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The Advertiser:
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Miscellaneous.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It was near the close of a sultry day in August that I drew up my tired horse before the door of the Black Bear—where entertainment was to be obtained for man and beast as the laboriously creaking sign voluntarily informed the passer-by.

Having seen Plato well cared for, and in clean stall, I sauntered into the bar-room, and, having nothing better to do, sat down to listen to the conversation of the half dozen loungers there congregated.

I looked over the books on the table, but they were all dry essays on agriculture and cookery, and I let them pass. I was young then, just twenty-three, and was travelling solely to pass away the time of my summer vacation (was then a member of the Law School), and from the love of adventure.

As yet, however, very little in the way of adventure had befallen me.—Life had gone on rather monotonously; and I had strayed away here into the backwoods of Maine in the forlorn hope that I might meet with something strikingly out of the usual way.

Evidently, my entrance had interrupted the conversation of the gentlemen; for there followed a pause, broken at last, by all military-looking men in rough coat and topboots.

"There was a daughter, wasn't there, landlord?" he asked.

"Yes," replied that individual, so shortly that I scrutinized him more closely than I had before done. The scrutiny threw little light on his character. His physiognomy was perfectly unreadable. He might, or might not, be a bad man. He was short, thick-set, with a red face, bushy eye-brows, and a coldly-glittering steel blue eye.

"Well, it was a startling affair for this one-horse place," continued he of the top-boots, removing his cigar.—"It happened four years ago, you say, and the daughter has not been heard of since? Strange!"

"Yes, it will be four years come next Christmas," said a white-haired old man who had not before spoken. "A terrible night, sir; freezing cold, and the snow falling so thick it would bury a man's head in it. I was with old Roger Hampton and his wife were murdered; and from that day to this, no human eye, so far as we know, has ever looked on Margaret Hampton."

"What do you think became of her, Granger?" asked one of the men addressing the old man.

"I think? I know not what to think. It was extremely reported that she dealt the death-wounds, and then fled to save herself from suspicion; but I believe nothing of the kind. I remember her as a lovely and affectionate girl, and of that murder she is pure as the angels in heaven."

"Of what were you speaking, gentlemen, if I may inquire?" I asked drawing up to the table where they were sitting.

The circle courteously widened to admit me; people always like to tell what they know, if properly requested to do so.

"We were talking over a tragedy that occurred near here, some four years ago, in an old mansion known as 'Hampton's Death,'" replied he of the top-boots.—"Mr. Hampton and his wife were murdered; and their only daughter, Margaret, a girl of eighteen, or thereabouts,—has never been seen since."

"Indeed," I said, "but that is very singular! Who resides at 'Hampton's Death' now?"

"Bless you, young man," cried the landlord, "you couldn't hire anybody to enter the doors of a sunny day; and as for living there—why the place is haunted; and one foolish young fellow who went there to pass the night, on a wager, lost his reason before morning. He's been wandering ever since, but no one knows what he saw there."

"Humph! And so the place is a ruin?"

"Getting to be, sir. You can just see it from the window there."

"He pointed out, and I saw at the distance of half a mile, perhaps, the chimneys of a large house, clearly defined against the red sunset sky."

"Did Mr. Hampton possess any property?" I asked.

"It was generally supposed that he had a large sum of gold by him," said the landlord; "but nothing was proved after the murder. There were some thousands of dollars worth of real estate."

"And who was the heir of that?"

"My wife, sir," said the landlord.—"She was the next of kin after Margaret—the niece of Mr. Hampton.—But the old house and its immediate grounds are a dead weight on our hands; we could not give them away."

I made a few more inquiries, and then the conversation turned to other topics; and soon afterward supper was announced. At the supper-table I saw the landlady—a tall, handsome woman in the prime of life, with a bold black eye, and an air of arrogance particularly insufferable in one by duty bound to be respectfully entertaining.

I was shown to my room soon after supper; an airy apartment exactly

over the bar-room. My curiosity was aroused.

The story I heard about "Hampton's Death" was romantic enough to excite the interest of almost any young man of three and twenty, and perhaps I had a full share of romance in my composition.

I threw up the west window, and looked out. The evening was beautiful. There was a slight breeze blowing, and the pale moon had just risen.

The gray old front of Hampton's Death was distinctly visible, looming gloomily from a mass of evergreens; it was a singular feature in that backwoods landscape, this old mansion, built in a rude though not inelegant style of architecture. I fell to speculating about it. The man who had planned that building was superior to his neighbors. He had both taste and love, of the beautiful.—There was a pleasing harmony between the stone gables of the house, and the dark pine forest stretching away for miles behind it. But this distant view did not satisfy me. I wanted to see the inside, to tread the long closed chambers, and stand, perhaps, in the very spot where, on that boisterous Christmas night, two souls had been so suddenly launched into Eternity.

But I did not care to have those below know of my foolhardiness, as the landlord would probably tell it. I would wait till they were all in bed. I sat there quietly, listening to the melancholy voice of a whip-poor-will, away off in the copse-wood, the stillness growing around me, and even the light breeze folding its wings and sinking to sleep in the leaves.

All was quiet; the house was wrapped in slumber. I examined my pistols, put on fresh caps, and then softly let myself down to the ground by means of the strong tendrils of a grape-vine that had climbed up to my window. It was only a little walk to the old ruin—not more than half a mile across the fields, to the dilapidated board fence that separated the grounds from the adjacent lots. I sprang over into the lonesome garden, now choked with rank weeds and grass, and stood in the shadow of the pile of buildings.

Very massive and gloomy it looked, with its weather-stained walls and high, narrow windows gleaming white in the cold moonlight. The quaint gables and carved dormer windows shed a black shade over the front; the path to the hall door was obstructed with wild vines and brambles, and very threshold.

Everything about the place was dead and silent as a tomb. No wonder people said it was haunted, with that old tale of crime and death hanging around it.

I tried the door, but it was fast. So were the windows. I went around to the back part, but it was closely secured. I pried off a cornice with my knife after some difficulty, and by that means removed a window sash, leaving the aperture free.

Looking in, I saw a large apartment, evidently the kitchen. Everything had been left just as it was before the curse had fallen: the tin pans still gleamed on the dresser, and the kettle still sat on the deserted hearth.

I sprang in, and passed to the interior of the building, a dark corridor, to what must have been a parlor. Part of the furniture still remained; the green carpet was gray with dust, and the chairs and sofas had put on the sackcloth of mould and moth.

A bat flapped against the window as I entered, escaping through a broken pane; and somewhere not far distant I heard the shrill scream of the night-hawk. A distant door slammed to in the draught of air I had admitted, all striking with startling distinctness on the dead air of that unhappy place. But I was not frightened; it was all very novel and delightful to me. If I could only see the ghost, I thought, I should have something to tell my grandchildren.

From thence I passed through two smaller rooms to a large hall, in the middle of which rose a broad staircase. This I ascended, the long usual stairs creaking weirdly beneath my tread, as if astonished at their unwonted burden. A door at the head of the landing stood slightly ajar. I pushed it open and entered a long, narrow chamber, dimly lit up by the moonlight struggling through the dusky glass. One glance showed me that "this was the ghostly chamber."

There were dark red stains on the counterpane of the bed, and near the centre of the floor the delicate carpet was discolored with what had once been a pool of blood.

Here, then, the deed was committed. If these silent walls could speak what a tale of violence and crime they would reveal! While I stood there thinking how once the death-shrieks of that hapless old man and his wife had resounded through the room, wondering where the guilty murderer was hiding—wondering what tragic fate had overtaken the fair Margaret, I heard the faint sound of a human footstep. I listened intently. It was repeated. No; there was no mistake.

I looked at my pistols once more, to make sure that all was right. I felt to meet flesh and blood, those trusty weapons might prove my best friend, if only ghosts, I might save myself the trouble of trusting to gunpowder.

There was a door on the opposite side of the chamber leading through several rooms to a second hall, smaller than the first, and from this hall

ing, probably, to the attic. I hurried through, and paused at the foot of these stairs.—I could hear the step very distinctly now; it seemed to be almost over my head—soft, light, and hurried, pacing back and forth.

I even thought I could distinguish the slight rustling of garments; and as I stood breathless, a low moan stole to my ear—so thrilling low that I felt the rosy blood around my heart shrink and grow cold.

"Clinton Barlow are you coward?" I said to myself, and the bare insinuation was enough to send me forward. I went up the stairs, two at a bound, but was stopped by a strong oak door. I tried to break it down, but it resisted all my efforts. I went back to one of the chambers, below, and wrenched off the great post of a mahogany bedstead, and returning, used this as a sort of battering-ram. No mere wooden door could long withstand such an attack as I made; and that one, and ere long I had the satisfaction of seeing it fall inward.

I leaped over the ruins into the apartment thus opened before me, but it was bare and unfinished. Not a thing, animate or inanimate, to disturb the ghostly desolation.

I glanced quickly over the walls in search of some secret passage, and in the farther corner, I perceived a slide fastened with massive bolts on the outside. I drew back the bars, and paused a moment before I sought to penetrate the mysteries that door concealed. My heart beat so loudly I could hear it, but I laid my hand thereon and found it beat calm and strong.

A vague, nameless something thrilled through my soul as I stood there. It seemed to me as if I were about to enter on a new and sweeter existence. The hand of Destiny itself was upon me.

I opened the door slowly and stood on the threshold. What did I see? The moon was shining brightly into the chamber, flooding every remote corner with its silvery brilliance. I could distinguish everything with the greatest minuteness.

In the centre of the room stood a slight spectral in its slenderness, with a face white as marble, and masses of black hair flowing down over sable garments. The shadowy hands were locked together; the great, wild, dark eyes were fixed upon my face with an expression of terror and wonder.

I advanced to the side of the phantom form. Whether it was ghost or living woman, I knew not; but I had overheard, addressed me.

"Who are you?" "Why are you here?"

"Why am I here, depends on circumstances."

I paused, for I was uncertain whether I was speaking to the flesh or the spirit.

"Oh!" she cried, springing toward me and taking my hand in both of hers, so soft and warm, "only say that you have come to take me away from here! Only release me and I will be your slave forever!"

The suspicion that had all along been forming in my mind, broke out in the abrupt question—

"Are you Margaret Hampton?"

"Years ago I was called so."

"Good God! and where have you been since—since that Christmas night?"

"Here, always. Oh, sir, if you knew the half I have suffered, you would take me away! Help me, help me, lifting her in my arms and bearing her down over the stairs to life and freedom, once more. It was the happiest moment of my existence when I stood with her on the greenward in front of Hampton's Death, with the silver rain of the obstructed moonlight falling over us.

She shivered at the touch of the night air. How very long it had been since she had felt the free, fresh air. I took off my coat and buttoned it around her, placing her in the shadow of a tall fir tree; that she might have the support of its rugged trunk.

"You will not be afraid to stay here while I get my horse?" I asked.

"Where is it?"

"At Carl Jansen's hotel."

I thought she shuddered at the name—my suspicions were fast taking a tangible form.

"Yes, I will stay—but, oh! you will not desert me?"

"Desert you! May God smite me dead if I think of it!" I exclaimed, and flew off over the fields to the hostelry. I was young and enthusiastic then. My plan was all formed.—Pluto was strong and willing, he could carry us both easily, and I got on his back, feeling for the noble fellow an affection strong as that of a man for his brother. He needed no urging; he seemed wild to get away from the vicinity of the Black Bear; and it was hardly five minutes before I had Margaret Hampton up before me. With one hand I guided the horse, the other arm held the slight form to my side—I was afraid I should lose her if I did not hold her fast.

Half an hour's brisk gallop brought us to the little village of Lowridge, and soon after I had the landlord of the Globe House out of bed, and very much at my service.

I took Margaret into the parlor, and made her tell me her story in as few words as possible. The landlord was a magistrate, and took down her statement. Two hours, afterwards I was on my way to the Black Bear, with four constables, and a warrant for the arrest of Carl Jansen on the charge of murder.

We entered the tavern without cere-

mony, and took the guilty wretch in bed by the side of his equally guilty wife.

He was lodged in the county jail, and the next afternoon a judicial examination took place. Margaret's testimony was amply sufficient to convict him, and he was taken back to the place of his confinement to await his trial at a higher court.

Three days afterwards he was found dead in his cell. He had died from the effects of poison brought him by his wife; and the same day she too was seized with a fatal illness, that in five hours ended her life. Justice was frustrated, of its dues.

Jansen left a written confession in full. He confessed upon all the horrible particulars with fiendish minuteness; and long and eloquently on the skill with which he avoided detection.

It was as expected.

Mrs. Jansen being the next heir after Margaret to the Hampton wealth the wretched couple had formed the plan of murdering the whole family, in order to secure the property. A night when all the servants were away at a Christmas festival was selected, and the deed was done; only Jansen could not find it in his heart to sacrifice Margaret. There was a tender spot in the villain's nature, after all. Long ago, in his early manhood, he had loved a woman of whose face Margaret's was the counterpart. This woman had died, in her young girlhood, in her lover's arms, and for the sake of that tender memory, the girl, who resembled her, was spared. But she had been kept a close prisoner, every one believed her dead, and she was, to all intents and purposes, Jansen had carried her food at stated intervals; and encouraged the prevailing belief that the old house was haunted, to the best of his ability. The young man who had gone there to pass the night had been frightened by some diabolical contrivance of Jansen's; and I only escaped a similar fate by keeping my intention of going there a secret.

I took Margaret back once to my mother in Boston, and then, as the associations of her early home were so painful to her, I sold out the property, and placed the proceeds to her credit. When I gave the certificates of stock into her hands, I said—

"There, Margaret, the old life is buried. Now you can begin the new. She did not reply, but sat there in the mellow sunshine, her beautiful face troubled, her beautiful eyes cast down.

"You will go to society, and be a great belle, Margaret, and be married to a rich man, and be happy." She said, softly; "I no wish to be a belle, Clinton."

"What would you be, if you could, Margaret?"

She lifted her sweet face to mine. I caught her to my breast, and held her in my arms.

"Would you be my wife, Margaret?"

"And she answered—

"Yes."

So she was—so she is now, and has been these many happy years; God bless her! And every day my heart is full of eloquent gratitude to an inscrutable Providence, for sending me, in a fit of romantic curiosity, to spend a night at Hampton's Death."

And whereas the said bill was presented to the President of the United States for his approval less than one hour before the sine die adjournment of said session and was not signed by him—

If that is accurate, still this bill was presented with other bills which were signed.

Within that hour, the time for the sine die adjournment was three times postponed by the votes of both Houses; and the least intimation of a desire for more time by the President to consider this bill would have secured a further postponement.

Yet the Committee sent to ascertain if the President had any further communication for the House of Representatives reported that he had none; and the friends of the bill, who had anxiously waited on him to ascertain his fate, had already been informed that the President had resolved not to sign it.

The time of presentation, therefore, had nothing to do with his failure to approve it.

The bill had been discussed and considered for more than a month in the House of Representatives, which it passed on the 4th of May; it was reported to the Senate on the 27th of May without material amendment, and passed the Senate absolutely as it came from the House on the 2d of July.

Ignorance of its contents is out of the question.

Indeed, at his request, a draft of a bill substantially the same in all material points, and identical in the points objected to by the proclamation, had been laid before him for his consideration in the winter of 1862—63.

There is, therefore, no reason to suppose the provisions of the bill took the President by surprise.

On the contrary, we have reason to believe them to have been so well known that this method of preventing the bill from becoming a law without the constitutional responsibility of a veto, had been resolved on long before the bill passed the Senate.

We are informed by gentlemen entitled to entire confidence, that before the 22d of June, in N. Orleans, it was stated by a member of Gen. Banks' staff, in the presence of other gentlemen in official position, that Senator Doolittle had written a letter to the department that the House reconstruction bill would be stayed off in the Senate to a period too late in the session to require the President to veto it in order to defeat it, and that Mr. Lincoln would retain the bill, if necessary, and thereby defeat it.

The experience of Senator Wade, in his various efforts to get the bill passed in the Senate, was quite dictated by letters received from New Orleans before it had passed the Senate.

Had the proclamation stopped there, it would have been only one other defeat of the will of the people by an executive perversion of the Constitution.

But it goes further. The President says:

And whereas the said bill contains, among other things, a plan for restoring the States in rebellion to their proper practical relation in the Union which plan expresses the sense of Congress upon that subject, and which plan it is now thought fit to lay before the people for their consideration—

By what authority of the Constitution, in what forms, and by whom? With what effect when ascertained?

Is it to be a law by the approval of the people without the approval of Congress, at the will of the President?

Will the President, on his opinion of the popular approval, execute it as law?

Or is this merely a device to avoid the serious responsibility of defeating a law on which so many hearts repose for security?

But the reasons now assigned for not approving the bill are full of ominous significance.

The President proceeds:

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known, that, while I am (as I was in December last, when by proclamation I proclaimed approval of this bill, to be indelibly committed to any signal plan of restoration—

That is to say, the President is resolved that the people shall not by law take any securities from the rebel States against a renewal of the rebellion before restoring their power to govern us.

His wisdom and prudence are to be our sufficient guarantees!

And, while I am unprepared to declare that the Free State Constitution and Government already adopted and installed in Arkansas and Louisiana shall be set aside and held for naught thereby repelling and discouraging the loyal citizens who have set up the same as to further effort—

That is to say, the President persists in recognizing those shadows of Governments in Arkansas and Louisiana, which Congress formally declared should not be recognized—whose Representatives and Senators were expelled by formal votes of both Houses of Congress—which it was declared formally should have no electoral vote for President and Vice President.

They are the mere creatures of his will. They cannot live a day without his support. They are mere oligarchies, imposed on the people by military orders under the forms of election, at which generals, provost-marshal, soldiers and camp-followers were the chief actors, assisted by a handful of resident citizens, and urged on to premature action by private letters from the President.

In neither Louisiana nor Arkansas, before Banks' defeat, did the United States control half the territory or half the population. In Louisiana,

General Bank's proclamation candidly declared: "The fundamental law of the State is Martial Law."

On that foundation of freedom he erected what the President calls "the free Constitution and Government of Louisiana."

But of this State whose fundamental law was martial law, only sixteen parishes out of forty-eight parishes were held by the United States; and in five of the sixteen we held only our camps.

The eleven parishes we substantially held had 133,185 inhabitants, the residue of the State not held by us, 578,617.

At the farce called the election, the officers of Gen. Banks returned that 11,346 ballots were cast; but whether any or by whom the people of the United States have no legal assurance; but it is probable that 4,000 were cast by soldiers or employees of the United States—military or municipal; but none according to any law, State or National, and 7,000 ballots represent the State of Louisiana.

Such is the free Constitution and Government of Louisiana; and like it is that of Arkansas. Nothing but the failure of a military expedition deprived us of a like one in the swamps of Florida; and before the Presidential election, like ones may be organized in every rebel State where the United States have a camp.

The President, by preventing this bill from becoming a law, holds the electoral votes of the rebel States at the dictation of his personal ambition.

If those votes turn the balance in his favor, it is to be supposed that his competitor, defeated by such means, will acquiesce?

If the rebel majority assert their supremacy in those States, and send votes which elect an enemy of the Government, will we not repel his claims?

And is not that civil war for the Presidency, inaugurated by the votes of rebel States?

Seriously impressed by these dangers, Congress, "the proper Constitutional authority," formally declared that there are no State Governments in the rebel States, and provided for their erection at a proper time; and both the Senate and House of Representatives rejected the Senators and Representatives chosen under the authority of what the President calls the free Constitution and Government of Arkansas.

The President's proclamation "holds for naught" this judgment, and discards the authority of the Supreme Court, and strides headlong "to execute the laws of the United States to be chosen in either of those States a sinister light will be cast on the motives which induced the President to 'hold for naught' the will of Congress rather than his Government in Louisiana and Arkansas.

The judgment of Congress which the President defies was an exercise of an authority exclusively vested in Congress by the Constitution to determine what is the established Government in a State, and in its own nature and by the highest judicial authority binding on all other departments of the Government.

The Supreme Court has formally declared that under the fourth section of the fifth article of the Constitution requiring the United States to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, "it rests with Congress to decide what government is to be established in a State; and when Senators and Representatives of a State are admitted into the councils of the Union, the authority of the Government under which they are appointed, as well as its republican character, is recognised by the proper constitutional authority, and its decision is binding on every department of the Government and could not be questioned in a judicial tribunal. It is true that the contest in this case did not last long enough to bring this matter to this issue; and as no Senators or Representatives were elected under the authority of the Government of which Mr. Dorr was the head, Congress was not called upon to decide the controversy.—Yet the right to decide is placed there."

Even the President's proclamation of the 8th of December, formally declares that "Whether members are sent to Congress from any State shall be admitted to seats, constitutionally rests exclusively with the respective Houses, and not to any extent with the Executive."

And that is not the less true because wholly inconsistent with the President's assumption in that proclamation of a right to institute and recognize State Governments in the rebel States, nor because the President is unable to perceive that his recognition is a nullity if it be not conclusive on Congress.

Under the Constitution the right to Senators and Representatives is inseparable from a State Government.

If there be a State Government, the right is absolute.

If there be no State Government, there can be no Senators or Representatives chosen.

The Two Houses of Congress are expressly declared to be the sole judges of their own members.

When, therefore, Senators and Representatives are admitted, the State Government, under whose authority they were chosen, is conclusively established; when they are rejected its existence is as conclusively rejected and denied; and to this judgment the President is bound to submit.

The President proceeds to express

his unwillingness "to declare a constitutional competency in Congress to abolish slavery in States" as another reason for not signing the bill.

But the bill nowhere proposes to abolish slavery in the States.

The bill did provide that all slaves in the rebel States should be manumitted.

But as the President had already signed three bills, manumitting several classes of slaves in States, it is not conceived possible that he entertained any scruples touching that provision of the bill respecting which he is silent.

He had already himself assumed a right by proclamation to free much the large number of slaves in the rebel States, under the authority given him by Congress to use military power to suppress the rebellion; and it is quite inconceivable that the President should think Congress could vest in him a discretion it could not exercise itself.

It is the more unintelligible from the fact that, except in respect to a small part of Virginia and Louisiana the bill covered only what the proclamation covered—added a Congressional title and judicial remedies by law to the disputed title under the proclamation, and perfected the work the President professed to be so anxious to accomplish.

Slavery as an institution can be abolished only by a change of the Constitution of the United States or of the law of the State; and this is the principle of the bill.

It required the new Constitution of the State to provide for that prohibition, and the President, in the face of his own proclamation, does not venture to object to insisting on that provision—yet he defeated the only provision imposing it!

But when he describes himself, in spite of this great blow at emancipation, as "sincerely hoping and expecting that a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery throughout the nation may be adopted," we curiously inquire on what his expectations rest, after the vote of the House of Representatives at the recent session, and in the face of the political complexion of more than enough of the States to prevent the possibility of its adoption within any reasonable time; and why he did not indulge his sincere hopes with so large an installment of the blessing as his approval of the bill would have secured.

After this assignment of his reason for preventing the bill from becoming a law, the President proceeds to declare his purpose to execute it as a law, "to execute the laws of the United States to be chosen in either of those States a sinister light will be cast on the motives which induced the President to 'hold for naught' the will of Congress rather than his Government in Louisiana and Arkansas.

The judgment of Congress which the President defies was an exercise of an authority exclusively vested in Congress by the Constitution to determine what is the established Government in a State, and in its own nature and by the highest judicial authority binding on all other departments of the Government.

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POLITICAL.

An Important Paper.

PROTEST OF LEADING REPUBLICANS AGAINST DICTATORIAL USURPATIONS!

A GAUSTIC REBUKE!

Senator Wade, of Ohio, read Representative Davis, of Maryland, held up Lincoln's usurpation of Power to the Reprobation and Scorn of the Freedom of the United States.

TO THE SUPPORTERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

We have read without surprise, but not without indignation, the proclamation of the President of the 8th of July, 1864.

The supporters of the Administration are responsible to the country for its conduct; and it is their right and duty to check the encroachments of the Executive on the authority of Congress, and to require it to confine itself to its proper sphere.

It is impossible to pass in silence this proclamation, without neglecting that duty; and, having taken as much responsibility as any others in supporting the Administration, we are not disposed to fail in the other duty of asserting the rights of Congress.

The President did not sign the bill "to guarantee to certain States whose Governments have been usurped a republican form of Government," passed by the supporters of his administration in both Houses of Congress after mature deliberation.

The bill did not, therefore, become a law, and it is, therefore, nothing. The proclamation is neither an approval nor a veto of the bill; it is, therefore, a document unknown to the laws and Constitution of the United States.

So far as it contains an apology for not signing the bill, it is a political manifesto against the friends of the Government.

So far as it proposes to execute the bill which is not a law, it is a grave violation of the Constitution.

It is fitting that the facts necessary to enable the friends of the Administration to appreciate the apology and the usurpation be spread before them.

The proclamation says:

Executive Mansion, Washington, March 15, 1864.

His Excellency, Michael Hahn, Governor of Louisiana.

Until further orders you are hereby invested with the powers exercised hitherto by the Military Governor of Louisiana.

Yours, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This Michael Hahn is no officer of the United States; the President without law, without the advice and consent of the Senate; by a private note not even countersigned by the Secretary of State, makes him dictator of Louisiana.

The bill provided for the civil Administration of the laws of the State—till it should be in a fit temper to govern itself—repelling all laws recognizing slavery, and making all men equal before the law.

These beneficent provisions the President has annulled. People will die, and marry, and transfer property, and buy and sell—and these acts of civil life courts and officers of the law are necessary. Congress legislated for these necessary things, and the President deprives them of the protection of law.

The President's purpose to instruct his Military Governors "to proceed according to the bill"—a makeshift to calm the disappointment its defeat has occasioned—is not merely a grave usurpation but a transparent delusion.

He cannot "proceed according to the bill" after preventing it from becoming a law.

Whatever is done will be at his will and pleasure, by persons responsible to no law, and more interested to secure the interests and execute will of the President than of the people and the will of Congress is to be "held of