ADDRESS OF THE STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

The Republican Party of Pennsylvania, in appealing once more to the people for their suffrages, does so with the conviction that the candidates upon its ticket are in every way worthy of support; honest, capable, and faithful to its principles, and that the record of the party since its advent to power, demonstrates that the Commonwealth has never so prospered as when under Republican rule.

The Democratic Party held almost unbroken control of the State from 1829 to 1858. Excepting Governors Ritner and Johnston, it had all the Governors elected during that period, and controlled the Legislature in both branches in every year but three during that time, it built up an enormous debt of over forty millions of dollars, and produced the Canal Ring, under which this debt was contracted, which did more to foster jobbery, promote corruption, and establish traffic in office, than any organization that has ever existed here.

The Republican Party obtained partial control in 1858 and 1859, and was completely successful in 1860, and has remained in power with but one or two interruptions since that year. Under its hands, the credit of the State impaired by the recklessness of its predecessor, has been restored; the State debt has been reduced from $42,000,000 to $22,000,000, with an accumulation of a Sinking Fund, practically reducing it to $13,000,000; a war debt of three and one-half millions has been paid; the tax of three mills upon all our real estate has been wiped out; a half million has been bestowed upon the citizens of Chambersburg for their relief from rebel incendiarism; the common school system has been maintained at a present annual expense of $1,000,000; the orphans of our soldiers have been cared for; asylums for the insane and reformatory institutions have been established and supported; $1,000,000 have been dedicated to the Centennial Celebration; our internal resources have been developed; bureaus have been erected and maintained for the protection of our mining population; yet, nowhere in the Union, is the burden of a State Government so lightly felt. The State, under Republican Rule, has been honestly governed, and her honor held above reproach.

It is alleged by the opposition that the annual expenditures of the State have been increased since the Republicans came into power. The increase of expenditures has only kept pace with the increase in population, wealth and the material industries to be fostered by the Government. Twenty four years ago the Common Schools received an annual appropriation of $150,000 to $175,000; now they receive one million. Then there was no expense for repelling invasion or suppressing the rebellion; no Chambersburg sufferers to be indemnified; no soldiers' orphans to be maintained; no insane asylums to support; few charitable institutions to aid. The Legislature has been doubled in size and expense. To these causes, not to extravagance, corruption, or wrong, the increased expenditure is largely attributable. The increase has been for the public good, while the ability to maintain the expenditure has grown with the growth of the State, and strengthened with its strength. Within the last few years the people have been relieved entirely from all direct taxation for State purposes, except partially upon personal property, and the burden of the maintenance of the Government has been imposed upon corporations.

The Republican party came into prominence before the whole world as the sword-bearer of this nation, to protect and preserve it against internal as well as external foes; and having delivered the Union from destruction, claims that the National Government should be administered upon the principles of those who preserved it, and not upon the principles of those who endeavored to destroy it.

The doctrine of State Rights, though kept in the background, is the distinguishing tenet of the Southern Democracy. Without the Southern Democracy the Democratic party of the nation cannot prevail. It is dominated by them. Mr. Singleton, of Mississippi, at the last session of Congress announced boldly his adhesion to the doctrine that his allegiance was due first and always to his State. No party adhering to this principle can be safely entrusted with the administration of national affairs. The Union, held subordinate in supremacy to the States, would fall asunder upon the first resolute assertion of State sovereignty. The Republican party maintains the recognized powers of the States under the Constitution but stands like a rock against the right of a State to set up its supremacy against that of the nation. The party maintaining that right is unfitted by its principles to administer the government of the nation or maintain its integrity.

Controlled by the South the Democratic party must shape its policy upon the mould of the southern leaders, and the southern leaders, in turn, must accommodate themselves to the demands of their section. Mr. Goode, of Virginia, who had charge of the bill to reimburse William and Mary College for its alleged loss during the Rebellion, gave to his constituents as a reason for not pressing a vote, that its passage would affect the elections now pending; after the elections he could rally more strength for it as the immediate fear of public censure would then be removed from the Democratic members. The policy of Mr. Goode actuates nearly all the friends of southern claimants. They await a Democratic Congress and Administration, when the Democratic Party must give them all they demand. Present delay is no abandonment of the claims. Democratic success will not only invigorate them but like the Archangel's trumpet will wake from the dead thousands of others now resting in the grave. Their extent cannot be measured, except by the ability of the party in power to manufacture them.

For the same reason, the Democratic Party, in Congress, discharged disabled Union Soldiers from position and replaced them by the soldiers of the Confederate Army.

For the same reason, the Democratic Party is a Free Trade Party. It made a determined effort last winter, following the lead of a Committee of Ways and Means appointed by a Democratic Speaker from Pennsylvania, to pass the Wood Tariff Bill, aimed destructively at the vitals of all the industries of our State. The bill would have driven our workingmen out of employment or reduced their wages to starvation point, and would have succeeded, but for the almost unbroken front presented against it by the Republicans in Congress. An analysis of the test vote upon the bill is as follows:

For the bill, Northern Republicans	0
" " Southern "	2
" " Northern Democrats	41
" " Southern "	69
Against the bill, Northern Republicans	109
" " Southern "	7
" " Northern Democrats	15
" " Southern "	3

The Democratic party in Pennsylvania halted on this question—its candidate for Governor avoiding the initial vote in the Legislature—as did the Democratic members of Congress from Pennsylvania, until the thunders of popular sentiment, from the Allegheny to the Lehigh, drove them to a faint resistance to the bill. The Republican party of Pennsylvania, standing firmly by the policy of Protection, is in accord with the party throughout the country.

Our present paper currency grew out of the necessities of the late war. It supplanted a debased State currency, which was the plague of commerce and a prolific source of loss. Already practically at par with gold, it is the best currency we ever produced. In sixteen years scarcely ever has the changer of money in this country looked to see from what bank the note he handled was issued. It matters nothing, except to those interested in National Banks, whether the bank currency is retained or replaced by greenbacks, if the latter can constitutionally be submitted. The credit of each is based upon the National faith. To increase this currency would simply decrease its purchasing power. Its present volume is equal to that before the panic of 1873, while the price of nearly every article of consumption is so reduced that a dollar will purchase more than at any period since the war.

To pay the National debt with irredeemable promises to pay is repudiation. The masses of the people of Pennsylvania are honest, and cannot sanction repudiation in any form. The remedy for our present difficulties is to be found only in a patient adaptation of ourselves to our surroundings. The current of worldly affairs flows on irresistibly; we cannot turn it back. We are gradually but surely rising from the slough of debt, incurred when it was so easy to borrow, and as we emerge from it we will find our way back to National prosperity.

The Republican party has always insisted upon the equal rights of men, without regard to color, condition, or nationality. It gave the right to manhood, to labor, and to the proceeds of labor, to four millions of down-trodden people, and can never agree to surrender the right of the humblest citizen to live unmolested under his own roof-tree, and to contract for his own labor as he will. The founders of the Commonwealth, a toiling people, handed it down to their posterity with a title sanctified by struggle, suffering, and sacrifice, indestructible by any of the wild vagaries of Socialism or Communism.

The safety and prosperity of this State depend upon the maintenance of the principles of the Republican Party. It has proven itself a trustworthy guardian of the interests of both State and Nation. Public security, public confidence, and public honor are alike involved in the coming contest. The voters of the State will be found with the party which has given strongest evidence of its ability to maintain them all.

M. S. QUAY,
Chm. Rep. State Com.

Spend Your Money at Home.

The following are given by an exchange as among the most forcible reasons why you should spend your money at home, and we commend them to our readers:

It is your home: you cannot improve it much by taking your money away to spend or invest.

There are no ways of improving a place so much as by encouraging good merchants, good schools and good people to settle among you, and this cannot be done unless you spend your money at home.

Spend your money at home, for there is where you get it. It is your duty.

Spend your money at home, because when it is necessary for you to get credit, it is of your own town merchants you have to get it and they must wait for the money.—Therefore, when your have the money, spend it at home.

Spend your money at home. It will make better business for your merchants; they can and will keep better assortments and sell at lower rates than if the only business they can do is credited out, while the money goes to other places

Spend your money at home. Set the example now, buy your dry goods, groceries, meats and everything at home, and you will see a wonderful change in a short time in the business outlook of the place; thefore deal with your merchants at home.

Spend your money at home. What do you gain by going off? Count the cost; see what you could have done at home by letting your merchants have the cash. Strike a balance and see if you would not have been just as well off besides helping the merchants.

Spend your money at home. Your merchants are your neighbors and friends; they stand by you in sickness—are your associates. Without your trade they cannot keep up business. No stores than, no one waiting to buy property to settle on and build up your place.

Subscribe for your local paper, and buy only from those who advertise in it. If you do not find their advertisements there you may safely conclude that the house has gone out of business or, that they are too poor too old fogyish to make their business known, and in either case you will not buy goods cheaper there.

Rosewood.

It has puzzled many to decide why the dark wood so highly valued for pianos, and in these times so cleverly imitated, should be called rosewood. Its color certainly does not look like that of rose, but when the tree is first cut the fresh wood possesses a strong, rose-like fragrance, hence the name. There are half a dozen or more kinds of rosewood trees found in South America and in the East Indies and neighboring islands. Sometimes the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can be cut from them. These make tops for piano fortes. When growing, the rosewood tree is remarkable for its beauty. Such is its value to manufactures as an ornamental wood, that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly now have scarcely a single specimen. In Madras the government has prudently had great plantations of this tree see out in order to keep up the supply.

Sorrow for the most part not only purifies but enriches, not only disciplines but ennobles. By affliction we are made better friends and more sympathetic companions, leav to meet and stronger to bear, and moulded into a grander form throughout than we could ever have attained without this suffering, which has been our hard but benevolent task-master.

JENISON'S BET.

When the widow Coe married Jason Carter she brought him no money at all; only a small, stony farm in Noppit, that had been her father's, and two wild boys of ten and twelve years' growth. Jack and Dan were hard subjects for a step-father to rule, and Jason Carter found his hands full. Naturally he was a quiet, gentle, but persistent man; in his youth he had run away to sea, and for fifteen years had been a common sailor, which had pretty well knocked the quiet out of and persistence into him. In this time he had learned to swear, as a matter of course, though he had been strictly brought up, and went to church and Sunday school always. His mother would have cried her eyes out to hear him talk in this fashion, but she never did; his father would have used the rod, but he also was spared the trouble, for both father and mother died before Jason come back; and when he found they were gone he never went back to Tolland, but after he got tired of sea-doing took to peddling notions about the country, and at last married the Widow Coe and settled down in Noppit.

He had stopped swearing long ago; for under dear Father Taylor's preaching he had been converted between his two last voyages, and, though profanity had become a habit with him, he had conquered it at last, after years of patient endeavor, and now was so gentle and pleasant, and pious that Phœbe Coe thought her last days would be her best days.

He had come to know the Widow Coe from being an old shipmate of her brother, John Wires; who had also left seafaring because he had injured a knee, and became too lame to climb rigging; so he set up a small shop in Boston, where he sold tobacco, twine and other odd ends; but he had been married and had one one son, called Jenison. This boy was about the age of Widow Coe's youngest son, for her brother had married soon after she had, while he was still a sailor; and when Jason Carter began the peddling business John wires had told him to stop when he went through Scranton and see his sister. The children were small, and their father living, when Jason first saw them, and they learned to look for "Uncle Jase" every spring and fall with delight, for he always brought them marbles, tops, candy, string, and made them bows and kites, sure passports to a boy's heart, so when their poor drunken father died and the widow found herself without a penny, she moved over to Noppit, to live with her father, and when he died too, leaving her all he had, the farm from which he had scratched a scanty living, and she found herself alone and helpless, she listened favorably to Jason Carter's proposal, for he was tired of his wandering life as she was of her loneliness, and married him.

The boys were glad, for they loved him, and they never had loved their own father; and Jason was as good to them as if they were his own, though a certain thrill of emotion shook him when his baby daughter came, that never had troubled that worn old heart in any emergency of Jack or Dan. But then Celia was a girl; of course that made it different! Jason, when compared with his predecessor, was as mild and pleasant about the house as a spring day after stormy weather. He became a useful and prominent member in the Noppit church, and never was heard to utter a profane or impatient word. Jack and Dan loved him as much as healthy boys ever love anything but mischief and meals, and Phœbe was entirely happy.

True, they were poor; Jason had a few hundred dollars laid by, but the Noppit farm was too sterile to produce crops enough to support the family, so he laid out his little capital, or part of it, in a good breed of sheep, which found abundant living among mullens, hard-hack, and huckleberry bushes, and prove' in due time a profitable investment. For in those days dogs, the curse of New England, were by no means common in the country; there was no reason for keeping them, and farmers had money and mutton instead of hydrophobia and horrors. The wool sold well always and kept the family in stockings, for Jason's wife could spin and knit with wonderful rapidity; the lambs he had not room to raise were sent to Hartford and sold to the butchers, and now and then a fat old wether went to the meat-man's cart in the shape of juicy quarters. But the glory of the flock was a big black-faced ram, who terrified marauding boys and intruding vagabonds, and asked no better fun than to send somebody heels over head whenever he had a chance. Jack and Dan had brought him up from lambhood, but he was no longer a lamb, and of his painstaking education only one trait stayed by him, a distinct and angry recollection of the rod that had not been spared on his early and somewhat stupid youth. To the day of Billy's death a little stick, shaken before anything, would send him, "head on," at that luckless object; and the boys often amused themselves by climbing the pine rail fence and dangling a small switch full in Billy's sight against a big post; the result was sudden and severe to Billy, and he might have seriously injured himself if daddy, as the boys called Jason, had he not found them at this sport one day and strictly forbidden it. Cruelty to animals was one of the few things that roused his choler and made him imperative.

One summer Mrs. Carter received a letter from her brother asking her to take his boy for a few months; his wife was so feeble that she was going home to her father's with the baby and a young child, and Jenison could not go with her for want of room. Mr. Wires did not want him in the city with him, at a boarding-house, but was willing to pay his board in Noppit; so he came.

Jenison Wires was a sharp, city-bred boy, with very little faith in anybody's goodness. His father was a pushing, money-making, profane man, and his mother a meek cypher, he himself, at the mature age of fourteen, could smoke, and swear, and talk sailor slang glibly, for he had run about the wharves ever since he could run anywhere. Mrs. Carter was troubled and disgusted to find such a boy on her hands; Jason considered that Providence had sent the lad there for his good, and resolved to pray for him as for his own boys, to set him as good an example as he tried to set Jack and Dan, and "to deal with him," as he expressed it, "with a view to his eternal salvation." The boys thought Jenison was wonderful; he knew so much; he had seen so many things; he had such a pocket-knife, such marbles, and such a swagger. But when his first round oath came out Jack and Dan were startled.

"Look-a-here, don't you let daddy hear no such talk as that; he'll tune you, if he does, and no mistake."

"Whe-e-ew!" resounded Jenison; "I ain't no baby; I guess I'll swear if I want to, for all him; he ain't so pious himself, I bet, but what he rips out sometimes."

"He don't! he don't never," the boys exclaimed in unison.

"H'm! I guess you don't hear him; the old fellow keeps shady before folks, but he used to swear like a Botany Bay pirate. I've heard pa say so."

The boys were shocked into momentary silence, but recovered themselves soon.

"I don't believe it!" said positive Dan.

"And if he ever did he don't now," added reasonable Jack; "he's awful good; he's a professor; he prays in meetin' and to home, too, and he don't swear nor nothin'. Skurce ever he licks a feller; he did give Dan and me one wallin', but he'd orter hev, that's a fact. Dan he told a thunderin' lie and I backed him up. I tell ye we was sore for one spell arter he found it out."

"Well, I know he used to swear aboard ship. I've heard pa tell more stories about him! They called him 'Still Jase,' to be sure, but when he got riled the fur flew. I'll bet my jack-knife I can make him swear inside of next week."

"I'll bet my head you can't," retorted Dan.

"I don't know as I want your head for anything, but I'll bet my kite against that cake of maple sugar yo've got in the cupboard, that I'll set Uncle Jase to swearin' before next week's over."

The boys were so sure that nothing could make daddy swear, and so pleased with the first bet of any importance that they accepted the terms at once, and Jenison began to cudgel his brains for means of tripping up Jason Carter's tongue.

One day he slyly let down the bars into the field of clover, getting up before light to do it; the two cows turned out of the barn-yard to nip at the roadside until Dan or Jack could drive them to pasture, accepted the bait, entered the clover and rioted in its fragrant crimson spheres, half killing themselves with greedy feeding. Jack found them half an hour after chores were done, in the condition that results to cows from eating green clover, and Uncle Jason worked over the poor creatures all day, without a word of impatience, though he said more than once: "I wish I knew who let down them bars; I'd kinder like to say a word in season to him."

The pins were taken out of the ox yoke and never found; egg shells strewed the mow, while the family never could have any eggs for their own use, the nests being always emptied; the great gray cat's tail was singed to bareness, and her ears snipped, but Uncle Jason never swore or lost his temper; his scythe-snath disappeared, but he borrowed another; the grindstone was soaped, the hay-cutter broken, hoes and rakes disappeared when wanted, and re-appeared when useless; his razor was mislayed and hopelessly dulled when he found it, and a thousand petty annoyances heaped on him in vain; he only said to his wife: "It does beat all, Phœbe, what's got into things this week; seems as if I never was so pestered. It ain't in human natur for things to happen so; somebody's a doin' of it, I feel to believe, for I declare for't I can't see into't a mite."

Jack and Dan began to triumph, only one day more of the week was available, and Jenison was put on his mettle, and laid plans accordingly. They had prayers always before breakfast, and the weather was so warm and the kitchen so hot that Jenison set the outer door open wide this morning, and stepping out just as his uncle laid down the Bible, under pretext of scaring an old hen away, the boy opened a little side gate into the lot where he had previously driven the old ram, and, laying a train of salt to a big lump on the doorstep, retreated speedily to the kitchen and knelt down next to Mr. Carter, where he had left his chair. Billy had seen the tin pan in Jenison's hand, and knew it meant salt; he followed the trail surely to the door, and, having begun to nibble at the lump, heard an earnest and accustomed voice near by and looked up into the kitchen door. Jason was praying earnestly, and the rest had their eyes closed and heads bent; all but Jenison, who was watching Billy from under his arm. As he saw the ram look in, he picked up a short switch from under his chair and held it threateningly over his uncle's back. Billy gave one great leap across the floor, charged Uncle Jase in the rear, and sent him sprawling.

"D——n that ram? he roared, in a voice of thunder.

Jack and Dan sprang up at once, drove Billy out, and shut the door, but before they could speak their father was on his knees again at praying, pouring out such earnest, humble confession of the sin he had been betrayed into, such tearful petition for pardon, such heartfelt contrition for a lapse that seemed to him dreadful, after long years of prayer and struggle, that, hard and bad as Jenison Wires was, he could not bear it; it was the turning point of the boy's life; he got up from his knees and confessed the whole thing to his uncle, and asked his forgiveness; and the other boys cried heartily.

Jason Carter never forgot that day; it was remembered with humility and thankfulness both; for years after, Jenison told him, with deep feeling, that he had learned then and there to respect religion, and that is the first step toward desiring and obtaining it

Jenison never claimed his bet, but when he went home gave Dan his knife for a remembrance; and years after Deacon Jason Carter was dead and gone his step-sons recalled with affection, reverence and amusement mingled, the only oath they ever heard him speak, and how it was brought about by Jenison's bet.

Crime in Oregon.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 1.—A Portland despatch says: Archie Brown, one of the men engaged in the recent robbery of the pawn-broker shop, accompanied by murder, has been arrested. He confesses the crime. Johnson, the third party, is still at large, but his capture is expected daily. An old man named Wilson, residing in Wallowa Valley, was recently murdered while on a hunting expedition. His head and limbs were cut off and the remains otherwise mutilated, evidently to throw suspicion on the Indians, but Wilson's son-in-law, Joseph Coffman, has been arrested for the crime. The evidence against him is almost conclusive. His object was robbery.

"A kiss for a blow" need not be interpreted to mean that you must caress a tornado.

Communism means "what is yours is mine, especially when I have nothing in particular."

HISTORY OF OUR PANICS.

THREE GREAT FINANCIAL DISASTERS.

THE PANIC OF 1819—WORKINGS OF THE UNITED STATES BANK—THE REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITS—THE CRISIS OF 1837 AND 1857.

The Pittsburg *Telegraph* publishes a review of the various financial panics which have occurred in our history, and, after reciting, briefly, the history of the United States Bank up to the year 1819, thus tells the story of the disaster that befel our trade in that year:

"Fortunes were wiped out in a day, speculative companies that stood everywhere thick as shocks in a wheat field, vanished magically, and shareholders were aghast; suburban lands and city lots that were to return a hundredfold dropped to almost worthlessness. As an example of the effect of the panic on real estate here, an old citizen says that land on Boyd's Hill held at $2,000 an acre dropped to $100; lots on Fourth avenue held at $2,000 fell to $100; property in the region of Market street, on which were good brick houses, only partly paid for, were wholly abandoned, as property quite as good could be bought for less than the sums due on these. But the United States Bank with its capital of $35,000 weathered the storm, and by furnishing the country again with a stable currency of uniform value, won back coy confidence, and again compelled the State banks to go into liquidation, or to raise the value of the notes to the standard of the national bank notes. This, together with the temporary settlement of the slavery agitation by the compromise of 1820, and especially with the impetus given to home manufacturers by the tariff of 1824, and the work of internal improvements set the country upon its feet once more.

"It is not in man, however, to let well enough alone, above all when it stands in the way of his political theory. The second charter of the bank was to expire in 1836. When the Thirty-third Congress assembled on the 24 of December in that year, President Jackson said in his Message that in the interim his Secretary of the Treasury had ordered the removal of the Government deposits from the United States to the State banks, and he gave as his principal reason for this that the bank had used these deposits for partisan purposes. The parliamentary warfare that followed this action was unparallelled for vindictiveness, and is too long to be narrated here even if germane to the subject. The constitutional point involved was the old one that Jefferson had contended for, viz., the power to charter banks is a right reserved to the States; they alone could supply a constitutional paper currency. The State rights question had come bounding to the surface again. The authoritative recognition of the value and usefulness of State banks, and the importance attached to them as Government depositories, stimulated their organization to an extraordinary degree. Many were chartered to take the place of the United States bank, the closing of which was expected. The State banks increased from 282 in 1830, to 632 in 1837. During the same period their capital rose from $145,000,000 to $290,000,000; their circulation from $61,000,000 to $149,000,000; their loans and discounts from $200,000,000 to $485,000,000; their deposits from $55,000,000 to $127,000,000. Thus during these seven years the banking facilities of the country had been considerably more than doubled, while the increase in the capital of the country was small, and there was no manifest need of the addition of a dollar to the currency. The result of the increase of the currency was an unexampled delirium of extravagance and speculation, in the midst of which came the destructive collapse of 1837. Ruin reigned on every hand; almost every business man and business house in the land was involved in the common wreck. Collections were next to impossible, and in some States, as notably Mississippi, wholly so. Credit everywhere was destroyed. There was a general suspension of banks at the first blast of the storm of 1837. In 1838 they made a heroic endeavor, and resumed payment, but the year following those of Philadelphia and the regions of the South and West again bent before the storm. The distress was pitiful, and during the first two years of the panic it was necessary to import large quantities of food from Europe. The country that a short time before abounded in what is called wealth, and boasted loudly of its many resources, could not furnish bread to the hungry. The failure of the banks holding the deposits of the Government left it without a penny. Congress was hastily summoned, and Treasury notes were issued to keep the department going until the Sheriff could sell out the share holders of the defunct banks and recover the deposits. Finally the Government divorced its monetary affairs from those of trade and commerce, and established the Independent Treasury. The disaster was so complete that one cannot point to any exact date when the hard times ceased. The recovery was in fact in the gradual re-creation of the ruined industries

"Until 1853 the volume of paper money increased slowly, and only according to the actual wants of expanding trade, but at that period specie began to gain largely on the volume of paper, and the people, learning nothing from the painful lessons of the past, enlarged the volume of paper in proportion to the influx of gold from California, until, in 1857, the circulation reached $214,000,000, which was far beyond legitimate need, and then came the third great commercial crisis of our history—the panic of 1857. According to Treasury statistics, the actual bank circulation of that year was $214,778,822, and inside of a twelve month it shrank to $155,208,344, a contraction of nearly $60,000,000. And during the same period the total of bank loans shrank from $684,456,000 to $533,165,000, a contraction of more than $150,000,000, which of itself reveals the suffering of business then. The crisis was quick and sharp and bitterly felt, but our rich soil, a fine foreign market for our crude productions, and the rapid development of industry under mild taxation, restored property, and by 1860 the paper circulation had risen to $207,000,000, almost as great as before the panic. Another panic was imminent then, and only averted by the outbreak of the war and the suspension of specie payment by the banks, Dec. 30, 1861, when the Government loans, first of $50,000,000 and then of $150,000,000, had been drawn by Secretary Chase.

"Several prominent facts are observed as one glances over our commercial history. The first of these is its popular passion for paper money. No disaster has been severe enough to teach its people the dangers of speculative wealth. The second is the fact that the longest and cruelest period of suffering that this country ever endured, previous to the civil war, was brought by political tampering with the currency. The financial question was a leading issue in the re-election of President Jackson, and he had hardly stepped from his high office when the panic of 1837 spread dismay in every household. The third fact is the marvelous recuperative powers of the country, as exhibited in the signal instance, to take only one, of the aggregate wealth of the country, in spite of the desolating panic of 1837, increasing twice as much during the 10 years from 1840 to 1850 as it did during the 10 years from 1850 to 1860."

Insult to the U. S. Flag.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Barranqville, United States of Colombia, under date of July 30, says: On July 16, off Port Liberty, Hayti, the schooner Augustus J. Fabens, of Newburyport, Mass., was subjected to an attack by the Haytien man-of-war Saint Michael, under the following circumstances:

The Fabens had cleared from Port-au-Prince, July 7. With the winds as they were she had no more than sufficient time to be off Port Liberty, July 16. Having arrived there she hove to, with the American flag hoisted at the fore truck, which is the signal for a pilot, and with no other colors flying. The captain of the Saint Michael saw the Fabens from his anchorage in the harbor of Haytien, and steamed out toward the schooner. When he arrived abreast he fired two blank cartridges, but as the schooner was lying-to the Americans could make no answer, but simply awaited the sending of a boat from the Government vessel.

The man-of-war, however, did not lower a boat but steamed at full speed head on for the midships section of the schooner. When about a quarter of a mile off he changed his mind, but not early enough to avoid contact with the schooner, which had her foretopsail torn away and her mainsail disabled by the mainyard of the vessel, besides which her stern was badly stove in.

It is the deliberate conviction of every one who knows the circumstances that the captain of the man-of-war had determined to run down and sink the American vessel because he suspected her to be carrying 250 "Haytien exiles" who, in the dreamy moments of the Administration, were believed to intend a descent on the island with revolutionary purposes. After this apparently willful collision the captain of the schooner asked the man-of-war to send a boat, which was done. The schooner's papers were examined and found to be perfectly regular. At this point the naval representative of any other government on earth except that of Hayti would have apologized and offered reparation; but the naval warrior of the colored republic recalled his boat and hoisted it to the davits. The captain of the schooner then called for the steamer to tow him into either Cape Haytien or Port Liberty. The colored commander then sent his boat again to the schooner, but only to demand a more thorough examination (which was granted) and to refuse all aid.

The schooner managed to drift and sail into Cape Haytien where the case was laid before Consul Gontier, who transmitted his report to the American Minister at Port-au-Prince, by the same vessel in which the *Tribune's* correspondent arrived at the latter named point.

The report of the Consul at the Cape, the judgment of our minister, E. P. Pellet, our Consul at Barranquilla, who has had had twelve years of experience in consular questions, are unanimous that the action of the Saint Michael was in law that of premeditated piracy.

Proverbs for Subscribers.

"A wise son maketh a glad father," and a prompt paying subscriber causeth an editor to laugh.

"Folly is a joy that is destitute of wisdom," but a delinquent subscriber causeth suffering in the house of a newspaper maker.

"All the ways of a man are clear in his own eyes," except the way the delinquent subscriber hath in not paying for his newspaper.

"Better is a little with righteousness," than a thousand subscribers who faileth to pay what they owe.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's," but that which is due upon your newspaper is the publisher's thereof.

"Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith," than a long list of subscribers who cheateth the printer

"Better is the poor man that walketh in integrity," and payeth his subscription, than the rich man who continually telleth the "devil to come again.

"Judgements are prepared for scorners, stripes for the backs of fools," and everlasting destruction to him who payeth not for his newspaper.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," is a proverb sadly realized by the publisher who sendeth out bills.

"A righteous man hateth lying," hence an editor waxeth wroth against the subscriber who promises to call and settle on the morrow, yet calleth not to settle.

"It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder" when the adder gets through adding up the accounts due from his subs.—*Whitehall Times.*

Making Observations.

The other day a boy of 13, who looked very innocent and child-like as he reposed under a shade tree, roused up when joined by another lad of his own age, and confidently inquired:

"Well, did you make observations?"

"I did," was the reply.

"And we kin hook the apples and not get ketched, kin we?"

"You wait a minute," commanded the other, he held an old shingle up to the light to enable him to read the following "notes" in pencil:

"Went down in front of the house; saw woman with club, saw dog layin' low for us; saw girl ready to ring cow-bell and give alarm; saw man inside breathin' hard and achin' to kill a boy; hull family looked me in the eye; pressure too heavy and I backed off; niev apples them, but under the circumstances I guess we'd better keep on chewin' ole lemmons."

"'Nother disappointment added to our burdens," sighed the first, and they loafed on.

A St. Louis girl's foot, thoroughly heated through the summer, will be better than a hot brick in bed next winter.

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for molds or other composition, trade-marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Appeals, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the Patent Laws, promptly attended to.——Inventions that have been **REJECTED** *by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, and engaged in Patent business exclusively, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.*

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Feb. 6

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HUNT'S REMEDY

WM. E. CLARKE,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Aug 7

NOTICE IN BANKRUPTCY.

Notice is hereby given, that a hearing will be had on the petition of Alexander Stutzman, to be adjudged as a bankrupt, on the 27th day of Sept., 1878, before Samuel Harper, Esq. Register in Bankruptcy, at No. 85 Diamond street, Pittsburgh, Pa., in said District, at 10 o'clock A. M. And all creditors who have proved their debts, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.
Sep. 4 *Per Curiam.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Perry Berkley, late of Summit Twp., Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 19th day of October, 1878, at the residence of deceased in said township.

EZRA S. BERKLEY,
EPHRAIM J. WALKER,
Sep. 4 Administrators.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Geo. Thomas late of Conemaugh Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, October 12, 1878, at the store of Administrator, in Davidsville.

JACOB J. ESH,
Sep. 4 Administrator.

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Aug 28 G. W. SPEERS, Agent for Somerset.

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Aug 28 G. W. SPEERS, Agent for Somerset.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Henry Berkey, late of Paint Twp., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it will present them to the undersigned, at the residence of said deceased on Saturday, the 28th day of Sept. 1878.

SIMON BERKEY,
August 21 Executor.

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May 29

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March 27

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