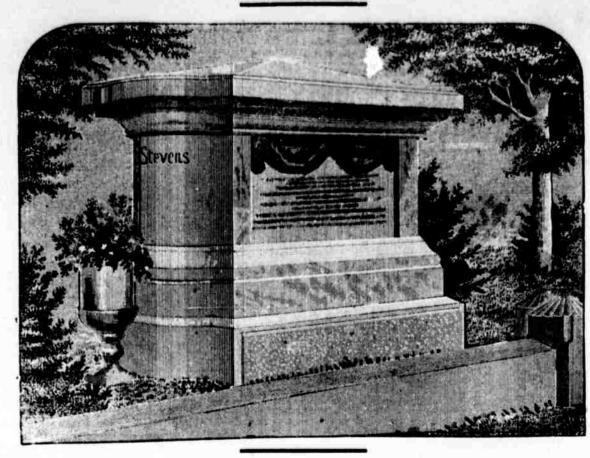
THADDEUS STEVENS' TOMB.



WHERE THE REMAINS OF THE "OLD COMMONER" REST IN SHREINER'S CEMETERY.

and he quietly went across the state line into Maryland, and was admitted to the

Harford county bar.

The particulars of that admission are very

The particulars of that admission are very amusing, and Stevens was wont to tell them with the keenest relish. He was examined in the evening by the committee, Judge Chase, afterwards impeached by the United States Senate, being the Judge of the court. He received his certificate after answering three or four questions and ordering in at the suggestion of the judge four bottles of Maderai. "Fip Loo" was played then for a good part of the night. Stevens, when he paid his bill the next morning, had but \$3.50 left out of \$45 he began with the night before.

The young barrister practiced law for a time in Gettysburg, burning the midnight

oil to poor pecuniary advantage, until in a big murder trial in which he was employed, he established himself as a brilliant and forcible pleader. He did not make much of

a show on the political areas until 1829, when he threw himself with all his natural vehe-mence into the anti-Masonic movement. In 1831 he was a member of the lower house of

the state legislature, continuing as such

until 1841, except during the time he served as a member of the constitutional conven-tion of 1837.

Stevens was appointed canal commissioner

in 1838 by Governor Ritner, who thereby

thought to make his victory over Porter in

venture. It was in that year the celebrated

"Old Commoner" narrowly escaped with

his life. Two sets of returns were forwarded

his life. Two sets of returns were forwarded to Harrisburg from the Northern Liberties district of Philadelphia, the Democrats and Whigs each claiming success. The decision had a most important effect on the complexion of the House and Senate. Secretary of State Thomas H. Burrouses certified to the election of his Whig allies from this district, and a contesting delegation of Democratical Computer Senates.

crats were on the ground when the legislature met. There was intense excitement at Harrisburg at this time, as the governor, in-spired by Stevens, had summoned the mili-

tary to defend his proceedings. At the afternoon session of the Senate on the first-

day of the meeting, Hanna, one of the

Buckshot War" occurred, whereby the

will bloom perennially over his grave in delighted when at Danville, Caledonia delighted when at Danville, Caledonia county, Vt., on April 4, 1792, his youngest son, Thaddens, stepped into the world with a club foot. His father's trade was shoemaking, and at this young Thaddeus worked for a time. In 1814 he was a student at Burlington college, and in 1815 he was graduated from Darmouth college. Like many another man who became prominent in national affairs, young Stevens taught school for a living, being an instructor at an academy in Shreiner's cemetery—his unwaveirng regard for the memory of his mother. In his last days he provided carefully for keeping her grave in good order, saying: "I do this out of respect to the memory of my mother, to whom I owe what little of prosperity I have had on earth, which, small as it is, I desire emphatically to acknowledge." The living, being an instructor at an academy in men who have left their impress on the York. Tiring of that, he determined to put into use the time he had given to the study of law, and made application for admission to the bar. To his surprise he found the door closed. It is said that certain members affairs of their time have all been blessed with remarkable mothers, but few have left behind them sincere testimony of the beneficial results of maternal influence such as of the York county bar, passed resolutions to the effect that no person should be recognized as a lawyer who followed any other vocation whitst preparing himself for admission. Stevens saw that the blow was aimed at him, the "Old Commoner," who lived his active career in this city, thus earnestly records.

Shreiner's cemetery, where the bones of Stevens lie, located at the corner of Mulberry and Chestnut streets, within a stone's throw of Lancaster's handsomest public school building—the high school—is a most proper resting place for him whose vigorous views on the public school system and devotion to the negro race were striking characteristics of his career. It is an odd sort of a graveyard where the bones of white and black bleach in company waiting the Resurrection trump. Stevens chose this spot for himself in preference to Woodward Hill and Lanin preference to Woodward Hill and Lancaster cemeteries, for the reasons that stare out at you from his granite tomb. Deep engraven there, unaffected by time's ravages, they fix themselves on the reader's mind with such vividness that one feels he would not be much startled to hear them again given out in sepuichral tones from the silent occupant of the tomb below. Here they are: "I repose in this quiet and secluded spot, not from any natural preference for solitude, but finding other cemeteries limited by charter rules as to race, I have chosen it that I might be enabled to illustrate in my death the principles which I have advocated through a long life—equality of man before his Creator."

They are a fair index of the type of the

his Creator."

They are a fair index of the type of the man who uttered them. Dogmatic, unbending, caring little or nothing for the amenities of life, Thaddens Stevens had an overpowering personality that would rule or ruin everything in its path. What he could not conciliate, he would attempt to crush, and it is in this light his mubile carser must be career must be judged. His grave has little to suggest the prominent part he played in the affairs of prominent part he played in the affairs of his time. It preaches in every part decay. The iron urn that stands sentinel at the eastern end of the little plot has seen many a spring and summer come, and the thick ros, that has gathered upon it unmolested, measures their number well. Its fellow urn the rest and is even in more dilumidated measures their number well. Its fellow urn at the west end is even in more dilapidated condition, needing to lean for support on the granite pile near at hand. The withered sod is still waiting the vivifying influences of spring, and a tew bare and untrained rose bushes tell the tale of kindly attention in times gone by.

HIS EARLY ANTECEDENTS. A review of Stevens' career explains in some degree the nature of the man. His tather left behind him no other record save that

time, dating back to the time when he was a

young man, unknown even in Buffalo,

where he lived, he seemed to have a dread

some one will say he is not earning his

that 'It is more blessed to give than to

receive.' Have you noticed how often he

"I could tell you numerous little instances

where he has practiced what the Bible

one to tell about his deeds of charity, yet he

returned, but there was one thing he could not return—they were embroidered hatbands. Why, I do not exaggerate in the least when I say he received as many as a bushel basket full in a day. I have often seen, at evening time, during November or December, 1884, a bushel basket full of these things in the library of the executive mansion at Aibany. What did he do with them? He never saw them; they were carried out by the servants and sold for waste paper or rang. I often used to think how many hours

has declined gifts?"

had been wasted by fair hands in marking the "G. C." on these hat-bands. I was mistaken when I said he returned every-thing. He did keep one gift—canes. Mr. CLEVELAND'S PECULIARITIES. He is Modest and Charitable, and Declines All Gitts, Except Canes. Washington Special to Indianapolis Journal. thing. He did keep one gift—canes. Mr. Cleveland had the finest set of canes of any man in the world. He had a cabinet made for them. There are ninety-six in all, and "Do you know," said a friend of the president to me, the other day, "that Grover Cleveland is the strongest man in America in regard to receiving presents? Ever since I have known him, and it has been a long

such beauties. He receives a large number voted to him from fairs all over the country. He had over twenty-five gold-headed ones, a number of them very handsome.

"Cleveland has no pets at the White House, and his well known trait of returning all presents has stopped to a certain extent. all presents has stopped, to a certain extent, his being bothered by receiving any. If, however, one does stray into the White House, it generally goes back the way it came before he sees it. His orders are to this effect." of having to accept a gift. Even when his clients paid him his tee he sometimes remarked that he was afraid he had not earned it. This is one of the reasons, I think, he is working so hard now, because he is afraid

RARE BEN JONSON'S DUEL.

salary. He believes in the Bible teaching flow the Poet, Big But for Shakespeare Shadow, Got a T on His Thumb. Of the many documents that have come into the hands of John Cordy Jacffreson few are of greater literary interest, none is more painful, than the record which proves that in his early manhood lien Jonson was con-victed of felony on his own confession; that teaches. Cleveland is such a modest man in regard to his own doings that he hates anyvicted of felony on mis own contession; that he escaped an ignominious death by plead-ing his clergy; that he was punished for this felony with forfeiture of his goods and chattels, and was moreover branded on the brawn of his left thumb with the letter T by is charitable. You have no idea of the num-ber of letters he gets from beggars—yes, I call them by that name because they are no better than those we meet on the street, except that they use pen and paper rather than sit on the curbstone with tears and an brawn of his left thumb with the letter T by
the jailer of Newgate in the Old Bailey court
house before he was enlarged, in accordance
with a well-known statute of the 18th of
Elizabeth. The letter was known to Landoners of his period to less than to Londoners
of much later time as "the Tyburn T."
The felony was his manslaughter of Gabriel
Spencer, his fellow-actor at the Rose theatre,
committed on the 22d of September, 1598—
the very month in which "Every Man in
His Humour" was produced, William Shakespeare being among the actors of the company. outstretched hand. Mr. Cleveland often, when he is tired of his day's work, goes into Col. Lamont's room and picks up a pile of 'assorted' letters. He reads them for recreation. The letters are usually peculiar ones, selected either for future use or for the president's perusal. He often comes across a begging letter, and I have known

the president's perusal. He often comes across a begging letter, and I have known him to sit down, after reading a touching appeal, and dash off a few words of sympathy and slip a bank-note between the leaves of the paper, fold it, and direct the envelope. Is he often fooled? Yes, I expect he is imposed upon as much by beggars as he is by politicians, and you know that is often.

"Talking about his refusing gitts, I remember at Albany, just after his election, what a time he had. He refused everything. Why, he actually had to employ a man especially to work in repacking the gifts sent him from all over the country. You will hardly believe it, but from November to March he had eighty-nine dogs sent him. Cieveland is fond of dogs, but he made it a rule never to see one of the gifts. As soon as they arrived they were sent to the stable of the executive mansion, and the professional packer reshipped them. One day Mr. Cieveland happened to be in the yard when an express wagon arrived with a dog. It was a splendid Newfoundiand, I can tell you. When Cleveland saw him he looked longingity at the shaggy, black creature, as if to say: 'How I would like to keep you,' but he passed on, and the dog was sent back whence he came. During that time he received no less than six cagles, splendid birds, but they were all sent back. Mr. Cleveland always sent everything back that could be returned, but there was one thing he could not return—they were embrooldered hatbands. Why, I do not exaggerate in the with a three shilling rapier; that he wounded Spencer in the right side, and that Spencer died instantly, in the dueling field. ed Spencer in the right side, and that Spencer died instantly, in the dueling field. There is something grimly fantastic in the notion of so good a scholar as Ben Jonson "asking for the book," in order to prove himself capable of reading his "neck-verse"—something grotesquely horrible in the thought that but for the benefit of clergy so bright a genius would have been hung at Tyburn like any unlettered rascal convicted of having stolen a horse or stabbed an enemy in the back. One would like to believe that Jonson was marked with nothing fiercer than a lukewarm iron. If the satirists of a later period may be believed, it was not uncommon for a jailer in the middle of the seventeenth century, from regard for a promised lee, to mark a felon with cold steel. It would be pleasant to come upon evidence It would be pleasant to come upon evidence that Ben's jailor marked him accidentally with a cold seal.

PASSION FLOWERS.

For the Devel-Liouvers. "What are these," you ask, I wear "With such mute solemnity?" They are passion flowers rare, Gathered in Gethsemane

O'er that garden's ancient wail Purple blossoms droop and wail; And where mystic shadows fall Mourafully the night wings wait

On each passion flower's breast
Lies the crucificial sign;
And above this heart's unrest.
I now wear that bloom divine.
—May Morrow.

Whatever the varying estimates of the character of Thaddeus Stevens, one flower and he was in all probability not very much was about to Whig senators, whose seat was disputed was about to be sworn in, when the crowd in the lobby broke into the chamber under the lead of Washington Barton and others, and Mr. Stevens, who was present as a spectator, had to save his life by making his celebrated escape through the back window. For three weeks the legislature was at a deadlock, and men's passions ran high. The Stevens contingent of the House organized a house of their own at Wilson's, now the Lochiet house, but finally recognized the Democratic organization. Stevens was expelled for his conduct, but was re-elected and took his seat again a few days before the

and took his seat again a few days before the session was ended. COMES TO LANCASTER.

The fiery politician removed to Lancaster in 1842, where he soon built up a large law practice. This must have been very necessary, for it is related that at that time he was \$200,000 in debt, which amount he reduced to \$30,000 in 1849. In the latter year he took his seat in Congress, there remaining for four years piling up additional indebtedness. In that Thirty-first Congress were some notable near. In the Senate sat Hannibal Hamble men. In the Senate sat Hannibal Ham-lin, of Maine: John P. Hale, of New Hamp-shire: Daniel S. Dickinson and William H. Seward, of New York: Salmon P. Chase, Seward, of New York: Salmon F. Chase, of Ohio: Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi: Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri: Lewis Cass, of Michigan; Sam Houston, of Texas, and the great triumvirate, Webster, Clay and Calhoun. In the House also were some brilliant lights: Eidbridge Gerry, of Maine; Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts; Alexander Stephens and Robert Toombs, of Georgie; Lesbus Gildings of Ohio, and Georgia : Joshua Giddings, of Ohio, and David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania. With these skilled statesmen Stevens had

With these skilled statesmen Stevens had to cope to make his way, and in this his energy and rugged personality largely aided him. It is unfruitful to go over his congressional career from his defense of the Missouri compromise through all the varying phases of his intense anti-slavery ideas to the Johnson impeachment, as they are a matter of recent history. In all he displayed rare ability, united frequently to rare unwisdom. His dogmatic ideas and total unstructuolussness unfitted him for ruling his wisdom. His dogmatic ideas and total un-scrupulousness unfitted him for ruling his fellows, and it is just as well for them that he never had a very good chance in his pub-lic life to exercise arbitrary authority. His hostility to the South was one of his greatest hobbies, and had he remained longer in public affairs, he would probably have done what lay in his power to delay the era of peace and

Buchanan and himself, political opponents, were also far from personal friends. The story of their last meeting at Mountville at Dr. Henry Carpenter's wedding in 1867 has recently been told in these columns. A year after both were dead, Stevens expiring in Washington, August 11, 1868. The colored race found in him a warm advocate, and he provided generously in his will for the establishment of an institute for their instruction. Through the waiting for the bequest to accumulate to the required sum, nothing has yet been done to carry out the testator's purpose. O. J. Dickey and Authony E. Roberts, of the executors, are dead, and Hon. Edward McPherson is the sole survivor. From present appearances, many a year will roll by before the walls of the proposed institute rear their faces upward to the sky.

UNCLEAN THEATRICAL POSTERS. igorous Denunciations from a Catholic Bishop

in Canada. In Kingston, Ont., the billposters painted

the town with placards announcing the coming of a travelling show from the United States. Some of the lithographs were considered improper, and called forth from Right Rev. Bishop Cleary (Catholic) a severe protest. To his people he said : " How shall our young people possess the

spirit of sauctification and be kept clean from bad thoughts in their minds, if wicked men, coming from another country, are permitted to besmear the walls and fences of the city with the most hideous obscenitles? Not one, with the most hideous obscenities? Not one, not even the most holy and Godfearing among us, could possibly preserve cleanli-ness of soul or shut out bad thoughts and fithy misgivings in presence of those colored representations, obscene and loathsome in the last degree. They are the worst I have ever seen. They would be a disgrace to Sodom and Gounorrah. Why is the female thus persistently selected for such representation? Paganism did, indoed, reduce women to the condition of beastliness, but the Catholic church, after centuries of teaching and legislation had changed man's ideas ing and legislation had changed man's ideas respecting the female character and the honor due to it. The manifest tendency of theatrical exhibitions such as 'Clio' is to degrade the temale sex and bring back the pagan abominations of domestic and social

tolerant of outrage so unChristian and s degrading?"
The city council ordered the city commis

doner to remove all placards of an immora tendency. The performance was given to a crowded house, and the play was found as clean as any other play.

Swindling the American. An American gentleman, who was spend-

ing some time at Naples, was attacked with a malady of the eyes. He was advised to apply two a young native oculist who had already gained some reputation by his skill. He sent for the young Neapolitan, who paid him to visits only, the affection of patient's eyes having proved a trilling affair after all. For these two visits the doctor brought in a bill of \$200. The American refused to pay any such sum, and was met by the cool assertion: "You are an American, and of course a mit-lionaire; and it I did not make lionaire; and if I did not make some money out of you, how could I manage to live at all?" Our countryman was proof against even such potent reasoning, and was sued by the doctor. On being called up before the court, the judge asked the oculist what was his usual fee for a single visit. "Two dollars," was his reply. On the other hand, the American offered to deal liberally by the physican, and to pay him \$20 for the two visits. But to this the judge would not hear, condemning the granting would not hear, condemning the grasping medical man to receive only his customary fee, namely \$4, and expressing a 'courteous hope that the aggrieved patient would not judge all Italian professional men by that single sample.

MYETILIA, early on the lawn, Steals roses from the blushing dawn; But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten, Aurora steals them back again.

HERE AND THERE.

One of the finest—and perhaps the most expensive—of the houses yet built along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, running through beautiful suburbs this way out from delphia is the mansion of Mrs. Matthew Baird, on an elevation south of the railroad that of Mr. Clothier the dry goods man, near Ardmore, just finishing, is another splendid edifice. Either of them is in better taste the faffy-colored French palace in a growing grove next to Owen Jones' fine old place that has never lost its comfortable and home like appearance. Four houses like those of Baird, Clothler and Gibson, I am told, eat up a million dollars. Thus we go. Lancaster will be one of the suburbs some fine day, and the electric motors will take us to and fro in half an hour.

Sidney Dillon, the great Gould railroad lawyer, ex judge and nearly everything else, was also a tavern boy. He attracted the at-tention of Judge Grant, riding the circuit in lowa; studied law, married well, got along and Gould got him. Dillon and Hoxie are a team-a tandem team-but a pair of pul-

Down around Wayne and Devon they keep building away. The Devon company's ground is being rapidly occupied with cot-tages and summer homes of more or less nagnificence, and, though it costs something like \$1,000 per acre, there is a big profit in the sales of the ground. Some years ago a man bought a farm down that way for \$4,700. There were 50 acres in it. The other day his on sold off 4 acres of the tract for \$4,800. Wayne is soon to have electric light. The poles are up. When Benry Askin, who built the big house there, owed \$600,000, he thought he was bankrupt, but after Childs and Drexel bought \$700,000 worth of land from him, it is the easiest sum in subtraction to figure out how he was worth \$100,000. He is blind, but as radical a Democrat as if be had all his senses intact.

The whilom Reverend Oliver L. Ashenfelter, whose interstate escapades were a nine days wonder in Massachusetts, New York and Philadelphia last fall, is living quietly where anybody can find him who wants him. There seems to have never been any serious effort to enforce the law's processes against him. He writes me that he was the victim of malignant misrepresentation and malicious prosecution. This does happen ometimes, even to the clergy.

While Ego is writing his reminiscences of the war and spreading himself and his ex-ploits over many pages of magazines, week-lies, dailles and other periodicals of every degree, it is well to remember and to recall that one modest man, years ago somewhat nearer the camp-fire, wrote some vivid war sketches worth reading. I refer to Col. Geo. E. Warring's "Whip and Spur," a little book that is now out of print, made up chief-ly of sketches first published in the magazines some fitteen years ago. They are simply stories of the horses he rode in the army, and are very charming in style and sentiment. He is the most modest hero I have yet encountered in his war tales. His tributes to the noble animals who shared his camp and field experience are beautifully wrought Where is there a more concise, graphic and terrible picture of war as it is, without the glamour of a false light, than in this extract, true to the letter?

true to the letter?

"Here we struck the marvellous prairie region of Northeastern Mississippi, literally a land flowing with milk and honey. An interminable, fertile, rolling prairie lay before us in every direction. The stern rule of the Confederacy had compelled the planters to offset every small field of cotton with a wide area of corn, until the region had become known as the granary of the Southern army. Not only must every landowner devote his broadest fields to the cultivation of the much-needed cereal, but oneowner devote his broadest helds to the culti-vation of the much-needed cereal, but one-tenth of all his crop must be stacked for public use in cribs at the side of the railroad. "It was an important incident of our mis-sion to destroy everything which directly or indirectly could afford subsistence to the Rebel lorces; and during the two days following our arrival at Okolona, while we marched as far south as West Point, the sky was red with the flames of burning corn and cotton. On a single plantation, o party burned thirty-seven hundred bushels of tithe corn, which was cribbed near the railroad; no sooner was its light seen at the plantation houses than hundreds of negroes, who swarmed from their quarters to column, fired the rail-built cribs in our column, fired the rail-built cribs in which the remaining nine-tenths of the crop was stored. Driven wild with the infection, they set the torch to mansion house, stables, cotton-gin, and quarters, until the whole village-like settlement was blazing in an un-checked conflagration. To see such wealth, and the accumulated products of such vast labor, swept from the face of the earth, gave to the aspect of war a saddening reality, which was in strong contrast to the peaceful which was in strong contrast to the peaceful and harmless life our brigade had thus far led. In all this prairie region there is no waste land, and the evidence of wealth and fertility lay before us in all directions. As fermity lay before us in an unexpectable we marched, the negroes came en masse from every plantation to join our column, leaving only fire and absolute destruction behind them. It was estimated that during these two days' march two thousand slaves

and one thousand mules were added to our "The incidents of all this desolation were often sickening and heart-rending; delicate women and children, whom the morning had found in peace and plenty, and glowing with pride in the valor of Southern arms and the certainty of an early independence for their beloved half-country, found them-selves, before nightfall, homeless, penniless, and alone, in the midst of desolate land.

and alone, in the midst of desolate land.

"Captain Frank Moore, the Cossack of our brigade, went at night to an outlying plantation, of which the showy mansionhouse stood on a gentie accilvity in the edge of a fine grove. Here lived alone with an only daughter, a beautiful girl, a man who had' been conspicuous in his aid to the rebellion, and whose arrest had been ordered. The squadron drew up in front of the house and summoned the owner to come forth. He came, armed, sullen, stolld, and determined, came, armed, sullen, stolid, and determined, but obviously unnerved by the force con-fronting him. Behind him followed his daughter, dressed in white, and with her long light hair falling over her shoulders. The sight of the hated 'Yankee' crazed her with rage, and before her father could reply to the question with which he had been accessed, she called to him wildly, 'Don't speak to the villains! Shoot! shoot them speak to the villains! Shoot! shoot them down, shoot them down!" wringing her hands, screaming with rage. The excitement was too much for his judgment, and he fired wildly on the troops. He was riddled through and through with bullets; and as Moore turned away, he left that fine house blazing in the black night, and lighting up the figure of the crazy girl as she wandered, desolate and beautiful, to and fro before her burning home, unheested by the negroes who ran with their hastily made bundles to join the band of their deliverers. Moore's description of this scene in the simple language that it was his unpretending way to guage that it was his unpretending way to use, gave the most vivid picture we had seen of the unmitigated horror and badness of

A bundle of old papers, almost anything in that line, say, before the war, is a storehouse of precious reminiscence. What will not the big newspaper of to-day be to our great-grandchildren of a hundred years nence! How they will ransack these Satur day editions of the INTELLIGENCER and gaze with mingled wonder and admiration at the handsome men whose portraits adorn the handsome men whose portraits adorn these columns! Hon. John D. Stiles, over at Allentown, has the only complete file of the Congressional Record, Globe, etc., from the headwaters that I have seen in these parts. It is a joy forever if not a thing of beauty. Dogs in Allentown, by the way, grow to greater age than anywhere else in the state. Mr. Stiles' dog, the fightingest dog in the Lehigh Valley, a little, stump-tailed, homemade, dog, is 23 years old, has fought 9,000 battles and never was whipped. At least he never knew it. There are older—older, not better—dogs in Allentown than he. To get back to the old papers—the Washington Globe, published by Blair & Rives, in 1840, was banging away at Harrison, the banks and hard cider; in the number of September 19, 1840, Amos Kendall's personal reply to Duff Green's personal assault is "mighty interestin' readin';" and in another number of that period the exposure of Clay and Webster's fees from the United States bank and the indebtedness of nearly sixty members of Congress to the institution, tells of days when shares and loans were put where they these columns! Hon. John D. Stiles, over at

would do the most good with latter-day sagacity. Here is a report of the Democratic national convention which met in Baltimore May 5, 1840. It had hardly got under way fairly when Col. Reah Frazer made a speech, only to call out Felix Grundy, but before he quit he had succeeded in earning a good deal of applause for himself. This was something after the fashion of a rattling convention speech of that day:

Mr. Frazer, of Pennsylvania, rose and ex-

pressed his hope that the delegate from Ten-nessee, the friend of Andrew Jackson, and

associate of his early years, who had battled

with that hero in the cause of Democracy, and who had so often successfully encoun-

teredHenry Clay, the great champion of our opponents, would now proceed with his remarks. Let us now hear that veteran in the cause of Democracy, whose voice has so often cheered his party in the political contest, and from his lips let us catch the inspiring war cry, that gives assurance of victory. [Loud and enthussastic cheering.] I can tell him that here there are no Rucker delegates among us. Here are none but those whom the assembled people have sent to represent them. The Empire state is here fully represented, and her delegates have told you that she will nobly do her duty. [Loud cheers.] The Keystone state, that gave Andrew Jackson 50,000 majority, is here by her sons, [repeated cheering.] and we piedge ourselves to our Democratic fellow-citizens, that when the day of trial comes, the land of Penn will fully sustain her high renown. We see, too, the representatives of the Democracy of the Granite state, that can never be beaten, (continued applause,) and of her sisters of the North, together with the chivalrous sons of the South and the West. The whole Democracy of the Union is here; and we will speak trumpet-tongued to the people, and tell them that the cause of the equal laws and equal rights must triumph, when the arbiters are independent, virtuous and intelligent freemen. We "hang out our banners on the ontward wall," when we proclaim that the people of this country are capable of self-government, and that, by the blessing of Almighty God, the people shall still rule this free and happy country, and not a league of money corporations and foreign capitalists. We proclaim that the party which is airaid to speak to the people—which entertains designs and principles which they dare not avow—which insults the intelligence of freemen by a resort to tinsel pageantry and show, instead of appealing to their underopponents, would now proceed with his re-marks. Let us now hear that veteran in the avow—which insults the intelligence of free-men by a resort to tinsel pageantry and show, instead of appealing to their under-standings, must meet with that discomfiture and disgrace which such wretched charia-tanry deserves. Yes, fellow-citizens, these eternal principles of truth and justice, which our party clings to as with the love of a mother to her child—which they boldly and openly avow to the assembled universe— those sacred principles which guided our fathers in the stormy days of the Revolu-tion, and which they bequeathed as a pretion, and which they bequeathed as a pre-cious inheritance to their children, shall still triumph, though assailed with all the art and all the power of a selfish and interested

"Hang out our banners on the outward walls :
Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn,"

Will laugh a siege to scorn."

In the language of Benton, "if we fall, let is fall with arms in our hands. If the gallant ship of state is to go down, let her go down with her flag nailed to her mast. Set every threadbare sail, and give her to the god of storms." Mr. F. concluded by saying that he had not intended, on rising, to have said this much. His only object was to move that the vectors at also many and Domove. move that the veteran statesman and Demo-crat, and friend of Andrew Jackson, should address the convention at this time.

Mr. Grundy again rose, amid loud and enthusiastic cheering, and proceeded.

A memorable speech in the annals of Pennsylvania politics was the "great speech of Col. Bigler" at the Reading Democratic date convention in 1851. In that convention, it will be remembered, the chief question was the contest between the Bigler and Frazer delegates from Lancaster city and county. "The interest excited by this issue was profound and universal," says a relator. "It was the topic of conversation every-where; and when it was at length reached by the convention the lowest murmur of conversation ceased, and silence and absorbing attention at once pervaded the large ssemblage with which the court house was thronged. The credentials of both sets of thronged. The credentals of both sets of delegates were read by the clerks. In those of the Bigler delegates, James L. Reynolds, esq., was substituted, as senatorial delegate, for Wm. B. Fordney, esq., and in those of the Frazer delegates, Col. Frazer was substi-tuted for Peter Martin, esq. At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Sterigere, of Montgom-ery suggested the propriety of hearing two v, suggested the propriety of hearing of the claimants from each delegation on the merits of the case, which being on motion agreed to, Mr. Amwake, of the Frazer set, proceeded to state their case. The details proceeded to state their case. The details were very voluminous, and involved references to a great number of inaccessible papers. Sat issue was this: whether the country intee, which called the convention of Sat issue was this: whether vention of Sat issue was this: whether vention of Sat issue was the called the convention of Sat issue was the called the convention of which the Fordney delegates were elected, was at the time of calling that convention a living and a regularly organized and authorized body, having the right to act for the Democracy of Lancaster. Mr. Amwake, in a very respectable speech, contended it was not. He was followed by Mr. Swarr, of the same country, on the other side, who after a same county, on the other side, who after a brief reference to the necessity of saving the time of the convention, read, in a most ele-gant and impressive manner, the printed statement of the claims of the party with James Patterson, Hiram B. Swarr, Samue

Parker, Jos. B. Baker, N. B. Wolfe and Jas. L. Reynolds were the Buchanan-Bigler dele gates; and after Mr. Swarr had presented the case, Col. Frazer spoke for several hours until the evening adjournment. After the reassembling of the convention, Col. Frazer esumed his argument, and engaged the attention of the delegates some two hours longer. "His address was marked by great longer. "His address was marked by greatearnestness and feeling, and general propriety of manner." He was followed by James
L. Reynolds, of Lancaster, "in a masterly
and convincing argument, supported with a
mass of facts that told with great effect in
the convention." Upon a vote the Bigler men
were admitted by 75 to 47. That of course
ended the Frazer campaign. Sam. Black,
the great campaign orator of his day, withdrew in a letter which he concluded in this
tashion." He consider the American Union tashion: "I consider the American Union the greatest human institution that was ever formed, and next to the Christian religion, the greatest blessing our misfortunes have ever met, to make easier the burdens of a weary life, and I regard even the danger of its dis-solution as a disaster most deeply to be de-

plored.
"We can groan and sweat without much "We can groan and sweat without much agony, under the load of life's sorrows, so long as we have a country. But take that away and we have no heart for anything, and no manhood to meet anything.

"When the Mozelle exploded some years ago, on the Ohio river, the arms and legs, with the heads and hearts of men were seen

flying through the air. That was very like a Union exploded, dismembered and de-stroyed. The more horrible after its destruc-

stroyed. The more horrible after its destruction, because of its beauty before.

"It is impossible not to love the thought
and the man who made the thought, as well
expressed as this: 'The States of the Union,
distinct as the billows, and one like the sea.'
And may we not add: the waves of the sea
roll in their appropriate spheres, wrapping
themselves daily and nightly around each
other, and are broken only when driven
against the rock or the shore. The wisdom
of our fathers, rising from the mighty deep of
the spectral past, beseeches us to avoid the
breakers which thay carefully and safely
shunned."

Wall, Rieler was populated, and when he

Well, Bigler was nominated, and when he was introduced to the convention, just before the ballot that nominated Seth Clover for canal commissioner, he made his great apeech. And this was the peroration :

The ordeal through which our glorious Union has been struggling for some time past is not yet over. The distant notes of discontent are still here, like the receding surges of a mighty sea. The haven of safety is not fully attained on the one hand, nor has the Rubicon been entirely passed on the is not fully attained on the one hand, nor has
the Rubicon been entirely passed on the
other. The crisis is still critical, and calls
for the exercise of great prudonce, of skill, of
love, of justice and of firmness on the part of
those who are now at the heim of our ship of
state. If well directed she will weather the
storm; if unskilfully managed, she may
possibly be stranded. Seventy-five years
ago she was launched on the troubled waves
of political experiment, with half masts,
shattered sides, open seams, tattered canvas,
with dissensions in the crew. While thus
weak and her crew inexperienced, she encountered the waves of prejudice and doubt,
and ever and anon the mighty breakers of
monarchical hostility. Her very helm, and
canvas and crew, are demanded by British
insolence. But she glides onward. She
next mounts the billows of internal dissensions formented at Hartford; the bead winds

of nullification next threaten her with the loss of a star from her flag; she next encounters the adverse winds and breakers of state rights, territorial rights and the extension of slavery. The violence and confusion of this storm well nigh unmanned her seamen; her canvas is freited by the breeze; her majestic masts bow to the resistless winds, and her vast proportions are played with by the "raging billows." The slarm came—all hands to the rescue was the common cry, and he who had heretofore rested on his couch came; and he who had differed with his fellow sailor came; these all united their efforts; they subdued and bound the disobedient and turbulent of the crew, righted the masts, adjusted the canvas and guided the glorious old ship of state to the haven of safety—not quite. She is in full view, however, "masted, and canvased, and flagged," as was never vessel seen belore. Her sides are sound, her bottom coppered, and her helm works well. She extends her cable for the shore, and there is but one bar, and that a sand bar, in the way of her spproach. Who, let me ask, with an American heart in him, will stand by and see her stranded on this? Who will not reach out his hand for that cable? Who will not sacrifice a tithe of his peculiar notions and interests to bring this glorious vessel safe into harbor? To maintain a good faith, my fellow citizens, the several measures of compromise, as adopted by the late Congress as a final adjustment of the

tain a good latth, my fellow citizens, the several measures of compromise, as adopted by the late Congress as a final adjustment of the vexatious slave controversy, as I am determined to do and as the Democracy of the whole Union are constrained to do, may be to reach for the cable, and to tie the old vessel up safe in harbor. I recall these specimens of the fervid ora-I recall these specimens of the fervid oratory of the old masters of a past generation, so that when the Young Man goes out to Fidler's Green and depicts the green serpent twining itself around the feet of the Goddess of Liberty, you will not laugh. And yet even in that day I am not sure that the "ship" speech escaped some quiet satire. The Whigs made great fun of it. Jack Ogle said Bigler would make," a good canawl commissioner," judging from his knowledge of navigation; and Buchanan said the speech was good enough, "if he had only left his d—d ship out."

This is an editorial from the New York Herald of November 17, 1860:

OLD ABE'S CABINET.—We see in various quarters programmes of Old Abe's cabinet put forth, and in some of them appear the names of parties who endorsed and recommended Helper's infamous book. We hope, however, that he will not give a seat among his conidential counsellors to any of these gentlemen. If he does, or if he appoints them to any office under the government, it will tell what the character of his points them to any office under the government, it will tell what the character of his administration is going to be far better than his inaugural address, which will be but words, words, words, while such appointments will be acts, acts, acts. We publish to-day a list of the endorsers of the Helper book, for the information of our readers.

Times change. Things change. We all change.

Q. E. D. Referring to the notable contributions of Uncas" in the Saturday extra INTELLI-GENCER, a Southern correspondent writes me thus about the criticism of Cable in Drift "

"Drift":

"I find much of interest in reading the department of 'Drift' in Saturday's INTELLIGENCER. I agree with 'Uncas,' in admiring the 'wholesomeness' and 'artistic finish' of Mr. Cable's writings. But as great a charm is his dramatic power. In 'Dr. Sevier' one can almost hear the drums beat and see the Confederate troops as they march off to the war; then in the last words, farewell and final departure by boat on Lake Pontchartrain; and in another chapter we have the arrival of the Federal fleet 'when the bells of New Orleans struck twenty.' I have the arrival of the Federal fleet 'when the bells of New Orleans struck twenty.' I am by no means sure, however, that Mr. Cable is really conscientious in his delineations of Creole life. Many who are unprejudiced tell me that he does not faithfully 'hold the mirror up to nature' in writing of these French Americans. Monsignore Capel says that Mr. Cable has outrageously misrepresented the Creole! I expect that he depicts only the outside of their society, as he acknowledged to Judge Gayarre, the historian of Louisiana, that he (Mr. Cable) had never visited even one prominent Creole family: and many New Orleans people believe that he has in his books slandered them because of their exclusiveness, and flavored his wares to suit the Northern market. In the Grandissimes especially he seems to the Grandissimes especially he seems to have catered to the Northern taste for the

sake of money.
"It is not entirely correct to say that Mr. the predominating influence there; and if he had the respect of his own people in this city he could associate with them, for much

tinct from the Creole.
"There is one characteristic mentioned by Mr. Cable, however, in his 'Creoles of Louis-lana' which is true of nearly all Southerners; it is that federal self-completeness which opposes public co-operative measures; individ-uality has so long been fostered among us that not until recently have we valued the common weal or realized the necessity of combination. Even now you will constantly find a lack of 'that community of feeling which begets the study of reciprocal rights and obligations, and reveals the 'individual's and congations, and reveals the individual's advantage in the promotion of the common interests.'

"Eugene Field, a native of Missouri and a naturalized citizen of the world, says of Mr. Cable 'that he is cut out on a small plan every way; he is a typical Yankee narrowed down; he may think he is a Southerner, but he is not; he must have originated away down at the tip end of Cape Cod and grown smaller instead of larger ever since."

What do you think of him?

SUDDEN CHANGES. If the body receives daily a proper amount of nutrition, and expels the worn-out parts, health is the certain consequence; but by a sudden hange of weather, the pores of the skin may not perform their office well, and matters are retained which should have passed off by that avenue. All causes which impede insensible perspiration are fraught with danger, because matters which should have passed away through the skin are turned again into circulation. Brandreth's Pills will remove all impurities, from whatever cause they may come, curing pain, inflammation and colds arising from above cause in a few hours.

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About six months ago I had a severe heaver-hage of the lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest, had used various cough balsams and experients without obtaining relief. A Irt and advised me to try

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I did so, and am happy to say that it belped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and I am satisfied, sayed my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, is second street, Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine, it has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Provence of Ontario.

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