THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

VOL. 1. LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1860. NO. 35.

The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE
Tallmadge Block--Third Story--to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Gazette will be published every Thursday, on the following terms:

One year in advance.....$1 50
After the expiration of 6 months.....2 00
For less time than one year, at the rate of..1 50 per annum, but invariable in advance.

☞No discontinuance until arrearages are paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

A square of 10 lines, or less, one insertion	$0 50
Three insertions	1 00
For each additional insertion	0 25

All advertisements running less than three months, charged at the above rates.

	3 Months.	6 Months.	12 Months
One square	$3 00	$5 50	$8 00
Two "	5 00	7 00	10 00
Three "	7 00	9 00	12 00
Four "	9 00	11 00	15 00
One-fourth column	10 00	15 00	20 00
One-third "	12 00	17 00	22 00
One-half "	14 00	19 00	25 00
One column	18 00	25 00	40 00

☞Business cards of about 6 lines, by the year, $5 00

☞Advertisements, not marked on the manuscript, will be continued at our terms until forbid.

☞Legal advertisements, Administrator's notices, &c., must be paid for in advance, for reasons which, we will explain at the time.

☞The above terms strictly observed in all cases.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

We are prepared to execute all descriptions of JOB WORK: such as CARDS, CIRCULARS, POSTERS, BALL TICKETS, and every other variety of PLAIN AND FANCY JOBBING, with new and superior type, and on short notice.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of Fairfield Common Pleas Court—HENRY C. WHITMAN, residence Lancaster, Ohio.
Probate Judge—JESSE LEGHNER, Office in Public Building.
Prosecuting Attorney—JAMES W. STINCHCOMB,
Sheriff—AARON W. EBRIGHT, Office at Jail.
Clerk of Court—JOHN C. RAINEY, Office Public Building.
Auditor—A. J. DILDINE, Office Public Building.
Treasurer—P. C. BENADUM, Office Public Building
Recorder—J. SYFERT, Office Public Building.
Surveyor—E. S. HANNUM, Office, Public Building.
Coroner—L. SHAEFFER, residence, Madison tp.
Commissioners—JOSEPH SHARP, of Bern Township; JONAS A. BAKER, of Walnut Township, and JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM, of Hocking Township.
School Examiner—WM. W. WHITNEY, JOHN WILLIAMS and URIAH C. RUTTER.

H. H. GIESY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
☞Prompt attention given to Collections.☜
Office in the Giesy Buildings, West of Hocking Valley Bank.
October 27, 1859—26tf

K. FRITTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Insurance and Collecting Agent,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
OFFICE—In the new City Hall—Entrance on Broadway.
Lancaster, March 22, 1860—47tf

VIRGIL E. SHAW
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
OFFICE—On Main Street, over Slocum's Drug Store. May 6, 1858—1

H. H. HUNTER. J. A. HUNTER
H. H. HUNTER & SON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
OFICE—Sheffer House, up stairs. Entrance West Market House.
Lancaster, april 12, 1860—3tf

S. WELDY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
OFFICE—Tallmadge Building, Main Street.
Lancaster, april 12, 1860—2tf

STINCHCOMB & CLARKE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
OFFICE—Tallmadge Block—Second Story—First door to the right at the head of the Stairs.

TALL SLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
Prompt attention given to Collections.
☞OFFICE with Stinchcomb & Clarke.
March 22, 1860—47tf

W. T. WISE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
OFFICE—In Foster's Building, 2d door on the porch.
January 12, 1860—1y37

DR. J. G. HAMILL,
Dentist.
OFFICE and residence the same recently occupied by Dr. H. Scot on Broadway, one square South of Market House.
Lancaster, April 5, 1860—3tf

H. L. CRIDER,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
LANASTER, OHIO.
TENDER his professional services to the public Pulling, Plugging, and Plate work done in the neatest and most durable manner.
☞OFFICE—In the Giesy Buiding.
Lancaster, april 12, 1860—2tf

H. SPRINGER
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Tallmadge Block, Main Street,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
ALWAYS on hand a heavy stock of GOODS, of the best qualities, which he manufacturers to order by experienced workmen. Also, a large supply of Ready Made Clothing. april 12, 1860—2tf

BRENNAMAN'S
IMPROVED CHAIN PUMP!
I HAVE REMOVED MY SHOP from my former stand on Broadway in Lancaster, to my residence one and a half mile East of town, on the pike, where I am manufacturing my improved chain pump, and will fill orders on short notice, and warrant satisfaction. ISAAC BRENNAMAN.
May 3, 1860—4tf

JOHN S. MARTIN. P. S. EWING. C. P. GARAGHTY
EXCHANGE BANK
OF
Martin & Co.,
Main Street, Lancaster, Ohio.
GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT AND SOLD
Sight Exchange on the East for sale—Interest allowed on Deposits:—
For 30 days at the rate of 4 per cent per annum.
" 6 months " " 5 " " "
" 12 " " " 6 " "
Lancaster, February 7, 1859—1y42

BLACKSMITHING
HUNTER & SON.
AT their old stand, on Center Alley, near Mulberry street, continue their business in all its branches; such as edge tools, all kinds of work belonging to the farming interest: wagon-work; and especial attention given to shoeing. Give us your work, we do all our jobs on the shortest notice. Special attention given to making and repairing mill picks.
Lancaster, May 24, 1860—8tf

Books Books
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS!
SCHOOL BOOKS;
A fine assortment of
Juvenile Books;
Hymn Books of all kinds, and all kinds of
Blank Books.
PAPER---CAP, LEGAL, COMMERCIAL and Note, of the finest quality.
MEMORANDUM AND PASS BOOKS,
and Copybooks of all kinds. A fine and new assortment of Portmonies, Wallets, and Pocket Books, very cheap.
PICTURES
of every variety, and cheaper than can be bought elsewhere:
Moulding for Picture Frames,
of all sizes—cheap!
WALL PAPER
always on hand, and WINDOW BLINDS, and a great variety of
FANCY ARTICLES,
which will be sold very low for cash.
☞Please call and examine for yourselves.
JOHN SEARLES.
☞P. S. Don't forget the place, Glessy Row, on Main Street, two doors West of the Hocking Valley Bank, and opposite Beery & Burberry's Grocery.
Lancaster, Sept. 13, 1860—23tf

I. E. HALL JI P. OUTCALT
OUR UNION SAVED.
HALL & OUTCALT,
HAVING purchased the entire stock and trade of GEORGE L. ECKERT, (have entered into a co-partnership), would respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers of the Establishment and all others, who are desirous of good bargains.
We will keep on hand and make to order every thing in our line.
SPRING HAIR AND HUSK
MATTRESSES,
kept on hand and made to order.
Repairing attended to Promptly.
We intend keeping on hand a fine variety of
WINDOW SHADES AND FIXTURES,
FOR THE SPRING TRADE.
Customers wishing these articles, will be furnished AT CINCINNATI PRICES.
UNDERTAKING.
In this branch we are prepared to give entire satisfaction, from the plainest to the most costly articles.
Don't Forget to give us a Call.
Two Doors East of the Hocking Valley Bank, Main Street, South side, Lancaster, Ohio.
November 1, 1860—3m31 HALL & OUTCALT.
☞Being personally acquainted with these young men, as Mechanics and gentlemen, I would cheerfully recommend them to my old customers. My books and papers will be at the Old stand for settlement.
GEORGE L. ECKERT.
November 1, 1860—31

TELEGRAPH LINE
IN
OPERATION AGAIN!
GREAT ATTRACTION.
Little & Dresbachs
Have now in Store and receiving a splendid assortment of
Staple and Fancy
DRY GOOOS
suitable for the
FALL AND WINTER TRADE.
WE CALL THE ATTENTION OF
EVERYBODY
to our stock before buying elsewhere. Our stock is composed in part, as follows: A full assortment of heavy
WOOLLEN & COTTON GOODS,
for Men and Boy's Wear; a choice stock of
CALICOES, DELAINES,
MERINOES AND ALPACCAS
ALL KINDS of Rich DRESS GOODS
BLACK AND FANCY SILKS,
CLOAKS, SHAWLS, HOSIERY,
Gloves and small wares, white Goods, Linens, Notions, and Fancy Goods, and indeed every thing usually kept in a Dry Good Store
WALL PAPER, CARPETING, &C.
all of which will be sold
Cheap for Cash or Country Produce
LITTLE & DRESBACHS.
Lancaster, September 20, 1860—25tf

JIMMY LYONS
The Fat Boy
ON HAND!
Big Stock of Goods.
DELANES,
DELANES,
DELANES,
CALICOES,
CALICOES,
CALICOES,
MEN'S SHOES,
MEN'S BOOTS,
WOMEN SHOES
MISSES SHOES
INFANTS SHOES,
BOYS BOOTS,
BOYS SHOES,
YOUTH'S BOOTS
YOUTH'S SHOES,
BROWN MUSLIN 6, 8 & 10 CENTS
Fashionable Cloaks, all Prices.
BLANKET SHAWLS
JAPANESE SHAWLS
ALPINE SHAWLS
HOOP SKIRTS all sizes and prices. Particular attention paid to County Produce.
CASH PAID FOR BUTTER.
LYONS & SON.
Lancaster, October 1860—29tf

WAGONS AND BUGGIES,
and all manner of Farming Utensils.
CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
Painted and Trimmed, and all kinds of Repairing done on short notice. WINTER.
April 26, 1860—4tf

The Lost Inheritance

The train from Paris to Lyons stopped at the station of Joigny, a town upon the route; and after leaving a few passengers, again went on. The station, for a moment crowded with railway porters and lookers-on, was soon deserted by all but two individuals. One of them was an old man, dressed in a garb of a well-to do farmer; the other, a youth of five-and twenty, who seemed to be waiting for some one to come and meet him. To this person the old man presently addressed himself:

"May I presume, sir," said he, "to inquire if you are Clement B?"

"Yes, my good man," replied the youth with a haughtiness of manner, "and I have no doubt you are Mr. Martin."

"At your service, sir," replied the other.

'Well, Mr. Martin,' continued Clement, in the same tone, "I began to imagine you intended to keep me waiting. That would not have been the best manner in which to have insinuated yourself in my good graces."

The old man, instead of replying, let his head fall upon his breast as if in deep affliction, and conducted the new comer toward a large old-fashioned carriage, to which a very roughlooking horse was harnessed.

"Here is your carriage, sir." said Martin. "If you will be good enough to get in, I willhave the honor of conducting you to the Hermitage."

"That my carriage, sir?" cried Clement. "Why, I shall be taken for a traveling pedler."

But a few days before, Mr. Clement B., who now put on so many fine airs, was a simple clerk in a crockery warehouse in Paris, and possessed the reputation of being a quiet, unpretending little fellow. What then, had brought about this sudden and radicial transformation? He had become, since the previous day, a rich man, and it may be well understood that the possessor of an income of twenty thousand francs a year finds it difficulty to retain the modest demeanor of a poor clerk. On the previous day, while dusting the large piles of crockery under his charge, a letter arrived for him by the post, conveying to him the startling intelligence that one of his uncles, of whom he had often heard as an eccentric and very wealthy old man, but whom he had never seen, had just died at his residence in Burgundy, leaving his nephew, Clement, sole heir to his estates, to the exclusion of many other heirs.

The letter was from a notary in the porvince, who desired him to leave Paris immediately for Joigny, the town near which this uncle had resided, where he would be met by Mr. Martin, an old confidential servant of the deceased, and conducted from the railroad to the "Hermitage," the name which the deceased had given to the estate.

Almost driven out of his senses by such an unexpected stroke of fortune, Clement hastened to obey the notary's directions, and, on his arrival at Joigny, joined Martin, as we have seen.

On jolted the queer vehicle, in which our hero had so contemptuously taken a place, until, after a ride of several miles, the occupants arrived at their destination. Martin offered the honors of the Hermitage to the new proprietor, called all the servants, and introduced them to their future master, and then conducted the latter to his own apartments.

"This was the sleeping-chamber of your uncle," said Martin, as they entered a large apartment, furnished in old-fashioned style. "It was in this room that he died ten days ago."

But the nephew, instead of evincing any emotion upon being shown the chamber of his benefactor, threw upon all around him a look of scorn, and cried: "Upon my word, I can't say I think much of the old boy's taste! I never saw anything so very ugly in all my life."

"Notwithstanding, sir," repled Martin, "it is the best we have here; and, if you cannot content yourself, I really don't know where you will find other lodgings.'

"I live here!" exclaimed the young man. "You do not imagine I am such a donkey, I hope! For us young fellows do you see, Paris is the only place; so I shall sell this old crazy rookery at once, and then be off.

"Sell the Hermitage!" exclaimed Martin, "your uncle's favorite place of residence! Impossible! And we servants, who hoped to end our days under this roof what is to become of us?"

"Mr. Martin," retorted the young man, "let me have none of your complaints, I beg. Get me some dinner, and afteward you will drive me to the notary's."

After having eaten a hearty meal, notwithstanding he found the meats insipid and the wines sour, the legatee, still accompanied by Martin, re-entered the carriage, and the two started off.

"If I am not mistaken," observed Mr. Clement, after an hour's ride, "we passed this spot this morning; and that, pointing to a building, "is the railroad station. Do we take the train there!"

"You, alone, will do so," responded his companion, speaking very gravely, and in a manner which caused the young man to tremble, in spite of himself. "I sir, am your uncle, and happily I am not dead! Having heard good accounts of your conduct, I had resolved to make you heir of all I possess; but, before doing so, I wished to ascertain if you were really deserving of my generosity, and I had recourse to tratagem, which has thoroughly exposed your true character to me. Good by, Mr. Clement; return to your business, and remember that your arrogance and ingratitude have lost you that which will never again be placed within your reach."—*From the London Family Herald.*

☞It is wonderful what shifts editors are sometimes put to for "copy." The Punch Brewer can remember when he edited a "sheet" down East, he sat upon a saw horse for an imaginary journey in the country, and wrote letters home for his paper.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

Notes from a Traveling Washingtonian.

NAPLES, Oct. 20, 1860.

Although I am here where events are occurring which occupy the attention of the world and have used all diligence to obtain correct information of what has been done and is doing, I feel the greatest hesitancy in making any statement of anything which has not come under my own observation. It would seem that the organization of the Garibaldians is anything but orderly. The city is filled with armed men, who walk the streets and fill the cafes; coming up from the camp and returning to it at pleasure.

On Tuesday last, in company with two Englishmen and Madame S. of this city, I visited the camp before Capus. As we drove down the road to the River Volturno we reached the extreme point where the road turned round the base of St. Angelo, when a sentinel stopped us saying, "You are in great danger of the batteries from the other side, which command the entire road you have come down, and they have been firing upon us this morning." We at once halted and sent our carriage back, and under the conduct of one of Garibaldi's men, ascended the mountain till we reached the summit of the rising ground and had a good view of Capus and its defenses. While thus standing at gaze, aided by glasses, a gun was fired from a small battery, we had not before observed on the side of the opposite mountain. In an instant the ball flew over our heads and chanced to fall in the camp beyond, near a group of officers, and killed a horse.—With this notice to quit, we descended and reached the road of St. Angelo just as Garibaldi and his staff were ascending, and soon saw him standing alone on the highest point, scanning the enemy's positions with his glass. One of his aids who had joined us, and was known to Madame S., said it was the General's custom to remain for hours upon the mountain; so we were compelled to give up all hope of seeing him. As we were walking toward the place where our carriage was, we were addressed by an Englishman, such a one as we have in our minds, when we hear the song sung of "The fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time." His dress and bearing were alike the type of a landed gentleman out of the agricultural counties. He begged us to avoid the road, as we were within the range of the enemy's guns. Thanking him for his kindness we left him, and among our guesses we thought he must be no other than Col. Praed, who is to command the English contingent—a regiment of men just arrived—and who had been that day sent forward as far as the King's palace at Caserta, but when we reached the palace, whose magnificent courts and rooms we found filled with English, we there met this gentleman, and asked Lieut. Campbell, whom we knew, if that was his Colonel? "O no! that gentleman came down with us, and has offered his services as a private. He has declined a commission, and will act only with us as a common soldier." We mixed with the soldiers, who told us that they were to be sent to the front that night, and expected to be in action the next day. They were as joyous as they would have been going out to a May party. While thus occupied, Lieut. Campbell called our attention to a lady in military costume just entering the court attended by a gentleman. Her dress was a velvet cap, with a feather, a gray suit, the full skirt of which hung in many folds to her knees. She wore military boots with spurs, and a sword hung by a waist belt. Her face was handsome—a dark brunette, with fine flashing eyes.—The English clustered around her, and she addressed them a few words of welcome, whereupon the cheers of the soldiers made the walls of the palace vocal with strange music for such a place. This lady was the Countess do la Torre, who commands a company, and has greatly distinguished herself by her courage and coolness. In the battle of the 1st instant a shell fell near her, and those near by thinking, as most persons do at such times, that "discretion is the better part of valor," fell upon their faces awaiting its bursting, but the Countess, following the example of the great Frederick under similar circumstances, stood with her arms folded, and when it exploded she uttered the most fierce reproaches against those who cowered

The camp of Garibaldi were, to our inexperienced eyes, no signs of military discipline. There were any number of men lying about, and yet, strange to say, women were occupied in making a barricade at the head of the road leading down to the river—carrying the bags of sand to be piled up by men. From the construction of earthworks it seemed as if Garibaldi was making defenses on his side of the river, and the wonder with many is how he is able to coop up such an army within the walls of Capua, and what is that which paralyzes its action. But it may be they bide their time; for inaction is next to defeat for such men as form the army of Garibaldi.

After our visit to the British contingent in the spacious courts of the palace we went to the hospital to visit the sick, for whom we had brought a full supply of oranges. These are in barracks near the palace, and are very extensive. The wounded lay in two rows through the halls—some were very young. Madame S. asked a boy his age; he replied he was thirteen. He was wounded in his head, and his arm, was shattered. Another boy, whose complexion was that of a young girl, seeing us coming, burst into tears.—The presence of a woman overcame him, and her tender tones of sympathy opened the fountain of his soul. He told Madame S. that his thigh was broken by a ball; that he had been getting on very well, but now a fever had set in, and he should never see his mother and his home any more. Poor boy! It is to be feared he never will. Near by this boy's bed lay one of the most beautiful young men I have ever seen. His hands were folded across his breast, and I thought he was asleep, but on watching him narrowly I saw his eyes were slowly rolling and turning upwards. "How very handsome he is!" said Madame S., and he is dying.". This lady's visits of mercy to the military hospitals had made her familiar with scenes like these. We accompanied her into a ward where she told us she had some objects of her charity in whose progress of recovery she was interested, and found their places occupied by new patients; and of all, not one had recovered. Leaving the hospital, our way was stopped by the entrance of two thousand recruits from Calabria--men and boys of all ages, from sixty down to sixteen; and such a collection of old hats! Mr. Chandler told me he had never seen a new hat on a mountaineer from Calabria, nor had he ever seen one who had. They were all of the banditti order, and so little of intelligence was manifested in their faces that I do not doubt the truth of what was told me of sixteen hundred of these men, who having refused to face the fire of cannon in the open field, were sent home by Garibaldi and went straight down to Capus and enlisted in the King's army. And yet Garibaldi has the wonderful power of making these men fight desperately and long; and though in the battle of the 1st inst. these men were defeated, yet when Garibaldi rode up and told them he was come to conduct them on to gain a second victory, they all cheered and went into the fight, never doubting it was all as the General had told them.

What Shall be done with a Seceding State --Henry Clay's Opinion.

(Correspondence of the New York Times.)

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 16, 1860.

I remember well how Mr. Clay used to talk, write and speak on this point. Though when on the brink of the grave, his eye flashed, with its old fire, his form rose to its full height, and his voice recovered its commanding tone whenever Secession was even alluded to in his presence. He had no patience with the bare suggestion of the idea. He was for crushing out all agitation of such a topic. Were he living now, he would be for lopping off the hydra head of Secession by the strong arm of the offended law. He would be for keeping the Federal machinery at work in every State and the Federal officers everywhere at their posts to administer justice, transport and distribute the mails, and collect the Federal revenues. He would have no parleying with actual traitors to the General Government. He would be forthwith putting down or stringing up all nullifiers and seceders. Public enemies who dare attempt "peaceful secession" or "take the chances of revolution," would find no mercy from him. In April, 1851, I heard Mr, Clay emphatically declared to Mr. Prentice and other friends, in the reading room of the Galt House, that he approved the marching of the United States army into South Carolina, to resist her Secession, if she dare attempt it.

Henry Clay's general opinion of the way to treat secession and nullification as I heard him state it publicly and privately, and as he expressed it in his letter of Oct. 3, 1851, to Daniel Ullman and others of your city, was this.

"Suppose the standard should be raised, of open resistance to the Union, the Constitution, and the laws, what is to be done? There can be but one possible answer. The power, the authority, and the dignity of the Government ought to be maintained, and resistance put down at every hazard. The duty of executing the laws and suppressing insurrections is without limitation or qualification: it is coextensive with jurisdiction of the United States. No human Government can exist without the power of applying force: and the actual application of it in extreme cases. My belief is that if it should be applied to South Carolina, in the event of her secession, she would be speedily reduced to obedience, and that the Union instead of being weakened, would acquire additional strength."

A Short and Good Speech from Abraham Lincoln.

[Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1860

Springfield exults to-night over our Republican triumph. The trains that arrived to-day came loaded with strangers to see the signs of our rejoicing; and they have not been disappointed. With the fall of night, the city flashed forth a perfect glory of artificial light.

It would be impossible to give you an idea of the gorgeous array of Chinese lanterns and the incessant boom of guns, the milkyway of Wide-Awake torches, and the ceaseless shouts of the population on the sidewalks. Give your imagination full swing, and picture a truly magnificent ovation. The Wide-Awake procession, having passed thro' the principal streets, repaired to Mr. Lincoln's residence and halted. A large concourse of citizens had already preceded them. Loud calls being made for Mr. Lincoln, he appeared at the door, and after the applause which greeted him had subsided, he said:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—Please excuse me on this occasion from making a speech. I thank you for the kindnes and complement of your call. I thank you in common with all others who have thought fit by their votes to indorse the Republican cause. (Applause.) I rejoice with you in the success which has thus far attended that cause. [Applause.] Yet, in all our rejoicing, let us neither express nor cherish any harsh feeling towards any citizen, who, by his vote, has differed with us. [Loud cheers.]

Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling. [Immence applause.] Let me again beg you to accept my thanks, and to excuse me from further speaking at this time."

☞We must look downwards as well as upwards in human life. Though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

[From the Frankfort (Ind.) Crescent.

Suicide of James F. Suit Esq.

On Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., at about nine o'clock, James F. Suit, Esq. of this place, commited suicide by shooting himself with a pistol—the ball entering the head just back of the upper portion of the ear. He breathed about fifteen minutes after the fatal discharge, but was entirely unconscious. It seems that he had many years ago determined on taking his own life, if Providence did not relieve him of the necessity, and the period finally arrived beyond which his great anxiety to die would not permit him to pass A cooler or apparently more unprovoked act of self-destruction has never been chronicled. What his private reasons for such an act may have been, of course none of us; except his most intimate relations, can know; but certain it, is life had become an intolerable burden; and with more coolness and courage than many thought him capable of, did the accomplish his death.

To some of the members of his faily he had more than once given indications of his determination to die, and to them the suicide was not wholly unexpected, although severely painful. To his associates he had occasionally expressed himself dissatisfied with his lot, and anxious to die, but in a way never to excite suspicion that he intended to hasten death by any act of his own. After the last State election, in a short speech delivered on the Hay Scales, in this place, on the occasion of a Republican jollification, he made the following remark, in substance: "He who lives to see the 4th of next March will live to hear of the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as the next President of the United States; but as for me, I shall not live to hear of it." He had also in other public addresses made allusion to the expected shortness of his earthly career; but none of these remarks were ever received as more than indicating that he fully realized the uncertainty of life, and that his general health did not promise a ripe future. Facts show however, that he was deeply in earnest, and that for many weeks previous to his death he had provided himself with the fatal weapon. Nothing, however, was discoverable from his daily intercourse and business transactions.

He attended to professional business up to the hour of his death, as though nothing of the kind was in contemplation, although during the day of the 16th he was quiet busily engaged in his office writing, what proved to be, letters to friends informing them of his determination to die, etc. We are also informed that he took neither dinner nor supper at home on that day, and was seen in his office writing for some time after dark, which was very unusual. After taking a dish of oysters and smoking a cigar at a saloon being ready for the terrible act, he repaired to his dwelling; entered: handed his wife a note addressed to his son Jo; deposited his portmonie and knife in the pocket of his second son, took off his overcoat: walked deliberately out of the back door and into the back yard; laid himself on his back upon a little raised award; placed the pistol to his head; discharged it, bringing both hands across his breast—the right still grasping the pistol, and in the left a slip of paper on which was written in a bold hand: "Bury me as you find me, without change of clothing."

His wife, hearing the report of the pistol, rushed to an upper room and aroused the eldest son, Jo. O, Suit, who had retired for the evening, to whom she handed the note scarcely a minute before left with her stating at the same time, under great excitement, that she expected his father had killed himself. The son, on hastily opening the letter and glancing over its contents, was instantly satisfied that a suicide had been at least attempted, and without stopping to make search, ran to procure a physician and other assistance which were soon on the ground. After breathing had entirely subsided the corpse was removed indoors and kept until the Thursday morning following at ten o'clock when a large concourse of people assembled, listened to singing and prayer, passed the trying ordeal of looking upon the familiar face of a long cherished friend and neighbor for the last time, amid the cries and shrieks which solid grief was wringing from affectionate hearts bereaved, and then followed it to the grave, the attorneys of the place acting as pall-bearers.

The following is a *verbatim* copy of a letter addressed by the deceased to the editors of this paper, and which was one of a number found by the Postmaster of this place, in his letter box, shortly after the suicide had been committed. As it was designed for publication, and is the only explanatory statement of the causes which led to the affair that the deceased desired should go to the public, we give it freely.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 13, 1860.

GENTS:—For years, for reasons better known to myself than the public, I have wished to die; and have been, patiently as I could, waiting and hoping for an escape from a life wholly undesirable by Providential means. This has been denied until I can forbear no longer doing an act that humanity shudders at. My lot has been a hard one. For the sake of my children I ask the charity of the public for this act. I do this from no sudden impulse, from no temporary derangement but from a settled purpose determined on years ago, unless relieved by a kind Providence. You are at liberty to publish this.

Yours truly, JAMES F. SUIT.

Messrs. McCLUG & NEWTON,
Editors, Frankfort, Ind,

☞A Few nights ago, Mr. Jones, who had been out taking his glass, on going home late borrowed an umbrella; and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed and suddenly spread out the parachute. "What are you going to do with that thing?" said she. "Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-night, and so I came prepared." In less than two minutes Mrs. Jones was fast asleep.

The Reign of Terror--Its Effect upon the South.

It is worth while to inquire as to the effect, so far, upon the people of the South, and their immediate political friends, of the Disunion sentiments and the reign of terror which prevail in that section of country. In the first place, the credit of the merchants and the banks of the Cotton States has been entirely prostrated. The necessaries of life, for which they are compelled to look to the North, cannot now be purchased to any great extent, except for cash. Heretofore the merchants of South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia have sent their orders to this city for flour and provisions, their brokers drawing on them at sight or short sight, for money. These drafts were freely taken by brokers. Now the latter are unsaleable in most cases, and purchasers will find it necessary to send coin with their orders. The banks of the Cotton States have been discredited everywhere, and their circulation is being returned so rapidly that most of them are crippled.

In the next place, all the products of the South have depreciated in value. Cotton bills on Europe are sold at the North with great difficulty, and when taken at all, rates are very low. This falls ultimately on producers.

Thirdly, the creditors of the South in Southern and Northern cities are suffering severely. This is not altogether attributable to the union panic, but it has been greatly aggravated by the latter trouble.—Those who are suffering from this cause in the North, are men whose sympathies, politically were with the South—who labored zealously and spent money freely to secure the success of that section at the ballot box. Thus, the Disunionists first broke down their own credit, and next brought distress upon their northern allies.

Fourthly, the reign of terror excludes Northern people from the South, and thus those immense numbers who have been in the habit of visiting that country in the winter, on business and pleasure, will be compelled very generally to stay at home. This will lessen tremendously the passenger traffic on Southern railroads; it will diminish largely the business of the hotels of the leading cities; and it will bankrupt thousands who have lived upon the pickings obtained in various ways among Northern visitors. Some of our merchants who spend the winter in New Orleans on business, do not feel altogether safe in going even to that commercial and enlightened city, so prevalent and dangerous is the mob spirit which everywhere prevails. In another way, New Orleans is also suffering. The great stream of Western produce which was beginning to flow into that market is being checked, and it threatens to be reduced to a mere rivulet compared to what it promised to be.—But for the breaking out of this excitement, this reign of terror, this prostration of Southern credit, the Crescent City would this year have regained her former proud position as the recipient of the produce of the Ohio valley. Everything was in her favor. Immense crops of produce in the West, a heavy foreign demand, and high rates of railroad freight, all combined to swell the volume of property flowing towards the mouth of the Mississippi. Now, it is doubtless true that not the merchants, but those who have no position in commercial life, cried down the credit of Southern merchants, and Southern banks. In point of integrity and mercantile honor, the leading merchants of the commercial cities of the South compare favorably with any other place or any other country; but the floats, the demagogues, the seekers after notoriety, have talked about repudiation, about the confiscation of Northern property, and the vaporings of these men have telegraphed over the country as the voice of Southern merchants, so that the credit of the latter, with the generality of people, has been injured as effectually almost as if they had authorized or indorsed the damaging reports Then, again, it is not to be presumed that the respectable citizens of the South are responsible for the reign of terror. They are not the mob who seem to be thirsting for the blood of every man suspected of entertaining Anti-Slavery sentiments; and while these lawless proceedings are tolerated, the effect upon the business of the South will be the same, no matter whether the ring leaders are respectable or disreputable. There is much for the leading citizens of the South to do in this regard, to counteract the damaging impressions that have gone abroad; and the sooner they undertake the task the better.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

TRUE FOR ONCE.—A traveler announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveler," we believe him.) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business!" This remarkable occurrence happened at sea—the passengers being too "sick" to attend to each other's concerns

☞Do you belave in second love Misther McQuade?" "Do I belave in second love? Humph! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate! and when it's gone don't he want another pound and is'nt that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I belave in second love."

An Irishman being called to testify in court as a witness, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand.

"Hold up your right hand!" said the clerk.

"Plase yer honor," said the witness still keeping his left hand up, "plase, yer honor I am left handed!"

"☞Is that clock right, over there?" said a stranger the other day, looking up at the clock on the Court House cupalo.

"Right over there?" said the boy, "taint nowhere else."

☞A paper cut West has for its motto. "Good will to all who pay promptly. Devoted to news, fun and making money."