The Lancaster Intelligencer,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

H. G. SMITH & CO.

H. G. SMITH. A. J. STEINMAN

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER is published every evening, Sunday excepted, at $5 per Annum in advance.

OFFICE—SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 69 LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING SEPTEMBER 9 1868 NUMBER 36

RATE OF ADVERTISING.

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, $12 a year per square of ten lines; $6 per year for each additional square.

REAL ESTATE ADVERTISING, 10 cents a line for the first, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

GENERAL ADVERTISING 7 cents a line for the first, and 4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted in Local Column 15 cents per line.

SPECIAL NOTICES preceding marriages and deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion.

LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES—

Executors' notices	2.50
Administrators' notices	2.50
Assignees' notices	2.50
Auditors' notices	2.00
Other "Notices," ten lines, or less, three times	1.50

Miscellaneous.

The Ouragan.

A THRILLING STORY.

One day in the gold mountains of Chontales I first saw a hurricane. The scenery of that tableland is bleak and sad and lonely, as in all auriferous regions.

We had not enjoyed one ray from the sun for longer than a week. But the heat was not less: a close and stifling atmosphere shrouded all the land, and from each marshy spot—crowned though it were with plumy bamboos and spangled over with white lilies—drew a foul and poisonous miasma. This dull air quivered with heat; mountain and volcano and savannah lay still and grey as a landscape of the dead.

I had proposed to rest at the foot of a tiny volcano, round and smooth as a hemisphere. "There is water on the other side," suggested my Indian guide, and we went thither. Not only was water round in the dell, but also trees, of dimensions rare throughout that district. My guide looked round with the air of a man who has memories stirring in his brain and observed, "It was here we fought the fillibusters, senor." "How was that?" I asked, knowing little better than other Europeans the details of Walker's war. Then he told me, in the epic manner, how one Turley organized a band of rowdies in California for wholesale robbery in this land under cover of the war, and how he passed them off on Walker's agents as experienced soldiers, which perhaps they were; how they refused to separate, and were enrolled as an entire company in the "Rangers;" how they deserted in a body at the first opportunity, and marched through the "Oriental," murdering and plundering the scanty population; and how the French diggers of Libertad gathered a force of natives, and murdered the rowdies to a man on this very spot. But he omitted to tell me another detail—how the false fillibusters had been tricked of their arms under a promise of amnesty. Nevertheless, this story was interesting to me as a curious suggestion of the possibilities still extant in our nineteenth century—not yet twelve years ago!—and it passed the time agreeably.

But on setting out again I perceived a change in the atmosphere at our first step from the shadow of the dell.

"What is this?" I asked the Indian, shivering with cold and a general depression.

"An ouragan, I fear, senor!" he answered, in manifest uneasiness.

I paused, knowing well enough by hearsay the terror of these storms to be aware our further journey was impossible.

"What is to be done?" I asked. "How long have we still before it breaks?"

"Half an hour at the outside," he answered, looking up at the darkening sky. "I feared it this morning, but the Indians laughed at me."

By the way, it is curious that the aborigines of Central America always speak of one another as Indians, using the word, apparently, almost as a title to be proud of.

After a hurried consultation it was decided to stay in our present position until the storm should pass, seeing we were safe from the wind under our little volcano, and that we could not possibly cross the Lagarto stream before it broke. And so we sat down, tied the mules with double rope, and waited the event, wrapped in our thick horse rugs. And all their warmth was needed. More and more piercing the cold became, more and more dark the sky. Birds, whose presence we had not suspected, began to twitter nervously in the trees below; but the stillness of the heavens was terrible. The frozen air seemed to pour down on us in waves, but no vibration could be noted in the atmosphere.—Darker it grew and darker, till all the land was swiftly shrouded over. An indescribable terror possessed us both; the mules cowered closely upon the ground, with their legs gathered under them, like rabbits squatting, and their noses pressed to earth. The Indian's face was pinched with cold; he shivered under his chamarra.

Suddenly a frozen gust came shrieking over the moutains, then another, and the ouragan burst forth. Following the example of mules and man, I threw myself flat on the slope of the volcano and clung tightly. The roar of the tempestas it passed was as the voice of a nation shouting; not with gradual violence it broke out, as in our calm lands, but all in a moment, resistless, merciless. Clods of earth, branches, even small stones, as the Indians declared, whizzed in mid air above our heads, the hurtle of their furious flight riding shrilly on the thunderous music of the wind. Every leaf and every smaller bough was stripped from the cotton trees beneath us, and whirled over hill and valley to the far Atlantic. Our prostrate bodies were plucked and struck as with giant hands. And then, in the very thickest of the storm, as if the horror of it were not yet sufficient, as if Nature desired to show us all her dread power in these lands, in the very thickest of the storm, while we lay pressed close to the earth, stifling, breathless, deafened with its din and violence, I felt the sharp sick shudder of an earthquake. The big trunks in the dell, protected hitherto by cover of the land, then crashed swiftly down; when the first gave way, they fell, as we could note afterwards, like ninepins in a row, each overthrowing its neighbor. Not a stem survived; but so horrid was the roaring that scarce a sound of their downfall reached our ears.

How long the scene lasted I cannot tell; perhaps not more than fifteen minutes, perhaps half an hour. The rugs were torn to tatters on our backs; we could not breathe except with mouths resting on the turf. I would not disparage the grandeur of the storms of other lands, but that little ourangan on the Gold Mountains was quite startling enough for my ambition. And when the wind had passed by in its mad career towards Blewfields, the rain began. It poured on us in a cataract that threatened to wash the hills bodily away.—But we could get no shelter of course; there was no resource but patience. Miserably we sat under the volcano's lee, and let the torrent fall upon our heads. About a quarter of an hour we had rested there, and already each dell was a raging cataract. Suddenly we heard a sound of shouting, which rose above the swish and thudding of the water.

"There's a man in the dell below!" shouted the Indian in my ear, but with no sign of interest in his stolid face. "That man will be drowned," he argued calmly.

Alone, I dashed down the sodden slope, and stood upon its crumbling edge, looking eagerly into the hollow. The trees were all uprooted and broken, the little brook was a furious river And right beneath me, among the tangle of boughs, a man struggled madly against the gathering waters. It was not in my power to render him aid; I could but shout encouragement, and watch his efforts with sickening sympathy. Again and again he fell, and with each instant the torrent swelled. The boughs were twisted around his feet, but he clung to them desperately. And all the while he shouted hoarsely and struggled on. I ran to the cowering mules, and, hastily tying their halters together, threw the rope toward the drowning man. Not till the fourth or fifth cast did he seem to see the means of safety, or to understand my intention, though I called my loudest, and the rope fell close beside him. But at length he grasped it, and we dragged him out. Again and again the undermined bank gave way, and once he lost his hold; but I threw the noose again, just as the water swept him off, and dragged him safe to land.

But his behavior, when thus extricated from deadly peril, was not encouraging to the philanthropic spirit. With a wild oath he dashed off our hands, and tore away over the hillside, heedless of our calls. Recovering his feet, the Indian gave vent to an angry "carajo!" and sullenly retired. Alone I pursued the madman, chasing him with many a slide and fall over the slippery turf, until at length he came down headlong and lay still. I approached him cautiously, remembering the tale just told, and the dangerous fury of my fillibuster friend in a case somewhat similar. He did not move, but lay helpless on the ground, glaring at me with the wild eyes of a maniac. I called the Indian, and, most unwillingly, he aided me to carry the rescued man toward our mules.

It was not for some hours after that he recovered strength and sense to tell his story. We got him to Juigalpa, and, in a horrid little inn there, the best house that town (!) can boast, he related to me the concatenation of circumstances which had thus turned his brain. It would appear that, knowing the country well, it was the habit of this man to break his journey in the dell of which I have told you, and to sleep away the hottest hours of the day in a certain grotto which existed there. In that cavern he was, no doubt, when we descended to lunch, and there remained, having partaken freely of aguardiente, or schnaps, or some other pleasant liquor, until the ouragan broke out. That roused him, as indeed its fury might almost have roused those dead chieftains in the cairns around. He fought his way to the entrance—to be dashed back instantly, bruised and terror-stricken, by the unchained winds. Bewildered by the fall, deafened with that unearthly shrieking and thunder, he lay awhile upon the cavern floor, until the heaving of the "trembler," the crash of falling stones and tossing of the earth recalled his consciousness. Instinct once more caused him once again to dash at the cavern's mouth; but again he was driven back. The situation indeed was horrible: exposed to a fearful death inside, to be buried alive under the heaving roof, but unable to escape. After the second effort, he lay still awhile, helpless and half conscious with fear. But a dreadful sound roused the hunted man to life again. Louder than the roar without, more horrible, more full of deadly terror than any sound of an inanimated world. The voice of the juguar stunned his ears. Close beside him it burst out, echoing from rock to rock, from floor to roof, from every quarter of the vault at once. Peal after peal, beaten back and rebounding, that awful threat thundering round. For a moment he strove to trace the sound, to spy two flaming eyes in the darkness; but no sign was to be noted, no clue discovered. Again and again that roar broke forth, above, below, and on every side. Then be went mad; and I, for one, say, No shame to him! A 'tiger's voice is fearful to hear, you men, whether in the Eastern jungle or on a lonely mountain of America; but in a black cavern; where no man can tell whence it comes nor where the beast may be, that menace is a trial few nerves could bear. Try for yourselves. Only go with a savage dog into a vaulted cellar, and hear the bewildering echo of his bark. The whole space will ring, and no man, however experienced, could guess whence danger is to be expected. That mystery made the horror of the scene. My friend—I call him friend, for he wandered many a day with me—was very brave; but his nerves, already greatly tried, could not bear that strain. He dashed headlong from the cavern, where death in three dreadful shapes was threatening, wind and earthquake and the tiger's claws. And on the threshold, as though fate had leagued all elements against his life, he fell into the raging cataract from which I had rescued him.

"The Lord made a dead set at me that time,' he used to say, in quaint yet not consciously irreverent phrases "but there was work found for me somewhere on a sudden, an' you was appointed for to lug me out of that there circumstance where the Lord had fixed me, for He don't make no sport of man, nor yet He hain't such an idle time as He should do miracles in fun. An' I'm ready for that work, sir, ready an' gay, when the name an' natur' of it is revealed to me."

At some future time I will tell a story of an East Indian Hurricane.

Saving his Diamonds.

An English paper relates the following expedient of a London shopkeeper, the like of which has often been practised by the police in American cities:

I was calling the other morning on a certain well-known gem collector, who who was so good as to show me the contents of his cabinet. After the first half-dozen specimens, my attention began to wander; for a very little of that sort of things goes a great way with me.

"What is that little bottle you keep among your gems?" inquired I.

"That is my Queen Eleanor's Mixture," said he, laughing. "But for it I should not be in possession of yonder ruby, the value of which is over a thousand pounds."

"What?" cried I. "Do you mean to say it is artificial? I thought that that notion of manufacturing gems was a popular superstition."

"So it is," said he; "but, nevertheless, I am indebted to the mixture for that ruby. The fact is this: My collection is too well known by half. I don't mind showing it to an old friend like you, and of course I am proud of all these things; but I have, in a general way, to keep too sharp an eye upon my visitors to make the exhibition pleasant. People whom I know nothing about call upon me, and present a card of some friend of mine, and say: 'Mr. So-and-so assured me you would be so kind as to let me see your gems.' Two men came together upon one occasion with the purpose (as afterwards appeared) of what they called 'putting the jug' on me—that means garrotte and robbery; but I did not like their looks, and declined to show them anything without a letter of introduction. They had, as it afterwards turned out, stolen the card of a Professor of Mineralogy. I am not, however, afraid of a single visitor, because I always keep *this* handy"—and my friend produced a pretty little pistol, cocked, and, I have no doubt, loaded.

"But the bottle," said I, "what is the use of that?"

"That is the supplement to the pistol. Thus, only yesterday, a very ill-looking fellow—a foreigner, all hair and false jewelry; and a very foolish thing it was of him to come to me with paste-diamonds in his shirt-front—brought a letter of introduction with him from a friend of mine at Dresden. The letter was genuine, but I had my doubts, from the first, as to whether this was the gentleman to whom it referred. However, I brought him in here, and showed him the gems. He made some very commonplace observations, which convinced me he knew nothing of the subject, and after thanking me, in a somewhat servile manner, for my courtesy, took up his hat to go. I slipped between him and the door, and locked it in a second. 'My ruby,' said I, 'if you please, or you're a dead man.' And I put the pistol to his forehead. That little stone, which I have said is valued at above a thousand pounds, was missing. Instead of being indignant, my gentleman merely answered: 'Indeed you are mistaken, sir. You may call your servant, and examine every pocket.'

"'I know *that*, you scoundrel,' returned I. 'You have *swallowed* that ruby; now drink this, or *die*.' I held the weapon in one hand, and the mixture, which is an emetic, in the other. The situation was very disagreeable for him, I have no doubt, but did not seem to be at all embarrassing. He shrank from the pistol, (or at least the police station, which was its alternative,) and took the medicine like a lamb, while I stood over him with the weapon and the bowl, (that white little basin yonder,) exactly as Queen Eleanor stood over Fair Rosamond. Of course, my ruby very soon appeared. That's what I call Eleanor's Mixture; a decoction without which no gem cabinet, of any value, can be pronounced complete. When I miss a specimen, I always know at once that some visitor has swallowed it, and then, you know, he has to swallow this."

Howell Cobb's Disclaimer.

The subjoined extract from a recent private letter from Howell Cobb, of Georgia, is made public:

"I entered this contest with a desire for the success of our ticket which I never felt before. Wearied with the bitter struggles of the past few years, my heart panted for peace, quiet and repose. In the election of Governor Seymour and the success of the democratic party I felt, in common with all our good people, there was not only a prospect but a certainty of peace—an enduring peace, that would lift up our own desolated section and give to it new days of prosperity; restoring, too, the past relations of brotherhood between the two sections, and making us once more a happy and united people—united not merely in name, but in heart, spirit and truth. It was with these feelings I was induced to break a long self-imposed silence, and address the people of Georgia, to induce a like feeling on their part. Well, imagine, if you can, the surprise with which I have read the comments in radical papers on that speech, perverting its meaning, distorting and construing my words of peace and hope into words of blood and revolution! I am made the advocate of strife and war, when, from every pore of my heart, there comes gushing the most earnest and sincere desire for peace—lasting, eternal peace

Speech of the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black.

At the Great Democratic Meeting at York, Pennsylvania.

At the great Democratic meeting, over which he presided, in the public square of the Borough of York, on Monday evening, August 24, 1868, Hon. Jeremiah S. Black delivered the following eloquent and interesting speech:

Judge Black, upon taking the chair, expressed his appreciation of the hearty greeting with which his friends and neighbors had ratified his selection as chairman. In deference to the wishes of the meeting he would set forth some of the points in the present political controversy. But he would do it briefly, confining himself to the prominent topics, and leaving the more elaborate arguments to be made by the distinguished gentleman from Maryland (Gov. Swann) who had come here on special invitation to grace the cause by pleading it.

He continued: The candidates of the two parties are now fairly in the field, and we have abundant cause to be proud of the selection made for us by the convention which assembled at New York on the Fourth of July. I do not believe that any member of the party to which we are opposed would so grossly flatter Grant and Colfax as to say that they are fitter, morally and mentally, for the places to which they respectively aspire, than Seymour and Blair; and a man of real candor will admit that our candidates have a very decided advantage over theirs.

Mr. Seymour has for many years been regarded as standing at the head of the public men from whom the Democracy would be bound to select the chief of the nation. He won this pre-eminence not by any accidental circumstance, but solely by his acknowledged talents and his undoubted integrity. He never sought this nomination; on the contrary, it was thrust upon him after he had repeatedly declined it. But as soon as he had consented to take it, there was no name in the country that could stand for one moment before the competition of his. The friends of all the other candidates immediately conceded the palm of superiority to him; and now those candidates are themselves his most enthusiastic supporters. Opposition is melting away before the fervid eloquence of Pendleton; the ponderous logic of Hendricks is literally smashing the ranks of the Radicals in Indiana, and Hancock, with the magnanimity that belongs to his noble and heroic nature, has thrown the whole weight of his reputation into the scale of liberty and law, and urging his friends everywhere to go with their whole might for Seymour. [Great applause.]

In the State of New York, where Mr. Seymour's history and character are well known, his majority, it is said, will be counted by hundreds of thousands. This may be an over-sanguine calculation; but it is entirely certain that Grant has no more chance of carrying that State against Seymour, than he has of getting a majority in Old Codorus. [Laughter and applause.]

I do no say that Seymour has no enemies. If profligate politicians would not slander and abuse him, that would be a very bad sign for him. The Scripture says: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you;" which means that you cannot possibly be an honest man, and at the same time be popular with all the rascals. There is enough said against Mr. Seymour to take that curse away from him. But I submit to you that there has not been and that there will not be one specific accusation made against him with the slightest show of evidence to support it, which ought to induce you to believe that he is not a statesman of the highest order, and a patriot pure and stainless. Moreover, he is a Christian man. He believes in the obligation of an oath, and if he swears to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution, you may rest assured that he will do it.

General Blair was one of the ablest and most distinguished generals of the late civil war. He has very high claims upon us and upon the country. He was a *fighting*, not a *stealing* general. He had no connection with any of those atrocious cruelties upon noncombatants which will eternally disgrace the names of some other officers. He would not be a military commissioner to commit murder upon innocent women and men. He had nothing to do with those illegal arrests which filled the dungeons of the country with the victims of political malice. Seward knew very well that it was not worth while to ring his "little bell" at him, for he was no man's deputy kidnapper. Whenever he went upon duty, he always wore *two uniforms*—the uniform *coat* of a soldier, and the uniform *conduct* of a gentleman. [Great applause.]

After the war was over, he demanded of the party in power that they should redeem the pledges which he and they both had made to the people of the country. He was a member of that Congress which on the 22d day of July, 1861, (the day after the battle of Bull Run) by a solemn resolution unanimously passed through both houses declared that the object of the war was not subjugation or conquest, but solely to preserve the integrity of the Union and to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and laws in the South as well as the North. He went into the war upon the faith of that resolution, followed by thousands of his friends. Upon the same faith, thousands in the South, and hundreds of thousands in the North, had sacrificed their lives and given up their property. He would not submit to be swindled nor let the people be swindled out of their blood and money. I dare say that at that time it was not his intention to abandon the support of the party with which he had been connected; he simply desired to make them honest. But finding that to be hopeless there was no alternative left him but to "come out from the evil and corrupt fellowship" and rally to the flag of the Constitution, around which the Democracy had already assembled. But to do this was no easy thing in the State of Missouri. The vulgar despotism of thieves and ruffians which had been established there under Congressional auspices assailed General Blair with all its brutal strength. They refused to let him vote because he would not swallow their infernal test oaths, which he denounced as a disgrace to the civilization of the age. They threatened his life daily; and once while addressing a public assemblage, was shot at and came within an ace of being murdered. But nothing could tame the audacity of his courage; he said his say, and reasserted the right of free speech.

In war and in peace, in the halls of Congress and upon the hustings, at the council table and upon the battle-field, he was ever true to the constitutionel rights of the people. Now it is our turn, and we, the people, will be true to him. [Loud applause.]

But there are other considerations in this election besides the mere personal merits or demerits of the different candidates. The continued existence of this government—the life of the nation—is at stake upon the issue. Some of you may possibly suppose that this is a false alarm. If you really believe that the institutions of this country are not in very great danger or that their destruction would not be a very serious calamity, of course, you will disregard our warning. It is true, however, that many judicious and sober men, uninfluenced by party prejudice, have come to the deliberate conviction that unless the ship of state is speedily put upon her constitutional tack, she will be drven upon the rocks and become a total wreck. We cannot possibly endure much longer this devil's dance of discord, misrule and corruption.

How can the government (which is the Constitution and laws) survive if it remains in the hands of those who are hostile to it? The struggle we are now making is to save the nation alive out of the hands of its enemies.

Who are its friends? Who are its enemies? These are questions which can easily be settled.

For more than three quarters of a century while the Democracy controlled our public affairs, no serious infraction of the organic law took place—none at all which they had power to prevent. We were faithful to the Constitution because we believed it the best form of government which could be adopted for any people in our situation. It was framed by the wisest and greatest men that ever lived in all the tide of time, at the head of whom was General Washington himself, an honor not only to his country, but to human nature, and a man whose name is never pronounced by any true patriot without emotions of profound respect and reverence. They told us in language at once sublime and simple what were the objects for which they had established and ordained it. They said it was "to form a more perfect Union between the several States, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquility, to provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." These great objects it has accomplished in times past, and will accomplish again, if its limitations be observed and its precepts obeyed. We owe no personal allegiance to any man or body of men. Obedience to the Constitution and laws is the test of all loyalty, and the essence of all patriotism. The country says to all her people what the Founder of Christianity said to his disciples, "if ye love me keep my commandments."

On the other hand, our opponents by their acts and their utterances, express the profoundest contempt for that instrument which we consider so sacred. They claim the privilege of doing whatever seems to be good in their own eyes, without regard to any prohibition of the fundamental law, if it will promote their interest or gratify their passions, or give them an additional chance to perpetuate their power. They have never, upon any occasion, treated with decent respect a constitutional objection to any of their measures, no matter from what quarter it came. Private individuals who have attempted to argue such points, have been arrested, thrust into dungeons and treated with a cruelty such as no humane man would inflict upon his beasts. The President took ground in favor of the Constitution; they answered him by an impeachment, and came within one vote of deposing him from his office, and putting in his place a creature of their own, who would trouble them with no conscientious scruples. The Supreme Court came to the rescue; they broke down its jurisdiction, insulted that high tribunal, and trampled its authority under their feet.

Remember that this is not a dispute upon an abstract question of political ethics.—They have carried out their hostility to the Constitution into the fullest practical operation. And this they did not merely in a time of war, when the passions engendered by the contest might have afforded some feeble excuse for their conduct, but in a time of profound peace, when the United States had for more than two years ceased to have an armed enemy in the world, Congress deliberately sat down and plotted the total overthrow of the Constitution in ten of the States, for no legal reasons expressed or understood, which would not be applicable to all the other States. They not only destroyed the State governments within those limits, but they annihilated the Federal Government at the same time; they left not one vestige of either; and upon the ruins of both they erected a despotism as absolute as that of an Asiatic sultan. It was not only a usurpation of power not granted, and therefore forbidden, but it was exercised in a way precisely most destructive to those great rights which the Constitution was made on purpose to protect.

It is undeniable that the reconstruction acts (so called) violate not only the whole principle and spirit of the Constitution, but they abrogate every seperate provision in it and all the amendments, including their own amendment for the abolition of slavery. That declares that slavery or involuntary servitude shall not exist "except for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." But under these acts any person may be, and it is notorious that scores and hundreds of persons perfectly innocent of crime have been reduced to "slavery or involuntary servitude" of the worst kind—to hard labor for years and for life without the smallest pretense of a due or legal conviction.

Good natured persons may suppose that these outrages were not wilfully done. I admit we are bound to put on their conduct the kindest construction we can consistently with reason. But charity never wove a mantle broad enough to cover such crimes as theirs. There is direct evidence, corroborated by a strong chain of circumstances, which proves incontestibly that they knew what they were about. I ought to mention at least some of the evidence to which I refer, and I will.

In the first place it is literally impossible for them to have made a mistake. You must presume that members of Congress have read the Constitution. Having read it they could not believe that it authorized the establishment of an irresponsible despotism in any part of the country; for it is radiant all over with the light of liberty and justice. They could not help but see that it provides a jury trial and a *habeas corpus* for every citizen. They must have known that it forebade searches and seizures of person and property without a warrant. They could not close their eyes on the words that declare that no act of attainder or bill of pains and penalties shall be passed; that all judicial authority shall be vested in the ordained and established courts; that every State is guaranteed such form of republican government as it may choose, and that Congress shall not regulate the right of suffrage. There are some things for which ignorance is no excuse. A man who has studied the ten commandments cannot be allowed to say that he thought it right to murder, steal, or bear false witness against his neighbor. The Constitution is as plain as the decalogue.

Another thing. At the time when these laws were passed, Mr. Stevens was the great leader of his party in Congress. His vast intellectual superiority entitled him to "that bad eminence." He towered above all others, like the King of the Titans surrounded by pigmies. Out of their unlimited confidence they trusted him to frame their measures according to the views he was known to take upon constitutional questions. He drew up the reconstruction law, laid it before them and told them it was *not* constitutional. He would not stultify himself by asserting that he found any warrant in the organic law for such an act. When Democrats objected he said their scruples were merely the splinters of the old broken Constitution, festering in their kidneys. Some of the smaller radicals pretended to believe that the war-making power—the power bestowed on Congress to make war on foreign nations—would justify every kind of interdicted legislation against our own people in a time of perfect peace. He silenced that paltry twaddle by the expression of his profound contempt. Afterwards, in a printed and published letter, he boldly avowed that Congress had repudiated the Constitution, and that the reconstruction act was a usurpation. He not only acknowledged that he be himself had committed that offense, but he turned state's evidence and testified that his associates were equally guilty. His testimony is directly to the point. He knew the truth and he proclaimed it unequivocally. Now that death has disarmed him of his mighty power it would not be magnanimous in us who opposed him, much less in those who followed him with servile admiration in his life time, to vex his great spirit by asserting that he falsified the history of his party in regard to this most important affair.

Again, when this bill was first passed, the President sent it back with a veto message, in which he showed it to be unconstitutional by pointing out the particular articles and sections with which it came in direct conflict. And the demonstration was so clear and transparent that any child could see it. Not a man in either house had a word to say in reply. They saw themselves arraigned before their constituents by the Chief Magistrate of the nation and charged with the violation of their most sacred obligations; but they stood mute and made no defense. What could this mean but a consciousness of guilt?

This is not all. The Supreme Court in the Milligan case, had solemnly decided that Congress could not pass a law under any circumstances, or at any time, to deprive any person within the United States of his right to be tried by an impartial jury in a regular court. This decision was perfectly well known to the members of Congress when they determined to deliver nine millions of people at once to be hung or imprisoned without judge or jury, according to the pleasure or caprice of the "Satraps" or "Lord Deputies" whom they might send down to do the work.

Let me mention another fact which shows that they acted with their eyes wide open to the truth. Last winter—exactly a year after the reconstruction act was passed—the question of its constitutional validity was again argued before the Supreme Court in the McArdle case. Congress knew that the Court *must* decide against them, and for that reason alone they made a law to forbid any decision at all. The unfortunate individual, guilty of no crime, who had fled that sanctuary as his last refuge and laid his hands upon the horns of the alter, was dragged away and handed back again to the "slave power" of his oppressors, to be imprisoned, scourged or killled, if they should think proper. Thus they prevented the judicial exposure of one outrage by committing another still more atrocious.

If the majority in Congress has habitually legislated in willful and corrupt disregard of their constitutional obligations, what ought to be the popular judgment upon them? What should be the verdict upon a candidate for the Vice Presidency who has been the Speaker and organ of such a Congress? What should be your decision upon a candidate for the Presidency who, having "*no policy*" of his own, consents to become a mere instrument in their hands?

All political philosophers, and all men of common sense, concur in the belief that public virtue is the only secure foundation upon which a government like ours can rest. How long can public virtue survive among men who do not recognize the duty of obedience to that fundamental law which is the only protection we have for the rights of life, liberty or property?

Congress must be sadly demoralized already. Of course you will not believe without evidence, that they vote on money bills as they vote on constitutional questions, according to their interests, and not according to their public duty. But if it were proved to your entire satisfaction that they represent their own breeches pockets with far greater fidelity than they defend the rights of the tax-payers, it would not excite your surprise or lower them much in your estimation. They cannot commit any higher crime than that of betraying the liberties for which our forefathers suffered and died. If they have done that you may say to them what Othello said to the man who slandered his wife:

"Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Deeper than that."

But look a little farther and see the horrible effect of their example. Congress has taken control of the Executive branch. The Senate usurps the power of removal from office and forbids its exercise by the President—they are masters of the administration and command the army of office-holders. Of course the subordinates are ready to adopt the code of morality which their masters act upon. All dishonest officers may say to Senators and Representatives, "You are bound to protect us; we are not faithful to the public, but we are as true as you are to the party and ourselves; you swore to support the Constitution and we swore to perform our duties with fidelity; our oath is not stronger than yours; if you can swindle the nation out of her liberties, what shall hinder us from cheating the Treasury? Aye, the lesson you have taught us we will learn, and it shall go hard but we will better the instructions."

The consequence is that we have the most corrupt government on the face of the earth. I cannot speak with perfect accuracy, but I believe I am within reasonable bounds when I tell you that a thousand millions would not cover the frauds committed since the close of the war. We have the heaviest debt that the industry of any people ever struggled under without being totally crushed, and it is increasing instead of being diminished. We are taxed enough to keep the government running and to pay off the whole in ten years, if the money were honestly applied. But one-half the internal revenue imposed by the Federal government, and collected from the people, is stolen before it reaches the Treasury, and the other half is squandered by Congress in schemes of the most extravagant corruption. Before the war our current expenses were less than *seventy-five millions* of dollars; now they are nearly *four hundred millions*, besides the interest on the national debt and without counting what is stolen *in transitu*. The financial difference between Democratic rule and Radical *misrule* is certainly worth your serious attention.

This is the necessary result of the Radical system. It cannot be otherwise as long as they remain in power. No evil tree can bring forth good fruit. If you ceased to be governed by law and allow yourselves to be held down by mere brute force you must pay for it. Tyranny is always expensive. The price of your own enslavement will be proportioned to the cruelty of the vessalage. Congress keeps up an army, a navy, a freedman's bureau, and other machinery of despotism, and makes us pay hundreds of millions for them in order to maintain in the South a lawless domination of negroes, scalawags, and carpet-baggers. By this means they hope not only to control the South but to do what they please in the North—to rule us for their pleasure and plunder us for their profit.

The most hideous shape that tyranny ever puts on is that of a corrupt oligarchy, where the forms of a free government are coupled with substantial despotism, where the rights of the people are acknowledged in theory, while they are practically trodden under foot; where there is a written Constitution which the rulers swear to preserve without keeping their oaths. Rather than see Gen. Grant elected President, with the understanding that he is to administer the government on the Congressional plan of disregarding all constitutional obligations, it would be far better to let him or somebody else be proclaimed absolute dictator, and abolish the Constitution at once. For myself, if I must choose between the two most frightful evils that ever scourged the human race, I will, without hesitation take an unlimited monarchy, in preference to a rotten republic.

But we are not reduced to that alternative. We will save our institutions by putting an end to the power which threatens their overthrow. This mighty nation is already "rousing herself like a strong man after a sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." We will elect Mr. Seymour, and the government shall be administered again in the interests of justice and liberty regulated by law.

Radical Extravagance in Pennsylvania.

On the 13th of October the people of this great Commonwealth will be called upon to decide at the polls whether the Radical or Democratic party shall in future control the political and financial affairs of the State. At present every branch of the State government is in the hands of the Republican party. They have controlled all the departments since the commencement of the rebellion, with the exceptions of the Auditor General and Surveyor General's, held for three years by the Democrats. For every act of the Executive, of the Legislature, of the State Treasurer, since 1860, they are responsible. The question occurs then, naturally, has their course been such as to commend them to the favorable opinion of the people? Have they, in their management of public affairs, been honest, discreet and economical, or have they been imprudent, extravagant and corrupt? Have they squandered the public money with a profligate hand, or applied it faithfully to the objects for which it was intended, and to the advancement of the best interests of the State? These are questions which every man who does not propose to vote blindly should consider well, and determine satisfactorily to himself, before he deposits his ballot. It is the interests of every citizen that the public affairs entrusted to the guardianship and management of each department should be carefully and honestly conducted by the public servants upon whom the trust is devolved; and the citizen who does not inquire into those matters is negligent of his own interest, and faithless to the duties of citizenship.

We now propose to inquire a little into the manner in which the State debt has been managed by the Radicals, since they obtained control of it; and those who are anxious to arrive at the truth, may follow us in the investigation.

Auditor General Hartranft reports to Hon. Galusha A. Grow, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, August 6, 1868.

Total State debt, Nov. 30, 1860	$36,939,847 50
Total State debt, Aug. 6, 1868	33,651,637 47

This would show a reduction of the public debt, in eight years, of $3,288,210 03. But let us look a little further into the matter. In Gov. Geary's last annual message we find the State debt in 1866 amounted to $35,622,052 16. Remember, this was the amount in 1866. In his report for 1867, we are told by Auditor General Hartranft that there was in the Treasury on the 30th of November of that year $2,937,978 55 "applicable to the payment of balance of over-due loans." This being the case, is it not clear that, had not the debt been increased between November 30, 1866, and November 30, 1867, the application of the $2,937,987 55 "to the payment of over-due loans" would have reduced it, at the latter date, to $32,684,073 61? To ascertain this it is only necessary to substract the two millions, &c., in the treasury for that purpose, from the thirty-five millions, &c., at which the debt stood in 1766. But the amount could not have been so applied, or the debt must have increased, as the Auditor General informs us that on the 30th of November, 1867, the debt was $34,766,431 22, and on the 6th of August, 1868, he reports it to Mr. Grow at $33,651,657 37, showing an increase of debt between 1866 and 1868 and nearly one million of dollars! For otherwise, the application of the $2,937,978 55 to the cancelling of "over-due loans," would have reduced the debt to $32,684,073 61 in 1868, instead of $33,651,657 37, as reported by the Auditor General.

We have already spread these facts before the public, but their importance is so great that, at the risk of repetition, we will proceed still further. It is provided in the Constitution that a Sinking Fund to be applied exclusively to the payment of the public debt and interest shall be created. In 1858 the Legislature passed an act for that purpose, and if its provisions had been faithfully carried out by the Radicals, who have been in power almost ever since it went into effect, the greater portion, if not the whole of the debt might, by this time, have been wiped out, and the State freed from all incumbrance. By the act of the Legislature immense revenues and incomes were "specifically appropriated and set apart" for the purpose contemplated, from which sources the State has received, according to official statements of the Auditor General, the immense sum of twenty-five millions, three hundred and forty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-one dollars.

This enormous sum, remember, was "specifically appropriated and set apart" for the purpose of paying the State debt and interest.

Has it been faithfully so applied? If it has, how comes it that the debt which amounted to $36,939,847.50 in 1860, two years after the passage of the Sinking Fund Act, was only reduced $3,288,210,03 between that time and August 6, 1868, when the Auditor General stated it at 33,651,637.37?

What became of the *twenty-five millions* paid into the treasury in the eight years from 1860 to 1867, inclusive, for the "specific" purpose of being applied to the extinguishment of the debt?

If it had been applied as the law directs it to be, the debt to-day would be but $12,622,096.50, instead of $33,651,657.37.

How then was it applied?

Let those who have had exclusive control of the fund answer.

That it has been shamefully squandered by the Radical officials; that the treasury has been plundered by them to satisfy the avarice and minister to the profligacy of hungry and corrupt cormorants; that they have violated the statute and cheated the people, cannot be doubted by any one who will impartially examine their own official figures.

The question for the people to decide is whether a party so evidently dishonest and corrupt should be continued in power to plunder and squander for another term of years?—*Patriot*.

Outrages by Negro Radicals in Arkansas.

ST. LOUIS, Sep. 1.—The *Republican* gives the following version of the recent reported trouble in Arkansas, based, it says, upon reliable information as late as the evening of the 29th ult.: Conway county, 40 miles above Little Rock, has a large negro population, of whom a number are Democrats. Recently some Radical negroes surrounded the house of a Democratic negro, and after killing his dog tried to get him out of his house. The assailants were arrested, and in making a negro jury a Democratic negro was summoned, and him the Radical blacks drove away with drawn weapons. Supposing he would return with his friends, the black Radicals went off and collected a number of men and armed them. Two white men, who tried to induce these negroes to desist, were fired upon, one of whom was mortally wounded, and the other had his horse killed under him. At this stage of the proceedings, Messrs. Henkle and Gibbons, Radical members of the legislature, summoned the colored people in great numbers. Two or three hundred whites and friendly negroes assembled at Lewisburg, on the river, for mutual protection, they having been threatened with indiscriminate murder. On the 27th a crowd of three hundred Radical negroes were harangued at Little Rock, and two companies raised to proceed to Lewisburg, but Gov. Clayton was induced, by the representations of citizens, to forego the expedition, the citizens agreeing to accompany him to the scene of disturbance, and guaranteeing to assist in the arrest and punishment of those who could be found guilty of offenses. This was the condition of affairs up to the evening of the 29th, as we learn from reliable dispatches.

COAL AND IRON.

A Trip from Easton to Scranton.

A short time ago, in company with some friends, we passed over the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad from Easton to Scranton, seeing for the first time that really wonderful portion of Pennsylvania. No more interesting trip can be made, whether we consider the beauty of the natural scenery, or the inexhaustible mineral wealth of that section of the State, and the great development thereof which is rapidly taking place. The road is one of the most substantially constructed in the world, and no expense has been spared to fit it for the great carrying trade, which must soon demand the laying of an additional track. Wise foresight was displayed in making the cuttings and building the bridges with a view thereto at the commencement. The bridge over the Delaware and Lehigh rivers at Easton, is one of the most elegant and substantial structures of the kind ever erected. It looks light, but is massively strong in all its parts, and not the slightest sway or quiver is perceptible under the pressure of the heaviest coal trains. The portion which spans the Delaware consists of two abutments and six piers of finely cut blue limestone, with one span of iron trellis work, the whole about 1050 feet in length; the top of the rail being 61 feet above low water mark. The bridge over the Lehigh consists of eight spans of iron trellis work, resting on abutments and iron columns, crossing streets, running over the top of the county bridge, and being in appearance one of the most graceful and elegant structures to be seen anywhere. The length of the bridge over the Lehigh is 777 feet, and its elevation above low water mark 48 feet. The masonry of this fine structure, together with considerable other work on the road, was done by Messrs. Reilly, McGrann & Co., of Lancaster. The whole road has been constructed under the superintendence of John Leisenring, Esq., Chief Engineer, in a manner proportionate substantial and permanent. The track is laid with the best English Bessemer steel rails, and the rolling stock is all new, the road having only been completed within the present year.

In going from Easton to Allentown you skirt the edge of the Lehigh River, passing through a most fertile and finely cultivated section, which presents an ever varying scene of quiet beauty. Prior to the establishment of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, the rude ark was the only method of transportation for the coal and other products of that section. Then came the canal of that company, with its many dams which rather improve than impairs the character of the scenery; after that the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which is a monument to the sagacity and energy of that distinguished Pennsylvanian, Asa Packer; and last of all was constructed the Lehigh and Susquehanna R. R., which was built by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, to supply the constantly increasing demands made upon its means of transportation. The dams of the canal are, as we have said, an improvement on the landscape, widening the comparatively narrow stream, presenting a succession of charming water falls, and giving an idea of industrial development, without marring the beauty of the natural scenery. Here and there between Easton and Allentown, the smoke of an anthracite furnace tells how manufacturing is combining with agriculture to make this the richest and most populous portion of Pennsylvania. The evidences of rapid and constantly increasing growth in material prosperity are to be seen on every hand.

As you enter the narrowing valley of the Lehigh, above Allentown, the constant succession of capacious anthracite furnaces becomes the most marked feature for miles along the route. The amount of iron made here is remarkable when we consider how brief has been the period during which all this development has taken place. Anthracite iron was not made in this country until about 1837, and yet last year the production was 784,783 tons, the State of Pennsylvania alone producing 586,584 tons, or more than one-third of all the iron manufactured in the United States. The total quantity of iron made in this country last year was anthracite, 784,783 tons; raw bituminous and coke, 318,647 tons; charcoal iron 344,331 tons. Total, 1,447,771 tons. The great seat for the manufacture of anthracite iron is evidently in the Lehigh valley, along the line of the Susquehanna and Lehigh Railroad. At different points in Lehigh, Northampton and the surrounding counties there are large deposits of hematite and other valuable ores, while near the termination of the road, just over the line in New Jersey, are vast and inexhaustible veins of magnetic and hematite ore, unsurpassed in all the qualities necessary for the manufacture of the best quality of anthracite iron. The remarkable juxtaposition of fuel on, and limestone which is found in this vicinity must make this the great seat of iron manufacuring for many years to come. As we ascend the Lehigh Valley from Allentown to Mauch Chunk, which is one of the chief points for coal mining, we are scarcely out of hearing of the sighing furnaces, and the expressiveness of that epithet is fully realized whenever the train stops in the vicinity of one of the huge establishments which are here erected. From Easton to White Haven it is estimated that not less than one million and a half of dollars are invested upon every mile along the route in public improvements and manufacturing establishments. One fourth of all the iron manufactured in the United States is made here, and capital is still constantly seeking and finding profitable investment. An intelligent gentleman at Mauch Chunk expressed the opinion that the day was not far distant when every level space along the Lehigh, from that point to Easton, would be taken up by manufacturing establishments. Already for miles above Allentown the banks of the river present the appearance of a continuous town, and looking at the spectacle presented, and remembering the comparatively brief space in which all this has been accomplished, we could not help thinking our seemingly enthusiastic friend was indulging in no wild conjecture. The wonderful improvement of this section of the State must be seen to be appreciated. The first furnace in the Lehigh region was erected in 1842, but the great development which we witness has taken place within fifteen years.

Ten miles below Mauch Chunk, the great State formation of this section of Pennsylvania begins, running off from the Lehigh river through Northampton county. Slatington, two miles below Mauch Chunck, is one of the largest shipping points. The celebrated Chapman quarries are some nine miles distant from the road. This is a branch of industry which must increase constantly and rapidly, and which will necessarily furnish a large carrying trade.

As we pass up the road from Allentown, the beautiful Lehigh Valley narrows rapidly, the mountains encroaching upon the plain on either side, until we enter the narrow gap at Mauch Chunck, where almost precipitous cliffs rise from the edge of the river, which here seems to have broken through the rocky barrier which opposed its progress. From Mauch Chunck, up to the summit of the Wyoming Mountain the road passes through one of the wildest and most picturesque gorges in the country. We doubt whether finer mountain scenery is to be found along the line of any railroad than is here presented in constantly varying beauty to the eye. This portion of the river was also once obstructed by a large number of substantial dams, erected to feed the canal of which scarcely a trace is now left above Mauch Chunck, the railroad occupying its site. The flood which swept the dams and canal away a few years ago must have presented one of the wildest and most appaling spectacles ever witnessed. When the traveller is shown the height which the water reached in the houses at Mauch Chunck he can have some faint conception of the sight which the brawling stream which runs close under the car windows for miles must have presented. Now the scene is one of wild but quiet beauty. Below the rapid river sweeps on, its waters dyed to an inky hue by the roots of the hemlocks which grow luxuriantly in the soil from which issue the springs which feed it; above tower precipitous cliffs of rock, their naked ruggedness being concealed by a fringing of firs, which strike their roots deep down into the seemingly barren crevices, and spring aloft with a strength that mocks the howling tempest. All along the route are the broken dams, portions still remaining, to bear testimony to the fierceness of the devastating flood. Here are long quiet pools, their dark surfaces broken only by the leap of a hungry pickerel after his prey, or the quick dip of the bright hued kingfisher as he makes a descent upon an unsuspecting minnow. There the deeply dyed current is dashed into whirling eddies by opposing rocks, and broken into foam which looks white as snow itself upon the dark surface of the stream. For miles the embankments of the two rival railroads, the Lehigh and Susquehanna and the Lehigh Valley form artificial banks for the river which sweeps along between. A stone could easily be thrown from the cars on one road to those on the other, and the face of a friend might be clearly distinguished. As the time tables on each are about the same, a race seems always to be going on, and handkerchiefs flutter in triumph as one train passes the other. The stations on the different roads not being at regular intervals, and the delays not always the same, one train is now ahead and then the other. Taken, all in all, the pleasure and excitement of a ride up this narrow and picturesque valley, on a pleasant day, cannot easily be surpassed. In passing up the Eastern side of the Wyoming Mountain, the Lehigh and Susquehanna road passes under the Lehigh Valley at several points.

Wyoming Valley is a true land of romance, about which many historic memories cluster and over which poesy has thrown its veil of enchantments. As the school boy reads of it, he longs to gaze upon the fair region which was the battle ground of races, and the subject of strife between contending states. The history of the Wyoming Massacre freezes the blood in young veins, and the story of Gertrude causes the pulse of youth to leap wildly with passionate emotions. Yet how few, comparatively, even of Pennsylvanians, have ever looked upon its beauties. Led captive by caprice and controlled by the whims of fashion we travel far to feast our eyes on scenes less charming and romantic than can easily be found within the limits of our own good commonwealth. The mountain scenery of Pennsylvania can scarcely be surpassed, while its many quiet valleys present views that might tempt the pencil of the most capricious artist.

Wyoming Valley is a perfect picture of its kind. On each side the mountains swell boldly up from the well cultivated plain, presenting all that exquisite variety of shading which lends a peculiar charm to our mountain scenery. The foliage seems to be peculiarly well fitted to reflect the ever-changing tints which are cast from each cloud that sweep across the sky. You may look at these mountains a thousand times each day, and if your eye be practiced to discern the effects of nature's artistic pencilling, you will always see a new picture, perfect in its beauty of color and perspective. Through the middle of the smiling valley, gently undulating and covered with golden grain, sweeps the Susquehanna's broad and silvery stream, its banks being fringed with the soft foliage of trees whose pliant branches wave gently to the touch of the lightest passing breeze. Below you lies the town of Wilkesbarre, deeply embowered in overshadowing trees. There are quiet villages, everywhere farm houses and substantial well fitted barns. But towering over all, sending up clouds of steam and located amidst hills of waste from the mines are the collieries.—A busy multitude lives in the light of the glad sunshine as you do, but a still busier multitude toil all day long under the surface of the smiling plain and deep down beneath the spurs of the hills and mountains. It is almost sad to think that the time is coming when all over the surface of this charming valley the debris of the mines will be thickly piled, destroying herbage, and leaving only a black and unsightly waste. Such will necessarily be the case in time, for under almost every foot of the soil the coal lies in many thick and workable veins. Thus does the rude step of utilitaranims ruthlessly crush out the picturesque and destroy the beautiful. Still we can not complain that no interest attaches to the process which is here going on.

The wonders of the underground world in this section, the inexhaustible beds of coal which are disposed in many workable veins under Wyoming Valley, and other portions of the region which is dependent upon the road over which we have passed, and its rival, for transportation must furnish subject matter for another article, in which we shall have something to say of the coal we use, where it comes from, how it is got out, how much there is of it, the towns of this section, &c.

Legal Notices.

ESTATE OF MRS. ANN WILSON, LATE of Drumore township, dec'd.—Letters of Administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto, are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said township.

JOSHUA WILSON, Administrator.

aug19-6tw33

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—ESTATE OF Elizabeth Hess, late of Lancaster city, dec'd.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of William B. Wiley, Esq., Executor of said estate, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will sit for that purpose on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9th, 1868, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.

sep 2 4tw 35] WM. S. AMWEG, Auditor.

Harness, &c.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF SADDLERY IN THE CITY,
—AT—
M. HABERBUSH'S,
S. W. ANGLE OF CENTRE SQUARE.
LANCASTER, PA.

Silver and Gold Mounted Harness.
Prince's Metal and Covered Mounted Harness.
Fine Japanned and Oride Mounted Harness.
Fine and Common Double Harness.
TEAM HARNESS.
Men's and Boy's Riding Saddles.
Ladies' Riding Saddles and Bridles.
Buggy, Sulky, Riding and Team Whips.
Leather, Cotton and Linen Fly-Nets.
Linen and Gum Horse Covers and Lap Covers.
Also, Sole Leather Trunks.
Ladies' Dress Trunks.
Gents' Traveling Trunks.
Sole Leather and Common Valieses.
Leather and Carpet Traveling Bags.
Fine Turkey and French Morocco satchels.
and all other articles in the business, which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Particular attention paid to repairing.
Also, Rennels' Improved Harness Pads sold here.
Shop rights for manufacturing Rennels' Improved Harness Pads, will be sold at reasonable rates. my 21 8mdalyw

Banking Houses.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,
BANKERS,
NO. 35 S. THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.
GENERAL AGENTS
FOR THE
NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
FOR THE
States of Pennsylvania, and Southern New Jersey.

The NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is a corporation Chartered by Special Act of Congress, approved July 25, 1868 with a

Cash Capital of One Million Dollars,

and is now thoroughly organized and prepared or business.

Liberal terms offered to Agents and Solicitors, who are invited to apply at our office.

Full particulars to be had on application at our office, located in the second story of our Banking House, where Circulars and Pamphlets, fully describing the advantages offered by the Company, may be had.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,
No. 35 South Third street,
ug19-lydeodaw Philadelphia, Pa.

Dry Goods, &c.

SPRING 1868!
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND CLOTHING
—AT—
HAGER & BROTHERS.
FINE BLACK AND COLORED CLOTHS,
FRENCH & AMERICAN COATINGS.
CASSIMERES FOR SUITS.
CASHMERETTS, DRAP D' ETE, JEANS, &c.
ALSO,
GOODS FOR BOYS' WEAR!
A very large and complete assortment and Prices as Low as in 1860.
READY MADE CLOTHING!
FINE DRESS SUITS.
MEDIUM AND FINE CASSIMERE SUITS.
SUITS FOR BOY'S.
A full assortment of our own manufacture and guaranteed to give satisfaction in
PRICE, QUALITY AND STYLE.
HAGER & BRO'S.

LADIES DRESS GOODS!
We invite an examination of
NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS
JUST RECEIVED!
ALSO,
MOURNING GOODS!
Of Lupin's Manufacture, including
BOMBAZINES, TAMIESE,
CANTON CLOTHS,
SILK POPLINS, CHALLIES,
POPLIN ALPACAS,
MOHAIRS, &c., &c.
BLACK AND COLORED SILKS!
FROM FINE TO EXTRA QUALITIES.
HAGER & BROTHERS.

WINDOW SHADES!
WINDOW SHADES!
HAGER & BROTHERS have now in store a choice selection of WINDOW SHADES, to which they invite attention.
Also, all widths of White, Buff and Green Shade Hollands.

WALL PAPERS,
WALL PAPERS,
WALL PAPERS.
HAGER & BROTHERS are now receiving
SPRING STYLES FOR 1868.
Our Stock will be found complete, and to comprise a great variety of new designs of plain and decorative
PAPER HANGINGS,
Fine Stamped Gilt, Satins, Blank and Wood Colors, for
PARLORS, HALLS, DINING ROOMS AND CHAMBERS.
Also, DECORATIVE PAPERS in
MARBLE, FRESCOES, OAK, WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, &c.
The most complete assortment ever offered in Lancaster, and will be sold at less than Philadelphia prices. Call and examine.
HAGER & BROTHERS.

CARPETS!
ENGLISH BRUSSELS,
ENGLISH TAPESTRY,
Imperial Three-Ply, Tapestry Ingrain, Extra and Superfine Ingrain, Three-Ply and Plain Venetian, Wool Dutch, Cottage, Hemp and Rag Carpets of Hartford and Lowell, and best Philadelphia makes.
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS—from 1 to 4 yards wide.
Cocoa and Canton Mattings, Rugs, Door Mats, &c.
We now offer a very full and complete stock, and at VERY LOW PRICES.
mar 25 tfw12 HAGER & BROTHERS.

1868 THE GREATEST BARGAINS 1868
AND THE BEST PLACE TO BUY!
CHEAP, CHEAPER, CHEAPEST,
CHEAP JOHN'S VARIETY STORE
No. 3 EAST KING STREET,
LANCASTER CITY.
THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY,
and at unprecedentedly Low Prices, of Goods of all kinds.
JEWELRY
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,
TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
PERFUMERY, SOAPS
and an endless variety of Notions. He also as on hand a large and finely selected stock of
DRY GOODS!
GLOVES, HOSIERY,
AND TRIMMINGS OF ALL KINDS,
ALSO, BOOTS AND SHOES
for Men Women and Children. Also,
TINWARE,
LOOKING GLASSES,
GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
TEA SETS, &C., &C.
Now is the time to get bargains, as the entire stock has been laid in at greatly reduced figures
GOODS SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Remember the cheapest and best place to buy in all Lancaster is at
CHEAP JOHN'S
No. 3 EAST KING ST., LANCASTER CITY.
dec 4 tfw48

Register's Notice.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.
The Accounts of the following persons are filed in the Register's Office of Lancaster county for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held in the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, on the THIRD MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1868, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Henry H. Wiley, Guardian of Anna, Flora and Harvey Williams.
Jacob Mellinger, Guardian of Anna Kreider (formerly Mellinger,) Elizabeth Mellinger, Elias H. Mellinger, Josiah H. Mellinger and Susan M. Mellinger.
Robert Patton, Administrator of Mellon Dougherty.
Levi Becker, Guardian of Henry Freymyer.
Henry Pentz, Administrator of Daniel Howard.
William E. Rogers, former Guardian of Mary, Charles C. and Anna Rogers.
Levi Wisler, Administrator of Catharine Wisler.
William S. Martin, Executor of Susanna Stewart.
Mary A. Lebkicher and William H. Lebkicher, Administrators of David M. Lebkicher.
Peter W. Hiestand, Administrator of Fanny Gochenauer.
Stephen J. Hamilton, Administrator of Mary Jane Moderwell.
Stephen J. Hamilton, Administrator of Nancy R. Moderwell.
Susan Adaline McNair, Administratrix of Rev. John McNair.
Michael Keller, Guardian of Mary Ann Buch.
Jacob Urban, Administrator of Joseph Urban.
A. L. Hayes and Townsend Wheelan, Executors of Catharine Yeates.
Dr. John Martin, Administrator of Jacob Oatman.
Hiram R. Hull, Administrator of James V. Connell.
Benjamin Landis, Guardian of Elizabeth Wenger.
John McComsey, Guardian of Henry Yost.
W. M. Cooper, Administrator of Vincent Hill.
Marks G Wenger, Guardian of Isaac J. Shreiner.
Charles Denues, Administrator of Conrad J. Plitt.
Joseph McClure, Executor of Ephraim Stevenson.
Charles M. Howell, Administrator of George D. Dillon.
Barbara Shirick, Executrix of Christian N. Shirick.
John Good, Guardian of Elias Good.
Adam Holl and Isaac Holl, Administrators of George Holl.
Christian Brandt, Executor of Christian Brandt.
James Patterson, Executor of Mary Rhea.
Isaac Stoner, Executor of Fanny Strickler.
George Bean, Executor of Harriet Brown.
Peter Pickel and William D. Russel, Administrators of Peter Baughman.
Henry H. Faus, Executor of Ann Maria Roth.
Mary Gensemer, Guardian of Leah Gensemer.
Joseph C. Taylor, Guardian of Francis Ann Coleman (formerly Kimble) and John S Kimble.
Jacob L. Stehman, Guardian of Eugene A. Burnett.
Peter Oberholtzer, Executor of Emanuel Dable.
William Clark, Executor of Catharine Clark.
William Clark, Executor of William K. Clark.
William Weidman, Executor of Henry Weidman, deceased, who was Administrator of Jacob Weidman.
B. C. Kauffman and C. M. Kauffman, Administrators of Abraham Kauffman.
Christian Risser, Executor of David Hackman.
Samuel Shelly, one of the Executors of Abraham Shelly.
Jacob Stahl and Conrad Zeigler, Administrators of George W. Stahl.
Martin O. Stirk, Administrator of Hetzel Stirk.
Maria Brubaker, Executrix of John Brubaker.
Joseph Detweiler, Executor of Jacob Hiestand.
Thos. E. Franklin, Esq., Administrator with the will annexed, of Dorothy H. Wind.
J. T. McCully and R. C. McCully, Executors of Jacob McCully.
Levi Weller, Executor of Sarah Hambright.
Daniel Buckwalter, Administrator of James C. Dunlap.
James Daily, Administrator of Wm. C. Daily.
John B. Gish, Administrator of Jacob Breneman.
Diller Baer, Administrator of Sarah Diller.
Henry H. Kurtz, Administrator of Christian Demmy.
Samuel S. Brubaker and Henry Stauffer, Executors of Samuel Brubaker.
Jacob R. Keller, Administrator of John F. Hostetter.
Thomas A. McIlvaine, Maria L. McIlvaine and George D. McIlvaine, Administrators of Thomas S. McIlvaine, who was Guardian of Sarah Strickler, John Strickler and Mary Strickler.
Ann E. Brooks, Administratrix of William P. Brooks.
John Fox, Executor of John Booth.
aug 26 4tw34] DAVID MILES, Register.

Machine Shops, &c.

FRANK F. LANDIS, JACOB S. LANDIS,
EZRA F. LANDIS,
KEYSTONE
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,
EAST CHESTNUT STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.,
LANDIS & CO., PROPRIETORS.
Iron and Brass Castings Done to Order.
Engines, Mill Gearing, Shaftings, Pulleys, &c., built.
Also, a new and improved Grain Thresher and Separator.
Models for Patentees made to order.
Special attention paid to repairing.
ap 27 tfw. LANDIS & CO.

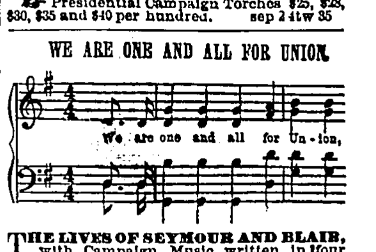
E. H. SCHAEFFER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SADDLERY
NOS 1 AND 2 EAST KING STREET,
jan 10 LANCASTER, PA. tfw

Philadelphia Advertisements.

THE ESTABLISHED FIRM,
J. J. RICHARDSON & CO.,
126 MARKET STREET, PHILAD'A.,
Is the largest Manufacturing Confectioners and Wholesale Dealers in Fruits, Nuts, &c., in the United States.
mar 25 1yw12

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN
CAPES AND CAPS
1868.
Manufactured by PHILIP HILL,
No. 204 Church street, Phila.
Send for Engraving and Price List.
Presidential Campaign Torches $25, $28, $30, $35 and $40 per hundred. sep 2 4tw 35

WE ARE ONE AND ALL FOR UNION.



THE LIVES OF SEYMOUR AND BLAIR, with Campaign Music written in four parts. Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
aug26-2tdatfw HALL & CO., Publishers,
329 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa

THE HOUSEHOLD GAS MACHINE!
FOR SUPPLYING DWELLINGS, STORES, FACTORIES, CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS WITH GAS!
Generates Gas Without Fire or Heat!
The simplicity and ease by which this Machine is managed, as also its economy and great merit, recommends it to the public favor. Call and see machine in operation at the store.
DAVID JONES',
Manufacturer and Sole Agent,
aug12-3mw32 Tin Furnishing Store,
No. 733 Green street, Philadelphia.
Send for Illustrated Circular.

628 HOOP SKIRTS 628
AND
CORSETS, CORSETS.
WM. T. HOPKINS,
N. 628 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturer of the
CELEBRATED "CHAMPION" HOOP SKIRTS
For Ladies, Misses and Children.
The largest assortment and best quality and styles in the American Market. Every lady should try them, as they *recommend themselves* by wearing longer, retaining their shape much better, being lighter and more *elastic* than all others—*warranted in every respect*, and sold at very low prices. Ask for Hopkins' "Champion" Skirt.
Superior Hand-made Whale-Bone Corsets in Fifteen different Grades, including the "Imperial" and Thompson & Langdon's "Glove-Fitting" Corsets, ranging in price from 81 Cts. to $5.50; together with Joseph Beckel's Celebrated French Woven Corsets, superior shapes and quality, Ten different Grades from $1.10 to $5.50. They are the finest and best goods for the prices ever imported. The Trade supplied with Hoop Skirts and Corsets at the Lowest Rates.
Those visiting the City should not fail to call and examine our Goods and Prices, as we defy all competition. sep 2 4mw 25

CHURNING MADE EASY.
Good Fresh Butter all the Year Round.
FARMERS, ATTENTION!
SAVE TIME! SAVE MONEY! SAVE LABOR!
By using Tomlinson & Co.'s (Lincoln England) Celebrated Butter Powder. By the use of this inexpensive Powder, churning for hours is reduced to minutes, and is applicable to the making of Butter at all seasons of the year. A small quantity added to the milk or cream at the time of churning will produce Butter in much less time, in larger quantity, and of a superior quality, flavor and consistency; It removes the unpleasant flavor caused by the cows feeding on turnips, garlic, weeds, &c.; and prevents all rancidity peculiar to butter; also makes it firmer and sweeter even in the hottest weather.
This Powder, now being introduced into this country, has long been in use throughout Europe and the Canadas, and further has invariably taken the prize at all Agricultural Shows, whenever exhibited.
Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per Box. Sold by all respectable Druggists and Store-keepers throughout the Country.
JAMES A. ARMSTRONG,
General Agent for United States,
je17-1mw24 No. 119 Market stree, Philadelphia.

TURNER'S SELF TURNER'S
SUPPORTING
AND
EXTENSION
PATENT
LADDER.
THE ATTENTION OF
FARMERS,
FRUIT GROWERS,
MECHANICS, and
HOUSEKEEPERS,
IS INVITED
To this useful Improvement It is composed of any number of Sections or Joints, which can be used, either singly, or connected, forming a Ladder of any Desired Length. It can be LENGTHENED OR SHORTENED, without descending to the ground. Is SELF-SUPPORTING, not requiring the upper end to lean against any object. Connected with it is a movable step, giving an easy foothold for those using it. It can be
READILY TRANSPORTED,
because easily closed to a small size—and quickly changed into either a
STEP-LADDER, OR SCAFFOLD.

FARMERS
may keep different Sections for use at separate places on their farms, and when in need of a long Ladder, the Sections can be connected.

FRUIT GROWERS
can gather the fruit without resting against the tree—thus avoiding injury to the tree. Two or more can work at one time, and fruit can be reached by the aid of this Ladder, that would otherwise be unattainable without straining or bruising the limbs.

MECHANICS'
can raise or lower it, Section or Round at a time, without descending to the ground, and can readily change it into a firm, substantial Scaffold.

HOUSEKEEPERS.
can employ it as a Step-Ladder of ordinary size, or convert it into a long Ladder.

PRICE LIST.

20 Feet, 3 Sections, (each 6¾ feet) Light weight for Housekeepers. Extended length about 18 feet	$9.00
20 Feet, extra weight	10.00
30 Feet, 3 Sections, (each 10 feet long.) Extended length about 28 feet	16.00
40 Feet, 4 Sections, (one 12, two 10, and one 8 feet long.) Extended length about 37 feet	21.00

Other sizes in proportion. Liberal discount to the Trade.

Single Ladders forwarded, freight prepaid, to nearest Station on receipt of retail price.

AGENTS WANTED
in every county to canvass and sell. Also wanted, Energetic, Reliable, Capable Men to Travel and establish county Agents. For Circular Terms address
TURNER'S
PATENT EXTENSION LADDER,
P. O. BOX, 2018, OR NO. 20 S. SEVENTH ST
je 10 *PHILADELPHIA.* 3mw23
For sale by JOHN DEANER & CO., Lan'cr.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting, &c.

GAS-FITTING AND PLUMBING.
JOHN DEANER & CO., No. 7 East King street, with increased facilities, are now prepared to attend to all orders with promptness and dispatch. Having none but the best workmen employed, all work will be finished in a superior manner, and with all the modern improvements.
Copper Kettles and Wash Boilers, and all kinds of Copper Work for Breweries and Distilleries attended to with promptness. Having greatly enlarged this department, all orders can be filled forthwith.
TIN ROOFS & SPOUTING
Attended to in any part of the city and county.
Furnaces, Heaters, Stoves, Ranges, and all modern improvements for heating Churches, Halls, Parlors, Houses, &c., always on hand, and will be put up in any part of the city or county, or their repairs attended to at any time.
JOHN DEANER & CO.,
No. 7 East King street,
jan 8-tfw 1 Lancaster, Pa.

YOUNG FOLKS ATTENTION!
Now is the time to get married. You can furnish your houses with STOVES, KETTLES PANS, TINWARE, and all other necessary articles in our line at the
GOOD OLD LOW PRICES.
OLD FOLKS, now is the time for you to buy for the young folks TIN-WARE to look like Silver; BRASS and COPPER WARE to look like Gold. We have enlarged our business, and can offer every inducement to those who are now buying HOUSE STUFFS.
JOHN DEANER & CO.,
No. 7 East King street,
jan 8-tfw Lancaster, Pa.