The Lehigh Register.

ROBT. IREDELL, JR., - *Editor and Proprietor.*

ALLENTOWN, PA., AUGUST 11, 1869.

REPUBLICAN STATE NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT,

HON. HENRY W. WILLIAMS,

OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

A STRONG effort will undoubtedly be made at the next session of Congress to repeal the tariff on coal, and this movement is attributable directly to the operators themselves. By their bad management of affairs and their complicity with the miners to keep up the prices the country has become alarmed and even the *Tribune* joins in the cry for repeal. This is but the entering wedge to other repeals and it behooves us to take care of ourselves in time. We cannot rely upon assistance from other States. Pennsylvania must protect herself upon the question of the tariff, and she can only hope to do so through the influence of the great Republican party. We are naturally protectionists because we believe it to be for the best interests of our government and State, and while no national platform has touched upon the subject, the Republican party of Pennsylvania has not feared to affirm their adherence to the doctrine of protection. The Democratic party has failed to do so for fear of offending other interests, and while before the people politicians may endeavor to show how much would be done for the interests of themselves and the Commonwealth by a change of administration, we find them unable to point to one word in their platform of principles which could hold them to such promises upon the subject of protection. But even if they had it emblazoned upon their banners one could not yet forget the course of that party upon every protective tariff bill ever agitated and the duplicity of their leaders in 1844, when Polk, Dallas and the tariff of '42 was the rallying cry, and how soon the word of promise therein contained was broken. Does any one doubt that if two political parties were to canvass the State, one having for its cry "Free Trade," and the other "Protection," that the latter would carry by an overwhelming majority? To doubt it is to doubt that our people know what interests or what benefits them most. It has been Pennsylvania's demand for years. Her large coal, iron, and other manufacturing interests require it, just as it will be required by other States when they get to be manufacturing and iron yielding States as we are. Well, we have at this time in the platform of the Republican party a distinct adherence to this important principle, while in the Democratic platform the subject, as usual, is passed over. Mr. Packer in his letter of acceptance has made many promises, but upon this subject he maintains silence in order not to embarrass his party. This man and his party want to govern Pennsylvania. To elect them to power will be suicide.

Should Pennsylvania once announce or encourage a policy on the subject foreign to her interests, the whole country will follow her lead. With the immense number of Chinese who will be likely to arrive within our States in the next four years, labor will be plenty and cheap, and we can illy afford, under such circumstances, to encourage anything which will have a tendency to keep wages still lower. Our mechanics and laboring men are far above those of other countries. They are better paid, better educated, and cannot be forced back now without a return to a free trade system, which will place them on a level with the pauper labor of Europe. The Democratic party claims to be the party of the poor man, and yet it encourages a system which has for its object and ultimate result, degradation. Upon the subject of Tariff its course has been one of double-dealing, and it cannot be trusted. Let the poor man, the manufacturer and all who love the prosperity of their State think of this seriously.

THE WORLD WRONG.

The New York *World* in commenting on the destruction of Patterson's warehouse by fire, takes occasion to say a few hard things against the administration and public officers, and attributes the fire to "careless or incompetent supervision, such as would not be tolerated by any private business firm, in the management of its own interests." "In this instance the deputy was a United States official, responsible only to a political administration, which puts its pets in office not for the interests of the people, but of the party, and thus" says this luminous *World* "it comes about that merchants' goods in bonded warehouse, like the people's rights and interests generally, are no safer in the careless clutch of this government, than if they were legally subject to confiscation," all of which is very sarcastic and very severe but Patterson's warehouse, ceased to be an Internal Revenue Bonded Warehouse, class B., on the 20th of June last, and therefore it is quite probable that the *World* is wrong.

CALL THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

When Dr. Cattell, the energetic President of LaFayette College at Easton, sought assistance from the men of wealth of this valley to save that venerable institution from ruin, he appealed to Asa Packer, but got from him no assistance. He next applied to Mr. Arlo Pardee, of Hazleton, whose generosity immediately responded by a handsome endowment.

The personal pride of Asa Packer was aroused upon this and *then* he endowed Lehigh University. Like two men who, while walking along the banks of a stream heard the screams of a drowning child in the water; the first man jumped into the water to save the child, the second one doggedly said, "let it drown," but piqued and chagrined by the generous and noble conduct of the first, also jumped in and being stronger and a better swimmer than the first, reached the child before him and saved it. Was it generosity and nobleness of character that auctuated him? Call things by their proper names.

A JUDGE!

What will Thompson, Sharswood, Read and Agnew think if Cyrus Pershing, a country Squire, should be elected to the Supreme bench? Verily, there must be more in his profession than his practice to entitle him to that honor. To be a Judge requires a man to be "learned in the law." Pershing must take it in by intuition. This eminent lawyer does not live in a county town and never tried a half dozen cases unassisted. What a fit associate for the eminent jurists who now fill the bench. We will have some original "crowners-quest law" when Pershing gets to be Judge.

No one but a native born Pennsylvania has ever yet been Governor of the State and we are opposed to making an exception in form of Packer who is the candidate of the New York interests. Let him be defeated and that with a good round majority.

TENNESSEE.

De Witt C. Senter, Conservative, was elected Governor of Tennessee on Thursday, Aug. 5th, by at least 50,000 majority, defeating Wm. B. Stokes, Republican. It is unfortunate that the party could not have agreed upon a compromise candidate and platforms, and thus have averted the mischief which almost seems inevitable, when a split ticket is run. Take the case of Tennessee. The regular convention failed to agree upon a candidate and separated. At once two parties sprung up and between them the Republican party has lost any good which might have resulted from victory. Senter seized the winning card and advocated general enfranchisement. The Democrats sustained Senter for a blind, and hence his large majority, but in addition we have the news by telegraph, that 25 of the 35 East Tennessee members are for Johnson for Senator and that his election is now considered certain. Of what benefit is it therefore that Senter is a Republican Governor? To play into the hands of the Democracy in this way is but poor management and reflects anything but credit upon the party in Tennessee. Brownlow advocated Senter but how will he like Johnson for his associate? In this connection the *Tribune* says "We are confident that neither Andrew Johnson nor any man of his stamp, can be sent to the United States Senate." We presume the *Tribune* is not sanguine without cause, but we would prefer to have better assurance than even that journal can afford before being so easily convinced that we are to be saved from so grand a calamity as Johnson's entrance into the Senate would be. Garret Davis was bad enough but how in the world could any body of men endure such incessant twaddle as will now probably be inflicted upon Congress.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Longstreet saw at a glance that our success would relieve Chattanooga from investment. At one o'clock at night he sprung upon Geary's flank at Wauhatchie with the fury of a tiger, and now ensued one of the most romantic scenes of the war,—a desperate struggle between well-matched troops, on moon lighted hills, down deep ravines dark at high noon, the flashes of the discharges only showing foe to foe, and the numberless mountain echoes beguiling the ear into the belief that there was nothing in earth or air but one incessant and universal fusillade. Enveloped on three sides at once by a corps unaccustomed to be foiled in its spring, Geary, though frequently overborne, held his camp with a tenacity and skill worthy of his established renown. He met the charging col. umns with lines of bayonets, and after a three hours conflict, repelled every attack, and drove Longstreet discomfited into the recesses of the mountains.—*Deming's Life of Grant.*

Packer at that time was making money out of the necessities of the Government. He accumulated millions and now wants to be Governor because he is rich. Geary's camp fires are still burning brightly on every hillside in Pennsylvania. His heart is still as true to the Union as it was at Wauhatchie. His army is in good spirits, and in October next will win another victory and drive Packer and his crew "discomfited into the recesses of the mountains." "Our soldiers and sailors must be gratefully remembered."

As exchange says: "Asa Packer has still in his possession the very harness which covered his boat-horse of former days." We advise him to keep it oiled up and in good repair, as he will need it to make that little excursion up Salt River next October.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

The Allentown *Democrat* of last week printed in its editorial columns an article under the above caption, addressed to "those of the Republican party in the county, who profess themselves opposed to negro suffrage," in which an earnest appeal is made to those "disaffected" ones to unite at once with the Democratic party and thus show their faith by their works. They are reminded of the past, when Democrats and Whigs stood on the same platform, as to the negro, when similar resolutions were passed by both parties "to exclude from controversy the whole negro question," &c., &c.

It ought to be received as a good omen in politics, when public journals take the liberty of addressing the rank and file of the opposite party on the issues of the day, but the project should be carried one step further, viz: to hold the public meetings jointly and let speakers from both parties address the people.

But when the *Democrat* undertakes to convince a Republican "sinner" of the error of his way, and turn him about face, its editor ought to know that it can be done only by sound argument and not by appealing to the lower instincts of our nature nor by sophistry. The negro question had been agitated and argued pro. and con. in this country, for the last thirty years, until it finally culminated in one of the most fearful conflicts that was ever waged upon this planet, by which it was settled and, we had hoped, forever put at rest. But notwithstanding the stern argument of war and its triumph, the unterrified Democracy are crying "nigger" to-day as loud as ever. While Virginia Democracy cried lustily *for* the nigger in the late election, and sent several of those "woolly heads" to Congress. Pennsylvania Democracy cries, *against* the "degraded nigger!" Wherever it is policy, Democracy wants negro suffrage but where it is likely to operate against their party, no nigger shall be allowed to vote. Neither the good of the land nor the justice that belongs to every citizen, is ever called into question.

But "the war ended—the Union was saved." Yes, of course it was ended when your Southern brethren could hold out no longer and Northern copperheads were too cowardly to assist them openly, as they had promised, though they kept up a constant fire in the rear during the course of the war, and protracted it to the fearful extent of four bloody years, during which time no virtue or ability could be discerned in any officer or private in the Union army, by our loyal Democracy, except in a few individual cases, out of which they anticipated to make capital at some future day. In those days the boys in blue were "Lincoln hirelings," "barbarians," "cutthroats," "thieves," "robbers," and what not? Now they—those who can not see through this cobweb of sophistry—are to be *graciously* remembered by the kind hearts of affectionate Democrats.

"What thrice mocked fools are they!" for while brave men bled and died for their country, these considerate Democrats left no stone unturned nor plan untried, by which they might prostrate the designs of loyal men in their efforts to quell the rebellion. Among all the howls of the party, that against the negro was one of the most fierce and unabating; but, our Democratic friends, you have slaughtered with bloody hands your excellent fowl that laid your golden eggs of the past—you may weep and mourn for the flesh pots of your Egypt, but there is no retreat, the course of this government is right onward toward the promised land of future peace and prosperity.

But why should men continue to beat the air in fighting dead issues? Does the *Democrat* not know that the negro question of this country is settled and that beyond revocation?

Has the *Democrat* lived, moved and had a being for the last nine years, with every opportunity of knowing the important events that have transpired and yet, comes before the public, to-day, for the purpose of arguing the negro question in terms so fallacious and sophistic that the wayfaring man, though a fool, can not help seeing through the whole?

The trouble of the matter is, the *Democrat* is out of his element when he addresses Republicans. He must make out a good case if he would be heard. Among his own kind he may pass for a savant but men who think for themselves are not so easily gulled.

GEN. ROSECRANS is too good a soldier to be ambushed. He saw at a glance that the nomination of the Democracy for Governor of Ohio was but a snare, and that defeat was certain, so he wisely declined to be their candidate. Thus far he places his declination upon business reasons, but we imagine if the truth were known, that he cannot now affiliate with those who so basely denounced him when he was leading Union armies to battle. Another chance for Vallandigham, is thus open. Who will be their candidate now?

WHY has the *Democrat* no word of praise on the improvement in the administration of the government, the discharge of hundreds of useless clerks at Washington and elsewhere, the economy in financial matters, by reason of which $44,000,000 have already been saved and applied toward paying off the national debt during the brief space of five months? Why not expose the fact that Democratic members of our legislature did all in their power, last winter, to carry a bill through, which provided for a large increase in their salaries for sitting about the hotels of Harrisburg? Why not tell the people of this county that our economical Democrats introduced a bill and pressed its passage last winter, by means of which the County Treasurer's salary would have been raised about $1200 or $1500 a year? Why not tell the people that by stuffing the ballot boxes, and by the aid of fraudulent naturalization papers, obtained through and by the aid of Democratic officers, and by the repeaters, the City of Philadelphia was carried by the Democracy last fall? Why not tell the people that the animosity against the registry law, by Democrats, is primarily and solely based upon the protection which that law affords to the purity of the ballot? And lastly, why not tell the people plainly and honestly that you are sick and already conscious of your defeat this fall unless you can win a considerable portion of the Republican vote?

THE election in East Tennessee, last week, resulted in the defeat of the radical Republicans (the Stokes ticket.) The candidates for Governor were both Republicans from East Tennessee, but as Stokes was the regular nominee, and all the rebels voted for Senter, our choice would naturally fall upon Stokes as the safest and most reliable loyalist. But the triumph does not belong to the Democracy, as Senter is not one of them and has no idea of becoming one. *The New York Tribune* thus gives the history of the contest in a nut shell:—

Parson Brownlow, elected to the U. S. Senate, vacated the Governor's chair on the 1st of March last, and was succeeded, *pro tem.*, under the Constitution, by De Witt C. Senter, President of the Senate—also an East Tennessee loyalist and Republican. A new Governor, as well as a new Legislature, was required to be chosen by the People at the regular State Election in August, and a Republican State Convention was called to designate the man. This Convention quarreled and split—as Conventions are apt to do when their choice is presumed equivalent to an election—the larger number of delegates nominating Col. Wm. B. Stokes, an East Tennessee Representative in Congress; while the minority (who claimed to be made so by dishonest returns), presented acting Gov. Senter. So they separated, and started a repetition of the famous performance of the Kilkenny cats.

Senter, seeing that the prospect of obtaining a majority of the voters then registered was very doubtful, appointed new registrars, revised the registries, and the fifty thousand votes excluded on account of their Rebel antecedents, were admitted on the rolls. Senter on the stump proclaimed everywhere his conviction that the time for general enfranchisement had come. Naturally those rebels who were given the ballot by him voted for him, and the result is his election by an immense majority, with a Legislature strongly in his favor.

POLITICAL.

—Our Pennsylvania Democracy is spoken of very disrespectfully by the New York Citizen, a Democratic journal. "The platform," says the Citizen, "is utterly bad, without the first sign of true loyalty or the least evidence of a devotion to the best interests of the whole country." The Citizen cannot, under these circumstances, "expect or wish that the Democrats should carry Pennsylvania," and gives its reasons:

We do not wish this simply because it would be a triumph of the Vallandighams, and the Pendletons, and the old school that never learns and never forgets; the former slave-power toadies, who imagine that slavery was a thing to be loved, and a joy forever, instead of being at best but a cruel necessity of the Constitution. A triumph on such principles and with such candidates would only revive the dead men of the North in South, the putrescent bodies which have been smothered under the loyalty of the nation; the malignant rebels, whether they register themselves as enemies of the nation in Cincinnati, Harrisburg, or New Orleans. A victory now would bring the extremists back to life and power and with them another defeat in 1872.

NEWS ITEMS.

—The Pacific Railroad has reduced the fare between San Francisco and New York to $150, currency, and to Boston $153.

—The Internal Revenue Department has decided to compel base ball clubs to take out a license, and pay 2½ per cent. of their gross receipts.

—The century plant at Frost's green-house in Rochester put forth twenty blossoms on Wednesday. It is visited by hundreds daily from all parts of the country.

—Four prisoners escaped from the Baltimore City Jail on Sunday evening, Hoffman and Dennis, the Harnden Express robbers, being among the number.

—Detectives Woodridge and Dunley, of New York, have arrived at San Francisco. They will return to New York in a few days with William Varley, alias "Reddy, the Blacksmith."

—A steam saw-mill in Muskegon, Mich, owned by Roberts, Calkins & Hull, was completely destroyed by fire on Sunday. The loss was from $50,000 to $60,000. The mill was insured for $20,000 in Western companies.

—Prof. Thurston made an ascension from Meadville, Pa., on Monday, in his balloon, "The Bridal Chariot," accompanied by Messrs. Oliphant and Baldwin. They expected to land in New York City within thirty-six hours.

—The dead body of Mowry Irons, who murdered his wife on the 21st of June last at Burrillville, R. I., was found on Saturday in a swamp near the scene of the murder. He had evidently killed himself soon after killing his wife.

—Francis Wyckoff (German), aged 30 years, was stabbed and killed at Philadelphia by Henry Carr (colored) during a dispute in a barber shop in the Southern part of the city. The murderer fled and has not yet been arrested.

—Dr. Brewster of Janesville, Wis., is now in St. Louis for the purpose of ascertaining the circumstances of the death of the third wife of Dr. Duvall, now in the Janesville jail, charged with poisoning his fourth wife. Mrs. Duvall No. 3 died in St. Louis suddenly July 11, 1868.

—At 12½ o'clock on Monday morning Philip Gilmartin, proprietor of the Lake View House, Cleveland, shot and instantly killed his son, Thomas Gilmartin, while the latter was attempting to enter the house. The father mistook his son for a burglar. Mr. Gilmartin has been arrested, and is held to await an investigation of the matter.

—During the celebration of a great festival in the Cathedral of Trani, Sicily, the drapery caught fire. The church was crowded at the time. The congregation was seized with a panic, and a rush was made for the doors. In the confusion 16 persons were trampled to death, and a large number were badly bruised. The fire was easily extinguished before any considerable damage had been done to the Cathedral.

—The Laboring Men's Convention, held at Virginia City, Nevada, passed resolutions declaring that the importation of Asiatics and their employment in the mines or other fields of labor must be discontinued, or it will bring on an "irrepressible conflict," likely to end in bloodshed and ruin.

—The art of nose-pulling was nicely exhibited on a railway train out of Boston last week. Mr. Curtis, banker and lawyer, was vastly annoyed by Mr. Churchill, who was going to see his family in the country, and who seated himself beside Mr. Curtis with a large carpet-bag and a small toy-wagon. Mr. Curtis expressed his wrath at this baggage; Mr. Churchill said, "You are no gentleman;" whereupon, said Mr. Curtis in his testimony, "I took hold of his nose and turned it in a quiet and moderate manner." It should have been a satisfaction to Mr. Churchill to have had his nose not disgracefully pulled, but moderately and quietly "turned;" but it wasn't, for he called Mr. Curtis "a scoundrel," whereupon Mr. Curtis entirely destroyed Mr. Churchill's spectacles by a well-delivered blow aimed at the nose of the unhappy proprietor. His turn has come now, for the "moderate" nose-wringer and annihilator of spectacles has been sentenced to jail for two months, besides receiving a particular and personal wigging from the Judge. Such are the hardships which await the "quiet" nose-turner!

A VARIETY.

OUTRAGE AT NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 9.—Last night a party of young men went to the City Hotel and called for Joseph L. Barbour of Hartford, Conn., in the name of Mr. Stone, late candidate for Senator on the Stokes ticket. When Mr. Barbour appeared in the office, they took him out and carried him toward the Suspension Bridge. Barbour seized hold of a lamp-post, and while some were trying to pull him away, others struck him over the shoulders with their canes. Here gentlemen came up and interfered in his behalf, and he was permitted to return to his hotel. Barbour traveled with Stokes during the latter part of the canvass, and corresponded with The State Journal. He was not seriously hurt. The outrage was committed without cause.

MARRIED IN FUN, BUT WEDDED IN EARNEST.

A correspondent of the Montpelier Journal describes a serio-comic affair which has occurred not a thousand miles from White River Junction. The writer says: At a party last week, at one Mr. Bank's, after exhausting the ordinary games, and wanting something new, mock marriages were proposed. Accordingly names were drawn by lot, and four couples stood up to be married. The ceremony was performed, and they were duly pronounced "man and wife by the laws of the State and by these witnesses." Afterward they ascertained that the man officiating was a justice of the peace, and the parties were legally married.

One of them, Professor——, of T——seminary, expects a lady up from below in about a fortnight to marry him, and nearly every one involved is expected to be married right away—one other gentleman to a lady from below, and they feel like death. They have searched all the law books and consulted authorities far and near, and everything only proves the knot still tighter. The justice has been fined fifty dollars for each couple. He says he is from another county and cannot do business here, and supposed the marriages not to be legal. It is certainly a funny scrape, and still funnier by the fact that all the parties belong to the "upper ten." The best opinion is that they are legally married, and can only be divorced by the Legislature.

REMARKABLE RAILROAD ESCAPE.

There was a narrow escape from a horrible accident at the crossing of the Camden and Atlantic and Camden and Amboy Roads at Camden, one day last week. As a large excursion train on the Atlantic Road neared the crossing, the flagman signaled that all was right, and the heavily loaded train kept on. When it was near the crossing, a special train on the Amboy Road came in sight around the curve, approaching at high speed. The flag-man instantly displayed the red flag, but neither train could stop. Most fortunately, one of the brakemen on the excursion train had the remarkable presence of mind to cut the train and put the brakes down on the cars cut off, which so slowed them that a gap in the train was formed just at the crossing, and the Amboy train dashed through, and no injury was done. But for this, the loss of life and mangling of bodies that must have occurred, would have been fearful beyond description. There were 2,005 persons on the excursion train.

THE PHILADELPHIA FIRE

FULL PARTICULARS—THE LOSSES AND INSURANCE—ONE MAN KILLED AND SEVERAL INJURED.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 5.—The Bonded Warehouse burned last evening was divided into eight sections, lettered from A to H, having a front of 220 feet on Front-st., and extending back 135 feet, each section seven stories high, except section H, which was but six. The entire block was supposed to be fire-proof, and would probably have been so if stored with anything less explosive and combustible than whiskey. The fire originated in Section H, at the corner of Lombard st. About 7 o'clock a large portion of the wall on Lombard st. fell to the pavement with a loud crash, supposed to have been pushed out by the weight upon the floors. The whiskey stored went down with the ruins, and in a few moments a terrific explosion took place, throwing down every wall of Section H, scattering bricks, timbers, &c., in every direction, while the flames shot up in a solid body far above the surrounding buildings, creating a general consternation among the residents of the neighborhood, for it was soon rumored that a number of children had been killed, and several men badly if not fatally hurt. Women were running around frantically to find children that had left their homes, but as those who were missing began to return the excitement somewhat abated. The explosion of course set the entire contents of the warehouse on fire, and soon burning whiskey ran down the gutters into the sewer leading to the river, and in a short time an explosion took place in the sewer, breaking a portion of it, but not doing any great damage; the flame continued, however, through the sewer to the end of the wharf, which it set on fire, and came near firing a brig lying near the pier, but fortunately a steamtug happened to be close by, which towed the brig out of danger. When the wall on Lombard st. fell, the roof was left hanging in position, but when the explosion took place, all the walls and the roof fell to the ground, exposing the walls of the next section, from the roof to the pavement. The bricks were piled eight or ten feet high in Lombard and other streets adjoining. The firemen were soon on the ground, and worked with great zeal and energy, not only to check the flames pouring forth from the destroyed building, but to save the surrounding property, and at 8½ o'clock it was thought the flames were under control, and that the other sections of the warehouse would be saved. In a short time, however, the flames broke out in section G, one of the seven-storied buildings, and the contents of the warehouse were soon one mass of fire, the flames shooting up far above the roof of the building, and lighting up the streets and buildings for squares around. Firemen and citizens who had not been apprised of the first fire now flocked to the scene, crowding the thoroughfares in that vicinity, so that it was almost impossible to get within several squares of the scene of conflagration. About 9 o'clock the fire had made its way to section F, reaching this building by the iron sheeting along the edge of the roof, and in a very short time the side wall fell, and in a few moments thereafter the front wall came down with a loud crash, creating an intense excitement.—At 9:25 a general alarm was rung by order of Chief Engineer Downey, and at 9:40 this alarm was repeated by direction of Mayor Fox, who was upon the ground. The firemen from all sections of the city came upon the ground, and as the light made by the conflagration could be distinctly seen for many miles, people flocked to the scene in large numbers. The crowd became very great, and all the policemen held in reserve at the station-houses were sent for. Ropes were stretched across Lombard and Pine sts., to keep back the spectators. The flames continued to spread through the entire block of stores, and to burn furiously, despite the most strenuous exertions on the part of the firemen. Section after section took fire, and when the interior had been consumed the walls fell in. About 1 o'clock this morning a very heavy shower of rain fell.—This aided the firemen materially, but the flames were not got under subjection until nearly daylight. The fire was very far from being extinguished by that time, but it was under such control that the greater part of the fire department could be dismissed. At noon to-day the fire was still burning in the ruins of Section H, and in a portion of Section A which is still standing. All that is left of this fine series of stores is the front wall of Section A on Front st., and the walls of Sections A and B on Penn st.

The estimated value of the warehouses destroyed is from $500,000 to $600,000. The structures are fully covered by insurance. Every portion of the warehouses was filled with whiskey. The total quantity of whiskey stored upon the premises was 25,000 barrels. It is believed that 100 or 500 barrels will be saved. The value of the liquors destroyed is estimated at $2,500,000. The total insurance upon the whiskey foots up $2,200,000.

BREEF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SCHLIFFLETOWN, July der 27t, 1869.

MISTER EDDER ABRAHAM:—De felt doh iss shteddle sin all uf der meanung dos ich awfongs a monn bin fun means, korrockter un influence. Well ich an United Shtates Government officer bin, un ken whisky mch, sauf, un gooty kleader drawk, meane se ich wier goot oh, det ken truvvel un bodderashun men. Doh war der Sohlaklupper bei mer den mo ya, un hut belmwpt dos ich now de welt easy nemma kennt, un winshter bots aw so goot we ich. Awer, Mister Printer, de felt wissa nix, for ich mus sawya, ich hob aw mel fuller share fun truvvel sidder ich an office-holder un a pollytishener bin. Ich mehn chmols ich wet offes uf-gevva un uf an ongerer weg my living macha, aw er well ich now in ma fatra weg bin for des polittische bisness tsawhla macha, mus mer aw de hond wu ich ollewell heab ous g'shpeelt waerra.

Geshter war ich in der shtadt. Ich bin gonga well ich a breef griekt hob fum George. We ich can uf g'macht hob hut de Revvy g'froked fun wem dos er is, un ich hobs er aw g'sawt, un dos er obsolut hawa wet dos ich for sure kumm ohna fall. De Bevvy awer traut eam net recht; se meant ich set mich gons fun denna Ducks week holta, un nix mit eana tsu du hawa, for se insist druf dos seller George mich yusht usa will, un mich on der nawa rum feera un foola. Awer, was weas de Bevvy? We ich's onner mohl belm George war hut er mer, g'sawt ich set mich net gons so feel roola lussa unnich der Revvy caram pettiest government, for, secht er, anyhow, was wissa de weibsleit we mer de polittische bisness uf setzt. Der George-hut recht. Anyhow, geshter bin ich inside shtadt un hob anohl an longy conferseashun mit eam g'hot fun weaya denna Kondidawta, un mer hen unanimous ousg'macht we mer unser ringly ussetza wella.

Awer now for des ding recht tsu fershtea, mus ich der explaina uf was dos mer ous sin. De bricka jobs doh in County sin ous g'shpeelt, secht der George, well de Tseltunga so a ferdelvelty fuss derweaya g'macht hen. De candsich chance dos mer hen for des ding betzawla macha is wann mer unser monn secura kenna—anyhow caner—for in de Sennawt tsu gea, un noch caner for in de Senuly, for uf seller weg, secht er, hen mer aw gooty un solidy footing, un kenna so kaeris we seller Shtate Tresherer uf socka macha fun was se de surplus fund heasa—des geld wu uf hond is in der Treshery, du weasht. Wann mer unser monn nei leekta kenna, secht er, "sets anyhow finf dausand dahler waert sei, un weil unser Duck ring nimmy gons so gross is we er ols war, un nimmy so feel shtock-holders sin, gebts aw bissery dividends. Un noch eans—wann mer anyhow caner, odder tswea fun unser Senuly mennner nei kreeya kenna, donn sin mer aw widder hunky for ollerlea jobs, un wann du ebbes wit, so wea peashter un loedder, konsht's aw hawa, for der Duckled dut yusht exactly was ich hawa will," secht er.

Awer, we kenna mer now unser sacha uf fixa? Sell war de frgke we ich un der George amohl on de bisness gonga sin. "Om leishta Mondog owat," secht er, "war eans fun denna kawkussa in der shtadt, un mer hen a foor tsumma g'spont, awer ebs tsumma bleibt, weas ich net—sell wierd sich ous weisa. We g'sawt, wann yust unser Senuter nei kummt, donn sin mer all right. Awer mer missa aw der Billingfelt beeta, for er macht us feel truvvel wann er widder nei kumt. well er sell Treshery geld nemma will for Shtate shud mit ob tsu 'lashla, un seller weg about finfa-sivvatsich dausend dahler intressa tsu seafa. Awer was dent uns sell Nix—gor nix?"

We ich awer wiss a bob wella for welly dos mer gea missa, but er mer g'sawt es waer ferleicht besser noch a woch odder so tsu warda. Der weg we's ollewell guckt mus er sel monn for Shreef shlippa lussa, un aw sel Tresherer, un etlich onnery, un sell, faeerieht er, macht an fuss. De fact is, secht er, es gebt denk an gonser neier deel, un waer noch olles tramp uf dreht weas er net. Awer er is determined de korta tsu shtocka so dos sei right bower sure is for Senuater anyhow.

Der George war aw geshter in der county committee meeting, un ich war de gons fseit dort lin eck g'hickt un hob dem ding tsu geguckt. Awer, some how, der George hen se' olly mohl nunner gevote. Yeades mohl dos se ols de yeas und nays g'roofa hen war ols er un so about drei odder feer onnery fershtendlichy uf eaner side, un de gons balance tun der meeting uf der onner. Eans fun unser party war seller wu se der Fret heasa, wu ols Shreef war doh de yeder, un de balance wu uf unser side wara hen hinnich eam g'stonna, so dos mer se sheer gor net seana hut kenna well der Fret so gross is. Awer, se wahra true blue, un hen olly mohl gevote exactly we der George es hut hawa wella.

Ea ding hin se gedu dort, secht der George, dos eam gor net g'foln, un sell is so a regulation dos de kondidawta a recht sella hawa leit tsu pointa for de leekshun officers fsu watcha, so dos se ken extra tickets in de box nei dunn, un aw net meaner votes nunner shreiva dos voters sin. Ut course der Fret un de onnery hen geaya selly resolusion gutt, awer, was heana es a poor ehrliche leit du geaya a gonsy shtub foll.

De negsht wock gea ich widder in de shtadt, un bis selly tseit inspect ich dut der George, mer olles sawya for welty dos mer gea missa, besides unser Senuater un der Duckter for in de Senuly.

Now de sacha sin a bodenshun. Suppose mer ferleera om end der Senuater, der duckter un der gons ring! Donn waer all unser aerwet for nix, un ich un der George deata ous unser share fum Treashery fund betroga waerra. Awer, ich shtieke dertsu. Ich hob eam fershprocha un bully gooter rittorn rel shicka fun Schlifletown, providing se duna kens fun denna ferdeively watcher do haer shicka. Ich stick any how tsu meina freind, un der George is mel freind, providing er shtickt tsu mer. We ich in de frinnology bisness nei gonga bin is er kumma un hut mer an job geyva uf seim kup—an kup das aw an kup is, mit binnevolens, wennereashen, edilalitty un onnery organs uf combattiness dewellopt in an eckstraordinary degree. Wann mer mit so leit tsu du hut profeshnelly donn machts aw repplitenshun. Anyhow, ich shtick tsum George, un wan er net tsu meer shtickt bin ich any how net der eantsich duck dos om kortza end rouse kumt.

De Bevvy is awer about wunnerfitzich ollewell, un prowpert eara beshts unser Duck secrets ous tsu finna. Awer ich sog nix, any how net eh ich selwer wens we's is. Ich faerricht yusht se waerd fickh falsh derweaya. Wan se dut dona gebts aw an bust up fum ring. Awer allerwell is se noch all right.

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