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Miscellaneous.

Being in Love.

[From the London Review.]

There are a great many mistakes about Love. Some people think it one thing, and some another:

"'A temple to Friendship, said Laura enchanted,
'I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine.'
Her temple was built, and she only now wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant."

This is *one* mistake. But did Moore's Laura want something *in addition* to Friendship, or did she want something totally different? "L'amitie est l'amour sans ailes." Is that true; so that, if we add wings to Friendship, we get love for the product?

In the days when Godwin, declining, as became a republican, the prefix of Mister, was a sage much sought, a lady visitor, of the sniffy, love-in-the-abstract type, asked him for an oracle upon the great subject of subjects. "William Godwin," said she, suddenly, "what is your opinion of love?" Godwin was too absorbed in meditation to answer the question, and continued solemnly puffing his pipe. "William Godwin," said the determined woman once more, "what is your opinion of love?" And still Godwin smoked, and kept silence. Not liking to see a woman snubbed, even in appearance, Shelly, then a young fellow, also in attendance on the oracle, hazarded a jest. "I think," said he, "love acts upon the heart like a nutmeg-grater; it wears it away." Again the undaunted woman put her question. Sniffling at poor Shelly, who was then nobody, she, with raised voice, said: "William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" Roused at last, the oracle responded: "My opinion agrees with that of Mr. Shelly," said he, and relapsed into his thoughts and his pipe.

This was a case in which the oracle snubbed the votarist, because the votarist was unworthy. Godwin would no more tell a sniffy woman what he thought about love than the Lady in "Comus" would expound to Circe "the sublime notion and high mystery that must be uttered to unfold the sage and serious doctrine of virginity." It is pretty certain that Godwin himself knew nothing about it; or he would never have (for example) published, after her death, his wife's old letters to the heartless father of "our little barrier-girl." But, perhaps, the majority of living men and women think that love is like a nutmeg-grater; that most of us must, in the natural course of things, get our hearts grated; but that, when we find the process agreeable, nature has got us in a trap, and the sooner we are out of it the better. At the same time, there is always what Mr. Bain, with such innocent surprise, calls a "heated atmosphere" around the subject, and there is a luminous haze of superstition about love overhanging all the literature of imagination. It is true you now and then come across an essay in which the subject of falling in love is discussed as if it came as much within the calculable province of life as buying a hat, and you are told to be sure and do it wisely, because—because of reasons which might find a place in "Poor Richard's Almanac." "Last night," said a half-man poet and painter, "I came unexpectedly upon a fairy's funeral"—and he proceeded to describe the ceremony as only a poet and a painter could. What wonderfully good advice might be given in an essay on Seeing Fairies' Funerals! Be sure you never see a fairy's funeral, unless, &c., &c.

There is no thoroughly sincere person, with a grain of spiritual sensibility, who does not, in his heart, rebel when Poor Richard takes upon himself to preach about love matters. What the troubadours called *amour-pour-amour*, love for love's own sake, is what every human creature with a soul above buttons goes in for. And we feel as the pang of disapprobation when anything "in the round heaven or in the living air" is put before love, or turned into a cause or a justification of it.—There is a legend of a distinguished preacher's courtship, which relates how he went down into the kitchen, and, addressing his maid servant, said, "Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes, sir," said Betty. "And, Betty," resumed the good man, "do you love *me*?" Similar in spirit is that letter of Governor Winthrop's wife to her husband in which she tells him she loves him for two reasons—"First, because thou lovest God; and secondly, because thou lovest me." The dullest feels that here is a play upon words; and there is. Far better was Rowland Hill's courtship. "*In the first place*," he wrote to the lady, "I think I can say before God that I *love your person*. Without this, such a union could never be happy." The quotation is from memory, but it is substantially correct, and we feel in a moment that Rowland Hill was straightforward and true, while the Puritan lady, pressed upon by the etiquette of the current talk of her set, and not able to disentangle herself from a fallacy, was untrue to nature and to herself. This was nothing remarkable; most people are untrue to nature and to themselves.

The most plausible and the most common of the fallacies about love is that which supposes it is the friendship that Laura sought, with something added to it, instead of being, as it is, a thing *sui generis*. Coleridge exposed this fallacy in a curious piece called "The Improvisatory," which is included among his poems:

"*Coleridge.*—Love, as distinguished from friendship on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

"*Lucius* (*Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to Coleridge.*)—But is not love the union of both?

"*Coleridge* (*aside to Lucius.*—He never loved who thinks so."

And then follows Coleridge's own account of love, of which it can only be said, that, if he had written it when he was younger, it would probably have been as perfect in form and expression as it is inclusive in what we might call the categories of love:

"*Coleridge.*—But, above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life, even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which, in all our lovings, is the love.

"*Eliza.*—There is something here (*pointing to her heart*) that seems to understand you, but it wants the word that would make it understand itself.

"*Katharine.*—I, too, seem to feel what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

"*Coleridge.*—I mean that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own—that quiet, perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and, finding, again seeks on; lastly, when 'life's changeful orb has passed the full,' a confirmed faith in that nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience."

When you have read this, you feel that it is correct, and even affecting. But yet—

"What wants that knave
That a king should have?"

something is wanted, and in that something everything!

A Man's Body Sawed in Twain.

One of those fearful and sudden accidents that at times happen in all communities and startle them with their dreadfulness, took place a few days since at the saw-mill of E. T. Ross, on Ohio levee, Cairo, Ill., and which resulted in the sudden death of Wm. Butner, a German, by his body being literally sawed in twain. The facts are briefly as follows: As Mr. Butner and another man were handling a piece of timber it slipped from the other man's grasp, and struck Butner in the breast with such force as to knock him backward upon two circular saws, one above the other, and which were running at the rate of 400 revolutions a minute. His body was instantly cut in twain, in a slanting direction, reaching from the left shoulder, from which it severed the arm, down to the navel. The right foot was severed from the leg. The upper portion of his body fell into a pit in which the sawdust was generally caught. So sudden was the accident that persons in the vicinity of the saw could hardly realize the fact that the man who had stood before them but a few seconds before, with life and vivacity, was a corpse—his body separated and bleeding before them. Death was so sudden that he was not even heard to utter a groan.

The Surratt Case.

Innocence of Mrs. Surratt and Her Death by Judicial Murder.

John Surratt and the Conspiracy at His Trial.

Some Strange Revelations

Special Correspondent of the N. Y. World.

BALTIMORE, October 12.

It has just fallen in my way to converse with certain gentlemen in Baltimore upon the subject of the Murder of Mrs. Surratt, and upon matters appertaining thereto. The gentlemen to whom I allude are Mr. John T. Ford, formerly proprietor of Ford's Theatre, in Washington, where Abrahem Lincoln was assassinated; Mr. James Gifford, stage carpenter, formerly at Ford's and now at Mr. Ford's Holliday Street Theatre, in Baltimore; and a Mr. Wiel. These conversations have interested me so much that I cannot forbear, with the permission of the gentlemen, to attempt to sketch them for *The World*. You will please to observe that neither Mr. Ford nor the other, pretend to recite the whole history of the assassination conspiracy (of which they have gained their information, like the rest of the public, from the reports of the trial and the statements of other witnesses); but such facts as came under their own observation, and the opinions they have formed of this busness, have considerable value, and are connected together in a colloquial way which has not the precision of a narrative.

Mr. Ford recurred to the morning of the day of the assassination:

"Booth was, as you know, one of the handsomest of men. He had Appollo's own grace about him. When he was in Washington, boarding at the Kirkwood House, the young ladies who were stopping there used to collect at the foot of the stairway on the dining room floor, just to see him come down stairs. He always looked as bright and pleasant as he was handsome, and had a cheery word and facinating smile for every one. He was a great favorite with all the young ladies at the hotel. I think he had been rather depressed since the fall of Richmond, but, early on that afternoon—the afternoon of April 14th—he was noticed by the boys at the theatre sauntering up the sidewalk from Pennsylvania avenue, looking his very best, and marvellously at his ease. He was elegantly dressed, as usual, and walked with that half-conscious, confident, attractive grace which became so irreproachable a presence. He was rather late that day; he had probably breakfasted late. He used to walk to the theatre every morning between ten and eleven o'clock to see about his letters. As he came up, my brother Harry turned to one of the others who stood by, and said:

"'There comes the handsomest man in Washington!'

"Booth liked my brother, and they were very familiar in their talk with one another. So Harry thought he would plague Booth a bit. It happened that, an hour or two before, a messenger had come from the White House to say that the President and General Grant, with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant, would be at the theatre in the evening. Harry, therefore, announced to Booth: 'John, the President is going to be here to-night, with General Grant. They've got General Lee here as a prisoner, and he's coming too. We're going to put him in the opposite box.'

"At the same moment Harry handed Booth a long letter. Booth broke the seal, remarking:

"'O, no, they havn't got Lee a prisoner; they certainly wouldn't bring him to Washington.'

"Then he sat down and read his letter; it was a long one, as I said, and he seemed absent-minded while reading it. At length he folded it up, put it in his pocket, and suddenly began to inquire with interest whether the President and General Grant were really coming; &c.

"'Yes, Harry assured him, 'Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, and both families, are surely coming.' (Harry couldn't deceive Booth about General Lee.)

"Booth, then," continued Mr. Ford, "left the theatre in a kind of hurry, as if he had made up his mind about something to be done. He started down the street, and turned the corner of E street toward the Kirkwood House, walking quite rapidly. It is my belief that then, for the first time, the thought of assassination entered his head. An abduction had, of course, been long considered. But, in what we may assume to be his then state of mind—his disappointment by the rebel reverses, and his conviction that the rebel cause had become desperate, if not ruined—this unexpected opportunity of Lincoln's and Grant's visit to the theatre was irresistible. I interpret his movements after he quitted the theatre to have been, in part, as follows: Having formed his resolution on the instant, while poring over the letter, he went to the Kirkwood House and wrote the letter to Matthews, which he intended to be published in the *Intelligencer* as an explanation and defence of what he was to do. He subsequently got a horse, and is shown that he hailed Matthews on the sidewalk while riding, and delivered the letter to him with instructions to keep it—I think until the next day at twelve o'clock—and then to return it to him (Booth) in case nothing unusual should have happened. Booth, it would appear, got this horse for the purpose of hunting up Payne, Harold and Atzerott that afternoon. The plan must have been arranged between the four in the afternoon; for Booth was the head and front of the whole conspiracy, and I have already expressed the conviction that Booth never resolved upon assassination until after he had arrived at the theatre that day and learned that the President and General Grant were to be present at the performance in the evening.

"Now it was attempted to be shown that Booth, who called at Mrs. Surratt's house that same day, called there and conversed with Mrs. Surratt *after* he had quitted the theatre; and that therefore he went, fully charged with his scheme, and talked with her about it, and must have known of it and been implicated in it. My conviction, and the conviction of the rest at the theatre, is right the other way. Booth came to the theatre at a much later hour than that at which it was his habit to come to get his letters. The testimony has led me to infer that he had strolled up to Mrs. Surratt's after breakfast, previous to the time when my brother Harry first saw him.

"But, whatever the truth in regard to this particular point might be, it would make no difference in my conviction of Mrs. Surratt's innocence of any knowledge whatever of the assassination plot, and that she was unjustly hung. We were prisoners together, and Mr. Gifford and I here were prisoners in the same building with witnesses who testified at the trial. Neither Mrs. Surratt nor her son John Surratt were concerned in or had the slightest intimation of Mr. Lincoln's taking off before the pistol shot was fired."

"How do you account, on the ground of John Surratt's innocence, for his staying away from his mother during her trial for murder, for which she was to be hung? That apparently cowardly and unfilial course of his did a great deal to prejudice the public mind against him."

"I will account for that presently. First, let us refer to some incidents in the course of the conspiracy for abduction, which had existed so long before the sudden idea of murdering the President occurred to its Head. Booth met Arnold in Baltimore, in front of Barnum's Hotel, as far back as August, 1864. Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Booth had been schoolboys together. It was proven that some of the conspirators—Herold, Atzerott and Payne—had boasted that they were to take an important prisoner down South about the fourth of the following March. Booth did not become acquainted with John Surratt until January, when Surratt, too, as it seems, was enlisted in the plot to capture and deliver Mr. Lincoln alive to the Southern authorities.

"In the latter part of March, a man named Howell, a blockade-runner, stopped in Washington on his way from Canada to Richmond. Surratt went for Howell to Richmond, and, returned to Washington on the 2nd of April. He left on the succeeding day for Canada with despatches. That was the last time, until he was brought back here a prisoner from Egypt, that Surratt saw Washington. He went to Canada and remained several days, keeping up a correspondence with his mother in which he described his visits to Catholic churches, &c. He was in communication with Confederate agents in Canada, and was sent by the Confederate General E. G. Lee to look after some Confederate prisoners at Elmira, New York. While in Elmira, or in Canandaigua, on his way back to Canada from this errand, he heard of the assassination at Washington. In Canada, assured of his own innocence in the matter of murder, he was not frightened save at St. Albans, where a man called 'Surratt!' in his presence—a man with a Canadian blouse. He started for Montreal. There, on the 16th or 17th of the month, he registered himself at one of the hotels as 'John Harrison.' In Montreal he was first made aware of the price laid on his head. That startled him, and he left for the country, where he was protected by the priest who testified on the stand. In the meantime he heard of the arrest of his mother, and the terrible charge against her. He was as thoroughly certain of her innocence as he was of his own, and had not a doubt that she would be acquitted. Still, his first impulse was to go to her. But she, who, as you will remember, was kept in Carroll Prison ten days or so before being removed to the arsenal, succeeded in corresponding with some of her friends. She wrote to her son John 'not to be alarmed about her, not to have any apprehensions concerning her own safety, and not to allow himself to be captured.' She was so well aware of the excitement in the country, and of the prejudice against every body associated with Booth, that she desired to keep her son out of the way. She had no need of him which she did not hold subordinate to his safety. She was sure that she would get clear at last from an unjust charge therefore she did not anticipate that she would lack the sad consolation of bidding him a last farewell. Mother-like, her only anxiety was for him; and he, convinced that he could do her no good, but that his own capture and the testimony that might be adduced to show his connection with the abduction plot might be the death of him and tend to injure his mother's chances, staved away.

"My conviction of Mrs. Surratt's innocence," Mr. Ford went on to say, "is the result, not so much of comparison of testimony of the witnesses at the trial, as of personal observation of and conversation with some of those witnesses, and of what I have known and heard since the trial of Mrs. Surrrtt herself. It is the result also of my belief that Booth had not made up his mind to the assassination until after he saw Mrs. Surratt, and after he had heard the announcement that Lincoln and Grant were to be at the theatre at night, from my brother Harry early that afternoon. It is the result, in fine, of reflection upon all the circumstances I have related to you, of others which I may note as we proceed, and of my study of the character of Mrs. Surratt and that of the witnesses against her."

[Let me here interrupt the course of Mr. Ford's remarks to admit my inability to recollect his thoughtful and well-chosen language, and to convey to you the peculiar impression wrought upon me both by his words and his manner—an impression that he had studied this subject with the interest of a fine-hearted gentleman while he was a prisoner, and with a good deal of the interest of a philosopher since he was released, and since the excitement which attended the assassination died away.]

"Divested of the false interpretation of it, which was trumped up at the trial," said Mr. Ford, "Mrs. Surratt's trip to Surrattsville preceding the assassination, was a perfectly legitimate, ordinary affair. As I recall the gist of it now, it was in this wise: A part of the old Surratt property had been purchased from the Calverts. When Surratt (Mrs. Surratt's husband) died, he left a debt due on the property to the Hon. Chas. B. Calvert, of Maryland, a well-known member of Congress about ten years ago. After this Charles B. Calvert died, his executors pressed Mrs. Surratt for payment of the debt. The week of the assassination she received two letters from them reminding her of her husband's obligation. A debt was due to her from a man named Nott, in the neighborhood of her estate. On Good Friday she spoke to Weichman in regard to the claim that was being pressed upon her, and said: 'We must go down and collect the money to pay it.' Weichman's journey with her to Surrattsville, and her alleged conversation with the tenant Lloyd, who kept the tavern there, were fastened upon by the prosecution as proofs that Mrs. Surratt went to arrange with Lloyd in order that he should be prepared, with utensils, to receive Booth, Payne, and Harold the night of the assassination, when they should pass through the village. Several expressions were avowed to have been used by her on that occasion indicative of her guilt.

"That all this testimony was fabricated deliberately, or otherwise, I do not for a moment doubt. So far as Weichman's testimony was concerned, it was not entitled to credence. Weichman was a frightened witness at first, and bullied afterwards. He was afraid for his own life while in prison—afraid of his shadow, scared by a threat, startled by a noise. His weak brain was hemmed round by horrors. It was not consciousness of guilt, but terror lest he might be accused and hung for nothing, that overwhelmed him. He was a target for the jests of the others in prison, and dough to be kneaded in any wily and too-eager lawyer's hands. Ask him, coaxingly, if so and so did transpire, and he would say—believing that by saying it he assisted to save his neck—that it did transpire. Ask him, sternly, if such or such a thing did happen, and he would respond, in the fancied interest of his neck, that it did nothing of the kind. He was not a cold-blooded perjurer; he was only a coward. Here are one or two incidents, which revealed to me what a feeble-minded, unfortunate abettor of a judicial crime this Weichman was:

"He came to me in prison one day with the white face he always had, and told me that when he was before Stanton a few days after the assassination, Stanton said to him: 'The President's blood is just as much on your hands as on Booth's!' Although this was a mere figure of speech by Stanton, Weichman had turned it over in his own head so often that it seemed to have almost convinced him that the President's blood was on his hands, or, at least, that a cord was prepared for him, willy nilly. Was such a person likely to be a reliable witness?

"On another occasion, after the trial had begun, I was taken from prison and put in the same ambulance with Weichman and Lloyd. Weichman bent towards Lloyd and said to him:

"'I testified yesterday that you *whispered* to Mrs. Surratt that day, when we drove down there.'

"Lloyd turned and indignantly denied this assertion, in words that proved to me that there had been no collusion, or secret conversation at all between him and Mrs. Surratt at Surrattville. It was plain that such a precious piece of testimony had been drawn from Weichman by mere fright, and the necessity impressed upon him of saying something to some point. Imagine, again, the effect that the tergiversation of a man like this had in a court which tried the members and alleged members of the assassination conspiracy!

"Payne, while in prison, protested most earnestly that his going to Mrs. Surratt's house had not involved her in the crime. He went there, he said, because he knew only two or three houses in Washington, and because he knew John Surratt so well. Once—as Payne declared—when he and John Surratt were talking, in Surratt's house, about the proposed abduction, Surratt discovered his mother at the door and admonished Payne to 'Hush!' As Payne related this little occurrence to his fellow prisoners, it would have been evidence to anybody that Mrs. Surratt had been kept in ignorance by her son, Booth, Payne, and the rest, of what was contemplated. 'If I had two lives,' said Payne, at another time, to General Hartrauft, who was in charge of the prison, 'I would give them both to save that woman.'

Mr. Ford proceeded to describe Mrs. Surratt and her household:

"It is not very difficult to conceive one aspect of a situation like that at Mrs. Surratt's. Here was a widow, with a full-grown son—a young man of the world, who might have had to do with his intimate friends in some affairs, less criminal or less serious than this, in which he would never have thought of making his mother a confidant, and in which he could not have dreamed of making her a party. Most young men of our day would hesitate to tell their mothers of all their wild scrapes, and would certainly take good care not to inform them of any crimes or desperate measures which they should contemplate. Booth intimated nothing to *his* mother; neither was it supposed that any of his associates, except Surratt, disclosed their plans to theirs. It happened that the conspirators used to meet at Surratt's house, in Washington, where his mother dwelt. But to decide, upon the flimsy circumstantial evidence at the trial, that Mrs. Surratt was cognizant of what was going on because she was in the house, is a decision becoming the blind passion of the days of the vendetta, when all the members of a family were held amenable alike for the insult or misdeed of a single party. Even this is not an adequate parallel, for in the days of the vendetta the females of the house were excepted from the feud. Mrs. Surratt and her daughter were both devoted adherents of the Catholic Church. Though they may have been strong adherents of the rebel cause, their character and dispositions preclude the idea that either of them could have been parties to a murderous conspiracy. The abduction scheme, to which her son is avowed to have been a party, would doubtless have been exploded by Mrs. Surratt's deliberate common sense, if she had been made acquainted with it. The proposal to assassinate the President would have recoiled from her stern indignation, or been melted in her tears. The idea of a woman like her acceding to or considering a proposal like that for an instant, without fear, trembling, horror and dissuasion, is preposterous. John Surratt and his friends knew that it was not well to trust her with a hint of what they may have argued themselves into believing was the fair stroke in war of kidnapping Lincoln and taking him down South. Booth would have been mad, indeed, if he had, in Surratt's absence, gone to Surratt's mother on the very eve of carrying out his more desperate resolve, and told her that he was about to shoot President Lincoln.

"Mrs. Surratt—of whom I had no more knowledge than you had previous to her imprisonment—bore no resemblance to the ideal mother of Brutus. Her manner was that of a matron bowed down by unexpected and undeserved disgrace, and who depended upon her religion for some support under the load. Perhaps you have not heard that she was ironed during the trial. She was ironed about both her ankles—ironed with a ball and chain. She stepped into the room where the Court sat with great difficulty, and one of her attendants behind was observed to stoop, and support her iron burden with his hand.

"Her case deeply interested me, as it did others. Her sentence surprised and stunned her. She had faith, as she had written her son John in Canada, that it was impossible for a Court to find her guilty of what she was guiltless of. To hear herself condemned to be hung from a gallows must have been to her like listening to some horrible strange portent conveyed in an unknown tongue. The sound of it clanged against her brain; the vague terror of it bruised her heart. But it took some time for her to comprehend that it had the distinct, certain, fatal meaning which it had. And only a day and a night were left her to digest its meaning and prepare for her death. All appeals for mercy to her were of no avail. I wrote a letter to the President urging him to remit her sentence, and left it at Mr. Blair's house the morning of the day of the execution. Anna Surratt attempted o see Mrs. Patterson—to see the President, in vain. It was an awful thing to this girl that her mother was to be the victim of such a fate; and it was the more terrible to her and her mother that the latter was to have so short a shrift. It seemed to both these devout Catholics that no soul could so suddenly be shrived clear and fit for the sight of its Maker.

"Of Mrs. Surratt's judges—well, you have read the trial proceedings. But here is one circumstance of which you may not have heard. Mrs. Surratt, whose cell was within hearing of the sound of conversation in the room where the judges met at the arsenal, stated that one day she heard the murmur of a dispute, for and against her, between some persons in that room. And she got the impression that Judge Bingham's was the voice that pleaded in her favor. Judge Bingham, you know, has been accused of having the blood of this woman on *his* hands. You will obtain some idea of the manner of his dealing with witnesses during the trial from Mr. Gifford. I content myself with relating three incidents, the first two illustrating the temper of the time when the arrests of conspirators and others were being made, and the last illustrating how witnesses were sometimes bullied and scared into making inexact statements:

"When Atzerott, Harold, O,Laughlin, Payne, and Arnold were taken on the gunboat and ironed, the officer or officers in charge found that they had, besides these, a sixth man on their hands, though there were only five indictments. They questioned this sixth man (who was in irons like the other prisoners), but he could give them no satisfaction. He had been ruthlessly seized, dragged upon the gunboat, and disgracefully treated, and he did not know what it was for. That was all. His name, I believe, was Richter. He was an 'elephant,' which the officials had not the shadow of an authority to carry. Nevertheless, he had to remain a fortnight in irons on the gunboat and ten days in prison before he was released. Because they had him, they suspected, probably, that some reason would 'turn up' for their having him. The wolves' teeth were sharp then; every army officer, and detective, and jailor was hungry for a prisoner.

"So a man named John D. Reamer was arrested in Hagerstown, Md., just after the assassination, for no better reason than that somebody had heard him exclaim at his store: 'I've read that reward of $100,000 offered by Gail, of Alabama, to any man who will kill Lincoln.' Reamer was in delicate health. Before he left Washington his captors suffered him to go twenty-four hours without food. He had to beg for a bite. One threw him an ear of corn, as to a hog, with, 'Damn you! that's good enough.' He was brought to Washington and thrown into prison. While he wasted there his son fell ill at his home in Hagerstown—his only son, who, it was at last announced to him, was dying. Reamer besought with all his eloquence to be permitted to go and sit beside the boy's death-bed. This was refused him. He was a Democrat, and was not allowed the slightest opportunity of justification, nor the slightest mercy. News of his son's death arrived and broke his heart.—Two months of prison life, and that blow, crushed him. He was released, reached his home, lingered three weary weeks. He and his boy sleep together.

"The accusation against Spangler, at the theatre," resumed Mr. Ford, "that he was privy to Booth's design, never deceived me for a moment. Spangler admired Mr. Lincoln, and was the last person in the theatre to become his enemy. He used to stand near the wings and applaud whenever the President visited the theatre and entered his box. Remark, in this one instance, the manipulation of testimony against him:—Rittenspaugh—a witness—was brought before Colonel Lafayette C. Baker, at Baker's office. Being questioned in regard to what happened on the stage, Rittenspaugh told that when Booth jumped from the box and ran across the stage, after firing the pistol, he (Rittenspaugh) said that that was Booth; and that Spangler turned and said: 'Hush your mouth! You don't know whether its Booth or not.' Here Baker broke in on Rittenspaugh, saying: 'By God, if you don't testify to what you said to me before, I'll put you among the rest,' (meaning the prisoners.) 'You said to me that Spangler, when you said 'Its Booth,' said: Don't say which way he went.'

"This bullying by Baker was perfectly calculated to shake Rittenspaugh's nerves and cause him to *think* he believed he heard what he did not believe he heard. You will appreciate the difference between the impressions designed to be conveyed. What Spangler evidently *did* say was, 'Hush your mouth! you don't know whether it's Booth or not,' a natural exclamation of a man who supposed he heard another slandered, or who was frightened for fear it might not be slander. What Spangler evidently did *not* say: 'Don't say which way he went!' would indicate at once his desire to shield Booth from the consequences of an act to which he (Spangler) was a party, or of which he had some previous intimation, or in which he sympathized."

Mr. Gifford corroborates Mr. Ford's views upon every point referred to in the above imperfect sketches of Mr. Ford's desultory remarks. The hasty imprisonment and honorable release of both Mr. Ford and Mr. Gifford are familiar to all who read the reports of the trial. Mr. Gifford recounts several anecdotes of prison life, of Weichman and of other witnesses. Weichman he describes as having been in almost constant terror. He was the butt of some of his companions, and of some of the officers. He was once made to believe that he was to be put in irons, and, again, that he had been condemned, without a trial, to be hung. It is Mr. Gifford's impression that Weichman would have consented to almost anything to get himself out of the scrape, and that he did allow his recollection of affairs to be muddled for his own behoof and in the interest of injustice.

"Wood, keeper of the prison, ordered us all, one day, to Judge Holt's office. Judge Bingham was there, and said to Weichman:

"'Why didn't you swear to what you said you would, yesterday?'

"'Ive forgotten it, sir,' said Weichman.

"'Damn you!' responded Judge Bingham, 'I'll make you swear to it, and more; and I'll make you get me more testimony against that woman, or I'll hang you!'

"Weichman, scared limp, managed to say:

"'If I could get out, I could get more testimony.'

"'Where?' asked Judge Bingham.

"'Down by the canal.'

"Bingham sent a detective with Weichman at once, to hunt the witness or witnesses up. He then bullied Maddox into saying things. Then he called upon me and said: 'You see that!' and went on more moderately, as he saw I was not frightened.

Later, while the trial of John Surratt was in progress, Mr. Gifford met Weichman in Washington, and talked with him about the mileage of witnesses. Weichman was about to go to the Court House to apply for more mileage.

"'I thought you men were doing this for patriotism,' said Mr. Gifford,

"'Patriotism be damned! I'm doing it for money,' said Weichman.

The same afternoon Mr. Gifford and Weichman met in the same car between Washington and Baltimore. Conversing upon the assassination and the trial, Weichman, whose conscience troubled him, remarked:

"'I'd give a million of dollars if I had had nothing to do with it.'

Mr. Wiel summarizes a conspiracy for the conviction of John Surratt, the deliberate atrocity and ingenuity of which must have been the fruit of profound, devilish genius. Mr. Wiel is a Jew, well known in Baltimore, and respected. To him, as he relates, came on a Thursday afternoon, while the Surratt trial was in progress, one Schlesinger, who asked his advice. Schlesinger had just been visited by a Jew named Himmel, who, desiring to unlade his soul of its burden, made known to Schlesinger the following details, which Schlesinger, in his turn, proceededed to communicate to Mr. Wiel.

Himmel had been approached, some time before, by a man named S———, a Polish Jew. S——— proposed to Himmel to go on to Washington, where, Himmel was assured, he could make $200 or $300 and his expenses, S——— did not inform Himmel exactly how this was to be done; nevertheless, Himmel accepted the proposition and accompanied S——— to Washington. There they put up at the National Hotel, where S——— registered Himmel as "Seliger." The two then saw one of the acting counsel for the government in the Surratt trial. The lawyer asked Himmel if he had bought rags about military camps during the war. Himmel answered:

"Yes."

"All right," said the lawyer, "Mr. S——— will tell you more about it."

S——— told Himmel more about it, to wit:

Himmel was informed that he would be called upon as a witness at the pending trial. He was to testify that he left Washington on the evening of April 14, 1865, the night of the assassination, with a horse and wagon, in company with a man named "Carl;" that he watered his horse in Bladensburg, where two men came to him—one wrapped in a travelling shawl—and asked him if he was going to Baltimore, and if he could take them there for compensation? that he took them along; that, in the course of the ride, they gave him their names, one as "Lyons," the other (the man with the shawl) as "Patterson;" that, when they were within a few miles from Baltimore they asked him if there was not a road going around Baltimore, which they could take, and avoid the trouble of passing through the city; and that he directed them to go over Locust Point, and take a row-boat across the basin to Camton. If he should be asked in court if he recognized the prisoner (Surratt), he was to reply: "Yes, that is the man who called himself Patterson."

S———, telling Himmel still more about it, assured Himmel that the man named "Carl"—Himmel's companion in the wagon—would be provided to testify to precisely this same story.

Two additional witnesses, besides Himmel and "Carl," were to be ready—the first passing as "Col. Sigel," and the other as "a pedlar." The instructions of the first were to testify (continuing and corroborating the story of the journey on the assassination night by Himmel and "Carl") that he had been Colonel of a Western regiment during the war; that "Lyons" had served in the regiment, and was known to him personally; that he ("Col. Sigel") was living then in Baltimore; that, on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, (the morning after the night when Himmel and Carl were to swear they directed "Patterson," Surratt, and "Lyons" over Locust Point and across the basin to Camton,) he crossed, on business, to Camton, and there saw "Lyons" with a stranger taking breakfast at a tavern; that he spoke to "Lyons," calling him by name; that Lyons asked him not to call him by name, as he was there on secret business, and would like to procure a conveyance to take him into the country; that, on his return to the city, he got a hack for them and despatched it to Camton. He, "Colonel Sigel," was also to recognize the prisoner Surratt as the stranger whom he saw at the tavern with "Lyons."

"The pedlar"—the last of the four witnesses—was to clinch the above testimony of the other three in a peculiarly ingenious way. The whole object of the plot was, of course, to prove that Surratt, who was in Elmira, New York, on the night of the assassination, had been in Washington, and a party to the crime, on that night, and that he had quitted Washington after the deed and been traced all the way to Baltimore and beyond. Here is the part assigned to "the pedlar:"

He was to swear that he had gone to the camp of some regiments, quartered near Washington, with knives, pistols, jewelry, etc., to sell; that he was acquainted with a man named "Lyons," in a certain regiment; that on the 14th of April he sold "Lyons," a large dirk-knife, and asked him, while they were talking together during the progress of the purchase "if he would be in town in the evening?" that Lyons replied, "yes, I'm going to the theatre;" that he ("the pedler") said: "Well, I'll be there too;" that "Lyons" advised him not to go to the theatre that evening, because there would be a difficulty; that he, being curious, did nevertheless go to the theatre; that "Lyons" came out (this being before the assination) and met him at the door; that "Lyons" said to him, "Look here, you had something to-day in your box which I must have;" that he asked what that was? that "Lyons" answered: "That wig you had in the bottom of your box;" that "Lyons" urged upon him, in front of the theatre, to run home and get it and he would pay well for it; that he did go and bring the wig, for which he asked "Lyons" four dollars; and that "Lyons," taking the wig and hading him a five dollar note, told him to "spend the rest for drinks." And if the Court should ask *him* "the pedler," if he was in the habit of dealing in wigs, he was to respond that this was a wig which he had received from a widow lady—the wig of her deceased husband—in part payment for a set of jewelry. And he could explain that transactions of this sort were very frequent to travelling pedlars.

Such was the fine scheme, as related by Himmel to Schlesinger, and by Schlesinger to Mr. Wiel. Lyons was a myth. But "the pedlar" was to prove that "Lyons" was at the theatre on the evening of the assassination; that "Lyons" had bought a dirk-knife and a wig of him under suspicious circumstances. The other "witnesses" were to swear that this "Lyons," who did the "suspicious business," journeyed beyond Baltimore that night with Surratt. They all *knew* (?) "Lyons," and it was only by making him a personage in their story that they could swear that they had also seen Surratt. In brief, by swearing that they all knew and saw and spoke with "Lyons" that fatal evening, and that there was a stranger with him, "wrapped in a shawl," it would be easy enough to swear in the court-room that Surratt was the man in the shawl.

Mr. Wiel at once made known this information to Mr. Ford, and measures were taken to inform the proper parties of the discovery. The plot, therefore, came to grief. Himmel recoiled from taking any share in it, as evinced by his confidence to Schlesinger. But Mr. Wiel is informed that the men engaged to personate the other witnesses were kept in Washington some time, in the expectation of being called upon the stand for the government—their expenses being paid, in the meanwhile, *not* by themselves.

J. B. S.

Severe Earthquake in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—A heavy shock of earthquake occurred at ten minutes of 8 o'clock this morning, east and west. Several buildings were thrown down, and a considerable number badly damaged on Pine, Battery and Sawsom streets. Near California the ground sank, throwing buildings out of line.

At the present writing, 9 A. M., no estimate of the damage can be made, though it is considered comparatively small.—Several severe shocks have followed at intervals, creating general alarm among the people. The shock was felt with great severity at San Jose, where a number of buildings were considerably injured

[SECOND DESPATCH.]

A survey of the city shows that the principle damage by the earthquake was confined to the lower portion of the city below Montgomery street, and among old buildings on made ground. Numerous houses in that portion of the city have been abandoned, and have been pulled down.

The custom house, a brick building on pile ground, which was badly shattered by the earthquake in October, 1865, is considered unsafe, and the officials have removed to the Revenue buildings. Business in the lower part of the city is suspended, and the streets thronged with people. Great excitement prevails. The parapet walls and chimneys of a number of buildings were thrown down, resulting in loss of life. The damage will not exceed $1,000,000.

This evening the streets are crowded with excited multitudes discussing the particulars of the disastrous earthquake. Twelve shocks were felt during the day. The general direction was northerly and southerly, though some descriptions give it as rotary motion. The greatest damage extends in a belt several hundred feet wide, running about northwest and southeast, commencing near the custom house and ending at Folsem street wharf, injuring and demolishing some twelve buildings in its course.

At the corner of Market and First streets the ground opened several inches wide and forty or fifty feet long. At other places the ground opened, and water was forced above the surface. The City Hall may be considered an entire wreck. The Courts are all adjourned, and prisoners have been taken from the station house to the county jail. All the patients in the United States Marine Hospital have been removed, and, the building was declared unsafe.

The chimney of the United States Mint is so badly damaged that the establishment is closed for repairs. The type foundry suffered greatly, and the Lincoln School House badly damaged, and the statue in front of the building quite ruined. The Post office delivery is temporarily suspended. The San Francisco Gas Works suffered severely, the tall chimney being thrown, fell through the roof.

At Oakland the shock was severe, throwing down chimneys and greatly damaging numerous buildings. The ground opened at several places, and a strong sulphurous smell was noticed immediately after the shock.

The Court House at San Leandro was demolished, and one life lost. From various portions of the country in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay, the shocks are reported severe, and considerable damage sustained. In many places the earth opened and water gushed forth.

The roof of the Mission Woollen Mills is considerably damaged. The large chimney of the sugar refinery, on Eighth street, is badly cracked. The gable end on the girl's side of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum just fell in, crushing through the ceilings.

Only four lives have been reported lost, although numbers were injured by the falling debris. The water in the Bay was perfectly smooth at the time of the shock, and no tidal disturbance took place. The shock was felt aboard the shipping in the harbor, as if the vessel had struck upon a rock.

The shocks were felt at Sacramento and Stockton. The Mare Island Navy Yard experienced two heavy shocks, several buildings were thrown down, and several considerably shaken, but no serious injury occurred. In Redwood City the large brick Court House is a little better than a wreck, and all the county officers have moved out.

At Marysville a slight shock was felt, and at Grass Valley the shock was severe. At Sonora the shocks were light, but they continued nearly all day. All business except that of a retail kind is suspended.

The Chamber of Commerce held a meeting to-day, and resolved to telegraph to the Chambers of Commerce in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, London, Paris and Hamburg, an account of the disaster.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21, 7 P. M.—Another shock has just been felt.

EARLY in the war, John Merchant, of Pittsfield, Mass., enlisted and was killed at Ball's Bluff. When he left home he took with him a bible given him in Scotland twenty-two years before.— Strangely enough, there was a soldier in the rebel ranks who thought enough of the bible to take it and carry it as his own after Merchant fell. In front of Richmond, three years after, this soldier fell and the good book was again appropriated by a rebel soldier, who recently, upon his death bed, directed his brother, James H. Whitley, of South Carolina, to forward it, to Mrs. Merchant, whose address happened to be written upon the fly leaf. She duly received it, and prizes it dearly as a relic of her dead husband, and a curious instance of the chances and changes of life.

Address of the Democratic National Committee to the Voters of the United States.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1868.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—It is a privilege and duty to address you on the eve of the great battle which we are to fight, and which is to decide whether the government of this republic is to remain four years more in the hands of the Radical party or whether by an energetic, united and last effort you will wrest the power from its grasp and give to us, under a Democratic Conservative administration, a government based upon principles of justice, economy and constitutional liberty.

The issues of the present campaign are plain and self-evident. They appeal to the intelligence and patriotism of every voter in the most unmistakable terms: They have been ably discussed by distinguished orators and leaders of our party since the nomination of our candidates.

What the Democratic party intends to do, if placed in power by your suffrages, is to restore peace and union to our country; to heal the wounds and sufferings caused by the rebellion; to give to the people of the South the rights to which they are entitled under the Constitution, and by which alone we can bring back prosperity and quiet to that distracted section; to reduce materially our military and naval establishments, kept up now on an immense scale and at an enormous cost; to introduce into every department of government the strictest economy and to develop by an equitable system of imports and taxation the growing resources of our country, and thus to place the federal finances on a solid and stable footing and to pave the way to a gradual and safe return to specie payments. We are charged by the Radical party, the party of violence and usurpation, which for the last four years, to prolong its own existence, has set at nought the Constitution and the fundamental principles of our government, that we intend revolution and defiance of established laws. The accusation is unfounded and absurd; it cannot be entertained for a moment by any intelligent voter who has even the most superficial knowledge of the history of his country. The Democratic party can proudly point to every page of its record. It has never violated a single obligation of the fundamental compact by which these United States entered into the family of nations. Its watchward, in peace as in war, has been and will always be the Union, the constitution and the laws. And no man, nor any set of men, however high they might be placed by the suffrages of their fellow citizens, can ever expect to receive the support of this great conservative party in any revolutionary attempt against established laws. The ballot box and the supreme will of the American people are the only means of redress to which we look.

Fellow Democrats, you are fighting for a good and righteous cause. You have for your leader a tried statesman; a patriot who stood by the Union in its darkest hour; a man equally beloved for the purity of his private character as honored for his public virtues.

Opposed to you are the men who have subverted the structure of their own system of representative self-government, vindicated to the world by more than half a century of prosperity and greatness; the men who have increased our enormous debt by profligacy and corruption unparalleled; the men who in two successive Congresses have demonstrated their incompetency to diminish our burdens by economy or apportion them with equity; the men who have so distributed our burdens as that they press with excessive weight upon the labor and industry of the country, making rich men richer by making poor men poorer.

Opposed to you are the men who have denied for three years of peace, and will continue to deny until your votes arrest them, self-government to the people of ten States; the men who have taken away the power of our Chief Magistrate to insure a faithful execution of the laws or to command the army and the navy of the United States; the men who did their worst to expel the President from the White House for obeying faithfully the behests of your supreme law; the men who, being conscious of their crimes, dreaded to have the Supreme Court declare their quality, and therefore abridged its jurisdiction and silenced its voice; the men who have usurped and are grasping and wielding powers not possessed to-day by any monarch among civilized nations.

Against these men and all their despotic purposes, which General Grant would be as powerless to hinder as he whom they elected four years ago has been; against these men, their crimes in the past, their nefarious designs in the future, you are soon to make one final and determined onslaught.

Four years ago we failed to expel them from power, though we predicted then, as we now predict, their incompetency to give to the people peace; declaring then, as we now declare, the revolutionary purposes of their most active leaders, who rule the party as they would rule the country—with a despotic sway. But these four years have justified our warning. Our worst predictions then are their enactments now. What we feared they have done. The revolution has made steady progress. Once more we call every patriot to join our ranks.

If the people will now rise in their majesty and might they can save their institutions and rebuild them. If they are supine and regardless of their sacred interests, so much in the last four years has been accomplished and so much in the next four years may easily be accomplished, no obstacle then remaining, that the revolution will become a fixed fact, the structure of our government will have been completely remodelled. It may be a government, still it will no longer be your representative self-government.

For this final struggle, then, fellow-Democrats of the United States, let us invigorate every muscle and nerve every heart. The time is short. The foe is stubborn and desperate. Our victory would be the death blow to the Republican party. It could have been held together by no other nomination. It cannot survive your successful assault. One victory is enough. Your triumph in November will finally re-establish the Union and the Constitution for another generation of men. It will restore peace and good order to the South, prosperity to the North and a wise and frugal rule to both. The great prize is worthy your most strenuous endeavor.

Our ranks are unbroken, our courage is unabated. Once more to the breach, and this time victory.

For the Democratic National Committee,
AUGUST BELMONT, Chairman.

Address of the New York Democratic State Committee.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1868.

TO THE DEMOCRACY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK—The results of the October elections demonstrate the fact that large accessions to the Democratic party have been made since the last Congressional election, in 1866.

In Indiana we have reduced the Republican majority from 14,516 to a doubtful claim of 800 majority. We have done this on the largest aggregate vote ever given in that State and in what Schuyler Colfax confesses to be "the severest political contest ever fought in Indiana." Even by the showing of the Republicans a further change of one vote in 750—of one-eighth of one per cent—would have completed a political revolution. We have also gained one member of Congress, and perhaps two.

In Pennsylvania we have reduced the Republican majority in 1866 about one-half. A further change of one vote in 140 would have given us a complete victory in that great commonwealth. We have done this in spite of vast patronage and means of corruption; systematic frauds, skillfully organized by the best masters in that art; and in spite of the unjust exclusion of the votes of citizens of Irish and German birth by a party which claims the suffrage for the negro, as a natural and sacred right, and practically gives him a supremacy over the white man in a large portion of the republic. We have also gained several members for Congress.

In Ohio, in the Congressional election just held we have reduced the Republican majority more than one-half—from 40,000 to 15,000—from the Congressional election of 1866, and have gained three members of Congress.

Never has the indomitable spirit and heroic energy of the Democratic party been more nobly manifested.

You have driven in the Republicans to their baggage wagons. You have almost routed them.

Fellow Democrats, is this a moment for doubt as to what you ought to do? Is it a moment in which even to be counting the chances of the struggle to which we are advancing? We know that we will deserve victory. We will resolve to attain it.

Our cause is the noblest for which men ever strove. We aim to restore the republic as our fathers created it. We would pacificate the South. It is caluminous to say that we would restore any form of human slavery. We respected the local treatment of a local evil, and we awaited the gradual processes of civilizing and christianizing influences, and of moral and material agencies, and would have averted a civil conflict, in which have perished more young men of our own race than all those of the same age and sex who were held in slavery. But we never sanctioned the servitude of any human being, and we know that personal slavery once destroyed can never nor ever ought to be revived. We and our fathers and grandfathers have stood for the Union of these States against provincial factions, North and South. We sacrificed political power in nearly all the States, counties and towns in our great Middle States, in the vain effort to avert civil strife, and when that failed we have shed more Democratic blood in the war, which we sought to avert and which our political adversaries managed, than they gave to the same cause. And to-day there gather in our ranks more—many more—of the scarred survivors of the common soldiers of that war than all the Republicans can boast. Those gallant veterans are for pacification, and we are for pacification. War is no longer necessary. The animosities of war have no longer any excuse. We want peace. We want restored harmony. We would give back self-government to all parts of our country, and believe that it can be safely done. We want our costly armaments reduced, now that they are no longer necessary. We want the industries of the North to be revived in order that our business may be improved and our taxes lightened. We want labor relieved from the unnecessary burdens which weigh it down. We want trade to be liberalized, and all our industries to be once more enfranchised. We want the prosperity for our whole people which is the natural fruit of the institutions of our fathers.

Fellow-citizens, it is a false calumny that we desire to overthrow the pernicious systems of our adversaries—their government by force or by fraud in the Southern States, their supremacy of the negro over the white citizen—by any but the peaceful remedy of the ballot box. We resist by lawful and peaceful measures the practical revolution which the Republicans are gradually accomplishing. We and our candidates are pledged to restore and not to destroy the republic.

Fellow Democrats of New York, we call on you to make a grand and final rally.

Your standard-bearer in the national contest, who would gladly have laid down the honor of a victory already achieved, advances with your flag to the forefront of the battle. We appeal to the 400,000 Democrats of New York—one and all—to gather around him. Our example will animate to new vigor our comrades in other States. Two and a half millions of Democrats, under our chosen leaders, with our organization unbroken, with our masses compact, with our old and honored flag floating proudly over us, will join in our final and, we trust, victorious struggle for constitutional government and civil liberty.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
Chairman of the State Committee.
WM. CASSIDY, Secretary.

THE CAMPAIGN IN OHIO.

Address from the Democratic State Central Committee.

The Right Kind of Talk.

The Democratic State Central Committee of Ohio have isssued the following:

To the Democracy of Ohio:

ROOMS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, COLUMBUS, October 19th, 1868.

Without pretending to deny that the results of the recent elections are injurious to the best interests of the country, in the defeat of local tickets and many patriotic Democrats, a careful survey of the field shows us that there is nothing in those results to justify despondency or excuse any relaxation of the efforts of the Democracy in behalf of the cause of justice and constitutional liberty, for which they so nobly struggled in Ohio.

Although beaten by a small majority in a poll of over five hundred thousand votes, the result shows that the Democracy have gained between ten and fifteen thousand votes on the State ticket, while the enemy have been unable to maintain their strength of four years ago, and have, in addition, lost no less than four Congressmen; and their successful candidates have such meager majorities as to justify the most strenuous efforts to carry their districts at the November election.

In the Presidential year of 1864, the Democracy polled 18,000 more votes at the November election than they did at the October election, and were then beaten over 50,000. A similar gain this year will give Ohio to Seymour and Blair—those last tribunes of the people and of freedom. The means and energies of the enemy, and their facilities for the perpetuation of fraud, corruption and colonization were exhausted in their desperate efforts to carry the October election, and will not confront us in November. These lawless impediments removed, the three great States of Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania, which cast more than 1,500,000 votes, will be redeemed, and the flag of the American Democracy still maintain its supremacy as the standard of liberty, honesty, and justice throughout the world.

No cause is lost that involves such gigantic interests, and is sustained by such a myriad of pure, patriotic and indomitable men. The scale of many a battle has been turned at the moment the enemy was most exultant. History is full of examples showing that the liberties of nations, and civilization itself, have been preserved by a gallant and energetic struggle, made at a darker time than the present is for our country. The cause needs but the unwavering courage, the indomitable will, the tireless energy, and the sleepless vigilance—such as the Democracy displayed in the recent, and in many a previous contest—to secure its final triumph.

These qualities you are now called on to exert by every consideration of patriotism, honor, interest and hope—the peace of our country and the liberty of our posterity.

We implore the gallant workers and voters of the Democratic party to keep right on with the work which has gained so much under such adverse circumstances, and disdaining the counsels of timidity or the indifference of despair, continue the struggle till the last hour of the 3d of November, in the discharge of a solemn duty, the reward of which will be the redemption of our country from despotism and anarchy.

Maintain and perfect your organizations.
Countenance no shrinking.
Get out every voter.
Repel every assault.
Expose and defeat every fraud.
Rally every man to the polls on election day.
And never despair while a ray of hope remains to illuminate, or a plank to stand on.

Fought in this spirit the two weeks yet remaining, will serve not only to retrieve a temporary defeat, but to achieve a permanent and triumphant success.

[Signed.] E. F. BINGHAM, Chairman.
W. W. WEBB, Sec'y.

The Mountain of Debt.

Those of our readers who deal in money, and who are in the daily habit of inspecting piles of greenbacks, may be interested with the following illustrations which we find in the Frankfort Yeoman:

"The highest mountain in the world is a peak of the Himaleya Mountains, in India, which reaches the altitude of 28,178 feet or a little less than five and a half miles.

The public debt of the United States, according to the official statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, amounted, on the first of the present month, to the sum of $2,523,534,480. Now, let us, for illustration, suppose this debt to be one dollar bills, and piled up before us. Do you imagine it would reach 'mountain high? Let us see:

Allow one hundred notes to the inch, and we have its height

To be	25,235,344	inches!
or	2,102,945	feet!!
or	700,981	yards!!!
or	338½	miles!!!!

or, if the notes were of the denomination of $100 each, instead of $1, we have a pyramid of money reaching about four miles high, whilst the highest mountain peak in North America (Mount St. Elias, in Russian America) is but 17,000 feet, or less than 3½ miles.

Still further: let us suppose the debt to be in silver instead of notes, and estimating $16 to the pound, we have a weight of debt amounting to just 157,120,905 pounds!! or 9,857 car loads at (16,000 pounds to the car), which would make a train of cars 56 miles in length, allowing but 30 feet to each car!!!

But let us illustrate a little further: and suppose it was necessary to take the silver dollars from the mint, employing porters for that purpose requiring each man to carry 40 pounds. In that case it would take about 4,000,000 men, who, standing three feet apart, would make a line 3,000 miles long; and marching at the rate of three miles an hour, it would take about forty days for this debt burdened army to pass a given point! And the task of counting the debt in silver dollars, would be one of almost endless duration. Let us see: A man commencing Aug. 1, 1868, and working ten hours each day, and counting $60 each minute, would accomplish the job A. D., 4368.

But there are other illustrations, of the magnitude of this great "national blessing," which cannot fail to arrest the attention of farmers, to whom the following is addressed:

At $2 per bushel, the public debt represents 1,261,707,945 bushels of wheat, or 35,858,017 tons. To transport this amount in two-horse wagons, allowing one ton each, would require 39,853,017 wagons and 75,706,334 horses! Give each team 30 feet space, and you have a cavalcade which would encircle the globe!

But we tire of these illustrations, as we do of everything pertaining to Radical rule, which, in a brief period, has covered the land with ruin, and crowned their work with immortal infamy by a monument of debt which, like the pyramids, is more conspicuous from the desolation that surrounds it!"

Gov. Vance and Gen. Kilpatrick.

Gov. Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina, in a letter dated Charlotte, October 13th, notices the fact that General Kilpatrick has decorated him with his disapprobation before the people of Pennsylvania. He informs them, substantially, that he tamed the Governor by capturing him and riding him two hundred miles on a bareback mule.—This the Governor denies, and says:

"I surrendered to Gen. Schofield at Greensboro, N. C., May 2, 1865, who told me to go to my home and remain there, saying if he got any orders to arrest me, he would send there for me. Accordingly I was arrested on the 13th of May, at home, by a detachment of three hundred cavalry, under Major Porter, of Harrisburg, of whom I received nothing but kindness and courtesy. I came in a buggy to Salisbury, where we took the cars. I saw no mule on the trip, though I *thought* I saw an *ass* at the General's headquarters. This impression has been since confirmed."

News Items.

Edwin Booth is playing to thronged houses in Boston.

The potato rot is complained of in various sections of New England.

There have arrived at New York thus far this year, 179,165 immigrants.

James Martin, of Abbeville, S. C., was assassinated last Monday by an unknown person.

Dickens opened his "farewell" readings in England with the Pickwith Trial and Dr. Marigold.

The doctors of Macon (Ga.) state that the city has not been more healthy for fifteen years.

An American wine firm has 1,500,000 gallons of pure grape wine in their vaults in San Francisco.

Jenny Lind, it is said, longs to return to this country, where she has so many friends.

Delaware county, Ohio, has an old lady of 105, who can walk six miles a day.

A railway tunnel through the Alps, between France and Piedmont is meditated.

Missouri boasts of five hundred thousand acres of copper lands.

Many of the Southern planters are withholding their cotton from the market.

There are about one hundred and ninety students at the Agricultural College at Ashland.

The Oregon Legislature has passed a resolution withdrawing the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment by that State.

The Rockingham (Va.) *Register* announces the Death of Rev. Daniel Thomas, of the Dunker church.

It is less than six years since the first six miles of railway were opened in Minnesota. It now has 474 miles in actual use.

The London *Standard* announces that President Johnson intends visiting England at the expiration of his term of office.

Mr. Ten Broeck has just made a large importation of racing stock for his Kentucky farm.

The debt of Virginia is about $46,000,000, of which West Virginia will pay about one-third.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland gets one hundred thousand dollars—the highest salary in Great Britain.

Legal Notices.

ESTATE OF JOHN BRYAN, LATE OF Conoy twp., dec'd.—Letters of Administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all person indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said township.
JOHN C. BRYAN, Administrator.
oct21-6tw*42

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF JNO. Lausb, late of Brecknock Township, Lancaster county, deceased. The undersigned auditor appointed to pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of Wm. Von Neida, administrator *pendente lite* of said deceased, and to distribute the balance remaining in his hands to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend for that purpose on Tuesday, the 3d day of November, 1868, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in one of the Jury rooms of the Court House, in the city of Lancaster, when and where all parties interested in said estate may attend.
S. P. EBY, Auditor.
Oct 7-4tw-40]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF DAVID HACKMAN, late of Warwick Twp., deceased. The undersigned appointed auditor by the Orphans' Court of Lancaster county, to arbitrate the balance remaining in the hands of Christian Kissor, executor of the will of said deceased, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend for the purpose of his appointment ON THURSDAY, the 5th DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D., 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M., in one of the Jury Rooms of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, when and where parties interested are requested to attend.
JOHN B. ERB, Auditor.
oct 7 4tw 40]

NOTICE IN BANKRUPTCY.
In the District Court of the United States, Eastern District of Pennsylvania.
John Leaman, of Paradise Township, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, in said District, Bankrupt, having petitioned for his discharge, a meeting of the creditors will be held on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1868, at 2 o'clock, P. M., before Register A. Slaymaker, at No. 6, South Queen street, in the city of Lancaster, that the examination of the Bankrupt may be finished.
The Register will certify whether the Bankrupt has conformed to his duty.
A hearing will also be had on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1868 at 10 o'clock, A. M., before the Court of Philadelphia, when parties interested may show cause against the discharge.
[L. S.] Witness the Hon. John Cadwalader, Judge of the said District Court, and the seal thereof, at Philadelphia, the 19th day of Otober, A. D., 1868. G. R. FOX, Clerk.
Attest—A. SLAYMAKER, Register.
oct 21 2w-42

Dry Goods, &c.

FALL AND WINTER
DRY GOODS.

HAGER & BROTHERS have now open a Stock of Fall and Winter Goods—all of which have been purchased for Cash and will be sold at the Lowest Prices.

FLANNELS.

Bleached and Unbleached Canton Flannels, Wool Shaker Flannels, Pallard Vale Flannels, Red, Yellow and Blue Mixed Plain and Twilled Flannels, Fancy Shirting Flannels and Sacking Flannels.

ROCKDALE BLANKETS, GREY & BROWN BLANKETS } All Qualities.

DRESS GOODS
FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN
in all the New Materials and Styles.

LUPIN'S CELEBRATED MOURNING GOODS,
in Bombazines, Tamiese, Parritz, Empress Poplins, Toplins Alpacas, Mohairs, &c.

BLACK THIBET LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS
All Qualities.

CLOAKS AND CLOAKINGS.

SHAWLS.

BROCHE LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS
Open and Filled Centres.

PLAIN AND FANCY SQUARE SHAWLS.

We invite an examination of the above, together with a General Stock of Dry Goods, Carpets, Wall Paper, Queensware, &c.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS
AND
READY MADE CLOTHING!

HAGER & BROTHERS have now open the largest stock of the above Goods ever offered in Lancaster.

Chinchilla Beaver, Esquimaux Beaver, Moscow Beaver OVER COATINGS, all shades.

FINE FRENCH COATINGS,
BEAVER DOESKIN COATINGS,
SILK MIXED COATINGS,
Black Brown and Dahlia.

CASSIMERES—all new Styles.
BOY'S WEAR—in great variety.
Home-make Sattinetts' Kentucky Jeans, Velvet Cords, &c.

READY MADE CLOTHING!
FOR MEN AND BOYS'
Of our own Manufacture and warranted in Quality, Style and Price.

FINE DRESS SUITS,
BUSINESS SUITS,
BOY'S SUITS,
OVERCOATS
From the finest Esquimaux Beaver to good ordinary grade. [oct 7 tfw 40

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

BLACKBERRIES! BLACKBERRIES!
Wilson's Early, Kittatinny and Lawton Blackberry Plants can be furnished in large quantities and at reasonable rates. Address or apply to
CYRUS N. HERR, Strasburg, Pa.

RASPBERRIES, CURRANTS, &C.
Clark, Philadelphia, Improved Black Cap, Purple Cane and Ohio Everbearing Raspberry Plants; Cherry, Versailles, White Grape and Red Dutch Currant Plants; also, one and two year old Asparagus Plants for sale by
CYRUS N. HERR, Strasburg, Pa.

TREES, GRAPE VINES, &C., &C.—
I offer an assortment of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry and Quince Trees, also, Shade and Ornamental Trees; Grape Vines in variety, one, two and three years old.
CYRUS N. HERR, Strasburg, Pa.
oct 14 19 2td&3tw

Philadelphia Advertisements.

THE ESTABLISHED FIRM,
J. J. RICHARSON & CO.,
126 MARKET STREET, PHILAD'A.,
Is the largest Manufacturing Confectioners and Wholesale Dealers in Fruits, Nuts, &c., in the United States.
mar 25 lyw 12

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,
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No. 733 Green street, Philadelphia.
aug12-3mw32
☞ Send for Illustrated Circular.

POPULAR PRICES
FOR
DRY GOODS.

RICKEY, SHARP & CO.,
NO. 727 CHESTNUT STREET,
HAVE OPENED A VERY EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT
OF
SUPERB QUALITY
SILK AND WOOL POPLINS
OF THE CHOICEST COLORINGS.

RICKEY, SHARP & CO.,
No. 727 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
feb 5 lyw26

628 HOOP SKIRTS 628
AND
CORSETS, CORSETS.
WM. T. HOPKINS,
N. 628 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturer of the
CLEBRATED "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 lmw 35

LADIES' FANCY FURS!
AT
JOHN FAREIRA'S
OLD ESTABLISHED FUR MANUFACTORY,
No. 718 ARCH ST., ABOVE SEVENTH,
PHILADELPHIA.
Have now in Store of my own Importation and Manufacture, one of the largest and most beautiful selections of
FANCY FURS,
for Ladies' and Children's Wear, in the City. Also, a fine assortment of Gents' Fur Gloves and Collars.
I am enabled to dispose of my goods at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a call from my friends of Lancaster county and vicinity.
Remember the Name, Number and Street!
JOHN FAREIRA,
No. 718 Arch St., ab. 7th south side, Philad'a.
☞ I have no Partner, nor Connection with any other Store in Philadelphia. [sp 30 lmw

Insurance Companies.

NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS.

CASH CAPITAL .... $1,000,000.

PAID IN FULL.

BRANCH OFFICE:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,

PHILADELPHIA,

To which all general correspondence should be addressed.

OFFICERS:

CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
JAY COOKE, Chairman Finance and Executive Committee.
HENRY D. COOKE, Vice President.
EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.

THE ADVANTAGES

Offered by this Company are:

IT IS A NATIONAL COMPANY, CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS, 1868.
IT HAS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF $1,000,000.
IT OFFERS LOW RATES OF PREMIUMS.
IT FURNISHES LARGER INSURANCE THAN ANY OTHER COMPANIES FOR THE SAME MONEY.
IT IS DEFINITE AND CERTAIN IN ITS TERMS.
IT IS A HOME COMPANY IN EVERY LOCALITY.
ITS POLICIES ARE EXEMPT FROM ATTACHMENT.
THERE ARE NO UNNECESSARY RESTRICTIONS IN THE POLICIES.
EVERY POLICY IS NON-FORFEITABLE.
POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN THAT WILL PAY INSURED THEIR FULL AMOUNT AND RETURN ALL THE PREMIUMS, SO THAT THE INSURANCE COSTS ONLY THE INTEREST ON THE ANNUAL PAYMENTS.
POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN WHICH PAY TO THE INSURED, AFTER A CERTAIN NUMBER OF YEARS, DURING LIFE, AN ANNUAL INCOME OF ONE-TENTH THE AMOUNT NAMED IN THE POLICY.
NO EXTRA RATE IS CHARGED FOR RISKS UPON THE LIVES OF FEMALES.
IT INSURES NOT TO PAY DIVIDENDS BUT AT SO LOW A COST THAT DIVIDENDS WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE.

E. W. CLARK & CO., Philadelphia.
General Agents for Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey.
S. A. BOCKIUS, M. D., Lancaster, Pa.,
Special Agent for Lancaster county.
oct9 6mdaw

COLUMBIA INSURANCE COMPANY
CAPITAL AND ASSETS, $532,210 49
This Company continues to insure Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss and damage by fire, on the mutual plan, either for a cash premium or premium note.
SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT.

Whole amount insured	$8,304,295.51	
Less am't expired in '55	212,338.00	8,091,958.51
CAPITAL AND INCOME.		
Am't of premium notes, Jan. 1st, 1865	$426,090.66	
Less premium notes expired in 1865	16,073.55	410,017.21
Am't of premium notes received in 1865		115,584.13
Balance of premiums, Jan. 1st, 1865		3,830.14
Cash receipts, less commissions in 1865		40,766.69
		$570,198.2
CONTRA.		
Losses and expenses paid in 1865	$ 37,987.83	
Balance of Capital and Assets, Jan. 1, 1866	532,210.49	
		$570,1 8.?

A. S. GREEN, President,
GEORGE YOUNG, Jr., Secretary,
MICHAEL S. SHUMAN, Treasurer.
DIRECTORS:

Robert Crane,	William Patton,
R. T. Ryon,	John W. Steacy,
John Fendrich,	Geo. Young, Jr.
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North Duke street, opposite the Court House
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$100 A MONTH.—AGENTS WANTED
Male or Female, that can earn from $55 to $100 a month at their own homes, and all expenses paid. For full particulars address, with two stamps, E. E. LOCKWOOD,
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