

The People's Press.

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Select Miscellany.

THE DEAN'S WATCH.

BY MR. EICKMANN-CHATRIAN.

The day before Christmas of 1852 my friend Wilfred, his double-bass slung over his shoulder, and I with my violin under my arm, were on our way from the Black Forest to Heidelberg. There had been an extraordinary fall of snow, and as far as we could see across the immense desert plain no trace of road or pathway was discernible. The north wind whistled its shrill ariette with monotonous persistence, and Wilfred, his long hair flying, strode wide apart, and the peak of his cap drawn down to his nose, went on before me, humming some joyous passage from "Ondine." Now and then he turned round and cried with a strange smile: "Comrade, play me the waltz from 'Robin.' I feel inclined to dance."

Willie, we were speaking the cries below were being continued. "Annette! Annette! are you coming down? Oh! the wretch, to leave me all alone!" The voices of the customers were also heard, demanding wine, beer, ham, and sausages. We were obliged to part, Annette hurried downstairs as she hurried up, and answered in her sweet voice: "Good gracious! good gracious, madame! What is the matter, that you call out for me like that? One might imagine the house was on fire at least."

"But why--what should we run away from? Have we committed any crime?" "Don't speak so loud--don't speak so loud," he cried. "Only that word crime, if anyone overheard it, might bring us to the gibbet. Poor devils like us would serve for examples to criminals; it would be quite enough if our watch were found here."

This house stripped from top to bottom, his barn set on fire, or something of the kind. The wretches there must be exterminated without mercy, if the country is to know any quiet and safety." "The whole town will go to see them hung," said Mother Greidel, "and I'll be the happiest day of my life. Do you know that but for over have Daniel's watch no trace of them would the watch have disappeared? Yesterday evening Daniel gave a description of it to the police, an hour afterwards Madoc claps his hand on the whole cover! Ha! ha! ha!"

AN OPINION FROM A NORTHERN VISITOR. We find the following letter from Col. Julian Allen in a late number of the N. Y. Herald. The Col. came South some weeks ago on a tour of observation and spent several days in this city, coming through the city of Washington.

THE ACAPULCA MASSACRE. RELIGIOUS FANATICISM IN MEXICO--OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE ATTEMPTED EXTERMINATION OF PROTESTANTS. WASHINGTON, April 16.--The Navy Department has received a communication from Captain Green, commanding the United States steamer Albatross, Acapulca, March 27, he having been ordered to inquire into the circumstances attending the death by violence of an American citizen.

"Annette! Annette! are you coming?" "I'm coming, madame! I'm coming!" cried the poor child, springing up in surprise. She gave me a little tap on the cheek and hurried to the door, but at the moment of going out she turned back and said: "I forgot to tell you that the watch is not called out on the stairs."

"What shall we do now?" said Wilfred. "The shortest course to take would be to set off at once back to the Black Forest."

"Why should we?" "I've no longer any inclination to play the double-bass--you can do as you like."

"The scoundrels!" cried one. "Thanks to heaven they are all captured! What a scourge for Heidelberg! One did not dare stir out into the streets after ten o'clock. Trade was beginning to suffer. But there's now an end of it, and in a fortnight's time all will be right again."

"These musicians from the Black Forest," cried another, "are nothing but a set of bandits! They get let into houses under pretence of playing music; they take notice of the locks, the coffers, the cupboards, the entrances, and then some morning we hear that Master So-and-so has had his throat cut in his bed--that his wife has been murdered, his children strangled,

Such a man as Grant, with his detestable airs and sullen disregard of every principle and practice of Republicanism, is not his worst sin, but his crime. The old salary of \$25,000 would be too much to pay him. But when we reckon up the dimes and dollars he annually costs the country (the loss by business derangement, depression and uncertainty no man can estimate, by no arithmetic is calculable), we are appalled and stand aghast at the paltry amount he receives. Truly ours is a long-suffering and merciful people, or else a passing stoical people, when figures like these do not raise each particular taxpayer. These figures are a list of the personal expenses of the occupant of the White House, which were authorized by Congress or allowed by law in 1874. Here is the list: Salary, \$52,000. Private Secretary, 3,500. Assistant Secretary, 2,500. Executive Clerk, 2,300. Steward, 2,000. Messenger, 1,200. Fireman, 854. Policeman, 1,320. Assistant Policeman, 1,320. Night Watchman, 900. Three Door-keepers--one for the night and two for the day--twelve hundred each. Incident Expenses, 6,000. Postage Stamps, 600. Repairs to the Executive Mansion, 20,000. New Furniture for White House, 10,000. For Fuel and Hot-houses, 5,000. For the Care of and Repairs in the Hot-houses, 5,000. For Leveling South of the Executive Mansion, 10,000. For Repairs to Pavement in front of White House, 1,500. For Repair of a dam in the Nursery Garden, 1,200. For Repair of Foundation of Executive Mansion, 3,000. Total, \$121,894.