The Somerset Herald.

WEDNESDAY, ... October 9, 1872.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HENRY W. WILSON,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE editor of this journal has been on the stump for the last week, consequently we are compelled to rely upon our scissors for the amount of matter usually furnished by his pen.

THE DEBT STATEMENT.

The statement of the public debt published by the U. S. Treasurer on the first day of October, shows that during the month of September nearly eleven millions ($11,000,000) of our national debt was paid. Is not this fact a more powerful argument in behalf of the election Gen. GRANT, than all the speeches that were made during the month?

The New York *World* declares that though supporting Mr. GREELEY it should never be willing to trust the "Financial policy to his uncontrolled guidance." "We have no faith," it says, "in his financial wisdom, and we never had." And that is the kind of left-handed support the old man is receiving on all sides. No wonder there is no enthusiasm for, him.

GREELEY AS A SECESSIONIST.

[Greeley in the Tribune in 1860.]

For our own part, while we deny the right of slaveholders to hold slaves against the will of the latter, we cannot see how twenty millions of people can rightfully hold ten *or even five*, States in a detested union with them, by military force. * * * * Let the cotton States, or any six or more States, say, unequivocally, 'We want to get out of the Union,' and propose to effect their end peaceably and inoffensively, *and we will do our best to help them out*—not that we want them to go; but that we loathe the idea of compelling them to stay."

[Greeley in Pittsburgh in 1872.]

I demand that there shall be a fair, open, free discussion before the Southern people, and an honest, unterrified, unconstrained vote, and if they approve—if the people of the South say they want disunion, I will consent to it. (Cheers.)

Carl Schurz said in Cincinnati on May 8: "I think the convention would make a fatal error in nominating Horace Greeley for the Presidency. Instead of being the strongest candidate that can be put forward, I regard him as the weakest. It is not possible for him to win the German vote. He has been a life-long temperance man, and his name has been associated with the most ultra and unreasonable acts of which they have been guilty. He is, therefore, most objectionable. The Liberal ticket cannot be elected without Ohio and Illinois. Neither of these States can be carried by Mr. Greeley. I have known Mr. Greeley for fifteen years, and our relations during that time have been of the most friendly character. But he is not by nature or by education suitable to fill the Presidential office. His lack of dignity, his idiosyncracies, his crotchets, eminently unfit him for appropriately-occupying so high and honorable a position."

THE GEORGIA ELECTION.

The Democratic journals are crowing hugely over the result of the election in Georgia last week, claiming the success of their ticket by a majority of fifty thousand. In 1868 Georgia gave SEYMOUR a majority of 45,688. How this majority was obtained is briefly told in a despatch from JOHN H. HALE, of Savannah, Chairman of the Republican Committee, to Judge EDMONDS, of Washington. Mr. HALE says that in the city of Savannah, "The GREELEY party had full control of all the polls. The managers were all Democrats, and disregarded the provisions of the law, and would not allow Republicans entitled by law to cast their votes. After attempting to vote for several hours they abandoned the polls and went home. Over two thousand Republican voters were deprived of their right to vote. The good behavior of the colored men only prevented serious trouble. Col. E. BRYANT, Deputy Collector of Customs, was seriously assaulted by plug-uglies, who had been appointed as special deputy sheriffs. A great outrage upon the rights of citizens has been perpetrated. The polls were surrounded by a large body of police, armed with muskets, sabres and clubs. They patrolled the streets mounted. This morning the roads leading to the city were picketed and voters from the country were driven back and not allowed to come to the city to vote. Only four voting places were provided for eightthousand voters in the county, and these all in one building.

THE GREELEY ESCAPADE.

It is not to be wondered at that the Greeley managers at the Liberal headquarters in New York city are dissatisfied with their candidate's speeches on his Western tour, and have sent him peremptory messages to keep quiet until after the election. If anything could drive political schemers mad, it must be the damaging garrulity of a vain old man who, having broke away from his leading strings, is trying to tell the people what he knows about governing the country, in the fond anticipation that he can win votes for himself. But their candidate has got loose, and there is no help for it. He is very headstrong, and thinks he knows better than anybody else what to say, as he demonstrated when he replied to one of his traveling keepers, Mr. Randolph, of New Jersey, who undertook to advise what he should talk about at Pittsburgh: "I'll be —— if I don't know my own opinions better than anybody else." It is very probable that he was right upon that point, for when a man changes his opinions every twenty-four hours it is hardly possible that his most intimate associate should be very well posted as to what he thinks. Mr. Greeley has given up about everything he ever professed in the way of a political opinion, whether good or bad, and about all he has left is his present conviction that Jeff Davis and a few other traitors ought to be made eligible to office, under the plea of universal amnesty. And for this he would turn the country upside down and surrender the Government to the Tammany and Ku Klux combination of financial and political sharpers.

He compromised his protection doctrine to get his nomination, and stands to-day before the country without an idea upon the tariff subject which he dare avow. In lieu of any opinion as to that matter, his present absurd proposition is, to refer the whole subject to the separate Congressional districts; which, if it has any meaning at all, is simply a proposal to let each district make a tariff to suit itself. This would be decentralization and local self-government in a superlative degree! Next, Mr. Greeley surrenders his pet doctrine of secession, and that so suddenly and inconsistently that the telegraph wire has scarcely ceased to vibrate with his pro-secession speech at Pittsburgh when his anti-secession disclaimer at Cincinnati is made. This red-hot doctrine of rebellion is taken up and laid down by Mr. Greeley, as occasion serves, with all the ease and dexterity of an accomplished mountebank. It is with him a mere juggling implement, to be caressed or repelled as it may win votes for him South or North. He sees nothing dangerous or alarming in secession, and is ready, as he has publicly avowed, to take its devotees back into public confidence without any profession of penitence on their part. Neither does he make an avowal of penitence for himself for having heretofore advocated that pernicious heresy, and by that advocacy lured thousands of well-meaning Southerners into rebellion. No; he is simply willing to adjourn the doctrine now, as not compatible with the present state of affairs, and not to be raised again until the Southern or some other States shall by a majority vote determine to secede. In such an event as that, he holds himself free to revive his old doctrine should he see fit; for in his Cincinnati disclaimer it will be noticed that he only denies that he has "a *present* belief, a *present* conviction that any State has a right to dissolve this Union at its own pleasure."

The Cincinnati movement started out with a bold avowal of civil service reform as one of its chief objects. It, however, promptly gave the falsehood to that pretense by putting in nomination one of the most persistent office seekers and office traders, and one of the most inveterate advocates of the spoils' doctrine, that could be found in the whole country. But Greeley feared that, notwithstanding his well known fame as a life long champion of the spoils doctrine, his hybrid followers might take the platform declaration as serious, and hastily conclude that, with him, partisan service would not be made the measure of official reward. Therefore, to prevent and correct misapprehension upon this point, so vital to the success of his campaign, he took the very earliest occasion to announce, as he did in his Portland speech, as before quoted in *The Globe*, that all who worked for his election should be considered in the distribution of government patronage. This bold and desperate offer of the spoils of victory for help sunk the civil service plank of his platform a thousand fathoms below the service, and was hailed by "the party of principles" with yells of frantic joy.

Once Mr. Greeley made much profession of regard for loyality to the flag, but the exigencies of partisan warfare have driven him to part with even this common badge of patriotism. With him loyality is no longer a claim to public confidence, and in the interest of his secession friends he bravely denounces the battle scarred defenders of their country as disseminators of hatred and revenge, because they dared to come together in peaceful array at Pittsburgh, on the anniversary of one of their proudest victories of the Union cause, and declare their attachment for and confidence in the hero of the war. So, too, has the peripatetic candidate given up his clamor for immediate resumption of specie payments, seeing that it might damage his chances for election, and now goes for opening the treasury vaults and turning all the gold loose, so that the government will have nothing with which to resume. In lieu of enforcing the profound aphorism that "the shortest way to resume is to resume," posting a notice on the treasury door that the government has resumed, he now proposes to secure by his own election the right of the people to reflect and cogitate and think about how and when to resume.

So much for Mr. Greeley's swinging 'round the circle, and for his efforts to box the compass backwards. His stock in trade is running low, and his fresh additions, such as the exploded humbug of the Credit Mobilier, cannot prove very attractive, even to the unsophisticated farmers of Indiana. Like an escaped locomotive, his keepers may rest assured he will stop when he gets out of steam, whether he is on the track or upset in a ditch. —*Boston Globe.*

Love induced a beautiful and accomplished girl of Chicago to marry a blind man with a club foot. He was a poor man, while his wife has an income of $1,500 a year.

The Fraudulent Naturalization Papers.

PROOF OF THE CONSPIRACY.

McClure and Randall to be Brought to Justice.

Correspondence Between Mayor Stokely and U. S. District Attorney Smith, of Philadelphia.

The fact that proof of a conspiracy by A. K. McClure, Chairman of the Liberal State Committee, and Samuel J. Randall, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, had been found, has already been published. In connection with this matter, His Honor, Mayor Stokely, of Philadelphia, Saturday morning transmitted to United States Attorney Smith a letter, of which the following is a true copy:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY OF PHILA.,
October 5, 1872.

Hon. Aubrey H. Smith, U. S. Ditricte Attorney Eastern Div. of Pennsylvania.

DEAR SIR—Information has been laid before me that a conspiracy to perpetrate election frauds on Tuesday next in Berks, Luzerne, Schuylkill, Northampton, and other counties exists, by which a large number of aliens have been suppledi with false naturalization papers, purporting to be issued by the Court of Quarter Sessions of this county. These fraudulent papers were manufactured in this city, by parties whose names I hope to be able to furnish you in a day or two, together with the names of others in the plot, whose movements have been closely watched during the past ten days.

"I have in my posession, for your use, whenever required, a letter from Hon. Samuel J. Randall to Hon. A. K. McClure, in the following words:

"A. K. McC—See McMullin today. He has all the naturalization papers. It is vital they should be in hand at once. Meet me to-night.

"Yours, SAM. J. RANDALL."

"And I am *now* prepared to give you the names of unimpeachable witnesses who will authenticate this letter.

"As these contemplated frauds have been concocted here, I intend to lay the evidence in my possession before the District Attorney of the county: but as it is intended to consummate them outside of this jurisdiction I deem it my duty to lay the facts before you also.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,
"WM. S. STOKELEY,"

THE REPLY OF U. S. ATTORNEY.

The U. S. District Attorney replied to this letter as follows:

OFFICE OF U. S. ATTORNEY,
EASTERN DISTRICT OF PA.
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5. 1872.

Hon. William S. Stokely, Mayor of the City of Philadelphia:

SIR—Your letter to me of this date, stating that information has reached you of a conspiracy to perpetrate election frauds, on Tuesday next, in Berks, Luzerne and other counties, and that you hope in a day or two to furnish me with evidence that the laws of the United States are about to be violated by the parties implicated, is just received. I will give the matter immediate and earnest attention, as soon as the evidence referred to is laid before me. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

AUBRY H. SMITH,
U. S. Attorney.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, remarking on the plot here developed, speaks of the Randall letter as follows:

We have seen this letter; and we have carefully compared it with numbers other letters of Mr. Randall's. There can be no doubt that it is in his handwriting. And there is no doubt it has been in the possession of Mr. McClure. The evidence that surrounds the case is full and strong, and it will be made public as soon as it can be done without frustrating the ends of justice.

General Grant's Habits.

[From the Rochester Democrat, September 27.]

We are permitted to publish the following letter from the widely known philanthropist and organizer of the Christain Commission, which did such human service during the war—George H. Stuart. Miss Guernsey is a highly esteemed lady of this city, who enjoys the personal acquaintance of Mr. Stuart, and knew that that gentleman was thoroughly informed with regard to the personal habits of President Grant. Hence she addressed a note to him and received this reply:

PHILADELPHIA, September 25, 1872

DEAR MISS GURNSEY—In reply to your communication, in which you say "it is commonly reported here that the President is in the habit of getting stupidly drunk every day. I know you are well acquainted with him and should be glad to have the story contradicted on good authority, I have to say that since General Grant became commander of the American army, and during his Presidency, I have had frequent opportunities of seeing him at the front, in social intercourse, at dinner table, in the White House and elsewhere, and have never seen him "stupidly druhk, or under the influence of liquor in any sense of that phrase. So far as my observation enabled me to judge, the statements which have been so freely circulated about President Grant's habits are wholly without foundation, and a base slander upon the character of one to whom the country owes a debt of gratitude which can never be paid. In November next the Keystone State will record her verdict against the personal calumnies by giving Grant her electoral vote by a majority of thirty or forty thousand.

GEO. H. STUART.

SILENT ORATORS.

A Fine Theme for Ridicule.

It is very well known the President does not possess what is vulgarly called "the gift of gab." He cannot make an extemporary speech, nor, we believe, a speech of any kind. His life has shown that he can face a hostile force, when bullets and cannon balls are flying about like hail, with perfect coolness and selfpossession; but an array of upturned faces, though ever so friendly, puts him out of himself; he hesitates, stammers, and, finally, retires as dumb as an oyster. There is many a shallow-pated, empty-hearted fellow, who has never done a solitary thing to redeem his life from perfect contempt, who will talk on his feet by the hour, on almost any subject; and yet this silent, quiet soldier of ours, who has performed achievements that will live by the side of the most renowned in history, is comparatively tongueless.

It is a great convenience and sometimes a pleasure, to others as well as to ourselves, to be able to improvise neat, facile, able, or even voluble discourse; but it is no demerit not to be able to do it, much less a disqualification or disgrace. Some of the most intellectual and cultivated men that the world has ever known, have shared the inability with less gifted mortals. Our most philosophical and learned President, Jefferson, whose writings are regarded as models, changed the message of the Executive to Congress, from oral into written discourses, because of his aversion to the former; while our most active and energetic President, Jackson, was almost as incapable of making a speech as President Grant is. The most copious and graceful among our old authors, Washington Irving, could scarcely deliver an ordinary dinner toast with composure. Hawthorne, whom a high critical authority pronounces the best writer of English that ever lived, would run away rather than face the commonest audience, and one of our most illustrious poets makes it the condition of his attending a public dinner that he shall not be called upon to say a word. Artists, like literary men, are supposed to have some degree of *nous*, but who that has been invited to one of their symposia cannot recall some pitiable sight, when even the best among them has been got upon his legs.

Eloquence is charming, and the faculty of easy and graceful utterance to be desired by all men, just as every woman ought to wish to sing with exquisite skill; but it is no more discreditable for a man not to be a Demosthenes or an Everett than it is for a woman not to be a Nilson or a Lucca. What shall we say, then, of the taste of those newspaper gentlemen who think it immense fun to ridicule General Grant's want of oratorical ability? How keen must be their sense of humor, how delicate their preception of the nature of a joke, and how just, too, their appreciation of the merits and demerits of human character! The funny creatures, we have no doubt, laugh to splitting when they encounter a bald-headed old gentleman, and would die of a guffaw should they see an armless veteran in the streets.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Vicious Sow.

A few days ago Thomas J. Craycroft, of Taylor township, Harrison county, went into the forest near his residence, to feed a large sow, whose pigs were not yet old enough to leave the bed. His wife and little prattling girl, wishing to see the pigs, accompanied him. The farmer threw the sow some corn, and after eating a few mouthfuls, she started toward the child with her jaws widely extended, making the most frightful demonstrations. Mr. C., seeing the peril of his child, sprang between it and the ferocious brute, at the same time calling to his wife to take the child away. Then commenced a struggle for life between Mr. Craycroft and the maddened brute. Being a large and powerful animal, she stood on her hind feet and thrust her fore feet against the breast of her victim with such tremendous force as came near knocking him down several times, meantime making repeated efforts to bite or cut him about the face and throat with her powerful tusks. Mr. Crayton's only weapons of defense were his feet and hands, and in attempting to push the infuriated beast from his face he got his hand several times in her mouth by which it was frightfully mangled. The mother, after running a few yards looked back, and seeing her husband's life in peril, set her child down, and, armed with a club, started to his rescue; but before she got in reach the husband had disengaged himself enough to get hold of a club, with which he dealt his fiendish antagonist several heavy blows before she would desist; and even then she made one effort to renew the conflict. The spectacle presented by the victor as he walked panting from the field was truly frightful. His clothing was cut into shreds, and he was bespattered from head to foot with blood, mingled with foam and froth from the mouth of the enraged monster. The blood "squashed in his shoes as he walked. Besides the mangling of the right hand he received severe cuts about his left hand and arm, and a frightful gash above his left knee.—*New Albany (Ind.) Ledger.*

The Ground Burning up.

One of the strangest phenomena of the times is reported to us from the site of old Fort Pillow, sixty miles above this city. It is no more or less than that the bluff bank of the river, which rises fifty or sixty feet above the water level, is on fire, and for the past several weeks has been steadily burning like a volcano for a distance of several yards along the east side of the river on a line ten or twelve feet above the water level.

At night a lurid flame or blaze of fire rises from the side of the bluff to a height of two or three feet, which then spreads into smoke and passes on over the summit of the hill, distributing itself like the atmosphere and floating away skyward. The steamer Celeste, on her last trip, passed by the place in broad day-light and at a time when a slight wind was blowing from the shore, carrying the smoke towards the Arkansas shore and covering the river with a thick haze almost like a fog.

What strange combustible formation composes the river bluff of the old fort, or what first set it on fire, to burn after the fashion described, is one of the most marvelous events of the times, and puzzles the people of the vicinity not a little. We shall seek to be further informed upon this wonderful phenomenon with no little curiosty.

"THAT DUMMY."

A Happy Retort on a Rabid Greeley Orator.

In Governor Wells' great speech, made in Petersburg, after commenting on Mayor Kelley's indorsement of the Ku Klux organization, he read the following extract from the Mayor's speech, made at Petersburg on Wednesday night:

"What shall I say of the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach and calling himself President?"

I know, said the Governor, Mayor Kelley as an accomplished scholar; a gentleman noted for his refinement and culture; ordinarily courteous and polite. I am surprised that he, of all men, the Chief Magistrate of the queenly City of Richmond, who knows so well what decent respect requires, should have been betrayed into the use of such grossly improper languague, but as he asked the question, I answer:

Who was the matchless hero of Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg?

"The dummy who drives his horse along the Jersey beach!"

Who was it that led 100,000 heroes to victory over Lee and his before unconquered army from the Rapidan to the Wilderness—to the James, to Petersburg, to Richmond and the old apple tree at Appomattox?

It was "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach!"

Who was it that planned, that flanked, that fought, that shelled, that charged at Steadman, at Fort Hell and Fort Damnation?

It was "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach!"

Who was it that seized the tiger secession by the throat, and, holding him there, said to those who cavilled, to those who hoped and those who feared, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer?"

It was "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach!

Who was it, after the victory was won and the Union safe, said to Lee and the conquered army, whose courage, honor and manhood he respected, "Return to your homes, and you shall not be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as you observe your parole and obey the laws of the place where you reside?"

It was "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach!"

Who was it that said to Lee, "Let the soldiers of your army who own the horses in their charge take them home with them, for they will need them for their spring plowing and other farm work?"

It was "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach!"

Who was it when Lee, Wise and other Confederate Generals were indicted by a Virginia Grand Jury said "The officers and men paroled at Appomattox cannot be tried for treason—good faith as well as true policy dictates that we should observe the condition of that Convention?",

It was "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey shore!"

Who was it that said "Six years having elapsed since the last gun was fired, is it not time that the disabilities imposed by the Fifteenth Amendment should be removed?"

It was "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach!"

Who was it that restored Virginia, reclad her in the full, bright, shining garb of a sovereign State, and now calm and serene, unangered, patient and faithful, dares, unmindful of the threats, the abuse, and the living slanders heaped upon him, to do his duty alike to friend and foe, to God, his country and himself?

It is "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach!"

Who is it that will live in the hearts of his countrymen—revered at home and abroad, the great soldier, the modest citizen, and the faithful public servant, unostentatious, unassuming, brave, without ambition, forbearing, resolute in doing what he deems right, but never offensive in asserting himself as soldier, General or chief—for a thousand years after his poor detractors have gone down to a forgotten grave!"

It is "the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach!"

No words can give any adequate description of the dramatic effect and tremendous power of the reply. The voice of the speaker was as clear as a bell, and was heard by every man of the 3,000 persons present, and might have been heard by 20,000. As often as he commenced the refrain, "It is the dummy," the audience arose, shouted, cheered, laughed and wept alternately. Such an effect has rarely ever been produced on a mass of people. It seemed an Inspiration.—The effect of that meeting will never be forgotten.

Horrible Death.

A frightful accident occurred at the iron mills of Preston, Graff & Co., on the Connellsville Railroad just above the upper Monongahela bridge yesterday. A man named Joseph Bartel was standing on the railroad track looking at the operations going on in the mill, when the West Newton accommodation train, due here at 8:20, came along and striking him threw him on the fly-wheel, where he was carried round and then flung into the pit horribly mangled and crushed. When picked up he was dead, but it is not known, nor perhaps never will be, whether he was killed by the locomotive or the evolutions of the fly-wheel. Coroner West, on being notified, summoned a jury and proceeded to hold an inquest. The employees of the mill who were examined, testified that the train was running at the rate of eight of ten miles an hour, and that no bell was rung or whistle blown to signify its approach. In order to obtain the testimony of the railroad attachees on the train, the inquest was postponed until this evening at seven o'clock. The deceased was an engineer by profession, and resides, when at home, at Clear Springs, Cumberland county, Maryland, where he leaves a wife and family. He came to this city only a few days ago in search of employment.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch, Oct. 5.*

TERRIBLE FIRE IN ESCURIAL.

The Place in Flames.

MADRID, October 3.—A terrible fire occurred last evening in the town of Escurial, twenty-four miles northwest of this city. A thunder storm which had been threatening during the afternoon broke violently in the evening, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. The Palace of Escurial was struck by a bolt, immediately setting it on fire. The flames quickly spread through the buildings, and the Royal Library, containing thousands of volumes of great value, was soon one sheet of flame. The palace itself seemed doomed to destruction. Flames were issuing from the windows and other parts of the building, and dense volumes of smoke filling the halls and entrances, made all attempts at rescuing the paintings and other valuables fruitless. The splendid gallery of paintings, the collection of ages was threatened with destruction. The fire was soon communicated to the church or monastery adjoining the place which at latest reports was also in imminent danger of being destroyed. Owing to the strong wind the fire progressed with fearful rapidity, flames occasionally shooting to a great height and lighting up the surrounding darkness.—Shortly after the fire broke out a despatch was sent to the King's palace in this city, informing His Majesty of the occurrence. He immediately dispatched a brigade of firemen with all the necessary apparatus to Escurial and followed quickly in person. The news caused great excitement in Madrid, and many have gone to the scene of the fire. At midnight the fire was raging with unabated fury. An immense crowd of excited citizens were congregated in the vicinity, all actively exerting themselves to save the building from destruction. The appliances for fighting the conflagration were meagre and unserviceable. The arrival of the King's firemen was momentarily expected.

Boiler Explosion.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., October 1.—The boiler in the rolling mill of S. S. Fulton & Co., at this place, exploded this afternoon, killing two men and severely injuring twelve others. Pieces of the boiler were thrown a distance of over one hundred feet.

Particulars of the Destruction of the Steamship America.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 2.—The steamer China arrived at eight o'clock this morning. She left Hong Kong on the 27th of August, and Yokohama September 7. Among the passengers are twenty-nine of the officers and men of the America. Early Saturday morning, the 24th of August, the America arrived at Yokohama, and during the day landed all the passengers and cargo for the port, and transferred for the Shanghai branch steamer for North China. There remained on board the officers and crew, two first-class passengers and one hundred and seventy-five Chinese for Hong Kong. At 11 at night the fire was discovered, and it burned till the afternoon of Sunday. The vessel was towed out of the way of the shipping and sunk. Three Americans, fifty nine Chinamen besides Japanese lost their lives. There was $200,000 in treasure and light freight on board. The ship had been coaling during the day. At ten it was reported all safe and the officers retired. A little before eleven the stewardess smelt something burning, and smoke was discovered rising from the freight deck below the ladies' saloon. The alarm was sounded and Captain Doane, who was first in the saloon with the hose, was driven back by the smoke, when, with a sudden and furious roar, the flames burst forth, deciding the fate of the ship. The smoke prevented the flooding of the magazine, and attention was directed to saving the passengers. The Chinamen were aroused and the ladder gave way, precipitating them in to water. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to sink the burning ship by shots from the war vessels.

A court of inquiry was convened August 31st, Consul Shephard presiding, assisted by Minister DeLong, and Captains Shireley and Perry. After hearing the evidence it was found that the fire apparatus was not in good working order. The time that elapsed before the stream was started denoted want of preparation or tardiness in the engineer's department. If steam to the amount of twenty pounds had been on the donkey boiler at the time the alarm was given first, and proper expedition used in working it, the fire might have been extinguished and the ship saved. Praise was justly due the officers and crew for their gallantry and perseverance. The court was convinced that the fire was the result of intention, not of accident. The inducement may have been antipathy toward the steamship company or officers, or the fact that the Chinese passengers were supplied large sums of money.

Winder's Infamous Order.

When it was thought that the Union army would arrive at Andersonville in its march through Georgia, General W. S. Winder issued the following order:

ORDER NO. 13.

HEADQ'RS CONFEDERATE STATES,
MILITARY PRISON,
ANDERSONVILLE, July 27, 1864.

The officers on duty and in charge of the battery of "Florida Artillery" at the time will, upon receiving notice that the enemy have approached within seven miles of the post, OPEN FIRE UPON THE STOCKADE WITH GRAPESHOT, without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defence. *It is better that the last Federal be exterminated than be permitted to burn and pillage the property of loyal citizens, as they will do if allowed to make their escape from the Prison.*

By order of John H. Winder, Brigadier General. W. S. Winder,
Assistant Adjutant General.

This order was too barbarous even for Southern men, and one of them called upon WINDER and remonstrated with him on the ground of his inhumanity. "Sir," replied WINDER, "I will kill the last d—d Yankee in the stockade before SHERMAN or KILPATRICK shall release them. GOD damn my soul if I would not rather see those *twentythousand scoundrels blown to hell* than go to heaven myself."

WINDER is a supporter of HORACE GREELEY for President, and HORACE is anxious to "reconcile" with the scoundrel.

The Virginia Bridge.

We have the following facts from a gentleman who recently visited the Natural Bridge: On passing into the gorge below the bridge by the usual route, he was surprised to find the bed of the stream (Cedar Creek) dry, unsightly. The keeper of the hotel stated that about two weeks before, the creek suddenly disappeared from under the bridge, and our informant, on following up the gorge, found the stream pouring down into the earth and seeking some unknown channel beneath. On a careful examination three leaks were found—the largest being through a fissure, or "fault," in the limestone bed of the stream.

These the visitor partially stopped up in a few minutes, and sent a scanty stream on its way to the bridge.—Similar facts were revealed by a further examination, and the conclusion is inevitable that the rocky substratum of these limestone hills is thoroughly honey-combed by the action of water. The conclusion is further sustained by the fresh discovery of caves, some of them of considerable extent, in the immediate vicinity of the bridge. Some fine stalactites from one of these caves are exhibited at the hotel.

A Murderer Hung.

COLUMBUS, October 4.—John Barclay was hung at noon to-day in the County Jail of this county for the murder of Charles F. Garner, last October. Barclay, when on the scaffold, declared that he was guilty of the horrible crime of murder, and was prepared to die. He advised all to beware of intoxicating liquors, and said that it had placed him on the scaffold. After bidding good bye to all spectators, his arms and legs were pinioned back and a black cap was placed over his head, and in a second more his body was swinging in the air. The body was almost still for a second after the fall of the trap, but soon vibrated slowly backward and forward, and on being touched by the surgeon in attendance, his whole body shook as if with violent cold.—After hanging nearly twelve minutes, he was declared dead and was delivered to the surgeons.

People who are unable to go to sleep at night will be glad to know that an instrument, constructed by an ingenious German, when under a mattress, is calculated, by soothing strains, to persuade the most troubled conscience into sweet oblivion and gentle slumbers. It also will, at a set time, awaken the happy sleeper by a lively selection from one of Offenbach's operas.

A Fiendish Crime.

The attempt, only partially successful, to wreck the Cincinnati express train, that left this city on Monday evening last for Philadelphia, has been investigated by a Coroner's inquest, and a scheme of villainy revealed that is almost unparalleled in the annals of crime. The scene of the affair was an embankment sixty feet high near Steamboat station, twenty-three miles from Philadelphia, on the short turn of a curve.—The bolts holding the rails to the ties had been drawn, and the rails forced apart by bending until they were six inches out of gauge, and a gap of nineteen inches existed between the ends. The rail was then wedged up so that the wheel would strike the end with full force, throw the train from the track, and send it whirling down the embankment. The plan seem to have been deliberately devised and executed. Such was the condition of the track, when at half-past two o'clock Tuesday morning, the Cincinnati express came along at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. The rest of the story is told by a reporter as follows:

"When right on the sharp curve, the train gave an upward leap, instantly followed by the sudden check from the air brake that showed Samuel Keller, the engineer, and Philip Cline, the fireman, were on the alert and wide-awake. After discoveries showed that while their promptness saved the train and lives of sixty-four passengers, it had not availed to save their own. The train came to a sudden stop and the affrighted passengers, starting for the doors, were quieted by Conductor Stackhouse saying, "The danger is over, whatever it is." A visit to the front of the train and the eyes saw for the moment nothing but darkness ahead, neither engine or express cars being visible; but from the depths of a ravine in some places one hundred feet below the level of the road, but at that particular spot sixty feet, a tongue of flame and the hissing of escaping steam added to the horrors of the scene. The engine had gone down the ravine and struck a large tree near the upper edge, severing it around and giving a swing to the two express cars behind it that snapped the coupling of the passenger cars and left them with their precious freight safe, but standing out on the very brink of destruction. All the small trees on the embankment were swept away by the shock. Nothing could be seen of the engineer and fireman, but search brought them to view crushed beneath the debris of the wrecked engine. They were carefully removed, Keller, (with every bone in his body broken) from beneath the track; Cline, headless and terribly mangled, from underneath the grate-bars of the engine. The employers, after taking precautions to prevent a collision from east or west bound trains, examined the locality, and were horrified at the deliberate attempt made to send into eternity unprepared a train-load of passengers, whose thoughts were only of home and kindred."

The tools used by the desperate villians were found near the misplaced rail. The verdict of the coroner's jury declares that the accident was the result of a criminal design on the part of some parties to them unknown, to throw the train from the track, the rails being forced apart and blocked up so as to render it inevitable.

What is remarkable about the affair is that a watchman passed over the curve only a few moments before the train was due, and found every thing correct. It is to be hoped the railroad company will exhaust every resource in their power to discover the murderous villains, and send them to the gallows they so richly merit.—*Gazette.*

The Georgia Election.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, October 2.—The election passed off quietly.—Richmond county gives a Democratic majority of 800, being a gain on Bullock's election of over 2,000. The returns come in slowly, and nothing official can be given until to-morrow. There is no doubt of the Democrats carrying the State by a large majority. Great enthusiasm is manifested and the city illuminated by bonfires, &c. Salutes were fired and other manifestations of rejoicing made.

ATLANTA, GA., October 2.—Returns from twenty counties give Smith, Democratic nominee for Governor, 10,000 majority. If the same proportion holds in the counties to be heard from, Smith's majority will be 35,000.

MACON, GA., October 2.—A serious riot occurred at the polls in this city this morning between whites and negroes. It commenced with fisticuff fights and developed into a fierce encounter with brickbats and pistols.—In the course of a few seconds about fifty shots were fired, by which one white man was killed and five or six negroes wounded, two of whom have since died. The affray lasted but a few minutes, when the negroes left the polls. The whites claim that the whole affair was premeditated on the part of the negroes; that it was their intention to take forcible possession of the polls, and that they originated the disturbance with this object. The negroes, however, claim that they were driven from the polls by violence, and could get no chance to vote. They were addressed by the Mayor later in the day, who guaranteed them protection, but with few exceptions they refused to vote, and went to their homes.

The Delaware Local Elections.

WILMINGTON, DEL., October 2.—Complete returns from all parts of the State, of elections yesterday for Assessor and other local officers give a Democratic majority of 82, being a Republican gain on the vote of two years ago for similar officers.

At Milesboro, Success county, Robert Down and Burton Cramfied quarrelled at the election polls, and Down shot and mortally wounded Cramfield. Down was arrested.

Valuable Trotting Mare Killed.

INDIANOPOLIS, Oct. 1.—This morning as the celebrated trotting mares Seiciado Golddust, owned by D. L. Dorsey, of Louisville, Ky., and Minnie Black, owned by Frazer & Moore, of Cynthiana, Ky., were practicing at the park, the mare Minnie, by seizing the bit between her teeth, became unmanageable, and the consequence was a collision between the two mares. Seiciado was severely injured by a shaft tearing open her breast, while the mare Minnie was killed.—They were both entered for the 2:38 race this afternoon. The loss to the owners by the death of Minnie will amount to $8,000 or $6,000. Seiciado Golddust was valued at $20,000.

A New Hampshire judge has decided that it is an illegal offense to spit tobaco spit on the door of a public place, and has fined an offender one dollar and costs.

"My Dead Mother will be Watching Me."

The body of a young lady was picked up in the Thames at London during the first week in this month, and subsequently identified as that of Alice Blanche Oswald, an American girl. At the inquest the following letter, dated "London, September 3," was put in evidence. It tells the whole story:

"The crime that I am about to commit and what I must suffer hereafter is nothing compared to my present misery. Alone in London with not a penny and no friend to advise or lend a helping hand, tired and weary with looking for something to do, failing in every way, foot-sore and heart-weary, I prefer death to the dawning of another wretched morning. I have only been in Britain nine weeks, I came as nursery governess with a lady from America to Wick, in Scotland, where she discharged me, refusing to pay my passage back, giving me my wages, £3 10s. After my expenses were paid to London, I found myself in this great city with only 5s. What was I to do? I sold my watch. The paltry sum I obtained for that soon went in paying for my board and in looking for a situation. Now that I am destitute, every day is misery to me. No friend, no hope, no money; what is left? Oh, God of heaven have mercy on a poor, helpless sinner! Thou knowest how I have striven against this, but fate is against me. I cannot tread the path of sin, for my dead mother will be watching me. Fatherless, motherless, home I have none. Oh, for the charity of Christian hearts. I am now mad; for days I have foreseen that this would be the end. May all who hear of my death forgive me, and may God Almighty do so, before whose bar I must soon appear. Farewell to all—to this beautiful and yet wretched world.

"ALICE BLANCHE OSWALD.

"I am twenty years of age the 14th of this month." The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of temporary insanity."

The Late Gale on the Lakes.

CHICAGO, October 1.—Most of the lumber fleets have arrived. A number of schooners had their head canvass carried away in the gale and part of their lumber. The schooner Lavinia had her foresail split and lost her deck load, also her small boat. The schooner Northern Belle had her mainsail split. The bark Emeline had her jib-boom carried away, also half her head gear and head canvass. The schooner Piona had her jib-boom and head gearing carried away. The schooner H. E. Sinne had her fore-boom broken.—Many other vessels that arrived show effects of the storm in the shape of torn canvass, etc. The oldest lake captains say the gale of Saturday night was the worst ever experienced on the lakes. On Sunday afternoon a vessel was seen about six miles north east of Chicago, flying signals of distress. The tug J. A. Carwford went to her and she proved to be the schooner J. P. Ward, lumber laden. All her canvass, lines and deck load was gone, and also her main boom. The Crawford returned for a line, and after slipping her anchor brought her inside. A telegraph dispatch was received on yesterday afternoon stating that the schooner E. M. Shayer was disabled and was lying at Michigan City. A tug was immediately dispatched to her assistance, and she will probably arrive here to-day. The fore and aft schooner Ironsides was caught out in the gale on Sunday and narrowly escaped foundering, her masts were sprung, canvass torn, and on entering Muskegon harbor she struck the pier violently, making a large hole in her bow. The brig Frankie Wilcox, which was ashore at Stony Island, has been got off and has suffered no material damage. Some fears are entertained that the propeller Gabna may have become a total wreck. A wrecking steamer has been dispatched to the scene of the disaster to save all that is possible of the distressed vessel.

How Curtin Spent Saturday at Bellefonte.

In its report of the return to Bellefonte of A. G. Curtin, last week, the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* says: "During the day he remained at his hotel. Not a dozen of his old political associates called to greet him, but Democrats thronged around him and fawned at his feet. He felt ill at ease. At one time he remarked that it was strange none of his old friends called on him. He seemed to feel most keenly the position in which he was placed, and exibited great uneasiness during the day. Those who once honored and respected him felt equally sad and dejected—sad to find him in such unnatural company, and he seemed to appreciate the true situation. But in an evil moment he had yielded to the seductive charms of the tempter and fell—went tottering down from the lofty position he once occupied in the affections of the people to grovel in the mire of Democratic filth."

CHRISTY NOTES.

Our principal joker, who is simply incorrigible, says that in one respect he thinks that Grant has the start of Greeley in this campaign, for Grant quietly smokes his cigar and Greeley takes the stump.

A moderate estimate of the candidates for office in Charleston, S. C., black, white and mulatto—Democrats, regulars and bolters—places the number at 2,376, being exactly one-tenth of the voting population of the county.

Boston girls are up to everything. One of them, at twenty years of age, is in the Indian Territory publishing a paper in the Choct