar had been convicted, neglected his promise, and thus allowed the woman and her child to be reduced to a state of the greatest distress. This fact coming to the knowledge of Agar, he came forward and made public the whole circumstances of the robbery. The story he told was a graphic one, and a forcible illustration of the fact that in the present age a greater amount of talent and capital is invested in the pursuit of crime as a profession than ever before.

The picture Agar drew of himself with his £3,000 in the three pig cents, and Pierce with his villa at Kilburn, both for a whole year running about in cabs, lodging at fashionable watering places and journeying up and down the South-eastern railway with first-class tickets,

was a view of criminal enterprise hardly to be looked for.

In consequence of his disclosures, on Jan. 12, 1857, William Pierce, Burgess the guard, and a traffic clerk named Tester, were placed at the bar, charged with stealing two hundred weight of gold, and Agar was called to the stand. He was a gentlemanly, well educated man of forty-one, who by his own acknowledgment had lived by crime since his thirtieth year. According to his own story he was neither enticed into wrong doing by the accidents of special temptation, or allured by the seductions of veteran offenders. That he might at one time have known what is possible, but he had evidently learned economy to some purpose, for, while in his last legitimate situation, he saved £500, which he carried with him when he left it. He frankly confessed that he had been more or less engaged in crime for sixteen years, but what was its particular or prevailing character was more than could be elicited on examination. He had "been in the United States, where he speculated a good deal;" had "discounted bills;" and had "received the proceeds of several forgeries." More remarkable even than the details of his grand coup is his plain acknowledgment that he was under no kind of pressure from anything like poverty or destitution. "At this time," he said, "I was not in want of money;" an avowal which he presently expanded and confirmed by the admission that he possessed no less a sum than £3,000. "The old proverb—'Ill-got, ill-spent'—did not hold good in his case, for it was all invested in government securities. In fact, as the judge, who presided at the trial, told the jury, he seems to have been called into the case because of his professional talents, in the same way as an eminent lawyer or physician might have been.

Pierce, who, before he became a grocer, had been in the employ of the company, first broached the subject to Agar before his visit to the United States, and he then deemed it impracticable. Upon his return, Pierce asked him if he had thought any more of the robbery. Agar said he believed it would be impracticable unless an impression of the keys could be procured. Pierce then said he thought he could get an impression if Agar would undertake the business. This he agreed to do, it being understood that two other persons, Burgess and Tester, were to be connected with the affair. About twelve months before the robbery Agar went down to Folkestone to reconnoiter. Tester was at that time station master at Margate, and at his house Agar stayed over night. Tester showed the expert an iron safe with a Chubb lock at Margate station, and asked if that would be of any service in making the keys. Agar explained that it would not, and Tester growled at the ill-luck which had caused the "job to be put up" so late. He was himself at one time in the Folkestone station, and could have got hold of the keys if needed.

Agar, however, did not despair. On his return to London he suggested that Pierce and himself should take the sea air for a time, engaging apartments at Folkestone. They could thus watch the trains in and out, and see how the keys of the bullion chest were to be got at. They accordingly took up their quarters, under assumed names, at a first-class house at Folkestone and stayed there a fortnight. Every day they went down to the harbor on the arrival of the tidal train from London, and of the Boulogne boat, and watched carefully to see what was done with the keys. This visit took place nearly a year before the robbery was accomplished. Owing to their presence at the station so often, the police took notice of them, and the inspector followed Pierce. He "took him through the town," got away, and returned to London. Agar returned a few days later. The trip had not been bootless; they had noticed the arrival and departure of the bullion chest and on one occasion saw it opened. It was placed on the platform, and a man named Sharman came and looked it with a key which was attached to a label from which another key was suspended. Agar saw Sharman take these into the station house. About eight or nine months before the robbery it was again arranged that he should go to Folkestone. Tester met him there, as if by chance, and introduced him to Sharman. The latter, however, turned out to be "a very sedate young man," and no information could be gleaned from him. The matter now rested for a while, and it seemed as if it must be abandoned, when Tester, who was then in the London office, wrote that one of the duplicate keys was lost, that the chest was going to Messrs. Chubb's to have the combination changed and new keys fitted, and that he was to take charge of the matter, and to receive the new keys from Chubb's. Pierce and Agar met him by appointment at a beer-shop in Tooley street; he brought the new key with him, Agar retired to a bedroom, took an impression of it, and returned it to Tester, who hurried around to the office, without exciting any suspicion by his delay.

This stroke of good luck encouraged the confederates, though it was but a single step gained. As only one key had been lost, only one lock had been overhauled (each safe had two), and the key of the other had never been in Tester's possession. It must be got hold of, and the way in which this was done is one of the boldest strokes the friends attempted. The man at Folkestone who had charge of the keys and his assistant used occasionally, on the arrival of the Boulogne boat, to leave the station house unoccupied some ten minutes. The lock of the building was a common

one, and with an ordinary assortment of skeleton keys they could not fail to open it in a moment. It was necessary, however, to first ascertain whereabouts in the station house the safe key was kept. Agar therefore went to Folkestone, and under the assumed name of Adam, took lodgings at the Pavilion Hotel. While there, Pierce forwarded him a box containing £800 in sovereigns (advanced by Agar for the purpose). On a Monday he called at the station, his box appeared on the way-bill, and one Chapman, then in charge of the office, took the key from a cupboard, opened the safe, and gave the sovereigns to Agar.

He now had all the information he required. He returned to London, and in company with Pierce went down to Dover by a train, arriving at midday. They walked over to Folkestone, reaching there before the boat came in. They walked about the harbor till she arrived, when Chapman and his assistant left the office for the pier. The confederates hurried to the door—fortune favored them—it was not even locked. While Pierce watched outside, Agar entered, hurriedly took an impression of the key, and they both left the office before the return of the station master. They hurried over to Dover, and back to London the same day.

Upon their return Agar had some blank keys made and began to file them down to the size of the impression he had taken. It was weary work. He commenced at Pierce's, but, having made up an old quarrel with his mistress, Fanny Kay, he hired a house at Cambridge Villas, and there finished his task. A new actor now made his appearance on the scene; Burgess was made acquainted with all that had been done. "It is a good job," said he, "and I will do my best to help you." The next step was to fit the keys to the locks of the bullion chest, and Agar made some seven or eight trips with Burgess in the van before he succeeded in so doing.

A year had now passed in constant preparation, and in order to secure a fitting reward for their toil and trouble the confederates determined to wait until at least twelve thousand pounds went down the line. The final arrangements were made. Pierce and Agar went to a shot tower beyond Hungerford suspension bridge and purchased 200 pounds of shot, which they carried to Cambridge Villas in eight-pound and four-pound check bags. These smaller bags were put in four courier bags, lined with red leather, which buckled high up around the body and were concealed by short capes. A small black leather bag, large enough to admit a ball of bullion of the standard size, was also provided for Tester, who was to go on to Redhill, there receive part of the gold, and convey it to London. Everything being in readiness for the robbery, Agar and Pierce met nightly at London bridge to watch for their opportunity. For a week there was no chance, but on the eighth day they heard from Tester that there was a large consignment soon to be sent down the line, though he could not ascertain the precise day.

The friends buckled on their courier bags, took two large bags—"dummies"—in each of which was a smaller one with a quantity of hay, and, firing a cab, drove in the evening to St. Thomas street. Agar got out and walked toward the station; Burgess came to the door and wiped his face. It was the preconcerted signal, and he and Pierce purchased their tickets and hurried to the train. The latter put his luggage in charge of Burgess and got into a first-class carriage, while Agar walked up and down the platform till the train started, then jumped unobserved into the van, where he crouched down in a corner, and Burgess threw his apron over him.

No sooner was the train fairly under way than the energetic Agar commenced operations. He opened one safe and took out a wooden box fastened with nails and iron bands and sealed. He provided himself with pincers, box-wood wedges, sealing wax and a taper. He quickly pried open the box, took out four gold bars, put one in Tester's bag and three in the carpetbags. He then filled it up with shot, fastened and sealed it. By this time the train had reached Redhill. Tester made his appearance. Burgess handed him his bag, and he started back to London. Agar then opened two other boxes, taking some American coin, some large bars, and several small ones, known as Californians. Having secured all that he thought he and Pierce could carry, he filled the boxes with shot, closed and sealed them, and returned them to the safes. The debris was swept up, and when the train reached Folkestone, Pierce and Agar buckled on their courier bags and took the valises out of Burgess' van. The safes were taken from the train at Folkestone, but the confederates remained on board till they reached Dover, where they put up at the Dover Castle Hotel. They entered the coffee-room and ordered supper. The waiter asked them if they wanted beds. "No," said Agar, "we go back to London by the two A. M. train." He then walked to the pier and threw all his tools into the sea.

After supper they walked to the railway, and on the porter asking to see their tickets they presented Ostend ones, which they had procured. In this they were somewhat overhauled, and nearly brought about their own detection, for the porter, surprised at the sight of the tickets and bags, said that no luggage had passed through the custom house that day, and he supposed that he ought to call the inspector. "No," said Agar, "we came yesterday," and he closed the porter's eyes by slipping

ping a sovereign into his hand, and they passed on to the cars.

On their way back they opened the large bags, took out the hay, and hid the bags behind the door of the waiting-room at one of the stations at which they stopped. The gold was then in the small carpet and courier bags. On reaching London they took a cab and ordered the driver to take them to the Great Western station, but before reaching that place explained that they had made a mistake and directed him to drive to Enston square. They got out at a public house and dismissed the cab, but Pierce, a few moments later, engaged another in which they were conveyed to the neighborhood of Crown Terrace. They here dismissed the second cab and took their bags into Pierce's house.

The American gold coin was sold the next day, but the rest of the plunder was in an inconvenient shape, and these indefatigable recalcers resolved to recast it. It was removed to Agar's house, and they set about building a furnace in the first floor, back. They took up some of the stones of the floor for that purpose, and replaced them with fire bricks. Fanny Kay was kept out of the room, but she testified that for days Agar and Pierce remained there at work; that she constantly heard a noise like the roaring of a furnace, and when they appeared at meals, they were hot and dirty. In removing one of the crucibles it broke, and the gold ran over the floor. Small particles of it adhered to the bricks, four of which were produced in court.

When they had melted the gold and run it into ingots, they commenced to sell it little by little, and this operation was going on when Agar was arrested for another offense. By this time the confederates had each received £700 in notes for gold sold, and there was a great deal not disposed of. It was all sold, however, before the trial, and the proceeds divided, except £2,300 in Turkish bonds. Before his arrest Agar had again quarreled with Fanny, and the treasure was removed from his house to a new and elegant villa which Pierce had purchased at Kilburn, and hidden in a hole dug in the floor of a pantry under the front steps. The police there found £600 in gold, £2,300 in Turkish bonds, £3,000 in government securities, besides bonds and mortgages, bank notes, and other securities to the amount of £15,000. Much of this was Agar's private property, left with Pierce to support Fanny Kay, and in regard to the embezzlement thereof Baron Martin, in sentencing the prisoner, said that he "would rather have been concerned in stealing the gold than in the robbery of that wretched woman and her child."

The prisoners were duly found guilty and sentenced, and then there arose the somewhat perplexing question as to what should be done with the recaptured plunder. A host of claimants struggled for its possession. The attorney general demanded it as a prerogative of the crown. The city of London insisted on a clause in its charter which gave it a title to the goods of all felons convicted in the city. The Southeastern railway advanced the theory that it was the proceeds of the property stolen from them, its nature changed, but its title undiverted. One Seward, who was counsel for the prisoners, set up a lien on it for his fees, while Mrs. Tester and Fanny Kay each claimed a share.

After an extended argument, the railway company was allowed to take whatever it could prove conclusively to be the direct fruits of the robbery of which it had been the victim. The residue was turned over to Sir Richard Mayne, chief commissioner of police, with the understanding that it should be applied to the support of Fanny Kay and her child.

**A Printer's Dream.**

A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare; and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept; and sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead; from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and not even a cow bell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cowhide sole. As he wandered among the shades, that smoke and scorch in lower shades, he shortly observed an iron door that creaking swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed with a red-hot bar, and satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke:

"Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though in life they may escape, they will find when they're dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them thin with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's a boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grindstone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm, while I roll them over and cook to a turn."

With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke, but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a shudder and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin, and never pay the printer.

If you want to diminish your weight, exercise; if you want to increase it, eat heartily and do nothing.

### AMONG THE DUNKERS.

**A Description of the Yearly Meeting of a Peculiar Sect.**

There are about 150,000 of the German Baptist, or Dunker Brethren, in the United States. Their religious faith is about the same as that of the stricter orthodox churches of the day, with certain peculiar Bible observances, certain exceedingly stiff notions of baptism and of Christian morality thrown in. They have a thoroughly well defined orthodox belief in the devil. When they baptize a convert they dip him under three separate times, face foremost. The baptism is the entrance to a new religious life, they say, and they do not wish to enter into a religious life backward.

A correspondent, who lately attended a yearly meeting of the Dunkers, says that as the spectator entered the church, the meeting house full of well fed people with square mouths, made a striking impression. Rows of snow white caps on the one side, and of long beards on the other, greeted the eye. The faces all looked kin to one another, so much alike was their expression. It was an expression of devoutness, of peace and of meekness. The sisters looked too meek, indeed, to me, far too meek. My soul instinctively rebels at the sight of a meek woman. It's a constitutional weakness and I can't help it. It did appear to me that if the Dunker sisters' faces had just been touched up with the least little bit more of get-up-and-fight in them, it would have improved them past description. It's a matter of taste, though.

The brethren always attend a yearly meeting. It is the custom to feed everybody that comes to these meetings, Dunker or outsider. Sometimes a whole beef is killed and all eaten up during a meeting. From the immense pyramids of loaves of bread and the innumerable toothsome looking pies visible, I should think the Dunker sisters would be glad this meeting only came once a year.

At five o'clock the brethren began the services of singing, preaching and Bible reading again. Just after nightfall the feet washing began. When all was ready the brethren brought the water in, and the procession of long bearded men carrying foot-tubs of water, one after another, looked not a little singular to me.

The sweet faced Dunker sisters whipped off their shoes with incredible rapidity, then one carried the little foot-tub and washed the sister's feet with her hands, kissed her, and went on the next. Just behind her came another sister with the towel tied about her waist. This second sister wiped the feet the other had just washed, also kissed the sister and passed on to the next. After these two had washed and wiped the feet of two or three, two more would take it up, and so they went on down the long rows. The dear old ladies kissed one another with infinite tenderness. Meantime, during both the feet washing and the supper following, there was no end of speaking and preaching by one elder after another, a steady flow of "good and wholesome discourse."

In much less time than one would think for, six hundred feet were washed, wiped and reinvested with their proper coverings. I tried to see which got through with the feet washing first, the brethren or the sisters, but I am bound to say they finished about the same time. The sisters got their shoes laced up quite as soon as the brethren could drag their boots on.

When the feet washing was ended, after appropriate singing, speaking and giving of thanks, the brethren and sisters ate the Lord's supper. It was already cooked in the basement below, and was arranged in this manner: The seats were so constructed that the backs could slide over upon the top and make tables, which were spread with white cloths. The brethren and sisters sat at different tables. To each member was given a steel knife and fork and tin cup and spoon. Pieces of bread were strung along upon the tablecloths, tin pans heaped with pieces of boiled beef were placed at intervals, and other tin pans, deep ones, were filled with beef soup and crumbled bread, and placed also along the table—one pan of soup to about four persons. The meal was eaten in silence, except for a little quiet whispering.

It is the universal Dunker fashion to take babies and children of all sizes to church. There is a continual galloping out and in doors of young ones, and in some places they have a cradle in church, to be handy. Fancy the thing! The yearly meetings are tough on the babies, and as nine r. M. drew on, and the poor things were still at Dunker meetings, miles away from their little beds, their sufferings became intolerable. First a twenty little thing started the tune, then an alto Dunker baby joined in, and after a little a sturdy bass baby set up a roar along with the others, till at times the thread of the good and wholesome discourse was quite lost. But the Dunkers, preachers and people, regarded it with the utmost composure, as they regard everything else. They are wonderfully self-controlled people, and their babies are very pretty.

Shortly after the communion the meeting closed. It was a quarter to ten o'clock. For five hours, lacking a quarter of an hour, we had sat in that close-packed church. But the good Dunker brethren could have kept on all night.

A writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," said: "Upon which the Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and fury, smothered her."

### THE ARREST OF TWEED.

**The Story Told by the Pilot of the Bay of Vigo.**

A correspondent on the Franklin tells the following story relative to the arrest of Tweed: As the Franklin came to anchor in the bay of Vigo she found herself beside a little bark which flew the merchant flag of Spain, but showed no name on quarter, stern or bow, but evidences of her name having been painted out. "This," said the Franklin's harbor pilot, "is the Carmon, the ship that fetched them two Americans what calls themselves 'Secor' and 'Hunt,' from Santiago de Cuba. This isn't their names at all. The big fellow's name with white hair and beard is 'Boss' Tweed, but they don't know the name of the little man with black hair, but they think it isn't Hunt. They was 'rested for beatin' a little 'Merican girl. They're both in jail in the castle now; but the one in the town there, but the big one you see 'way up there on top of the hill, over the town. Nobody is let speak to 'em, and nobody can see 'em but one old woman that takes up to 'em from the hotel what they gets to eat, and they lives mighty good too, for the hotel buys all the good things in town for 'em. That ship, the Carmon, was put in quarantine as soon as she come in, not 'cause she had sickness, but 'cause she had them two 'Mericans on board. Up yonder you see, 'way in the upper bay, where them ships is, up toward Ponteveda, that's the quarantine; and she was kept there a long time till them two men was took out of her. The governor himself, with his secretary and a guard, went aboard of her there in the quarantine. He had a picture of the big man that called himself 'Secor'; and though the old fellow had no coat on nor any shoes or stockings, and had his trousers and his sleeves rolled up and was scrubbin' the deck of the Carmon he knowed him right away; and he took the little picture out of his pocket and looked at it and then looked at the old man, and said: 'Mister Tweed, put on your coat and shoes, we want you to go with us, we are going ashore.' Then he told the soldiers to take him, and he went to talk a little with the captain, and he and the secretary got the luggage of both of 'em and sealed it up and gave it to the soldiers, and they took the two men and the luggage all ashore, and then the Carmon was let out of quarantine and come down here. There is two more men in town, one of 'em 'Merican, that tried to speak to the man when the soldiers was takin' 'em up to the castle, but they was not let. Them two men has been tryin' ever since to see 'em in the castle; but though they offers the soldiers plenty of money they can't get no chance, for the governor himself gave orders to let nobody see 'em or speak to 'em without a written permit havin' his seal.

"The old man," continued the pilot, evidently enjoying this rare opportunity of airing his knowledge of the English language, "offered the captain plenty of money if he would let 'em go ashore at night, for he said he was afraid of them other ships that had fevers and sick like, but the skippers wouldn't let 'em go. That captain must be mighty honest for he says this old man offered him a big pile of gold if he would run to some other port instead of coming to Vigo, but you can't tell if that isn't only a story made up by the captain to make believe he's very honest. Them two men on shore tried to bribe the quarantine officers to let 'em go aboard the Carmon, but they were afraid, jest as the soldiers at the castle is afraid, they would be shot dead; and they would, too, in a minute if anybody was to speak to them men."

**Not Very Expensive.**

Liverpool must be a cheap living place. A Liverpool restaurant keeper advertises this dinner, from twelve to four daily, for a shilling—about twenty-five cents:

"First course—Scotch mutton broth, spring soup.  
 "Second course—Roast beef, boiled mutton, roast pork and apple sauce, stewed beef, stewed tripe and onions, mince collops.  
 "Third course—Berlin pudding, rice pudding, apple pudding, sago pudding, fig pudding, stewed rhubarb and rice, apple tart, blanc mange, cheese."  
 Colton, San Bernardino valley, California, is another fine place to live in. The following is mentioned in an exchange as "a poor man's breakfast": "Tea, sweetened with pure, white, strained honey, thick cream, and bread, milk, eggs, Hubbard squash, ham, pomegranate, black Hamburg grapes, Flammé de Tokay grapes, green figs and peaches." And the cost of this breakfast for a man and his wife is fifteen cents.

**President of the Senate.**

A Washington letter says: The person who suggested that there was great anxiety to make Mr. Blaine president of the Senate, so that in case of trouble he could be President after the fourth of March, happened not to remember that Mr. Blaine's present term expires on the fourth of March, and that he is not yet elected to the next term, and that he would not, if made President of the Senate this winter, hold over into the next Congress, by reason of the expiration of his term with this Congress. Mr. Ferry is in the same situation, and after the counting of the vote, will be likely to resign as president, so that one of the Senators not retiring next March may be elected. Otherwise, there will be an interregnum in the office.