THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Aug. 22, 1873.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY:
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SHERIFF:
HERMAN BAUMER, Conemaugh Boro'.

TREASURER:
A. D. CRISTE, Munster Township.

COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD GLASS, Ebensburg.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
ANSELM WEAKLAND, Chest Twp.

CORONER:
R. H. SINGER, Johnstown.

AUDITOR:
H. B. FREIDHOFF, Conemaugh Borough.

JURY COMMISSIONER:
HENRY TOPPER, Adams Twp.

THE "Addition, Division and Silence" Convention, says the Clearfield *Republican*, forgot to mention the Credit Mobilier fraud, by which a ring of rascals robbed the Treasury of forty-four millions of dollars. The wickedest fraud of all passed in silence is indeed ominous of guilt.

HON. WILLIAM M. MEREDITH died in Philadelphia last Sunday, aged 77 years. At the time of his death he was President of the Constitutional Convention. He was a member of the Reform Convention which framed the Constitution of 1838, and in March, 1849, became Secretary of the Treasury under President Taylor, but resigned his office in 1850 when Vice President Fillmore succeeded to the Presidency. During the war he was Attorney General under the administration of Governor Curtin. As a lawyer he stood in the very foremost rank of the profession—as a citizen his character was pure and without blemish.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S recent interview with a correspondent of the *World*, at a late crisis in his politics now past, in which he gave free tongue to some remarkable expressions that would go to show him almost as much a disciple of the French philosopher Comte as a servant of the German Emperor William, is repudiated by the North German *Gazette*, which, like most Continental journals, say what it is told to say. Prince Bismark alone is competent to deny the fidelity of his reporter, which he has not done, and will not do, though any other man is quite as competent as the Prince to impeach his discretion. Meanwhile, says the *World*, we shall look under the bed for those Jesuits to whom the North German *Gazette* charitably attributes the reported interview.

THE only *two* members of Congress from this State, both of whom are Radicals, who have returned the back-pay steal into the Treasury, are John Scott, one of the Senators, and Washington Townsend, who represents the Chester district. The rest, without a single exception, have all made sure of their booty. It is a dark and disgraceful record, and one that is not pleasant to contemplate. Democrats and Radicals, all are passengers on the same piratical craft. When, therefore, the Democratic State Convention assembles at Wilkesbarre on Wednesday next, it will have to look elsewhere for a Chairman of the State Committee than to the roll of Democratic Congressmen, including Samuel J. Randall, from the extreme east, to William McClellard, from the extreme west. Let no salary-grabber dare apply, or if he does, let summary justice be administered.

THE Democratic convention of Columbia county recently met at Bloomsburg and re-nominated C. B. Brockway *for Assembly. Better things* were expected from the Democrats of old Columbia, the home of Charles R. Buckalew, who, not being in any way responsible for Brockway's legislative sins, we trust had no agency in his political resurrection. It is probable that Pete Herdie's money was at the bottom of this re-nomination, which was not fit to have been made. If the Democrats of Columbia and the Democrats of the *third* Philadelphia district will persist in keeping Brockway and his counterpart, Sam Josephs, in the Legislature, it is high time to cease all further Democratic denunciation of the radicals for sending men to Harrisburg who wear the same "Ring" uniform as these two recreant Democrats and are owned and controlled by the same master.

ABOUT three years ago, says the Pittsburgh *Post*, that ring of money-grubs called the syndicate, undertook to loan to the United States the sum of one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, for the purpose of paying off maturing loans. Instead of paying the money when they received the bonds of the government, the Secretary received their checks as money, and not only paid them their commission for the negotiation of the loan, but actually paid them three months interest before they had paid in one solitary dollar of the money. Now Mr. Richardson, Mr. Boutwell's successor, has improved upon Mr. B.'s violation of the law of Congress, and has allowed the syndicate five months interest on fifty millions which were not paid into the Treasury. This is part and parcel of that magnificent system of financiering of which we hear such high flown eulogies in the pensioned presses of Grant, and which calls forth such magniloquent praise in the resolutions of Radical conventions. To plain people it looks very much like an unauthorized robbery of the public treasure for the benefit of a few favorites of the administration.

The Last Disgrace.

We are not in the midst of a hot campaign, and as there is no reason for attacking private character or retailing political scandal or sea-side gossip, so there is no excuse for suppressing the truth when its publication is needed, and no pretext for attributing it to partisanship or prejudice. Distinguished public men, representatives and senators in congress, have had the effrontery to stand up in congress and before their constituents and undertake to defend as shameless a breach of public trust as ever was thrust in the face of a decent people, and instead of a hot outburst of indignant denunciation, there has been only a sort of sick-at-the-stomach turning away from the low-flung self-seeking gang—rascalities have been developed in all departments of the government that should keep our prisons more than full, were justice done—legislation has been bought and sold, and corporations have in the most deliberate and unblushing manner bought seats in the senate for their retained attorneys—the legislature has become a market place, and the polls an arena for violence or bribery—and we settle down to our lower standards of morality, our debasing tendencies and constantly deteriorating moral sense with complacent calmness as if to the natural and inevitable.

How far shall we let this numbness of perception, this utter deadness to all sense of shame, carry us? Granted that in the fierceness of our money getting passion we may put conscience out of court entirely, and sacrifice everything to the main chance.—Shall we stop at that? Or are we to have sitting at our hearths as household gods all shames and crimes? The last great scandal, touched lightly by the press but bruited everywhere now, is not of avarice and greed, but of intemperance and lust. Open, public, brazen, flaunted in the faces of decent wives and mothers, and of pure daughters and sisters; a shame, foul-fronted, sickening, beastly. The sensual sot, of brilliant intellect but vile associations and depraved habits, who so lately set himself and paramour on public exhibition in this city and at Long Branch—between him and the presidency of the United States are but two lives, and one of them of frailest tenure. Is the nation drunken that it sees this large disgrace paraded under its very eyes, and takes into its nostrils the stench of the offense, and makes no sign of nausea? Has dead and buried decency no resurrection? Who and where is the clear thinking statesman—no, not statesman, common man—every day man—hard-fisted, rough and ready, but honest way down, true to wife and family and his own manhood, who will roll away the stone from the sepulchre of public virtue? The time calls out for him. The country waits his coming. A nation bowed down with the shame brought on it by its trusted servants, with its face in the dust, prays in its anguish for some convulsion that shall rend the heavens and purify the air.

And the United States senate—what is *its* duty? Has it any self-respect left?

The foregoing seathing article is taken from a late number of the New York *Tribune*. Although no man's name is mentioned, its allusions are sufficiently pointed to indicate the object of its wrath. His name is MATTHEW H. CARPENTER, a Radical United States Senator from Wisconsin, who was elected President *pro tem* of the Senate just previous to the close of the last session. He is a married man, but, from newspaper accounts, seems to have contracted more than a Platonic love for another woman, and has been *sloshing* around with her at New York, Long Branch, and other public places. When Thaddeus Stevens, a most competent judge, was in Congress, and on more than one occasion found himself utterly powerless to secure the attendance of his political friends in the House when a test vote was to be taken, he said that a Congressman in these latter days was a man who had a wife at home and a woman in Washington—or a wife at Washington and a woman at home.

Although Matt Carpenter, as he is called, is not a "Christian statesman," like Harlan, Pomeroy, and Colfax, he yet sits in the front pew of the Radical synagogue. He is a man of brilliant parts, addicted somewhat to the Elijah Pogram style of oratory, and has rendered himself famous, or infamous, or perhaps both, by making public speeches in his own State in defence of the salary grab. In his case at least there would seem to be but one step from the infamy of the back pay steal to the still lower depth of open, unblushing conjugal infidelity. And yet this man Carpenter—one of the foremost representatives of the "God and morality" party—will go back to Washington at the next session, his offence against public morals will be condoned by a Radical Senate, and, if Vice President Wilson is unable to take his seat, will preside over the deliberations of that once august and dignified body. Such is the rapid and fearful decline of public virtue in this progressive and demoralized country. What will be its end? Rome was once a republic, but she fell through the vices and corruptions of her rulers and her public men. Can we, in view of the present state of affairs, hope to escape a like fate?

THE terms of the following United State Senators expire on the 4th of March, 1875: Eugene Casserly, Democrat, California; William A. Buckingham, Republican, Connecticut; Thomas F. Bayard, Democrat, Delaware; Abijah Gilbert, Republican, Florida; Daniel D. Pratt, Republican, Indiana; Hannibal Hamlin, Republican, Maine; Charles Samuels, Republican, Massachusetts; Wm. T. Hamilton, Democrat, Maryland; Zachariah Chandler, Republican, Michigan; Alexander Ramsey, Republican, Minnesota; Albert Ames, Republican, Mississippi; Carl Schurz, Republican, Missouri; Thomas W. Tipton, Republican, Nebraska; William M. Stuart, Republican, Nevada; John P. Stockton, Democrat, New Jersey; Reuben E. Fenton, Republican, New York; Allen G. Thurman, Democrat, Ohio; John Scott, Republican, Pennsylvania; William Sprague, Republican, Rhode Island; William G. Brownlow, Republican, Tennessee; Joseph W. Flanagan, Republican, Texas; Geo. F. Edmunds, Republican, Vermont; Arthur I. Boreman, Republican, West Virginia; Matthew H. Carpenter, Republican, Wisconsin.

AN intimation comes from Washington that the President has determined to appoint Associate Justice Swayne to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, made vacant by the death of Mr. Chase.

One of Mann's Resolutions.

The name of William B. Mann is synonimous with everything that is vile, fraudulent and corrupt in the politics of Philadelphia. He is the head and front of the infamous Ring that has for years held undisputed sway over the municipal affairs of that misgoverned and plundered city, and which, if not broken up and destroyed, will soon plunge her into hopeless bankruptcy. To him is Philadelphia indebted for the atrocious registry law, which disfranchises her honest citizens and enables him and his co-laborers in ballot-box stuffing, and other kindred frauds, to maintain their political ascendancy and crush out the fair expression of the popular will. Without this engine of fraud, both Mann and his corrupt gang would soon disappear from public view and their occupation would be gone. As often as an effort has been made in the Legislature to alter or modify this obnoxious law, he has appeared on the scene, marshalled his forces, issued his orders to the Ring, and, as a result, the law remains unchanged and the infamy is perpetuated. In his present office of District Attorney, he has been repeatedly charged with dereliction of duty, and only a few months ago, the mayor of Philadelphia publicly asserted that under his (Mann's) administration of office the law against gambling was a dead letter on the statute book.

At the late Radical State Convention he was appointed chairman to report a platform. In a convention which had been packed by Simon Cameron and Robert W. Mackey, it was eminently proper that the notorious William B. Mann should be put forward to denounce "corruption," champion "honest economy and political purity in all official administrations," and with sublime impudence insist "that none but good men secure party appointments or nominations." How well he did his work will be seen from the following, which is the tenth in the series of resolutions:

That we heartily denounce corruption wherever found, and are sincerely desirous for honest economy and political purity in all official administrations. To secure this is the duty of every citizen, and to this end every good man should feel bound, not only to participate in politics, but to labor actively to see that none but good men secure party appointments or nominations.

This was enough to make even the immaculate Robert W. Mackey blush, and if Simon Cameron had been there, as he was not, but was away down in Maine with Grant, Babcock, *et id omne genus*, even *he* would have been penetrated with a deep and profound sense of his own "political purity," and the members of the convention, filled with burning ardor for their chief would, have been astonished at their own moderation, and would have fallen down and worshipped at the footstool of this radical Gamalid. In view of the past history of radicalism, and looking straight in the face of the present, the people are asked to confide in these hollow lip professions of honesty and economy. If they do they will once more find that "they have been made to the ear, only to be broken to the hope."

RISING TO EXPLAIN.—Two more Congressmen have been attempting a defense of the back pay swindle, and, as a matter of course, have not succeeded. Mr. Niblack, of Indiana, was convinced that his constituents would criticise his action, but he wanted the money pretty badly, and so he drew it. He believes a more radical course than simply restoring the money to the Treasury is needed, and he is willing, therefore, to aid in securing a repeal of the law, so that there may be a general restitution. His constituents are not satisfied with this explanation, doubtless thinking that if Mr. Niblack is in earnest he would give better proof of it by returning the money at once and striving for a repeal of the law afterward. The other Congressman who has explained is Mr. L. D. Campbell, of Ohio, who says he left a sick bed to vote against the bill, and that, although he is badly in need of money, he has not drawn his part of the grab. Moreover, he intends to keep control of it until he has been shown that some other person has a better claim to it than he has, assuring his friends that he shall act finally so as to preserve his honesty and integrity.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The funds realized from this source are to be employed in the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the same. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundredth birth-day of the nation. The shares of stock are offered for $10 each, and subscribers will receive a handsomely steel engraved Certificate of Stock, suitable for framing and preservation as a national memorial.

Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum will be paid on all payments of Centennial Stock from date of payment to January, 1, 1876.

Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or postoffice order to the undersigned.

FRED. FRALEY, Treasurer,
904 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

—A terrible accident occurred on Saturday night near Lemont, on the Chicago and Alton Railroad An incoming freight train collided with the south bound express passenger train, almost entirely wrecking the latter, and killing eleven persons outright and fearfully injuring some thirty-one others, many of whom, it is said, will die. The cars took fire and many of the injured were badly burned, while others were scalded by hot water from the locomotives. Although Lemont is only twenty miles south of Chicago, the accident was not known there, except by railroad officials, until Sunday noon, and then only to parties who happened to ascertain that surgeons had been sent for to go to the wrecked train. It is alleged the accident was caused by the inattention of a conductor, who was running out of time. When he saw the result of his carelessness he fled, and has not since been seen. If a few of his kind were severely dealt with it might have a good effect upon the others, and possibly result in fewer accidents.

Horrible Outrages in an Orphan Asylum.

The Dubuque *Herald* of last Tuesday morning publishes a long account of what it characterizes as the most horrible crime that has come to light in northern Iowa in years. It says rumors of it came to hand last week, but they were of so shocking a nature that it declined to publish them, though well authenticated, until it sent a special reporter to the scene, who instituted a personal investigation into the facts. The result it now publishes:

At Andrew, the capital of Jackson county, twenty-five miles south of this city, is a private orphan asylum, established in 1864, for the reception and care of orphans and destitute children not over twelve years of age, to give them a Christian home until they are of age. It has been under the charge of the Lutherans, and its head officer, or warden, was Rev. J. M. Schueller, a German, who came to this country about eighteen years ago. At the legislative session of 1872 Schueller obtained an appropriation of three hundred dollars in aid of his institute. He has always stood high and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the entire community. About five years ago his wife died, and it seems that not long after that event he commenced a systematic course of seduction of little girls under his charge. The first victim, so far as known, was a little girl twelve or fourteen years of age, who had been driven to the asylum by the unhappy domestic relations of her parents. For a cause not assigned by Schneller she was turned out of the institution and taken to live with some very respectable people in the country, near Andrew, to whom she related her story. The people she lived with expressed indignation, and made considerable talk against Schneller in Andrew. But the citizens generally maintained that a man of his high morality was innocent of such a thing, and no attention was paid to it. Delia is now living with her parents in Des Moines. This was about four years ago.

The *Herald* then mentioned another case with great particularity, similar in character. The horrible and final denouement came about three weeks ago: One of the girls, named Bertha Nellis, fifteen years of age, went to the matron and said she wanted to leave the asylum, but refused to assign any reason. On being closely pressed and threatened with punishment if she did not give her reason, she finally confessed that it was on account of Mr. Schneller's conduct towards the girls. She then related the particulars of how he had seduced several of the little girls, and had made various attempts upon her, but had been so far unsuccessful. The matron promised to inquire into the matter, but the warden was that day absent. On his return the matron called upon him and asked for her pay, as she proposed to leave. On asking her reason she frankly told him what she had heard. He was dumb for a moment, but finally recovering, confessed all, and promised if she would stay to take care of the children he would himself leave. By her advice he went at once to Galena, sought an interview with Rev. Mr. Klintwood, a minister at that place, and President of the asylum directory, and to him confessed all. This gentleman was horrified at the revelations, and demanded that Schueller should at once resign and leave. This he did, and Rev. Mr. Rembold, of Belleyne, one of the directory, took charge of the institution.

Schueller left Andrew at four o'clock on Monday morning a week ago, in company with his daughter, direct for New York, and thence to Europe, and he is probably on the ocean at this time. The victims of Schueller, as far as can be ascertained at present, are six little girls, ranging from eight to fourteen years of age.

Schueller is a man of fine personal appearance, of scarcely medium height, heavy built, and dark complexion, with glossy black hair, flowing beard, rivaling the raven's wing in hue, and clean shaven upper lip, a nose rather approaching the aquiline, and sharp, laughing black eyes. He is a man of unusual educational acquirements and great natural ability. What will be the final result is not known, but all regret that Schueller has escaped the clutches of the law.

FEATS OF A SOMNAMBULIST.—The queer freaks of a sleeping man in St. Louis are thus related by the *Times*: "A conductor of street cars, named Leslie, boards at a house nearly opposite the offices of the car company. The house is about sixty feet front, three stories high, and Leslie's room is in the top story. Adjoining the building is one of a lower altitude, the roof of which is about six feet below Leslie's window. East of this are the car stables. Between eleven and twelve o'clock one night Leslie was seen, in his night dress, cutting up all sorts of queer pranks on the roof of his boarding house. He was here throwing a series of flip-flaps, dancing backward and forward, and gesticulating in the strangest possible manner. He then walked down to the eaves of the roof, where he seated himself, with his legs dangling over the street. Jumping up, he marched along the edge of the roof to the western parapet wall, which is only a brick thick, up which he walked to the chimney, which he mounted and passed round it. Coming down from this perilous perch he walked over the roof, stopping by the way to go through the manual of arms, till he reached the eastern parapet, from which he jumped down on the roof of the low building. Here he indulged in a little tight-rope practice, walking along the wire of the fire-alarm telegraph, divesting himself of his shirt while in this queer position and throwing it down on the roof, the crowd meanwhile being in breathless suspense at the danger in which the poor fellow was. He then jumped back on the roof, resumed his shirt, threw a first rate summersault, and climbed up to the roof ridge of the house. These sort of evolutions were continued without any apparent fatigue or thought of danger for some time. He then jumped down on to the stable roof, some four or five feet lower, and marched up and down the front wall of the building, some hundred feet in length, going through the manual exercises the while in the most perfect manner.

He returned by the course he had come, climbing the bare wall at the east end of the middle building without any apparent difficulty, and making a clean leap of several feet through his window into his bedroom. A number of the officers of the car company went into his room immediately, where they found Leslie lying on his bed evidently fast asleep, though with staring, wide open eyes. After some difficulty he was awakened from his stupor, but was unable to give any reason for his strange antics, being evidently unconscous that anything unusual had occurred. His attention was called to his blackened hands and bleeding feet, but he could not give an idea as to how they came in that condition. Altogether it is one of the most extraordinary cases of somnambulism on record, and well worthy the attention of the scientific. His fellow employes say that he has on several former occasions been caught while on similar sleep walking excursions, but never before has he indulged in such a remarkable series of gymnastic feats."

—A son of Mrs. O'Leary, the lady whose cow once upon a time caused so much trouble in Chicago, is now in jail in that city for stealing old iron.

A Wonderful Clock.

THE INGENUITY OF A POOR GERMAN PENNSYLVANIA MINER—A CLOCK THAT IS A MARVEL OF MECHANISM.

A Shamokin, Pa., correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: Karl Ketter, a poor German miner of the Excelsior Colliery, which is situated within a few miles of this borough, has exhibited a clock here, during the past week, of a most remarkable character. He had been three years constructing it—the first two years at intervals of time, and the last year he worked at it day and night, scarcely taking time enough to eat and sleep. He became almost a

MONOMANIAC

on the subject. The clock was in his mind during his waking hours and in his dreams at night. He occupied a small wooden shanty where he worked, slept, and cooked his food. Whatever sleeping and cooking he did, however, was but little. It is tho't he would have nearly starved but for the kindly interest which his neighbors took in him and his clock. They took him food and encouraged him in his labors.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MARVEL.

The clock, which was made with no other tools than two common jackknives, is eight feet high and four feet broad. Its frame is of the gothic style of architecture. It has sixteen sides and is surmounted by a globe, on the top of which is attached a small gilded cross. On the front of the clock there are four dial plates; one shows the day of the week, another shows the day of the month, another the minutes and fractions of a minute, and the other the hour of the day. These dials are carved in a most unique manner, having emblematic figures upon them and around them of almost every imaginable description.—Above the dial plates is a semi-circle gallery, extending around about half the width of the frame-work of the clock. Immediately in front, in the center of this semi-circular gallery, is the carved wooden figure of

OUR SAVIOUR.

At the ends of the gallery, on either side, there is a small door, opening into the body of the clock, as you stand facing it, is an eagle. Over the door, on the left hand side, is a chicken cock. Twice a day, that is, at 12.05 in the day and at 12.05 at night, a sweet chime of bells begin to play, the small door on the right hand side opens, and the small wooden figures, admirably carved, of the twelve Apostles, appear and walk out slowly and gravely in procession, Peter in the lead. Advancing along the gallery until they get opposite the figure of Jesus, each in turn, except Judas, slowly turns round and bows his head to the Master, then recovers his former position; as Peter does this the cock crows. They continue to advance to the other side of the gallery and enter the small door on the left. As Judas (who is in the rear), with his right hand shielding his face, and his left hand clasping the bag which is supposed to contain the thirty pieces of silver, comes in full view of the cock, the cock crows again. By a simple arrangement this procession can be made to come out and pass around the gallery at any time desired. On pedestals at the extreme corners of the front of the clock, are carved wooden statues of

MOSES AND ELIAS.

In the rear are two obelisks of the Egyptian style, upon which are carved hieroglyphic characters to represent the ancient period of the world's history. The clock will run thirty-two hours without winding. Mr. Ketter, who is a native of Friebiurg, in Baden, is very proud of his workmanship. He can scarcely bear to be away from it long enough to eat his meals. He has been offered ten thousand dollars for it by a party from New York, but he refused it.

Mr. Ketter says he has often heard of the celebrated clock in Strasburg, Germany, but he never saw it, and has no knowledge of how it was constructed, neither has he ever had instructions in mechanics of any kind.

His purpose is to exhibit it for a few months in this country, and then take it with him to Germany.

The Old Man's Wagon.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, writing from Hamburg, Pa., tells the following story:

Here in this quiet little village of Hamburg stands a great, heavy farm wagon, loaded with lumber, under an old dilapidated shed; and this same wagon, with its load, has been standing there sixty-one years this summer.

John Bailey, the man who owns the wagon, is now about ninety-eight years of age, and has lived here nearly all his life. He is a quiet and unassuming person, who bears his years well, and is known all over this section as one of the most eccentric men in the State.

This morning I was shown the great four-wheeled curiosity standing under the shed. My guide was an old and reliable citizen of the place. The shed stands very near the house, and is situated about the centre of the town. Inside of the shed stood the wagon, loaded with pine boards, just as it had been left in 1812. The sight was anything but inviting. Cobwebs and dust hung heavy from the board sides and roof of the old shed, and the despoiling hand of time had wrought ruin upon the entire surroundings. The wheels had warped and the iron tires had fallen down, and as they dropped so they remain now. The heavy spokes of the wheels stick in the ground fully six inches, and it is thought they will rot in a very short time and thus throw the entire mass to the ground.

I turned to the gentleman with me, and asked him the facts concerning such a remarkable curiosity. He replied: I am almost seventy years old, and was about nine years of age when Bailey made his vow. I remember quite well when he was building the old house there (pointing to the present residence of Mr. Bailey), for I carried water to the men.

In those days we had no railroads, and express and mail lines went to large cities by horse and wagon. Most of our building material was bought at Philadelphia and carted to this place by horse and wagon. Bailey was a young man then, but a hard-working, independent, self-willed person. His house was nearly finished, and the last load of lumber had been brought from the sea coast.

Bailey was not married, but was looking with longing eyes to a bright and blushing woman whom he had visited or courted but three times, and had obtained what he thought was sufficient encouragement that all was right. But there was a rival in the case. Another young man's affections drifted to the same spot, and upon several occasions lover No. 2 had been very kindly received and entertained, and there grew up a jealousy. Lover No. 1 commenced building a house. Likewise No. 2. Both proceeded in the work until a load of pine boards for finishing purposes were needed. Lover No. 1 had a wagon, and as the only place the boards were to be had was at Philadelphia, Bailey proceeded thither, got what he wanted and returned. Lover No. 2 being on speaking terms with the parents of the girl, married the object of his love in the absence of lover No. 1, who was mortified beyond measure. He drove his wagon under the shed, as was customary, unharnessed his horses, put them away, and as he left the wagon he declared it should stand as long as time lasts on into eternity.

Bailey married another woman soon after his first trouble, and she died six years ago, aged eighty years. They have several children, who seem determined to carry out the desires of the old man. They declare that when the property passes into their hands the father's will shall be respected; and, as Hamburg never will be much more than it is now, it is quite likely that the old wagon and its load will either outlive time or meet the fate of the "wonderful one-horse shay."

News and Political Items.

—Sunbury boasts a natural curiosity in the shape of a chicken with its wings put on wrong side up.

—Rev. Leonard H. Bushnell, a Methodist preacher at Lanesboro, Pa, was crushed to death the other day, by a tree, which fell across his body while he was asleep in the woods.

—Elijah Newton resides in Claremont county, Ohio, and is 110 years old. It is said that he once refused to exchange forty yards of Kentucky jean for the lot on which the Cincinnati postoffice now stands.

—A happy couple in Iowa, having been twice married and twice divorced, are now doing their courting for the third time; and the parson and the lawyer hope they'll be steady customers for many years to come.

—Peter Kessler, the mule-stealer, who was imprisoned in Jefferson City, Missouri, has been hanged by a mob, and the Sheriff who had him in charge has been mortally and two others very seriously wounded.

—Last week a pig was born on Henry Brendle's farm, near Greencastle, that was double until it reached the neck, where the two bodies formed a junction and terminated with one head. It lived but a short time after seeing the light.

—It transpires, says a Washington dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican*, that the patentee of the new cigar-box which it is proposed to force upon the trade is a brother-in-law of the commissioner of internal revenue, Douglass. Which tends still further to show that ours is not so much a government of law as of brother-in-law.

—The balloon of Professors Wise and Donaldson, in which they are to cross the Atlantic in sixty hours, will be nearly ready for inflation at the close of the present week, and the start will be made between the 1st and 10th of September. We cannot say when or where the landing will be made—perhaps in mid-ocean.

—A few days ago on the farm of Wm. Seidel, in Greenwich township, Berks co., a crow ventured near a stream of water where he was caught and killed by a snapping turtle. The cries of the crow were heard by a number of laborers in the field, who hastened to the spot and observed the unusual occurence.

—A special dispatch from Tioval Spring, Linn county, Kansas, says a horrible murder was perpetrated near that place on Sunday night last. A man named Keller killed his wife, her sister, and two children, piled their bodies up on the floor, covered them with straw, and then set fire to the heap. He was arrested next day and there was strong talk of lynching him.

—Recently, in California, Pike county, Ohio, Reuben C. Rogers and Mrs. Caroline Littlejohn were united in marriage. He is 82 years of age, and his bride 61—their united ages, therefore, are one hundred and forty-three years. He was out in the war of 1812, and draws a pension from the government for his services. The bride is his third wife and he is her fourth husband.

—A horrible murder was commited in Harrisburg last Sunday night, at 12 o'clock, at the corner of Short and South streets. Two negroes, named Jones and Williams, got into an altercation as to who was the better man. Jones drew a bowie-knife and stabbed Williams several times in the stomach. Williams lived but a few minutes. The murderer has been arrested and committed.

—A type of Radical Republicanism. A Senator and a harlot, displayed, in imitation of princely state, with coach and four and liveried lackeys, before the gaze of the world, holding a levee at Long Branch, while crawling creatures in human form endeavor to invest the humiliating spectacle with a halo of respectability. The depravity of Atheus' declining days without its genius. Pericles' brain and Aspasia's wit.

—The N. Y. Herald reiterates the statement that the names of sixty-one custom house officials, whose conduct should have been investigated, have been sent to Washington and says there is a disposition to sacrifice lesser officials, to save the magnates. Statements made by men in high position at the Custom House have tended to throw all the blame upon inspectors of wharves. This has been done to save themselves and for nothing else.

—The Treasurer of the United States has made the following ruling, which it will be well for administrators to take notice of: In order that administrators may collect interest in the name of the decedent, they must send, with power of attorney authorizing an attorney to receipt for and receive the interest, a certified copy of the letters of administration. The letter will be filed in the office of the Register of the Treasury, and will answer if any time the administrator should wish to sell or assign the stock.

—A bit of romance, a Vermont paper says, crops out at Shaftsbury, in that State, in the marriage of Nathaniel Olin, an old man of seventy years, to a woman who, years ago, had been the bride of his youth, but from whom he had been divorced. During the long interval Olin has lived in Ohio, and had two other wives, by one of whom he had a large number of children. But the first wife seems to have cherished a tender feeling toward him through all these long years, and remained single and loyal; and on a visit of Olin to his old home last week the two met, the old flame revived, and the happy panacea of marriage was the satisfactory denouement.

—A new witness in the Tichborne case turns up at Springfield, Ill. He was the real Sir Roger's riding teacher and daily companion when Sir Roger, then a young man, was stationed with his regiment at Cahir Barracks, Ireland, and feels sure he can tell whether the claimant is what he pretends to be. His name is John Crowley, and he is a well-known veterinary surgeon of Springfield, and is vouched for as a man of high character and intelligence. Should Mr. Whalley, the English member of Parliament who is now in New York collecting funds and testimony, really want it settled whether or not his client is Sir Roger Tichborne, let him take Mr. Crowley back to London with him.

—An attempt to fire the town of Tidioute, was fortunately discovered on Friday, and the man supposed to have originated the scheme is in custody. A number of boxes filled with straw and saturated with oil and alcohol had been placed under the barber shop of Mr. Wenk, and a considerable quantity of alcohol was scattered about. A careful inquiry revealed that a man had been offered $300 to fire the inflamable material. Suspician was thrown upon Mr. Wenk and he was taken into custody at Warren, where he had gone previous to the discovery of the dangerous articles. After an examination on the charge he was remanded to Warren for trial. Much excitement exists in the town over the discovery of the scheme.

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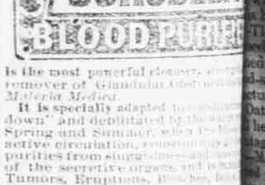

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