Local Intelligence.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT NEAR LANCASTER—NINE PERSONS KILLED—THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER—SCENES, INCIDENTS, &c.—One of the saddest and most horrible railroad accidents we have ever been called upon to chronicle occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad, four miles west of this city, on Saturday afternoon last, a few minutes before 3 o'clock. The horrible nature of the disaster and the social standing and position of several of the persons killed give the affair a melancholy interest to all our readers.

The Day Express due here at 2.55 P. M., and the Erie Express, which was several hours behind time, were united together at Harrisburg, and the engines of both attached. The trains consisted of nine passenger cars and two baggage cars. It arrived on time at Landisville, which is six miles from this city. It was running at a rapid rate of speed, and when rounding a curve near Kauffman's Mill, the disaster occurred. All the persons killed were in the third passenger car. The supposition is that the truck of the front wheels by some means became detached and swung around, the wheels passing through the wood work underneath, tearing the middle of the floor and three seats on each side entirely out. The persons killed were all seated in the middle of the car, and they of course were hurled through and met with almost instant death. The train run perhaps 60 or 70 yards before it could be stopped, and the mangled bodies were strewn along the track.

The news was brought to this city by the engineer of engine 331, one of the engines attached to the train, and it spread rapidly. Hundreds of people were in the depot awaiting the arrival of the train, for the purpose of proceeding to Philadelphia to witness the Firemen's parade which takes place there to-day. Of course such news as this deterred the large majority of them from going. At five o'clock the train arrived in this city with the dead and wounded on board. The dead bodies were immediately taken into the gentlemen's saloon at the depot, where they were washed and properly prepared for burial.

Deputy Coroner Snyder meanwhile summoned a jury, consisting of the following named gentlemen: Capt. David Bair, Jr., Capt. S. W. Rowe, Wayne G. Bender, A. S. Bard, John Baker and William H. Gable. A number of physicians in the city were also notified, and several of them were promptly on hand to render all the assistance in their power. A post mortem examination was held by the Coroner, assisted by Drs. Carpenter, Compton, Atlee and Muhlenburg. The names of the killed identified are:

Mrs. James P. Barr, wife of Hon. James P. Barr, Surveyor General of Pennsylvania, and editor of the Pittsburg *Post*.

Col. William Butler, of Lewistown, Pa., Whiskey Inspector under Gov. Curtin, at Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. B. Butler, wife of Col. William Butler.

Mr. William H. Butler, a clerk in the Surveyor General's Office at Harrisburg, and formerly a member of the Legislature from Carbon county.

Mrs. Willett, of Cumberland county, Pa.

Mrs. Magdalena Yetta, of Milwaukie, Wisconsin.

A lady, about 40 years of age; two girls aged respectively about 16 and 8 years, the latter of whom died in the depot on Saturday night at 10 o'clock, and who are supposed to be mother and daughters from the close family resemblance. Their dresses were also alike. Their names and residence are unknown.

Dr. William Compton has kindly furnished us with an account of the nature of the wounds of those killed.

Mrs. James P. Barr., Cut about neck. Large wound in both lungs. Could put a probe into lungs. Scar above and below left eye. Number of bruises on body.

Mrs. Willett. Head crushed flat. Left arm broken in several places. Number of scars on body.

Col. Butler. Head mangled, crushing the bones. Large scar on left side, tearing the flesh very much.

Mrs. Butler. Front part of the head and face all mangled and crushed in; lower jaw bone broken; large wound across the abdomen, causing the bowels to ooze out; flesh wounds on other parts of the body.

Mr. William H. Butler. A cut on back part of the head; large wound over the left eye near the hair; could push the finger into the brain; toes cut off of the right foot; large flesh wound in the small of the back.

Mrs. Yetta.. Head crushed in on the top; bones all broken; right leg off above the knee.

Unknown woman. Supposed to be of German descent, and about 40 years of age. Cut almost in two in the region of the abdomen, and cut above the right eye.

Unknown girl, about 16 years of age.—Left leg crushed above the knee, and merely hanging by the skin; a large wound in right side, with several scars on the face.

Unknown girl about 8 years of age. Was still alive when carried into the depot.—Died about 10 o'clock. Wound above the left eye; several scars on the head; bruised on the chest, and scar on the right arm.

Hon. James P. Barr, Surveyor General of Pennsylvania; Mr. John K. Shryock of Chambersburg, Capt. Isaac Moffit of Philadelphia, and two or three others, whose names we have been unable to learn, received slight injuries. Mr. Shryock and Capt. Moffit proceeded on the same night to Philadelphia.

Mr. Barr was seated in the middle of the car facing his wife. When the accident occurred he caught hold of the window, and by this means saved his life. One of his boots was torn from his foot, and the latter was sprained a little.

Mr. Joseph Stewart, of Harrisburg, a brother of James Stewart, Esq., of this city, was standing in the rear of those killed.—He caught hold of one of the brass bars beneath the sky-light, thus saving his life. The escape of any one in the car from instant death or the most serious injury is truly miraculous and altogether Providential.

In company with the coroner's jury we paid a visit to the scene of the disaster yesterday. It was fortunate that it occurred on so level a piece of ground. Had there been an embankment there is no estimating the loss of life which might have occurred. Four passenger cars, immediately behind the one in which the persons were killed, were thrown off the track, and in fact were more badly used up than it. In the last car one of the wheels passed through the floor. Yet strange to relate not a person was injured in either of these cars. The car in which the persons were killed was new, and built expressly for the use of ladies.

After the bodies were carried into the depot, (with the exception of that of Mrs. Barr, which was taken to McGrann's Hotel,) and recognized, dispatches were sent by telegraph to different points to their friends.

Mrs. James P. Barr was about 30 years of age. She was an amiable and accomplished woman, and a most devoted wife and mother. She leaves a family of nine children, the youngest of whom is less than a year old. Mr. Barr left for Pittsburg in the 1.55 train on Sunday morning, taking the remains of his wife with him. It was a crushing blow to him.

Gen. James Potter, of Lewistown, Pa., an intimate friend of the family, and who by the merest accident was fortunately not on the train, came on yesterday morning, and took charge of the remains of Col. Butler and wife. He went on with them last night. Col. B. was well known throughout the State, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. His age was about 56 years.—His wife, a beautiful and accomplished woman, was about 30 years of age. On her person were found the following lines, which are written in a delicate female hand.—They have a touching beauty and significance just now:

Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye have rose-tinted moments dear!
But, alas, when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe.

Mr. William H. Butler, better known as "Barney" Butler, was the eldest son of the late Rev. William Butler, of Carlisle, for nearly half a century a well-known clergyman of the Methodist Church. "Barney" was likewise a brother-in-law of John B. Beck, Esq., of Williamsport. Several years ago he represented Carbon county in the Legislature, and at the time of his death was a clerk in the Surveyor General's Office at Harrisburg. He was one of the kindest hearted of men, had a great flow of wit and humor, and was esteemed by all who knew him for his many fine social qualities. His remains were taken to Williamsport last night in charge of Col. Frederick E. Embick, a son-in-law of Mr. Beck.

Mrs. Yetta, of Milwaukie, Wisconsin who was killed, was accompanied by her three little children, neither of whom was killed nor injured. The eldest is only seven years of age. They have been taken in charge by Mrs. Owen Hopple, who has shown them every attention and is deserving of all praise.

The other persons who were killed we had no acquaintance with or knowledge of. The friends of all can rest assured, however, that every respect was paid their remains by Geo. F. Breneman, Esq., Solicitor of the Company in this city; Capt. George L. Boyle, Despatcher; Mr. John Keller, Mr. A. F. Hambright, Mr. Edward Kautz and other railroad officials, and by our physicians and citizens generally.

The bodies of Mrs. Yetta, and the supposed mother and daughters, whose names and residences are not known, have been placed in the receiving vault of Woodward Hill, to await the recognition and claims of their friends.

The coroner's jury have not yet decided as to the cause of the disaster.

THE FUNERAL OF CAPT. HERR—MASONIC OBSEQUIES.—The funeral of the late Capt. Daniel Herr, of Columbia, took place on Thursday afternoon. It was the most solemn and imposing pageant ever witnessed in that borough, conducted according to Masonic rites and ceremonies. Columbia Commandery, No. 13, of Knights Templar, and Lodge No. 43, A. Y. M., of this city, together with York Commandery, No. 21, of York, and Columbia Lodge, No. 286, took part in the ceremonies. Eminent Commander Sir Charles M. Howell, of this city, was also present. Before the procession left the house the hat and sword as a Sir Knight of the deceased were placed on the coffin. The funeral services at the house were conducted by Rev. John Cromlish, Rector of the Episcopal Church of Columbia. At 3 o'clock the procession moved in the following order:

City Cornet Band of Lancaster, playing the "Dead March in Saul."

Marshal—Sir Knight Charles E. Wentz, of Columbia Commandery, No. 13.

York Commandery, No. 21, of York, with swords reversed.

Columbia Commandery, No. 13, of Lancaster, with swords reversed.

Prelate—Sir Hugh S. Gara, of Columbia Commandery, No. 13, in full robes.

Eminent Commander—Sir Charles M. Howell.

Lodge, No. 43, A. Y. M., of Lancaster—Brother Christian Widmyer, Marshal.

Columbia Lodge, No. 286.

Hearse, containing remains of the deceased Sir Knight, with four Sir Knights as guard of honor.

Family and friends of deceased in carriages.

Citizens generally.

The procession to the mournful dirge of the Band moved along Front to Locust street, and out Locust to the cemetery. On arriving at the grave the Sir Knights formed around the same in the shape of a triangle and outside of these the Lodges formed in a circle with clasped hands. The ritual or funeral services of knighthood was then read by Eminent Commander, Sir Charles M. Howell. The closing part of the ritual is in the following beautiful words: "His sword vowed only to be drawn in the cause of truth, justice and rational liberty, responses still in its scabbard, and our arms can no more shield him from wrong or oppression." The Sir Knights at this point returned their swords to their scabbards. The Prelate, Sir Hugh S. Gara, then read a lesson from the Holy Scriptures, the responses being made by the Sir Knights. A tribute of respect to the deceased, or "record monument," was then read by the Recorder, Sir J. M. Westhaeffer, of Columbia Commandery, No. 13. It is as follows:

This Record Monument is inscribed to the memory of Sir Knight Daniel Herr, who died October 11, 1865, and a member of Columbia Commandery, No. 13, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armed in the cause of Truth—of Justice and the Constitution, he entered the army—and fought valiantly and nobly in defence of of his country's liberty and her institutions. God has smiled upon us, and Peace has spread her snow white wings over our heretofore distracted and bleeding country.

The pilgrim warrior has exchanged the scenes of the battle-field for the joys of Heaven and the crown of glory which can never fade away.

A hymn was then sung by the Sir Knights, and a prayer offered by the Prelate. The Junior Warden, Sir William A. Morton, of Columbia Commandery, No. 13, then removed the hat and sword of the deceased from the coffin. Another passage from the ritual was then read by the Prelate, and the Junior Warden presented the sword of the deceased to the Eminent Commander, who upon receiving the same read a passage from the ritual, one sentence of which is as follows: "Our departed brother Sir Knight was taught, while living, that this sword, in his hands, as a true and courteous Knight, was endowed with three most estimable qualities. Its hilt with *fortitude* undaunted; its blade with *justice* impartial, and its point with *mercy* unrestrained." Senior Warden, Sir A. J. Kauffman, of Columbia Commandery, No. 13, then presented a cross to the Prelate, who placed the same on the coffin, and read a beautiful extract from the ritual. A cross of steel over the grave was then made in the shape of a triangle by P. E. Com., Sir C. S. Kauffman of Commandery No. 13, E. Com., Sir Fitz J. Evans of No. 21, and Senior Warden, Sir David O. Prince of No. 21. The ceremonies of the Commanderies were then concluded with the singing of another appropriate hymn.

W. M., Bro. A. J. Kauffman, Columbia Lodge, No. 286, then read the Blue Lodge ceremonies, prefacing the same by placing an apron of the Lodge and a sprig of evergreen in the grave. The Band then performed "Old Hundred," a prayer was offered by the Chaplain of Lodge, No. 286, Rev. Bro. John Cromlish, and the ceremonies concluded by the members of the Lodges passing around the grave and depositing sprigs of evergreen in it. Thus was consigned to the tomb all that was mortal of the lamented Capt. Daniel Herr.

The Masons of this city were most handsomely and sumptuously entertained by their Columbia brethren. Brothers A. J. Kauffman, H. M. North, M. M. Strickler, A. S. Green, Robert Crane and John Fendrich were especially assiduous in their attentions. We are glad to know that Masonry is in such a flourishing condition in that borough. So may it always be.

LANCASTER HORSE MARKET, MONDAY OCT. 16TH, 1865.—Not much doing in the way of arrivals or sales during the past week.

Trout's.—15 head on hand at last report The arrivals were 8 head bought up in the county to D. M. Sharp & Co. The sales were 11 head, some of which were purchased by Joseph Keiser, of New York city, and the rest by farmers, leaving 12 head in the stable.

Funk's.—There were at last report 14 head on hand. The arrivals were Steckman & Logan, with 16 head, from Ohio. The sales were five head in the county, leaving 25 head on hand.

Leman, Murphy & Co.'s.—No arrivals.—Three head were shipped to Philadelphia market and sold. None on hand.

Copeland & Cline's.—38 head on hand at last report. The arrivals were only 9 head bought up in the county. 40 head were shipped to Philadelphia market, leaving 7 head in the stables.

THE CORN CROP.—From all our exchanges and from all parts of the country we receive information that the corn crop of the present season will be unprecedently large. This is a subject on which we hear no complaint from any quarter. The universal warm weather which has so distinguished the present month has contributed essentially to this result, and the intense heat of which we all complained is thus proved to have been one of those blessings in disguise which we are all taught to expect but never see till they are past.

THE NEW COTTON FACTORY.—Operations towards the erection of the new Cotton Factory in this city were commenced last week, and considerable progress has been made, the digging of the foundation being completed. The site selected is the southwest corner of Duke and Lemon streets, directly opposite Newton Lightner, Esq. We learn that all the necessary arrangements have been made and all materials towards the early completion of the enterprise, such as brick, machinery, etc., have been contracted for, and are now being constructed. The name of the new firm is Wiley, Bitner & Co.

BURIAL OF THADDEUS' RECONSTRUCTION PLAN.—A very important event lately occurred in our midst which has entirely escaped the notice of our "loyal" neighbor of the *Express*. As a faithful chronicler of public events, it is not our province to let such things pass into oblivion unnoticed. And further, because of our charitable disposition, we are constrained to assist our neighbor aforesaid out of his predicament, and shall attempt a description of what we observed, and "nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice."

On Saturday afternoon, October 14th, 1865, our citizens were somewhat startled from the lethargy, to which they had resigned themselves since the election, by the shrill notes of the piercing fife and the measured beat of the noisy drum, accompanying a somewhat novel and ludicrous procession, quietly wending its snail-like pace through Centre Square. We were greatly puzzled to divine the meaning of this gorgeous cavalcade, headed by a richly-ornamented chariot, drawn by a single prancing steed, whose fiery curvetings and frolicsome leaps drove the *crimson flush* from the obese cheeks of the fat and frightened driver.—From the sad and serious faces of the boys and men occupying the various equipages, we at last concluded that it was a funeral procession engaged in the last sad obsequies of consigning to oblivion the cherished hopes of reconstruction on Stevens' plan. Four mourners occupied the first carriage, and, in order that *Justus* may be done, we will attempt impartially to describe them.

The driver, dubbed *Uny* in boyhood, but latterly familiarly addressed as *Senator*, (which appellation would be perfectly applicable if favors were appreciated and justice awarded to a faithful *servant*,) seems to have had sole control of the solemn and imposing pageant, for his restless eye would scan the busy crowd of passers-by to note the sympathetic tear or catch the cypress wreath.

Next to *Uny* sat a brother-typo of the *Cap*(tain) order, whose elongated visage, bronzed by a Southern sun and marked by the fatigue and toil of war, spoke of baffled hopes of reconstruction on the *Taddeus* plan.

The other two were so snugly ensconced in the rear of the carriage, and had so closely thrown around them the habiliments of mourning, that it was next to impossible to catch a glimpse of their troubled faces.

Next in order came a furniture car loaded with boys of small and larger growth.—Conspicuous among them we noticed the good-natured but pugnacious *Chuck*, supported by the irascible and flatulent *Fungy*. A third held aloft a placard or banner, on which were caricatured the kind of animals contained in the wagon.

In the rear of this, and which formed the tail end of the funeral cortege, was a large pistol drawn on wheels by two *fish baskets*, followed by four large boys—the one, Old *Bill*, bearing on his shoulder a long pole with a bunch of wool on one end. Another, Young *Bill*, held in his hand a huge club shaped like a potato-masher. The third, "Old *Dad*," looked as if he had been frightened at the cry of "*mort!*" while the fourth, "*Nosey*," seemed to exemplify the trite saying, "How *frail* is human flesh." These were evidently the chief mourners, for all along the route of procession could be seen the falling tears moistening the parched earth, while the sorrow depicted on their *pale* cheeks and the inclination of their heavy heads gave token of their sad bereavement.

We heard a small boy, after gazing with bewildered look at the huge paraphernalia, utter the applicable saying, "My name's Haines, and I'm off." And we are perhaps rash in concluding that by looking at these rear mourners through a *Kale*-idescope that the fun would scarcely make a *Holt*-man.

What course the procession took after passing up East King street we are unable to say; but, judging from the noise heard shortly afterward, we imagine there must have been some weeping and wailing and *crashing* of glass as the last sad rites were being performed over the short-lived Northern plan of reconstruction of the Southern States.

Reader, our task is finished.

HORSE-THIEVES.—Judging from the number of advertisements in our exchanges, offering rewards for the recovery of stolen horses, there must be a regular band of organized thieves operating from one end of the State to the other. These rascals do not confine themselves to one county, as will be inferred from the fact that we have within the past few weeks seen many hand-bills and advertisements for the recovery of horses stolen in Lancaster, Berks, York, Chester, Lebanon, Adams, Franklin and Cumberland counties. Our police must be on the alert, while farmers and livery stable men must combine to protect themselves from the operations of these evidently well organized bands of horse-thieves

LAND SALES.—The farm of David Sahm, deceased, in West Earl township, containing 100 acres, was last week sold at public sale for $197.50 per acre—Jacob L. Erb, purchaser.

The farm of Henry Hershey, deceased, in Manor township, containing 126 acres, was sold at public sale on Thursday last for $201 per acre—Benjamin Hershey, purchaser.

The farm, belonging to the estate of John Dougherty, deceased, containing 180 acres, with improvements, situated in Manheim township, was sold on Saturday last to Rev. John Kohr, of said township, and Abraham Hirsh & Brothers, of this city, for $36,000.—Mr. Kohr purchased 120 acres, with the improvements, at $175 per acre, Messrs. Hirsh & Bros., purchasing the remaining 60 acres, most of which is covered with timber, at $250 per acre.

SALE OF CITY PROPERTY.—The store-stand, now occupied by David Hostetter as a Grocery Store, on North Queen street, and belonging to Hon. Isaac E. Hiester, was sold to Mr. Andrew Steward for $8,000.

On Thursday last, the Fairmount Inn, on East King street, and belonging to the estate of Michael McGrann, deceased, was sold to James Stewart, Esq., for $2,000. Also, a triangular lot, with small frame barn, on the corner of James and Charlotte streets, to Frederick Coonley, for $600. Also, a lot adjoining the above, containing 2 acres and 150 perches, to George H. Hartman, for $1,950; and another lot, adjoining, to the same purchaser, for $900.

Fulton Hall was sold yesterday afternoon to Messrs. Hilaire Zaepfel and B. Yecker for $16,300. This is a cheap property. The gentlemen who have purchased it are enterprising and energetic, and under their ownership it will be made one of the most convenient and beautiful halls in the State. It is now the largest outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. We wish them every success.

SAD OCCURRENCE.—A sad accident occurred to two men, named Samuel Cooper and Daniel Lefevre, while engaged at work in a stone quarry, near Quarryville, this county, on Friday morning last. On Thursday afternoon, it appears, they had put in a blast which did not go off, and on Friday morning were in the act of boring it out when it exploded, throwing them up, and burning and mangling them in a shocking manner. Mr. Lefevre had the little finger of his right hand blown off with a portion of the hand; the palm was also blown out, and one of his legs, between the knee and thigh, burned to a crisp, and his clothing burnt off. Mr. Cooper was badly burned about the head, and had one of his eyes blown out. Both men were taken to their homes at Quarryville. It is thought that Mr. Lefevre's hand will have to be amputated.

MRS. BARR, who lost her life in the late Railroad accident, had on her person a Gold Watch which we are anxious to recover for her family. It is supposed to have had engraved on it the name of *Rose Dunlevy*, or at least the initials *R. D.* The Watch was torn from its chain, which remained on the body of Mrs. Barr. Any information concerning it will be thankfully received, and the person furnishing it will be duly rewarded, at the *Lancaster Intelligencer* office.

TO BE MUSTERED OUT.—The 195th Regiment, P. V. V., Col. Joseph W. Fisher, now lying at Washington, D. C., and in which are a number of companies from this county, we learn, are about to be mustered out of service, either to-morrow, or a few days thereafter.

MALE AND FEMALE.—A REFORM.—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the accomplished editor of the Lady's Book, is endeavoring to cause a reform by abolishing the use of the word "female" for woman and "male" for man. She contends that these designations degrade men and women by placing them on a level with the lower animals. They are never used in the Bible in the sense they are now commonly used. There, human beings are called "man" and "woman." The words "male" and "female" are adjectives applicable alike to all animals, and it is not a little singular that they should become the specific designations of the sexes of the highest species alone, by the common usage of educated writers and speakers. And so "firmly grounded" has this usage become that we fear Mrs. Hale has undertaken a hopeless task. There is no question that she is right in her view of the matter—that "man" and "woman" are the proper, as they are the Bible dessgnations of human beings, and that to call them by names common to all animals is to degrade them to a level with the lowest. Writers, public speakers and teachers can do much to work the desired change in this matter, and it is well they should make the effort.

SALE OF CITY PROPERTY.—The well known business stand, situated on North Queen street, east side, and occupied by Messrs. Shultz & Brother as a hat store for a number of years, has been purchased by that firm from Thos. E. Franklin, Esq., for $10,000. It belonged to the estate of the late Col. Geo. Mayer.

Also, the well-known hotel property, the "Western Hotel," situated in West Orange street, the property of Adam Trout has been sold to Phillip Morgret for $13,000.

DIED OF HIS INJURIES.—Col. James Humphrey, of Downingtown, Chester co., who was seriously injured some three or four weeks since, and which was noticed in these columns at the time, died from the effects of his injuries on Saturday last. Col. H. was well known in this portion of the State. He was a prominent and influential Democrat, and in all the relations of life was a most estimable gentleman.

CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, of Philadelphia advertise a large and splendid stock of Furs, which they will warrant to be according to representation.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. STOCK REPORT.—The following is the amount of stock received at the outer Depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for the week ending Monday, October 16th:

J. Bowman	38	head cattle.
Wm. McWilliams	5	" "
D. Loose	50	" "
J. & J. F. Stewart	69	" "
Kelly & Co.	56	" "
D. Buckwalter	21	" "
J. McCrossan	23	" "
J. C. Cready	19	" "
J. N. Bowman	57	" "
J. McAllister	22	" "
F. Lane	66	" "
J. Kelly	48	" "
J. Corbet	46	" "
J. Landes	17	" "
P. Grabill	17	" "
B. Landis	22	" "
J. Hinchbarger	18	" "
Bailey & Nichols	163	" "
J. Montgomery	23	" "
D. Cusselman	338	head sheep.
Samuel Gress	550	" "
L. Harshberger	560	" "
J. & J. F. Stewart	169	head hogs.
A. B. Given	192	" "
J. Steckman	16	head horses.

LANCASTER GRAIN MARKET, MONDAY, October 16, 1865:

Family flour, ℔ bar	$10 50@10 75
Extra.....do.....do	10 25
Superfine.....do.....do	9 25
Wheat (white) ℔ bus	2 50@ 2 60
Wheat (red).....do	2 25@ 2 30
Rye.....do	℔ 65
Corn.....do	82
Oats.....do	48
Whiskey, per gallon	2 28

CITY HOUSEHOLD MARKET.—The prices ranged as follows this morning:

LANCASTER, SATURDAY, Oct. 14th, 1865.

Butter, per pound	40c.
Eggs, per dozen	30c.
Lard, per pound	20@25c.
Ducks (per pair)	60c.
Chickens, (live,) per pair	75@80c.
do. (dressed,) "	$1.00
Turkeys, per piece	$1.50
Potatoes, per bushel	90c.
Potatoes, per ½-peck	8c.
Sweet Potatoes, per half peck	15@20c.
Apples, per ½-peck	25@40c.
Turnips, " "	36@8c.
Onions " "	10c.
Cabbage, per head	30@5c.
Apple-Butter, per pint	18@20c.
" " per crock	$1.25
Tomatoes, per ½-peck	15c.
Beef, per pound	16@20c.
Veal, " "	15@20c.
Pork, " "	25c.
Beef, " " per quarter	13@15c.
Veal, " " "	12@15c.
Pork, " " "	16@18c.
Lamb, " " "	20c.

Begging a Profitable Business.

But few persons, perhaps, except those having a direct knowledge of the secret of police affairs, have any idea of the frauds perpetrated upon the community by a certain disreputable class known to the initiated as "professional beggars;" and whilst it is not our desire to do or say aught against praiseworthy charities it is proper that the community should be warned against the frauds of those who trade upon their benevolence. Doubtless many of our citizens are familiar with the personal appearance of two miserable-looking objects, both over fifty years of age, who have been perambulating our streets asking alms, one with a picture in his hands representing a horse and cart and a man, the latter being blinded by lightning, and the other with an enormous cross and string of beads upon his neck, both claiming to be totally blind, and each carrying a bundle. The parties in question first made their appearance in Baltimore about ten days since, and after canvassing this city thoroughly, left for Washington and were absent for several days. Having exhausted the charitable patience of the Washingtonians, they again returned to Baltimore on Wednesday last, and made application to Marshal Carmichael to be sent on to Philadelphia, stating that neither of them had the means to pay their fare thither. The Marshal was about to accede to their request, when his suspicions were aroused by one of them, who, in the exuberance of his delight, "opened his eyes and saw;" whereupon the Marshal ordered them to be searched when upon the person of each were found bags filled with postage currency, amounting to several hundred dollars, which they unhesitatingly stated was the result of their Baltimore and Washington operations. The Marshal instantly ordered them out of the city, *via* the Philadelphia railroad, informing them that if they entered it again they would be sent to jail. It seems, upon examination, that only one of them is blind, the other being his accomplice. The two impostors gave their names as James Murphy and Henry Williams.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

The Atlantic Telegraph.

A. Hamlin, a distinguished French Savant, has made some suggestions through the French Journals in relation to the Atlantic Telegraph which if correct will be of the greatest importance.

Instead of stretching the cable all the distance between Ireland and Newfoundland, he proposes to make use of two small islands which lie between them, and which, although laid down upon the old French navigators' charts, seem to have been utterly forgotten in the calculations of the recent unsuccessful enterprise. In fact, they are even omitted on most of our modern maps. The one entitled the Isle Verte (or Green Island,) is in longitude 47 deg. north; the other, called the Isle Jaquet, is in 42 deg. west of Paris and 47 deg. north latitude, and, availing itself of these islets, the Telegraphic Company would divide their cable into three sections, as follows:

1st, via Ireland and Newfoundland. From Valentia, in Ireland, to the Ile Verte—313 kilometric leagues. From Ile Verte to Ile Jaquet—244. From Ile Jaquet to Newfoundland—231. Total leagues 790.

In a subsequent issue we shall devote more space to the consideration of this It seems astonishing that facilities so obvious should have been overlooked by men of so high a scientific character as is usually accorded to the promoters of the grandest enterprise of modern times.

— The President has ordered the confiscated Dangerfield property in Alexandria, valued at $50,000, to be restored to Mrs Dangerfield.

— The trial of Emerson Etheridge progresses before the court martial at Columbus, Ky. Etheridge will act as his own counsel.

—A colored corporal was hung at Camp Hamilton, near Fortress Monroe, on Thursday, for rape committed last April.

A Slave Pen in Massachusetts—A Slave Trading Professorship in Harvard.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

BOSTON, Oct. 6, 1865.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A year or two since your columns contained certain historical documents showing the complicity of men in the New England States, and Massachusetts in particular, in slavery and the slave trade in the olden times. It is much to be desired that those papers should be collected and given to the public in a volume, they serve to throw so much light upon the history of a question of the grandest interest, both in a moral and national point of view and which, thanks to Heaven, is now forever disposed of. Now that this terrible evil and wrong has ceased to exist, let mutual crimination and denunciation, and all ill-feeling cease, and all parties, seeing and acknowledging their participation in the guilt, shake hands with a common confession of blame, and, cherishing only sentiments of sorrow for the past, and of brotherhood for the present, move onward to a happy and glorious future.

Spending some weeks in the venerable and staid town of Medford, Mass., a half dozen miles out of Boston, I unexpectedly met with some ancient documents relating to the early history of the town, from which it appeared that slavery and the slave trade existed even in this quiet, moral and intelligent town, from about the time of its settlement, in 1630, down to the commencement of the Revolutionary war, though now I failed to see a solitary negro in the streets, even the barber being "a full-blooded" Caucasian. Slaves were brought here and sold as early as the year 1638, only eighteen years after the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and eight years after the settlement of the town by a colony from Salem. In 1757 Captain William Pierce was employed to carry *captive Pequod Indians* to the West Indies, and there sell them for slaves! Slavery in those days was not limited by complexion, for the Puritans would as readily reduce to bondage the red men on this continent, who fought simply for their firesides and liberty, as the black race on another continent, who did not fight at all, but were simply stolen. Cargoes of slaves, however, were not brought to this town, though a celebrated slave-trader had his almost princely house and home here, while his slaves were carried into Boston and Bristol, R. I., or more generally directly to Virginia and South Carolina.

Not long since, sometime last winter, I believe, an individual, whose travels had extended as far as Charleston, S. C., discovered in that city an auctioneer's block from which negroes were sold. He procured it, whether by purchase or in the way some Massachusetts *chaplains* are charged with coming into possession of libraries and pianos, which they send home to their families, is not stated; and amazed at his discovery and possession himself, he resolved to amaze others. Meetings were announced to be held in great public places in Boston, distinguished scholars and eloquent speakers were procured, and the mass rushed to get a sight of the horrible auction block. Little did these speakers, and exhibiters, and crowds, imagine that the labor of traveling all the long way to *Charleston, South Carolina*, might have been saved in the search of some relic of barbarity, by simply passing through *Charlestown, Massachusetts*, to its northern limits; that almost within sight of *Faneuil Hall*, and fairly in sight from *Bunker Hill* monument if not the slave *block*, at least the *slave-pen*, still exists! Into what a *Quaker meeting* could these excited and noisy meetings have been turned, had some one suddenly held up a piece of the old *slave-pen*, built on Massachusetts and New England guilt, and presenting in itself the strongest motive to modesty and humiliation in them, and to charity and forgiveness to others guilty of the same sin, when they lament over it and forsake it!

An irresistible curiosity impelled me to search out and see with my own eyes this strange relic, and humiliating as strange, and setting off without a guide, I found it in the outskirts of the large central village. There stands an ancient, spacious and well preserved house, set far back from the street, in the centre of half a dozen acres of land, with inside graveled walks leading to it, and elegant trees embowering it and scattered around the grounds, a handsome garden and a summer house, the works of the first owner, lying back of it, while in the rear of the almost princely mansion, and near one corner, stands a house for the domestics of the successive owners, who were gentlemen of wealth and position.

The slave-pen, which was just back of the house of the domestics, has been united with it, and both now make one building, while the slave-pen remains unimpaired and entire. The odiousness and horror of the "institution" are abate by the consolidation of the two edifices; but still, in the ear of the thoughtful and imaginative beholder, the chains still rattle, and before his eyes stand human beings, with downcast looks, fresh from the coast of Africa; while others, with manacled hands, are marching down to the ship, under the whip of a Pilgrim driven, which is to take them to a Southern market. It is painful to stand, and gaze, and remember, but one cannot help lingering, and I was obliged to go a second time and spend another hour.

The Pilgrims had their virtues; all honor to their memories! But they also had their defects, marked and painful, as this relic testifies; and while it remains, and as long as it is remembered, their descendants should not be too boastful. When any one of them gets upon the "high-falutin" in self-glorification, on some anniversary occasion, or public gathering, let some one raise before his eyes a fragment of the old slave-pen. Barnum might not only make "a good thing of it," but "a big thing," and even "a fat thing," by adding it to his collection of rarities and wonders; or a less enterprising genius, by carting it through the country as a show. And wonders never cease. Colonel Isaac Royall was the owner of this estate, with which an extensive farm was once connected. His father came from the island of Antigua, where the son was born, who with his father emigrated to this country in 1738, and settled in Medford, where the father died, who was also a Colonel, and a rich planter and slaveholder in his own island, and a Tory when he came here. The son was simply a coward, and upon the outbreak of the Revolution, fled to Halifax, and thence to England, where he died in 1781. He was a slave-trader on the coast of Africa and in the South till the time he fled the country. In 1776 he wrote from Halifax to his agent in Medford as follows:

"Please sell the following negroes: Stephen and George; each cost £60 sterling, and I would take £50 apiece for them. Hagar cost £35 sterling, but I will take £30 for her. I gave for Mira £35, but will take £25. If Mr. Benjamin Hale will give $100 for her, which he offered, he may have her, it being a good place. As to Betsy and her daughter Nancy, the former may tarry, or take her freedom, as she may choose, and Nancy you may put out to any good family by the year."

Again he wrote:

"I shall leave North America with great reluctance, but my health and business require it, and I hope, through the goodness of God, if my life is spared, to be able to return again soon."

Col. Royall did not forget the country he had made his home, even after he had deserted it, and found another in England. By his will, he bequeathed 2,000 acres of land to lay a foundation for a professorship of law in Harvard University, while the rest of his estate was confiscated. The proceeds of the land were left to accumulate till they were sufficient for the support of a professor. The professorship bears his own name, every annual catalogue proclaiming to the world that the greatest anti-slavery State in the Union educates at this very day her sons by the endowment of a slave-holder and slave-trader, and the proceeds of the sale of innocent men, women and children, stolen on the coast of Africa, penned in Medford, and sold again in Virginia and South Carolina! So strangely are things connected, and so little has even Massachusetts and New England whereof to glory!

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