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WILLIAM S. RITTER,
JESSE G. HAWLEY.

THE CAMPAIGN EAGLE.

During the present campaign, from Sept. 12th to November 12th, a period of three months, the DAILY EAGLE will be issued to campaign subscribers at the following rates: From Sept. 12th to Nov. 12th, 4 mos. 90 Cts. From Oct. 12th to Nov. 12th, 1 mo. 40 Cts. No subscription for the campaign Eagle will be received unless accompanied by the cash.

Any person getting up a club of Ten subscribers, will receive a copy gratis.

The Eagle will keep its readers well informed on all the political topics of the day, and will labor zealously for the dissemination of sound Democratic doctrines, the unity and harmony of the great Democratic party, and the triumph of Democratic principles and the Democratic candidates.

It will also contain, in a condensed form, all the general news of the day, with a complete and correct account of all local matters in or connected with our city and county.

Every voter in Berks county should take the Eagle for the campaign.

Address
RITTER & CO.,
Eagle Office, Reading, Pa.

EQUINOCTIAL.

The sun of life has crossed the line,
The summer-shine of the lengthened light
Faded and faded—till, where I stand,
'Tis equal day and equal night.

One after one on dwindling hours,
Youth's glowing hopes have dropped away,
And soon may barely leave the gleam
That coldly scores a Winter's day.

I am not young, I am not old;
The flash of moon, the sunset calm,
Fading and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields
Not yet disturbed of all their green;
White water, along the hills,
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.

Ah! middle path where cloud and storm
Make battle ground of this my life!
Where, even-matched the night and day
Wage round me their September strife!

I bow me to the threatening gloom,
I know when that is overpass,
Among the peaceful harvest days,
An Indian summer comes at last!

THE WRONG WAGON.

Miss Ruth Briggs was a very proper and particular spinster. She prided herself on being the very pink of propriety, and a model for her sex.

She was very clear-sighted, and saw with astonishing facility the faults of her neighbors. You might as well have sought to have hidden a two quait dish in a pint jug, as to have attempted the concealment of a folly from Miss Briggs.

She knew who put rye in their flour bread; who traced their dresses wrong side out; who dyed their bonnet trimmings; and who pretended a head-ache when young Dr. Doxson first came to Glenville.

If a girl happened to look in the direction of one of the opposite sex, Miss Briggs groaned over her depravity. And if a young couple were out walking by moonlight, this conscientious woman found it impossible to sleep, but would sit by the window, sighing over the wifedness of the world, and watching for the return of those dreadful young people.

Miss Briggs was unmarried from choice. First and last, if one might credit her statement, all the masculine gender in Glenville had been dying for her; but somehow they all got married before they had quite died, which showed that they were men of sense.

Miss Briggs was now about fifty, and owned up to thirty-five. She was girlish and gushing; wore pink tissues and short sleeves, and her own teeth and hair of course; as all the ladies do.

In the same village with Miss Briggs, resided Squire Peter Carfish, a mild, timid, bespeckled gentleman, who was not quite sure if his soul was his own or if it was some other man's.

Mrs. Carfish was a Tartar with temper enough for all the Tartars in Tartary. She kept her husband remarkably straight in morals, and prided herself greatly on having a husband who never bowed to the ladies he met in the street, or passed the sugar to a few elderly females who now and then took tea with Mrs. Carfish.

When they were first married, the squire did sometimes venture to speak about the weather to the few ladies he met; but Mrs. Carfish enlarged so much upon the sin of unfaithfulness, accompanying the lecture with so many pinches and punches, and pokes, and kicks, that he gave up the practice; and after a time, he would have hailed the annihilation of women as gladly as you or I would hail a fall of the mercury in the dog days.

Early in the progress of the rebellion, Glenville waxed patriotic, and determined on holding a fair for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers.

Mrs. Carfish and Miss Briggs were prime

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READING, PA., SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

managers, though they hated each other as much as possible, and took great delight in thwarting each other's projects.

Miss Briggs at one time had intimated that she might have borne the name of Carfish, if it had suited her; and Mrs. Carfish had intimated that Miss Briggs put herself in the squire's way every Sunday; when meeting was out. And Miss Briggs said Mrs. Carfish was a scold; and Mrs. Carfish said that Miss Briggs usedilly-white. So it is no wonder that the two ladies hated each other.

The fair was a success, and it closed at an early hour; for the people of Glenville were a steady set, and believed in lying abed eight hours out of the twenty-four.

Miss Briggs's brother had brought her to the fair; and while he was saying good-by to Widow Hobbs, Miss Briggs got on her things, and in a half moment, stooped, went out and climbed into the wagon, so that no time might be lost in getting home.

In a few moments a man came, untied the horse, and jumping up beside her, set off. Miss Briggs drew her nose a little out of her bonnet.

"Jake!" she said, "I do wish you'd let the Widder Hobbs alone! She is a peart forrard thing, and them red cheeks of hern haint natural!"

The figure at her side started back in evident dismay.

"Jehosaphat!" cried the small voice of Squire Carfish, "taint my wife! taint Sally! taint her! Oh, oh, oh!"

"What on earth!" cried Miss Briggs, "what does it mean? Taint Jake! taint our waggin! no—gracious goodness!—taint our old mare!"

"My wife'll kill me," exclaimed the squire. "Oh, the dickens! What shall I do? She'll never believe that 'twas a mistake, never! She's got an awful temper! Whoa, Dobbins! No, git up! No, whoa! whoa! Go along! What shall I do! what shall I do!"

"Stop!" cried Miss Briggs, in a frenzied tone. "Whoa, there! Stop, I say! I won't stand it! I won't! That ever I should live to be kidnapped and run away with by a spirit chieftain, a bandit, a highway robber! I've read of such things; but I never thought I should be called to pass through such an experience. I won't go a stop! You've got one wife, squire Carfish; I won't have nothing to do with you. You may put me in irons, and starve me on bread and water; but you shall never tech so much as the ends of my little fingers."

"I don't want to," said the squire nervously. "The saints know I wouldn't touch you for a farm. I should be in good business, a running away with a woman old enough to be my grand-marm!"

"Old enuff, indeed! You mean, desatful wretch! You, insulting an innocent young girl like that! at your time of life! and your poor wife a being left to go home afoot and alone! Stop the hoss! Oh, ah, oh, um! My reputation will be ruined! Nobody will believe that I am as pure as an unborn lamb. Stop that hoss, or I'll break somebody's bones!" and Miss Briggs seized the whip, and flourished it around the shrinking head of the wretched Carfish.

A rumble of wheels was heard behind, and the sharp voice of Mrs. Carfish burst on the affrighted ears of the squire.

"Stop this instant! stop that hoss! somebody grab that bridle! A dollar bill to the man that stops him! Ho's eloping with that brazen hussy of a Briggs. I seed 'em a winking to each other over the ice-cream. Stop 'em! Stop 'em, and I'll pay the damage!"

The streets were alive with people returning to their homes, and a half a dozen men sprung at Dobbins's head; but Dobbins was not accustomed to being brought up in that style, and seizing the bit in his teeth, he set off at a mad gallop.

"Jupiter!" said the squire, "we shall all be killed, and murdered. Miss Briggs is a flourishing the whip. Whoa, Dobbins! Whoa! good hossy! O Sally, Sally, she won't let him stop!"

"It's a lie!" said Miss Briggs; "he's a trying for to seduce me! Me, an honest girl. Oh, some one save me! somebody, do!"

Again a crowd rushed at Dobbins. He shied; the wagon struck a tree, parted, and Miss Briggs and the squire were emptied unceremoniously into a mud puddle.

Mrs. Carfish came rushing to the spot, armed with her old blue umbrellas, and, with the spite of a demon, flew at her husband and Miss Briggs dealing out blows and hard names to both of them without stint.

Miss Briggs got on her feet, and made a dive at Mrs. Carfish's false front. It came off, and Miss Briggs's waterfall followed suit. Then the two women pitched in, like old hands at the business. Some of the bystanders attempted to separate them; but the squire begged them to desist.

"Let 'em fight it out," said he sleepily. "If they don't leave nobody behind, to tell the tale, it'll be the happiest day of my life. Don't spile a good fight, gentlemen."

Unfortunately for him, the women heard his remarks, and instantly they were both a-mind. They fell upon him, and it is quite likely that his epitaph would have been needed before now, if it had not been for the determined efforts of the bystanders, who succeeded in reaching him from his two furious assailants.

He had a fever afterwards, and was rather feeble all the summer; and Miss Briggs and Mrs. Carfish do not speak together all on account of getting into the wrong wagon.

"HATE HIM WITH A WHITE WOMAN."

The terrible, shocking, nameless crimes of the Southern niggers, are a matter for grave reflection, not only of the leading minds of this country, but all Christendom. To speak out plainly, rapes upon white females by brutal negroes are of daily occurrence. Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher, more than any other individuals in this country, are the authors of these rapes. Not long ago, Ward Beecher said in a speech, "the way to maintain a man in a position is to take one step before him; being crafty, I desire to catch him by the gills; take a black man, bait him with a white woman, and I think you will catch the black man." Was there ever a more ferocious or horrible sentiment uttered by a human being, and much less a pious man; and yet this debauchee is called a Christian teacher! Pantheizing to the animal passions of a half brute, covertly inviting rapes and murders, has had its fruits.

Nigger outrages upon white females are of weekly occurrence, and Beecher and Greeley continue to preach up the doctrine of baiting the black man with a white woman, while Christendom looks on with horror, but nobody moves to stay the dreadful crime. Democratic voters, shrink not from your duty.

Let the consequences be what they may, Mongrelism must be crushed out at all hazards. The election of Seymour and Blair will do it.—Exchange.

A CHINESE LOVE SONG.—Chin Sun, of Mr. Burlingame's Embassy, is the probable author of this little song, which we transcribe into Roman characters. The sense may perhaps be evident upon close inspection.

No yeag lrwi thalm ondo yts
Ands alao ncolu redno so
Sheh, asq uye otre alao rehair
Ho roln ho etha vo not oes.
Ondirdne also upan pup pyd oge.
Shef atto neu pangd rows
Sofa at to kesto nmil lin ers
Towi deno tthe rotot hes.

No yeto at idow nby hers id
Ahdrr ink You nghya ont ee
An dpu tmya rpar oundt hepl ace
Who rohu wai stou ghtto be.
Thow aysh camt losal lov eris
A cau tioro rtos ee
She'lln eye rhen ybet terh alf
Fo rahn'd ma ket eno fme.

At the exhibition of a menagerie in Madison, Ind., on Wednesday last, a lioness attacked Herr Lingel, a lion-tamer, springing furiously upon him and tearing the flesh in tatters from his arms and legs. The unfortunate man's bones snapped under the terrible violence, and the spectators were stricken with fear, expecting to see him killed outright. The employees of the menagerie, however, came to his assistance with spears and lances, and succeeded, with some difficulty, in rescuing him. He was immediately placed under treatment; and his wounds dressed.

On Tuesday evening of last week, a young man, name unknown, son-in-law of Mr. McCain, of Freemansburg, Lehigh county, who had within a few hours been attending a funeral, returned home intoxicated, and quarreled and struggled with the father-in-law before named. Getting the worst of the contest, he left the house in a great rage, declaring he would drown himself. Several men followed him, but in spite of their efforts he plunged into the Lehigh and accomplished his declared purpose. Deceased leaves a wife and child.

The expenditures of the War Department from July 1, 1867, to July 1, 1868, amount to \$128,869,484, \$88,000,000 more than the entire expenses of the same Department during the four years of Polk's administration, in which the country was engaged in an expensive war with Mexico.

The people of Pennsylvania, under Radical financing, pay, each year, two hundred thousand dollars more interest on the State Debt, than they did under Democratic administration. We challenge denial.

One of the last of the reconstructed members of Congress, a carpet-bagger named Till, was sworn in just seven minutes before adjournment. He received \$5000 and mileage for his valuable and protracted services.

REMEMBER that the Radicals in Congress have spent over (\$1,500,000,000), one billion and five hundred millions of dollars, in three years of peace!—being more than the whole cost of the Government during sixty years of Democratic rule!

The Radicals charge the people, annually, on an average, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars more for State Legislative expenses than the Democrats did, and they dare not deny it.

The Radicals have increased the rate of interest to be paid by the Commonwealth on its loans, from 4 and 5 to 6 per cent., or upwards of two hundred thousand dollars per annum.

A Nigger, after gazing at the Chinese, exclaimed, "If the white folks is dark as de out dere, I wonder whar's de color ob de niggers?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

CITY HOTEL,
SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
READING, PA.
No. 329 Penn Street.

ALL kinds of Colons furnished at short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed in town or country. Aug 25-1w. H. S. MILLER, Agt.

MOTZER & HOKES
(Formerly A. Beckenbach's).
FREE CONCERT SALOON,
UNDER THE POST OFFICE,
READING, PA.

HAVING bought out Mr. A. Beckenbach's saloon, under the Post Office, the undersigned announces that they will continue the business under the above firm, and provide all the variety of entertainments for which this place is celebrated.

Free Concert Every Evening
AND
LUNCH EVERY MORNING.

Soliciting a continuation of the patronage of an appreciating public, they are
Very Respectfully,
J. M. Motzer,
Daniel Hoke,
a-1-mo.

Good News for Old Berks.
A LARGE STOCK OF
PIANOS
AND
CABINET ORGANS.

FOR SALE ON INSTALLMENTS,
AT
E. A. BERG'S
PIANO WAREHOUSES,
No. 403 Penn Street.

Great inducements offered to Lodges and Associations.
Also a few good second-hand Pianos for sale cheap.

Call soon.
E. A. BERG,
No. 403 Penn Street.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!
BARTO'S
LIQUOR STORE.

Has been removed from the Keystone Building to the new and elegant store,
NO. 437 PENN STREET.

Where customers will find a very large stock of the best and purest
WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKIES,
and ever offered to the public of Reading. All the profit of the above that is required for the share of patronage is solicited. NOBILIS BARTO.

COACH MAKING!
COACH REPAIRING!
C. H. HESSLER.

Slack St., between Washington & Walnut
respectfully announces that he is prepared to do all kinds of carriage work, and repairs of every kind. He has a large stock of harness, and is prepared to do all kinds of harness work. His terms will be such as to be the best that can be given by any body in the city.

COACH REPAIRING!
Coach repairing of every kind, as well as BLACK SMITH WORK, attended to at short notice.
C. H. HESSLER.

IRON RAILING WORKS.
LEWIS NEUDORFFER,
Court Alley, below Fifth Street,
(In the rear of the Farmers' National Bank)

I AM NOW PREPARED TO ATTEND TO ALL kinds of iron railing work, and repairs of every kind. I have a large stock of iron railing, and am prepared to do all kinds of iron railing work. My terms will be such as to be the best that can be given by any body in the city.

CEMETERY LINE.
THE LINE OF CARRIAGES
FOR THE
CEMETERY

Will leave Fifth Street and Cherry Alley, every day, commencing at 10 o'clock, and returning at 12 o'clock.
L. W. NEUDORFFER.

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