The Lancaster Daily Intelligencer.

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JOHN WANAMAKER.

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The Greatest Reduction ever made in FINE WOOLENS for GENTS' WEAR at

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Fine Tailoring Establishment.

A Large Assortment of Genuine

English & Scotch Suiting,

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Suiting and Overcoating,

Reduced in the same proportion. All goods warranted as represented.

The above reduction will for cash only, and for the next

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HEAVY WEIGHT CLOTHING,

—CONSISTING OF—

Overcoats, Suits, &c.,

—FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND YOUTHS.

ODDS AND ENDS OF CLOTHING IN COATS, PANTS AND VESTS, BELOW COST.

Call early to secure the best bargains.

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Watches and Clocks,

—OF—

ALL GRADES AND PRICES.

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WE HAVE JUST OPENED A FINE LINE

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Orders taken for Fine Mirrors.

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A Large Lot of FRUIT, ORANGES, LEMONS, &c. New Large

VIRGINIA PEANUTS

on hand. A large stock of Pure Confections, all of which will be sold to Merchants and Hucksters at the lowest market rates. Try

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Mail Orders promptly attended to. [2153md

Lancaster Intelligencer.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 22, 1881.

CONQUEST OF TEXAS.

The Famous Characters Who Met on the Mexican Border in 1834.

FATE OF FIFTY GAMBLERS.

A Remarkable Story Concerning the Rescue of Vicksburg from Cut-Throats.

J. H. Greene in Philadelphia Times.

Texas at the time of which I write—the summer of 1834—was an almost unknown land to the great mass of Americans, and it was regarded as an Eldorado. Marvelous stories of its mineral wealth—gold and silver mines—were current everywhere and were listened to with avidity by all, but more especially in the southern states. Arkansas at that time was the far West, and to that state, lying on the border of Texas and affording the easiest entrance to the promised land, had gravitated a class of the most reckless and daring adventurers of which American history has any record. The majority were self-exiled from civilization for one crime or another. All of them were gamblers of more or less proficiency; most of them were thieves of high or low degree; many of them were murderers of considerable experience. They were to be found at Fort Gibson, at Fort Smith and Fort Towson, at the mouth of the Kiemitea river, and their other headquarters were at the settlements of Pecan Point, on Horse Prarie, at Alexander and at Natchitoches on the Louisiana side of the river. Kentucky and Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia all had contributed their quota of the lawless element, and at the time of which I speak there were none of these states without more or less distinguished representatives in that wild community.

Among these were James and Reason Bowie—the first the inventor of the Bowie knife and latter his brother. Then the Rector brothers, Elias and Wharton, were another conspicuous pair. These four men were not gamblers—that is, not as we generally understand the word. In the matter of cards and dice they were amateurs, not professionals. In another sense they were and played for the highest stakes. Let me state here frankly that at the time of which I speak I was a gambler—a professional gambler. This admission will explain a good many points that might otherwise be difficult to the reader. Moving in a higher scale these men had little in common with the class to which I then belonged, and on our part at that time we regarded them with considerable respect. They had wealth, station, a name and power and influence and were the ruling spirits in their sphere. They had just surveyed and named at the time the two counties of Chittenden and Severe, on the south side of the river. Now to complete the party there was a Dr. Bennett. He was a gambler, was known as such, and made no secret, but rather a boast, of the fact. About this time we were on the borders of the territory of the Creeks, Choctaws and Cherokees, and with them were hundreds of men whom I had met in Huntsville, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans and other places—men whom I had known to be obliged to fly between darkness and dawn for their crimes and to whom daylight meant death. These renegades constituted no inconsiderable part of the border population at the time, and their sole occupation apparently was gambling and drinking, fighting and horse racing, in all of which sciences they could fairly claim to rank as professors. But there were other men on the border at the time who went in for higher game.

During the latter part of the years 1833-34 a new class of men began to make their appearance in this part of the country, and were mainly to be found making the Choctaw nation and the Arkansas settlements their headquarters. These were federal office-holders and politicians of a higher grade. Among these men nearly every state in the South had its representative. Kentucky had Flournois, Notley and Thompson; John Bowie, from Tennessee, settled at Helena, Arkansas, and became noted as a successful land speculator; Littlebury Hawkins, a land agent, who was Bowie's secret partner, and who a couple of years later became a defaulter in a large amount. Hawkins I may dismiss in a paragraph. He subsequently fled into Texas and was there murdered. John Bowie continued his headquarters in Helena. He had some appointment under the Van Buren administration and many strangers who looked like gentlemen were continually going and coming to his place. The general impression was that they were government officials. Those in the secret knew better. John was, of course, a grade above James and Reason Bowie, who were supposed to be mere nigger speculators, and who apparently turned up in Helena about this time along with a man of whom all the Southwest had then heard—Dr. Bennett, a noted gambler of Mississippi in early days, but who also lived near Shreveport and who died there in 1856, during the cholera that raged at the time. The arrival of the Bowies caused something of a sensation. Bennett's reputation was well known and James Bowie had recently "won his spurs" by killing a man at Natchez with a weapon of his own invention and which the grateful community promptly recognized as an invention of wonderful value. To testify their appreciation of the gifted genius to whose intellect it was due they called this invention the Bowie knife.

In all the stories that I ever heard Bowie tell he never boasted of his personal prowess or bragged of his victims. Yet at this time he was known to have killed eight or ten men. The time of which I now write was in the summer of 1834, and for a time I lost sight of the redoubtable Bowie. In the latter part of the year which was uneventful save for the coming and going of mysterious strangers, whispers began to be heard of the contemplated expedition against Mexico. A party of men came from Tennessee and remained during the winter in Little Rock, doing nothing apparently but spending money freely and causing brisk times in the numerous gambling saloons with which the town abounded. In the spring of 1835, however, the Tennessee colony was augmented by the arrival of another party, many of them men of considerable notoriety. Two of them were celebrities whom I saw for the first time. They were Sam Houston and Colonel Davy Crockett. Crockett was there in daily conclave with the leaders of the wild and rather ungovernable mob that has assembled and made no secret of the fact that he held a federal appointment signed by President Jackson. At this time I began to know a little more of the project on foot, and from what I then learned I confidently believe that the whole scheme of territorial aggrandizement was planned by General Jackson himself. Here is where I first saw Sam Houston. I lost sight of him until the invasion of the Mexican territory was an accomplished fact.

Houston was a man who cared little for the amenities of society, and while he was in Little Rock an incident occurred that gave me an insight into at least one of the characteristics of the man, his utter contempt for the conventionalities of life. With a party of other young men, all enthusiastic admirers of the great leader, we had arranged to call on him at the hotel. It was one of the hottest days of a summer the heat of which was a subject of constant conversation. Houston was stopping at the hotel. The party having arrived and the announcement made that we were waiting to pay our respects to General Houston we were told to wait for a moment.

Almost immediately afterwards the landlord himself appeared, and with a rather curious smile on his face said: "Walk up, gentlemen; you will find Gen. Houston waiting to receive you on the piazza in state." Like all Southern buildings of any pretensions at the time a broad piazza ran entirely around the house at the second story. We ascended the stairs and entered the piazza. Houston was in state, sure enough. He sat in a corner of the piazza in the shade, lolling back on one chair, while his feet were on another, and he was stark naked, his only protection being a newspaper, which he had been apparently reading but a moment before. The papers then were not the size of the *Times* to-day. He was half drunk and in a savage mood and this is the way in which General Sam Houston received the gentleman who kindly offered to introduce our delegation, Col. Davy Crockett. The interview was a short and unsatisfactory one.

All this excitement in Little Rock consequent upon the arrival of hundreds of daring adventurers could not be long without producing its natural result, especially as the object was no longer a secret. "We are all going to Texas," was the constant cry, and it became evident to the leaders that their followers could not be much longer restrained. The necessity for concentrating all the available force for active service became imminent. Men sworn in the cause were in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee awaiting the orders to start and the signal that they were summoned for the desperate venture. These men, many of them the lowest cut-throat gamblers and thieves, had been in their season of enforced inactivity inaugurating, in the several sections where they were, something for a reign of terror. No man's life was safe, and the freebeters, for they were nothing else, were everywhere engaged in a regular carnival of crime. Murders were of daily occurrence; scarcely a week passed that Judge Lynch was not called upon to supplant the work of the courts; such things as stabbing and shooting affrays, where death did not immediately follow, were of so common occurrence as to excite no particular comment. Affairs were in this state when business called me from Little Rock to Vicksburg, Miss. Here public feeling ran high, and among the respectable classes of the community there was a stern determination to put an end to the rule of gamblers, who had for months been running things their own way.

It is because I was in Vicksburg when the events which I am about describe occurred that I am able to give the exact facts of what was the most exciting epoch in the history of that city up to the war. This occurrence, I believe, has never been described—at least I have never seen it—and it furnishes perhaps better than anything else an idea of the state of society as it existed in that period in the wild Southwest. On the Fourth of July, 1835, there was a grand celebration given in honor of the national holiday. The town was daily decorated, bands were on the streets and there were evidences on every hand that the day was one of general rejoicing. A barbecue—a favorite feature of the Fourth of July celebrations in the South—was the event of the day and to this everybody was invited. For the time the utmost good feeling reigned. Even the vengeance sworn against the gamblers was forgotten, or, if not forgotten, at least suspended. Eminent speakers had been invited from other states, and among those there on that day were Alexander McClung, of Kentucky, with Foote and Prentiss and others equally well known in that day, if not so well remembered in this. They were all Democrats and all were noted for their great personal bravery. One table had been reserved for the invited guests and the other eminent persons present and at this were seated some thirty-five or forty men. In such a mixed assemblage as the barbecue attracted there were not unnaturally a large number of gamblers—professional gamblers—of whom it was estimated there were not less than two hundred and fifty in the city at the time. These gamblers had their headquarters in a colony of their own, or rather in three houses, known as the "Kangaroos Nos. 1, 2 and 3." With them in these houses were associated the most abandoned wretches of both sexes to be found in the whole southwest. Some of the notorous among these gamblers were known in every state, along the Mississipi, among them being George Blackburn, Frank Cabler, Bill Esken, Alexander McCoy, Jim Hood and Tom Carr. The military had turned out at the barbecue and were there under arms as a part of the attractions of the day. While the speech-making was going on the gambler Blackburn, who was present in company with Cabler, his partner, both being seated at a table apart from the speakers, began interruption, Blackburn remarking that he was "going to have some fun, if he cleared out the whole table." Somebody shouted to Blackburn to sit down and not cause a disturbance. It was no use. He was bound, he said, to start the fun, and so saying he jumped on the table.

As he did so several of the soldiers jumped from the table where they were sitting and demanded that he sit down. Blackburn refused and defied them. Presenting their guns the soldiers jammed them against Blackburn and pushed him off the table. He struggled fiercely but was finally overpowered and cut in the struggle. Cabler, who attempted to assist him, was also mastered. Both men bleeding, but still defiant, were then bound, a canoe was got and they were placed in it and pushed off from the shore. In another minute they were floating down the Mississippi, being rescued by their fellows some half a mile below. The gamblers were furious and threatened revenge, making no secret of the threat that they would burn the town down during night. The barbecue broke up. It was known—everybody felt—that the gamblers meant business and that the lives and property of all respectable people were in the most imminent danger when night came. Nobody thought of anything but safety and the wildest excitement prevailed. Citizens everywhere were seen arming themselves to await the struggle that all felt was at hand. In the midst of all the commotion, however, there were some people who did not lose their heads. One of these was Dr. William Bodley, of Kentucky. He quietly selected a number of men, formed them into a vigilance committee and placed himself at their head. This done the vigilance committee assured the offensive and sent word to the gamblers that they had only five hours in which to leave Vicksburg or—! Many of them did so, but in the meantime five gamblers were not idle. They were North, Helms, Dutch Bill Haines, John A. Murrell and another man whose name I have forgotten. These men had gathered at North's gambling rooms, near the river. Here they barricaded themselves, and to the command to leave swore that they would not move and would kill any man who interfered with them. Dr. Bodley, hearing of this, went down to North's place, as he said, to make one last effort to convince them of the folly of resisting the people. He made his last effort—he had hardly got within speaking distance when a shot from one of the gamblers was fired and Dr. Bodley fell dead in his tracks. He never breathed again. The result may be imagined. The peace-loving citizens, who but an hour before were simply bent on self-protection, were transformed for the time into a bloodthirsty mob, and reckless of danger they charged on the house and breaking down the barricades captured the five gamblers.

The "Kangaroos" were separated from the city by buoys, which was crossed by a wooden structure known by the suggestive name of the "Bridge of Sighs." Across this the now frenzied people hurried the captive gamblers. On the other side trees were selected and in less than an hour after the murder of Dr. Bodley the five gamblers were swinging by the necks dead. But this was not the end; it was only the beginning of the terrible retribution to be exacted. The mob advanced on the three houses known as "the Kangaroos" and found that there were still many of the gamblers who had not taken flight while there was yet time. These were seized, some of them shot down, others driven into the river, and two of them taken by the mob and thrown from the "Bridge of Sighs" into the stagnant waters of the bayou far below. For over an hour this terrible scene continued before the vengeance of the mob was seated and their work considered done. How many men perished that night will never be known, but I have heard of between fifty and sixty who were at "the Kangaroos" on the Fourth of July, and who were never heard of afterward. The bodies of the five gamblers who were hanged were kept swinging for two days, a guard standing by with orders to shoot down anyone who should attempt to remove them. Nor were the people of Vicksburg even then satisfied. They followed the most notorious of the gamblers into adjoining states, and more than one fell a victim to their vengeance. But they did their work thoroughly—they rescued their town from their domination of the cut-throats who had ruled it, and thereafter Vicksburg was never called—as she had been before that memorable Fourth of July—the gambler's paradise.

Bears and Catamounts.

Daring Incursions of the Hungry Beasts in the Catskill Mountain Settlements.

Old hunters aver that this winter has been the best season known in many years for hunting in the Catskill mountains. Bears, catamounts, foxes and deer have been found unusually numerous, and not a few incidents of decided interest are related regarding their pursuit. Wild animals have suffered much from the severity of the winter. Snow has lain from two to four feet deep in the mountain forests since November, and streams that have heretofore always run without cessation are this season solidly frozen. The condition of affairs has made it almost impossible for the animals to get food or drink. Starving, they grow much more daring than usual, and in more than one instance bears have recently left the forests, and, driven to desperation by hunger, have approached farm houses in the broad daylight. A few days ago James Barber, while at dinner, was attracted by an uproar near his barns. Looking out he discovered a large she bear making off across the field with one of his pigs in her mouth. Catching up a gun Mr. Barber started in pursuit, but bruin traveled too fast for the farmer and was soon lost in the woods.

Nathan Anderson, living in the town of Lexington, drove his cows, about a week ago, two miles for water to a stream in the forest. The brook was frozen, and Mr. Anderson had to cut the ice with an axe, in order to get to the water running below. The noise made by this work attracted a half-grown cub, which pressed in with the cattle, and was drinking before the man noticed it. Anderson attacked it with his axe, but his blow was not well aimed, and the animal hobbled away shrieking with pain. Anderson followed, and had overtaken it a few rods up the stream, when he was suddenly startled by the appearance of the cub's mother furious with rage. The great, rough animal stood upright and advanced toward the man, vigorously beating the air with its fore feet. Its claws extended from their fur casings, and the voice of the monster was terrific in its growls. But, armed with an axe, Anderson did good work, though the battle lasted fully five minutes, and before the bear was totally disabled it had received not less than two score of wounds from the axe. This bear weighed over three hundred pounds.

In the town of Shandeken, Ulster county, a large bear was captured alive last week. A hole was dug about eight feet deep in a vicinity where bear tracks were seen. The hole was carefully covered with boughs and leaves, in the centre of the covering being placed a quantity of food.

The second night a victim fell into the trap. It weighed nearly two hundred pounds, but its large frame bore no superfluity of flesh; the animal had evidently been on short diet for weeks. The bear has been purchased for a good round sum by the proprietor of a summer boarding house in the Catskills. It will be one of the attractions to New York visitors next season.

Catamounts were never known to be so numerous in the Shawangunk and Catskill mountains as now. Ordinarily a catamount is cowardly and will decamp on the approach of man, never, in fact, attacking prey, however weak, except by a covert spring from some high hidden bough. This winter, however, they are exhibiting a different nature, and not infrequently of late they have been openly and ferociously aggressive. Joseph Bailley, engaged in teaming lumber in the town of Marbletown, last week had a fight with a catamount in which he barely came off the victor. His face was badly lacerated, and most of the clothing was torn from off the upper part of his person. His only weapon of defence was a hickory stick, so long as to be practically useless in a close struggle. By a fortunate blow he broke the animal's forelegs and was then soon able to end the combat by beating it on the head. It had crossed the roadway ahead of Bailley's team and, taking a roundabout course through the undergrowth, had crept up close to the sleigh and sprung toward the teamster.

A party of half dozen young men of Ellenville killed three wild cats in a hunt of two days. The lynx is said to have reappeared in the mountain forests this winter, though so far, not one is reported killed. Old Joe Vary and other veteran hunters say that twenty years ago lynxes were numerous in the Catskills, and they aver that the disappearance of the animal was sudden and mysterious. Like the catamount, the lynx makes the deer its especial prey. More deer have been seen this year than for many years, but the penalty is heavy for hunting them, and of those that are slaughtered little is ever heard.

Fox hunting has become one of the most popular amusements this winter in the mountains, and large parties with trained hounds are out daily.

When a remedy has stood the test of more than thirty years trial and today is more largely used than ever, its worth is evidently unquestioned. Such is the record of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

MEDICAL.

REMEMBER IF YOU ARE A SUFFERER from your Kidneys or a Torpid Liver,

KIDNEYCURA

will remove all trouble. 50c. a pack. See circulars.

KAUFFMAN'S DRUG STORE.

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KIDNEY WORT.

This Great Remedy

In either Liquid or Dry Form acts at the same time on the diseases of the

Liver, Bowels and Kidneys,

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY WORT WILL CURE

Biliousness, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints, Urinary Diseases, Female Weakness and Nervous Disorders,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why suffer bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?

Use KIDNEY WORT *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

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THROAT AND LUNGS.

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A Pleasant, Safe, Speedy and Sure Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, Influenza, Soreness of the Throat and Chest, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, Inflammation of the Lungs, and all Diseases of the Chest and Air Passages.

This valuable preparation combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient qualities for the cure of all kinds of Lung Diseases. Price 25 cents. Prepared only and sold by

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