OLD TIME POLITICS.

TARO OF DISTINGUISHED DEM QUATIO STATESHEN,

ne to Invitations to Attend a Dem Colobration at Harrisburg, July 4, 1844-Also, One From General Sam Moseton to Atland a Similar Celebration at Carifale, Forty Years Ago.

al Correspondence of the INTELLIGENCER. HARRISBURG, June 25, 1886.

The near approach of our national an reminds me that a short time since Brisbin Boyd, of this city, placed in hands a batch of letters and toasts, which has had in his possession for many years, rough his kindness, I am enabled to give ders the gist of these letters, which ave a peculiar alguificance now, as they were written by the then leaders of the Pennsylvania Domocracy. All but one of the disaished men are dead. The letters are remarkably well preserved, and the handng of the authors shows they did not nelder it a sign of genius or a distinction of d a character that no one (except he be an editor, reporter or some poor devil of a com-positor) could read it. They were not the rork of private secretaries or type writers. thoughts of the men themselves, written by them evidently with a good oldioned goose quill, and in such a manuer that they could be read and understood by almost any one.

The Writers The letters were written by James Buchanan, George M. Dallas, Daniel Sturgeon, Henry A. Muhlenberg, Francis R. Shunk, Frazer, Simon Cameron, Charles Me-Clure and Job Mann. The committee of invitation, to whom the letters were addressed, consisted of John Maglauchlin, C S. Kendig, William Clark and Charles Carson. They were all prominent citizens. Major Maglauchlin had been formerly a n of Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, was brigade inspector there, and was subsesequently an alderman in this city ; Kendig colonel in the old Pennsylvania militia : Clarz had been a member of the legslature from Perry county, was a brigadier general of militia, then a contractor and conructed the old tunnel on the Pennsylvania railroad at Elizabethtown; Carson had been a merchant, was once register of Dauphin nty, and was a car inspector under the old board of canal commissioners. He was a brother of your venerable and esteemed tellow-citizen, Mr. Henry P. Carson.

The Occas In connection with the letters are the proceedings of the celebration in manuscript. I think they were published in what was then the Democratic Union, the forerunner of the ent ably-conducted Harrisburg Patriot, This is the quaint way in which the editor

prefaces them:
"The Fourth of July was celebrated by the Democrats of Harrisburg with an en-thusiasm rarely equaled. A procession was formed in the morning, under the direc-tion of the chief marshal of the day and his where a dinner had been prepared for the occasion by Mr. Charles Buehler. The numbers on the grounds far exceeded any political celebration in our borough for many years. Although large preparations had been made, all could not be accommodated. The spirit which prevailed, the barmony and concert of action which were manifested, were as gratifying to the friends of Demo-eracy as they were alarming to their op-

The Declaration of Independence was read by a Mr. Stoughton, who was a son-in-law of the late James Peacock, postmaster of Harrisburg from 1822 to 1847. An oration in Harrisburg from 1822 to 1847. An oration in the English language was delivered by Mr. David Pool, and an address in German by Mr. George Dietz. The guest was the late ex Governor Bigler, then a state senator from Clearfield, and the editor says, in response to a toast, he replied "in an able and happy manner."

preliminaries are growing too lengthy. What you want is the letters, and these will be given you at once, together with some reminiscences of the men who wrote them. I will begin with that of James Buchanan.

The handwriting of "Pennsylvania's fa vorite son " is the very pink of neatness ar precision, yet there is something about it which indicates stateliness, formality and diplomacy. Every word is correctly spelled, every letter carefully formed, and every and t scrupulously dotted and crossed. Few public men wrote or write now a more beautiful hand than that lying before me. Mr. Buchanan teels honored by the Harrisburg invitation, and says : " If it were not for invitation, and says: "If it were not for a previous engagement, I should certainly accept your invitation. It is now the 'auld lang syne' since I first learned to know and sateem the Democracy of Harrisburg; and from their past kindness there is no place where I should expect a warmer welcome or feel myself more at home." Then he proceeds to congratutate his Democratic friends on the suspicuous result of the Baltimore convention; how, when the prospects of the Democracy were shrouded in darkness and Democracy were shrouded in darkness and all trembied lest some fearful catastrophe might overwhelm the party, a sudden and cheering light burst forth from the conven-tion which spread joy and gladness over the nation. The nominations of Polk and Dallas he continued, were everywhere hailed with an intense enthusiasm, which was the sure presage of victory. A passing compliment is paid to the high character and distinguish services of the Baltimore nominee then he pleads with his fellow-Democrats Pennsylvania in the following eloquen terms:
"At this auspicious moment of our politi-

cal existence, shall we not commence a new era of good feeling in Pennsylvania? Scall we not bury in oblivion those unhappy dis-sensions which have heretofore existed and march to victory as a band of brothers? For myself, it is sufficient for me to know that Democrat will support Polk, Dallas and Muhlenberg, and I shall then extend to him the right hand of political fellowship. The present is not a moment for members of the party to obtrude their private griefs, if they have any upon the multiper for installar in have any, upon the public, or to indulge it criminations and recriminations against each other. Let us charge in solid column on the other. Let us charge in solid column on the enemies of Democratic principles, and the victory will be ours. In union alone there is strength; and if at an early period of the contest it shall be rendered manifest to our sister states that the Democracy of the Keystone are firmly united, our moral influence will be powerfully felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. breadth of the land.

"I know that active and persevering ef-rts have been made and are still in progress to impress the people of other states with the belief that the Democracy of Pennsylvania are not united, and that Mr. Clay will consequently receive the vote of the state. Let us scatter this delusion to the winds. Let us exhibit to the world, without a moment's delay, that we shall give Polk, Dallas and Muhlenberg a triumphant ma jority, and this will scatter confusion and dismay everywhere throughout the ranks of the enemy. The Keystone state will thus sus-tain the whole arch of the Democracy, and e her staters that she is worthy of the Proud name she bears."

He concludes his somewhat lengthy epistle

for unity and harmony by proposing the folwing sentiment:
"The Democracy of Pennsylvania: Let

ve a long pull, a strong pull, and a sltogether, and the victory will be

The response of the committee is in the sandwriting of Hon. John B. Bratton, a brother-in-law of Col. Boyd, who had been one of the editors of the old State Capital Gazette, subsequently and for many years was editor of the Carlisle Volunteer, having

was editor of the Carlisle Volunteer, having succeeded my father on that paper in 1845, and now living in honored retirement at Carlisle. It reads as follows:

"Hon. James Buchanan, Pennsylvania's favorite and distinguished son: His services in the Senate of the United States attest his talents as a statesman of the first order, and his devotion to the principles of the Democratic party entitles him to the highest honors in the gift of the American people."

Of Mr. Buchanan's commanding personal apparance, genial social manner, genuine old-inshioned hospitality, and his great and effective power as a public speaker, it is hardly necessary to speak. I call to mind, horsever, two occasions when he was sublically pathetic and eloquent. These were in return to Lancaster from England in Amir. 1864, and his return to his loved fractions from Washington, after laying the capital of the presidency, the capital of the presidency, and this capital from Washington, after laying the capital of the presidency, and the capital of the presidency, and the capital of the presidency, and the capital of the presidency, after laying the capital of the presidency, and the capital of the presidency.

more at length upon these interesting occa-sions and recall some incidents in which men now gray-headed, then in the flush of youth or early manbood, took a prominent part.

George M. Dallas. A neat, almost lady-like, hand was that o George Mifflin Dallas, nominated for and elected vice president of the United States by the Democracy in 1844. His reply to the committee is exceedingly brief. He says: "I am obliged, by an engagement already formed, to deny myself the pleasure of accepting your invitation to meet the Democracy of the borough of Harrisburg on the approaching anniversary of Independence."

He closes "with sentiments of fraternal respect, I remain, gentlemen, your fellow Democrat and friend."

His letter contained no sentiment. That George M. Dalias : The ballot-boxes in November will prove the high estimate which is placed upon his talents and his character by the Democracy of his native

state."
Mr. Dallas had been Mr. Buchanan's predecessor in the United States Senate, and on the latter's return from England was ap-pointed minister to the court of St. James by pointed minister to the court of St. James by President Pierce, and was continued under President Buchanan. How closely the relations of these two distinguished Pennsylvanians seemed to be linked. Mr. Dallas was one of the handsomest men in Pennsylvania. He was a polished orator, a great lawyer, a learned and sagacious statesman, and a learned and sagacious statesman, and a courtly, astute diplomat. By his casting vote the tariff of 1846 became a law. Daniel Sturgeon.

The handwriting of this gentleman sho wa solidity and stability, and is totally devoid of ornament or flourish. It is painstaking and methodical. The words are all there, but each letter stands separate and distinct from its fellow. After thanking the committee for the invitation, he says: "The brilliant prospects that await us in our autumnal elec-tions will add much to the hilarity usual on this occasion, and permit me to congratulate you on the certainty of success in the prese contest. I have on no former occasion seen more zeal and enthusiasm than now exist. The nominations, national and state, are received with one shout of unanimous appr bation. This united effort will again resto the government to its legitimate owners—the people." The italies are his. He proposed the following sentiment: "The citizens of Dauphin : May they con

tinue to enjoy those blessings so abundantly estowed upon them as long as their own disquehanna continues to flow," The committee responded :

" Daniel Sturgeon : In every station which ne has filled he has been true to his trust and to his principles."

At that time Dr. Sturgeon was the col f Mr. Buchanan in the United States He had been a member of the state senate from Fayette county, was speaker of that body, was auditor general under Gover nor Wolf, then state treasurer, and wa nor Woll, then state treasurer, and was elected to the United States Senate in 1839 or 40, and continued a member of that body intil 1848, when he was succeeded by James Cooper, a Whig. He was one of the olden-time gentlemen, courtly and gracious in manner, and although not much of a publispeaker, was a valuable man in the costockings, was straight as an arrow, dressed

died a year or two ago at Uniontown at the advanced age of 50 years.

with becoming taste, and was greatly be-loved by those who knew bim. He only

Henry A. Muhienberg. The writing of this distinguished man, who had been a minister of the gospel, a member of Congress, and minister to Austria under President Van Buren, was small and neat, but almost effeminate. The si-ture, however, "Hen. A. Muhlenberg," ture, however, "Hen. A. Muhlenberg," is rather bold and striking, and somewhat angular. He was a brother of your former fellow-citizen, the late Dr. Frederick A. Muhlenberg, and from portraits I have seen of him closely resembled that noted physician and fine looking gentleman. After regretting his inability to be present on this occasion, he says: "During my recent visit to Harrisburg, I became slightly acquainted with the Democracy of your borough, and nothing would give me greater gratification than to extend that acquaintance still farther. That pleasure must, however, be reserved to That pleasure must, however, be reserved to some other time. As I cannot be with vo

og sentiment:
"Our principles: Founded upon eterna
"Our principles: Founded upon eternalis and immutable truth, they must eventually be triumphantly victorious. Response of the committee:

Response of the committee: "Henry A. Muhlenberg, the next governor of Pennsylvania; The bold and tearless champion of Democracy. His distinguished services in the past are a guarantee of the ability and fidelity with which he will fill the executive chair." How true it is that "man proposes, but

God disposes." That "some other time," spoken of in the extract quoted from his letter, never came to Henry A. Muhlenberg. He was the Democratic candidate for gover nor, and died very suddenly shortly after while sitting at his front door step at his home in Reading. Much dissatisfaction pre vailed in the party, owing to his ne valled in the party, owing to his nomination. He was only nominated by a majority of three over Francis R. Shunk. Mr. Muhlenteerg's independent candidacy against Governor Wolf in 1815, which resulted in that gentleman's defeat and Ritner's election, had not been forgotten by thousands of Democrats throughout the state. I have often heard that Muhlenterg's elec-I have often heard that Mublenberg's election in 1814 was among the uncertainties and this was confirmed by a recent conversa tion with my venerable friend, Col. Fred erick K. Boas, of this city, than whom ther is no better informed gentleman in reference to the past and present political history of Pennsylvania. Had Muhlenberg lived and seen defeated. Clay would have been elected president; in all probability the Mexican war would never have been fought; Cali-fornia and New Mexico, which are among our richest possessions, would not have beer annexed, and it is hard to conjecture it what condition the United States would have been to-day. Certain it is, that the party in opposition to the Democracy was opposed to the war with Enlgand in 1812, to the Mexican war, and only became the war party when a fratricidal strife ensued which ended to a dissolution of the Union.

Francis R. Shunk. How clear, even and forcible the hanwriting of glorious, honest old Frank Shunk What he has to say is said tersely and vigoronsly, and this letter is but characteristic o all his public utterances. He was neve public utterances. He was never ious. Distance alone (he then lived ambiguous. Distance alone (he then lived in Pittsburg) prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of being with his old Harrisburg friends and neighbors on that occasion. make the following excerpt from his letter

We have fallen upon evil times, whe the 4th of July is particularly interesting. Questions are forced upon the people for decision, which involve a practical change n the administration of the government, and which conflict with those great principles of equality which are the boast of our free in stitutions. A candidate for the presidency of the Union is presented who says he so omnly believes that a bank of the United States is essential to the government; and the people are called upon to say whether his immense corporation, with means to regulate and control, to clevate and depress the currency of the country, shall be estat-lished under circumstances calculated to give it a tremendous power. When such nestions are pending, the anniversary of adependence is a proper time for the people o rally around their tree institutions and to adopt resolutions for preserving the simpli-city of their republican form of government. I should most gladiy, if I could, join my old friends and neighbors in their determination o resist with firmness and decision ever invasion of the equal rights of the people

He gave no sentiment, but the committee " Francis R. Shunk : An amiable citizen. a talented public servant, a sound Democrat We know, admire and respect him." What a magnificent specimen of manhood

ne was, over six feet in height, very erect broad-shouldered, and with one of the kindilest and most genial of faces. I saw him once, when I was a very little fellow, and him once, when I was a very little fellow, and have never fergotten the impression he made upon me. Upon the death of Mr. Muhlenberg, the state convention was reconvened, and Mr. Shunk was unanimously nounlasted for governor. His election was made by between 4,000 and 5,000 majority—so you will perceive that even in those good old bemocratic days, they of the household of our political faith did not have "a walk over." He was renominated in 1847, and reelected by a large majority. He resigned while on his death-bed in July, 1848, and William F. Johnson, Whig, speaker of the Senate, became the acting governor, and was elected to the position by a small majority in October following. In all that constituted a grand and good man, an honest and faithful public servant, a sincere and humble Christian, Francis R. Shunk stood pre-ominent. To this day the older realected so of Harrisburg speak in the kindeat terms of him, and can respond with a hearty amen to the toast of the committee: "We knew, admired and respected him."

writing of the "War Horse of Democracy," and a bold, evenly-formed signature showed his characteristic honesty and truth. He writes briefly, saying: "I feel much in-debted to you in thus favoring me, but regret exceedingly that I cannot participate with you in celebrating a day so dear to every lover of his country, her freedom, her Democracy and her laws. Be pleased to

> pany: The Democratic nominations of the state and nation: A united and realons Demo eracy must and will be successful." To which the committee responded: "Reah Frazer: A worthy representative of the 'deathless' Democracy of Lancaster

present the following sentiment

What a magnetic leader Colonel Frazer was A man of fine presence, bandsome intelle-tual features, and impetuous disposition How his trampet tones, eloquent utterances keen sarcasm and scorebing invective en-thused the masses. I shall never forgot the last political speech he ever made. It was in Fulton hall, in your city, the night before the October election in 1855, upon which occasio ny father presided. Ellis B. Schnabel, the of Williamsport, the most gifted stumper and ablest debater of his time in Pennsylvania, was in the midst of a grand address when Frazer, wrapped in a huge blanket, entered the hall. What a reception he met with The vast audience shouted in such a manner as to fairly make the welsin ring. You know for several years Frazer and Buchanas were estranged, but the colonel came nobig to the front in that campaign and spoke with his old time ferver in behalf of his quoudam friend and chief. As he approached the platform, Schnabel got down from a table on which he was standing, and when he reached the footlights extended his hand t Frazer, gave him a hearty shake, and said "Welcome, my old Cass colleague." At the close of Mr. Schnabel's address, the colonel was called for, and in response mad bitter speech against the late Andrew H Reeder, who had been appointed governor of Kansas by President Pierce, but resigned and deserted the Democratic party. There are a good many people in Lancaster

who will recollect the scoring Frazer gave

his old triend Reeder. Peace to the ashed

There never was a truer-hearted or more

a greater number of warm friends

He had many enemies

there never was a truer-hearted or more courageous leader, and it is doubtful whether the Democracy of Pennsylvania will ever look upon his like again.

Another incident just here. In the campaign of 1850, it was arranged that there should be a joint discussion of its issues by Ellis B, Schnabel and General William A. Stokes, of Westmoreland, who was one of Stokes, of Westmoreland, (who was one of the foremost lawyers in the state,) on the Democratic side, and Tnaddeus Sievens and William D. Kelley on the Republican. The arrangement for some reason tell through. Why I never learned, but it was always broadly binted among the Democrats that Stevens and Kelley were afraid to meet them as antagonists on the stump. Schnabel and Stokes were foemen worthy of any oponents' steel, and had the constitution, so o speak, at their fingers' ends. Stevens especially, had every reason to remember the encounter on the tariff question, in which he came off "second best," with Schnabel everal years previously.

Simon Cameron The handwriting of General Cameron is familiar to many an old printer in Pennsyl vanta. He writes fluently and his penman ship is easily read. I give you the most of what he wrote from Middletown. He says : "It would afford me great pleasure to ac

sept the invitations and to meet, at the tes tive board, the men with whom I have acted nearly all my life, and their sons, who are beginning to waik in their steps, if I could d so consistent with a previous engagement. No portion of the Democracy of this state have stronger claims on the respect an gratitude of their brethren than those wh reside at the capital. In a county opposed t them, with adverse political majorities around them, they can receive no portion of the elective honors of the party, and in the distribution of state offices it rarely happens that a Harrisburg man draws a prize; and yet the citizens of that town never falter in their duty or swerve from their principles. They always give the Democratic candidates a majority, and never complain unless som recreant is found in their ranks. As they done heretofore, so they will do this Polk, Dalias and Muhienberg will re eive the vote of every Democrat in Harris burg, and, if we may judge from the signs of the times, these trusted exponents of the principles of the great Republican party will receive such a majority as will once more settle the politics of the state for a quarter of

When united the Democratic party Pennsylvania has never given less than 20, 000 of a majority. That it is as firmly united now as it was in 1800, 1808, 1814, 1821, 1828 and 1838, is evident to every calm observer of passing events, and that the same cause will this year produce the old-fashioned majority of those years cannot be doubted." He gave the following sentiment:

The Democrats of Harrisburg : Faithful honest and vigilant. They always 'come up to the rack, fodder or no fodder.' Let them persevere and they will soon find their priniples triumphant, not only in the state, but n their county and district."

To which handsome compliment the com-littee responded in these words: "Simon Cameron : A kind neighbor, a useful citizen, an upright Democrat."

Those were certainly ringing words for unity and harmony from the man who in ess than a year afterward was elected to the United States Senate in opposition to the regular Democratic candidate, the late Chief Justice Woodward. The general, however, claimed to be a Democrat until Know-Noth ng times, when he was defeated in his sens torial aspirations by a revolt among the Know-Nothing members of the legislature. Then he dritted into the Republican party, and by the help of three Democrats, Lebo, Wagonselier and Manear, defeated John W. Forney, the Democratic candidate for United senator in 1867. Ever since he has been in opposition to the party of his youth, early manhood and mature age. But time has dealt pleasantly with the general, many of the old sores have been healed, and there is generally a kind feeling for him in both parties. At an age far beyond that allotted parties. At an age far beyond that allotted by the Psaimist, he is still pretty vigorous and enjoying good health. I never believed that he was at heart a Republican, but his fondness for doing things on the sly often au-tagonized him with his fellow-Democrats of a generation ago and upward, and eventu-ally landed him in the ranks of the opposi-tion. May the day for his finally being gath-

ered to his fathers be long delayed. Charles McCture. This gentleman, who was then secretary of the commonwealth under the administration of tiovernor Porter, wrote a running, lawyer-like but entirely legible hand. On account of his having accepted an engagement to celebrate the day with the Democrats of an adjoining county, he was unable to attend, and merely sent his regrets, closing with the following sentiment:
"Pennsylvania, her honor and her debt

Her Democratic legislature has prescribed the mode, and her Republican citizens will speedily and cheerfully provide the means to pay the one and thus preserve the other."

Response of the committee : "Charles McClure, secretary of the commonwealth: Able and faithful as an officer, firm and unflinehing as a Democrat. Old Mother Cumberland may well be proud of

Col. McClure was a man of medium height, handsome, genial and talented, a fine law-yer and a great favorite on the stump. For his contemporaries at the Carlisie bar he had such men as William S. Ramsey, Charles B. Penrose, George Metzgar, Sannel Alex-ander, Frederick Watts, William M. Biddle, Samuel Hepburn, sr., James H. Graham, Hugh Gallagher and S. Dunlap Adair, and among the younger attorneys such men as Lemuel Todd, J. Elits Bonham, William H. Miller and William M. Penrose. He had been a member of the legislature in 1835-36, and was twice a member of Congress from the Cumberland-Perry district. He was a son in law of Ponyarlyand? son-in law of Pennsylvania's greatest chie justice, John Bannister Gibson. He had a high sense of honor, and was thoroughly faithful to his friends. With all his talents winning manner and popularity, poor Mc-Clure was his own worst enemy. He re-moved to Pittsburg to form a partnership with his brother, William B. McClure, then one of the leading members of the Allegheny bar, and subsequently a common pleas judge. His death was sad and sudden, and his memory is still revered by many in Pennsylvania.

Job Mann. The writing of a man who kept a correct ledger and clean books was that of Job Mann, of Bedford, one of the best men that Whether in the halls of the state legislature or Congress, or as custodian of the state's money, no man ever made a more creditable record. He was unable to be present on this occasion, but wrote in the following pathetic value:

and harmony may prevail on that occasion, as it does now prevail in the ranks of the Democracy throughout the Union, and that the stars and stripes of the American flat may ever continue to unfurl to the breeze unturnished on each return of that ever memorable day, and our free institutions remain unimpaired amid all the party strift and excitements that may be gotten up by lesigning politicians."
The committee response

he committee responded : Job Mann : The manner has discharged the responsible duties of state treasurer has gained for him the meed of iniversal applause. Pennsylvania will never lorget the true and the faithful."

General Sam Houston.

Some time since my friend, Capt. George Boyer, of this city, was rummaging through some old papers belonging to his father, the late Jerome K. Boyer, and came eross the letter, a notice of which will close this communication. It was written at Washington city, July 1, 1846, and was adfressed to my father, then a resident of Car lisie. It was from the pen of General Sam Houston, then one of the United States sena-tors from Texas, and first president of the Lone Star republic, and was in reply to an invitation to attend a Democratic celebration at Carlisle on the 4th of July of that year. It was published by Mr. Boyer in the Carlisle Democrat, of which he was the founder an editor, and fortunately was preserved by him. It has been presented to me, and I assure you will be well taken care of and treasured as a souvenir of the past. The writing is as plain as print and the signature bold and dashing, characteristic, indeed, of the career of the great soldier and statesman. On ac-count of prior engagement he was unable to

"I hope, however, that some future oppor tunity will enable me to do so; as nothing will afford me more satisfaction than a visit to that portion of Pennsylvania which was the home of my ancestors, and in which, no doubt, many of my kindred at present re

Do me the favor to tender to those whom

you represent the deep sense of my apprecia tion for this mark of their regard, and accept for yourself my thanks for the flattering terms of your communication."

The responsive toast to the general is on the back of the letter and is the handwriting of my father, a "take" of whose copy any printer was glad to get. Several of your employes doubtless recollect it with plea-The toast was: "General Sam Houston—the hero of San Jacinto: When the star of Texas shall cease

to shine in our glorious constellation—then, and not till then, will the name of this distinguished soldier, statesman and patriot be forgotten. We trust the day is not far forgotten. We trust the day is not far distant when he will pay a visit to the 'home of his ancestors'-Old Mother Cumberland. Two years later, on the 4th of July, 184s, General Houston did pay the hoped-for visit to the "home of his ancestors," and made a speech to the Democracy of Cumberland county, at Holcomb's grove, Carlisle, I recoihim as well as if it had been but yester-He was about 0 feet 3 inches in height, was graceful and sinewy, his broad shoulders crowned with a magnificent head, an eye like an eagle's, a face radiant with intellectu-ality and benevolence. As he sat at the foot of the platform whittling a pine stick, enchaining all around him with his pare conversation

He was dressed in a full suit of linen, and wore a broad brimmed, low crowned white hat. An orator he was in every sense of the term, and those now living who heard him will never forget his inging and eloquent utterances in behalf o his old friends and confreres, Cass and On this occasion he was accompanied by the late Hon, David S. Kauffman, who was a native of Cumberland county, but removed to Texas in the early days of its intancy as a republic, and was its first representative in Congress. He also spoke. He was a noble-

ooking and attractive man, a fluent and for-ible speaker, and ranked high among the many then able men in our national legisla-I have soun you a long story, perhaps too long, but the reminiscences of the long ago, evoked by these letters, have crowded and are still crowding upon me. However as I have been holding converse with the many friends and patrons of my dear old alma mater, they will naturally overlook my prolixity. That long continued prosperity piness may be the portion of the INTELLI-DENCER and its thousands of readers is the

ALTRED SANDERSON. MR. RUSKIN ON CHURCH DERT. le Administers a Stinging Rebuke to Peop Who Plague Him for Ald,

From the New York Herald. There must be something very painful to the customary conceit and obtuseness of the average Briton when Mr. John Ruskin takes old of him. Here is what that gentleman had to say recently to an application for a subscription to help extinguish the debt on the Baptist church at Richmond, England : Sin-1 am sorrowfully amused at your ap peal to me, of all people in the world the pre selv least likely to give you a farthing. My first word to all men and boys who care hear me is, "Don't get into debt. Starv and go to heaven, but don't borrow. Tr first begging—I don't mind. If it's reali needful, stealing. But don't buy things yo can't pay for." And of all manner of debtor pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to Can't you preach and pray behind th cally built from churches are the dampablest to the. And of all the sects and believers in my ruling spirit, Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolaters and Mumbo Jumbo Log and Fire Worshipers, who want churches, your mod ern English Evangelical sect is the most at surd and entirely objectionable and unen durable to me. All which you might very easily have found out from my books. Any

other sort of sect would, before bothering me to write it to them. Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant.

Jones Busking Of course Mr. Ruskin does not really mean to recommend "stealing," even in an emer-gency; but he obviously does design to rap over the knuckles very sharply the builde of churches on credit. The custom is not confined to England, be it remembered, and the Roman Catholic rule of not consecrating a church which is in debt is worthy of the highest respect. Even a better plan would be not to build your church until you have money to pay for it.

CAGING THEIR GIRLS. Consul Griffin Reports a Carlous Castom of the

United States Consul Griffin, of Sydney, brother of Mary Anderson's step-father, has made some exhaustive studies of the inhabitants of New Britain, an island in the South Pacific ocean, and gives the state department the benefit of his researches. He says the inhabitants have the custom of confining their girls in cages until they are old enough to marry. This custom he says is peculiar t that island and without a parallel among the other inhabitants of the South seas. These girl cages are made of twigs of the palm tree and the girls are put into them when they are only two or three years of age. These cages are built inside the houses and the girls are never allowed to leave the ouse under any circumstances, and are only taken out of the cages once a day to b washed. The houses themselves are closely tenced in with a sort of wicker work made of reeds. Ventilation under the circumstances reeds. Ventitation under the circumstances is rendered difficult. The girls are said to grow up strong and healthful in spite of these disadvantages. The nativos are very fond of jeweiry made of shell or bone.

Both men and women are entirely nude, except a small strip of bark or leaves around the loins. They have thick, black curly hair, large flat noses and symmetrical bodies. They display a great fondness for feathers of gaudy colors, with which they decorate their heads. Sometimes they wear a belinet or

heads. Sometimes they wear a beimet or head-dress, about eighteen inches in height, made of bark and seaweeds, and orna mented with shells, cat's-eyes, &c.

Same Perplexing Problems.

We have a long letter from a respected Presbyterian correspondent discussing the propriety of a minister appearing at a Burns iestival in view of the bad morals of that poet. We have another from a member of the Church of England questioning the fitness of a number of prolates of his own church congratulating a cardinal on his elevation to the Roman scarlet. These would be fine abstract questions to discuss at length if the influence and reputation of good men were not involved.

Undergraduate (from from the school)—
"By Jove i a white tie suits me so well, I

WILL the "short story" take the place of the regular, longer novel in the future of American fiction? I don't think so, At the same time it is pretty certain that the short story has come to stay. Without in any wise supplanting the novel proper, it has made for itself and admirably fills a distiget and important place in literature. And as such it demands and deserves particular attention in the history of literature ; the more so as it is a unione and distinctive outgrowth of the American character. It is the most original and notable contribution our country thus far has made to the realm of letters; wholly a product of our peculiar nationality, and every way characteristic of our whole thought and life.

THE American short story is the legitimate thild of the American magazine, and begotten of the American spirit of restiess hurry, and demand for something which " he that conneth may read." Our English cousins may be able to sit down in their easy-chairs and take life leisurely while they doze over their regulation three-volume novel. But ife is deemed too short for that over here. We rush through it on an express train. If we read at all, it must be something we can carry in our pockets, or snatch up on the train, and can finish in an hour or a day. This feverish demand our magazines s hemselves to supply by creating the short story-a kind of concentrated essence of novel put up in convenient shape for rapid swallowing and quick digestion. something like the attempted concentration of the es sence of a full meal into a little pill, to be sarried in the vest pocket and swallowed whole to save the valuable time now spen n cating.

It must be confessed that the concentra ion of our literary nourishment has been, omparatively at least, more of a success than that of our bodily. Somehow or other people persistently refuse, even for the sake of making more money, to forego the rest and pleasure of eating three square means a lay. It is, however, well nigh the only time and pleasure we don't begrudge and wholly deny ourselves, the only thing we have so far refused entirely to sacrifice to the sterest and needs of trade and money-get ing. In fact, a good many have cut down margin so closely that dys epsia is killing them.

THERE are also a few, even in mercantile America, who refuse to be robbed of the rereation and enjoyments of their mental meal by the substitution of any literary cor centrated essence-pills. And I agree with them. I believe there are enough of them in the country, and more are coming, to nake it sure that the deliberate, artistic ductions of literature will never be sup-danted by anything else. There are still good many, and their number is growing who believe that life is given us to live. miy to spend in exchange for money. They an and do take time every day for the en-oyment of a square meal of spiritual, intel ctual, nothetic, literary nourishment-aney don't begrudge it either. Their real fe, their manhood and womanhood, gets ore genuine and substantial profit and gain rom it than the body does from its physical ood, or than ten times the money value of hat same time would be equivalent to. No, et others swallow their food pills on the run I they please, we prefer to sit down to ou properly set table and take our time, as hon-est folks should, to the full and deliberate discussion and thorough enjoyment and digestion of the whole and unconcentrates beefsteak, potatoes, vegetables, side-dishes, desserts and all. The time so spent may lose us a little money, perhaps ; but it won't give us dyspepsia, anyhow!

Do I, therefore, disapprove of the short Not a bit of it. I am proud of it as an American production, and rejoice in it as the most original and characteristic feature of our national literature. But I want it to stay in its place and not try to crowd out any other equally legitimate feature. I tho-roughly believe in it as a happy invention for our mental luncheon, to take along or picnics and in the cars, yes, and to enjoy at home between meals. But I don't want it to become in any wise a substitute for those meals themselves. That's all.

There is danger of this, For example, nly a few days ago a very intelligent young friend of mine, who has probably read every short story that has appeared in recent years, astonished me with the confession that outside of the Scarlet Letter he had never read anything of Hawthorne! Further inquiry revealed the humiliating fact that of about every ten young men and women who read all the short stories that are printed, scarce; one has read enough of Hawthorne, Lowel Hoimes, Emerson, to have become really ac-quainted with these classics. I could scarcely believe it. Yet it is a fact—a most deplorable fact. It is as bad as trying to live on cream and berries alone and refusing to eat of the juicy roast and steak, the bread and solid food on the table.

1 F I had my way no American should read single novel or romance until a thorough course of Hawthorne had been gone through Few who have not read all the works of this greatest writer and most perfect literary ar ist of our land have any idea of the compre hensiveness and versatility of his work. It is a pet theory of mine that the careful and is a pet theory of mine that the careful and intelligent reading of his various writings alone would be one of the most profitable courses that could be taken, would furnish nearly all that is needed for the foundations of a thorough literary education. The boy or girl beginning with his Wonder Book, and using some of his short stories in Twice Told Tales and Moses from an Old Manse, and his English Note Books and American Note Book, to train up to the study of The Mar-Note Book, to train up to the study of The Ma ble Fann, The Scarlet Letter, Septimius Fel-ton and the rest—the reader who had gone brough such a course would. I firmly leve, have acquired a more solid foundation of the best literary culture, would have a more correct taste formed, and become pos sessed of a certain infallible and pure literar conscience, than could be obtained from the study of double the number of volumes of any other or of any dozen other authors. I go on the principle in this that the firs books we read are the ones that as form our literary tastes and give us uncon-sciously our standards and criteria, according to which we judge all others alterwards. Therefore, the first ought by all means to be the very best. And hence Hawthorne ought to be the first.

Bur don't take just any edition of Haw thorne. Get only the best, the only one worthy of this wonderful "Artist of the Beautiful." I refer, of course, to the Riverside Edition, complete in twelve beautiful ectavo volumes, with paper, typography, il-ustrations and binding such as Hawthorne himself would have chosen—one of the hand somest sets of books for use I know of. And it has more than its beauty to commend it. It is conscientiously, sympathetically edited by the great writer's son-in-law, George Parsons the great writer's son-in-law, George Parson's Lathrop, himself one of our most refined litterary scholars and artists. His study of Hawthorne's Life, the best biography of him extant, together with the different prefaces, introductions and copious notes to each volume, throw much light on the works themselves, and add immensely to their interest, telling us as they do of the time, place, circumstances and occasion of their writing. Altogether the Riverside Edition is as superior to all others that no one acquainted to all others that no one acquai

Ir you want to examine it and see for your self that in what I have said " the half hath not been told," just stop in at Fon Der smith's or Baer's the next time you pass and ask them to show it to you. I think they are the only ones in town that have it on hand.

By the way, I got a hint on buying works of this kind (you know the set of twelve vol-umes costs twenty-lour dollars, and is cheap at that, though I believe Fon Dersmith sellat eighteen) which, may not come amiss to others whose funds are limited. So far as I know there is no patent on it, so I may tell it. A young lady acquaintance of mine is getting the set as a present for one of her friends. As she doesn't feel as if she could afford to buy the whole at once, she gets one volume at a time and gives them to her friend separately, say Vol. I for a Christmas gift, Vol. II as an Easter greeting, Vol. III as a birthday present, and so on, until in a lew years at most the complete set will have been given. It struck me as an ingenious and most sensible way of getting over the expense of the work.

pensive. Why, I know plenty of people who spend much more than the price of in one season for "summer reading" and short stories; and when the season is over, what have they to show for it? Nothing but about a bushel of ragged and torn paper-covered stuff that has to be given to the rag-

Ir you imagine that you must have shor stories in summer, remember that Haw thorne has two or three volumes of the very best kind of them. Indeed, Hawthorn must be regarded as one of the original in ventors of the American short story, and fo charm of style and delicacy of conception none of the later writers in that line have ye surpassed him; few have even equaled him. For, with much of the exquisite work that has been called forth by this feature of our literature, there has also been produced not a little that is but sorry stuff. Everybody that can write at all seems to fancy that he can write a short story, and nearly everyon tries. Whereas the fact is that but very few can do it successfully. While Cable, How-ells, Bishop, Lathrop, Miss Murfree, the late Helen Jackson and several other first-class writers of fiction have also given us excellent specimens of this kind of work, many of our most successful novelists have utterly failed ti it. Similarly some of the most skilling writers of short stories are little short of fail writers of short stories are little short of failures when they attempt a regular novel, as for example, Maurice Thompson, Bret Harle and Frank R. Stockton, with his just published Late Mrs. Null. In general it may be said that the best recent short stories are by authors comparatively unknown in any of the other departments of fiction.

WHEN I Speak of the best I mean to be taken literally, and that, of course, limits the number to a very few. To be absolutely better than Miss Murfree's In the Tennesse Mountains, Joel Chandler Harris' exquisite sketches, Maurice Thompson's charming stories, and such gems as a few of Mr. James' Mr. Jauvier's (Ivory Black's), Frank Sbekton's, J. T. Trowbridge's, not to mention Cable's Old Creeke and the Days, and the delightful tales of Howells, Aldrich, Warner, Harte and others of our well-known favorites—to be better han what these skilled and trained artists than what these skilled and trained artists have given us, a story must be very nearly

Or these few best recent short stoies two are by one and the same author. whose only contribution to our literature they are, at least so far as I know. His name is Thomas Nelson Page; and the two ma terpieces to which I refer are "Marse Chan, which appeared in the Century some months ago, and "Men Lady," in the June number of the same magazine. The scene of both is laid in Eastern Virginia during and imme-diately after the war, and both stories are written in the difficult East Virginia negro halect, which makes it hard work to reach hem, and I fear will cause not a few to refus the task altogether. More's the pity. For Marse Chan and Meh Lady are gems of the irst water. I shall not even attempt to de scribe or characterize them here, nor try to account for their wondrous charm and exquisite beauty. Read them, and you will have read two of the very best American short stories that have yet been written. I only wish I had the pleasure still before me. For two such gems one can forgive the writing of much trash, and from them can gather strong and brightest hope for the future of this kind of literature. They disclose to us this kind of literature. They disclose to us a vein of gold rich and precious, and by the hands of the right kind of workmen capable of development into artistic treasures the literature of our language has as yet few

WHILE reading Meh Lady, however, the mestion arose in my mind, Is it really es ential to the excellence, the touching romance, the pure and deep pathos of the story, that it should be written in so forbidding a dialect ! I could not decide the tion either way. Perhaps it is, and perhaps it is not. But I certainly wish it weren't The language aim at makes in the language aim at makes aim at m

Miss Cieveland and the Christian at Work.

rom the Christian at Work, In the issue of the Christian at Work of the 3d inst., we printed a poem from the pen of Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland - "An Old Virgil with Notes "

Since its publication in our columns certain mischievous statements have been put orth in some dally papers, in this elsewhere, charging that the the poem was not an act of good faith. Thus the Boston Transcript reterred to it as the "vamping up of an old school days" poem," vamping up of an old school days' poem," and a writer in the New York Herald speaks of its publication as "a trick."

In reply to these writers, one and all, we distinctly state that the poem in question, as also a prose article of Miss Cleveland's printed in our columns last year, was sent direct to the Christian at Work for publication by Miss Cleveland besself. tion by Miss Cieveland herself; and it may interest the public although it does not ne-cessarily concern them, to learn that in both cases remittances have been sent to Miss Cleveland, which we have every reas knowing were acceptable to that lady.

Tired Burying Them. The town of Windsor, Broome county, O has in the person of Elias Lee an overseer of the poor who is jealous and watchful of the interests of the town. A few days ago, learning that a man who, with his family, had frequently been a town charge, and fo whom the town has buried at least one wife was about to marry again, the overseer published this notice: "Learning that ______i about to marry again, I hereby notify al persons concerned that the town of does not propose to care for or bury any more of his wives."

A Rampant Evappelist. Mr. Munday is an evangelist now laboring in Nashville and other Southern cities who seems to have "caught on" to the style o Sam" Jones very successfully. "You galvanized Christians," he said the other day, "are going to hell on a lightning express train that stops neither for wood or water, but burns coal that lasts long. I expect tha but burns coal that lasts long. I expect that there are a great many of you here to-day. You are going to set up a first-class society in hell. That's what you are going to do, and I am going to prove it to you by the Bible. You are not like other Christians, you copper-back sons of the devil. You ar leading souls to hell."

What Makes a Minister. "Do you know," said a prominent St. Paul divine the other day, "what makes the reputation of a minister? It is not his ser mons, but the way in which he builds up Whenever a man has large congre gations he becomes known. Now, as a rule, this is done by leg work. I mean that the majority of ministers who build up a church do it by personal solicitation. There are men whose sermons will attract and hold people."

He Struck a Bonanza.

From the Richmond Religious Herald. "Our custom is to pay \$35 a Sunday fo supplies; but, as you have come a long way, the supply committee has directed me to pay you \$75 for this day's work." So said a New you \$75 for this day's work." So said a New Jersey brother, as he handed a Virginia preacher his check for \$75. What would some of our country churches in the South say to that? churches that pay not more than twice that much for a whole year's work.

Sam Jones to the Rich Old Methodists. from his sermon at Indianapolis.

I want to say that if I had as much money some of you old Methodists have, and didn't give more to the church than you do, the devil will git me just as sure as my namis Sam Jones, and he'll git you, too—don'

The huge, drastric, griping pills are fast being superseded by Dr Plerce's "Furgative Pellets," sold by druggists. W.8&w

Teething Rabies are happy if their guins are bathed with Da. Hann's Teething Lotion. Summer-Mothers be careful of your bable with diarrhesa. Ds. HAND'S Diarrhesa Mixture cures when everything use falls. Price 25 ets. For sale by H. R. Cochran, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

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Pain in the region of the kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the sufferings of dyspepsia. One or two pills every night for a received are sufficient. TWO BIRDS OF JUNE

th me, at me, how neighborly the preciou Jane's become, When life's brave marching tunes give way to

the to lof the dreary drum, And the logies hold their breath, and the clarrionets are dumb. Have they left Time's great procession, to lotter

by the way.

That they cluster in my thought like a wedding

morn bouquet?
That their fragrance brings the breath of voices never heard, That I see their vanished faces when the leafy

veils are stirred.

That the measure of their foot falls makes muste at my door, Though the weary feet have halted since June was here before?

was here before? Why should I strike the minor mode, with earth all new and fair,
As if the moraleg hymn of Stars yet trembled on the air,
And yet my heart is haunted with gray shadows

of regret, For the song that breaks no silence, the sky Imperial June has come again, the diadem of

Her breath is fragrant music, and her rivers run in thy me ; The land one mighty emerald, God's kohinoor the sun.

As if the universe deployed its wheeling worlds

The leafy pomp and stateliness of forests in

army, Down to the daisy groups that dance beneath the eye of Day All the lakes besprent with lilles where the scented sophyrfaints. So many crystal tables with a service fit for

The clouds are bound about the brow with circlets of the seven, ence bridal vells depending, of the gentlest rains of Heaven. sciaim the wedding of two worlds, not Orient

and the West, the Planet in the green and the Azure of the Blest, The days grow long as if some world far nightler Let fall its day-time mantie down the other's

on our human homestead in radiant folds of Till their twilight tluted borders overlap the narrow might

A token from a perished June adorns my sunset Unsightly to another's eyes, to mine a brilliant

Tis just a branch of mountain ash, a slender, worthiese thing. e withered rubles grace it still, some faded leaflets cling.

I saw it in its braver time, a pendulum that

swung When winnowed by a blue jay's wing or passing breezes sung there came one day two liveried birds, in black and orange bright, They were baronial colors of the noble belted

knight,
The golden robins of the girls, the hang birds of the boys, The fire birds, little flashing flakes of the living fire of joys.

Now hark to his brilliant tenor, and hark to her dainty flute. It is the numesinger's song, be other minstreis

The Oriole's Song.

The thrush is our rustic cousin and dresses tra-let in brown, He dwells in the backswoods places, and we lea-la in town :

"His every day clothes, ting a ling, are fine as a feilow needs That sings in the thick-set bedges and jurks in

the tangled weeds.

We dwell in the sim tree circles, the next door neighbors to man,
And, trill away, trill, as free of our
lives as we can.
We are the birds of lightimore—orange and chon

Bear his name and carry his fame when martile tablets fall Lord Calvert's colors are our own, they never fade nor die;

Sure to shine as the rosy glow to light a Juneborn sky, have come from Magnoila Land, from We have come from Magnolia Land, from islands on the lee,
Where the cactus builds the flower-like coral in the sea.
We are Orioles, every one cavallers, cavallers!

We sing out the song with a will-for Juthe North, THERM CHEEKS

Then in the momentary hush a meadow lark begins.
And then a shower beats faint tattoo upon the tinkling linns. goldfinch sings in richochet ber fine and fil tered notes. Cat birds whine from a brier bush and blue jays

The Mocking Bird's Song.

With plaintive tenderness a dove, as if an ocho signed. Reminds me of a little boy who moaned like her and died ; And then the laugh of children small, who never

clear their throats :

grieved or sinned, sweet as an apple blossom drift comes snowing down the wind. The Service of Song all over, and over the wind and rain,
My liveried birds of beauty flew to their work amain :

They sought a place for their hammock and found it in the ash,

At a sparrow come to spy them they made a one flew with flax from the silk weed and bits of crimson yarn, One trailed a tangle of worsted and litchen from

the barn :
They tugged small bundles of fibres, the fiaments of roots,
And played a little while they wrought a pair of magic flates; They robbed the grass of a ribbon, a spool of a "bite" of thread, he hair from a horse's mane, two from a mai-

den's head; They came with down from the willow, a fleece from an old fence rall, liken tape from a spreading beech, a taft from a squirrel's tail. hey flew through the air like shuttles, and

wrought in their loom of love, Drew woof and warp without fingers, and wat-lied, knit and wove, A robin in his duli red vest, that watched them from a larch, With an angry cry and swoop they brought to " right about " and " march."

The days swept by in splendid state, the hammock swang at last, so frail, so firm, the rathines taut, the lifelines

knotted fast,

Then swiftly grew the ash-tree leaves, and
thatched the cottage roof,
And two, like hands in blessing spread, to keep
the world aloof.

The miracle of life began, the woven-walls of gray tremulous with new-born breath and four small pulses' play. It turned a purse with golden notes : I heard

their tiny tone ; it turned a homestead desolate, the children fledged and flown.

Here now, the hammock and the brach disman tled, silent lie, The tuneful tenants gone abroad to find a

kinder sky; io may we all, by grace of God, good-by, dear hearts, good by !
—Benj. F. Taytor in the Baltimore Sun. *NOTE .- THE BALTIMORE ORIGIN.-The colors of Lord Baltimore were precisely those of Oriole, and Linnaus gave to it the name of ounder of the city, whose trees and parks the ird made beautiful with song and plumage,

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