

A New Phase of Reconstruction

The recent release of the paroled men who were convicted for the murder of three Union soldiers in South Carolina, about a year ago, is creating a great deal of comment in official circles here, especially as one of the counsel for the defense was Mr. Secretary Browning, then a lawyer and claim agent. The records and papers in the case were all produced before the court in the late trial before Judge Hall, and the facts are thus laid open to the public. The names of the parties are Joseph Crawford Keys, Robert Keys, his son, Elisha Byron and F. G. Stowers. The crime of which they were convicted was murder, committed on the night of Sunday, October 8th, 1865. The victims were Corporal W. C. Corbett, Emory Smith and Mason Browning, all of the First Maine Volunteers, who were killed while on guard over cotton. The arrest was by the military authorities, and the trial took place before a military commission. The facts proved conclusively were those: Some days before October, 6th, 1865, the officers of the Treasury Department had taken possession of fifteen bales of cotton lying at Brown's Ferry, on the Savannah river, and had put it in the custody of W. P. Brown, owner of the ferry, who lived a few rods distant. The cotton was claimed by Crawford Keys as his property, and this Keys had engaged Stowers, one of the men set free by Judge Hall, to carry it by the boat to Savannah. On Friday, the 6th inst., Stowers informed Brown that the cotton was about to be taken away secretly, but that he himself was not to do it, and advised Brown to get himself relieved of its custody by the military authorities, and of all responsibility in the matter. Brown therefore gave notice to the military of the intended removal, and the guard of three men whose names are given above were sent to the ferry the same evening. The trip to Savannah was at once put off, Stowers giving as a reason that his steersman was sick. On the succeeding Sunday night about eleven o'clock five men, four of whom were recognized by Brown and his assistant, a man named Howell, to be those named above, and Peter Keys, a second son of the elder prisoner, passed the ferry gate in the direction of the river. They were soon to go to the ferry, where at once an altercation began between them and the guard. A voice was heard and identified as Stowers's, ordering the guard to lay down their arms. On the soldiers replying that they were acting under orders which they must obey, the answer was made, "G—d—n you, we have come to throw you in the river." Shots were then fired, and not long after the same party of five men returned past the ferry-house, three of them riding the soldiers' horses. As they passed Howell's house, Peter Keys ordered Howell to go back to bed. Both Brown and Howell were old residents of the district, and perfectly familiar with the voices and faces of their neighbors. At the trial Howell swore that he recognized Crawford Keys, his two sons, Robert and Peter, Elisha Byron and F. G. Stowers. Brown testified that the moon was two hours up, and that he recognized Crawford Keys and E. G. Stowers. The next morning the bodies of the three victims were found in the river a rod or two from the shore, by a detail of soldiers. Each had been shot through the head; two with wounds which must have caused immediate death; the third evidently having been drowned after receiving his wound. The hair of each was scorched, showing that the pistols had been discharged close to their heads. The defense made no attempt to deny the guilt of Peter Keys, who was never arrested, and whose whereabouts at the time of the trial were unknown. He was shown however, to have been at his father's house several times since the murder. In behalf of the other four the defense was in alibi, which the court rejected as an utter failure. The morning after the murder Stowers was proved to have told his negro servants that the soldiers had been killed, that they would probably all be arrested, and that if questioned about him they must say that they had seen him at home at eleven o'clock the night before, and had got some brandy from him. This was proved to be false; and further, he made no attempt to show how he could have legitimately obtained his information. On the Tuesday following the murder he went by boat to Savannah, paying no attention to the call of the guard standing on the bank, who shouted to him that he was wanted. There has never existed the slightest doubt of this man's participation in the murder, nor has there been any ground for doubt that the other men named above were equal sharers in this atrocious homicide. Every circumstance in their actions during the day, their meeting and consulting together, their absence from home at this time—this, with other facts proven on the trial, show that, for the sake of fifteen bales of cotton and to gratify rebel hate, they ruthlessly murdered three men who were doing their duty as best they knew how, under the orders of their superior officers, and who, of course, had no personal interest in the matter. The prisoners, as is now known, were all found guilty by the Commission, and sentenced to be hanged. It is also known that General Scales commuted the sentence in the case of Robert Keys and Elisha Byron, in accordance with the recommendation of the Commission, made on account of their youths, to imprisonment for life, and order of the two older prisoners, J. C. Keys and F. G. Stowers, to be executed on the 27th of April, '63. In a subsequent order, dated April 24th, he suspended the execution of the sentence till the pleasure of President Johnson should be known. This was in consequence of a telegraphic order from Mr. Johnson, given at the solicitation of the prisoners. Ultimately, the President commuted all the sentences to imprisonment for life, and the four prisoners were conveyed to Castle Pinckney, S. C., and there confined. Here comes in the history of the efforts which secured their final release, and also the grounds upon which the President based his first reprieve of the guilty parties. There were two principal actors in the matter. One was the Hon. H. Trescott, of South Carolina, who was here some months ago as counsel for defense. The other was

O. H. Browning, now Secretary of the Interior. Through the influence of these men the prisoners had their place of confinement changed to Fort Delaware, and hence they were taken on a writ of *habeas corpus* before Judge Holt, of the United States district court for the State of Delaware, and by him set free on some technical point as to the right of a Military Commission to try a citizen of a State where the civil courts are in operation. The defendants are very rich, and it is stated one of their counsel alone received \$10,000 for his influence with the President in the matter. The whole thing is outrageous, and should bring down shame upon all the participants. The above is the whole history of the matter, and people can judge for themselves.

FACTS VS THEORIES.

"Give me a place to rest my lever on," says Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me pure and unadulterated drugs," says Medieus, "of the olden times and I will cure disease." In one sense, both of these learned pundits were the very best charlatans.—They knew there was no place to rest their lever on, either to move the world or cure disease. Mechanism was in all the adjuncts of magic filters and charms of the "evil eye," &c. But these latter days have borne out something more than even superstition and its crew ever dreamt of in their mad philosophy. In these days of practical science, what was theory of yesterday as fact to-day, and all the old time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw. Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a resting for it to move the world. Let nine ancient Medieus pant and toil no more for the drugs he so sorely needs, for we have them at our hand, ever ready to serve them at his beck. Refined in the laboratory of Dr. Maggell, the finest materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Bilioous, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhoea Pills stand unrivalled, and his Salve operates with magical effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers of the skin. In fact, we think MAGGELL'S Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggell's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time, and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.*

A New and Grand Epoch in Medicine! DR. MAGGELL is the founder of a new Medical System! The quackeries, whose vast internal doses enfeeble the stomach and paralyze the bowels, make precedence to the man who restores health and appetite, with from one to two of his extraordinary Pills, and cures the most virulent sores with a box or so of his wonderful and all-healing Salve. These two great specifics of the Doctor are fast superseding all the stereotyped nostrums of the day. Extraordinary cures by Maggell's Pills and Salve have opened the eyes of the public to the inefficiency of the (so called) remedies of others, and upon which people have so long blindly depended. Maggell's Pills are not of the class that swallowed by the dozen, and of which every box full taken creates an absolute necessity for another. One or two of Maggell's Pills suffices to place the bowels in perfect order, tone the stomach, creates an appetite, and renders the spirits light and buoyant! There is no griping and no reaction in the form of constipation. If the liver is affected, its functions are restored; and if the nervous system is feeble, it is invigorated. This last quality makes the medicines very desirable for the wants of delicate females. Ulcerous and eruptive diseases are literally extinguished by the disinfectant power of Maggell's Salve. In fact, it is here announced that MAGGELL'S PILLS, DYSPEPTIC AND DIARRHOEA PILLS cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts and all abrasions of the skin, MAGGELL'S SALVE is infallible. Sold by J. MAGGELL, 43 Fulton Street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cts. per box. For Sale at Dr. GRAHAM'S Drug Store, sole Agent in Butler, Pa. may 9, '66.

THE ALABAMA CLAIM.—Tom. Hughes, M. P. from Lambeth, and correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, recently made a speech to his constituency, in which he presented the Alabama question fairly and succinctly. It is nothing to the Americans, he says in substance, whether your laws affecting such matters are municipal laws, and therefore decline arbitration. They only know that the Alabama was refitted in your ports to destroy their commerce, contrary to English neutrality obligations,—and being practical people the Americans just want to know who is to pay the damage. Whether England is to be liable or not she cannot be the judge of the law in her own case by refusing to be a party to arbitration. England may appoint as many Commissioners as she chooses to inquire into the neutrality laws, "but they might depend upon it, that if they were not willing to go into arbitration they would never get the Americans to consider the question of the neutrality laws."

The taint of treason seems destined to stick to its victims tighter than the fabled shirt of Nessus. Legislation is hunting them every where. On a recent motion of Mr. Julian, the House Committee on Public Lands was instructed to inquire into the expediency of amending the Homestead act, so as to require from the settler on oath that he had not borne arms against the United States.

A competent authority calculates that between \$120,000 and \$150,000 yearly is expended in New York upon the religious music of its churches.

General John C. Breckinridge is residing at 65 Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris.

The American Citizen.



C. E. ANDERSON, Editor.
BUTLER PA.
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26, 1866.

"Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."—D. Webster.

As the Legislature of this State is to meet in a few days, we have made the necessary arrangements for a regular correspondence from the Capital, by this and other means we hope to be able to keep our readers posted upon everything of interest to the citizens of our Legislative District.

As the holidays are at hand, we will, therefore, have to comply with the established custom of printing offices, and decline issuing a paper next week. Our next issue will be on January 9th, 1867. In the meantime, we hope that our readers may have a happy time, and enjoy the holidays to their hearts' content, remembering to mix all their exercises and enjoyments with a full share of temperance.

Christmas. The definition of this word, according to Webster, is "The festival of the Christian Church, observed annually on the 25th day of December, in memory of the birth of Christ, and celebrated by a particular church service."

If this definition be true, and we presume it is, then this day should be celebrated in such a manner as not to demoralize those engaged in the same. It is to be kept in commemoration of the birth of no less a personage than Christ, the Saviour of the world. It should be a Sabbath of thankfulness—and joy to the world. Christians, especially, should keep this day as becometh those who are the professed followers of Him whose birth they celebrate. Many we fear, lose sight of the fact that this is a day celebrated in honor of one who taught temperance in all things. Instead of temperance, many make this a day of sumptuous feasting, drunkenness and revelry. All should celebrate this day as becometh christians.

Congress. Most of the members of this body have returned to their homes to spend the Holidays. The Deficiency Appropriation Bill has been passed and signed by the President. This makes another recognition on his part of the "so called Congress."

The Senate Committee on the Judiciary have agreed to the House bill, with a slight verbal amendment, providing that in addition to the present regular times of meeting of Congress there shall be a meeting of the Fortieth Congress, and of each succeeding Congress there after, at twelve o'clock meridian, on the fourth day of March, the day on which the term begins for which the Congress is elected, except that when the fourth of March occurs on Sunday, then the meeting shall take place at the same hours on the next succeeding day. No mileage is to be allowed to any one who was a member of the preceding Congress.

After the holidays have past, we may expect legislation to pass off briskly, as several important bills have already been introduced for consideration.

DUFF'S College Circular for 1867. Has just been issued by the Principals of this widely known and favorite Pittsburgh establishment. The publication is in the quarto form, and contains some new and interesting matter relative to the course of business education, so long and so successfully taught in the institution. Among other things we notice a beautiful electrotype engraving of Wm. H. Duff's handwriting, in an elegant set of capitals, and an original and animated design of Pen Flourishing, which every one desirous of becoming a master penman, will prize as a gem of the chirographic art. Mailed free by P. DUFF & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For the Holidays. J. C. Renick & Co., have just received a choice lot of perfumery, such as Sweet Oppomann, Night-Blooming Cereus, Bouquet of Eden, Egyptian Loos, Pond Lilly, Musk Jockey Club, &c. Also, Perfumery in Boxes and Caskets, suitable for Holiday presents. Complete Toilet Sets; Hair Oils, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Combs, fancy Soaps, &c. They have refitted and refurnished their establishment. It will do your eyes good and you will feel amply repaid to visit this splendid Drug Store. They have almost everything usually kept in such establishments; and everything in its proper place.

Their new show case, which cost nearly \$100, is filled with the choicest perfumery, toilet and gablest Holiday presents. Stop in and satisfy yourselves. (dec 19, '66)

Communications.

A Farewell Sermon for 1866.
By
The Traveling Agent for the New Dispensation.

BRETHREN: You will find the foundation of my extempore remarks, in the seventh verse of the Seventh Chapter of the New Gospel of Peace according to St. Andy the Apostle:

"And when thou shalt hear the voice of a mighty Tailor in the wilderness, crying, 'Dead Duck,' then, thou shalt know that we journey for another country, and thou shalt go before." The conspirator of these consolations, was no less a personage, my beloved brethren, than the great, I am, commonly called "My Policy." In his cavernous excellence and internal wisdom, he sawed that we could not always abide here: that the Abolitionists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and the Republicans, would take this country, and we would have to journey farther.

These words were spoken to Vallandigham. He is the man that is designated by the prophet to go before. Yes, brethren, you may well be proud of your leader; on days more potent with danger than now, he bravely scaled the walls of Fort Lafayette, turned his back upon the Stars and Stripes, bid defiance to the "boys in blue," and safely reached the border of peace, and found protection in Her Majesty's Crinoline!

To-day, you hear the voice of your master crying in the wilderness, do not be ashamed to put on the crinoline.—When your master had been haunted from city to city, and persecuted by a merciless gang of Lincoln's Hirelings, he nobly wrapped himself in the graceful folds of female attire. Do not be ashamed to do as this noble martyr did. He that is ashamed of our father, Jemie, of him will the mighty Tailor be ashamed; and he shall live no longer at the cross roads.

Brethren, the time is come for you to be awake. But I fear there is a Black Republican mist over your eyes. Can it be possible that you are dead? Do you not hear the still small voice in the wilderness crying, "Dead Duck"? May it not be heard from the Sea shore to the Rocky Mountains. 20 thousand in Pa. 40 thousand in Ohio, 15 thousand in Indiana, Iowa and New York, and the Lord knows how many in Massachusetts. Beloved brethren, by the grace given me, I speak to you for the last time. We can torment an existence no longer in this country. Do you suppose that I will permit my lungs to be contaminated by the Republican air of the Keystone State! Do you suppose that I will permit my wife and children to be insulted, by the cry of "Geary and the Union," while these brave men that murdered Mr. Force Mr. Stewart, Mr. Campbell; and hundreds more of my neighbors remain unrepresented in Congress.

Gross injustice! I can never stop in this country! Thanks be to the Lord, there is a country where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest. Brethren, stand fast by the faith as given you by the great Apostle!

We have fallen upon evil days, and we must prove ourselves to be the salt of the earth. The other day I called at my neighbor's house to light my pipe, and discuss the topics of the day, and what do you think? I found him crying. Says he, "Did you hear from Ohio? Yes. And Indiana? Yes. And Iowa? Yes. And Maine and Connecticut? Yes. And Butler county? Yes. The old man panted and sighed and then resumed—"Did Noo Jersey ratify the Nigger Laws? Yes. Where in the name of the Cross Roads will we go?" Ipondold the old gentleman by reading the portion of Scripture contained in my text, and he rejoiced to hear that we journeyed for another country.

He said that he had always been a member of the United States "Church of the Andrew Jackson school, but the Preacher had joined the Black Republican and was scandalizing the Democratic party, so I couldn't stand it, my blood boiled, and I told him, he was a son of a— And what do you think? our blacksmith, who was one of old Abe's hirelings was a going to hang me, and I almost live in terror of my life. I reminded the old man that we journeyed for another country. Oh! says he, and thank God, there is another country, for you would live here, where the cussed preachers can't explain a Psalm without abusing the Democratic party, and calling Jeff. Davis and James Buchanan traitors. The old man related his past life. He had always been a piece man. Opposed this cruel war from the first, and ten years ago, perhaps, cut down a Republican pole with the Stars and Stripes on it, and yet this venerable man is not to be respected. O! you see what we are coming to; I would rather live under the Czar of Russia.

But, again, I called to see my neighbor, the tanner, and he said, some of his Republican neighbors had threatened to shoot him. And brethren, this man was as innocent of any crime as the child unborn, but his life must be threatened, merely, because he boasted that the Democracy had found a Booth to murder Lincoln, and they could find one to murder Geary. Now, brethren, the Lord help us

we will journey for another country, there is no liberty here. But, again, my beloved brethren, after having attended to my duties in the democratic sanctuary, I called to light my pipe and pay my respects to an old democrat, one of the stand by's of the Old Jackson Democracy, when your humble speaker was an unconverted man—an old lynx Whig. The Lord forgive me! The old man with a character as white as the driven snows of Greenland's icy mountains. This man, as pure a patriot as ever breathed the fair air of heaven, had a tail of sorrow to relate. Says he, these Black Republicans will rob me of every thing I have got! In the days of the draft they threatened to take my only son.— Now, say I; Sam, this will never do for you to go away out there and fight for the cussed nigger; and I cleared the bureau drawer, and raised 100 dollars, gave it to him, and told him to go to Can-Idie, and let the Rippublicans fight it out. Well, Ben, he went as far as Pittsburgh, and here he sees an old chum with the blue clothes on, hears the band play Yankee Doodle, and sees them carrying the flag, and I suppose the little cuss egg to drinkin', and he listed and went Souf, marched all the way with Sherman to the Sea coast to Save Anna—and what do you think? I was a little lame and didn't go to the election and Ben had been there before me, and voted for Geary, and had the eternal impudence to try to get me to do the same. Now, the Lord help us, who can live in this country?— There is everything calculated to corrupt the youth of the land and lead them astray! The old man was now crying, and his own eyes were suffused with tears, and I told him the cry of "Dead Duck" had been heard in the wilderness, and now, we journeyed for another country. The old man's countenance revived, and he whispered softly, "I will go with you, and sam may go to the—"

Brethren, I entreat of you as candidates for a better world, as immortal beings, travel in judgment and to eternity, that you beware of that miserable heresy proclaimed in these latter days by that antichrist, Thomas Jefferson, declaring, "All men free and equal!" You may travel all through the patriotic, liberty loving State of Berks County, with her 60 thousand majority for Climer, and you will never hear of such a thing. But thanks be to the lord of the lash, whose servants you are, we journey for another country. In that promised land to which Vallandigham will guide you, there is no Abolitionist, no Abolition Bible, no Abolition God, but your lord will be the lord of the lash—the true deity of the Democracy. Take with you neither lamps nor blue clothes, for Vallandigham shall give you light, and the mighty tailor shall furnish the Crinoline.

Brethren, there is a point where suffering ceases to be a virtue, as the Tailor says, "blessed are the piece makers," and if I don't miss my *ipse dixit* we will make this country in pieces yet, for we can never stand such oppression, but for the present, we journey for her Majesties' dominions.

The other day I stopped to light my pipe and jaw the squire, and he informed me that the board of councilmen of Shandaggan had violated the Constitution of the Democracy, in that they refused to take the vote of as loyal a patriot as ever carried the roses and lilies of Pinch G, I, merely because he failed to see the propriety and necessity of reporting upon a certain occasion to some man on Federal Street, called the provoking Marshal, I suppose, a brother of Tom Marshall, that makes them provoking speeches. "Now, John, I did everything I could to get this man a vote, and point of view to the decision of the Supreme Court in the *Herald*, but the Councilman decided he was a deserter. Now, John, it has come to this, that a man can't vote unless he has been out in this cussed nigger war, then it is time we had a revolution. I believe we have a right to revolution." Yes, sir, says I, and blessed are the piece makers for they shall all get a piece of Bread and Butter from the Mighty Tailor. But the Squire after mature deliberation, during which time he drew many long breaths, agreed with me, that the revolution was a failure, and now, we had better journey for another country. This Rippublican party is a tough thing, Jonny, we can't climb; instead of prohibiting them from voting, you see the country has become so abolitionized, that loyal democrats, who packed their bacon for the Queen's dominions and cried *peace* are to be distrachised. I told the Squire, that by the blessing of the Mighty Tailor, we would take an appeal from the Council of Shandaggan to the Supreme Court of the Southern Confederacy, and then we will have a change of venue to Her Majesties' dominions, for behold we journey for another country.

We rejoice as democrats in the promise of the inspired Tailor, that there is another country, for who would live longer in this country, where men are scouted and scorned from good society, merely because they sympathize with the piece makers and Rebels, and I declared they would never fire a gun, except it were against the North. Is it possible that the great Democratic party is no longer to be respected? Is it possible that the party

that opposed the war are not to rule? Is it possible that deserters will not be permitted to vote? No, brethren, there is a kingdom for us all, and our Master is no abolition lord. A few weeks ago, while I was on the upper Circuit, I called (to light my pipe and approve some of the later decisions of the Supreme Court,) on one of our leading brethren; and what do you think? I found that man, with heart as pure as the roses and lilies of America, with his trunk all packed and a ticket for the country of the New Dispensation, for, says he, who would stay here? because in my supreme right as an American citizen, I adhered to the Democratic party and opposed the war, now, I am to be publicly exposed. I do not mourn over my own defeat, but, when we had got the right child, behold! they sent a man and let the child stay at home. I told my beloved brother to think pot of the past, that Aaron's rod should comfort us, and we would pass safely through to another country under the shadow of the Mighty Tailor, for he would journey with us rather than be impeached for treasop.

My beloved brethren, while we journey, we will sing, "The Bonny Blue Flag," and stand fast by the faith, even though you be driven to the dens of Clearfield. Remember, "Blessed is every man that killeth a nigger." (New Gospel iv chap. 9 verse 7) Wasn't Calhoun a Democrat? Wasn't Buchanan a Democrat? Wasn't Davis a Democrat? Wasn't Vallandigham a Democrat? and Great Seal-land! can't a man oppose a bit of nigger war and go to Canada on business, and come back and vote the Democratic ticket without having the Ex-gravo stone man alter him with a *Upus Nepus*?

Beloved brethren, there is no religious liberty here. This Abolitionism destroys the peace and happiness of the brethren of the New Dispensation. Here is your neighbor, who is despised every Sunday, because he left a Church where they had never read the "New Gospel," and knew nothing about the New Dispensation.— He had to be censured by those ignorant people, and came like a persecuted exile among you that he might be made honorable in the sanctuary, and harbor illegal voters until the day of the election. That he might have copies of papers that mortal eyes had never seen, and be a ministering angel of the New Dispensation. Now, this man, disgusted with the news from Ohio, and the other Ill-o's of the Rippublicans, doesn't want to live longer among you. He says, the whole Presidency has become abolitionized, and when he goes round with wine, weeping mothers look upon him as if he had murdered their sons. Even the Louisville Presbytery has been censured by the General Assembly for supporting the Rebellion. The Methodists are no better. The Baptists are awful. The Covenanters are nigger worshippers. Where, then, could a man go for a pure church; but to take up Salt River, until he came to the country of the New Dispensation.

The fact is, beloved brethren, I speak in the spirit and I want you to hear in the spirit also. and I expect those of my fellow citizens who visited this new country in the days of the draft, and are acquainted with the road, to act as pioneers. Next will come those who were afflicted for years with the conscription gonorr or draft pains, commonly known as the Provoist Rheumatism; these will be supported by Judge Strong and a delegation from the X roads in Berks county, carrying a banner, upon which shall be inscribed the names of the Saints and Martyrs—Calhoun, Booth, McE. Surrat, and her son John, and the mighty Tailor, and all the faithful will follow— for every Ass knoweth Andy's crib.

But a corrupt ministry has corrupted the people, and even the decisions of the Supreme Court are disregarded, and it is no longer possible to enforce decisions made to punish the miserable creatures who gave their arms and legs to free the nigger.

The glory of the South was once our glory, and now these Oaklanders who stood by the Southern Confederacy, are made to pay the cost of *pinning their own innocence*, and are threatened with the Court Martial, because they loved the land of the New Dispensation better than niggerdom.

The fact is, we have no laws, no Court no Constitution, nothing, but a National foaming seepool of Abolition iniquity, in the form of a so-called Congress, making nigger laws and building colored bureaus and worshipping the Sambo of the Yankee school marm.

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But a corrupt ministry has corrupted the people, and even the decisions of the Supreme Court are disregarded, and it is no longer possible to enforce decisions made to punish the miserable creatures who gave their arms and legs to free the nigger.

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The fact is, we have no laws, no Court no Constitution, nothing, but a National foaming seepool of Abolition iniquity, in the form of a so-called Congress, making nigger laws and building colored bureaus and worshipping the Sambo of the Yankee school marm.

This is the time that rejoyces men's souls, And yet—Brethren, my rejoicing is unspeakable. Yes, as I said before, my rejoicing is unspeakable. I cannot tell you how much I am rejoiced; words would fail to express the sentiments of my heart upon this occasion.— It would be impossible for me to give you any idea of how my soul feels uplifted, at seeing so many of my church brethren present upon this occasion, who have remained true to "My Policy," and who have manifested their intention to stand by the enemies of their country, in the hour of trial, and worship, according to the gospel of the New Dispensation.— Brethren, the record of the Saints is before you, be faithful unto the end, and you shall wear a crown of glory like

Booth, Davis and Vallandigham. We have opposed the war. We have always been piece men. We have opposed Conscription, Confiscation, Legal Tender, Constitutional Amendments, Soldiers voting, Abolition sermons, Abolition Deacons, and everything calculated to bring about this deplorable state of affairs, that would allow vice President Stephens a vote in Congress. That would allow the party that opposed the war for the Union, to carry a single State.— We the Democratic church are not accountable for this sad state of things. Our master was always pro-slavery and is the lord of the lash, and now we must bid you farewell. We journey for another country. The boat is waiting. We leave you to enjoy the curses you have brought upon your heads. Pay your abolition debt. Support your negro butcher, and worship your abolition Master: we go where Vallandigham went. Behold the voice of the mighty Tailor, crying "Dead Duck." Farewell. I merely called to light my pipe.

MATCH HUNT.
BUFFALO TOWNSHIP, December 12, 1866. MAJOR ANDERSON, Sir:—We, the undersigned Committee, appointed for the purpose of reporting to the Press, beg leave to submit the following report of a "Match Hunt," which came off on the 12th inst. between the "Hannabastown Rangers," from the townships of Winfield and Jefferson, and the "Invincibles," of Buffalo township, composed of the following officers and men:

INVINCIBLES.
S. C. Crawford, Captain,
M. N. Greer, Toaster,
Matthew Greer, Judge,
A. D. Weir, Carver,
Wm. Barker, Butler.

Amount of Game.
S. C. Crawford..... 50
James Harrison..... 195
H. W. Grant..... 310
Wm. Fleming..... 280
James M. Caffery..... 50
Wm. Macfarlane..... 50
M. H. Jemberly..... 175
James Smith..... 60
Thomas Fleming..... 00
Andrew Hartner..... 100
1,315

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Orator, Rev. Josiah M'Pherrin,
HANNAHSTOWN RANGERS.
Joseph M'Casey, Captain,
Thomas Watson, Toaster,
Hamilton Kelly, Judge,
John Dougherty, Carver,
Thomas Greer, Butler.

Amount of Game.
Joseph M'Casey..... 175
Aaron Henry..... 160
C. S. Smith..... 220
John Pugh..... 100
John Leifer..... 160
Robert Smith..... 175
Wm. Smith..... 600
S. D. Haslett..... 000
Peter Kennedy..... 000
John Muder..... 000
990

The party assembled at the house of David Kelly, Esq., where a most sumptuous repast was provided, and to which ample justice was done by all present, and the best feeling prevailed after supper. M. N. Greer, toaster for the "Invincibles," being called upon, proposed the following toasts:

TOASTS.
1st. The Government of the U. S. A.—May it endure as long as any government on the earth, and always be the land of the free and the home of the brave.
2nd. "The army and navy of the U. S. A.—May the officers and soldiers thereof ever prove equal to the task in any justifiable conflict, as they have in the late rebellion.
3rd. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.—May it ever be the Key-stone of the Republic.
4th. Our free Schools. My their progress be onward and upward" till every child in his Commonwealth shall be instructed in the arts and science, and thereby drunkenness, debauchery and crime be known only in the records of the past.
5th. The County of Butler—long a by-word of strangers, but now fast outstripping all its surroundings in the wealth, intelligence and uprightness of its citizens.
6th. The "Invincibles,"—diligent in the chase and manly, upright and courageous, either under defeat or success.
7th. The orator of the day,—may his shadow never grow less.
8th. Our worthy host and hostess, and their fair daughters,—as they from time to time gladden the heart of stranger, neighbor, or friend, with the good cheer of their hospitable board, may their "barrel of meal not waste," up their "cruise of oil grow less."

On motion, a vote of thanks was offered to our host and hostess and their fair daughters for their courtesy and kindness extended to their guests, and A. D. Weir and Hamilton Kelly appointed to report for the press.

A. D. WEIR, } Comp.
HAMILTON KELLY, }

DEVIL. My Christmas gift, kind patrons.